



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Vibrant red sky first
Then dusk unfolds its dark shawl
And night covers all.

MR



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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Editor's Corner



As we approach the end of another year it is natural to think over what has changed here at Carleton-Willard Village during 2021, and what may have remained the same. Little did we think that we would still be observing protocols for avoiding COVID once we had been vaccinated. We are far more knowledgeable about viruses and their mutations than we ever wanted to be, but have also learned that if we proceed with care we will remain well. As frustratingly slow as the return to normal life here has been, we are grateful to those who continue to care for the well-being of our community.

Welcoming new residents to Arlington Court and elsewhere in the Village is a continuing mission shared by all of us. Although we cannot mingle yet in the Auditorium, we do run into each other along Main Street, in the art studio, in the mail room, in the fitness center, and in the Brass Rail. Don't hesitate to stop to chat – introduce yourself, and you will find we all have much in common.

It has been an aim of this magazine to encourage residents of Llewysac, our Assistance-in-Living apartments, to write for the *Villager*. A member of the Editorial Board lives there and will bring us a deeper connection to them. Among the 13 current residents of our Village who are over 100 years old, five live in Llewysac. This issue records a conversation with Barbara Clafin. She has lived at C-WV for 26 years and has many stories to tell.

In a year in which we have received an extraordinary amount of rainfall, our campus has increased in verdancy – as if that were possible. As I write this, bulbs are being planted and we anticipate a blanket of snow will fall to cover them, and in the spring we will once again welcome their beauty.

Once again we will pass through the darkness of winter, reaching for the joy that each season brings.

Anne Schmalz

Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the President and CEO



"The color of springtime is flowers. The color of winter is in our imagination."

-Terri Guillemets

My very fondest memories are all rooted in winter. Growing up near the shores of Lake Michigan, you could say there was no escaping it! Relentless Canadian winds would scoop up the waters of Lake Superior to the north and regularly blanket everything in sight - a sure reminder that Mother Nature is always in charge. Some people, of course, would grumble and moan, right on cue. I never understood why. Any other time of year my street was just a street; in winter it was a fairyland, all crisp blue-white and crystalline sparkles.

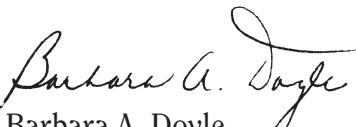
You had to take things slowly and deliberately in a midwest winter. Simple tasks like going out for the mail was more like donning of armor to go into battle. And battle it was! Digging out the front path, the driveway, the steps ... digging, digging, digging! I would join my father with trusty shovel-swords in hand, and we would drive back the drifts and fearsome icicle-hordes. Surveying our newly reclaimed territory made safe again for citizens of the family castle, we were indeed worthy heroes.

Only then was it time to head on out into my new white world. With heavy buckled boots, thick mittens, wool hat, earmuffs, and a fur-lined coat and hood over it all, I was like an astronaut on the moon. First treads into freshly fallen snow - squinch, squinch - gave me no less a sense of pride than Neil Armstrong's small steps.

The adrenaline rush of a careening toboggan run ... making snow angels with my friends ... skates sizzling and slicing across the frozen pond by my house ... raucous snowball fights, giggling till our lungs nearly burst from the icy air ...

And back inside: the rediscovered joy of a warm fire and snowman cookies and hot chocolate. Heaven.

Yes, Spring will come. And all too soon.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



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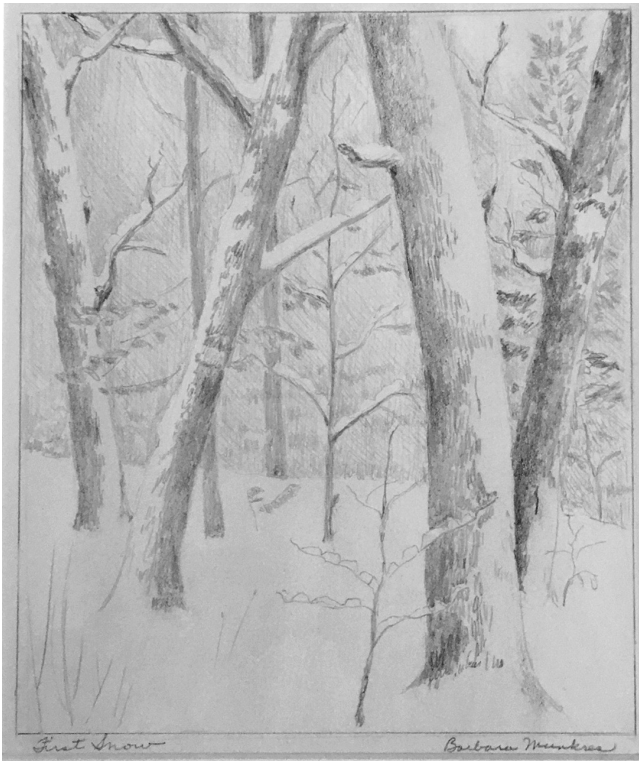
First Snow

When the first snow came in late fall, the woods behind our house in Lexington turned into a scene of soft gray and white, with branches and tree trunks standing out against the monochromatic background. Here and there scatterings of orange beech leaves clung to the twigs and were visible through the falling snow, adding a touch of color to the picture. The effect was magical.

When the snow ceased, the leaves stood out more vividly. We watched them all winter as they stubbornly clung onto their branches. Finally, when the buds of trees began to swell, one by one they would let loose and drift to the ground. This was a sure sign that spring was on the way.

My wife made two lovely pencil sketches of this first snow; they now hang on the walls of our apartment. They remind us of our quiet woods and are part of our winter memories.

Jim Munkres



House Guest!

We knew it was coming, thanks to the weatherman . . . that blizzard of 1978. The kids went off to school with a key and instructions if they were let out early. I worked only until 2:00 that day, so I wasn't worried. Paul had a longer commute however. So, the three of us were home nervously watching out the window as the snow was coming down more and more heavily. Paul, of course, was involved in a project at work and was oblivious to the weather until it was nearing dark. We were so relieved when we saw his headlights enter the driveway at Meadowbrook Road in Bedford and heard the garage door open.

