



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



SEPTEMBER 2019  VOLUME 37  Number 3



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

Published quarterly by and for the residents and administration of Carleton-Willard Village, a continuing care retirement community at 100 Old Billerica Road, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730.

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Co-Editors' Corner



This issue should be a treat for armchair travelers. Our theme, "Where I Went", elicited a variety of exotic memories of travel to distant lands as well as some home-based journeys.

Bob Anderson remembers where he was in the days following 9/11, and Stephanie Rolfe shares a poignant memory of a concert in The Cathedral of Notre Dame decades before its recent fire.

In the past months we have bade farewell to two of our most faithful contributors. In grateful memory we are reprinting a short poem, "Partridgeberry" by Craig Hill as well as Bob Sawyer's characteristically wry final submission, "Mother Liked the Idea". Join us in remembering them.

Our Circulation Team is a group of largely unsung heroes who see to it that every independent and Llewysac resident finds a copy of the *Villager* in his or her message box, and that copies are delivered to the Health Centre, Ross Worthen, the Library and to staff Department Heads. This summer has seen changes in the team. Sadly, Leslie Lowry died in May. Mary Waters Shepley resigned because of conflicting commitments and Janet Kennedy has given up the Chair, but happily remains on the team. We are fortunate that Wally Campbell has agreed to Chair the Team which now consists of veterans Fran Bronzo, Janet Kennedy, Edward Lowry, Sheila Veidenheimer and new member, Gerry Cathcart. They take the crucial final step in the production of the magazine, and we much appreciate the efforts of all team members, past and present.

Written in the heat and summer storms of July, we hope our readers are enjoying a bit of relaxation, maybe even an occasional lazy day, by the lake or the seashore, in mountains or meadowlands -- or the back yard. When you read this, it will be the season of fresh breezes and fresh starts, September!

Co-Editors

Alice Morrish Peggy McKibben



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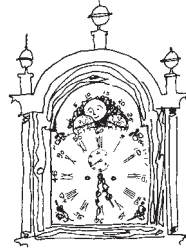
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From the Chief Executive Officer



“And in the end/ The love you take/ Is equal to the love you make.” - The Beatles, from Abbey Road.

There is an ancient Sanscrit word: seva. Its origins go back three millennia, give or take, evolving over the ages and becoming a central spiritual doctrine. Very simply, seva means “selfless service” - actions performed without any expectation of result or reward. The belief in serving others, of having a sincere interest in their well-being, is considered an essential devotional practice and component of an active, constructive and creative life.

There’s a lovely quality to seva, isn’t there? It’s inspirational, empowering and, I think, universally understood. At the same time, a skeptic might argue that these days, it’s a rare individual keen to fully embrace the concept.

But then, there are our own Vigil Volunteers.

The Vigil Volunteers are the heart of the Village’s Living Fully, Dying Well Palliative Care Program. These selfless individuals offer physical, emotional and spiritual support to our residents approaching the end of their lives. Over two thirds of Vigil Volunteers are our own Cluster Home and Apartment residents, and it’s not uncommon for them to know the very ones they’re serving.

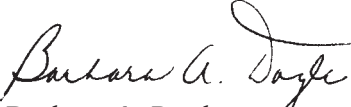
And serve they do, day and night, holidays and birthdays, dropping everything at a moment’s notice to be with patients and their families. Whatever might be needed - even if only to relieve a family member for a meal or a shower, or more often to simply and quietly sit and hold a hand - they are there.

The idea is simple: no one should die alone (unless, of course, that is their preference).

If you think this is impressive, you’re not the only one. Leading Age, the premier national aging services advocacy organization has recently recognized our Vigil Volunteers with its Catalyst Award.

It’s heart-warming to see these wonderful people honored ... and yet I know such recognition is the least of motivators. Marcia Feldman, Our Palliative Care Coordinator and Director of the Living Fully, Dying Well program, recently told me an extraordinary story. A 93-year-old volunteer, in reasoning her continued service, noted: “I can’t drive. I don’t hear very well or see very well anymore, and I can’t walk without a walker. But I can still sit with someone and hold their hand.” And she has decided to volunteer for another year!

The love you make indeed.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



Memories of 9/11

This is the eighteenth anniversary of 9/11. Even after eighteen years my personal memories of that tragedy remain vivid. One enduring message for me is that the human spirit's ability to care for other people remains undiminished. Here are some of my memories.

9/11 Bronx A.M.

I was driving from my office in Fordham Plaza to a meeting in Yonkers on a beautiful September morning. The car radio was tuned to a news station. The newscasters were very excited as they tried to give some picture of what was happening in Manhattan. All they knew: it was bad. A plane crashed into the World Trade Center and it was on fire? What on earth was going on?

At one spot on the drive to Yonkers, on a clear day, you could see the top of the World Trade Center Towers some seventeen miles to the south. When I got to that spot I looked out the left window and could see the Towers against a clear blue sky and could see smoke swirling around them from their fires. OMG

When I got to the meeting everyone was apprehensive, worried and confused. Everyone in the building was concerned about a family member, neighbor or friend who worked in lower Manhattan. One woman was frantically trying to reach her two young daughters at their school in Manhattan to see if they were OK. No one knew how much of Manhattan was impacted.

9/15 Bronx A.M.

My Fordham Plaza office building had several floors occupied by NYC departments. I stepped into a crowded elevator on the 11th floor leading down to the lobby and tried to chat with a somewhat disheveled looking man next to me but got no response. At the lobby as we got off the elevator the man grabbed my right arm and swung around to be directly in front of me, looking straight into my eyes with a wild look on his face. Then he blurted out that he was a fireman and spent each day searching for survivors in the wreckage of the WTC, called "The Pile".

By each evening his pants were ripped to shreds from the debris. He said he was wearing his last pair of pants and was headed down to the Pile. He said he would have no pants to wear tomorrow and what would he do? Then he turned and headed for the train to Manhattan. He had to tell someone.

9/22 New York City

I attended monthly breakfast meetings held at the top of the WTC. Today it had been relocated to the South Street Seaport. I took the train to Grand Central Station and then switched to the subway. On a very long subway platform were temporary billboards with hundreds of posters.

I had seen the posters on TV but seeing them in person was a shock. The first poster said "Have you seen my husband?" along with a picture and description. It ended with "If you have seen him, call me at XXX-XXX-XXXX." The next poster said "Have you seen my father?" and the next "Have you seen my wife?" and the next "Have you seen my son?" and the next "Have you seen my sister?" and on and on. Seeing so many of those posters was heart gripping.

After composing myself, I took the subway down to the South Street Seaport station. My first view from the street level, a few hundred yards away, were the grotesque, ugly girders of the WTC pointing upwards at odd angles with smoke still eddying around them. That cold view stopped me short.

The meeting began with the conference leaders remembering by name each one of the staff who waited on us at the WTC meetings. New York is a big city but the relationships are very personal.

Then a few people who had data centers in the WTC, all destroyed, talked about their struggles to get back into operation at other locations. Their common theme was that the most critical information you needed was how to contact each of their employees to see who was left and who was available to help start the recovery. Very people-centric.

12/15 Larchmont, New York

A New York City fireman friend of mine (who tended bar part-time at a restaurant I frequented)



often talked about the funerals or memorials he had attended in the past week for firemen killed on 9/11. He was still attending two or three funerals or memorials each week to show support for the firemen's families, and to show that people cared for them.

People care.

Bob Anderson

In Your Dreams

Where have I been? So fortunate to have traveled to so many places, all interesting, exciting, enlightening, but none generally thought of as exotic. Never to the Far East, nor to the South Pacific, definitely not to the North or South Poles, not even to Hawaii.

You've probably heard the expression "in your dreams"? Usually pejorative. Usually meaning "Don't even think about it; it ain't gonna happen!"

Well, that's where some of my most exciting, ridiculous, scary, creative, perplexing, truly unbelievable, wonderful travels have been enjoyed. Daydreams? Sure. I can imagine being on a secluded beach - perfect weather, ideal temperature, fifty pounds slenderer, well-toned, no cares in the world, no speedboats whizzing past. But those dreams are fleeting - the phone rings or someone is at the door. I'm talking about the unexpected, unplanned dreams that seem to evolve from nothing out of nowhere.

When I was eleven or twelve years old I read "Ivanhoe" and was immediately enchanted by medieval castles. I've now actually visited many in Europe. But then, and even still, the setting of a night-time dream might sometimes be such a castle. Never the damsel in distress, usually a more mundane day-to-day life. But the detail is as real as ever the reality is.

