

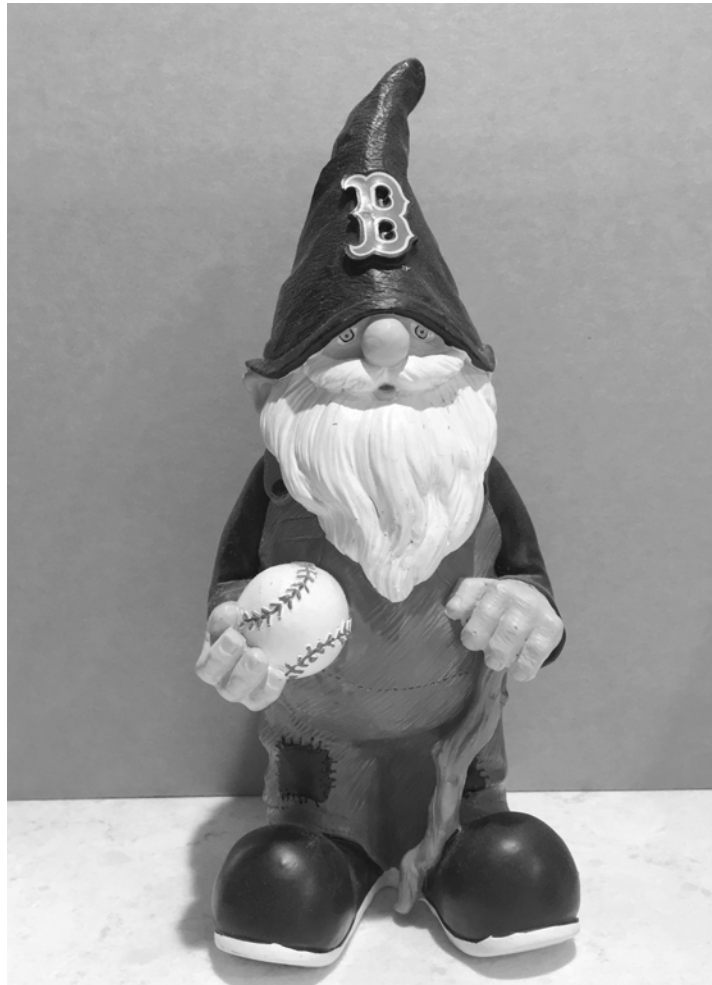


CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



DECEMBER 2022 ❧ VOLUME 40 ❧ Number 4



What is it about gnomes?

In the last few years they are everywhere. These humanoid, but other-worldly, creatures have come to prominence in many places.

Historically, they represented malevolent or friendly spirits, meting out punishment or guarding earth's treasures. For us, now, they seem to have come up, into our world, to make us feel comforted as well as entertained with their diminutive stature and exaggerated features.

For whatever reason, they do make us smile!



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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An archive of *Villagers* from past years is located in the Carleton-Willard Village library.

Editor's Corner



The person we are today is a result of our genes, of course, but also of choices we have made over many years. What advice we took, what our environment rewarded, where we found ourselves in the world, all affected in the short or long term our personality, as well as our survival.

In this issue we have invited readers to think about who or what inspired them. It is something we all might ponder. How did we choose among the many things that experience brought our way? What to read? Where to go? Who to love? What to study? What shows to watch? Who to vote for? Where to live? What to eat and who to eat with? Life is still full of choices, and we are still open to being inspired as we are faced with them. Even at this advanced age we are still a work in progress.

In each issue of the *Villager* our writers tell us something that in their experience has been important. We hope that you have found these stories entertaining, and maybe even inspiring.

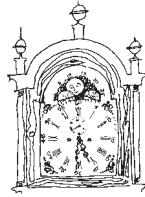
We on the Editorial Board want to hear what you think of our magazine and hope that you will tell us after reading this and every issue. The authors also enjoy getting your feedback.

It is with regret that Susan Ebbs, who joined the Editorial Board when she moved into Llewysac, is no longer able to serve in that role. We thank her for the contributions she made.

Anne Schmalz
Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the President and CEO



Time-tested Mission sets course for the future.

This year we are celebrating our 138th anniversary, an appropriate time to reflect on our past and the extraordinary journey that has brought us to the Carleton-Willard Village of today. Although our Village looks very different from the early efforts of Dr. Elizabeth Carleton, Frances E. Willard and Caroline Caswell, their vision is still evident, and their values have shaped our very foundation. Many aspects of their legacy live on today:

A commitment to service. From the beginning, our founders held a steadfast commitment to reaching out to their surrounding community, and so do we. Support for the Bedford Council on Aging van, thrice-weekly hot luncheons for seniors at the Senior Center, financial support for the Wheels of Life program - all this and more are a continuation of a culture of service begun by our founders.

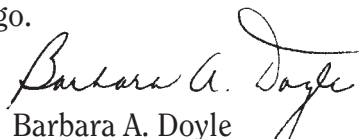
Not-for-profit status. I am more convinced than ever of the importance of maintaining a strong cohesive voice representing not-for-profit providers of housing and services for the aging. Our obligation is to the Residents who make the Village their home, not to distant shareholders.

A focus on enhancing the lives of seniors. Although our beautiful physical environment may be the thing many people first associate with Carleton-Willard Village, we know that the services we provide are equally important. Our mission remains as it has been throughout our history: to enhance the quality of the lives of our Residents.

Respect for the dignity of each individual. Visitors and family members often tell me how impressed they are with the attentiveness and respect all our staff members show toward each other, as well as our Residents. We work hard to provide the support they need to live a full life.

A tradition of innovation. The words “tradition” and “innovation” in the same phrase? For us, it makes perfect sense. We have never embraced the new just because of its novelty, yet we have been in the forefront of so much. Carleton-Willard Village was the first continuing care retirement community in Massachusetts; we established the first licensed clinic in a retirement community. We continually look for ways to lead our industry that are consistent with our mission and core values.

Carleton-Willard At Home, fits right in. With this service, we can reach out to seniors in our community who prefer to stay at home. Or, perhaps because they are not yet ready to make a move to the Village, we can make staying at home easier, more convenient and fun. We think Dr. Elizabeth Carleton and Frances E. Willard would heartily approve, and would recognize the spirit of service that led them to start on this journey 138 years ago.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



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Inspire

Breathing in, breathing out
We stretch and strain.
The breath is the center;
Always return to the breath, the teacher says.

From the Latin, from 14th century
Middle English,
It was the Divine;
"To breathe or blow into or upon,"
Shaped by the force of Spirit.

So, we breathe *in* a world
And expel revelation,
Inspired, created anew,
Animated by what we can embrace.

Marjorie Roemer

The Road Taken

When I have a decision to make, I channel my grandmother, Anna Huston Cornell. In her 91 years she was not afraid to take the "path less traveled" and to attack life with determination and energy. At the age of 16 she was teaching school, in a one-room schoolhouse, when her mother died. Her father assumed she would cook and clean and care for the household, including her three younger siblings.

This she did for a couple of years. At that point she told her father that the doctor had advised her to go west for her health, and so she did – going from Altoona, PA, to San Francisco, CA, with a one-way train ticket. Once there she joined a Presbyterian Church, where she met her husband, George Cornell, and they settled in San Francisco.