My relief quickly turned to surprise when he was followed in by a young man. Apparently, on his ride home Paul had seen this hitchhiker, Dave, a young man whose car had gone off the road. Paul brought him home and promised to call the police to take him to a shelter. "Surprise!" said the police. "You now have a house guest; the snow emergency forbids any travel."

Our guest was aghast and asked to use our phone. We overheard him begging his dad to come for him. He handed the phone to me, and I assured his dad that he was welcome and would be safe with us. He then needed to use our bathroom, and I pointed him in the right direction. Very quickly he came out somewhat upset and asked who had opened the door on him. Stifling a chuckle, I had to confess that our cat could open the door and liked to beg for water from the sink faucet.

At first, I felt a little uneasy going to bed with a total stranger in our house, but as the snow kept falling it was clear that this young man was going to be with us for a while. Fortunately, we never lost electricity and we had plenty of food. I spent the next couple of days cooking comfort foods like meatloaf. Most importantly, we had plenty of mint chip and coffee ice cream! I judged Dave to be in his early 20's, but he had apparently never lost touch with his "inner child." He kept our kids, Mike, twelve, and Karen, nine, entertained playing Monopoly, Scrabble, and Go Fish in the middle of the liv-



ing room floor. He was also a great help to Paul tackling the monumental snow.

On the third night, the evening news showed 128 cleared and empty of traffic. Dave wanted to go home the next day. The snow emergency was still on, but Dave called his folks for approval of his plan, and Paul got permission from the police to take him to the 128 entrance ramp. Dave planned to walk the rest of the twelve mile way to Reading.

He'd left home the morning of the storm with only his jacket. We outfitted him with a hat, scarf, and gloves. Paul slipped him \$20 and instructed him to call us when he got home. Not long after, he called, as a snowplow driver had picked him up and left him at his exit to walk home from there.

Some months later, on a nice Sunday afternoon, the doorbell rang. There was our house guest and his girlfriend. He wanted her to meet us. He had brought an enormous fruit basket, the borrowed winter wear, the \$20, and M&Ms and gummy bears for the kids. Nothing for that nosy cat!

Barbara Hill

Winter in Springtime

March 24, 1956, Kittery, Maine, 6 a.m. Out of the window, I could see hundreds of tiny white flakes falling from the sky. This was not supposed to happen. This was my wedding day! The night before at the rehearsal dinner the sky had been crystal clear with thousands of twinkling stars. This was spring break at college: often a time to play tennis and get a start on my summer tan.

Back in November my fiancé, Ensign David Hathaway, US Navy Civil Engineer Corps, had received orders to report to the Panama Canal Zone in April. We had planned to marry after my graduation from Mount Holyoke College, but moved the date to the March spring break.

10 a.m. Huge wet snow flakes were falling fast. The ground was completely covered. My Maid of Honor and I were staying at my parents' house. The phone began to ring continually with messages from Connecticut and New York guests

saying, "We are so sorry. We cannot come. We are snowed in."

The weather station reported a fast-moving 'yankee clipper' charging up the coast dumping up to a foot of snow in its path. WHAT TO DO? All the plans had been made weeks ago. Many guests lived nearby and were intrepid New Englanders. Phone calls to the minister, organist, and photographer were all positive to go ahead with the three o'clock wedding.

2 p.m. The snow had stopped. My maid of honor and I were dressed in our gowns and did not worry about getting our special shoes wet. Through five inches of snow we drove to the church. Guests were beginning to arrive but where were the groomsmen? Where was the groom? My father volunteered to usher.

2:30 p.m. David's parents and other relatives arrived. Still no groomsmen or groom! David's father volunteered to usher.

3 p.m. The organist was playing repeats and the minister was looking worried. I was pacing the floor.

3:20 p.m. There came the snow-covered groom and groomsmen, delayed by slow-moving traffic and treacherous roads.

5 p.m. The sun was shining. Although we missed many of the guests, it was a lovely wedding and reception followed by our two year honeymoon in tropical Panama. Goodbye winter!

Harriet Hathaway





Winter Tag

I grew up in rural Medfield, on the northern outskirts of town, near the Dover town line. Two or three other children from my small neighborhood and I rode the town school bus to an all-grades public school complex about three miles closer to town. Our bus stop, the last on a long route, was next to a low stone wall bordering fields which were used by the Norfolk Hunt Club for steeplechase events and fox hunting.

On snowy, wintry days, when the bus was running late, in order to keep warm, we would climb over the wall and stomp out a loop, with interconnecting paths to create a place to play tag, or in our case, “to catch a fox.”

I rode that bus route for all twelve years of my schooling in town, always with the same bus driver, “Goodie” Hewell, a wonderfully caring man with a sense of humor and patience galore with children.

Helen Folweiler Chipman

Sharing Winter

Growing up in western Michigan, with plenty of “lake effect” snow, I thoroughly enjoyed winters. Hills were few and small, but led by my mother, who loved tobogganing, we relished the possibilities of any available slope. My brother and I had “Flexible Flyer” sleds, which could be frustrating, with the narrow metal runners sinking too deeply in soft powder snow, but which we used happily anyway, until I got skis. No one else in our town had this more tractable mode of descending the hill. I was thrilled. And carrying the skis back to the top was no harder than dragging a sled or a toboggan.

Accustomed to making the most of whatever nature gave us, and perhaps as a reaction against the humidity and mosquitoes of summer, I always looked forward to winter. In later years I found great pleasure in introducing others to winter’s joys. My mother-in-law used to come from Scotland for 6-week visits, sometimes in the winter. As a proper Edinburgh matron, she never wore

“trousers” – except those she borrowed from me in order to go tobogganing with her grandchildren. Flying snow in the face, an uncertain endpoint, a dog running alongside – she loved the whole package. And she always tried to be helpful, even with tasks which were far outside her world of experience. One of these tasks was to help us bring a load of scrounged firewood on the toboggan through the snowy woods to our house, which she did with almost a smile.