In the 1970s and early '80s I read a lot of science fiction. The good stuff: Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, not monsters and such. A few days later I would often wake up from a dream that took place in a future world in another galaxy. It would be so real I could describe in detail my surroundings and the people I had interacted

with though they were not the same as those in the book I had just read. I would even solve difficult problems or create new things about which, in reality, I knew nothing.

Now, after years of real traveling, many of my dreams still revolve around travel. Funny thing though, it's not usually the right people nor the setting I'd expect. It might be high school friends I haven't thought of in years on an ocean cruise in the middle of a desert!

The wonderful thing about dreams, whether daydreams or nightdreams, is that there are no boundaries to where you can go. No financial concerns, no physical limitations, no time constraints, no "if I go, I'll have to invite so-and-so." The only limit is your imagination -- and that has no limits!

Madelyn E. Armstrong

Palazzo Petrangolini

It was a sweltering hot summer in Vienna in 1930 when life was still good. I had celebrated my fifth birthday at home. However, on this memorable day I woke up on a yellow wooden bench to the rhythm of rolling wheels of a hot railway carriage. The first thing I saw when I lifted my head was the unfamiliar uniform of a carabinieri with much gold braid and many gold buttons. He smiled at me like a good morning wish, and I smiled back. I noticed that the young man had opened the front of the hot black jacket, showing a crumpled white shirt and exposing his sunburned chest with a lot of black curly hair. I wondered how it would feel if I touched it. Then I looked around in the compartment for Mutti, Maulein (Nanny) and brother Willy. They were all there all right. Mutti told me before I even asked, "Don't you remember? We are on the way to Riccione, to a beach. You will learn to swim in the ocean, and play in the sand with the new toys Mutti bought for you." She said the carabinieri had been watching over me all night, and had gently put my leg back on the bench so I wouldn't fall off. "You can thank him." She turned to the young man and said, "Her name is Daisy", and he replied something which Maulein



understood to mean that his own bambino was the same age as me.

Then we had to transfer to another railcar with hot benches and brass fixtures too hot to touch with bare hands. Soon the train reached our destination, Riccione, and we checked into our reserved rooms. We spent the night slapping mosquitoes as the hotel had failed to install the window nets. Mutti sent Maulein, Willy and me to the beach while she stayed behind to supervise the installation of the nets. Also she insisted that the blood-stained sheets be replaced at once. Only then did she join us for her much anticipated swim in the calming blue waters.

A few days later, Maulein had a whole day free to sightsee, explore whatever interested her, without us children. Meanwhile Mutti had heard of the Palazzo Petrangolini on a certain street, but with no details. She was disappointed I had not yet learned to swim, and Willy, who had fair skin, needed to be out of the sun and carefully clothed against further sunburn. The search for the Palazzo was a welcome alternative to the beach.

Mutti knew from her studies that the old buildings often had insignificant facades but carriage entrances led to spacious courtyards, making room for noblemen's and ladies' visiting carriages. Willy and I were sent ahead on both sides of the narrow street to peek into each carriage entrance, and tell Mutti if it might lead to a nobleman's palatial residence.

After several very ordinary spaces, I came at last into a lovely courtyard. White walls were covered with a profusion of trellis holding foliage and drooping blossoms. As I turned, breathless, to tell Mutti, the scent in the air came to me. Mutti was just as excited. She found the guard who nodded his head that this really was the Palazzo Petrangolini.

Willy joined us and was equally astounded. Mutti paid the visitors' fee and we were escorted through a heavy carved wooden door into a dim mysterious hallway. There we were left alone to explore the whole interior. Chamber after chamber had dark wood carved walls. Sunlight came in from the balconies overlooking the courtyard, and shed light on the furnishings. The paintings

had somber faces, were in carved gold frames, but were too high for me to see clearly. Some of the chairs had scrolled arms and red velvet seats, and there were some long narrow pieces, supported by carved animal legs, which Mutti called *caspancos*. They reminded me of the sarcophagi in the Augustiner crypt in Vienna, and I asked Mutti if these also contained corpses.

She assured me that these usually contained family treasures like precious gold or silver goblets used at banquets by noblemen long ago.

The next long chamber was obviously the family library. I stared at the impressive leather-bound volumes embossed with gold scrolls until Mutti recognized Latin words and Roman dates which I could not understand but which she explained to me.

Though Mutti said it was time to leave, I wanted to see the bathroom and the beds the owners slept in, but they were closed to visitors. Mutti surmised they were kept private while the current owners enjoyed a cooler summer in the Alpine mountain regions. In contrast, we central Europeans, including Mutti, longed for the ocean, sandy beaches and starry, music-filled nights.

The next day, Mutti lost patience with my feeble attempts to swim. She declared if I did not overcome my fear of letting go the supporting arms *immediately*, she would end our holiday the very next day. I learned within the next half hour!

Evenings in Riccione were spent shopping for little souvenirs and Mutti danced while we listened to the music. Alas, the holiday ended too soon, and we were once again on a hot train home to Vienna. But I clutched a doll-sized pottery tea set; Maulein had bought an exquisite multicolored silk scarf, and Mutti had a treasured photograph she took (with my help) of the very moment the sun rose above the horizon to welcome a new day.

Daisy Illich















Fulfilling A Dream

As a child of the Depression living in Kansas, I always wanted to travel but didn't know if I could unless, like Dorothy, I was picked up by a tornado and transported to some wonderful place like Oz.

Like many girls my age, I loved "Heidi" by Johanna Spyri. In a place of honor in my apartment I have a display box holding small figures of Heidi, the five year old heroine of the book, her grandfather, the goatherd Peter, and a goat. I always wanted to go to Switzerland, but I longed to go to lots of other places too.

However, I stayed in Kansas throughout my childhood, and attended Wichita University, which later became Wichita State University. There I met Norm Eston, a Korean War veteran. He was a kind and outgoing man who never met a stranger. Following our graduations, we were married in my grandparents' home in Wichita and later all three of our children were born at Wichita City Hospital.

Then, in 1966, it wasn't a tornado that carried us away from Kansas but Norm's employers, who transferred our family to various cities and finally, in 1973, to Newton, Massachusetts. Wherever we lived, I was a stay-at-home Mom looking after our son, Scott, and daughters, Becky and Debbie.

Norm knew how much I longed to travel and kindly made all the arrangements for the two of us to travel to Switzerland! We arrived at night and the next morning Norm woke me to say, "Look out the window at the Matterhorn." We rented a Ford Fiesta and traveled around that beautiful country using the Swiss concierge service which made suggestions for accommodations throughout the country. A mountain tramway excursion was the highlight of the trip I had so often longed to take.

Because I was of Scotch-Irish heritage, Norm then planned a trip to Ireland where we had a splendid time. Norm, who was absolutely a "people person" loved the pubs and the friendly folks we met there. For me, the absolute highpoint was viewing the beautiful illuminated manuscripts of "The Book of Kells" at Trinity University in Dublin.



With Oscar Wilde in Dublin

Our great adventures together came to an end when Norm's health declined and he fell down the stairs in our home in Newton and died two days later. He had been a kind and loving husband and father and we were devastated. Our children were grown and I had

already gone back to work, first for a law firm and then establishing my own income tax preparation business, so we carried on.

Some months later when a brochure of travel opportunities came from the alumni office of Wichita State University, their trip to Scotland sounded so interesting I mentioned it to my dear friend, Virginia Hayden, whose husband Tom had died the year before, and we signed up.

The trip was well-planned and we had a great time so we next signed up for a WSU trip to Scandinavia where we visited Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The scenery was beautiful, the people kind, the history tremendously interesting and we saw wonderful paintings and sculpture.

Next we joined the WSU trip to southern Spain, where we stayed in a parador, one of the splendid hotels that had previously been estates, high up in the hills of Andalusia. We toured the wonderful town of Rondo, saw the Bullfight Ring and Museum and the art work of Dali and other Spanish artists.

I also traveled with my daughter, Debbie, to Paris, France and Saarbrücken, Germany to celebrate my 75th birthday and her 50th. They were equally wonderful and interesting destinations.

So traveling did become a great joy in my life. I feel you learn much by visiting other countries and I am grateful for having had the opportunity to travel with wonderful compan-



ions on well-planned trips; grateful also to Johanna Spyri and other authors who first made me long to travel.

