



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

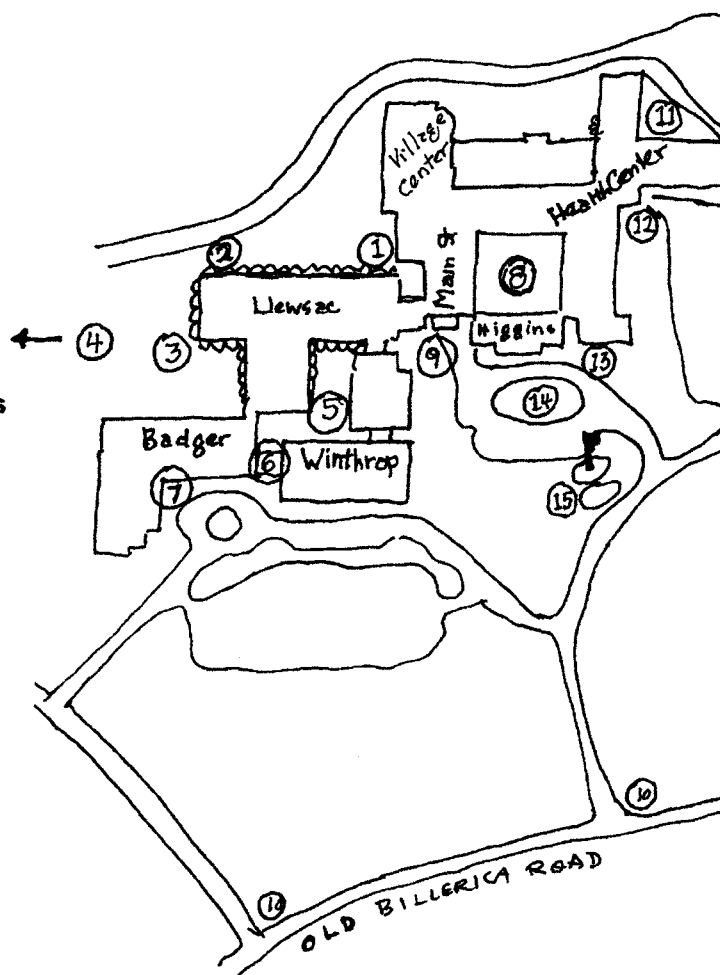


JUNE 2020 ❁ VOLUME 38 ❁ Number 2



CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE IN BLOOM

- ① Brass Rail courtyard of shrub border large pots of annuals, perennial border
- ② Rock Garden - all season bloom
- ③ Window Boxes overflowing with annuals
- ④ to the Pine Path - white pines underplanted with ferns and wildflowers
- ⑤ Primrose Path - bulbs, perennials, flowering shrubs, butterfly attractants
- ⑥ Woodland Garden - early wildflowers ferns and shrubs
- ⑦ Badger Circle - curbside perennials, annuals, shrubs, flowering trees
- ⑧ Courtyard with ferns, shrubs, perennials and annuals under flowering trees, pool with lotus and waterlily and koi
- ⑨ Main Entrance - Rose garden azaleas, perennials, ferns
- ⑩ Entrances from Old Billerica Road - spring bulbs and flowering shrubs, followed by annuals
- ⑪ Ross-Worthen Courtyard - a sensory garden bright colors and a woodland walk
- ⑫ Health Center entrance - shade plants of mixed colors and textures
- ⑬ Clinic entrance - bulbs, shrubs, perennials
- ⑭ Higgins House Circle - shrubs, heaths, bulbs roses and berries. Winter color.
- ⑮ Flaggpole gardens - massed native perennials for birds, butterflies and pollinators





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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Anne Schmalz

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

Editor's Corner



The theme of this June issue of the Villager is Summer Stories. We have several stories and reminiscences of summer to bring you. We also have some articles that help us to know some of our fellow residents better and to reflect on what is important to them - and perhaps to us, too.