Colin and I were host parents for many foreign students at Brandeis and made sure they learned about winter in New England by practical application. It often started after dinner on Thanksgiving, when Colin would lead everyone out to the woodpile and give lessons on splitting wood. Students who were more accustomed to lifting books got to swing an axe or drive a wedge down with a sledgehammer. Our guests’ appreciation for the woodstove grew with this experience. Then, when we had some good snow, I would take any willing learners out on cross-country skis. Woods and fields took on whole new meanings for these novices. Students from warmer countries took some treasured memories, stories, and photos home to their family and friends. Ice, as well as snow, could be amazing. I’ll never forget the expressions on the faces of two young women from India when they first walked across a little frozen pond on crystal-clear ice. They felt that they were experiencing a miracle.

Virginia Steel

Black Ice!

There are many happy winter memories from my childhood in Skaneateles, NY, a village in the Finger Lakes region of New York State. Snow days were fun days. Neighborhood kids would gather on the big hill across the street for exciting sledding and skiing, and the golf course was there for cross country skiing.

One memory stands out because it only happened once for me. It was a Sunday afternoon in a frigid but snow-less January when the phone calls flew from neighbor to neighbor. “*Black ice to-day! Come now!*” The village was situated at the north end of Skaneateles Lake, a sixteen-mile



long beauty. “Black ice” did not happen often, because the cold temperatures needed to freeze the lake deep enough for skating were usually accompanied by snow and sometimes slushy warm spells. But this memorable day was different, and everyone knew it! The ice was a foot thick, and as smooth as a mirror, and it was BLACK! There had been no snowfall or wind during the freeze, so the ice had frozen without any air bubbles or snow, which meant one could *see through the ice all the way to the lake bottom!*

Since it was Sunday, it was a day-off from work for nearly the whole village, and everyone came out to enjoy this thrill of seeing through the ice, even if they couldn’t find skates. Many brought a kitchen chair to sit on while donning skates or to steady wobbly ankles while sliding in snow boots. There were old and young, large and little, winter jackets of every color, and smiles all around. You could hear the cries: “*I just saw a HUGE fish!*” or “*I found the anchor I thought was lost!*” It was amazing to see the details on our very own lake bottom. The scene must have looked like those famous paintings of skaters enjoying the Dutch canals.



I was especially thrilled when the Episcopal Rector appeared with his ice sail. I had never seen anything like that, but he asked me if I would like a ride. I trusted him implicitly, I held onto his waist, my skates avoiding his long-bladed racing skates. BOY! We went FAST! Seeing the lake bottom fly by was a thrill I would always remember, and most likely would never experience again. I am not sure if anyone else got to ride along with him that day because I was stunned by this unexpected winter treat.

What a happy winter memory!

Sonia Strong

My First Snowstorm

Although I was born and grew up in New Hampshire, I never experienced winter until I was four years old. I was the youngest of five, with two brothers and two sisters. A few years before I was born, our family physician had prescribed a warmer climate as a solution to the seemingly endless succession of sore throats and runny noses my sibs were enduring. Florida was suggested, real estate was not costly then, so my parents acquired a Spanish-style bungalow on a canal in the Coral Gables section of Miami, and every September our mother packed the appropriate number of small suitcases (carefully layered so that there was an outfit for each of the three days of the trip. After a few years, I, a June baby, joined this fall migration; my means of transport a wicker basket carried by my mother.

I have vague memories of the trip when I was three, but the first one I remember in vivid detail was the one in the fall of 1935, a few months after my fourth birthday. We were driven to New York, where we stayed overnight before boarding an ocean liner which took us down the east coast to our winter quarters. Life on the liner was a lark for us; we were the only kids in our section, and of course the adult passengers were easily amused by the antics of a gaggle of towheaded youngsters whose pretty mother had dressed them in matching sailor suits (THE fashion for children in the 1930’s).

We had just gotten settled on Coconut Drive when Miami was hit by the worst hurricane in its history to that time. There was little warning in those pre-TV, pre-internet days, so we were lucky that we managed to escape to a downtown hotel before the canal waters rose to fill our house to the depth of several feet. It was a hair-raising experience, but that’s another story.

No more Florida for us! My father came down and took us by train back to New Hampshire.

My sister Marty (ten years old at the time) told me exciting stories about sledding, ice skating, and snow forts. She read me books about Christmas in which the illustrations always depicted cosy scenes of applecheeked kids cavorting on a heavy blanket of fluffy white stuff



in front of a house similarly covered. I waited impatiently for the snow to come and nagged my sister: “When will it snow, Marty?”

It was after Thanksgiving that the day finally came. Marty shook me awake from my afternoon nap. “Hurry, hurry—come see! It’s snowing!” I dashed to the nearest window, looked out—and burst into tears.

THIS WAS IT? These delicate white flakes drifting gracefully down, barely making an impression on the lawn?

It was not the last time my vivid illusion would be shattered by reality, but it was the first I remember, and every year when the snowflakes begin to make their graceful descent, I recall my eager expectation: NOW is the sky going to open up and drop the huge white blanket of my four-year-old fantasy?

Jocelyn Bolle

Apologies to FROST

Some things there are that do not like a mask.
My ears which gleefully
Escape the confines of elastic loops.
And there’s my mouth which mutters
“Smiling is what I like to do, and who can see
it?”
My nose complains it’s starved of oxygen –
but what the hell?
Nobody’s happy, but we’re staying well.

Jocelyn Bolle

Learning to Ski

I came to skiing late in life. My daughter Pam chose Middlebury College in Vermont as a school to attend. Thus, snow-filled hills entered our family life.

“Mom, come skiing with me,” was the invitation, the reality being that a teenage daughter issues few invitations for parental accompaniment. I agreed to meet her in Vermont.

The highways from the New Jersey shore where we lived to Middlebury had been cleared. The snow was piled high on both sides. Fortunately, my car was filled with gas. The tire chains added traction. My determination to find my way to our meeting place never wavered.

