







This watercolor by Carol Fisher is entitled Starry Night

In this series of watercolors I focused on painting twilight and night – what the French call "l'heure bleue." The Nocturne paintings of James McNeill Whistler in tandem with Chopin's piano nocturnes were of particular interest to me as I experimented.

- Carol Fisher





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



When the Editorial Board decided on <u>Dreams</u> as a theme for this issue, I thought we would get stories of peoples' good and bad dreams. Either most people don't remember their dreams or would rather not talk about them.

For myself, I will say that I have many memorable dreams – some of them nightmares. This started when I was a small child. My father, who left when I was but a year old, was away in the army, and *Life* magazine printed many horrific photographs of battle. He was never in combat, but for the next four years I must have imagined he was. Since then my anxieties very often find their way into dreams. My husband is the unlucky one to hear about many of them.

Another, much more fruitful kind of dream, is that which gives purpose to our aspirations and motivates our ambitions. We dream of finding someone or someplace that is in sympathy with our deepest yearnings. We dream of creating something of lasting beauty or that will bring us fame.

Then again, in the larger sense, some individuals are gifted with the ability to dream of a better world for the greater good. They have been gifted with golden rhetoric and personal charisma so that of which they dream casts a spell to inspire others as well. At times in history demagoguery has had disastrous results. But we can also credit this talent with some of the most beneficial movements in world history. In our own time the phrase, "I have a dream..." has had huge significance.

We regret the decision of Harry Hoover to resign from the Villager Board after many years of service. His writing style and contributions have been vital to the success of our magazine, and we will miss him. *Village Happenings* benefited greatly from his flair for colorful prose. Thank you, Harry.

Anne Schmalz Anne Schmalz, Editor





From the President and CEO



What is your interpretation of the word 'dream'? Perhaps you think of a dream as one's aspirations and desires. Or, it makes you think of the thoughts, emotions, and sensations that your brain experiences during rest. A dream can also be a memory, where you daydream about moments from the past.

This past September, I heard "Dreams" by Fleetwood Mac, which was performed live by Stevie Nicks at Gillette Stadium. There was a line in the song that stood out to me: "It's only me who wants to wrap around your dreams. And have you any dreams you'd like to sell?"

This song reminds me of all the ways dreams move through our lives, and how powerful they truly are...

Dreams become stories that we can share with others. While those who are further along in life may be reminiscing the past; oftentimes, youngsters are dreaming about their biggest passions and goals: the perfect house, love and family, travel and adventure, career and money—things you may have already experienced yourself. They allow us to pass along advice, knowledge, and meaningful memories to those who have dreams ahead of them.

Dreams are also our teachers. While we are resting, they tell us how we are feeling or who we may need to connect with. At some point in your life, perhaps you've heard someone say, "Hey, I had a dream about you, so I wanted to check in."

This happened to me a few months ago. I got a call from a former co-worker who told me that he had a weird dream where he wanted to come back and work with me again. He said it was strange, but that he felt the need to give me a call and touch base because of it.

Take a moment to ask yourself: What am I currently dreaming of? Perhaps you are dreaming of a white Christmas surrounded by family. Maybe you are dreaming of someone that is no longer in your life of whom you have wonderful memories. Or maybe you are helping your grandchild fulfill their dreams by sharing your wisdom.

If only you could sell your dreams, what do you think they would be worth?

Christopher J. Golen President and CEO



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The Runner

A h yes, dreams. Where would we be without our dreams. Dreams are what motivate us. Henry Ford dreamed about cars that would drive people everywhere. Tesla dreamed of lighting up the world. Probably every great discovery or invention started with a dream. I've had many dreams, one of which is kind of surreal but comes back to me with a strange feeling every so often, even after these many years

It started, I believe, when I was in fifth grade. In school during recess, we would often play a game which involved running agility. We would form two lines about 200 feet apart with a few volunteers in the middle between the lines. The object was to run from one line to the other without being tagged by one of the boys in the middle. If you were tagged, you had to stay in the middle and try to tag others crossing from one line to the other. The point was that as more kids got tagged it became harder to get acrosss without being tagged. So, I started out and by dodging, turning, weaving, starting and stopping I was able to reach the other side without being tagged. Then I would start again and again. I don't remember how many times I started or how many kids were in the middle but soon I realized I was the only one left that had not been tagged. I began to have some kind of a surreal feeling that I had some special ability to run fast.

When I got into high school, I thought, I'll go out for track. I should be able to run faster than anyone else. So, in my first track meet against a neighboring town, I was the anchor in a one-mile relay. Two other team members were to each run a guarter mile and then I was to take the baton and run the final half mile. When I got the baton, I was about ten feet behind the opponent from the other town. So, I thought this should be easy. But oddly enough when I finished the half-mile I was out of breath and still about ten feet behind the opponent. Something about this didn't seem right. Anyway, I probably ran in a few more track meets but I don't remember any of them. When I went on to college I didn't go out for track. I thought I'll just get in better shape on my own.



But I joined a fraternity and somehow going to parties every so often and having a couple of beers and cigarettes did not help me get in shape. I still went to the school track occasionally but was not particularly dedicated to it.

About that time there was some excitement in the track world about whether someone was going to break the four-minute mile. This was one of those records that begins to get attention, but no one is quite able to do it. I thought okay, this is my big chance. I went to the track a little more consistently although I didn't keep track of my time. Then in May of 1954, I heard on the radio that a fellow from England, Roger Bannister, became the first to run a mile in under four minutes. I was shaken. I thought, well, there goes another one.

To this day I still like to watch a track meet. To most people a running event is not particularly interesting. The Olympics recognizes this and puts running meets somewhere in the middle of the night. But when I watch a track meet now, I can imagine myself running ten feet ahead rather than ten feet behind. That's easier than trying to get in shape.

So many years have passed, and many dreams have faded, but I still remember and have some kind of a special feeling about when I was that kid running across the school playground without being tagged.