One of the special things about summer here at Carleton-Willard is the blossoming of the landscape. To that end we have used a picture of the Rock Garden on our cover and inside the cover a guide to where the gardens are.

Since the March issue, we, in the village, and in fact the world, have realized the disruption that a global pandemic brings. 'Social Distancing' has become the mantra and as activities were curtailed and communal eating was called off we had to find other things to do and ways to be together with friends, and to keep in touch with family.

Pressing forward with the June issue of this magazine seemed all the more important as a way to interact with the community and keep in touch. We may not see many of our fellow residents in person in the day-to-day isolation that many face, but here you will find a variety of items written for your enjoyment and even your education.

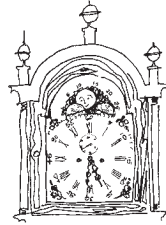
One source of entertainment has been the start of the clearing and the construction of Arlington Court. The twelve units to be built will complete our community and it is anticipated that they will be occupied next year. For those who could watch from outside the fence it has been awesome as a variety of big machines transformed a woodland into a level building site. We have included a page at the end of this issue about this.

We hope you may use the quiet of summer to write something of your own for September, and we extend our wish that you may keep well.

Anne Schmalz
Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the Chief Executive Officer



“Little darling, the smiles returning to the faces ... it seems like years since it’s been here”

– Here Comes the Sun, George Harrison/The Beatles

There was a time not so long ago - at least it seems not so long ago - that the world came to a standstill for two or three months.

Summertime.

Before 24-hour news cycles and all-things-digital. When you knew all your neighbors. When playtime meant riding bikes (without a helmet!) or flying kites in the park (with no adult supervision!) or (gasp) drinking from a garden hose.

We’d all anxiously, agonizingly, wait for that final school bell – books and tests and homework an instant memory! I remember racing home as excited as Christmas morning to unwrap all the fun. Picnics. The beach. Ball games. Fireworks. Struggling to keep ahead of melting ice cream.

There were days I’d just lie on the grass watching the sky ... the sun darting in and out of clouds, a cool breeze bathing toasty skin .. the distant hum of a lawnmower or a pop song from a fading car radio.

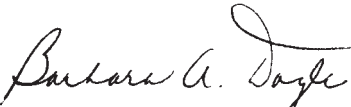
Best of all was the day family vacation was announced! Would it be a favorite spot or someplace new? Would I need to pack a swimsuit and fishing pole? Hiking shoes and a sleeping bag? Will there be a roller-coaster?

Just yesterday, it seems.

The summer-long pause was such a blessing – and I think it’s more than the nostalgia talking. It was the world shouting to slow down, reorient ourselves to nature and family. It’s where we realized, so clearly: what an amazing life this is.

This year I’m taking extra steps – a “summer vacation in spirit,” if nothing else. It’s a very different world now, and things simply coming to a happy pause is a rarity. So I’m going to make a deliberate effort to carve out a time, every day, to find some solitude. Turn off the noise. Breathe deeply. Reacquaint my senses to summer’s sounds and scents ... the sun, the air, flowers, grass, let it all envelop me. Really feel the summer once again.

“And I say, it’s all right.”


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



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The Best of Summer

One of my great joys of summer was the time to enjoy my new hobby of motorcycling. By the time I had learned enough to feel safe, my mentor asked me if I would like to go to a BMW National Rally in Rhinebeck, NY. It sounded intriguing so I agreed to join him and two others on this reasonably short trip to the near side of New York at a State Campground.

I borrowed a tent from my daughter, sleeping bag from my son and most of the gear one would carry in case of break down on the way. The ride across lower Massachusetts on side roads was wonderful, smelling all the newly mown fields and seeing new sights all along the way. One thing about motorcycling which is different from automobile driving is that one remembers every bit of the road as if you were taking a movie.



