



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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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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"Perseverance", Fran Bronzo's lovely cover photo, is an apt and happy depiction of early summer in New England. Full winter has its delights but, as our CEO observes in this month's letter, by March it seems we shall forever be caught in grey, often messy weather. However, New Englanders have learned to persevere, and suddenly we've made it to spring and summer color everywhere. Hurrah!

As we always say, variety makes good reading, and there is variety aplenty in this issue. Bob Anderson once again has us grinning with his account of how fame found him in the Navy, while Wally Campbell describes a nautical adventure of a totally different kind. And Daisy Illich remembers how a mystery none of us would have chosen to be a part of was solved.

Lest anyone forget, we are a community not only of people but also of well-loved dogs. Janet Kennedy remembers one with a special talent, while Sue Hay includes another campus favorite in her tribute to the annual return of our incredible gardener.

There is news from our editorial board. Long-time member, Nancy Smith, has retired. We already miss her gravelly common sense and her fine feel for the ridiculous, of which "Beware of Substitutes" in this issue is a riotous example. Happier news is that Marjorie Roemer has joined us. Herself a writer of both prose and poetry (a sample of each in this issue), she is still teaching memoir writing.

So, now it's summer. Whether off on a trip to distant places, or to a well-loved summer haunt, happily relaxing right here, growing veggies in one of the garden patches, tending flowers in yards or on balconies, biking or birding -- whatever your pleasure, enjoy summer. AND, consider writing about it.

Co-Editors

Alice Morrish Peggy McKibben



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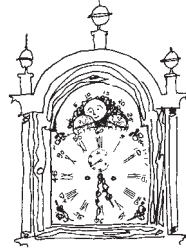
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From the Chief Executive Officer



“The flowers of all the tomorrows are in the seeds of today.” - Indian proverb

In early March it is grey and cold and gloomy, cabin fever has long set in, and there's that one permanent patch of ice on the driveway that you've been able to avoid.

And then one morning, you realize that you can actually feel the heat of the sun on your face. You hear a few birds chirping in the back yard. On the trees, the smallest of buds. Squirrels are extra-busy. And over against the walk, where the garden lay hidden under the crusty white . . . could that be a tulip?

Spring! Couldn't have come any quicker.

It's easy to take miracles (like the planet waking up) for granted. It happens every year, right? But here at the Village, Spring doesn't just stir itself awake. It explodes. I marvel at it each and every time.

Perhaps that's why I'm so aware of other minor miracles happening around us. One in particular, one that always amazes me, is the commitment of our employees.

Often Management claims “our employees are very dedicated.” Words like dedication and commitment get tossed around so often they begin to lose their weight. But there are ways to accurately gauge such things. Time, for example: the truth always reveals itself over time.

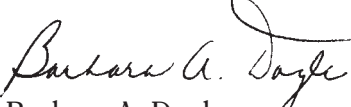
And the truth about our employees is that they literally define words like dedicated and committed. And responsible. And caring. And selfless.

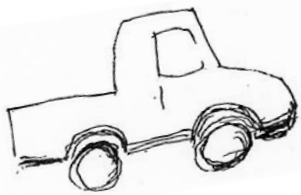
So many of our staff have been with us 10, 15, 20, 30 . . . 35 years and longer. At a time when most people change jobs a dozen times or more in a lifetime, can you imagine?

For our employees, working at the Village is not a job, it's a calling. A pledge to be of service made every day, week after month after year.

We held our Annual Employee Service Awards & Dinner on May 16 to honor these inspirational people - which is likely why they're so very much in my thoughts today. Here they are: warm, bright, comforting, full of promise.

Like Spring. If that's not a miracle, I don't know what is.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



Philip



I'm afraid I have a long-term addiction.
 Two signs that spring has come once more:
 White truck and a black Labrador!
 Our gardener, Philip, is at hand
 To work his magic on our land.

Sue Hay



Making a Garden

In fall, I put them in.
 So it began, a garden without a plan.
 The iris dug up as Angie and I said good-bye
 One humid June day in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Now there's Deirdre's Lady's Mantle from
 Conway, Massachusetts,
 Joan's grandfather's phlox,
 A bunch of Lamb's Ears and Lily-of-the valley
 Meredith threw in a plastic bag and brought over
 From Windham Center, Connecticut, one after-
 noon in May.

No plan, but a history,
 A garden of stories that keep telling,
 Continuities in season, a geography of affiliations.

Marjorie Roemer

Beware of Substitutes

Some years ago I received a letter from
 Herbert Fleming, an old friend in Singapore.
 He had been married to a longtime friend of
 mine who had died fifteen years earlier. Other
 than an occasional postcard and an exchange at
 Christmas, I had not heard from him in years. In
 the letter he wrote that he was coming to Boston
 in a month and would like to drive to Lincoln
 and take me out to dinner.

I hadn't seen him for twenty years. I had
 always found him rather dull but an evening
 with him would be enjoyable enough. I wrote
 back to say I would look forward to seeing him.

Another letter, strangely ardent, followed in
 which he said what a special evening this would
 be, how fond of me he had always been, and,
 finally that a framed photograph of me taken at
 our last meeting twenty years ago was in front
 of him as he wrote.

This bit was alarming. Ardent certainly did
 not describe my feelings; maybe somewhere
 between tepid and cool. What bothered me was
 the twenty year old picture. He would certainly
 have a shock when he saw the real me if he had
 visions of a fifty year old woman. A new perm,
 facial, eye and pancake makeup would not
 conceal the effects of time and gravity.

"I know" I said to myself, "I'll talk to Elsa
 at the West Concord Spice and Grain (a health
 food store). She'll have a suggestion."

I drove to West Concord. Elsa was there and
 listened intently. "You want to take ten years off
 your life? Let me look up the herbs and spices
 that might help."

"I need more than Vitamin E," I said.
 "I already take that and a One-a-Day vitamin."

"Look," she said "this may take some
 research. Go home and I'll call you."

Two days later Elsa called. "I think I've
 found a recipe" she said. "I found it in a 16th
 century apothecary book at the library, It
 sounds like just the thing, but the ingredients
 are hard to come by. Here is what you need:



10 seven year locusts
10 earthworms from the garden
1 butterfly wing
1 pinch of rosemary
3 mint leaves
1 teaspoon of gooseberry jelly
Salt and pepper to taste

“Mix it all in a cup of Malmsey. The infusion must be taken once a day for thirty days.”