They had three children, but only my mother survived infancy. When the great earthquake and fire hit San Francisco Grandma decided they should move south. Her husband went off to fight the fire. When he came home he found she had packed up and was ready to move. Their

daughter, my mother Bernice, was three years old at the time.

They eventually settled in San Diego, where the climate suited her and George built them a house. They prospered. She helped two of her siblings settle in the west as well.

Anna Cornell was a life-long Republican. Among our family's most precious items is a Life Magazine from November, 1940. On the cover, in a crowd of flag-waving supporters of Wendell Willkie, the presidential candidate for the Republican Party that year, is Anna Huston Cornell. She had come a long way from Altoona, PA.

My parents, Bernice and Estill Hicks, had four daughters and I am the third. We all married and had children and scattered across the country. Anna was very devoted to us and her 15 great-grandchildren. In 1962 my husband, Bill Granfield, and I and our children were returning from three years in Brazil. His job was completed with Kaiser Engineers. Anna was 91, in a nursing home, waiting for our return. We saw her, happy and alert. Once again, taking control of her life; she died the next day.

Libby Granfield





Beauty Inspires Me

I am inspired by beauty, which I encounter in many places. Some inspiration comes from creations of talented people while other inspirations come from mother nature, but each lifts my spirits.

Who can resist the inspiration from beautiful stained glass windows in a magnificent cathedral? In some cases, this beauty was created centuries ago by craftsmen who would not live long enough to see the finished product. As I sit in the nave and look up around me, I am inspired by talent that was created by community-funded efforts and has survived horrors that I have never experienced. Surely I can be inspired by their talent to do my best in whatever faces me.

I am inspired by the magnificent crazy quilt hanging in my home that was made by a woman in Auburn, NY, in the 1880's and carefully finished by nurses in her retirement home. Talent, love and memories bound up in rich velvets and silk fabric, a treat for my touch and view.

These are examples of talents that inspire me. But wait! There's more! Mother nature is ready to inspire with beauty. New spring leaves seen with a clear blue sky surely inspire after the dreary remnants of winter. The smells of summer inspire, and the fall colors never fail to give me courage to get my winter coats out.

Sometimes beauty sneaks in where I might not expect it. Sitting quietly in the woods I am delighted when a wren sings near my bench. Another time, while walking my dog after a snowfall I noticed that the sun's rays were at the perfect angle to create thousands of tiny prisms that made the snow's surface look like a display of diamonds. I almost missed this sight! It's a warning for me to be on the lookout for beauty wherever it is.

When spirits get low, it is wonderful to look for beauty. If I don't seem to find beauty at the moment, it is nice to think back to beautiful experiences, and to be on the lookout for surprises.

Sonja Strong

Inspiration

I was terrified . . . what was I doing here? I was a nineteen-year-old music student and aspiring composer who had been looking for a composer to mentor me, but had entirely failed in my efforts. I was depressed and had shared my frustration with my Italian language teacher. She was sympathetic and vowed to help me.

How generous she was to believe in me! Her efforts had brought me here to the Great Northern Hotel, adjacent to Carnegie Hall. The previous summer she had been on the faculty of the Music Academy of the West, in California, where she had met the iconic French composer, Darius Milhaud (pronounced 'me - yo'). He was one of my idols.

He came from Provence, where his ancestors, Sephardic Jews, had lived since the seventh century, (there is even a town named for them). His music is sophisticated and tuneful, incorporating elements of Provençal melodies with jazz and Brazilian rhythms. However, neither his position as a successful composer recognized worldwide, nor his status as recipient of France's Legion d'Honneur would protect him from the persecution of the Nazis. Friends and family somehow managed to convey this mountain of a man (more than six feet tall, over 300 pounds, confined to a wheelchair by a disease of the lymph system) over peaks and valleys to a port in Iberia, where he and his wife and son boarded a US-bound ship. He was soon teaching at Mills College in California, close to many of his fellow refugee artists (Stravinsky, Brecht, Weill, Mann, etc.).

It was 1951, Milhaud had stayed in the US, and here I was nervously knocking on the door of his hotel room. And there before me was Milhaud himself, looking like a French version of the Buddha, his massive form topped with impossibly blue-black pomaded hair, his face dominated by heavy, black-framed glasses.





Under the influence of his wife's tea and elegant little cakes, and even more by Milhaud's gentle kind questions, I began to relax. After a few minutes of small talk he asked, "Have you brought me some of your compositions?" I produced a clarinet quintet, a short piece for chorus, the first movement of a work for symphony orchestra. He studied them carefully. "But these are very good, very interesting," he pronounced, after what seemed like an eternity of breath-holding on my part. "Thank you for bringing them." It was only then that I exhaled.

For the next ten minutes he outlined a plan for my studies. I would study with him in Aspen in the summer. In the meantime I would work with his assistant Charles Jones in New York. As I left the apartment, I heard him say, "Elle a très douée." (She is very gifted.)

Returning to my room at the Barbizon, I felt as if my feet never touched the sidewalk. My brain bubbled like champagne. That Milhaud had confidence in me was even more thrilling than the plan of study he had offered.

Jocelyn Bolle

He's Gone, But not Forgotten

This is a memoir from the time I was six years old. My family consisted of three older brothers, Tony, Frank and Charles and two middle sisters, Catherine and Geraldine and me. I was the youngest and spoiled by everyone.

My oldest brother, Tony was my hero. He nurtured and comforted me from the time I was born in 1938. He took me to all kinds of events and was totally involved in all aspects of my life.

He joined the Army Air Force at eighteen years old during WWII and immediately became a First Lt. and received several honors. He wrote frequently and called on a regular basis to check on my health, activities and happiness.

There are a couple of experiences that I would like to share because their memory has helped me get through some difficult times.

I was very excited to have been asked, at six years old, to be a flower girl at an aunt's wedding. My mom bought me a beautiful dress

and tiara. We rehearsed a lot. I shared my excitement with Tony and he had a big surprise for me. He said, "Anne, I will be getting a leave of absence and be home for the wedding to see you as a flower girl."

Needless to say I was so excited!!!! He did come home for the wedding. However, I caught the measles on the day of the wedding and could not attend and I could not be the flower girl. I cried and cried and shouted, "I will not give up my dress or tiara!"

Tony came in my room to comfort me, and said, "Sweetheart, I know this is very difficult for you, but I want to tell you why you need to be strong. You cannot give anyone at the wedding the measles because that would ruin the whole day for the bride and groom and the family. You are a very sweet girl and would not like to spoil their special day."

I wept and he hugged me. He said, "Here's what I'll do. I'll go to the wedding and share your things with the other flower girl and I'll make sure she changes her clothes, and I will take all your things back here for you. How's that?" I cried, but I then knew I had to make sure the wedding went on!

The other important time was Christmas, 1945, and I really wanted to see Tony. It was a very difficult time in the war. He sent me the following record in which he recorded his voice, singing:

"I'll be home for Christmas.