Riding my bike to work one time, the wind tipped it over breaking the wind screen. At the rally I did not want my bike to tip over and I really tied it down so that it would not do that. Folks walking by seemed always to stop and look at my system, but never seemed to make any criticism.

My tent is in the background of the picture. I placed it just a little too close to the 4 x 4's at the top of the short wall. In the morning, I caught my foot on the lip of the tent and my knee came right down on the edge of that 4 x 4 causing my knee to swell. It was too early to find the first aid

station open, so I just ignored it all day having to suffer silently in quite a bit of pain. But that was overshadowed by the great variety of events there at the Rally which interested me. The most impressive was watching a slight young woman demonstrating the proper way to tip up a heavy motorcycle when it had fallen down. Another lecture for women was about how to prepare for touring and protecting yourself. There were many women motorcyclists. Nobody ever asked me, "why are you riding a motorcycle," as they seemed to ask at home!

There were lectures by Tour Groups showing pictures of fascinating places to see around the world. One could see what a trip to the Alps in Switzerland or Austria might be like, or New Zealand and many other great rides for motorcycling. I believe that I was hooked because soon after this great rally I was planning with two others to go to Nova Scotia. I was really shocked when my leader of that group died with a massive stroke in Florida while watching the motorcycle racing at Daytona Beach. When the third man who worked with him bailed out, I was so hyped up that I decided to go by myself and had a great time while learning more about proper riding form to stay safe and how to ride in the rain. That lesson was very important since you better stay home if you cannot learn what to wear and how to ride in the rain. (You are bound to have wet weather sometime.)

So many of my miles of riding have been very satisfying, taking me to northern Michigan, western Ohio, the winding roads of West Virginia and North Carolina, the Adirondacks in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, the Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains and all over New England. I think there were 20 different rallies and 6 wonderful camping trips with my son to savor, amounting to about 5,600 miles of riding. It is a part of my life I will never forget.

David Hathaway



Play Ball

Ah, there is the scent of Spring in the air. Well, maybe not. It is New England, you know. I do harken back to my long-ago experience as a little league baseball coach. One day my wife informed me that she had volunteered me to be coach of one of my sons' baseball teams. Not the head coach, but assistant to another father who had coaching experience with young boys interested in baseball.

I have always been more an observer than a player. What did I know about coaching 9 ten-year-old boys? At our first couple of practices the other coach took over and seemed to work well with the boys. Right before the first game he was called away on a business trip. He never appeared again. The whole season. He seemed to always be away on business.

Baseball at this age level is mostly standing around waiting for something to happen. Moms and Dads sit in lounge chairs on the sidelines and chat while the game is going on. The players are set in their proper positions in left, right and center field, etc. etc. But pitching is the problem. Most of the pitchers can't get the ball close enough to the batters for them to hit. Walks to first base are the norm for most batters. We made it a rule that after six walks in the inning the team at bat would be retired.



Michael came up to me. "Mr. Campbell, can I pitch, can I pitch?" Again and again. Michael was a novice even at this age and I kept putting him off. Finally, I gave in and Michael took the mound. His first pitch took several bounces before it reached home plate. He threw several more but never even close to the plate. After he walked

four batters and was working on his fifth, I went to the mound. Reluctantly, he gave me the ball.

At this level it is tough on the outfielders also. Balls, if they are hit, are mostly on the ground and go past the infielders. David was our center-fielder. He kept sitting down. I kept calling out to him to get up. I think he had a point but for appearances sake he should really be standing.

Mercifully, at some point the season did end. I went on and with a little older boys had a bit more success. Never did see Michael or David again on a ballfield.

Wally Campbell

Charitable Giving by Residents – A Happy Story!

Throughout the decade of the twenty-teens, residents regularly approved generous donations to many worthy non-profit organizations. These gifts were made by the Carleton-Willard Residents Association, on the recommendation of an advisory committee. As the recently appointed chair of the committee, I have been looking into its history, and am pleased to share some highlights.