“Perhaps,” continued Elsa, “with a few carefully selected substitutes this might work.”

Feeling slightly nauseated but willing to try anything, I thought out loud, “I have a friend on Mt Vernon Street who is always complaining of cockroaches. They might do for the locusts; we are not due to have locusts for another two years. Earthworms. I am not sure I can stomach them. My grandson has a butterfly net I can borrow. I wonder if a gypsy moth would do? Where on earth will I find Malmsey and what is it anyway? Could it be white wine turned to vinegar? Someone -- one of the Richards? -- drowned in a barrel of Malmsey. Is that right?”

Another thought occurred to me. The concoction had to be made fresh every day. “Do you suppose I could make it by the quart and keep it in the freezer?”

To make a long story short, I collected the crunch cockroaches from under my friend’s kitchen sink, the earthworms from my garden, a gypsy moth flitting in the grass. Holding my breath and swallowing hard, I mushed these in the blender, added rosemary, mint, salt and pepper. I found some gooseberry jam and added that with a cup of white wine on the turn and started the machine.

The taste was pretty bad. I added more mint, more rosemary and then a dash of Duff Gordon Sherry. I tried not to think of the ingredients as I swallowed down the now palatable mix and chased it down with a glass of sherry.

Days went by. Nothing happened. My hair still lacked luster, my wrinkles still gathered, I had no more spring to my walk. What’s more, I was tired of the bi-weekly trips to Mt. Vernon Street, gypsy moths were about to go into their

next stage, and my grandson was no longer intrigued by wriggling earthworms.

Two days to go. Just before the arrival of Herbert, I awoke, leapt out of bed with a new spring, did a caper or two on the way to the shower. I looked in the mirror. I couldn’t believe my eyes. The wrinkles had vanished, my hair was shiny black and my skin smooth as silk.

“It’s worked!”, I cried. “I must call Elsa.”

Thrilled with the new me, I hopped into the shower. The shower is the only place that I give vent to my operatic aspirations, the scratchy notes softened by the mist and dampness. “Mack the Knife” is usually the first of my repertoire. To my dismay, I began with:

“It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a hey nonny no
In springtime, the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing hey ding a ding a ling
Sweet lovers love the spring”

“My goodness” I exclaimed, “the formula has turned me back five hundred, not ten, years! Can I meet Herbert in a corselet and wimple? With a hey nonny? No!”

Nancy Smith

Learning to Swim to Save a Life - Mine

In 1938 in Franklin, Massachusetts, my sister (three years older), brother (two years older) and I were signed up to take swimming lessons in the town pool. The pool was in the woods with muddy fresh water and a few changing rooms. On a hot summer day it was fun.

The three of us started in the beginners’ level. My sister and brother were moved immediately to the intermediate level and then on to the advanced level. Alas, I stayed in the beginners’ level for two seasons, dog paddling—not impressive at all.

By 1941 we were spending time each summer on a salt-water beach on Point Independence in Onset, Massachusetts. What an improvement



over the Franklin town pool—beautiful soft sand and clean salt water. We would play on the beach, go into the shallow water to cool off, and swim or splash around. Sometimes we used a float connected to the Point Independence Yacht Club pier. We would walk out on the pier, then step on the float from which the swimmers would dive in. The water was a foot over my head. Of the ten kids I was the only one who couldn't swim.

One day we were on the float. The other kids thought they would have some fun and pushed me off. I was in trouble, in over my head. I had heard that in such a predicament if you let yourself sink to the bottom, then pushed up with your legs, you could break the surface and get a gulp of air. I did this and yelled for help each time. The response was laughter. I am not sure whether my reaction at the time was more fear or upset at the laughing.

I finally got close enough to the float to grab on and pull myself out. Their reaction was still laughter. While very upset, I decided at that moment that I had better learn to swim - now! I had just learned an important lesson on taking care of myself.

I walked back on the pier to the beach and immediately walked into the water up to my waist with the intent of teaching myself to swim. I now had no lack of motivation.

I practiced the crawl arm strokes over and over and then kicking over and over. I tried to swim the crawl and then would take a short rest and try again. I swallowed a lot of water but putting together the arm strokes and the kicking I started to be able to swim, briefly at first, then for longer and longer periods. Tired but triumphant - hurray! Now if they pushed me off the float I could swim back and push them off. So there!

After that incident I practiced swimming each day, learned more strokes, and grew more and more confident. Was thrilled to be beyond the dog-paddling stage. Good thing because later I spent three years on the ocean in the U. S. Navy.

Bob Anderson

What My Mother Told Me

My mother used to tell me two things. One was “Eat your porridge”. I mostly ignored her on that one, But when I was a teen and boys began calling me for dates, my mother -- who had grown up with a slew of brothers -- advised: “When a boy asks you out feel free to say ‘yes’ or ‘no’. But once you agree, you need to stick to your decision and not break a date because you later get what you consider a “better offer”. Her “Golden Rule” advice was hard to live by on occasion, but doing so helped me to develop a respectful attitude toward other people’s feelings that has served me well in life.

Mary Ellen Turner



Welcome New Residents

Mason & Jean Smith

from Cambridge, 2/26/19

Geraldine (Gerry) Cathcart

from Connecticut, 3/29/19

James and Faith Fenske

from Lexington, 4/1/19

Frank and Jane Horrigan

from Bedford, 4/17/19

Philip and Harriet Applewhite

from Hamden, Connecticut, 4/23/19













How My Mother Told Me

It wasn't *what* my mother told me but *how*. She could have been speaking Swahili or Farsi, it didn't matter. I knew *exactly* what she was saying.

If it contained my middle name, that was the worst. Never, ever did it contain profanity and rarely did the volume increase. But I knew I was in trouble. And I usually knew why. Curiously, I don't remember at all what punishment followed on such occasions (if any). But I do remember the feeling of immediate heart-stopping dread and embarrassment.