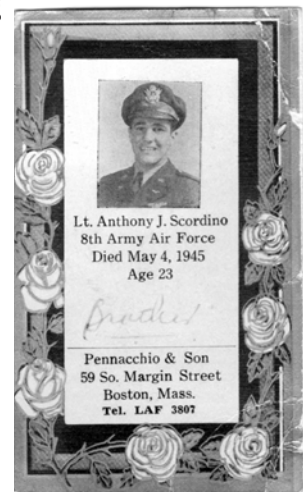
You can count on me,

I'll bring snow and mistletoe and presents for the tree,

I'll be home for Christmas, if only in my dreams."

He never came home! I had his record, his voice, but not him. Just as the war was ending, his plane was shot down and he died. All my life I have had these memories of my brother, my hero and my love forever.

Anne Larkin



Best Friends

When I think of John, “Best Friend” springs to mind. So what’s a “best friend?”

Someone or something who’s dependable, inspiring, protective, always there for you. It could be just a childhood thing: a purple stuffed armadillo you hugged and took to bed. But more often it’s someone you cherish. A spouse, mentor, or partner. A “best friend” might be for life or simply fade away.

John and I grew up in a sparsely populated neighborhood. You knew all your neighbors. John lived in the house just down from ours. You could see it through the trees. As kids we were inseparable. I envied John. I admired him. He could do anything. He did things I wanted to do, hoped to be, or might brag about. He encouraged me, melting layers of timidity. Yes, John bragged. But he earned the privilege. Might I some day. We stuck together through grade school, some in high school, then split for separate colleges, separate lives.

It’s fun to reminisce. Like those early Monopoly games up in John’s room. Contests stretched all week. John almost always won. I’d end up owing John a fortune. The dice would roll past dinner time.



In early grade school we joined Lincoln’s Cub Scout Pack 62. One of our challenges was to set up a tent. With John in charge I was sure we’d pass with flying colors. Instead, on that windy day, tent flaps went flying passed us! For years we chuckled at that memory. At that moment John became a tad more human to me.

Or those camping trips. John was the best cook in our Boy Scout troop. Julia Child? Uh-uh.

But he’d plop hot dogs or dump canned stew into a beat-up pot hung over my fire, a blaze itching to ignite the surrounding forest. John was the Master, I the Feckless Helper. He built the fires. I burned the woods.

Summers, John’s folks fled to Provincetown. We’d race over the Cape’s bleached dunes, soles seared in sand, laughing in John’s magical kingdom of salt, shells, and sea. Light years from my mother’s jade plants and runner beans.

John stood up and swooshed me away from nefarious Nana O’Boyle, a prepubescent alien who invaded our world to polarize us interdependent squirts and moppets. It was John who gently nudged me into Walden’s waters, insulating me from that reptilian Red Cross swimming instructor. It was John who gave me his Raleigh 3-speed bicycle, tied twenty knots, took my picture with his Baby Brownie camera, gave me my first ballpoint pen, sang Gilbert & Sullivan, and taught me how to drive.

A half millennium later, I retired from Federal Service in Washington, DC, and returned to my old house in Lincoln. Preparing for that move, I still had a phone. I stumbled through detritus to answer it. “Hi, Harry. Let me introduce myself. This is Diana Cowles, John Cowles’s wife. You remember John. John and I have been living in Maryland after the kids left, since John retired from Bell Labs.”

“Harry, after much thought, we’re finally moving to our old house. Can you believe it? Anyway, we just wondered how you were and if by any chance you were thinking about moving someday. Maybe back to Lincoln? We love Maryland, but we knew it was time to go. It’s where John grew up, you know. So we can’t wait to return after all these years.”

Nine days later, a steaming hulk heaved and groaned inch-by-inch from the main roadway into the Cowles’s drive. This allowed another to slide past and lumber up the hill. Both vans could soon be seen through the trees.

Best friends had come home. Of course, John was first.

Harry Hoover



A Mother's Wisdom

My mother had severe memory loss in the last part of her life. I've tried not to call it dementia ever since I looked up the word in my 1958 Webster's Dictionary and saw a single synonym listed: "Insanity." Mum was most definitely not insane—far from it. I don't think Webster's uses that synonym any more, but I still hold a grudge. Thinking of a person as demented makes it hard to take them seriously. I found myself thinking of Mum as an object of care (by others) and companionship (when I visited), but not always as someone who still had significant contributions to make. Looking back, I think that was my loss. The disease had taken a big toll on Mum's faculties, but she retained a lot of who she was: her courage, her knowledge of human nature, and her values, among other things.

I remember a lunch with my mother, my sister Connie, and my cousin Tink, pretty late in the game. Mum was quiet but you could tell she was content, listening to familiar family voices without having the pressure of having to keep up her side of a one-on-one conversation. Tink, just back from a trip to Bhutan, started singing the praises of Bhutan and its ruler, a young king who apparently was extremely popular. Among his fans were his four wives who Tink said all got along great with each other. Hearing that, Mum, who hadn't said anything for quite a while, looked up from her cheeseburger and announced loudly "I doubt it!" and then went back to eating.

The best example of all that my mother retained was how she responded to my father's death. Dad died at 84, abruptly, of a heart attack. He was still sharp at the time and had played tennis just a couple of days before he died. He'd had a long and full life. It was a ticket people would line up for. His death, however, must have left Mum stranded, losing the partner she had come to depend on so heavily after 61 years of a close marriage.

The day Dad died my wife Rosanne and I drove out to be with Mum and to call my four sisters with the news. I reached my oldest sister, Lowell, in England and told her I had some bad news. Mum interrupted me. "No dear, not bad news, sad

news." Not stopping to realize at the time just how profound that comment was, I proceeded with my calls, using the corrected description of the news as sad rather than bad.

A week or so later we held Dad's funeral. Mum and I led the procession out of the church, her arm in mine. On the way she whispered to me: "Stand up straight. Smile." And then she added, with a twinkle in her eye: "I think your father has to be up there awfully pleased with himself." That got a smile out of me! Then we proceeded out of the church and set up an impromptu receiving line, where for over an hour Mum greeted people, standing straight and smiling the whole time.

I've thought many times since then about my mother's comments about the news of Dad's death being sad, not bad, and about my father being "up there awfully pleased with himself." Mum's perspective was such a comfort, showing her deep love for dad and her strength and stoicism. It made everything much easier for all of us. She may not have known who was president at the time, but she knew what mattered.

Dick Belin

The Silver Stump

Seeking a heroine with true grit for a biography for young people, I stumbled upon the Reverend Doctor Anna Howard Shaw, known as the "Golden-Tongued Demosthenes of the Suffrage Movement." So I left the employ of the Wellesley Free Library in 1985 to begin my research.

In her autobiography, *The Story of a Pioneer*, Anna revealed that it all began in 1861 when she was fourteen years old and growing up in the wilderness of Michigan. Her English father had taken up a claim of 320 acres granted by the U.S. government in the Homestead Act of 1850. A dreamer, who lived in his head and not with his hands, Thomas Shaw managed to build a rough log cabin with the help of his oldest son in the thick timberlands north of Big Rapids. Then he returned east leaving Anna, her siblings, and their invalid mother to finish their home.