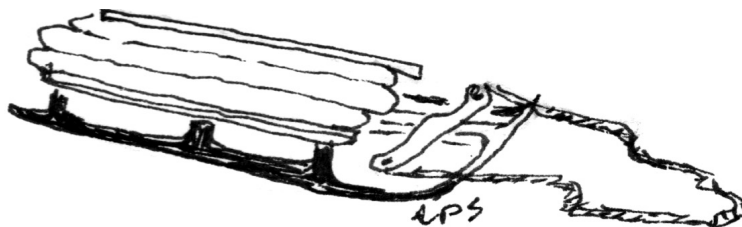
We met at an agreed-upon motel near where we were to ski. Its entrance was a steep uphill climb into the parking lot. My Volkswagen was a great snow car and so the uphill ascent went quickly. So did the motor, which died at the top of the hill! It’s good to be at your destination when that happens, also to have a daughter whose help getting the car fixed was sorely needed.

The next day we all traveled to the ski slope where the fun began. It’s terrifying to not be a skier and to look down the long slope you need to traverse. I quickly learned that you work from side to side of the slope. Turns were the first skill to master, which I did. I’m very good at turns; it’s the downhill that presented the challenge.

When you learn to traverse the slope on the diagonal you begin to become a skier. I’ve worked at this skill for many years and enjoyed the ski adventures at many Vermont slopes.

Probably the biggest lesson was daring to learn a new skill as an adult. Doing so opened many adventures, all of which have enriched my life.

Ara Tyler





A Grandmother to her Only Grandson

None of us saw you grab the broom,
The full-sized one, not the child's one
We got for you. Otherwise we might have said,
"Careful, sweetie, that's not for babies,
You might trip and fall."
But you looked so serious suddenly and so
intent
And so much older and bigger than we
remembered,
And the next thing we knew
You had swept the deck clean,
Even those little gold leaves that could
almost pass
As monarch butterflies in this
The last light of summer.

The handle of the broom reaches high
Over your head, but you are an expert
swordsman
With your sword.

My little Hercules, you will outstrip us before
we know it,
And someday you will carry us as we once
carried you.
Let us down gently into the bed of forever
And know, even if we can't tell you then,
That we loved and love you beyond reckoning.

Sue Hand

Daniel Webster and Me

I don't recall when I first encountered the story of the *Devil and Daniel Webster*, by Steven Vincent Benet. It was first published in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1936. Made into a movie in 1941. I only know that as a child I was glued to the frightening image of Daniel Webster calling out from his grave, "How Fares the Union?" Followed by a quick response, "The Union stands as she stood, rock-bottomed and copper-sheathed, one and indivisible."

With so much division in our country now and no solutions at hand, I long to be able to ask that question in ten or twenty or fifty years and to receive the same reassurance,

But back to the story...

Briefly this is a tale of a New Hampshire farmer, dogged by bad luck and failed crops who, in a moment of despair, swears to sell his soul for more success. Inevitably the Devil appears to seal the Faustian bargain and the farmer signs an agreement - his soul in exchange for seven years of farming success.

The seven years fly by and the terrified farmer, casting about for an escape, turns to Daniel Webster, another New Hampshire man and a prominent lawyer and statesman, for help. Webster meets with the Devil seeking to break the agreement. The Devil demands a court trial, but Webster argues that only an American judge and jury can try the farmer's case, for he is an American. That right was won in the War for Independence.

The Devil insists he too is an American and can be the judge. "And who with better right?" he asks.... "When the first wrong was done to the first Indian, I was there. When the first slaver put out for the Congo, I stood on her deck. Am I not in your books and stories and beliefs, from the first settlements on? ...Am I not spoken of, still, in every church in New England? 'Tis true the North claims me for a Southerner and the South for a Northerner, but I am neither. My name is older in this country than yours."

Eventually Webster agrees and the Devil calls a jury from Hell made up of some of the worst villains from American history. It is a grim challenge, but in the end Webster's oratory is so eloquent, reminding each juror of his very own humanity, that the farmer is acquitted.

In revenge the Devil offers to tell Webster his fortune, his failure to become President, and the fate of his family in the coming civil war, but Webster asks for a single glimpse of the future. "One question," Webster said. "I have fought for the Union all my life. Will I see that fight won against those who would tear it apart?" "Not while you live," said the Devil, grimly, "but it will be won."

The story concludes with a warning. "They say that if you go to Webster's grave during a thunderstorm and speak loud and clear, 'Dan'l Webster -- Dan'l Webster!' the ground 'll begin to shiver and the trees begin to shake...And after a



while you'll hear a deep voice saying, 'Neighbor, how stands the Union?' Then you better answer, 'the Union stands as she stood, rock-bottomed and copper-sheathed, one and indivisible,' or he's liable to rear right out of the ground..."



I hope in the future when I rest quietly in my grave and if a passerby calls my name, I will call out, "How fares the union?" May the reply to my query be, "The Union stands as she stood.... one and indivisible," and, may I hope, even better.

(Many readers may be familiar with this short story, but anyone computer friendly can easily find it for free on the Internet. It is a fun read with many New England references that will coax a smile or laugh from those who live here.)

Meredith McCulloch

Remembrance of People Past

Our family spent our summer months at grandmother's summer property. The large holding included a hillside, forests, a quarry, and a small working farm. The farm consisted of the farmer's old house, a stable with four cows and two or three pigs, and a large barn for hay and a wagon. Also, there was a tool shed with a cider press, and a sizeable chicken coop for a flock of chickens and a gorgeous multicolored rooster.

The residence was a stone house large enough for up to fourteen people: the family, the cook, the maid, and the nanny. The favorite spot where we often sat was a concrete surface in front of the verandah overlooking a sloping meadow. At the bottom of the meadow a fierce mountain stream called the *Trattenbach* rushed by. A few feet

downstream the river had a weir which caused a waterfall about twelve feet high. A few feet upstream a flume had been constructed to drive the huge water wheel for the adjoining smithy.