Then there was the sing-song voice from our front porch, calling just my first name, childhood nickname actually, to come in for supper. Always the same musical interval - a ninth on the piano if I recall - and it carried much farther than any dinner bell. I, and I'm sure all of the neighbors, could hear her from several houses away or on the other side of the woods in back of my friend's house. It meant dinner time. If I arrived reasonably soon, all was well. But if I dawdled, the ultimate punishment awaited me: the dreaded glass of, by then, warm non-homogenized milk at my dinner place. You probably remember it: though well-shaken earlier, by the time I got there the cream had risen to the top. My mother hated milk, as did I, so she knew the worst punishment for me was to have to drink that horrible, warm, slightly salve-y liquid. I got a plate of food too, no longer hot, which I didn't have to eat. But I had to drink that yucky milk, every drop. Definitely cruel and unusual punishment.

Though the "how" of my mother's voice is sharper in my memory than the "what" she told me, the "what" is definitely ingrained in my character. It was she who told me not to follow the lemmings off the cliff - to think and act independently. It was her love of music that rubbed off on me (though way more on my oldest brother, a professional musician and musicologist). It was her love of books that somewhat belatedly gripped me in a vice I hope never to escape. (Aside: moving to Carleton-Willard the only thing I regretted having to downsize were my bookcases and books.)

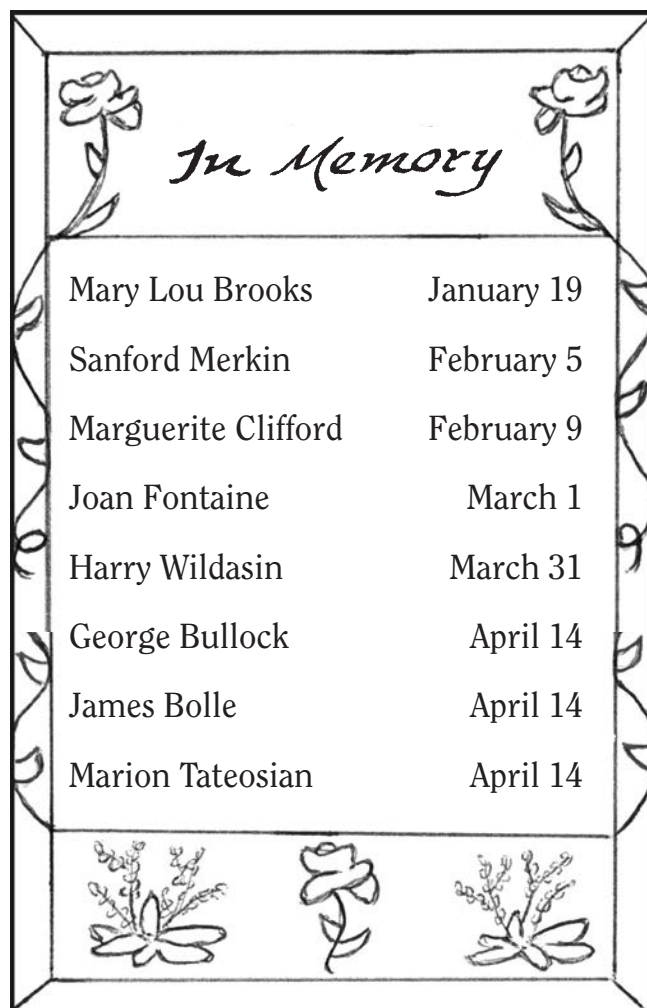
By example rather than with words, Mom taught me neighborliness. A pie to the family behind us when they lost their mother, having

us shovel our elderly neighbor's walk. Many little things that seemed insignificant at the time. There was no overt teaching moment at those times, no lectures on this is what one should do. Just action.

Mom never told me what to watch (or not watch) on television - when we finally got one. She never told me what to read or not read. She never told me what to wear, or not wear, to school. (I once got to school and discovered I was wearing one striped sock and one single color sock. Mortification!) So perhaps this essay should be titled: What My Mother *Didn't* Tell Me.

And I can't wait till the suggested theme is What My Father Told Me. That gentle, loving man who taught me to love the outdoors and nature, who walked the walk of excessive kindness to people and animals. Oh yes, he also taught me to dance (on his toes), and he played a mean banjo.

Madelyn Armstrong





Village

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

Ocean Liners: Glamour, Speed and Style

Curator of the recent Ocean Liners exhibition at the Peabody Essex Museum, Dr. Dan Finamore brought alive the history and romance of those floating marvels of luxury and engineering. Through stories and illustrations, he told how the exhibit was organized, including the gathering of films, posters, models and artifacts from both sides of the Atlantic. In 1840 Samuel Cunard sailed from Southampton to Boston on the Britannia, the first true ocean liner. Ever since, companies and countries vied to build faster, safer and more luxurious liners, with the Cunard Line currently operating Queen Mary II, Queen Victoria and Queen Elizabeth, the only true ocean liners afloat.



Tour of Bedford

Bedford Historian Sharon McDonald joined residents for a tour of “our home town”. She shared facts about the town – incorporation in 1729, the early settlers, the saw mills, the cordwainers (shoemakers) - and pointed out many sites, including the Springs Hotel at Faun Lake (torn down in 1913), the Two Brothers Rocks (indicating original land grants), Huckins Farm, the old Nike Missile Site, the old railroad depot, the Job Lane House, and Chip In Farm. A highlight of the tour was a stop at the Bedford Library to view The Bedford Flag and to hear and read about its history. The trip ended with a tasty lunch at Blue Fuji restaurant.

Russian Romantic Masters

A dynamic trio of musicians from Music Street, Boston-area classical music professionals founded by pianist Diane Katzenbach Braun, daughter-in-law of resident Esther Braun, enlivened a winter’s night with a themed program of duos, trios and solos by Russian composers from the turn of the 20th century. Joined by violinist Danny Koo and cellist Eunghee Cho, the group stressed connections among seven composers, from Tchaikovsky to Rachmaninoff (and even George Gershwin, via his Russian parentage). Players offered helpful commentary before each piece. Rimsky-Korsakov’s exuberant Scherzo capped a memorable evening of highly skilled ensemble playing.

Meet the Manager

Sarah Stanton, Bedford’s Town Manager, visited at the invitation of the Civic Issues Group, to discuss issues facing the town. In office just four months, she displayed a deep understanding of the history and traditions of Bedford, and the workings of town government. Questions from residents led to discussions about beavers, noise from airplanes approaching Hanscom Field, traffic congestion at the nearby intersection, renewable energy use, and affordable housing. Asked to name the biggest problem facing the town, Ms. Stanton focused on growth and the related needs for financial and personnel resources to manage it well.