Tom Stockdale

A Dream Come True

By the time I was in high school, I had experimented a lot with electronics, including scratch-building radios (I had invented the kits, so to speak) and so was particularly interested in a small news item where a couple of people had modified



an old surplus WWII radar set to see if its range could reach the Moon. They were astonished when they did detect an echo of the Moon after the outgoing pulse had traveled at the speed of light (about two seconds) to the Moon and back. But I was also realizing that this was the first time humans had sent a message from the Earth into space and received a reply! So, my dream at the time was the hope that I would be alive when a man went to the Moon and returned.

But that thought remained a dream only, tucked away in a corner of my brain to later resurrect itself into a possible reality. So, after many new experiences, key mentors, and luck I was chosen by the lab at MIT responsible for the design of the Apollo spacecraft on-board guidance system to be the mechanical design engineer of the logic section of the computer. This required generating new assembly details employing never before used micro-circuit technology. What fun that was! And, there were no computer failures in all of the Apollo missions.

I fully awakened from the dream watching with the family on our old black-and-white TV when Neil Armstrong descended the ladder and took his step on the Moon. That's when I really cried.

Bard Turner

An Immigrant's Dream Come True

From my first visit to Chip-In Farm, I was curious about the name of this old-fashioned country store in Bedford. Others have been bewildered as well. According to Paul Couvee, co-owner with his brother Neil, the name "Chip-In Farm" has elicited some unusual responses. Golfers have called inquiring about tee times and golf shop hours, customers have written checks made out to "Chippendales." When Paul told me the real story behind the name, I was charmed!

It began in 1924 when Hendrick Couvee landed in the U.S. from Holland. He met his wife Thelma on a Weston farm, and during the Depression he delivered milk for Ware Dairy in Belmont to support their growing family of five.

All of the Couvees were hard workers! Thelma joined the war effort by manufacturing hand grenades at the Waltham Watch Company. Hendrick bought a "victory flock" of 35 chickens and sold eggs on his milk route. Herbert, their seventeen-year-old son, (and father of Paul and Neil), did odd jobs after school, roofing and loading freight cars.

One day in 1944, Hendrick, Thelma and Herbert sat around the kitchen table in their Waverly Square home figuring out whether they had enough money to purchase a Bedford farm for \$4500. In the midst of their discussion, 5-year-old Louise burst into the room carrying her piggy bank and announced, "I want to chip in, too!"

The story continues on the Chip-In Farm homepage:

"For the next 35 years Thelma managed the farm and growing flock of hens while father and son delivered eggs to suburban Boston families, serving over 1500 people on their door-to-door route in the 70's."

Grandsons Neil and Paul opened the Chip-In Farm retail store in the 80's. There you can buy fresh eggs, local produce and products plus seasonal items like apples, pumpkins and mums. The folks behind the counter are friendly and helpful. And on any visit it's a treat for children and grownups alike to see the farm animals – cats, chickens, baby goats, big goats and one humongous pig!



Check out the "Farmers Helpers" educational events, petting zoo and activities like "Goat Yoga" at Chipinfarm.com. Better yet, take a short drive west on 62, turn left onto Hartwell Road just beyond New England Nurseries and turn left again into the parking area beyond the house at 201 Hartwell Road. You'll be glad you did!

Lee Carpenter



Bonds

I loved my father most of the time.
Henry Hoover was a highly respected architect working out of his office in our hometown of Lincoln, MA. He'd married a southern girl, after she'd migrated north to attend Radcliffe, and together they raised three kids. Two years younger than I, my twin sisters got all the attention. Dad worked in his study off the living room. The pencil never left his hand. Mom would be in the kitchen patting cookies, throwing casseroles together. We were happy, secure, and loved.

By nature my father was reticent, self-effacing. We'd work now and then on our "bonding." I remember when Dad would sit me on the rim of the bathtub with a red-and-white stuffed donkey. I'd ask, "Is it going to rain tomorrow?" The donkey's head would usually bob, "No." Later it was my hand on the gear shift of a 1947 Studebaker as it ground from first to second on the tire-sculpted figure eight off our driveway of goldenrod and milkweed. Or, pouring over new house plans together, I'd look up and ask "Why

did you put the kitchen there rather than over here?" The patient reply always followed.

My favorite bonding was a mountain-climbing trip to southern New Hampshire. We two drove to a hilltop, camped out next to 3166 foot tall Mt. Monadnock. Long promised, this trip helped link Dad's storied Idaho childhood to mine.

The sun fading, he retrieved the box of food from the car, made a charcoal fire, balanced the coffee pot on the coals, and tossed a coke to me. We were on. Then the muffled cry, "Omigosh, I forgot the potatoes..." Dad soon pulled himself together and began yanking tufts of ersatz spuds from between the rocks. "In my day we just made do. C'mon, help me." Strands of stewed grass squirmed in my mouth. The onions weren't anything to write home about. My father soon stepped over the fire to get a coke in the dark. Kicking over the stew pot, he sent steaming dinner, all of it, onto a hissing stone. Dissolving into laughter, we ate part of our morning breakfast as we chuckled into our sleeping bags. In the morning we climbed Monadnock, huffing up the White Dot Trail.

Yet somehow while I was in college we drifted apart. I still don't know what it was about, how it happened, or why. Still, it happened. We suffered a rupture and we both knew it.

But once back home after graduation this tension evaporated. We became buddies again. I wrestled for years over just what had scarred our relationship while I was away, only to heal on my return. Could our shared wound have festered from a struggling, insecure, envious college

student rubbing against a successful, excruciatingly modest, professional? We never talked about it afterward. We only knew the rupture was over.

I recall one moment in later life when one of my sisters had just walked through the living room. My mother put down her knitting and reached over to my

reached over to my nodding father: "You know, Herb, it's nice to know we're old enough to feel that our *chillun* (Mom came from *Jowjah*) don't think we're such bad people after all."