When the ground softened in the spring, Anna and a neighbor boy, who lived eighteen miles



away, located a well with a divining switch, dug it out, and lined it with wood slabs. Though crude, it was a most satisfactory supply of water.

One morning after her father's return from Massachusetts, Anna went into the woods alone to think. Did she want to conform to the old-fashioned idea that a girl should marry, stay home and obey her husband, or would she rather defy convention to seek an education? By sundown she had made up her mind and came home seeking comfort. Her father met her at the door and scolded her for spending the day in idleness when she was needed by her mother. Such an idle person would make nothing of her life, he predicted.

In Anna's own words, "The injustice of the criticism cut deep; I knew I had done and was doing my share for the family, and already I had begun to feel the call of my career. For some reason I wanted to preach—to talk to people, to tell them things. Just what, just why, I did not yet know—but I had begun to preach in the silent woods, to stand up on stumps and address the unresponsive trees..." (Shaw, 44)

Anna looked at her father and said, "Someday I am going to college." When she saw the scorn on his face, she added, "And before I die, I shall be worth ten thousand dollars." In the fall of 1873, the 25-year-old student entered Albion College and went on to earn graduate degrees at Boston University School of Theology and the School of Medicine. And on August 31, 1896, Anna figured she had the \$10,000 she vowed to get when she was a girl.

Here was my heroine – a girl with grit and wit! I traveled from New England to the Midwest in search of the old homestead or a family graveyard north of Big Rapids. To my disappointment, no family members were buried there. But on I drove until suddenly I saw a silver birch tree stump in the front yard of a modest home. Well, I thought, at least I can take a picture of this elegant stump to represent the humble ones Anna stood upon when first she preached.

Rather than trespass on the property, I followed the path to the door and knocked; an elderly gentleman greeted me. To my request, he responded, "Why do you want to take a picture of an old tree stump?"

In a rush of words, I replied that I was

researching the life of the Reverend Anna Howard Shaw who was the most prominent woman Methodist minister at the end of the 19th century, and when she was a child growing up north of Big Rapids, she would stand on a stump and preach to the trees! Could I please photograph his silver stump as a symbol?

The kindly man answered, "Of course. Would you like to see the well she dug?"

Work Cited: Shaw, Anna Howard. *The Story of a Pioneer*. Harper & Brothers, 1915.

Lee Carpenter

Daphne

Having given my much-loved Subaru to GBH, I was taken in July to the family log cabin in New Hampshire by my daughter Amanda. Not surprisingly, she seems to have taken on the responsibility of the cabin's care as well as its cuisine. I'm grateful, though I now feel my position in the place has somewhat diminished, rather like my vision and physical abilities (but, alas, not my financial importance). My past connection is clearly still there, however.



As we pulled in front of the cabin, I was pleased to see that the grass had been mowed, and that the bright orange daylilies were in bloom. My granddaughter, Louisa, helped me up onto the sunny front porch and I went through to the wonderfully large, rear screened "room" that has become the center of my recent life there.



And there, much to my delight, looking, as always, totally inappropriate in the woods beyond the screens, stood Daphne. During the winter, Daphne rests inside the cabin, safely away from passing deer hunters. But during the warm seasons, she joins the native flora outside. Clearly, she'd had the help of my daughter and granddaughter to do so.

Years before, when I lived in New York City, I'd gone uptown to the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. For some time, a British sculptor had been at work adding a few more sculpted figures to the exterior of the cathedral. He was packing up to return home and was hoping to sell some of the non-cathedral things he'd been sculpting in his off-time. So I went to his studio in the back parking lot and there, among other stone figures, was one that combined shapes and curves that were appealing and unusual.

Daphne's story has been told in several versions by ancient Greeks, including Ovid. The basic one is of Apollo falling in love with her and being rejected. As he was about to be either overly amorous or angrily vicious (stories disagree), either she or her father turned her into a laurel tree—and there she was! Needless to say, I personally had never been in that situation, but I've always felt a connection between humans and the plant world. I asked if the sculpture was for sale and, if so, for how much, and a few days later, Daphne (either named by the sculptor or by me) was lying in the back of my car and on her way to Chocorua, NH.

As the British sculptor's medium was two-dimensional stone for the building's exterior, Daphne was not a 3-D figure and it took a while to arrange a solid support for her at the edge of the woods. But over the years she has stayed upright and, with her gentle, flowing curves, has brought pleasure, at least to me, and a continuing reminder of the connection humans have with the creatures and plants that exist in the natural world around us.

Barbara Worcester

Ski Holiday in Tyrol

Every year my mother, Mutti, took my brother and me on a ski holiday between Christmas and the beginning of the school semester. In 1936

the destination was a resort, called Flattnitz. To get there from Vienna it took many hours on the main line train, then short hours on a branch line upstream along a picturesque river valley. When the train could not manage the steeper terrain, a state postal bus met us at the train station and took expected passengers on yet another few miles closer to the hotel. At the last stop we were met by a heavy wooden sleigh from the hotel, pulled by two gorgeous, super-powerful horses.

When a couple of other guests and everybody's luggage and gear were loaded there was no room for us children. We could not be squeezed into the cushioned seating, so we were told to climb up onto the driver's bench, putting us high above the mountain path. I loved seeing all the different nooks and details along the woody way. The horses labored strenuously, but the kind driver got off and walked alongside to ease the heavy load on extra steep stretches.

Because our reserved rooms were not yet available, we were first sent to a charming nearby hunting lodge. Once settled into the hotel, there followed many days of unforgettable skiing in heavenly sunshine, perfect snow conditions, and a most exhilarating feeling of power when conquering the variety of challenging slopes on the mountain. At each turn I left a pretty sparkling arched fountain of powdery snow behind me.

Evenings were filled with enormous portions of delicious dinner and soothing melodious music. We watched Mutti enjoy dancing gracefully with several good-looking partners. My brother, Willy, made witty remarks about the dancing ladies.

We did not have to go to our rooms until the orchestra packed up. On Sylvester Night (New Year's Eve) the dining room suddenly went pitch black. No, it was not a power failure. Instead, when the lights went on again there was a small enamel brooch at each guest's table, with good luck symbols to welcome the New Year. It was a dramatic presentation.

The last few days slipped by all too fast, and during the long journey back to Vienna we still savored the fulfillment of a wonderful ski holiday in Flattnitz, Tyrol. These memories come alive at the first sight of snow here at Carleton-Willard.

Daisy Illich



The Garden Club Follies

In the 1970's my life revolved around plants. I worked five days a week at Lexington Gardens – a year-round full-scale Garden Center. Many of my days off were with my friends in the Lexington Garden Club.

One year the Club needed a program for the May Annual Meeting. My inspiration was to create a musical about plants and gardening.

We had talented singers, an excellent pianist, and a southern belle actress. We held many rehearsals and the pianist added to her repertoire *The Waltz of the Flowers*, and *The Flight of the Bumblebee*. The show came off beautifully with songs about many flowers: *My Wild Irish Rose*, *I'm Just a Lonely Little Petunia in the Onion Patch* and *I Cried All Day*, and some about the weather – *Oh What a Beautiful Morning* and *April Showers*.