Addison Museum at Phillips Academy

Mild weather allowed us to enjoy our visit to The Addison Museum of American Art at Phillips Academy in Andover. We began with a gallery talk by the curator of the newest exhibition, “In and Out of Place”. Divided into three categories (nature, home and city), the works in the exhibit show how our notions of place are shaped by visual imagery. The curator introduced us to the other current exhibitions - “Contemplating the View: American Landscape Photographs”, “The Body: Concealing and Revealing”, and “4 X 4”. After exploring the exhibits we walked to the Andover Inn for an outstanding lunch ending with trays of just-baked cookies.



Happenings

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

Watercolor Exhibit

Mary Allen Bramhall's exhibit of watercolors was a delightful mid-winter treat. In sharing her memories of travels abroad, in familiar local scenes, and in the more intimate still lifes we find her affection mirrored by our own enjoyment. Each painting is a gem in its own right, to be viewed repeatedly as village life takes one through the gallery. A retrospective like this lets us in on the artist's life in a special way. Her talent with watercolor is evident throughout. So is her appreciation of the particular aspects of each chosen subject. This medium is said to be difficult to master, but we know that she did just that.

The Dining Room

The Village Thespians offered a selection of scenes from *The Dining Room*, a 1981 "comedy of manners" by A.R. Gurney. As in many of Gurney's plays, we were drawn into a series of events involving family members experiencing emotional encounters, representative of WASP culture in the middle of the 20th century, and likely, to some degree, autobiographical. In the original play, six actors portrayed a mix of family members in each of the eighteen scenes, all set around the same dining room table. In the Thespians version, sixteen residents appeared, under the able direction of Teresa Traveline.

Kevin Farley, the Irish Music Guy

Festive green lights bathed the Auditorium stage two days before St. Patrick's Day to illuminate Kevin Farley's story-based musical thrill ride through 200 years of Irish music. Singing sixteen songs connected to Ireland ranging from 18th-century folk melodies to Bing Crosby hits of the 1940s, Farley accompanied himself on seven musical instruments while enriching his characterful delivery with an amusing and informative narrative. He fascinated us with a bodhrán (hand-held drum) and a 19th-century penny whistle, before slinging an Irish Harp over his shoulder ("an authentic replica") to melt all hearts with "The Last Rose of Summer".

Harvard University's Natural History Museum

On our visit to Harvard's Museum of Natural History we marveled at the Ware Collection of over 3000 glass models of flowers and plants, created in Germany over a fifty year period by father and son Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka. A special exhibit "*Rotten Apples: Botanical Models of Diversity and Disease*" featured the history of a single apple species *Malus pumila*, brought to this country in 1624. Remarkably, the entire exhibit was glass! Leaving the Ware Collection, we explored other areas in the Museum, where we enjoyed seeing examples of fossils, meteorites, gemstones and some of the 12,000 specimens of the world's wildlife.



From Ethnic to Electronic: Global Flutes, Drums and Piano

Wendy Rolfe, daughter of resident Stephanie Rolfe, ably supported by pianist Deborah DeWolf Emery and Guatemalan percussionist Ricardo Monzon, presented a wide-ranging program of music from six countries. Wendy played five different flutes, including piccolo to imitate high-pitched birdsong, dizi or Chinese flute to adorn Yun Chung's lovely "Reminiscence", and Kenyan and Korean flutes to perform Cypriot Burak Besir's "Ethnoflution". The evening's most ambitious piece, "Aristotle and the Universal Flute", sported recorded bells, accordion, Japanese flute and human voice. Monzon's spectacular hand-percussion solo on the cajon or wooden drum and three suspended brass cymbals was riveting.

Edwin Cox, Harry Hoover



Found By Fame

A busy two weeks in June 1952—graduated from Tufts, commissioned as an officer in the United States Navy and reported for duty on a large aircraft carrier at Norfolk, Virginia.

Huge change from being a college senior, well known and knowing lots of people: classmates, undergrads, faculty and administration. The aircraft carrier had 3,400 people (we did not know each other) and was a confusing labyrinth of passageways and ladders.

As a junior junior officer Ensign Anderson did not have any highly visible duties and became known only to a few other junior junior officers. My assignment was as a number two junior officer in a small gunnery division which normally had only one junior officer. My first accomplishment was being able to find my way around and getting from point A to point B. Big deal.

Life rapidly became more interesting and challenging. I was put in training to become qualified as an officer of the deck (OOD). Once qualified, while on watch as OOD you were responsible for the ship.

By the Fall we were part of a task force in the Mediterranean Sea, visiting several ports from Turkey to Spain. Pretty neat. I started to know my jobs but very few of the 3,400 crew knew or cared who Ensign Anderson was.

We were anchored off Marseille, France and could go ashore on liberty via small boats (liberty boats). Liberty started around 4 p.m. and ended when the last liberty boat left the dock at Marseille to return to the ship. I had liberty the first evening, in civilian clothes, and enjoyed a dinner in the city and looking around with a small group of other officers. When we went to the dock to get a liberty boat back to the carrier we found that the wind had become strong and boating was cancelled. We were stuck in Marseille overnight. I walked up the main street in Marseille, La Canneberie, found a hotel and checked in, requesting an early morning call so I could get back to the dock when the liberty boats started running again.

When I woke up the next morning the bed felt so very, very comfortable until I realized that it was broad daylight and that I had overslept. Now I was in trouble. I ran down La Canneberie to the dock in time to see liberty boats returning from the ship with the message that boating was cancelled again because of high wind. Now I was AWOL for the day. Well, I might as well enjoy seeing the city during the day when life was normal. I had a blast just walking through markets, etc. Lunch was fun because the restaurant I went into had the menu hand-written in chalk, in French. I couldn't read a word and the staff spoke no English so I pointed to a line on the chalk board to order. Imagine my surprise when I found I had ordered fried celery for lunch.

Since I was scheduled for liberty that evening, I met some officers for dinner. When we got to the dock we found that boating had been cancelled again. Now I was REALLY in trouble: AWOL for a second day.