Harry Hoover



About My Dreams

I dream a lot. My dreams are novel, lengthy, and very interesting stories, which often prove to relate to my current life. They have occurred on a nightly basis since coming to live at Carleton-Willard two years ago. There may be some relationship to the daily medication I have been taking since then.

What I have noticed is that I seem to be both totally asleep and partially awake at the same time. I remember that much of the content of my dream contains some facets of my 'real' life – people I know or know about, and issues that I may be struggling with at that time. It calls me to address them.

Because there is so much reality present each night, I cannot often know what is 'dream' and what is really going on in these stories. They seem to be quite lengthy, although I understand that dreams are actually of short duration. I can wake fully, get out of bed, and return to bed and resume that dream I had just left.

Sometimes I learn that there is much truth to what I have experienced. I ponder each dream a bit during the day and then move on to my life here in Bedford.

Do other people experience this also? Are you aware that you are both asleep and awake at the same time? How do you deal with these dream states? With whom do you discuss this? It is a dilemma I take seriously.

Lynne Yansen

Letter From a Place You've Never Been

Gome things are none of our business."
That's the last line of a piece in the *New Yorker*. I love it. I wonder if I can make it work for a first line.

Here are some other lines rattling around in my mind: "the poet's pen... gives to airy nothing/ A local habitation and a name." And Marianne Moore's line that poetry gives us "imaginary gardens with real toads in them." Do these two lines mean the same thing: that in poetry (or let's say writing in general) we provide the imaginary in terms that feel real and genuine; that are enacted and actual, even though imaginary. At least that's my reading.

So what does that say about this writing topic that I am weaseling around and trying to avoid? Are we always bringing back testimony from a place that exists only in our minds? That is my take on this prompt. I did try to enter more literally into the spirit of the prompt. I looked at paintings that might offer scenes that I could enter and report back from. Gauguin came to mind, of course, some Edenic version of Tahiti. Could I write back to you from Gauguin's fantasy. Rich in color, sensual, flattened space, balanced outside of time. Not really. I couldn't get there. An easier transposition was to Monet's interior with Mme. Monet embroidering. It is a soft, protected world. Drapery and greenery enveloping the elegantly dressed woman intent on her delicate work. Bathed in soft light, Camille leaning toward her loom ensconced by laurel trees outside and potted plants inside offered a more accessible space for me. Argenteuil in 1874, an opulent, calm moment protected by the natural world and a domestic life. Appealing, but again not a place I could enter, only observe.

Each of these painters creates something actual from real scenes touched by their imaginations. Certainly not photographs, certainly not reality, but fantasies made real. So, I think all our writing is about the actual but run through the prism of our own sensibilities, the actual made fantastical and then made actual again.

I couldn't write to you from an imagined trip, but all my actual trips are imagined. Those days in Paris, or London, or Florence. Real trips but sifted through memory into something else. Of Paris: flowers everywhere; of London: the Tate Modern and drinking Pimm's cups outside; of Florence: golden days and poplar trees. We are always sending letters from our imagination.

But still, the processes by which we transpose, as painters or writers, are mysterious and best remain so. "Some things are none of our business."

Marjorie Roemer



Royal Garden Party

1 958 was a very exciting year for us. My surgeon husband and I were living in London, had our first child in June, and received an invitation from Buckingham Palace in July. The invitation stated that "The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by Her Majesty to invite Doctor and Mrs. M.C. Veidenheimer to an Afternoon Party in the Garden of Buckingham Palace on Thursday, the 17th of July 1958". My mother was visiting from Vancouver, so we had a built-in babysitter. We were attending!



Royal Garden Parties are held as a way for the monarch to recognize nominated representatives from all Commonwealth countries, and these afternoon parties have a dress code. Men are advised to wear morning dress or lounge suits. Women wear day dresses and hats. My husband, Mike, rented a morning suit and top hat. Dashing! Just three weeks after giving birth, I donned a navy-blue dress, purchased a new pink hat, and accessorized with matching pink gloves. Stylish! We were good to go!

On the appointed day, we entered Buckingham Palace and walked through a large front hall adorned with impressive paintings in gilded frames. Magnificent furniture was displayed, each piece surely with a story to tell. This area led to a large balcony with very wide steps down into the garden. We proceeded down the staircase to the stunning back gardens of the Royal Palace.



Members of the Royal Family circulate among the guests at a Royal Garden Party. Guests are free to eat, drink, and wander the garden grounds. On this afternoon, Queen Elizabeth was not present, but her husband, Prince Phillip, was strolling around chatting with guests. He was a tall, handsome dapper man, but we did not get close enough to meet him. My husband and I mingled with the guests, and I remember to this day the stunning national dress worn by attendees from some of the Commonwealth countries – an array of vivid colors, jewels, and head gear. I also have a vivid memory of the arrival of Sir Winston Churchill. The former Prime Minister and inspirational leader walked down the steps into the garden with a niece on each arm.

The Buckingham Palace gardens were meticulously maintained and seemed to go on forever. As we wandered through the beautiful gardens, we were served lemonade and dixie cups of ice cream from an ice cream truck. The Royal Garden Party was a prestigious event and a magical memory. Growing up in British Columbia, I never dreamed I would one day spend a summer afternoon with British royalty in the gardens of Buckingham Palace.

Sheila Veidenheimer



Ballroom Dancing

Before we came to Carleton-Willard, my wife and I would go ballroom dancing each Tuesday night, almost year-round. There was sort of a subculture that existed in the northern section of the Boston area where you could go and dance to live bands of four to six players. There also were a few ballrooms like Wonderland in Revere and Mosely's on the Charles



still open. Mosely's had full orchestras but finally closed up. After Wonderland converted to more modern music, we would visit VFW and Legion halls for instance, which were converted to dance halls on Tuesdays. I remember even a roller-skating rink on Route 1 north of Boston which, for a while, closed and set up chairs and tables on Tuesdays to accommodate 50-100 ballroom dancers.