At the outset, it seems only right to mention the name of the committee. That is not as easy as you may think. Over the years the name has varied from Charitable Donations Advisory Committee, through Residents' Charitable Giving Committee and Charitable Gifts Committee, to the current Charitable Giving Committee.

Regardless of the name, the good news is that in the decade, the Residents Association has made 49 gifts to 33 organizations, for a total of \$50,800. Gifts ranged from \$500 to \$2000, averaging about \$1000.

The money came from a portion of the profits from the Excess Baggage Sale, held every other year in late spring. While the sale was held only in odd numbered years through 2017, the proceeds were budgeted to provide gifts over a two-year period, so gifts were made each year.

Where did the money go? The most frequent recipients were food banks (nine gifts to seven organizations), medical organizations (eight gifts to three organizations), and disaster relief orga-



nizations (seven gifts to six organizations). We have made 5 donations to Partners in Health, the Boston-based organization headed by Dr. Paul Farmer, whose work is described in Tracy Kidder's *Mountains Beyond Mountains*. In recent years we have made 3 gifts to UTEC (helping troubled teens in Lowell), and the International Institute (helping immigrants build productive lives). All recipients under consideration are carefully investigated by committee members, who often have personal contacts with the organization, or through publications like *The Wise Giving Guide*, prepared by the Better Business Bureau.

The future of the program is uncertain. We are assured of being able to donate \$5000 in 2020. Future gifts will depend on the possible fund-raising activities of resident organizations.

Edwin Cox

Food for Thought

Walking to dinner is exercise called Eating 101. We think of steak or mousse or pie as intramural fun.

We hike to Abbott, doff our coats,
and order our entrees;

Dessert might be a concert, lecture,
or even one-act plays.

Back to our rooms,
we go to bed,
a vote for peace and quiet,
And we enjoy the thought
that we have exercised
our diet!

Lois Pulliam



Combating Global Warming

Editor's note: Bob Ruhl, who came to Carleton-Willard in May of 2019, presented a paper on this subject at the Men's Breakfast. This is a topic of great import and interest to many, and he was asked to submit a synopsis to the Villager. He has degrees in engineering from the University of Michigan and MIT and his career emphasized technology development in materials and energy. He continues to explore ways in which we can combat global warming.

Energy-related emissions of fossil CO₂ (now over 5 billion metric tons per year in the U.S. alone) are the chief cause of global warming. Most proposed programs to reduce emissions would cost too much and achieve too little. A proposed combination of new and existing technologies could yield major economic benefits while achieving U.S. Annual net CO₂ removal from the air of 5 billion metric tons (reduction of 10 million tonnes).

The plot compares U.S. actual and Department of Energy forecast emissions to levels proposed by the author. The recommended plan affordably yields much bigger reductions than alternative programs. It is comprised of seven interrelated elements (2050 comparisons are cited).

1. Efficiency Improvements Energy use is decreased by 40% by more efficient buildings, transportation equipment, and industrial processes.

2. Solar and Wind Electricity from solar and wind is tripled, due to higher prices, more economical energy storage, and grid improvements.

3. Fuel Cell Systems Cost-effective equipment fueled by natural gas or liquid fuels is extensively used in both buildings and transportation (chiefly trucks, buses, locomotives, and ships). They yield electricity at excellent efficiency plus useful heat. Most include CO₂ capture.

4. Carbon Capture and Sequestration 10 billion annual metric tons of CO₂ (half from fossil fuels and half from the atmosphere) are



economically captured, transported, and permanently stored deep underground.

5. Biomass Farming 1.5 billion tons per year of biomass crops are grown on marginal land not used for food. Crops are fast-growing perennial grasses and trees with moderate water needs.