I was at the dock very early the next morning and caught the first liberty boat back to the ship. When I climbed up the gangway the OOD told me, "THE GUNNERY OFFICER IS WAITING TO SEE YOU". He and I had a short one-way discussion and he restricted me to the ship for a couple of weeks. I felt very bad.

But then a miracle happened. Because I had been the only AWOL for two days, it seemed that the entire 3,400 crew knew about Ensign Anderson - WOW! I was instantly well known. When I walked around, sailors would offer me cups of coffee from their private supplies. Everyone called me by my name. I was a celebrity. Way to go! You never know what it takes.

While I was restricted to the ship I stood other officers' watches so they could go ashore. Arriving at Nice on the French Riviera we anchored again. It was the beginning of Mardi Gras, the biggest in Europe. By now my restriction had been lifted and I had liberty every evening because of the credits I had accumulated while restricted. (I'm learning the system.)

Then I was assigned full time to Shore Patrol Duty in Nice and checked into a very plush hotel. Our duty was to cruise the night spots, make



sure the sailors were peaceful and then sweep the city to ensure that all of the sailors had cleared out by midnight and returned for boating back to the ship. I would change back into civilian clothes and then do the night spots, ending up at a restaurant around 4 a.m. to eat delicious escargot, sip coffee and read the French newspaper. The Senior Shore Patrol Officer had to return to the ship early in the morning to report on the evening. Because I was the Junior I could do what I wanted during the day - so I took in all the Mardi Gras parades. Not bad ...

Bob Anderson

Excess Equaled Success *a recollection*

Furniture, jewelry, pots and pans,
Handbags, glassware, teapots and fans,
Board games, skillets, placemats and chairs,
Villagers gathered to sell all their wares.
Crowd management's tricky, policemen help out,
When more help was needed, we just gave a shout.
When cashiers had totaled the "take of the day",
The wonderful thing was we gave it away!

Lois Pulliam

Good Night

A few days ago, a good-natured dinner companion sent me home with the friendly, well-wishing ditty "Good night, sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs bite!" Unexpectedly, this triggered a very real memory; it popped up from the stuff crowded in my head, no matter how insignificant it may be.

There was this particular day when I had an itchy spot or two, and I whined to my Nanny about them. She did not identify them as mosquito bites, the only kind she knew from our Italian holiday, and was mystified that there were such nasty things around. She mentioned her puzzlement to our cook over big mugs of coffee. Although our cook had a plain face, with a "pudding basin" hairstyle, atop a boney body, she was quite wise when it came to general life experience. Mutti had given her the job not only because of her ability to concoct delicious yet thrifty dishes, but because of her sincere effort to better herself after having previously worked in rather shabby, poorer districts. Her name was Millie.

She listened patiently to Nanny's concerns about my itchy spots and with Nanny's permission, examined me lovingly. Sure enough, her suspicions were confirmed." These are bed bugs", (in German 'Wanzen') she said. "Let's hunt them down right away wherever they are," she told Nanny. My bed at that time had replaced a large brass child's crib; it was a convertible contraption for daytime use as a sofa. Millie and Nanny proceeded to take it apart, stripped down to its skeleton mechanism. I was horrified lest they might never be able to put my bed together again.

Sure enough, they found some ugly dark blobs in the joints of the frame which Millie proclaimed were "Wanzen", and the mere name made me shudder. The English "bed bugs" is a more genteel name, sounding more like "bed hugs", while the German "Wanzen" evokes the image of a stinking, tar-spreading monster crawling over a neatly prepared road surface.

It was high time to call in my mother. She



had never seen anything like it. Further search found heavy concentrations of broods in the black frame of the picture hanging above my bed. Getting rid of that brought a glimmer of relief to me. I had never liked the gloomy dark green forest trees in the foreground, without even a single ray of sunshine or a glimpse of blue sky -- nor the mourning black frame.

Mutti thanked Millie and immediately summoned a certified exterminator. My brother and I were removed from this ghastly scene to spend time with grandmother until the crisis was over. When questioned, the janitor admitted that the messy tenant above had recently fumigated his rooms without professional expert help. He had probably failed to seal the affected areas so the bugs had migrated (alive), dropping down to my room below. The exterminator mother hired sealed every possible chink or escape route the bugs or the poisonous fumes could take, and effectively massacred the entire colony of bugs.

Then the whole nursery was scrubbed squeaky clean and the lingering fumes were replaced with the scent of a meadow after a rainfall in spring. Only then were my brother and I allowed back home. The complicated convertible sofa-bed came back from the upholsterer with brand new springs and a cheerful deep rose striped fabric cover.

This memory was asleep for many years until my young-old girl friend awakened it with her wishing me, "Good night, sleep tight, don't let the bed bugs bite."

Daisy Illich

Remembering Heathcliffe

As I stand before a watercolor representation of the rocky coast of Maine, I am taken back to a summer day many years ago when my long-legged Scottish Deerhound and I, accompanied by a friend and her short-legged Skye Terrier, found a small secluded beach in Maine. No one else was there so the dogs could be set free. On one ledge were a number of noisy seagulls. As we walked along the sand, one of the bolder birds took off from a ledge and swooped on a downward arc over my dog, Heathcliffe. At the blink of an eye Heathcliffe leapt up and caught the gull in mid-flight.

Having only two legs and no wings, I stood rooted to my spot. But I had a good pair of lungs and used them to screech "Cliffie!" He turned to me in mid-stride and must have relaxed his grip. The gull flew off.

This was an example of what dog owners call a "soft mouth" -- the bird was apparently unharmed and perhaps even unfazed. This is a critical characteristic for hunting dogs.

Cliffie demonstrated his soft mouth on another occasion, halfway across the country. We were traveling to the Chicago area in a station wagon with the same dogs plus a couple more borrowed ones for a grooming competition. We stopped over at a motel towards evening. After settling our stuff in the room, I took Cliffie out back to the dog-walking area. There was a source of light near ground level. Around it circled a number of moths. Cliffie reached down, opened his mouth and took one in. This time I didn't screech but spoke sharply. "Drop it!" Cliffie obliged, opening his mouth, and the moth fluttered away, apparently none the worse for wear.