The music played was about what you would expect and want. The dances were foxtrot, waltz, cha-cha, rumba, and of course swing or jive. They would almost always have a line dance or two.

As with anything like that, you see the same people week after week and month after month. We would usually go and sit with five or six people we came to know. My wife, who loved to dance, would get tired and sit with these people. I would more often stay on the dance floor and dance with the single women who would come almost as regularly as we did. I remember after my wife passed away I went alone to one of these dances. A single woman I only vaguely remembered came down the full length of the ballroom and stopped in front of me and waited for me to ask her to dance.

Alas, with anything like this, there has to be an ending. I haven't been ballroom dancing for a very long time now and probably have forgotten a lot of what I used to know, but it's fun to remember those times.

Wally Campbell

My Dreams Interpreted

I dreamed I was buried under an avalanche of snow;

• file, recycle or shred the accumulation of papers on my desk.

I dreamed I went to the cupboard to get a mug for my coffee and the cupboard was empty;

• wash yesterday's dishes in the sink.

I dreamed I was being chased through the street of Bedford by a giant bacterium;

• wear your mask in the Stop & Shop.

I dreamed the Queen of Hearts called me to court to chastise me;

• bid better at bridge.

I dreamed there were hundreds of birds shrieking outside my bedroom window;

• fill the birdfeeder.

I dreamed of being imprisoned inside a GIANT book of fiction unable to burst free:

• return overdue book *The Covenant of Water* to CWV library.

I dreamed my clothes closet was filled with only empty hangers;

• pick up the dry cleaning.

I dreamed of a huge chocolate fountain oozing rich, dark creamy chocolate;

• go to the CWV General Store and buy a large Hershey bar.

I dreamed of sitting in front of a warm, glowing fireplace on a frigid, snowy, wintry night;

• call Facilities to get the winter clothes from the attic.

I dreamed that my internet connection went down with no connection to phone, email, or TV;

• not a dream but a frequent reality.

Mary Jane Parke



A Dream Revisited

Our friend, Tom Taylor, asked his law partner what his best vacation trip was and learned it was Colorado River Rafting. We recruited our friends from Bible Study Group 10 of Hancock Church, the Bushnell's, and our cousin and his wife who had roomed in Cambridge with Tom years past. We then signed up with Arizona Rafting Adventures. The Grand Canyon in Arizona after October 15 limited travel to non-motorized craft. It was the perfect time to be there, camping with a Full Moon.



Starting from the Glen Canyon Dam we traveled south to the Phantom Ranch near the Bright Angel Trail where Harriet and I hiked up without our sleeping bags. Sleeping under the stars for the only time of our lives. My job would not allow for four weeks vacation, so the rest of the group traveled on for another two weeks of rafting.

One of the first lessons learned was that before the trip, we had to choose whether we wanted boats where the crew rowed the rubber raft with six people or the smaller boat with four people all paddling. It turned out that we had only one small boat and that was the MOST fun to be in despite getting wetter.

The dam had just been opened for larger water flow so that there were rough rapids pretty much all the way down the river. I got one of the first rides in the small boat and it did not take long for someone to fall out of the boat. He lost his sun glasses, his camera and his hat plus learning that the water was very cold. Oh, I forgot to say that there was a large, flat, raft carrying our food, stoves and tents and a passenger who might have gotten sea sick over the constant waves. My cousin's wife took that seat and knitted all the way down the river.

It was a beautiful trip and the full moon allowed us to see the way through many rocks to the privy pot. We could not leave ANYTHING, so a bucket with toilet paper was there at a distance from our camping area. One night with the help of the full moon I almost was hurt going back to my sleeping bag as I tripped on a ledge, jumping down and thankfully landing in sand and not on a rock.

Another of the wonderful sights on the river was a huge cave created in the early days of the river, carved out at an elbow in the river. It was so large that it could contain a symphony orchestra, and a concert grand piano had once been brought in by helicopter

We had some surprises as we learned that the ravens were eager to steal our food and had punctured the bottom of my can of Tang. This was for the teetotalers as alcohol was provided by the crew. There were opportunities to climb up some of the ravines where we stopped.

It was one of our very best vacations and the dreams go on despite the steep climb out of canyon on the Bright Angel Trail.

David Hathaway

Rowdy Did It

Any trip to the national parks should include the Grand Canyon. My wife and I decided to stay on the rim in one of the overnight hostelries.

One of the offerings was a mule trip going halfway down the Canyon. A guide would lead ten or twelve guests down on mules to a stopping place where lunches were served. Then the mules would bring everyone back up to the top. The whole trip would take five or six hours. My reaction was to stay quietly in the lounge with a cool drink and watch the tourist activity. My spouse as usual thought differently.

The next morning, we reported to the mule meeting place. According to the internet, mules



are what happens when male donkeys get together with female horses. Our mules were really big. With a strug-



gle I hoisted myself onto my animal. My wife using a little wooden two-step device and help got onto her mule.

My mule, Rowdy, had just come off sick leave. To me he seemed a little overweight but so what, he was quite experienced. We were fifth or sixth in our train of mules. The dirt path weaved down from the rim and was maybe five or six feet wide. No rail on the outside. On the inside there was the comforting wall.

Movement was quite slow. After we had gone down a few hundred feet our mules stopped and went to the edge of the path and looked down. It was a little unsettling. It wouldn't have taken much for us to have gone right over the edge. Every few hundred feet this stopping and starting was repeated. Rowdy was sweating quite copiously, and we were only going down. What about when we had to come back up?

Finally, we made it to the stopping place and had a nice lunch. Going back was the problem. Being spread-eagled on this broad beamed animal in an unaccustomed position made the inside of my thighs ache excruciatingly. Our guide wisely positioned Rowdy and me last. We quickly fell way behind. Rowdy was sweating and so was I. The trip was endless.

Finally, the rim was in sight. My wife, already there, was looking down with several observing guides. One of them said "I don't think those two are going to make it." My wife said, "What do you mean they are not going to make it? That's my husband on that animal!" Well, we finally did make it. Rowdy barely moving and me with inside legs aching like never before. A hot tub of water helped me a lot and I heard later Rowdy had been retired. Both were blessed events.