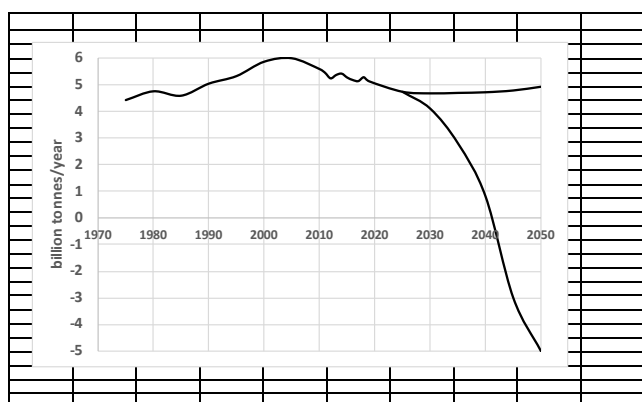
6. Bio-Energy Converters Biomass crops and wastes are gasified and converted into gaseous and liquid hydrocarbon biofuels. They also perform virtual electricity storage by either making electricity from biomass or using surplus power to produce additional biofuels. All carbon not present in biofuel products is captured for sequestration.

7. Direct Air Capture These systems economically remove CO₂ from the atmosphere using coal as the energy source, with total carbon capture and zero pollution.

Conclusions

The proposed elements include known, emerging, and new technology. Although development and demonstrations are needed, risks are moderate. Necessary governmental roles include overhaul of energy regulations and taxation plus the supervision of sequestration. The program would enhance GDP, create many net full-time jobs, and increase exports. An extensive article on this topic is planned for publication elsewhere in late spring.

Bob Ruhl



Summer Adventures

Growing up we summered on the Mill Pond in Westport, Connecticut. Two related families shared a large sprawling home situated on the pond: five children, two girls and three boys, and four adults. A great setting for adventures. To add to the childhood adventure possibilities, there was a rowboat and a front-yard swimming pond replete with a float and diving board.

The Mill Pond wandered about with many small islands. Adding to the setting were flood gates holding the water in the pond. We children were all good swimmers. We were trusted to use common sense as we explored the full range of the acres of water. Many of our adventures were not advertised to the adults. We just used our imaginations, and away we went.

One day my cousin, Bob, and I got to the rowboat first and began an adventure well remembered to this day. It was very windy. The wind created mini-waves across the water. We took a large beach umbrella, propped it open in the front of the boat to catch the air, hung on and sailed away! One of us sat in the stern holding an oar to act as a rudder. We were having a great time.

We were too young to think ahead about how to stop the boat; we would just speed along and enjoy ourselves. However, if we wanted to avoid going over the flood-gate waterfall, we needed to reverse direction and do so quickly. Not to worry - just head to a marshy island and sail up onto it. Then turn the boat about and sail up onto another island. The thought that we might be injured in our "smash-and-stop" was simply an unrecognizable reality.

So we headed to one of the flat islands, slid the boat up onto the grass-covered mud and closed the umbrella. Together we lifted the empty rowboat, turned it around, then placed the folded umbrella on the floor of the rowboat and rowed home. We never told anyone about the adventure. As days went by we had many more.

We learned to be self-reliant, cooperate with others and invent our own activities. All while playing in the Mill Pond water.

Ara Tyler



To Whom Are You Related

Are you related to someone famous? Or maybe not – maybe just someone interesting? Or fun? Perhaps even infamous? Even a relation by marriage counts. This anecdote is about a not-too-distant relative of mine.

My third grade teacher was Eleanor Bump (later to be Eleanor Mitchell, but that's another story.) She was strict and scary to this 8 year old, but in fact one of the best teachers ever. She even detained me after class once for "cheating" – she had caught me giving answers to a quiz to another classmate, and explained to me that that classmate wasn't learning by my supplying her with the answers. A lesson I haven't forgotten. Anyway, Eleanor was married to my mother's cousin, Edgar Bump, of Farmington, ME.