There were rave reviews of the glow worm's dance and the southern belle singing *Tiptoe Through the Tulips with Me*. The audience loved the concluding sing-along, *I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover*, *Daisy*, and *In the Good Old Summertime*.

Shortly thereafter, when Broadway produced *A Little Shop of Horrors*, featuring a plant that eats humans (a venus fly trap), I felt they could have represented the plant world better by following my inspiration!

Harriet Hathaway



Storehouse of Inspiration

It was like a palace. Built of stone and salmon colored brick, the design was of the Italian Renaissance so popular for civic buildings built in the 1920's. It was a majestic building on the Boulevard that separated the east side from the west side of the Greenville section of Jersey City. The tree-lined green section was the west side. I lived on the east side. But the palace did not discriminate; it was an inspiration to all who entered. And all were welcomed at the Public Library.

My love of reading was fostered in my home. My expertise in navigating a library's extensive card catalogue was developed in elementary school. And the public officials, library trustees and staff in my sprawling hometown city were astute enough to develop a strong municipal public library system with regional and neighborhood branches in addition to a traveling Bookmobile. How fortunate for me.

The Palace, the Greenville Branch of our public library system, had two floors and a basement. I never left the main floor—and I do mean floor. I usually sat cross-legged on the floor. It was white marble tile—both durable and stylish and fit for a palace—and so cool in the city summer heat. I could sit there among the stacks for hours with a world of inspiration at my fingertips.

I could discover and explore faraway lands. I could read how to create a magic trick or how to craft puppets from household objects. I could solve an academic project dilemma with research. I could learn about football to impress my boyfriend. I could understand my emotions. I could develop new ideas. I could imagine possibilities. I could change my life.

We whispered in the library back in those days. The quiet was conducive to concentration, exploration and inspiration. The librarians enforced the rule of silence. I appreciated that. For me, the library was a welcome oasis in the noisy city—a safe and welcoming space—a haven for a self-motivated learner like myself. The library was a palace of possibilities in the pursuit of knowledge and ideas.



Public libraries have evolved since my youth. They have kept up with the digital age. Today libraries are active community centers. They promote vibrant discussion groups, book clubs, contests, children's play areas, classes, expositions, and some even house cafes. The library and the librarian of today are still on a mission to engage the community and provide it with the tools to inspire in the 21st century. Same mission; different delivery.

I recently was inspired to use the internet to search the library palace of my youth. I learned that it now has computers, houses an Afro-American Historical Society Museum on the second floor, and contains an auditorium that seats 128 people. From photos on the library's website, it appears that the outside of the regal building is nearly identical to what I recall. Only the entry door has changed. It's still a storehouse of inspiration for a new generation. Here at Carleton-Willard Village, I still have my quiet oasis at the Village's Main Street library. I sit and read among the stacks in the cozy wingback chair across from the ticking traditional grandfather clock with a charming striking mechanism. And I am still inspired.

Mary Jane Parke

The Joy of Classical Music

Shortly after I came to Carleton-Willard, I learned that one of the activities I could easily do with my computer knowledge was to enjoy watching and listening to beautiful classical music through YouTube, a Google invention, I believe.

Then came my inspiration – why not form a private “Music Committee” on my own? I was just waking up when that happened. It did not take very long to sound out the residents who might be interested. At the start there were only a few, and then gradually I added a choir member from the Hancock Choir and a former member of the Board of the Lexington Symphony. I kept my ear tuned to hear residents speaking of their love of classical music, and I would add names to the email list of The Music Committee. I would

tell folks that all they needed was a computer and a good amplifier to hear the music more clearly. I needed no formal staff. There would be no dues, and no need for formal committee leaders as we were all challenged to report to the TMC group any music that we really enjoyed.

I have several folks who have responded to me with recommendations which I relayed to the entire group. The number of recipients has grown, and I have asked folks who are not enjoying the music we have been sending out, to please let me know and I would take their email address off the TMC list.

When Harriet and I first came to CWV there was always the question of what activities we would join. Gail Hatfield was bringing in musicians and movies which brought us great classical music. But there was more time in our apartments to fill up and not everyone had great collections of music to play CD's or DVD's. The library provided many great books to read, but most people had now learned to use computers to at least keep up with their families.

When I mentioned that I enjoyed Classical Music, someone told me to look for Martha Argerich playing Liszt's First Piano Concerto, only twenty minutes long. That piece started my long search for classical music on YouTube, which turned me into a solid lover of that music, so that when I heard beautiful music it brought tears to my eyes. Even motorcycling could not do that for me.

David Hathaway

Haiku

I thought I smelled snow
First drop on my eyelashes,
Next drop on my nose.

Paul Wiggin

Lessons from Northern Maine

My father used to say that our family landed in Massachusetts from England, and in nine generations they moved nine miles inland. Like most of his seven siblings who stayed near their parents, my father moved only six miles from the family home in Georgetown, a little town in the Merrimac valley. However, shortly after I was born, in 1936, my father was asked to relocate to a job in northern Maine where the power company needed a clerk. So, in the winter of 1937, we moved to Presque Isle, Maine. His mother, my grandmother, said, "I shall never see you again." And she repeated that phrase every summer after our visits as we headed back to northern Maine!

The name Presque Isle leads people to believe it is on the coast of Maine, along with Deer Isle, and all the other islands. But it is not an island and it is not on the coast of Maine. In fact, traveling by car, it's over 200 miles north of the coast and nearly 400 miles from here. The people who settled PI noted that it lies near the junction of a small stream and the Aroostook River, and they named it "almost an Island."

Winters in Maine were very cold during our growing up years, and the snowfall was much more than it is today. The coldest temperature that I remember was a morning when it was 45 degrees below zero. My parents let me go outside for a short while, and I still remember the extreme cold on my face and in my chest.

The cold and deep snow meant we could build a skating rink in our yard each winter. We packed it down by tramping around on the piles of snow. We leveled it, and my parents did the hardest part, standing for hours at night holding the hose. Neighbors' children were welcome at the rink, and now and then after a snowstorm, one of the neighbors would come by and clear the rink for us. Sometimes we put a record player in one of the windows above the skating rink and had a great time skating to the Skaters' Waltz and other happy music.

Another fond memory is of building a camp, otherwise known as a cottage, on a lake an hour away from Presque Isle, to the west where the fields ended and the forest began. Just as my father had learned from his father how to build a house, our

father passed on these skills to the three of us as we built our camp. Dad always emphasized the importance of measuring carefully before cutting the boards: "Measure twice, and cut once," he would say. Once the first wall was finished we all gathered to raise it up. That first wall had to be propped upright as the other three were built. After getting the fourth wall raised, we got quite excited, seeing the camp take shape, and yet there was much more work to be done.



Aroostook County, where Presque Isle is located, was and is a great potato growing area. Schools start in mid-August, then close for potato harvest for three weeks in September. As a teenager, I helped pick potatoes on the farm of one of my friends. This meant getting up at five A.M., in order to be in the fields by six. It was hard work. The rows of potatoes were long. The digging machines could bring up two rows of potatoes at a time. Each picker had a section of the double rows to pick - longer sections for adults and experienced pickers, shorter sections for children. Many of the pickers were migrant workers from Canada or even Europe.