Wally Campbell

The Photo

But the pictures to which she returned most often for her own pleasure were those of her family – they evoked what she had known most intimately and all she had loved most profoundly. from Mrs. Bridge by Evan S. Connell

We stood (my dad and I) or sat (mom and my brother)

In our best clothes, silk dresses for my mother and me.

Suits and ties for my father and brother.

Though the portrait is black and white,
I can still see the colors of those dresses,
Dark green for me and lavender for my mother.
She made both of them – she didn't come from money

So she knew how to save it,

Even though my dad was a rising star at work, Which cost him his health, which cost us all. Mom still remembered the orange grove her father grew

In California and his mild, timid voice, And how much he loved and clung to her, his only child.

Like a dream this life is, all these people gone now, Though my brother still sits in a wheelchair On the edge of the world.

It seems I will be the last, never forgetting them, I hope,

Remembering till the end their – our – picture on my wall.

Sue Hand







Doyle Courtyard Dedication

It was a bright, sunny, August morning when a large crowd gathered for the unveiling of a plaque and portrait of Barbara Doyle. The newly named Doyle courtyard is an oasis of calm and beauty for residents and guests. A Trustee, and the emcee for the occasion, thanked the committee for all they had done to make her retirement a memorable occasion. This was the culmination of that process. The portrait and plaque hang on either side of the door leading out to the courtyard. Barbara worked the crowd as they enjoyed refreshments at tables around the pool where lotus and water lilies were in full bloom.



Hopper Exhibit

The fog lifted, the sun shone, and Gloucester was its charming self as we set out to the Cape Ann Museum to view the Hopper exhibit. First, we saw a variety of displays from 10,000-year-old Aguinnah and Wampanoag stonework to modern Indigenous mixed media work, Paul Revere silver, handsome portraits and furniture, and a large diorama of Gloucester, as well as the maritime art of Fitz Henry Lane, a 19th century Cape Ann printer and painter. The Hopper exhibit mounted sixty works covering his many summers in Cape Ann and the development of his style through drawings, watercolors, oils and etchings - a rich and varied selection that charts a turning point in Hopper's work testifying to the importance of Gloucester in his career.

A Serious Art Form

Summertime food demonstrations continued from July into September as Director of Dining Services, Regan Vetree, hosted small groups of interested residents to highlight and sample the proper preparation, pairing and plating of popular CWV dinners. On the demo menus were jumbo shrimp, rack of lamb, pork tenderloin, and whole salmon. Guests and kitchen staff interacted in lively Q & A that was interesting and informative. Impression: delicious!! Our compliments to the chef.

Carleton-Willard Live!

It was standing room only in the auditorium on the night of September 13 when a cast of residents and staff presented a series of Saturday Night Live-style skits highlighting life in a certain retirement community. The show was the brainchild of resident Don Yansen and was dedicated to the memory of Kay Barney, with many of the Barney family members in the audience. Life in the retirement fast lane was parodied in sketches entitled "Intake Interviews" for prospective residents; "The Off-Site Committee Meeting," a ritual familiar to CWV insiders; and a masterful "Abbott Dining Room Feedback Cards" featuring two actual chefs. Musical numbers ("Brush Up Your Llewsac") and pure comedy skits including a Mike Nichols/Elaine May spoof put the variety into variety show and displayed how much talent lurks in our population. Encore, please.

Carleton-Willard Stands Out

Hanscom Field plans to enlarge the hangars for private jets. It's Thursday and Carleton-Willard *Third Actors* joined Mothers Out Front and nearly fifty other organizations in a statewide coalition to end this expansion, which could cancel out 70% of the climate benefits from all the solar PV ever installed in Massachusetts. With drums, signs, and red umbrellas to call attention to our cause, chanting and music as well, fifty Bedford residents took up positions in Bedford's Veterans Memorial Park. Activism can be fun!



Happenings

A Cluster Meeting

The cluster meeting in Arlington Court in October provided the residents with an opportunity to hear from CEO Chris Golen about any issues he wished to discuss and for him to answer questions. These could touch on any topic, but this day it was specifically the malfunction of the Lifeline Alarm System twice in Arlington Court. Taking note of the details, he promised a comprehensive testing program to make sure everything is working properly. Problems of the umbrella over the benches in the center island of the court were brought up and a temporary plan put in place. The candid airing in a small group of other concerns of Arlington Court and of CWV are typical of our cluster meetings.



Happy 41st!

Another year and a reason for the community to celebrate with a fantastic summer feast and a concert. Regan Vetree and his crew provided a Main Street buffet of lobster rolls, mussels, burgers, summer salads and clam chowder after a beer and wine reception in the rotunda. Enjoying their meals in the several venues available – Abbott Dining Room and patios, Brass Rail for Trustees and Resident Council members – residents were then treated to an auditorium program of the *Modernistics*. George and Ira Gershwin tunes accompanied singing and tap dancing on the stage while little light sticks were waved by the audience.

CWV Vigil Volunteers Receive An Award

Leading Age/Massachusetts is an association supporting not-for-profit providers of services for the elderly. Their 2023 Volunteer of the Year Award was won by the Vigil Volunteers at Carleton-Willard. These residents and people from the surrounding community – currently 16 of them – receive training as part of the Living Fully, Dying Well palliative care program. They provide someone to sit with patients – often old friends – who are at the very end of their lives. It is not always possible for family or staff to be constantly present and these volunteers provide some measure of comfort - perhaps music, perhaps words, but often just a hand to hold. Several members of the group accompanied CEO Chris Golen and Marcia Feldman, Palliative Care Coordinator, to Worcester to receive the Award.