Now, Edgar was directly related somehow to the Bumps of Middleborough, MA. One member of that family was a midget (she would have been called a "Tiny" then – her adult height was 2' 8") named Lavinia Bump, nee Mercy Lavinia Warren Bump, born in 1841 to James and Huldah Bump. She became an actress and was associated with The American Museum in New York City where she befriended a young woman, Sylvia Hardy, the "Maine Giantess" (over 8' tall), born in 1828 and a resident of Wilton, Maine (my hometown!) In 1863 Lavinia, or "Vinnie" as she was called, married Charles Stratton of Bridgeport, CT at Grace Church in New York City with many famous

people and dignitaries in attendance, including the Vanderbilts, the Astors, Edwin Booth, Phineus Taylor Barnum, various ambassadors and many others. President and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln later gave a reception in their honor in Washington, DC.

Charles Stratton, Lavinia's husband, was also already famous, being better known as "Tom Thumb", the famous midget who traveled with the Barnum and Bailey Circus! So now you know "the rest of the story."

To whom are you related?

Madelyn Armstrong

From the Ancestral Point of View

The virus isolation of the spring proved to be a most productive time for me. I tackled two projects that I had put off for years. One was the indexing of a scrapbook of clippings collected by my great-great-great-grandfather, Samuel Parker, Town Clerk of Roxbury. The other was the annotating of the final eight volumes of the diaries of my great-grandfather, Louville Veranus Niles.

Samuel Parker lived from 1777 to 1831 and LV, as he was called, lived from 1840 to 1928. Both men were descended from the earliest settlers and neither lived further west than the valley of the Charles River. Both were entrepreneurial and alert to the big issues and the local events of their time.

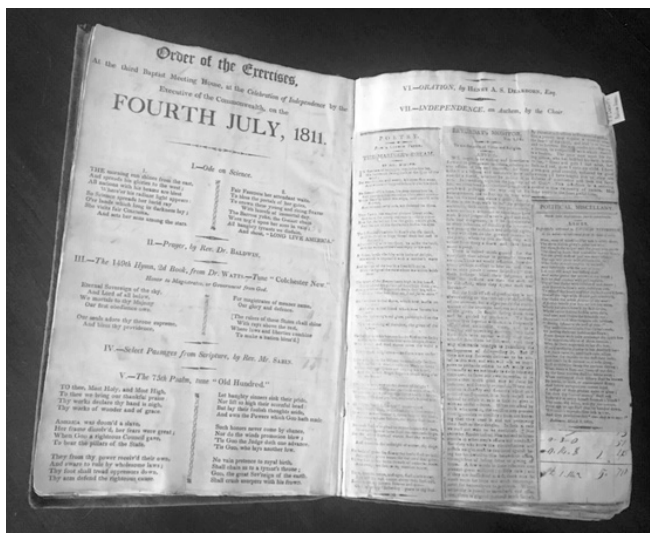
The scrapbook and the diaries that I read in those two weeks covered the first quarter of the nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth centuries. Here we are, in the first quarter of the twenty-first century. I could not help but compare the present with the events, the sense of history, the commercial energy, and the national moods of those earlier times.

Each period had its wars. National policies were debated with vigor and the divisions between the Federalists and the Republicans of 1812 echo the reluctance to enter World War





I and the debates over the use of US military forces abroad now. Each period saw terrible weather events. Sailing ships with hundreds of sailors went down, epidemics raged, steamers ran aground and airships burned. We have had our own plane crashes, 9/11, floods and fires, the Apollo explosion and a pandemic.



Piracy in the Mediterranean and the impressment of sailors in the early 1800's, the 1915 sinking of the Lusitania and the national fury at the 9/11 destruction – all of these calamities brought the country together in their time. What was happening with Napoleon in Russia in 1812 was of great concern to Americans, as was the war on the Russian Front in 1917 as is the suspicion of Russian meddling to us, now.

In Boston in 1812 Washington was a hero and Hamilton revered while Jefferson was vilified. That the nation is split along partisan lines now is nothing new. We still all celebrate national holidays with vigor and with fireworks, although not with the oratory or poesy of the nineteenth century.