We often observed the natural splendor of northern lights in summer at the lake. One night, when several family members were at camp, we watched from the dock as pale green strands came down from the top of the sky, creating a dome above us. There was no wind that night; the lake was perfectly still and reflected this dome so that it seemed as if we were inside a sphere. The green strands moved and deepened in color above us, with sometimes a bit of red appearing. This went on for a half hour or so and then stopped and then the loons began their songs.....all of their songs it seemed!.....all at once. It was like the cheering after the symphony is over. None of us will ever forget it.

Barbara Munkres



CWV 40th Anniversary Gala

How best to celebrate CWV's 40th Anniversary? Have a terrific gala! Adorn it with great songs. How 'bout *Blue Skies*. *I Want to be Happy*. *Fascinating Rhythm*. *Stardust*. *What Is This Thing Called Love?* *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise*. *S'Wonderful!* What pearls! How best to string them? You guessed it. The Modernistics, song-and-tap-dancers tossing lyrical and terpsichorean bouquets into waving hands. That's the way to do it, folks. A celebration we'll ALL remember. Opening? A boisterous social hour that segued into a gourmet dinner. Staff, trustees, and residents, some living here half of CWV's life, cupped hands and shouted: "Cheers! On to the next 40!"



Hey Ma - It's the Circus!

A Three-Ring Circus rumbled into CWV over the summer. Well, no. It was TWO tents that rose up in our imagined meadows. Leading off was Charlie Chaplin. His silent movie, *The Circus*, was brought to life by our favorite silent-film piano accompanist, Robert Humphreville. Bob treated us to Chaplin's death-defying escapade on the high wire ahead of the tramp's nail-biting incarceration in a salivating lion's cage. Here's the second Circus, a filmed documentary to tell the story in two afternoons of the most popular and influential form of entertainment in American history. Whip crack! Aerialist swoop! Tiger roar! What a time us chillun had!

Bedford Offsite Trip

Although never more than a few miles from home, the town of Bedford was the subject of a popular off-site trip. Sharon MacDonald, the Town Historian, narrated as the route took residents into the center of town where a visit to the library allowed viewing of the Revolutionary War flag. Other highlights included the old railroad depot, several churches, Chip-In Farm, the Davis Road loop, Huckins Farm, and Fawn Lake. The historical narrative tied these and other sites together. A box lunch at the 1719 Job Lane homestead gave us one more site residents can now follow up on their own.

Graham Campbell at the Piano

"So glad to play for you!" His smile warmed every note he gave us on the Main Street piano during his midday concert. This was Graham Campbell, whose passion for music as a listener and performer shone through the pieces he offered to an appreciative audience gathered around the piano. With his teacher, Graham learned a large repertoire of classical, popular and show tunes, seven of which filled our noon-time space. Folks savored three short classical works, swayed to *Summertime*, and dabbed eyes with *A Whole New World* from *Aladdin*. Graham believes in the messages popular tunes convey. Come back soon, Graham!

"Come Meet Bill McKibben"

Author, activist, educator Bill McKibben presented his new book, *The Flag, the Cross, and the Station Wagon*, to a packed auditorium, followed by a book-signing. Sitting on the lip of the stage, Bill asked: "What happened to America?" Growing up in the 1970's, he wonders how we got from a country that seemed a paradise to a nation fifty years later cursed by racial and economic inequality. A planet burning up, a future world in peril. Such images churned in a maelstrom of forethought and reflection. A sober but admiring audience pondered whether or not American prosperity (Bill's titular symbols of American patriotism, faith, and prosperity) can ever be reclaimed.



Happenings

A Musical Garland of Delights

Residents loved floating away on a pair of post-prandial yachts. On the first, the Marianna Duo, Sarita Uranovsku and Anna Griffis, performed a rare program of classical and contemporary duos for violin and viola. Mozart and Martinu stressed virtuosity and independence of each instrument, while shorter works by Sibelius and Saariaho revealed how they can sound as one. (The latter's *Aure* felt like deep-breathing). The second yacht brought guitarist Howie Newman onto the stage with a toe-tapping revelry of songs from early 1900s through 1970s. *Hello Dolly* and *Ramblin Rose* sounded *sooo sweet*. Howie's G-rated humor spiced the vittles.

The Shawsheen River Rockers

Oh Lordy! This evening the saints DID come marchin' in! We were "all in that number" when the Rockers's smiles warmed the Auditorium with "Back Porch" simple melodies, folk, rock, gospel, and good ol' down-home tunes. Kay Barney and Don Yansen led residents Anne Larkin, Lee Carpenter, Penny Lawrence, Martha Gruson, and Kay's daughter, Alice Newell, all the way from the Erie Canal thru Georgia to Kansas City. Don's four original songs, an effervescent "Andrews Sisters" trio, Kay's rockgut bass, and Martha's resonant viol sent spirits flying. Well-oiled voices flew *Amazing Grace* and *Irene, Good Night* up to the rafters.

Art Triple Header

"Acrylic Paintings and Victorian Calling Card Cases." These were two exhibits of three mounted in the Art Gallery. In memory of his wife, Ellen, Byron Roseman showed ten floral and landscape paintings in acrylic (applied to canvas with a palette knife rather than a brush). She loved natural settings, stopping her car when impressed by a lively scene, such as the eye-catching "Birches on the Lake." In the cabinet, Ellen's 31 calling-card cases celebrated a bygone era. Finally, Jean Rabovsky's "CWV in Black & White" magically capture natural light interacting with the environment. In "Shadows in the Snow," arboreal ghosts finger a pristine mantel of white.

The CWV chorus is back!

Pianist, singer, and composer Molly Ruggles is excited to be leading the group this fall with a repertoire of popular, folk, show, and liturgical music. Molly has led vocal groups in Tennessee, at UMass Lowell, and taught songwriting at MIT. She is currently serving as music director at the UU Church of Medford, teaches piano and voice privately, and sings and plays with a vocal trio that performs throughout New England. The CWV Chorus meets most Mondays from 12 to 1 in the Auditorium. Whether you're a bass/baritone, tenor, alto, or soprano, you're hired! Come meet and greet your fellow residents. Lift your spirits and sing!



Currier Art Museum and Frank Lloyd Wright Houses

Residents enjoyed a spectacular trip to two Frank Lloyd Wright houses. Under the aegis of the Currier Art Museum in Manchester, NH, the Zimmerman Home (1950) and the Kalil Home (1955) were designed as "Usonian" houses featuring economy. Anticipating today's open plans, Zimmerman blends designs and experiences making small spaces seem larger, darker ones brighter. Kalil was also one story but otherwise totally different from its neighbor, using various-shaped concrete blocks to create contrast and a surprising lightness. A bonus was savoring the Currier's fine galleries and cafeteria. Thanks to the Off-Site Committee for a great day!

Harry Hoover



A Day I Remembered

It was a nice sunny Sunday and my mother had finally convinced my father that he should take us to the new movie “How Green Was My Valley.” It was showing at the Capital Theater in Allston (a Boston neighborhood). It took some persuading as my father didn’t want to be cooped up in a movie theater on such a nice sunny day. It was his only day off from work.