Music Filled with Emotion

Grief and sorrow. Comfort and consolation. Joy and happiness. CWV resident Jim Munkres took the audience on a journey of emotions when he presented "The Emotional Effectiveness of Music: A Talk and Performance." The talented pianist explored a bit of music theory and the emotional expressions of music using classical, spiritual, and popular selections with accompanying vocalists Penny Lawrence and Gail Hatfield, members of the CWV community. Talent shared, learning fostered, emotions explored - an evening of passionate entertainment.

A Service of Peace and Light

On October 27, residents and staff joined for a Service of Peace and Light in the Auditorium, to gather in community searching for hope in dark times. There was time to listen to beautiful music, reflect in silence and listen to readings and prayers. Planned and led by Chaplain Alexx Wood there was time to appreciate the musical gifts of our own Marcia Feldman, Gail Hatfield, and Cherie Asgeirsosn with "Bridge Over Troubled Waters," "Imagine," and "Go In Peace." A children's choir sang "I Believe." "I Believe in the sun, even when it is not shining." The whole service gave a sense of community coming together seeking strength for hope and peace.



A Conversation with Alan Kaitz

The Profile of Alan Kaitz, that is in the brown notebook on the table in the library, details a busy life as doctor, husband, and father - roles that fully occupied him before his move to Carleton-Willard.



Two passions that have consumed his attention in the years since have been his fascination with orchids and his love of playing the piano. His living room in Llewsac testifies to his love of his family, whose four generations are pictured in the photographs all around him. Six orchids are in full bloom on the windowsill. The upright Steinway piano dominates the living room.

His enjoyment in growing flowering plants began when he was a child in Chelsea. His piano lessons began at age ten. His two older siblings gave up playing, but he became so proficient by the age of sixteen that he was playing for local groups and even over in Boston, where he was employed at clubs in Scollay Square. When asked if his parents worried about him there, he said they trusted him.

At Harvard, he played on the campus radio station and wherever the Talent Agency got him a job—all over the Boston area. He enjoys the ability to improvise and especially enjoys 'boogie woogie' tunes.

When he was eighteen, he joined the army, but the war was almost over. Assigned to KP duty, he was found out as a piano player and transferred to a new role as part of the entertainment crew.

Through medical school and his career as a doctor he says he always took lessons. When he and his wife, Marlene, were living on the South Shore, he got to know the people at the nearby Steinway showroom where he was asked to come in and play their pianos. This relationship with Steinway has continued through the years. He has always used Steinway tuners, and he says the current one is a great pianist.

When he moved from his rooms in Badger to Llewsac he traded his Steinway grand piano for an upright. They helped him get it set up and then proposed that they record him giving a concert at Carleton-Willard. This took place this summer. He has a copy of that video. It is something he and his family will treasure. For the Steinway Company, it is used in their advertising.

As for his taste in music in addition to jazz? He favors the 'romantics', like Beethoven and Rachmaninoff and especially loves playing concertos. Another favorite is George Gershwin. He taught himself "The Rhapsody in Blue," note by note, for the concert. This is a truly remarkable feat.

As a special treat for this interviewer, he played "I Only Have Eyes For You" with a colorful improvisation.

As for the orchids? He has a grandchild who takes them back after blooming and grows them on to the next blooming, having inherited Alan's green thumb. What gifts this man has, and we are so fortunate to have enjoyed them as well.

Anne Schmalz

The Bedford Citizen

Bedford once had a privately owned local newspaper that served the town well. At some point in the 1990s residents began to feel dissatisfied with the lack of local news in our local newspaper.

What we did not realize was that we were witnessing the beginning of a national trend, wherein larger corporate chains were buying local papers, reducing the resources (editors and reporters) available for local news, and using the familiar name to sell advertisements. Many new owners did not know their communities, as previous editors had, and public service was not their primary goal; it was profit.

In a recent advance about their upcoming book, journalists Ellen Clegg and Dan Kennedy announced the January publication of *What Works in Local Journalism*. Kennedy is a professor at Northeastern University School of Journalism and Clegg a former Boston Globe journalist and freelancer. The story of *The Bedford Citizen* is one of the six case studies chosen for their analysis.

"Eleven years prior, three Bedford women, Julie Turner, Kim Siebert MacPhail and Meredith McCulloch, had founded the Bedford Citizen. Each



had been active in many town organizations and knew how critical the local press was to the life of the town. Their realization is echoed in What Works, when the authors write, "Local news is essential to democracy. Meaningful participation in civic life is impossible without it. However, local news is in crisis. According to one widely cited study, some 2,500 newspapers have closed over the last generation. With no money and no budget, the three decided to depend on the citizens of the town. They deliberately chose a small scope, Bedford news only, to maintain focus, and with much faith in their community, they founded *The Bedford* Citizen, tagline Community Supported News. They recruited active residents from the town to serve on a Board of Directors, then on June 13, 2012, they began to publish. 'I often describe it as holding hands and jumping off the end of the pier into unknown waters,' McCulloch explained, 'Thankfully the community did not let us down.'

"Their early efforts were truly communitysupported in every way. All of the writers were volunteers who not only donated their time and skills, but also the use of their computers, cameras, and Internet services. They operated via conference calls and later through Zoom.

"Early donors who contributed to the 501c3 organization, were giving not just a check, but a vote of confidence. Bedford's Town Manager provided a press packet and encouraged town staff to share requested information."

Now, eleven years later, we are very happy to report our progress. First of all we've continued to publish almost daily. We still depend on many volunteer staff and a Board of Directors. We have hired an experienced Managing Editor. We also hired a Community Reporter with broad experience in local journalism and volunteer service in Bedford town government.

The Citizen is looking forward to a strong future. An application to participate in Sustainability Lab, an initiative of LION (Local Independent Online News) and Google has been accepted. It will assist in planning for a stable financial future.

(*The Bedford Citizen* is at https://thebedford-citizen.org. It is free, and anyone may sign up for a daily or weekly news summary.)