Pat Eston

In Old Mexico

In 1946 you could take a bus from San Antonio, Texas directly to Mexico DF, the capitol of Mexico. My folks had vetoed the idea of lending me their car for the trip. Flying was an option, but what do you see? Besides, flying to Mexico in those days was problematical. I had been very honored by a shipmate who told me he had started a novena to ensure my safe travel. So, with the desire to see Mexico, with a month open before returning to college, and armed with a letter of introduction to an American engineer of high standing who was living in Mexico and was the local recruiter for M.I.T. students there, I headed off by bus. In San Antonio I started to board a large, modern, comfortable looking bus of Transportes del Norte awaiting at the terminal. NO! I was stopped by the driver who explained that this was the bus bound for Monterey, and that I was to board the bus over there. That bus was a small second class antique which, if it didn't fall apart, was bound directly for the capital of Mexico, bypassing Monterey. Gulp! I took it. Among the passengers aboard was a noisy group of five young women. They and I constituted the North American component for that trip. We then embarked on a bone-jarring ride, taking two days of continuous travel to get to Mexico DF, making rest stops only for various needs along the way.

The group of gals were quickly named by the convivial passengers as the "Cinco Senioritas". They had recently been discharged from the U. S. Navy as had I. I became known simply as "Red". Yes, I had hair in those days, and yes it was red. We all became pretty well acquainted with each other as we got off and on again at the many rest stops along the way. Equipped with fragmentary High School Spanish, I became the interpreter for the Cinco Senioritas. My seatmate on the bus was a gentleman, Angel Quintero, who invited me to visit his family, a wife and six children in a two room apartment

in one of the barrios. (I did, and that was a most friendly introduction to family life in Mexico.)

Upon arriving in Mexico City the Cinco Senioritas and I exchanged hotel addresses and telephone numbers. I was staying at the Asociaciòn Cristiana de Jòvenes (YMCA). They were at a low-cost place called La Glorieta. We settled on a dinner date. My M.I.T. contact sent me over to take a look at the Technical University and other places of interest, but he said if I really wanted to know Mexico, I should get out into the back country. He suggested an area south of Taxco. I noticed on my crude tourist map that south of Taxco there was a big blank area. "Wear your khakis, leave your passport and most of your cash at the 'Y' and don't eat uncooked food" was his advice as he pushed me out the door. I headed south on the lowest cost bus.



I spent part of my first night as a hobo in one of the parks of Guernavaca, but around midnight relented, due to the cold and hard ground, and spent the rest of the night in a flea-bag hotel. In Taxco I met a truck driver, Jesús, who was parked across from the main cathedral. He said he was going to make a loop later that day into the south, and I could go along for the ride. That afternoon we took off on a one-lane dirt (mainly rocky, e.g. big rocks), road that was practically a footpath, into a region of steep hills mostly covered by forest with some open patches. We made stops now and then to pick up logs from various locals. It was impossible for me to determine how far we were going, in which direction we were headed, or how all this was going to turn out.

We kept bumping along well after dark until around midnight when we entered a clearing in the middle of which a huge bonfire was burning. There were five or six men gathered around the



fire, and they all seemed to be waiting for our truck to arrive. They greeted Jesús enthusiastically and ignored me. This was just as well because it looked like a rough crowd. I was feeling glad I had left all my valuables back at the Asociación Cristiana in Mexico City. It soon developed that they had gathered to play a game of *naipes*, a sort of card game using cards with strange symbols. Apparently the game was for money. No one asked me to join, or even tried to explain the game to me. I was just ignored. After a while that situation changed as it appeared that my friend the truck driver was losing. He started coming to me with pleas of “Préstome cinco” (lend me five pesos.) I told him several times I didn’t have any cash, each time feeling that I might soon be attacked. Fortunately no one seemed to be hostile about the matter. (I have often wondered if that would still be the case in Mexico.) However after a couple of hours the game seemed to end on a friendly note, and the group broke up, melting into the wilderness at about three o’clock in the morning. From all that was said in pretty rapid conversation, leaving me spinning, I couldn’t make out whether my friend had won or lost. We simply hopped into the truck and continued bumping away, stopping now and then to pick up more wood in the middle of the night.

Around dawn, we stopped near the first “dwelling” I had seen on the entire tour. Here the driver went in for some breakfast, inviting me to join. There seemed to be just one woman there, certainly not any relation to the driver, who gave us something to eat. I took a hot tamale, I mean hot from cooking, the safest thing one can eat when you have no idea where the food has come from or how it has been handled. It was really cold outside, and the tamale and the café de leche really helped me. Abruptly we took off. No one asked for money. It was simply a friendly breakfast. Not long afterward a highway (cement) suddenly appeared. We entered, turned left and I soon saw a sign for Taxco, 50 km and we arrived shortly at the central square where I had met Jesús originally. By that time I had had my “fix” of traveling in the back woods of Mexico, and I grabbed a bus to Mexico City, thanking and bidding Jesús goodbye. I could have offered him some cash but I didn’t, and he didn’t demand any. We shook hands in

friendship and that was simply that.

As I walked in the door of the Asociación Cristiana, the clerk rushed out from behind the desk and started to tell me, *tan rapido* that I could hardly understand, that one of the Cinco Senoritas had just called in a panic asking me to call AS SOON AS I CAME IN, not knowing, of course, that I had been gone several days. I called and found them to be in a state of extreme emergency!

They had been touring the floating gardens of Xochimilco that day and a young man had somehow attached himself to them and wouldn’t leave. He didn’t speak any English and was making clearly understandable, and increasingly intense advances. “Help!” I immediately rushed over to La Glorieta and, heading past the indifferent staff, went to their rooms. I then somehow convinced this guy that each of the Cinco Senoritas had an enormous sailor boyfriend, and that together they would reduce him to a “pulpa” if they found him hanging around. (Later reference to the dictionary indicated that the correct word is “papilla”.) He left.

The gals and I exchanged U.S. addresses, which were from all over the United States. After some fitful correspondence we lost contact with one another. They were all a couple of years older than me anyhow.

Kay Barney

Closet Commentary

It’s nix on my ball gown and
 same for your tux.
 The same for bikinis, golf shoes
 and white bucks.
 I won’t wear an apron or
 bath robe or hat
 If you shun your Speedo or
 something like that.
 “Appropriate” clothing is what
 we should wear
 If only we knew what
That means and where!

Lois Pulliam



The Fellow Traveller

I opened the flap of my tent, and there he was, a small black scruffy dog curled up on my sleeping bag. When he saw me, he slowly got up and trotted out. It would have been unusual anywhere, but here, at an altitude of 12,000 feet, on the last stop before the hike up Gokyo Ri, the culmination of my Himalayan adventure, it really was the last thing I would have expected. Going ahead of us, the sherpas had set up our last camp. We walked that day up the valley along the blue lakes, bordered by snowy peaks, one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. There were no human settlements; the only life we saw were orange birds, ducks maybe, on the lake.

The next day we got up at 4 o'clock in the morning and hiked to the top of Gokyo Ri - one of the two places where you can see the peak of Mount Everest. (The other is the base camp on the route to Mount Everest.) It would not have been a difficult hike but it was dark and the air is very rare at this altitude.

Everybody in our group made it, and the view from the top was unforgettable. We laughed and cried and took a lot of pictures before coming down. Back in the camp, I thought about the little dog and asked about him. I learned that he came and went up and down the valley with different groups, but nobody knew where he spent his time after the hiking season was over.

I often think of this trip -- of the beautiful sights, the friendly people, the difficulties I had to overcome, and also of the little dog who made his life in this, so unlikely environment.

Sophie Rapaport

Where I Went

When I was small, I sometimes found the adult world suffocating. Often I was not only *an* only child but *the* only child in a large group of towering, often unknown, adults. I think it was less reasoned than instinctive that I found acceptable escape hatches through which I could beat an inoffensive retreat.

My paternal grandmother was super-sized in every way. Born in 1863, a photo of her in her twenties shows a tall (five feet, eight inches), statuesque young woman, already a commanding figure. By the time I met her she weighed close to three hundred pounds, was essentially chair-bound, from where she ruled her world.

Grandmother owned a summer cabin in Clifton Heights, a section of Marblehead, Massachusetts, her favorite place in the world; she spent every summer there. She knew every one in the neighborhood, usually three generations of each family. She was known to all as Auntie Carrie, and universally adored. She shamelessly solicited their services as well as their admiration.

I was nine the first year I was sent to spend a week at the cabin, and she was seventy four. I didn't at all mind being bossed around, doing domestic chores, running errands, delivering orders to her devoted subjects. However the almost nightly parties were something else. The noise was high-pitched and raucous, grandmother's voice easily the loudest. The piano was pounded, people sang along at top volume: Onward Christian Soldiers, The Lost Chord, God Bless America. Some people were supposedly playing Bridge. Really? I had thought of that as a quiet, cerebral game.