From the clippings of Samuel Parker and the diaries of LV Niles I can see what they felt was important to remember. Usually we see only what is important from the perspective of historians.

How do I feel about my own time? What notes will I leave? Maybe I need to keep a diary or a scrapbook for my descendants in a hundred years.

Anne Schmalz

On Hold

“One moment please.” Prelude to an eternity. Waiting. On hold. Cooling our heels. How much of life is spent waiting? “The next agent will be with you shortly.” “We appreciate your patience. We are experiencing a high volume of calls.” So it goes. Xfinity says: “It may be twenty minutes before your system re-boots.” Or maybe you’ll never re-boot. Maybe you will forever get the message: “There is no signal.”

I am linked-in, except when I’m not. The systems fail. My children don’t call. My sister-in-law is back in the hospital. My friend can’t find things, can’t remember if we’re having dinner tonight or never. My colleague was just diagnosed with breast cancer. We wait. All systems fail eventually.

Of course there was a time when we didn’t have computers, or call waiting, or even television. We got along, and communication didn’t seem so tenuous, so easily threatened. We got other kinds of signals. The kids met after school in the school yard. We went home when it got dark. We were networked in different ways. Now Xfinity bridges infinity. We call, or text, or post. We feel isolated and abandoned when the systems fail.

Over my internet today comes this message from Albert Einstein:

We are slowed down sound and light waves, a walking bundle of frequencies tuned into the cosmos. We are souls dressed up in sacred biochemical garments and our bodies are the instruments through which our souls play their music.

Nice of him to check in just now when I need him. I had a hard time with quantum mechanics; I don’t understand. What does this mean? “Sacred biochemical garments” dressing up our souls. What music are we playing now? That elevator music of a system on hold. Waiting . . . waiting . . . for the signal to be restored.

Marjorie Roemer



Welcome New Residents

Anne Walker
from Manchester, MA
2/11/20

Bruce and Joanna Nickerson
from Bedford
3/2/20

William 'Bill' and Marie Ryder
from Bedford
3/19/20

Summer Makes Scents

Yes, summer also makes sense. It is good to have a respite from the effort of keeping body and soul protected from the cold and dreary days of winter. Summer vacations from work and school also make sense.

Summer breaks give us opportunities to experience summer scents! These scents are special, both for their present pleasure as well as for the memories they trigger. How about the aroma of newly-mown grass? Here at Carleton-Willard the landscaping crew seems glad to be on campus again, enjoying the lush green lawns and scent of cut grass. I can remember being in high school, distracted by the mowers on the playing fields in spring, with the scent wafting through the open windows. It was hard to stay focused, even though the scent triggered a mild allergy in my eyes and nose. New-mown grass on the golf course....even better!

How sweet to enjoy the scent of sheets hung to dry in the sun. And the nearby garden with roses to enjoy. These scents take me back to our backyard in upstate New York which I assumed would allow these scents to follow me everywhere. Alas, backyards are different now.

In summer, we even cook outdoors when we can. Do you smile when you think of barbecue scents? And campfires with s'mores? Woodsmoke and burnt sugar may not be the sweetest aromas, but they trigger such happy memories of good times with family and friends.

Enjoy the scents of summer! Doesn't that make sense?

Sonja Strong

The Balance Class



MR



A Spiritual Biography

Many years ago, for a class, I was asked to write a spiritual biography. What I wrote for the first chapter was as much about my childhood in Maine as about religious practice. I have decided to share it.

My early childhood, the first nine years, was lived in five different houses in Lamoine, Maine – a small, rural town, next to Ellsworth, without even a general store. My mother, born in Alsace-Lorraine and descended from the Huguenots, considered herself Lutheran. My father was Methodist. Neither was a church-goer or a Bible reader but they tried to do the right things and live a decent life, considering themselves as good as those who were more publicly religious. My brother and I became Baptists, because that was the only church in town. I cannot remember going to church there at all. In fact I had to strain my memory to remember where the church was – then realized it must be that one where all my relatives are buried.