Meredith McCulloch

Bedford Rising to the Challenge

It has always been true of Carleton-Willard, that we take the interests of Bedford to heart. Thanks to the alert reporting of *The Bedford Citizen*, co-founded by our own Meredith McCulloch, we learned early of the arrival of large numbers of refugees to be housed at the Bedford Plaza Hotel. The state of MA has received thousands of asylum seekers from Haiti and other countries in the last few months and all shelter beds in the state are taken.

Living at the hotel are as many as 300 individuals – half of them children under seventeen – having arrived with few possessions but dreams of a better, safer, future. Bedford has welcomed such groups before, and the town departments, service agencies, churches and citizens have a history of rising to meet their needs.

This year was no exception, and the outpouring of generosity saw no request that was not answered.

In a situation like this there are a great many legal and bureaucratic hurdles to overcome before people can move on to settle and lead productive lives, and the state government is responsible for facilitating this. However, on a human level these families need so much, and this is where many Bedford citizens have responded.

The Bedford Plaza Hotel is on Great Road close to the mall where food, clothing and personal needs can be met. Enabling people to buy what they need meant that gift cards were in demand and these were donated as well as funds to buy them in the thousands of dollars. The churches rallied their congregations and word of mouth resulted in a huge collection of clothing of all sizes. Knowing that these folks do not know what winter will be like, there was an especial appeal for coats, hats and sweaters. At least three full carloads came from CWV.

First Church of Christ Congregational donated the use of its large hall. Many hands, some from CWV, did the heavy job of sorting by type and size, and helped on the day of distribution. Two busloads of eager shoppers arrived and by late morning had filled many large black bags



with clothing. The Pastor, Rev. John Castricum, cooked a generous, ethnically delicious meal with the help of Adeline Polidor, a CWV waitress in the Brass Rail, who came from Haiti in 1984. People who speak Creole, Spanish, and Portuguese, are in great demand of course.

The Department of Education has responded with special classes and teacher's assistants, and there are classes for the adults in the hotel itself. The Health Department and community volunteers are driving people to appointments, and trying to get people the immunizations and referrals they need. There are several pregnant women in the group.





One of the most critical needs is getting a work permit. There is a great desire to become self-supporting and of course no one wants to be living at the Bedford Plaza Hotel, as accommodating as it has been, for any longer than necessary. These are, for the most part, young families with small children. Perhaps some may find jobs in Bedford, and even at Carleton-Willard. For now, we are responding in whatever ways we can.

Anne Schmalz









Welcome New Residents

Ellie Butler

from Lexington, 6/30/2023

Linda Webb

from Lexington, 8/12/23

Harriet Hofheinz

from Cambridge, 9/7/23

Joan C. Bowen

from Bedford, 9/8/23







In Memory

Phyllis Doherty	7/27
Anthony DeBernardis	7/29
William Jackson	7/30
Barbara Hill	7/31
Dexter Whittinghill	8/3
Katharine Ruhl	8/6
Kay Barney	8/12
Paul Hill	8/20
Calvin Vatcher	8/28
Wilma Johnson	8/31
Elna Carlson	9/1
Anne Brainerd	9/3





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

Dreams

When we first think of dreams we think of thoughts, images or emotions occurring during sleep. Sometimes we remember our dreams, but most times we do not. A more popular type of dream is one we have when we are awake, a daydream, a wish for something or a vision of the future.

The first days of fall are perfect for dreaming. A new year has begun. We have left behind a very damp and humid summer and are looking ahead to crisp, cooler weather. The holidays approach. Let's examine our thoughts, our hopes and our dreams.

First of all, we hope for good health and the energy to enjoy our life here at Carleton-Willard Village. Ageing is not an easy process, and we need to approach each day with determination, a positive attitude and a willingness to ask for assistance when it is necessary. The administration and staff here at CWV are always there for us. We are very fortunate.

We also hope for more opportunities to socialize. This will not be easy, as the colder weather returns along with an assortment of viruses. Isolation is not good for our morale. Friends and family are very important, as are our pet dogs and cats.

Let's hope to keep our minds active and engaged. Here's where the library enters the picture, offering daily newspapers and puzzles and lots of books to read. Did you know that we add at least twenty-five new books every month to our collection? When we are not reading, we can do jigsaw puzzles or play games and do puzzles on our computers, tablets or smart phones. We can attend programs or go on off-site trips. We need to keep busy and occupied.

To dream is to consider something as a possibility. Let's never stop dreaming!

Katherine F. Graff Chair of the Library Committee





Among the Newest

Canary Girls by Jennifer Chiaverini

The Canary Girls are a group of female munitions workers in Great Britain during WWI. Unlikely in peacetime, Rosie the Riveter/former housemaid and the wife of an Olympic gold medalist become fast friends as they work side by side on the Home Front.

The Sister by Sung-Yoon Lee

The sister of North Korea's Kim Jong Un, Kim Yo Jong, is charming, cruel, ruthless, and expected to be her brother's successor. And she's the first woman to threaten nuclear war.

The Traitor Among Us by Anne Perry Elena Standish is sent to a most unlikely place to ferret out the killer of a fellow M16 agent. The last book by this popular author before her death in April 2023.

Wandering Through Life by Donna Leon The author of the bestselling Guido Brunetti mysteries tells her own adventurous life story, full of affection, irony and good humor

Ladies Lunch by Lore Regal

Collection of 16 delightful short stories about a group of nonagenarians who have loved and lunched together for over 40 years. Will have you cackling.

What an Owl Knows by Jennifer Ackerman Owls are the world's most enigmatic and elusive birds. Cryptic, camouflaged, and mostly active in the dark of night. Now new science helps us understand the complex nature of these extraordinary birds.

The Stolen Coast by Dwyer Murphy In Onset, a sleepy coastal town in Massachusetts, a lawyer makes his living ferrying fugitives to safety. Then he gets the chance to score a million dollars worth of diamonds. A twisty, enthralling heist yarn. Fen, Bog and Swamp by Annie Proulx A short history of the vital role wetlands play in preserving the environment, and how peatland destruction, in pursuit of profit, has a front-and-center role in the climate crisis.