I needed an exit strategy, but how and where? In front and to the side of the cabin was quite a reasonably-sized pond. At its edge was moored an elderly row boat. Living in the pond were some huge carp. (Not beautiful Koi fish as in the CWV courtyard, but their drab cousins.) I was almost scared by the ugly fish with their gaping mouths, but they would have to do. SO, I excused myself to row around the pond to feed the neglected carp. Though I knew I was a fraud, Where I Went was generally warmly approved by the adults, even my grandmother. They falsely attributed to me altruism rather than self-interest. Those carp served me well over many summers; I became almost (but not quite) fond of them.

Alice Morrish



Village

This is a selected summary of events that were enjoyed by residents of Carleton-Willard Village in recent months.

A Visit To Cape Cod

While it wasn't warm and it wasn't sunny, residents enjoyed a delightful late May visit to the Heritage Museums and Gardens in Sandwich. This was the height of rhododendron season, with 100 acres of plants and over 100 varieties of rhododendron to be seen in this stunning setting. The flume garden, the windmill garden, the sundial garden, and some unusual outdoor sculpture enlivened the scene. An antique carousel, the museum of American folk arts, and a dazzling display of antique cars were part of the fun. Boxed lunches from the Casual Gourmet rounded out the day.



Views of Democracy at Work

A group of eighth graders and their teachers from Bedford visited to give residents a slide presentation reporting on their recent four day visit to Washington. Sponsored by the Civic Issues Group, the students amazed and inspired everyone with their knowledge and enthusiasm. An annual event, the trip was taken by almost 180 students as the culmination of their year-long civics course. The presentation linked words from the Preamble to the Constitution with each site visited, including the Capitol, White House, Supreme Court, National Cathedral, and memorials to Lincoln, Jefferson, Martin Luther King, the Holocaust, World War II, and other historical persons and events. Attendees concluded the future is safe in the hands of these young people.

Gracia Parkhill Dayton Exhibit

Upon entering this exhibit you are immediately impressed by the dramatic love of color inherent in this watercolorist's work. Gracia Dayton has had many exhibits and won many awards for her work and says "Color is the element in painting that excites me the most." Most of the nine large works are landscapes. In addition there are bright flowers in a vase in one painting. All are awash with warmth – brilliant reds, yellows and blues contrasted with darker areas. The intensity of tone is a reflection of this artist's use of color but also of her desire for the viewer to share her vision of the world around us.

Violin Duo in Concert

Sarah Whitney and Jannina Norpoth presented an exciting and eclectic concert of violin solos and duets by seven composers, spanning three centuries. Following Bartok's pungent Hungarian folk melodies came a rhapsodic duo by 19th-century Belgian violinist Charles de Beriot that contrasted with a bravura showpiece by contemporary Haitian Daniel Romain. Two solo works preceded the vibrant salsa rhythms of Russian Alexey Igudeman, first heard by the composer on a bus in Uruguay. The memorable evening also resonated in a personal way: Ms. Whitney's grandparents had been CWV residents, while her parents, smiling in the audience, are on our waiting list.

Rummy Visits the Village

The many dog lovers at Carleton-Willard were delighted to meet Rummy, a 12 year old chocolate brown Boykin spaniel, who visited with her master, Lois Cheston, to educate us about the "Paws for Comfort" program at Massachusetts General Hospital. Started over 15 years ago, the Pet Therapy Program involves 18 dogs, who visit patients and offer quiet, gentle affection, often up on the beds and with licks as appropriate. The dogs sometimes sit with families as they wait for news about their loved ones. MGH staff find the dogs are helpful in giving them comfort in their stressed lives as well. Now retired, Rummy brought joy to all.



Happenings

They are samples of the ongoing activities planned by our Learning In Retirement and Off-site Programs offices.

Music at Old South Meeting House

On a beautiful spring day a large group enjoyed fine music played on a 17th century cello by an international competition winner in an historic Boston church, preceded by a delicious lunch at Ruth's Chris Steak House in Boston's Old City Hall. The concert featured cellist Brannon Cho, winner of first prize at the Pablo Casals Cello Competition, accompanied by pianist Victor Asuncion, performing works by Boccherini, Brahms and Sarasate. Theirs was the final concert in a series by New England Conservatory Diploma Artists at the Old South Meeting House. The trip featured unusual transportation, in a mega buslimo, with surround seating and a bar (water only).

Ye Renaissance Revels

Resident Kay Barney and his Carleton-Willard Village Voices and orchestra of winds, viols and spinet, transported a rapt audience to Elizabethan England for "a Jollie Program of Merrie Musicke and Ayres". Highlights of the dozen madrigals, folk songs and country dances were Thomas Morley's "Sing We and Chant It", where the audience sang and five light-footed dancers enlivened later verses, and "It Was a Lover and His Lass" from Shakespeare's "As You Like It". Kay led us "instant Elizabethans" in two canons or rounds, while after the concert, curious crowds marveled at Sue Cornwall's hand-built 3-octave Ottovino spinet.

Fun in the Art Studio

From time to time resident artists have offered or arranged classes in the Art Studio, geared to beginners. There have been classes in basic drawing, collage and print making. Following an appeal to the larger community for the loan of figurines of birds, artists in the drawing class had their choice of over 30 birds ranging from tiny sparrows to a peacock and even a stuffed puffin! Participants could choose which bird to draw and the results were gratifying for both the students and the teacher. With their drawings displayed on the wall outside the studio it was very apparent – these people could draw!

Around New England by Kayak

Michael Perry, nephew of resident Ruth Ragan, shared the story of his 3200 mile journey around New England by kayak. Travelling with three friends, the trip took 32 years, about 100 miles during one summer week each year. Beginning in Maine, they paddled south along the coast to New York City. Beginning again in Maine, they went around Nova Scotia and the Gaspé into the St. Lawrence, to the Richelieu River, Lake Champlain and down the Hudson River to New York City. His story was enriched with tales and views of magnificent scenery, rough and calm weather and waters, fresh caught seafood, fresh baked blueberry cobbler, and encounters with generous new friends.



John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum

Residents enjoyed a visit to the John F. Kennedy Library and Museum in Dorchester. After viewing a video of Kennedy's early years, the group walked through twelve permanent exhibits. Beginning with the campaign of 1960, they revealed the highlights of Kennedy's presidency, ending with his visits in June of 1963 to Berlin and Ireland. The most poignant experience was passing through the dark tunnel of November 23, 1963 into the Legacy Exhibit. This included a piece of the Berlin Wall. Later the group enjoyed lunch at the Colonial Inn in Concord, the highlight being a dessert of Berry Bread Pudding topped by a large quantity of whipped cream.

Edwin Cox, Harry Hoover



Where I Went When I Was Eight

My maternal grandfather, Papa, always had a big Black Chrysler but he never learned to drive. He was a lawyer, and, for a while, a judge in the town of Hamlin, West Virginia, the county seat of Lincoln County. He was a respected and well-loved member of the community and was a rotund Santa Claus type figure. He and my grandmother lived in a big red brick house across the corner from the Courthouse. It was the favorite house of my childhood, and was the gathering place for aunts, uncles, and cousins at holidays.

Since he did not drive, Papa had to hire drivers or more often call upon members of the family or friends when he wanted to go somewhere. My mother, who was an excellent driver and quite self-confident at the wheel, was one of his favorite chauffeurs. One summer, after my grandmother had died, Mother, my little brother Ben, and I were spending the summer with him to keep him company. We had traveled there from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania where we lived with my father who would come and drive us home at the end of the summer.

Between the two of them Papa and Mother decided that we should drive to Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia. I still can't believe that my mother, then in her mid-thirties, was willing to drive her eighty year old father, eight year old daughter and four year old son on that long road trip. Granted, Papa's cars were always fairly new and well taken care of, but had we had a flat tire or an engine break down her three passengers would have been a lot more hindrance than help. There were no cell phones, no internet, no GPS, of course. She and Papa just got out the maps, made a long distance telephone reservation at a tourist inn in Williamsburg and off we went. Ben and I were on our own on the back seat with books, coloring books, crayons and toys. No seat belts, of course. My memories of the drive are vague. I do remember that the first day out we stopped in a large town to have lunch in the dining room of the local hotel. It was quite nice and up to date. The water glasses were a deep crimson red, very stylish at the time, and they fitted

nicely with the décor. When the waiter came to fill the glasses, to my mother's mortification, Papa insisted on having a clear glass tumbler so he could be sure it was clean. I guess I must have shared some of Mother's embarrassment that I remember the incident so vividly.