I played hide and seek in the smithy with Aida, the blacksmith's daughter, until her father discovered me screaming in horror when I was nearly crushed hiding in the space under the ambross as the hammer started to pound. Fortunately, I was just small enough for the shaft to have a few inches clearance above my head. When her father found us, he immediately forbade us to ever set foot in the smithy again.

Herr Wallner, the blacksmith, was an amazing craftsman and artist. He not only made all the iron parts for the wooden farm wagons, including the pieces for the oxen's yokes, and the moveable joints for steering the vehicles, he also shod cattle and horses. In addition, he created delicate, almost three-dimensional, iron crosses about three or four feet high of slender iron rods as grave markers. The design included a square space for either a holy picture and prayer, or an image of the deceased. These ornamental crosses gave a warm, human feeling to the cemetery.

On Sundays the smith's sooty image gave way to that of a handsome man representing the charm of the traditional Upper Austrian costume with his *lederhosen* and plumed felt hat. It was befitting his status as the only person authorized by the aristocrat who owned the hunting rights to supervise hunting in the surrounding forests. It was a favorite sport for tourists, but no one was allowed to hunt unless accompanied by Herr Wallner. He knew the different herds of deer and which individual doe or stag could be shot without endangering the continuing total number of the herd. He received a fee for his service, and the visiting hunters let him keep the heart, lungs, and tongue . . . popular in Austrian cuisine, but not to everyone's taste.

Many, many years later, I visited the village with my daughter when she graduated from Columbia University with a degree in cultural anthropology. By then the smithy was an eerie, silent, cold building . . . those wonderful summer months just a memory.

Daisy Illich



My Dilemma

My wife and I used to do cross-country skiing with a group of blind skiers. On weekends we would travel up north with the group which included 15-20 blind skiers and a like number of sighted guides. One weekend a few years ago my wife came up with the idea of getting together with some of the local blind people for dinner. So, I drove around and picked up three middle aged blind ladies. One blind girl from Boston had a seeing eye dog and was coming out on the subway. There was a wide-open flat area 30-40 feet long and wide in front of the entrance to the restaurant. The flat area was just ordinary brick or stone.

Suddenly they appeared, but there was a problem right away. Nature called Fido. What to do? Well at least liquid would flow into the cracks in the brick/stone lined area. Whew, but wait Marie said. There was more. Oh no. Blind Marie had come with a red colored plastic glove. Somehow, she located the deposit, scooped it up and handed the whole thing back to me. What was I going to do with it? Then my wife came out and took Marie and the dog back inside.

Here I was left with this brightly colored red glove and nowhere to put it. I panicked. What was I going to do with this thing? Maybe the reception desk clerk could help. He was as stunned and baffled as I. Finally, he said how about the Men's room. Ah, so obvious. If I hadn't panicked, I would have thought of that too. I walked in and around the busy late afternoon seated bar drinkers carrying my little red parcel. Finally, I deposited the whole thing into a waste receptacle so as not clog a toilet. I went and joined my wife, the four blind girls and Fido. He was relieved and so was I.

We all enjoyed the dinner and Fido who was under the table received some scraps and a little kick from me.

Wally Campbell

A Conversation with Barbara Claflin

A keen perception and a ready wit make a conversation with Barbara Claflin a pleasure. It has been 26 years since she arrived at Carleton-Willard. Her profile done then describes her life before CWV. What has she noticed and enjoyed in all those years? How has her life unfolded?

Barbara lived in Dartmouth Court until 2018. Since then she has resided in Llewsac Lodge. Her room is cozy with keepsakes and pictures of family and even a rocking chair. Her family has grown in those years to include grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Within easy reach is an album that a granddaughter put together for her on her 100th birthday this August. It is fully two inches thick, with not only family pictures, but letters from friends and relatives near and far. Having this to look through gives her tremendous pleasure, and, for the visitor, it reveals a well-lived and much admired life.

A conversation with Barbara Claflin is bound to be about family – the newest great-grandchild, for instance – but also about the early days of her time here. About the dress code: quite formal dress for dinner until Barbara decided she wanted to wear pants. She was finally allowed a gray pants suit.

Until recently, when her hands became too painful, she loved to knit and sew. Her knowledge of needle arts was of great assistance, not only to her family, for whom she made clothing – even wedding dresses – but the Knit Wits as well. She was able to knit for the newest great-granddaughter born this year.

She spoke warmly of her interest in her husband's ancestors, who had many accomplishments. Most significant for her is Claflin University in South Carolina, which was started in 1869 for former slaves. She spoke feelingly of a visit when her husband was given an honorary doctorate. It is obviously one of her favorite memories and a high point in her personal journey toward interracial understanding.

As this conversation ended, Barbara Claflin summed up her feelings about the current state of affairs. She feels things are so difficult now, on so many levels. She says, "I have seen the best of it."

Anne Schmalz



New England Wildflowers - Fall

Know a sepal from a petal? An axil from a petiole? A cowslip's seedbed is a dead ringer for a tiara? A campion is pollinated by moths? The jewelweed tosses its seeds at the touch? A third of our wildflowers are not native? You would, after CWV's Garden Club offered the hand, eye, and enthusiasm of our favorite naturalist, Bill Gette, for a tour of NE wildflowers. Bill defined flower types, ephemeral, parasitic, carnivorous, aquatic; nyctinastic (night closing/opening), mycorrhizal (fungus dependent) and twiners-climbers-scramblers. How do seeds disperse? (Ants carry, birds eat, milkweeds blow, burdocks stick, water spreads.) Bill closed with the ancient Doctrine of Signatures whereby plants were thought to cure human ailments by imitative leaf-shape or seed.



Fawn Lake Conservation Area

Easily accessible from Route 4, one of Bedford's most popular natural resources is Fawn Lake Conservation Area. A trail gnarled with irascible roots snakes around the lake. Mountain laurel, blueberry, pepper bush, turtles sunning on low rocks all greet the intrepid morning walker. Colonists 500 years ago worshipped the lake for its medicinal properties. In the 1850s, a health-resort hotel took that cue and bottled its spring water from what became Fawn Lake. The hotel is no more. But the pond remains, a quiet, rejuvenating place. These woods envelope the hiker in peace and discovery.