It was late afternoon when the movie ended and as we were leaving the theater a newspaper seller had set up right next to the entrance. Some place called Pearl Harbor had been attacked by Japanese dive bombers. It was December 7th and now everyone remembers what happened on that date.

I was eleven years old and in my sixth and last year of an elementary school in Watertown, Massachusetts. The very next day, Monday, Mr. Sawyer, our principal, called a special meeting of all the teachers and students in the school. The purpose was to make everyone aware of what had happened. I remember thinking, “What is so important that he needs to call us altogether like this?”

At the time all the teachers in elementary schools were young, single, white, women. My favorite first-grade teacher, Miss Angel, had to leave the school system after the Christmas break the previous year because she had gotten engaged.

Even after December 7th local life went on. My father, busy as he was in his own business, became an air raid warden. There were practices for several years when we were drilled for nocturnal air raids by the Japanese and later the Germans. The local wardens would circulate their assigned neighborhood areas to be sure that everyone’s window shades were drawn so no light could be seen from the outside. In retrospect I wonder now how any foreign aircraft could make it here and back on their own. Maybe it was to be a one-way trip for foreign pilots.

Life went on and I continued on through junior high and high school and wasn’t faced with any military decisions until graduation from college.

Wally Campbell

A Conversation with Alice Morrish

Anglophile? Most definitely. Fan of Carleton-Willard? Absolutely.

Although Alice’s roots are firmly planted in New England, her heart, and the love of her life, John, and John’s family, which she now considers her own family, are English through and through. But after John died, and later when maintaining their house in Waltham became too much, returning to England didn’t really make sense. They had known a resident here at CWV, also an Englishman, and had helped him and his wife move here. Also, they were familiar with the campus, having come to several bi-annual Garden Tours. Like most residents, Alice looked at other CCRC’s in the area, but selecting CWV was a no-brainer for her. So in 2008 Alice moved into Carleton-Willard to begin the next chapter of her life.

Alice describes CWV as “a complex village and a real community.” She notes that she is “not a natural joiner,” tending to bide her time and await developments. An early request from her to work in the General Store was an exception, and she volunteered there for many years. Eventually, however, Alice got involved in several programs, playing a leadership role in many. One of the earliest groups she joined, at a member’s invitation, was the Women’s Discussion Group, which she still attends. In no particular order, with several being simultaneous, Alice worked in the General Store, worked on the Offsite Committee, (becoming Treasurer for the group as well as co-leading a number of trips), served as co-chair of the Newcomers Group, worked on the semi-annual Excess Baggage Sale, later becoming co-chair and writing the Manual for the event. Alice also led the Health Committee, and became a member of the *Villager* Board, becoming Co-Editor and writing the Manual for this important resident-produced quarterly publication. Alice especially enjoyed doing Profiles, both the interviewing to get to know new residents and writing their Profiles. And finally, the respect Alice garnered from residents



and administration alike shows up most clearly in her nomination to the Residents' Association Executive Committee, first as Treasurer, then 1st VP, and, finally, as President of the Association.

Alice fairly lights up when she talks about all the things she has participated in. Knowing that it's the *Villager* policy to not single out any specific CWV personnel, this interviewer must make one exception to properly report Alice's enthusiasm about working with those who have built Carleton-Willard and keep it living up to its mission and culture. Alice especially loved her time spent working with the Residents Association Executive Committee and with CWV President and CEO Barbara Doyle, and she also enjoyed the dinners with the CWV Trustees and the two-way conversations those dinners and teas afforded.

Asked whether there was anything she wished she'd done, but hadn't done yet, she replied that she wished she'd gotten more involved in political discussions, but that she didn't feel qualified. [!! Ed.]

Madelyn Armstrong

Haiku

Christmas is sharing
Stop and turn the other cheek
Christmas is loving.

Margaret Choate



Welcome New Residents

Margarita "Mino" Sullivan

from Cambridge, 8/26/22

Elizabeth "Buffy" Colt

from Wenham, 9/15/22

Maureen Rounds

from Falmouth, 9/19/22

Holly Cheever

from Voorheesville, NY, 9/23/22

Jeffrey and Erica Drazen

from Winchester, 9/30/22

John Flender and Margaret Bruzelius

from Cambridge, 10/25/22

Donald Kalischer

from Arlington, 10/25/22

Kathleen Christenson

from Chula Vista, CA, 11/9/22







APS









Sketches develop the image

EF

In Memory

Florence "Carm" Bartels	8/10
Robert McDonald	8/10
Gertrude Scheft	8/17
Phyllis White	9/28
Joanna Nickerson	10/18
Donald Manion	11/2



Haiku

You come back to me
In this pine path of memory
Return, oh return.

Marjorie Roemer



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

Inspiration

If we consult the dictionary, the word "inspiration" provides a variety of meanings, all of which seem to relate to our life here at Carleton-Willard Village.

First, the word can mean the act of breathing, a very important activity! Limited lung power causes individuals to struggle mightily with breathing and limits their ability to participate in our life here. Healthy breathing techniques are strongly encouraged by the staff in the CWV Clinic and the Fitness Room. Daily exercise is recommended, along with the advice "breathe in through the nose and out through the mouth". We dare not take our breathing for granted.

Another meaning of the word is the act or power of moving the intellect or emotions. Here is where the library comes into play. Reading, for many of us here, is second only to breathing. Our CWV Library collection offers a wide variety of titles both in fiction and non-fiction to entertain us and stimulate our interests. Daily newspapers and puzzles are available as well.

Another related meaning is the act of suggesting or influencing opinions and bringing about change. We are so fortunate to have the programs and trips organized by the Learning in Retirement office and by residential committees. We learn about art, music, history, drama, politics, and gardening (to name a few), and we enjoy sharing our thoughts and ideas with each other. Recently, many of us have been participating in The Third Act Program for people over age 60, which is working to increase voter registration, combat climate change, and deal with other current issues.

The word "inspiration" can mean divine influence. Living a life of faith is very important to many of our residents and staff here at Carleton-Willard, and we are most fortunate to have an outstanding Chaplain who provides spiritual guidance to all, regardless of their religious background.

Finally, our beautiful gardens and walking paths here allow us to be in tune with the natural world every day. We all agree that living here provides constant opportunities for inspiration, keeping us happy and involved in heart, mind and soul. Thank you, Carleton-Willard!

Haiku

Breathing in and out
There, it's an inspiration
But what does it spark?

Marjorie Roemer

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

Lessons in Chemistry by Bonnie Garmus

1960s California. Scientist Elizabeth Zott finds herself the reluctant host of a popular TV cooking show: “Combine 1T acetic acid with a pinch of sodium chloride...”

Solito: A Memoir by Javier Zamora

A bright, precocious 9-year old, being raised in El Salvador by grandparents and aunt, makes the harrowing 3000 mile journey to America to reunite with his parents. He ends up a Radcliffe Fellow at Harvard.

The Marriage Portrait by Maggie O’Farrell

The world of 1550 Renaissance Italy is brought to life in this portrait of Lucrezia de Medici, married at 15 and fearing for her life at her husband’s hands at 16.