Our route included going along the Skyline Drive in Virginia which featured beautiful scenery and curving roads. At the headquarters of the Skyline Drive Park in the mountains there were markers for various buildings. There was one sign Papa could not understand. What, he wondered, was a "Comfort Station?" When Mother told him it was the latest vernacular for toilet, he shook with laughter.

We finally reached Williamsburg and checked in at the tourist inn which was exciting in itself. Next morning, after a breakfast of southern delicacies in the dining room, we got our tickets, which were good for all sites, and this eight year old girl was out of her mind with joy. Beautiful ladies in elegant gowns and extraordinary white wigs, greeted us at each spot and told us of the history of that house or stately government building of which there were many.

Along the brick sidewalks we could see the lovely gardens and visit the buildings used by cobblers, blacksmiths etc., all exciting. How my little brother managed all that sightseeing I don't know, but he was always an adventurer, happy to talk to anyone.

It seems to me we were there two or three days. I guess I learned a good bit about American history but mainly I was entranced with how beautiful everything was and thought Williamsburg must surely be the loveliest and most interesting place in America. To put it all in perspective, this was the latter part of the Depression and so unlike anything I had experienced before. All my other vacations had been to visit our many relatives on their farms. That was fun but totally different.

I remember little of the return trip but for the rest of the summer I pretended in my mind that I was one of those elegant ladies of Williamsburg and, of course, back in school I had plenty to report for "What I Did On My Vacation".

Peggy McKibben



Voices From the Past

My father's voice booming: "But oh! more horrible than that / is the curse in a dead man's eye!" That's what comes back. He is shaving, and I, at perhaps three or four years old, am trying to imagine what a curse in a dead man's eye would look like and what it meant. Neither the visual image of a curse in someone's eye nor the specter of death was easy to conjure. Perhaps he recited the rest of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, or at least other parts of it, but this is what I remember. I think I can recall, "Water, water everywhere, / nor any drop to drink." But it's that curse in the dead man's eye that sticks. My father had committed lots of poetry to memory, probably not all 625 lines of this late 18th century tome, still it was a favorite. Why? Not exactly Dr. Seuss or *The Cat in the Hat*. I suppose it was its very inappropriateness that made it so memorable to me, there in that protected apartment at 4308 41st Street in the very familiar and prosaic neighborhood of Sunnyside, Queens, my father bellowing through the open bathroom door those blood-curdling lines. I have never liked horror movies or other scary experiences. Still, there was power and excitement in those lines of Coleridge. And years later when I encountered the poem, it had a special *frisson*. I recognized it and knew it was part of my childhood.

My father's voice. I suppose my early life was largely peopled by women: my mother, my aunt, our various housekeepers, my teachers. Here was a force and power, a frightening glimpse of another world. My world never included death. Even years later when relatives died I was protected, told only later, not asked to attend funerals. My life was carefully circumscribed, hemmed in by school and lessons, neighborhood friends who came from homes like mine. But a man in a deep voice, shaving, bellowing these strange portentous words let in a glimpse of something else.

I've never understood the poem. The high Romantics are not really my cup of tea. It is about the supernatural, the haunting of a man

for a transgression and the compulsion to tell the tale, I guess. But what stays with me is the line my father declaimed: "But oh! more horrible than that / is the curse in a dead man's eye!" My father, the messenger from another world, bringing to me soaring rhetoric, the classics, the aspirational, the imagination and the horrors that it can conjure. This was not the world of tea sets or shopping trips to Altman's, of Honey Bunch or The Five Little Peppers. This was my father, a scholar, a man who contained within him the ringing language of ballad stanzas and shouted them with full voice in so prosaic a setting as the bathroom mirror and the diurnal ritual of a man shaving.

Marjorie Roemer



Welcome New Residents

Mr. Irving Michael

from Bedford, 4/12/19

Mrs. Ruth Reeves

from Normal, Illinois, 5/20/19

Dr. and Mrs. Robert and Katharine Ruhl

from Cleveland Heights, Ohio, 5/31/19

Mr. and Mrs. Alan and Carol Fisher

from Lansing, Michigan, 6/5/19

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce and Julia Francis

from Lexington, 7/19/19



A Trek in Nepal

Over the course of many years, my wife, Faith, and I have managed to do a fair bit of traveling -- over seventy-five countries on all seven continents. A number of our trips were on our own but we had a few with favorite group travel agencies. One of these was Overseas Adventure Travel; we traveled with them six or seven times to all sorts of places, the most adventurous in 2000 to Nepal to trek the Annapurna Circuit in the Himalayas along with a visit to a Royal Preserve, touring in Kathmandu and even a Buddha Air flight to an Everest base camp.

The part of the Circuit we hiked is roughly forty miles long and is at an elevation of about five thousand feet. It is not so challenging that we, in our seventies, could not handle it, but it was a lot more than an overweight, out-of-shape fifty-five year old woman in our party should have undertaken. She had to be carried by the Sherpas for long portions of the hike since there were no intermediate exit routes. We were seven days and six nights on the trail and had wonderful views, met many local people, experienced some real jungle travel, and some lovely, clear, chilly (no - downright cold) nights.



The mountains we hiked through had a number of villages that we eagerly visited. It seemed strange that the villages were high up when the fertile valleys were where the crops could grow and the cattle feed. But the lowlands were where malaria lurked and the highlands had little of the disease.

We had a Sherpa who always wanted us to be first to the next camp so he pushed us right along. We thought at first that he just wanted to

show off to the other Sherpas, but we found that his reason was entirely for our benefit. He wanted us to get the best accommodations at the next stop - be it the best room, tent, cabin or whatever - and also have the best view for evening or sunrise picture taking.

Evenings were the highlight of the day when



we could sit around and “talk story” with the Sherpas, other travelers and occasionally local people. Some of the evenings were fortified with local “Scotch”. I am not sure what it really was but that’s what they called it, and it was accompanied by their version of what they felt Americans liked best with their drinks - French fries!

At the end of the hike we had to get back down from the mountains and that presented a different challenge. The route was down over 800 stone steps. I had had both knees replaced a couple of years earlier so I was leery of the pressure that would be put on the artificial knees stepping down that much. With the suggestion of our Sherpa I was able to do a crossover side step that, once I got the hang of it, was a real pleasure - and fast.

I’ll just add that after the hike we did some white water rafting to our next destination, another tent camp. After that we took a raft, a bus, a jeep, a truck, a canoe and finally an elephant, all in one day, to transport us to camp in the Royal Chitwan National Preserve where we sought the one-horned rhinoceros and the Bengal tiger. But that’s another story.

Jim Fenske



What Is It?

It's blue, has three wheels, electric motor, windshield wipers and zip-doors and windows.

What is it? It's a PEBL, now parked in Dartmouth Court and occasionally visible rolling about the Village or into town for shopping and errands. It is a velomobile which appears similar to the ELF manufactured in North Carolina. It was formulated and originally built by a young man who was the classmate of my son, Ed. Nevin Murray built the original unit to transport himself back and forth to high school in Amherst, Massachusetts, from which evolved this PEBL. I originally became interested because Ed encouraged his old Dad to help Nevin (and his Dad's) "kickstarter" campaign, ultimately opting for the full item. So far, Better Bike in South Deerfield, Massachusetts has built about seventy-five PEBLs at last count. This one is #9 off the assembly line.

What are its advantages? Well, under Massachusetts law it is roadworthy (exclusive of major highways such as Route 3) but may not exceed 20 MPH. It does not require insurance, license, nor registration and does not incur Excise Tax. One may park it anywhere a bicycle parks. And, more than anything, it is environmentally endearing, even to the extent that the body is not fiber-glass or epoxy but a hemp-based cloth impregnated with soy-based resin. This is fitted to an aircraft grade aluminum chassis and includes horn, windshield wiper, cruise control (!), reverse gear and eight forward gears, 18W LED head lights, side lights, including a flashing red rear light, interior light, turn signals and brake illumination. As for stopping, we have a disc brake on the rear wheel and drums on the front two. There is an insert for the foot well to provide comfort in cold weather, removable to enhance air circulation in warmer weather.