Jane Blair Does It Again!

Our favorite art person! The first thing Jane tells her rapt audience when she introduces her art-awareness program, ArtMatters: "I'm not an art historian. You don't have to know anything about art; you don't even have to like it. You're in charge." On her plate this September was Leonardo da Vinci. In image after image, Zoom replacing her auditorium presentations, Jane instantly brought the Renaissance Man to life. Mona Lisa's eyes following the viewer. The Last Supper's intricate composition but oh-so-fragile condition. Sampling 13,000 notebook pages: futuristic drawings presaging flight, terrifying machines of war, detailed anatomies of humans, birds, and animals. Pioneering painterly effects of sfumato and chiaroscuro. So much more!

Great Decisions - Brexit

Resident Bob Schmalz led a discussion via Zoom on the ramifications of Great Britain's leaving the European Union, part of a continuing multi-program series of Great Decisions topics introduced by video to CWV by the Foreign Policy Association. Far from settled, the issue of the UK prospering under Brexit - and its relationship with the world - spawned lively discussion on matters ranging from banking and finance, commerce and trade, borders and immigration to fishing rights, design of nuclear vs. diesel submarines and even the ingredients of sausage. The consensus appeared not to favor the UK's decision to leave the EU. This program gets you thinking!

Monthly Poetry Readers Group

The last Tuesday of every month brings residents together for an intimate hour of poetry reading. Led by Tom Larkin, participants bring a poem or two to read to the group. Or they may choose just to sit and savor. September's session was stunning for its variety of offerings. Imagine everything unfolding before us from Shakespeare's Sonnets and The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, through W. H. Auden and Emily Dickinson, to Karina Borowicz and Mary Oliver. Let the last poet, a group favorite, have the last word. Ms. Oliver asks "What, in the earth world, is there not to be amazed by and to be steadied by and to cherish?"

Happenings

A Concert Under the Stars

Full moon. Stars. Comfy living room. Grand piano. Fred Moyer. What more could we ask for? Our dear CWV friend gave us an hour of glorious music inspired, you guessed it, by the Moon. Opening with the limpid strains of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Fred moved on to Debussy's immortal "Claire de lune" and Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto with its popular tune "Full Moon and Empty Arms." Out came Fred's jazz trio for a triple of lunar favorites: Moonlight in Vermont, Blue Moon, and Fly Me to the Moon. How to end? Why not? Dawn: "Oh What a Beau-tiful Morning"!

Great Trials that Changed History:

A Judge's Perspective

Dennis Curran, Justice MA Superior Court (ret.), dealt a blow-by-blow account of 1849's shocking murder trial of Dr. George Parkman, "*Blood and Ivy at the Harvard Medical School*," the last in his Great Trials series. In accounts reaching back 2,000 years with the trial of Socrates, Judge Curran led us to the Boston Massacre (where President-to-be John Adams valiantly defended the British), to Sacco and Vanzetti and finally OJ Simpson. Laying out the facts of each case, our expert guide captivated us with "you are there" presentations. Next for the Judge: Abraham Lincoln, with twenty-one leadership attributes of the Great Emancipator.

The Tenors Sing Out ... and Others, Too!

Lecturer on Opera and Great Voices, Erika Reitshamer gave three programs on the challenges and uniqueness of male and female opera singers. Soprano, alto, tenor and baritone voices soared in historical and contemporary arias and scenes. Who wouldn't wilt before tenor Jonas Kaufman's Romeo? Leontyne Price as the lovesick Aida yearning for her homeland? Marian Anderson with her burnished contralto. Jessye Norman, her eyes to the sky, crying "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands!" Thanks to Erika, we're now experts in differentiating vocal qualities of "spinto" from "squillo," and "fach" from "tessatura." Next on her docket: tenor superstar Mario Lanza ('Be My Love') and Russian baritone icon Dmitri Hvorostovsky.

Special Needs Arts Program Exhibit

Coils of patterned cloths, festoons of crimson silk, cascades of golden braids. All this and more adorn 21 Venetian masks in the CVW Gallery's extraordinary art exhibit. Students in the Special Needs Arts Program (SNAP) were inspired to craft their own masks, first painting faces with acrylic, then texturing surfaces with modeling paste and finally embellishing everything with sequins, beads, yarns and cording for hair, headdresses and scarves. Joie de vivre, humor, order and balance radiate from these riveting images. The adjoining glass cabinet pulses with more colorful and involving artwork. Photos of the students at their work glow with a sense of purpose and self-empowerment.



Music of the Great Depression

Brother, can you spare a dime? John Waters and his Great American Music Experience reached back to the Stock Market Crash of 1929 to show how popular singers and others responded to the Great Depression. Ted Lewis and His Orchestra asked "Is Everybody Happy?" while Hoovervilles - shantytowns - littered the country. Bing warbled "Pennies from Heaven", while other cockeyed optimists were "Whistling in the Dark," Shirley Temple sailed her "Good Ship Lollipop" into our hearts, while Woody Guthrie wailed his Dust Bowl Ballads. Classical composer Virgil Thomson scored music for "*The Plow that Broke the Plains*," a film raising awareness of FDR's New Deal. A marvelous series. Understanding American history through its music!

Harry Hoover





*Welcome
New Residents*

Bruce and Lucy 'Lee' Osterling

from Sudbury, 9/3/21

Robert and Ruth Crocker

from Manchester, 9/7/21

John and Justine Federici

from Lexington, 9/10/21

Nicholas 'Nic' Potter

from Cohasset, 9/10/21

Alma 'Lee' Carpenter

from Wellesley, 9/22/21

Donald and Lynne Yansen

from Lexington, 10/18/21

Robert Donaghey and Joan Loewenberg

from Lexington, 10/15/21

Frank and Shirley Verhoorn

from Denmark, ME, 10/30/21











Wonderful To Be Here

Look out over it all. A resident carwash now appears in the employee parking lot behind the Facilities garage. A tool house for gardeners along the fire road holds tools for gardeners to borrow – even a red wheelbarrow. Art lovers jitney again to the Fine Arts and Peabody Essex Museums, music lovers to Symphony Hall. Along the Primrose Path a pot of herbs bursts in season with pick-your-own parsley, sage, mint, rosemary, and thyme. High on the little balcony near the art studio, gazing west across the fire road into the community gardens, we reflect on these and so many other advantages of our life at C-WV. Our wonderful place.