Janet Kennedy





Remembered Refrains November 2016

“You’re the cream in my coffee; you’re the salt in my stew.” I mumble it to myself as I make breakfast, maybe as I assemble dinner as well. I don’t take cream in my coffee; I don’t put much salt in my stew, but the words bump around in my head, and I hum along as I move about my kitchen alone. “I’d be lost without you.” Three years and a month or so. Am I lost?

A little lost. A little found. A little bit Country. A little bit rock and roll. One line summons another. Who knows? But the songs persist. So many lines are engraved, ridged into consciousness, bubbling up from nowhere. One word tumbles out another; one mood releases unbidden a rhyming return. “You’re the cream in my coffee; you’re the salt in my stew.” “You’ll always be my necessity; I’d be lost without you.”

Like so many things, our taste in music overlapped but wasn’t quite the same. He preferred vocal music. . . opera in particular. I preferred string quartets. He liked Mahler; I liked Bach. But we both enjoyed Billy Holiday, Miles Davis, Thomas Hampton singing the American Songbook, Bruce Springsteen carrying on forever, Victoria De Los Angeles singing “Songs of the Auvergne”, musicals . . . anything from Carousel to Sunday in the Park with George. Just like our home décor. We could agree on earth tones and simplicity, but I might have liked some paisley patterns that he would eschew and he gravitated toward that bold fish from the Pacific Northwest that I might not have wanted. Our house was a compromise, a marriage. Though we both agreed on the Georgia O’Keefe-like steer skull above our bed.

So the song persists. Was he the cream in my coffee (that I actually prefer to drink black)? Was he the salt in my stew (that I’d prefer to season another way)? Yes, he did complete this house, my life. Perhaps by being different from me. Adding something else. Not being the same was the point. He could be outrageous; I try not to be. I could be persistent and determined,

where he might have preferred to let something go. So, was he my necessity and am I lost? Not entirely. Almost, but not quite. Because there are memories and tangible traces of connection that nothing obliterates. Some things do outlive death; some things remain even when they are gone. Like this song that rattles around in my head, one line promoting the next even when the music stops.

Marjorie Roemer

Welcome a New Day

Every day each of us turns over a new leaf, a new day presenting an opportunity to start over again.

Think of putting your feet firmly on the floor as you arise from the night’s sleep with a deliberate mind-set that today is a new start. What a liberating difference that thought would make.

If formerly you passed people in the hallway silently, try saying “Good morning; how are you?”. Watch their faces light up: “someone noticed me” they think. What if you asked someone you did not know to join you for dinner?

If you drive, ask someone who no longer is able to exercise that privilege to go with you to the supermarket, a movie, a dinner off campus.

Take one of the classes offered by the Health and Fitness Department. Get a friend to sign up with you; there is more stick-to-itiveness if a companion joins the effort.

Read a book on a subject you’ve not yet explored. Cook a meal from a recipe not yet attempted.

Yes, there are new leaves just waiting to be turned over. The key is looking about for those that interest you -- then just plunging in!

Ara Tyler



White Water Rafting

All our dancing friends were in their early seventies. I was seventy-three at the time. Occasionally someone would come up with an interesting and different thing to do which would have nothing to do with ballroom dancing. How about rafting on the Kennebec River? There was a company which would take eight of us on an exciting raft trip. Most of the trip was pretty tame by white water standards with a few challenging intense areas. In this picture my wife and I have the fourth seats near the rear of the raft in front of the guide.



And then it happened. The river dipped sharply and dropped eight or ten feet. The raft and most of us landed in the swirling water below. I am the one with the white head just to the right of someone's upright leg. My wife was still in the raft and had big Frank sitting on top of her.

Our leader repeatedly called out a wide variety of colorful expletives. She was agitated as you might expect. Nevertheless, she took control and started hauling us in, one after another. The raft soon slipped into much calmer water and we all made it safely back on board.



Everyone was all right and there was no harm done except everyone was drenched to the skin.

The company who runs these trips had a photographer along the route; that is why the first picture is so clear and saleable. The dumping was not supposed to happen. Our guide steered the raft over close to the shore where this sharp drop occurred. The raft was supposed to hit the top straight head-on. We were at a little bit of an angle. Our guide was quite capable but both water and raft were moving quickly so there wasn't much margin for error. She was more upset than any of us.

Maybe ballroom dancing is tamer, but this is the sort of experience that stays with you for a long time.

Wally Campbell

All Gone - Save My Sister

This was a rare, hot English summer's day and I had grabbed the chance to settle down and lose myself with my brother's Steinway piano. For a change, I had the whole house to myself - a condition that gave me courage to approach his beloved instrument. Gently I removed my Mother's gorgeous garden flower arrangement, and set it on the little Chippendale table, being careful not to spill water on Father's violin. I raised the lid of the piano and tremulously approached the loose piles of music that were stacked all around. Most of the music was much too difficult for me to play. But never mind, today there was nobody in the house to hear me. I could romp along with no inhibitions - a grownup word Mother used a lot. I found a work by my favorite composer, Albenez, and tore into the mood of his Tango, stretching my thirteen year old hands towards its lilting chords and rhythms. Inept and discordant, the performance was wild and unabashedly loud. "Catalonia", I sang to my little world, "here I come". It was wonderful.

It was, then, pretty amazing that I heard the racket coming from the garden. Boots crunched on the stone terrace, squeaks and scrapes, the sound of voices. I guessed who was the cause of it, but I was shocked to discover that an entirely



new game was being played. I was curious. Two hulking neighborhood boys, Gerald and Patrick, were tearing around outside our house, pushing ahead of them our beloved, antique Victorian perambulator that had been stored in Summer House for the past dozen years. There, inside this precious heirloom, was my sixteen year old sister, Cynthia, swathed in blankets, firmly wedged, stuck tight as a mummy. No one, not even she, could wriggle out of that.

It had been more than an hour since the boys had walked across the fields, climbed the old iron fence and hiked up the length of our extensive garden. I knew what kind of terrible actions they might be looking for. I disappeared upstairs. Not so Cynth. The long school holidays had become tedious: she was ready for distraction. Short in stature, she was strong and tough. Fun for her was mucking out the cowsheds on our neighbor's farm, or leading a hockey game against tremendous odds. Bring on a challenge and she was ready to go!