PEBL will not travel as far as a Tesla or Chevy Bolt, but will go thirty to fifty miles on a single charge, depending on roads and pedaling effort. Indeed, I have ridden it from Chelmsford to Lexington and back! It accommodates one adult passenger (ask David Hathaway) or two children. More practically, I can transport three to five

bags of groceries -- not that we ever need such at Carleton-Willard. The trunk lights when open and is held open with a pair of gas shocks. On the dash are ignition key, voltmeter, high-low wiper switch and power control plus a USB charger for cell phones and the like with a 5V connection for up to 2.5 amps. There are vinyl side curtains which zip up, or open and/or roll up as wished to provide climate control.

It is powered by an electric motor, as well as pedals which also help to charge the battery, as does braking. A 48V Lithium ion battery is rated at 16 ampere hours, providing 750 Watts for road use and up to 1500 W off road or hill climbing. On 110V household current, PEBL charges in +/- three hours to "full" at 55V.

Optional extras include additional batteries for up to a 100 mile range, a heater, rooftop solar charger, special tires, and multiple colors. It weighs, without David Hathaway and me, about 200 pounds. Want a ride? Just ask. But please, no heavyweights.

Admirably, the Murrays' aim is to get as many polluting automobiles off the road as possible, which is why the designation on the rear is "ZEV", which means "zero emissions vehicle".

Byron Roseman





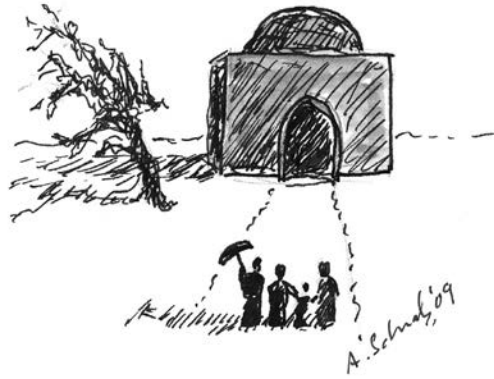
Drawn to the Silk Road

I have travelled in the Western Hemisphere and to Europe, China and India, yet I most want to tell you about a trip to the Five Stans I took with a Harvard Museums group about ten years ago. “Why”, one might ask, “would you want to go there?” Certainly nothing in my early education paid any attention to the history of this part of the world. In college I studied Asian History and in particular, India. I realized that we had neglected much that was fascinating and colorful about world history. Over 2000 years ago it was to Central Asia that Alexander the Great directed his attention because that was where the riches and the great cities were located. The existence of the Silk Road as an idea appealed to me. There are many books written about it, but when I heard of this trip I jumped at the chance to go and see at least part of it.

It was late April when we started in Almaty and there was snow on the mountains in southern Kazakhstan. We worked our way west through Kyrgyzstan, Uzbekistan, ducked down into Tajikistan and ended in Turkmenistan. We were a small group from all over the country and led by a Turkman guide. The most beautiful place we stayed was a resort on Lake Issyk-kul with a view across to the Tien Shen mountains. The most memorable meal was in a totally carpeted yurt, serenaded by a quartet of unfamiliar stringed instruments, now made known to us by Yo Yo Ma. One evening we heard a venerable elder recite lines from the *Manas*, the epic poem of the Stans.

On our last morning in Turkmenistan we met a group of Baluchistani women at a communal center where animals were being sacrificed and we shared the delicious stew they had prepared and traded photos on cell phones - perfect for a nomadic way of life.

Everywhere we went we were reminded that we were travellers on an historic route. In the center of some cities caravanserais survive. These offer safe accommodation for merchant caravans. They are enclosed courtyards of many stalls, entered by gates big enough for loaded camels. Now they serve other uses but the well-



worn doors and walls have a story to tell. Coming in to Samarkand, thousands of years old, and the junction of roads from China, India and Persia, is a larger than life set of statues of camels in caravan. Street artists in Bukhara paint pictures that tell the story of the merchants travelling from Persia to China. Horses are still of great importance for food and for riding.

Now ten years later, I reread my journal and I see around me the many souvenirs from this trip - none expensive, yet each bringing back a precious memory: the felt needle case from the children’s home, the elaborate caps from Samarkand, the gray wool bag woven at the sheep farm along the road, the stone necklace from the women who came to meet us at the dusty museum in Penjakent, Tajikistan, the bell bought at the market in Ashkabad, Turkmenistan, the ceramic plates with the ancient design of a deer, the little painting from a boy in the Bukhara market and the many sketches I found time to do along the way.

Unlike Alexander I did not have conquest in mind when I went to Central Asia. Rather it was I who was overcome by the richness of the history, the rugged beauty of the landscape, and the intensity of a totally new and unfamiliar cultural experience. In our three weeks of travel we saw few other Americans and that is too bad. This poem resounds with me.

We travel not for trafficking alone,
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned.
For lust of knowing what should not be known
We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

The Golden Road to Samarkand
James Elroy Flecker 1913

Anne P. Schmalz



The General Store

Gift cards, candy, T-shirts
and toys,

Pastel creatures for baby girls
and boys,

Jams and jellies, soups and
crackers,

Luring Carleton-Willard snackers,

Notebooks, pencils, pens and more,

All are in our General Store.

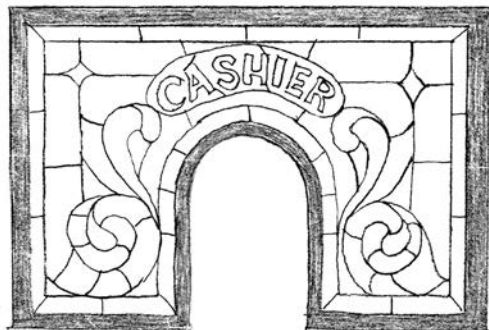
Need stamps? Need milk? Need
Party fare?

You're pretty sure to find it there.

And when you're paying
in the end,

Your "adder-upper's" a village friend.

Lois Pulliam



Lest We Forget

This spring, as I watched on television the terrible fire in the mediaeval Cathedral in Paris, I was reminded of several remarkable days when my husband and I were in France shortly after the end of the European war. British Army Captain Edward Rolfe, who later became my husband for sixty-four years, had stayed on in that city to carry out special missions, and had made many French friends. Among them was Pierre Cochereau, the highly revered musician who, at a very early age, was honored to become "Titular Organiste at Notre Dame Cathedral".

After the European conflict ended, Ed and I married, and took ourselves over to France so that I might be introduced to some of my husband's wide circle of wartime French friends. Pierre Cochereau offered to take us to the cathedral where for thirty years he was the titular Organiste, and we were thrilled. After a brief tour of the famous site, Pierre led us to one of the front pews and told us to settle down because he had a surprise for us. Then he disappeared. It wasn't more than a few minutes before an amazing performance began.

It was absolutely astounding. As Pierre's music filled this famous building we noticed many of the groups of sightseeing tourists had quietly joined us, captivated by the extraordinary, unannounced and unheralded concert, freely given to us by this famous musician.

We did not recognize every bit of music we heard; we knew Pierre was famous for his ability to improvise for any occasion. Pierre made it clear to us that this was his personal offering to his great friend (and his new wife), both of whom were deeply moved by the glorious event. *It was a very special hour for us all.* Unforgettable. After his final note he walked back down to us and, almost in a whisper, he said,

"To all who brought our freedom back to us we express our joy -- and our heartfelt thanks. We shall never forget them."

Stephanie Rolfe



Just Get Out of My Way

It was 1952. I was a recent college graduate and we were still at war in Korea. All healthy young men were obligated to serve two years in the military. I didn't have a driver's license so the military sent me to Fort Knox, Kentucky to learn to drive tanks. Seemed a little odd.

After several months training in what seemed like small World War II M-4 Sherman tanks, I was sent to Germany, not Korea. We needed to guard the border near Czechoslovakia from possible Russian encroachment. I was assigned to a tank platoon which was part of an infantry company of the 1st Army. There were only five big M-47 Patton tanks attached to the whole company. I had never driven such a big, completely different tank but picked it up quickly. I had to. I was a tank driver. This picture is of me and First Sargent Merritt who was my tank commander.



Early in my orientation we were moving slowly through a small village and I made a right turn down a narrow dirt road. Sargent told me to stop. In making the turn the rear of my tank had demolished thirty feet of a white picket fence. He got down off the tank and tried to placate the homeowner.

Sarge liked speed. One time we must have hit 30 mph coming down a winding mountain road. Who would think that something so big and heavy could move that fast?

We had some other interesting outings. Our new platoon leader, a recently commissioned officer, had all five tanks abreast and in a line, go over a shallow hill and down into a sea of mud four or five feet deep. Our Platoon Maintenance Chief, known for his pervasive, imaginative cursing, was not a happy person. Another time the same officer took us up a narrow V-shaped, mostly dry river bed, which suddenly ended. We had to back all five tanks out most of a quarter of a mile.