Harry Hoover

In Memory

Arlene Connolly	July 12
Betty Baker	September 7
Edith Diosy	September 24
Sarah 'Sally' Sutherland	September 24
Eleanor Medieros	September 25
Ruth Montgomery	September 28
Marian Pawlauski	October 15
Jeanne Fischer	October 16
Peter Fisher	October 17
Lillian Carlson	November 5
Ernest Sofis	November 5





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

Library Odds and Ends

Fall has arrived and winter will not be far behind. As we spend more of our time indoors, the library becomes an even more important part of our life here at Carleton-Willard. The library committee would like to present a few items of interest to our residents.

A shelf in the hall is full of paperback books that have been donated but are not part of our official collection. These books are for the taking and do not have to be signed out. Residents are welcome to keep them, lend them, or return them to the shelf when they have been read. Donations of paperback books are always welcome.

In the library, next to the "NEW" bookshelves, there is a shelf containing book review materials and lists of titles recently added to the collection. Residents are free to borrow the book reviews and help themselves to the book lists. In addition, every issue of the Villager includes a list of titles added over a three-month period and some book reviews. Residents, when choosing their next book to read, should find that the book reviews and book lists are very helpful.

On top of the card catalog there is a white binder containing information about twenty of our favorite fiction authors, including all the books that they have written with the publication dates. Some residents like to read an author's books in order!

Residents are welcome to recommend books. The library committee meets once a month to do book selection. If we are unsure of whether a book belongs in our collection we order it from the Bedford Public Library and preview it. Donations are also welcome, but we can only accept a few each month because our shelves are always full.

Our library is a busy place, open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Many residents have expressed their gratitude for all that it offers, and we all appreciate the fact that the administration here at Carleton-Willard continues to be very supportive of our mission.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

The Lincoln Highway by Amor Towles

Author of *A Gentleman in Moscow*. Covering just ten days, two young brothers and some friends set out on a road trip in 1954. But each has a different destination in mind!

The Man Who Died Twice by Richard Osman

Sequel to *The Thursday Murder Club*. Set in a retirement village in Kent, a quartet of seniors finds themselves embroiled in a couple of fresh murders and a frantic search for a missing diamond.

Beautiful Country by Qian Julie Wang

Her own story. Seven-year-old Chinese daughter of professors becomes an undocumented immigrant when she and her mother join father in NY's Chinatown. Suffering hardship and xenophobia, she teaches herself English and goes on to graduate from Yale Law School.

A Place Like Home by Rosamunde Pilcher

Short stories, some tart some sweet, that explore the myriad facets of falling in (and out of) love. Heartwarming.

Striking Range by Margaret Mizushima

Veteran K-9 cop Mattie Cobb hunts a serial killer in the rugged mountains of Colorado.

The Secret of Life by Howard Markel

The discovery of DNA's Double Helix. The race to unravel DNA's structure. But also a story of cronyism, misogyny, anti-Semitism and misconduct.

The Dictionary of Lost Words by Pip Williams

The daughter of a lexicographer grows up as the Oxford Dictionary is being prepared. She saves words that are discarded.

Once There Were Wolves by Charlotte McConaghy

An attempt to reintroduce a pack of wolves into their natural surroundings. Their world could be our own. Set in the Scottish Highlands.

CUBA: An American History by Ada Ferrer

A Cuban-American historian enlightens about the long history between Cuba and the U.S., including a slave-based economy and a history of exploitation and manipulation by the U.S.

The Last Chance Library by Freya Sampson

Set in a sleepy English village, a lonely librarian fights for her beloved local library and finds life-changing friendships along the way.

This Is Your Mind on Plants by Michael Pollan

The effects of three plant drugs on your brain: Caffeine, Mescaline and Opium.

The Perfume Thief by Timothy Schaffert

Paris on the eve of WWII. An ex-con artist and perfumer is drawn out of retirement and into one last scam when the Nazis invade.

The Plot by Jean Hanff Korelitz

A washed-up author steals the plot for a novel from his deceased student. The book makes him rich and famous. Then he gets a message: "You are a thief!"

When the Summer Was Ours by Roxanne Veletzos

An epic WWII tale of star-crossed lovers separated by class, circumstances and tragedy. Set in Hungary in 1943 one idyllic summer before the tides of war approach.

First Friends by Gary Ginsberg

Presidents and their best friends. The influence of these unelected and often unknown friends.

Cloud Cuckoo Land by Anthony Doerr

Author of *All the Light We Cannot See*. Five characters are linked in a story that begins with a 1st century fable and moves from 15th century Constantinople to current day Idaho and concludes in the future (A.D. 2146).

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

King, Billie Jean	All In
Hill, Fiona	There is Nothing for You Here
Wang, Qian Julie	Beautiful Country

Biography

Cooper, Anderson	Vanderbilt
Markel, Howard	The Secret of Life
Morton, Andrew	Elizabeth & Margaret (*)

Current Affairs

Henderson, Rebecca	Reimagining Capitalism in a World on Fire
Osnos, Evan	Wildland
Rubenstein, David	The American Experiment
Whitlock, Craig	The Afghanistan Papers
Woodward, Bob	Peril

Fiction

Backman, Fredrik	Anxious People (*)
Benedict, Marie	Lady Clementine
Brown, Sandra	Blind Tiger
Chiaverini, Jennifer	The Women's March
Christie, Agatha	The Mystery of the Blue Train (*)
Cleeves, Ann	The Heron's Cry
Doerr, Anthony	Cloud Cuckoo Land
Dupee, Jennifer	The Little French Bridal Shop
Edwards, Louis	Ramadan Ramsey
Galchen, Rivka	Everyone Knows Your Mother is a Witch
Jin, Ha	A Map of Betrayal (*)
Korelitz, Jean Hanff	The Devil and Daniel Webster (*)
Korelitz, Jean Hanff	The Plot