Life on the Mississippi by Rinker Buck

Blending history and adventure, the author builds a wooden flatboat, like those built in the “flatboat era” of the 1800s, and sails it down the Mississippi.

Portrait of an Unknown Woman by Daniel Silva

Gabriel Allon undertakes a high stakes search for the greatest art forger who ever lived.

River of the Gods by Candace Millard

Story of an expedition to find the headwaters of the Nile River, set against the backdrop of the race to exploit Africa.

Miss Aldridge Regrets by Louise Hare

A sparkling murder mystery, set on an ocean liner where a murder is witnessed, and more murders will come.

The Daughter of Auschwitz by Nova Friedman

A young girl’s survival during the Holocaust, and her experiences in a Jewish ghetto, a Nazi labor camp and in Auschwitz.

Endless Summer by Elin Hilderbrand

Nine short stories. each connected to one of her books.

Dinners with Ruth by Nina Totenberg

A memoir of the NPR correspondent, her struggles, successes, and relationships, including her friendship of nearly 50 years with RBG.

Marple: Twelve New Mysteries by William Morrow [Ed.]

Twelve authors capture Agatha Christie and Miss Marple with their own unique touch.

If Nietzsche Were a Narwhal by Justin Gregg

Funny and thought-provoking, this book compares animals to human animals, and wonders whether humans are the superior species.

The Bullet that Missed by Richard Osman

The quartet of aging, amateur sleuths in the Thursday Murder Club investigate a 10-year old cold case. Filled with intrigue and charm.

Lucy by the Sea by Elizabeth Strout

Lucy Barton moves out of New York City and shelters in a small Maine coastal town with her ex-husband, William, during the Covid-19 pandemic.

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Blair, Selma	Mean Baby
Friedman, Tova	The Daughter of Auschwitz
Totenberg, Nina	Dinners with Ruth
Yovanovich, Marie	Lessons from the Edge (*)
Zamora, Javier	Solito

Current Affairs

Baker, Peter	The Divider
Lithwick, Dahlia	Lady Justice

Environment

Linden, Eugene	Fire and Flood (*)
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Fiction

Alexander, Poppy	The Littlest Library (*)
Allende, Isabel	Violeta
Backman, Fredrik	The Winners
Baldacci, David	The 6:20 Man
Bayard, Louis	Jackie & Me
Black, Daniel	Don't Cry for Me (*)
Blake, Audrey	The Surgeon's Daughter (*)
Bowen, Rhys	Where the Sky Begins
Box, C. J.	Treasure State (*)
Christie, Agatha	Marple: Twelve New Mysteries (*)
Cleeves, Ann	The Rising Tide
DeWitt, Helen	The English Understand Wool
Garmus, Bonnie	Lessons in Chemistry
Gentill, Sulari	The Woman in the Library (*)
Gerritsen, Tess	Rizzoli & Isles: Listen to Me
Hamid, Mohsin	The Last White Man (*)
Hare, Louise	Miss Aldridge Regrets
Hilderbrand, Elin	Endless Summer

Macomber, Debbie

Martin, William

McCall Smith,
Alexander

McCall Smith,
Alexander

Mead, Tom

Moore, Meg Mitchell

Morrow, William (ed)

O'Farrell, Maggie

Osman, Richard

Patterson, James &
Ellis, David

Patterson, James

Paul, Gill

Perry, Anne

Pershing, Amy

Pooley, Clare

Robb, J.D

Sandford, John

See, Lisa

Shapiro, B. A.

Silva, Daniel

Steel, Danielle

Strout, Elizabeth

Ware, Ruth

Wilkinson, Gina

Health and Wellness

Steel, Virginia

The Christmas Spirit (*)

December '41 (*)

A Song of Comfortable
Chairs

A Song of Comfortable
Chairs (*)

Death and the Conjuror

Vacationland

Marple: Twelve New
Mysteries

The Marriage Portrait

The Bullet That Missed
Escape

Shattered

The Manhattan Girls (*)

A Truth to Lie For (*)

Murder is no Picnic (*)

Iona Iverson's Rules for
Commuting (*)

Desperation in Death

Righteous Prey

The Island of Sea Women
Metropolis (*)

Portrait of an Unknown
Woman

The Challenge

Lucy by the Sea

The It Girl

When the Apricots Bloom

Our Food and Our
Environment



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

History

Buck, Rinker	Life on the Mississippi
Buck, Rinker	Life on the Mississippi (*)
Colbert, Brandy	Black Birds in the Sky (*)
Gerhardt, Michael J.	Lincoln's Mentors
Manjapra, Kris	Black Ghost of Empire (*)
Millard, Candice	River of the Gods
Sullivan, Rosemary	The Betrayal of Anne Frank

Nature

Gregg, Justin	If Nietzsche Were a Narwhal
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Poetry

Roemer, Marjorie	Certain Mysteries
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Resident Authors

Connolly, Arlene	Dissertation
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Miscellaneous

Jacobs, A. J.	The Puzzler (*)
Quindlen, Anna	Write for Your Life

(* indicates Large Print)

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair, Library Committee*

AQUAROBCICS



the froggy jump



the bunny hop



the cheerleader



cross-country skiing



the Rockette



the rocking horse

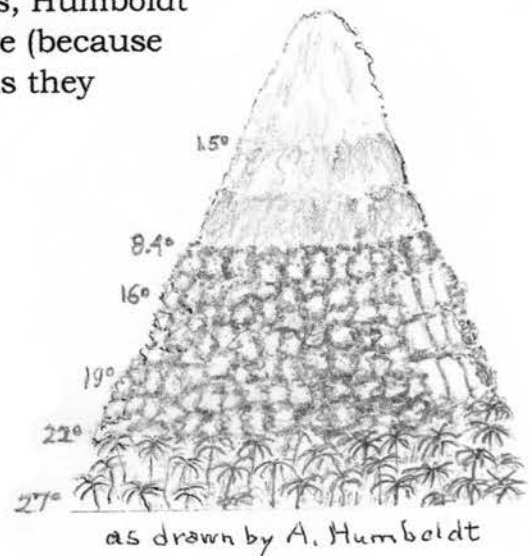
APS



Loving nature and wanting to understand it as thoroughly as possible, always curious about what's around the next corner, and having dreamt of being an explorer, I find the work of Alexander Humboldt inspiring. After deep study of science and with 40 of the latest scientific instruments, he explored northern South America 1799-1804. He mapped major rivers and mountains, identified hundreds of plants and animals, and came to a revolutionary understanding of the interrelatedness of all nature. He criticized the abuse of nature by colonists, reviled slavery and foresaw global warming. Humboldt inspired Charles Darwin, John Muir, Thomas Jefferson, H.D. Thoreau, Rachel Carson, even Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Exploring the highest peak in the Andes, Humboldt found that life zones varied with altitude (because of temperature and precipitation) just as they varied from the equator to the poles.

"I shall collect plants and fossils, and with the best of instruments make astronomic observations. Yet this is not the main purpose of my journey. I shall endeavor to find out how nature's forces act upon one another, and in what manner the geographic environment exerts its influence on animals and plants. In short, I must find out about the harmony in nature. —"
Alexander von Humboldt, 1799





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