My military tank driving career ended when our company commander, Captain Flynn, decided he was going to take command of the lead vehicle, my tank, during a big maneuver. He was an infantryman and knew nothing about tanks. He was up in the turret with his

head and upper body exposed. We went through a small town and he got tangled in some telephone wires, almost strangling himself. Then, after leading our entourage of tanks, trucks, jeeps and other company personnel through another small town, we ended up on another narrow dirt road out in the middle of a pasture. There was no place to turn around, so everyone stopped, turned around in place and drove back through the town. I was now the last vehicle instead of the first. There was quite a bit of space between our tank and the one ahead of us. Going back through the town I made a turn. Oh, oh! There was no one in front of me. Before long we were out in another pasture. Alone.

A couple of days later I was informed that I was now an assistant driver.

It ended well. My tour of duty soon ended, and I returned to civilian life.

Wally Campbell



Where I Went to School

When asked where I went to school I reply that I attended schools in five different countries, and in five of the United States, over a period of twenty-three years. This was not because I was a troublemaker or couldn't learn, but because early on I had no choice. Dad was in the Mexican foreign service and every five years he was assigned to a new post. Mother and I of course went with him. In later years college, medical school, residency, and fellowships took me to several of the United States. I learned many things in each of these schools: useful, even life-saving stuff.

Just to give you an example, when I was about nine, I attended PS-69 in New York. The desk in front of me was occupied by AT, a comely Irish lass, etched in my memory, and endowed with long, black hair. The latter had a tendency to drape over the front of my desk in a most attractive manner. When in a pensive move, I would stroke that cascade gently whilst pondering some ancient theorem. This provoked a sudden shake of AT's head accompanied by what sounded to me like a growl and, naturally, the loss of my train of thought. After several of such episodes, I got the message -- eons before "Me Too": if there's a cascade of lovely hair on your desk, move to another one lest you get a growl or worse. A corollary of this lesson is the erasure of knowledge: I have no memory of the theorem I was pondering, yet a vivid one of AT.

I learned many other equally useful lessons in the course of my peripatetic life, which I am happy to impart freely on demand.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy



Not Just Gardenias

These are not just gardenias:
 They are my mother's favorite flower,
 The corsages that my father shyly bought.
 These are not just familiar melodies;
 They are memories, moments,
 The slow dance at the camp social.
 Our lives echo around us
 Amplifying the tracks already laid down.
 This magical scent carries me
 To the courtyard of the Frick Museum
 And I am young, uncertain,
 Aching to be bathed in beauty
 Waiting to be transformed.

Marjorie Roemer



Adopt-A-Spot Unites a Neighborhood

I had the advantage of living close to Jennings Beach in Fairfield, Connecticut. It was on the Sound and on a clear day you could see Long Island. People sat, read, chatted and swam at the beach or used the adjoining Beach Club which had tennis courts and a swimming pool. I lived on Beach Road, two blocks from the access path which had recently been built by the town. The path was three feet wide. Made of wooden planks, it had wooden railings on both sides for safety and was quite attractive. However, the area looked incomplete because surrounding the walkway were overgrown weeds, poison ivy and hedges which were not being cared for, an assessment I later learned was shared by nearly one hundred neighbors.

The town of Fairfield determined that there were many places in town that could be adopted by a neighborhood and improved. Adopt-A-Spot operated under the auspices of the Fairfield Garden Committee. Groups or individuals could come up with an idea to improve a particular area and if the plan was approved, the group was responsible for the maintenance of that spot for two years. The Department of Public Works was available to aid in the beautification.

A neighbor, Barbara Hageney, and I set about organizing our neighbors and submitting our Adopt-A-Spot plan. We went door to door collecting dollars and enthusiasm for the project. We mainly needed sufficient money to buy plants and enough willing workers to get them into the ground. Barbara often worked with home builders and was quite knowledgeable about beautifying spaces and about plants. We collected enough money and our plan was approved. Our first expense was for a sign which read "Beach Road Seaside Garden" donated by me for \$250 and placed near the street side of the garden. It was worth the money as we turned a sleazy area into a spectacular one!

We had a low wooden fence built around a fifty foot by one hundred and sixty foot area; an opening allowed the laying of a white stone path

which reached the middle of the boardwalk.

The DPW crew cleared the adopted spot, brought in mulch and we were ready to go. Approximately twenty neighbors came with their shovels and equipment and went to work. We planted large shrub-like plants - many of them flowering bushes - which were seaside hardy. We included a bike rack near the front of the garden. It was lots of work and since most people could only work on weekends, it took many months to complete, but eventually one could hardly recognize the place. Even the local paper commended us for our efforts.

After the planting was completed we agreed to have a monthly work day forever - or at least for the two years - to keep the garden looking beautiful. It turned out that people loved it: you met your neighbors and were proud of your achievements.

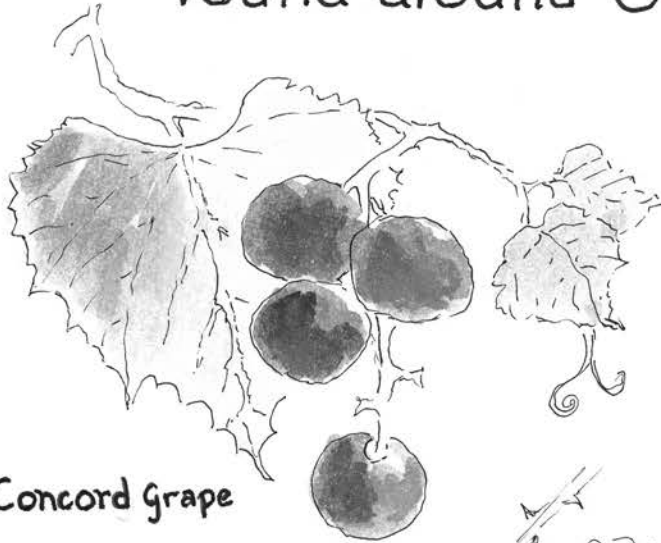
Peg Rendt





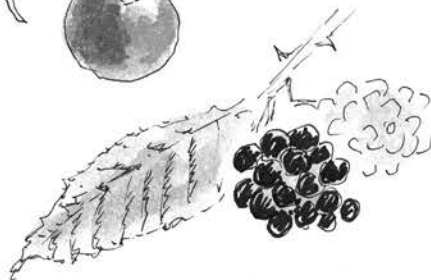
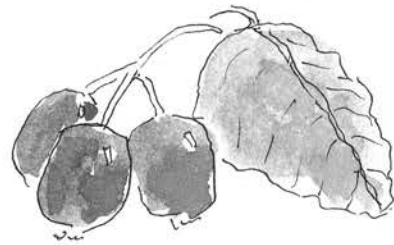
Seasonal Fruits

found around Carleton-Willard



Concord Grape

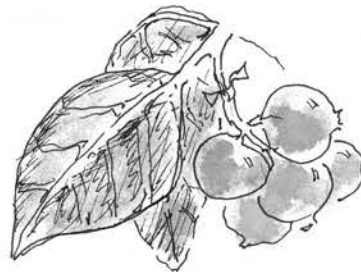
Cornelian Cherry



Blackberry



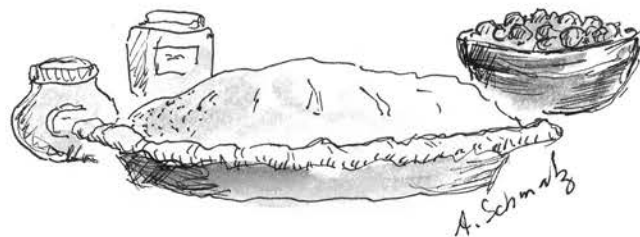
Raspberry



Blueberry



Crabapple





Mother Liked the Idea

On our family farm when the calves were weaned, we used to stake them in a grassy area with an iron rod driven into the grass, and they were chained through their bridles so they could graze.

My mother thought this was a great idea. She bought two small harnesses and put them on my brother and me when we were quite young. She scattered some toys close by and staked us in the yard. We were happy with the arrangement.

But imagine what people would think if someone did that today?

Bob Sawyer

Partridgeberry

despite its name
would seem
to make a poor diet for partridges
since in a prostrate drift of it
there are seldom many.
seen in a searchbeam of sun
the berries are waxy red
and are scattered across
the carpet of green stems and tiny
white-veined leaves
like the few coral beads
some girl might have failed to find
after her necklace broke.
anyway I doubt
that partridges would care
to live in such dark woods.
more likely it is the foolhen
who with her pretended broken wing
once led me around and around lost
in such a place -- she
might now and then eat one.