Krueger, William Kent	Lightning Strike
Kubica, Mary	Pretty Baby (*)
Lipman, Elinor	Rachel to the Rescue
Mangan, Christine	Palace of the Drowned
McConaghy, Charlotte	Once There Were Wolves
Michaelides, Alex	The Maidens
Mizushima, Margaret	Striking Range
Moriarty, Liane	Apples Never Fall
Osman, Richard	The Man Who Died Twice
Paretsky, Sara	Shell Game
Penny, Louise	The Madness of Crowds
Penrose, Andrea	Murder at the Royal Botanic Gardens
Perry, Anne	A Darker Reality
Pilcher, Rosamunde	A Place Like Home
Powers, Kevin	A Shout in the Ruins
Rice, Luanne	Last Day
Rimmer, Kelly	The Warsaw Orphan (*)
Ryan, Hank	Her Perfect Life
Sampson, Freya	The Last Chance Library
Schaffert, Timothy	The Perfume Thief
Slaughter, Karin	False Witness
Slaughter, Karin	The Silent Wife
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	One Was a Soldier
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	Through the Evil Days
Towles, Amor	The Lincoln Highway
Veletzios, Roxanne	When the Summer Was Ours
Walsh, S. Kirk	The Elephant of Belfast (*)
Whitaker, Chris	We Begin at the End
Whitehead, Colson	Harlem Shuffle
Williams, Pip	The Dictionary of Lost Words



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Health/Wellness

Pollan, Michael This is Your Mind on Plants

History

Cooke, Julia Come Fly the World (*)

Ferrer, Ada Cuba

Ginsberg, Gary First Friends

Johnson, Lizzie Paradise

Maycock, Susan E. & Building Old Cambridge

Charles M. Sullivan

Taylor, Alan American Republics

Nature

Attenborough, David A Life on Our Planet (*)

Melburg, Jonathan A Most Remarkable
Creature

Poetry

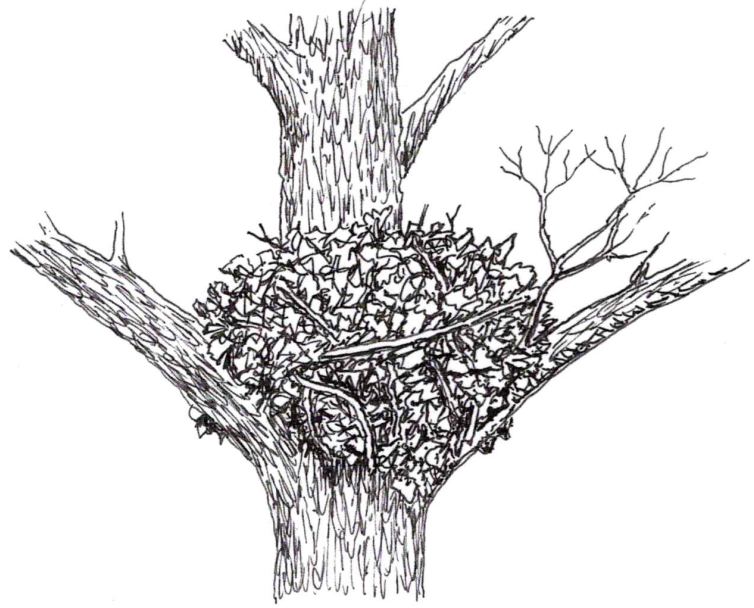
Dickinson, Emily The Poems of Emily
Dickinson

Eliot, T. S. Old Possum's Book of
Practical Cats

(* indicates Large Print)

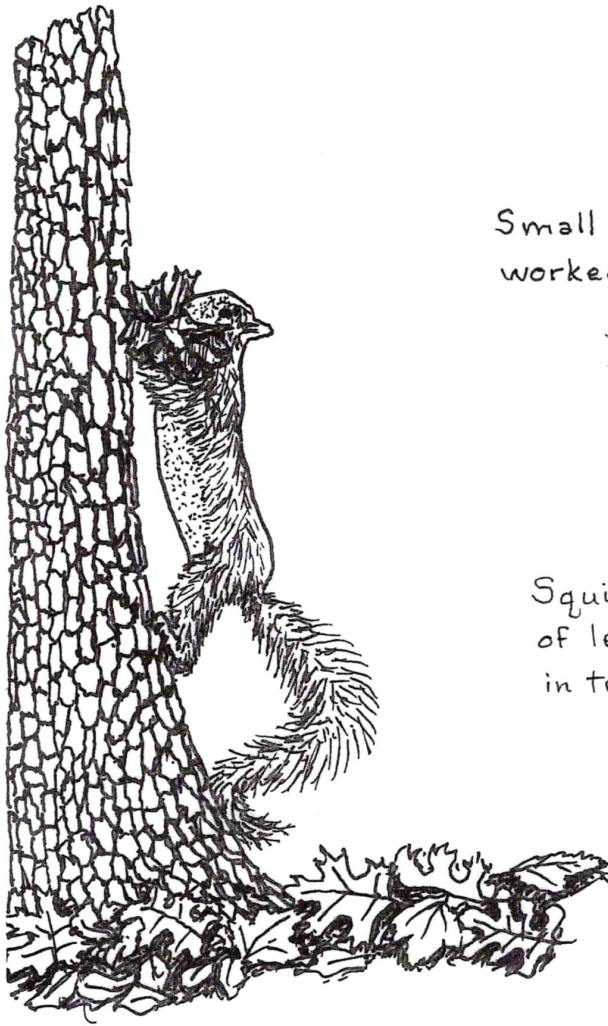
Katherine F. Graff





Small furry residents here
worked hard to be ready for

== WINTER ==



Squirrels carried load after load
of leaves at least 20 feet up
in trees to build their completely
enclosed dreys.

Chipmunks used their cheek pouches
to carry hundreds of acorns into
their underground larders.





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