Alarmed, I watched the boys tug and pull the pram away from the house and hurtle down the steps onto the lawn. They tumbled over uneven paving stones in the rose garden, and moved on to the orchard, zigzagging in and out of the fruit trees. The decrepit hard rubber wheels of the old pram bumped cruelly over fallen apples, brick-lined edging, sticks and stones. The crude rusty springs were stressed beyond their limit and could offer no relief. More obstacles lay ahead: the greenhouse, tool sheds, the water garden. Cynth would be battered and bruised, the boys delighted. And after navigating these and a large rockery, finally they would end up at the old, deep muddy farm pond. When the pram tipped over, Cynth would be headed for drowning or a broken neck. But who was going to curb the actions of those horrible two bullies. Right away I had to admit that my sister's life hung by a thread on my own very small shoulders.

I stepped out into the garden, fists clenched. The boys were off in the distance almost at the top of the slope that led down to the watery disaster area where the pram was set straight for a watery grave. Leaden-legged I charged on. I screamed, I yelled, my skinny body stiff as a poker. The boys

started to run and gave the pram a humungous push towards an inevitable drowning.

Raucous laughter echoed back to me as the boys raced over the fence and disappeared across the fields. The pram rocked wildly in the muddy pond. One wheel sank into the stinking sludge. With a sickening scrunch the whole pram flipped over, the side panel splitting into several jagged pieces. My mud-covered, wriggling sister furiously fought her way out. Grabbing her arm with both hands, I braced my foot on the confining coachwork and tried to haul her free. She struggled for release, a slimey moth emerging from its weathered wet cocoon.

Cynth was not one to make a fuss. Slowly she got on her feet and dragged herself up the hill. She barely glanced towards the fence. "Those idiots!", she muttered. I groped in the watery muck to find her shoes. She was limping along ahead of me when I stood up, pausing to get my breath. She called out, fiercely, "Not a word about this, or I'll kill you." For several moments we both stood still, staring at nothing. We were exhausted. Then Cynth turned and walked back towards me. She leaned over, holding out a gritty hand to help me. Smiling a little she said, "Come on then, I'll make us a nice hot cup of tea."

Stephanie Rolfe



Underneath It All

When it's cold, our compost freezes!
That's how February teases.
Still, the little bursts of sun
Let us know that Spring's begun.
Under all the trees and bushes
We assume some worm still pushes.
Sand is on the parking lot
So there's no forget-me-not.
With the thaws in March, and April showers
Bulbs bring us the parade of flowers.

Lois Pulliam



the NORTH AMERICAN BEAVER

Castor canadensis

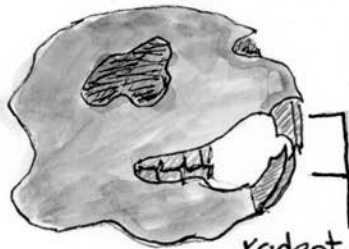
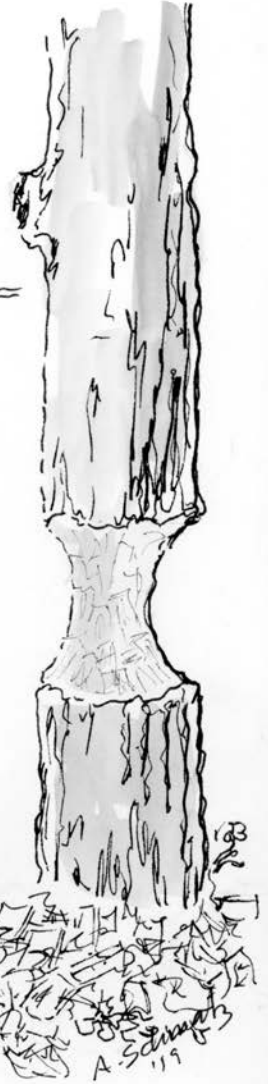
A large, primarily nocturnal
semiaquatic rodent



the dam built across
Springs Brook near Rte 62
November 2018



the lodge has two
under water entrances



rodent incisors
worn down by constant chewing



average length 3-4' weight up to 75 lbs.



tail track



track

6 inches



(Originally called Library Lines)

Filling in the Gaps

In the December 2018 issue of the Villager I wrote an article about the first six years of the Carleton-Willard Village Library (1982 to 1988). Since then additional information has been unearthed, revealing more about the development of the library up to the present.

It is hard to imagine the library without the reading room, which was added in 1988. Comfortable chairs with good lighting and a large table offering the daily newspapers make the reading room a warm and inviting place. Several years ago we began to offer large print versions of the daily crossword, sudoku and ken ken puzzles and these have been very well received.

Our collection has changed considerably over the years. At first the collection consisted solely of donations from incoming residents. By 1990, however, the library reported the purchase of 225 regular print books. Large print books were borrowed from the Bedford Public Library. By 1992 we were purchasing our own large print books, even though the selection was very limited. By this time we added two drawers to the card catalog dedicated to large print titles.

Book selection procedures have also changed. At first, three times every year the library committee took a field trip to a local book outlet to purchase a large number of regular print books. Four times a year a subcommittee chose large print books. Now the library committee does regular print book selection every month,

usually choosing from fifteen to twenty new titles and ordering them from Amazon. In addition, our large print subcommittee chooses seven titles every month. This guarantees a steady stream of new books and they are eagerly awaited. Our book budget has grown from \$2200 in 1992 to our present budget of \$5400. These funds come from the proceeds of the General Store and are voted on each year by the Residents' Association.

We do still have our card catalog, but technology is used more and more. In 2001, under the leadership of Esther Braun, we began entering the library circulation into a Quicken spreadsheet. Tracking circulation helps us to see what our residents are reading. Each month we print out a six-month circulation report. This reminds residents of when a book was signed out and it identifies titles that are overdue. Every summer we print out a three year circulation report, which we use when weeding the collection.

The library has had strong leadership over the years. When the library committee was established in 1984, the Chair was Dorothy Walker, a retired librarian. Janet Buckingham was chair from 1992 to 1998, Gene Odell from 1999 to 2006, Louis Pitt from 2007 to 2013, and the position was passed on to me in 2014. Many residents have served on the library committee with thoughtfulness and dedication, and the library is thriving.

Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee



Among the Newest

Good Riddance by Elinor Lipman
When a young woman throws away her 1968 school yearbook and an author finds it, madcap adventures follow.