Craig Hill

<i>In Memory</i>	
Craig Hill	May 6
Robert Sawyer	May 7
Lockhart Harder	May 16
Mary Jean 'Leslie' Lowry	May 21
Jacqueline Parker	May 22
Carl Humphries	June 8
Rebecca Conley	June 26
Erna Fishhaut	July 8



“Libraries are the mainstays of democracy...So keep them, find them, embrace and cherish them.” David Baldacci

What’s Happening?

In the Carleton-Willard Village library something is always happening. There is always a steady stream of residents coming into the library to read the newspapers, pick up the daily puzzles, and look for a good book.

A dedicated group of over thirty volunteers, performing over forty different jobs, help to keep the library functioning well. Our mission is to offer an excellent collection of reading material, both fiction and non-fiction, and we work hard to keep the library well organized and easy for our residents to use.

In addition to our daily tasks, there are always special projects in process. As I write this article we are in the midst of our annual weeding of the collection, removing books that are not being taken out in order to make room on the shelves for the new books chosen each month by the Library Committee. The books that are removed are donated to the Carleton-Willard staff, the Health Center, the Bedford Council on Aging and the Bedford Public Library. This annual weeding project takes a substantial amount of time and effort, but the results are very gratifying.

Another project is in the works! The library is due for a renovation. Plans include new

carpeting, new draperies, a new paint job and new upholstery for the furniture. The wooden furniture will be strengthened and polished. We are looking forward to having a spiffy new library and Barbara Doyle, our CEO, has promised to keep the disruption to a minimum, having most of the work done at night.

At the June meeting of the Library Committee we had a lengthy discussion of ways to introduce new residents to both our library here at the village and the Bedford Public Library. Printouts of library procedures are available, but we have found that one-on-one sessions are preferable and have better results. As committee chair, I will send a personal welcome to new residents, with an invitation to a personal tour of the library. In addition, we plan to send a representative of the Library Committee to each meeting of the Newcomers Group, to answer any individual questions.

The library is a very important part of our life here at Carleton-Willard Village and the Library Committee continues to work hard to improve our collection and our services.

Happy reading!

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

The Pioneers by David McCullough

The heroic story of the men and women who opened up the Northwest Territory.

Once Upon a River by Diane Setterfield

A blend of miracle and mystery in 19th century England: a little girl, supposedly drowned, reappears and is claimed by three different parties.

Nearing 90 by Judith Viorst

This “Dr. Spock for Seniors” writes poetry that is funny, often touching always wise and real.

Falter by Bill McKibben

Converging trends of climate change and new technologies threaten our civilization and there are ways to escape the trap.

The Gown by Jennifer Robson

Historical fiction about the making of British royal wedding gowns, focusing on two embroiderers working in wartime adversity.

Lessons from Lucy by Dave Barry

A humorist learns about aging by observing his aging dog, writing that is witty and wise, touching and sentimental.

Things My Son Needs to Know About

The World by Fredrik Backman

A collection of essays on fatherhood, addressed to his infant son – humorous, thoughtful and heartfelt.

The Woman in the Blue Cloak by Deon Meyer

A beautiful thriller by a noted South African author writing about three women and a precious work of art.

Blood and Ivy by Paul Collins

Reliving one of America’s most infamous trials, Collins brings 19th century Boston to life.

The Hidden History of Guns and the Second Amendment by Thom Hartmann

How the U. S. has become fixated on firearms; a brief but powerful analysis of a scary national crisis.

A Woman is No Man by Etaf Rum

A Palestinian mother constantly says this to her daughter who finally rebels. An intimate glimpse into a controlling and closed Palestinian world.

The Department of Sensitive Crimes by Alexander McCall Smith

In the debut of a new series, Detective Varg works on three cases which the Police think are too minor.

The Matriarch by Susan Page

A warmhearted biography of Barbara Bush, a gracious and forthright First Lady who held her own in a man’s world.

The Overstory by Richard Powers

Nine individuals take a stand to save a few acres of virgin forest from industrial harvesting and environmental destruction.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Bythell, Shaun	The Diary of a Bookseller	Bradley, Alan	Thrice the Brinded Cat Hath Mew'd
Reichl, Ruth	Save Me the Plums	Box, C. J.	Endangered
Scott, Janny	The Beneficiary	Box, C. J.	Off the Grid
Yip-Williams	The Unwinding of the Miracle	Carlisle, Kate	The Book Supremacy

Biography

Jones, Brian Jay	Becoming Dr. Seuss	Cullen, Helen	The Confessions of Frannie Langton
Page, Susan	The Matriarch		The Lost Letters of William Woolf (*)
Pasternak, Anna	The Real Wallis Simpson (*)	Eliot, George	The Mill on the Floss

Current Affairs

Brettschneider, Corey	The Oath and the Office	Forster, E. M.	Howard's End
Brower, Kate Anderson	First in Line	Freudenberger, Nell	Lost and Wanted
Buttigieg, Pete	Shortest Way Home	Hadley, Tessa	Late in the Day
Hartmann, Thom	The Hidden History of Guns and the Second Amendment	Halls, Stacey	The Familiars (*)
Lepore, Jill	This America	Healey, Jane	The Beantown Girls
McKibben, Bill	Falter	Hillerman, Anne	The Tale Teller
Traister, Rebecca	Good and Mad (*)	Hillman, Robert	The Bookshop of the Broken Hearted (*)
Waldman, Steven	Sacred Liberty	Jenoff, Pam	The Kommandant's Girl

Essays and Letters

Backman, Fredrik	Things My Son Needs to Know About the World	Kelly, Martha Hall	Lost Roses
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Fiction

Atkinson, Kate	Big Sky	Khan, Ausma Zehanat	A Deadly Divide
Atwood, Margaret	The Handmaid's Tale	Kilpack, Josi S.	Forever and Forever (*)
Baldacci, David	No Man's Land	King, Crystal	The Chef's Secret (*)
Barron, Stephanie	That Churchill Woman (*)	Lemaitre, Pierre	Inhuman Resources
Bayard, Louis	Courting Mr. Lincoln (*)	Liardet, Frances	We Must Be Brave
Billingham, Mark	Their Little Secret	Leon, Donna	Unto Us a Son is Given (*)
		Macomber, Debbie	Alaskan Holiday
		Massey, Sujata	The Satapur Moonstone
		Maugham, Somerset	The Razor's Edge
		McCall Smith, Alexander	The Department of Sensitive Crimes
		Meyer, Deon	The Woman in the Blue Cloak
		Miller, Linda Lael	Yankee Widow (*)



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Orringer, Julie	The Flight Portfolio	Miscellaneous	
Page, Katherine Hall	The Body in the Wake	Barry, Dave	Lessons From Lucy (*)
Patterson, James	The 18th Abduction	Barry, Dave	Lessons From Lucy
Perry, Anne	Odd Partners (*)	Cep, Casey	Furious Hours
Perry, Anne	Triple Jeopardy (*)	Ellis, Helen	Southern Lady Code (*)
Powers, Richard	The Overstory		
Quinn, Kate	The Huntress	Music	
Robson, Jennifer	The Gown	Smedvig, Caroline	Seiji
Rum, Etaf	A Woman is No Man		
Runcie, James	The Road to Grantchester	Nature	
Sandford, John	Neon Prey	De Waal, Frans	Mama's Last Hug (*)
Setterfield, Diane	Once Upon a River	Johnson, Kirk	The Feather Thief
Thornton, Stephanie Marie	American Princess (*)	Wallace	
Verble, Margaret	Cherokee America (*)	Poetry	
Walker, Martin	The Body in the Castle Well	Viorst, Judith	Nearing Ninety
Wieland, Liza	Paris, 7 A.M. (*)		

Health/Wellness

Palmer, Parker J.	On the Brink of Everything
Sacks, Oliver	Everything in Its Place

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff

History

Chang, Gordon H.	Ghosts of Gold Mountain
Collins, Paul	Blood and Ivy
Davis, Margaret Leslie	The Lost Gutenberg
McCullough, David	The Pioneers
McCullough, David	The Pioneers (*)
Meacham, Jon	Songs of America
Nagy, John A.	George Washington's Secret Spy War
Purnell, Sonia	A Woman of No Importance
Treuer, David	The Heartbeat of Wounded Knee (*)





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