Isabel Puddles Abroad by M. V. Byrne
Isabel, a sleuth from Michigan, travels by herself to
Cornwall, England to visit her pen pal friend, Teddy
Mansfield, a mystery novelist. Glitches include a
scone-baking contest and a grave-digging Corgi. Part

mystery, part travelogue, a charming and fun read.

The Underworld by Susan Casey

Journeys to the depth of the ocean. Far from being a dark void, the deep is a vibrant realm of mountains, valleys and smoldering volcanoes, populated by pink gelatinous predators and shimmering creatures 100 feet long, among countless other marvels. The farther down you go, the more astonishing everything becomes.

Tom Lake by Ann Patchett

While the Nelson family are picking cherries in their Michigan orchard, the mother recounts to her grown girls what happened one summer at Tom Lake, a theater company, where she became a little bit famous and fell in love with an actor who became very famous.

Chateau Under Siege by Martin Walker In a reenactment of their liberation from the British in the 100 Years' War, the actor playing the French hero becomes an apparent murder victim. Bruno, Chief of Police is a spectator at the performance.

Necessary Trouble by Drew Gilpin Faust A distinguished historian and former president of Harvard remembers growing up privileged in rural, segregated Virginia in the 50s and 60s.

Madelyn Armstrong





Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Mem	noir	Fiction	
Belim, Victoria	The Rooster House (*)	Archer, Jeffrey	Traitor's Gate (*)
Faust, Drew Gilpin	Necessary Trouble	Banville, John	April in Spain (*)
Ferguson, Jane	No Ordinary Assignment	Brodeur, Adrienne	Little Monsters
Leon, Donna	Wandering Through Life	Brown, Sandra	Out of Nowhere
Shapiro, Ari	The Best Strangers in the World (*)	Byrne, M. V. Chiaverini, Jennifer	Isabel Puddles Abroad Canary Girls
Simmons, Ruth	Up Home: One Girl's Journey	Cleeves, Ann	The Raging Storm
Sofrin, Will	All Hands on Deck (*)	Constantine, Liv Cornwell, Patricia	The Senator's Wife (*) Livid
Von Drehle, David	The Book of Charlie	Dark, Alice Elliott	Fellowship Point
Washington, Kerry	Thicker Than Water	Diliberto, Gioia	Coco at the Ritz
D		Follett, Ken	The Armor of Light
Biography Anthony, Carl	Camera Girl (*)	George, Nina	The Little Village of Book Lovers
Sferrazza		Goldis, Jaclyn	The Chateau (*)
Cooper, Anderson	Astor	Gray, Claudia	The Murder of Mr.
Storey, Kate	White House by the Sea (*)		Wickham (*)
Wallace, Max	After the Miracle (*)	Hartstone, Joey	The Local
		Horan, Nancy	The House of Lincoln
Current Affairs		Jewell, Lisa	None of This is True
Baron, Martin	Collision of Power	Keane, Mary Beth	Ask Again, Yes
Lee, Sung-Yoon	The Sister	Macomber, Debbie	Must Love Flowers
Environment		McBride, James	The Heaven and Earth Grocery Store
Griswold, Eliza	Amity and Prosperity	Murphy, Dwyer	The Stolen Coast
Proulx, Annie	Fen, Bog and Swamp	Osman, Richard	The Last Devil to Die
		Pataki, Allison	The Magnificent Lives of Marjorie Post





Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Patchett, Ann	Tom Lake	History	
Patchett, Ann	Tom Lake (*)	Millard, Candice	River of the Gods (*)
Patterson, James	Lion and Lamb	Risen, James	The Last Honest Man (*)
Patterson, James	12 Months to Live		
Pekkanen, Sarah	Gone Tonight (*)	Miscellaneous	
Perry, Anne	The Traitor Among Us	Tschann, Judith	Romaine Wasn't Built in a
Perry, Anne	The Traitor Among Us (*)		Day
Ridker, Andrew	Hope (*)		
Robb, J. D.	Payback in Death (*)	Nature	
Russo, Richard	Somebody's Fool	Ackerman, Jennifer	What an Owl Knows
Sandford, John	Judgement Prey	O'Sullivan, Daniel	A Field Guide to Backyard
Segal, Lore	Ladies' Lunch		Birds of North America
Simon, Nina	Mother-Daughter Murder	Poetry	
al B l	Night	•	Staring Aliva
Skye, Evelyn	The Hundred Loves of Juliet	Astley, Neil (ed.)	Staying Alive
Slaughter, Karin	After That Night		
Smith, Zadie	The Fraud	Science	
Steel, Danielle	Happiness	Casey, Susan	The Underworld
Taylor, Patrick	The Wily O'Reilly Irish	Sevigny, Melissa	Brave the Wild River (*)
	Country Stories		
Thomas, Kai	In the Upper Country (*)	Travel	
Verghese, Abraham	The Covenant of Water (*)	Gerard-Sharp, Lisa	Ireland
Walker, Martin	A Chateau Under Siege	(* indicates Large Print)	
Wood, Tracey	The President's Wife (*)		
Enerson			Katherine F. Graff

Chair, Library Committee

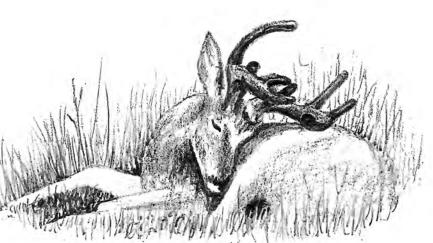
Shhhh...



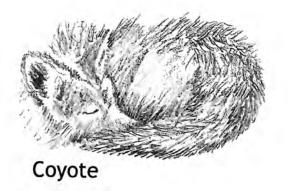
Barred Owl

They're sleeping - and dreaming.

Research has found that all mammals, birds and reptiles dream.



Deer





Chipmunk



Mallard

Birds sleep with one eye open and one side of their brain alert for possible danger.