Stony the Road by Henry Louis Gates, Jr.
The painful story of blacks between emancipation and civil rights legislation. 100 years of tragedy and hope.

Wilding by Isabella Tree
3500 acres of over-farmed land in England are boldly returned to the wild of natural greens and roaming animals.

Behold America by Sarah Churchwell
The author explores two opposing views of America, their evolution and their manifestation today.

The Only Woman in the Room by Marie Benedict
Far more than a beautiful movie star, Hedy Lamarr was an inventor of technology that led to wi-fi and the cell phone.

The American Agent by Jacqueline Winspear
During the Blitz of 1940 Maisie Dobbs investigates the death of an American reporter and makes a shocking discovery.

Prisoner by Jason Rezaian
The author's 544 days in an Iranian prison – solitary confinement, a sham trial and high-stakes diplomacy.

We Were the Lucky Ones by Georgia Hunter
The personal tale of the author's Jewish family in Poland – the horrors they faced and how each family member survived.

In Praise of Wasting Time by Alan Lightman
MIT professor Lightman believes that, in this driven society, we need time to relax and reflect to recharge our spiritual batteries.

The One-in-a-Million Boy by Monica Wood
The story of a 104-year-old immigrant woman and a boy who does her chores and becomes a real friend.

Go Find by Susan Purvis
The author trains her Labrador retriever puppy to be a rescue dog, and rescues herself as well.

The Threat by Andrew McCabe
The Acting Head of the FBI offers a concise but substantive account of U.S. Intelligence being undermined by the President.

First: Sandra Day O'Connor By Evan Thomas
A richly detailed picture of the personal and professional life of the first female justice of the Supreme Court.

Someone Knows by Lisa Scottoline
A domestic drama centering on three people who share a deadly past. Lots of skeletons in the family closet.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Harris, Kamala	The Truths We Hold
Purvis, Susan	Go Find
Rehman, Sabeeha	Threading My Prayer Rug
Shapiro, Dani	Inheritance

Cassidy, Tina

Mr. President, How Long
Must We Wait?

Clark, Mary Higgins

Every Breath You Take (*)

Franqui, Leah

America for Beginners

Gabriele, Lisa

The Winters

Ganeshram, Ramin

The General's Cook (*)

Goldsworthy, Adrian

Vindolanda

Heller, Peter

The River

Hendricks, Greer &
Pekkanen, Sarah

An Anonymous Girl

Jenoff, Pam

The Lost Girls of Paris (*)

Jewell, Lisa

Then She Was Gone

Jewett, Sarah Orne

The Country of the Pointed
Firs

Jones, Sherry

Josephine Baker's Last
Dance (*)

Kelly, Julia

The Light Over London (*)

Leon, Donna

Unto Us a Son is Given

Letts, Elizabeth

Finding Dorothy

Lipman, Elinor

Good Riddance

Loigman, Lynda
Cohen

The Wartime Sisters

Loigman, Lynda
Cohen

The Wartime Sisters (*)

Lundberg, Sofia

The Red Address Book (*)

Mah, Ann

The Lost Vintage

McLain, Paula

Love and Ruin

Meissnew, Susan

The Last Year of the War

Messud, Claire

The Burning Girl

Morton, Kate

The Lake House

Page, Libby

The Lido (*)

Patrick, Phaedra

The Library of Lost and
Found (*)

Perry, Anne

Triple Jeopardy

Queen, Ellery

The Chinese Orange
Mystery (*)

Biography

Carter, Stephen L.	Invisible (*)
Thomas, Evan	First: Sandra Day O'Connor

Current Affairs

Biskupic, Joan	The Chief
Carlson, Tucker	Ship of Fools (*)
Churchwell, Sarah	Behold, America
Gutman, Matt	The Boys in the Cave
Lewis, Michael	The Fifth Risk (*)
McCabe, Andrew G.	The Threat
Rezaian, Jason	Prisoner

Environment

Tree, Isabella	Wilding
Wallace-Wells, David	The Uninhabitable Earth

Fiction

Arimah, Lesley Nneka	What It Means When a Man Falls From The Sky (*)
Barbash, Tom	The Dakota Winters (*)
Benedict, Marie	The Only Woman in the Room
Benedict, Marie	The Only Woman in the Room (*)
Box, C. J.	Wolf Pack
Camilleri, Andrea	The Overnight Kidnapper
Callahan, Patti	Becoming Mrs. Lewis
Carr, Robyn	The Best of Us
Carr, Robyn	The Family Gathering



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Rinehart, Mary	The Red Lamp (*)	Hunter, Georgia	We Were the Lucky Ones
Roberts		Kaplan, Fred	Lincoln and the Abolitionists
Robinson, Peter	Careless Love	McDonald, Sharon	A Meetinghouse and Its
Scottoline, Lisa	Someone Knows	Lawrence	People
See, Lisa	The Island of Sea Women (*)	Meltzer, Brad & Mensch, Josh	The First Conspiracy (*)
Steel, Danielle	Beauchamp Hall	Miller, Patricia	Bringing Down the Colonel
Steel, Danielle	Turning Point	Olson, Lynne	Madame Fourcade's Secret War
Thomas, Will	Blood is Blood	Willner, Nina	Forty Autumns
Veletzos, Roxanne	The Girl They Left Behind (*)	Wood, Gordon S.	Friends Divided
Vijay, Madhuri	The Far Field	Miscellaneous	
Winspear, Jacqueline	The American Agent	Becker, Joshua	The Minimalist Home (*)
Wood, Monica	The One-in-a-million Boy		
Health/Wellness		Nature	
Lightman, Alan	In Praise of Wasting Time	De Waal, Frans	Mama's Last Hug
Pipher, Mary	Women Rowing North		
History		Resident Authors	
Finamore, Daniel & Wood, Ghislaine, Eds.	Ocean Liners	Downes, Sherrell	Faith, Family, Humor
Gates Jr., Henry Louis	Stony the Road	Milliken, Arthur N.	A Dash of Luck, A Lot of Love
Gergel, Richard	Unexampled Courage	Travel	
Geroux, William	The Mathews Men	Ferguson, James	Dominican Republic
Goodman, Ruth	How to Behave in Elizabethan England (*)	Harrell, Ashley & Raub, Kevin	Dominican Republic

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





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