We moved from Lamoine to Readfield for a brief stay, while my father recovered from a ruptured appendix, a pretty serious illness in the days before penicillin. Then we were required to move again, to Freeport, to be in the district where his new job was. I have a few recollections around church there. Once I was sent off to Sunday School by myself and couldn't find the church, which couldn't have been more than a few blocks away. I remember feeling lost and stupid. Another time I lost the quarter intended for collection on the way to church and worried about getting punished when I got home, so I back-tracked and combed the area. After offering a fervent prayer I found the quarter. I can't remember how much I was impressed long term by the power of prayer. The only other memory is from a summer Bible School experience where I made a wooden bracelet from small blocks of mahogany threaded on elastic string. I can't remember actually being in church or Sunday School, but I do remember at least part of quite a few hymns. I don't think I learned them at home. Although I don't profess to know what 'spiritual'

means, I don't believe I experienced much of the spiritual in the church activities I have related.

The closest I can come to a sense of the spiritual in my childhood is when I think of the farm animals the family raised from time to time – a few chickens, a pig, a cow, and an occasional calf. Though I was quite intelligent, I seemed at that time doomed to be always two years dumber than my brother. Since I had skipped grades at school, all of my classmates were two years older. I became a shy and rather solitary child and not very socially adept. The animals seemed not to mind that at all. Their lives were probably pretty boring, so they liked to see me coming. I enjoyed finding out what they liked and providing it. The cow liked to be scratched right between the ear and the horn – a spot she couldn't reach. The pig, with his tough skin and bristly hair, liked to be scraped with the edge of a shingle. The hens appreciated my bringing them the grass and weeds they had used up in the pen, and gravel for their crops. These animals each accepted me as I was, without the need to change or re-shape myself. In many ways they fed my spirit.

I am reminded of a line of poetry from William Cullen Bryant. "To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language." I believe I held communion with the animals.

Janet Kennedy





Village

This has been, until now, a selected summary of events planned by our Learning-in-Retirement and Off-Site Programs offices.

Concord Players Traveling Troupe

The three women and five men enlivening the stage on a January evening offered a delightful hour of staged readings, skits and music, featuring Seniors aging “gracefully” with humor and flair. We laughed with a woman trying to get her husband off to a New Year’s Eve party in a ridiculous costume, or innocently confusing an order for vanilla ice cream with hot-buttered toast. After a half-dozen rollicking skits, the Troupe filled the auditorium with songs we all love. Feet tapped to the Kingston Trio’s Fifties favorite “Tom Dooley”, followed by “Waltzing Matilda”, before the audience smiled, sang and swayed to Rodgers & Hammerstein’s “Edelweiss”.



Fire Road Sentinels

If only these 64 Chinese Junipers could have talked! Might they have? Let’s recall. Although stylish or frumpy burlap did mean to insulate until April their tender branches from heavy wet snow, not so our inquisitive ears from such evergreen mutterings. “Peek-a-boo!” teases a curly branch, while a neighbor claps her stiffened arms: “Brr, I’m cold!” A monk moans from his cowl, “Time to pray”, while Oliver, down the way, whines, “Please, sir, may I have some more?” Here’s a mom sing-songing to her child, “Be home in time for supper!” Walking past, we tilt our head for a final challenge: “Never guess what I’ve got in here!”

Boston Athenaeum

Chief guide Hannah Weisman led 25 curious residents through the five galleried floors of Boston’s Athenaeum, learning that the eminent library and cultural center, named after Athena, Goddess of Wisdom in 1807 as a place of learning, houses ca. 750,000 books, Boston-artist paintings, sculpture, manuscripts and photos. We especially marveled at George Washington’s personal library in its period bookcase and Loyalist Thomas Bray’s 221-volume “spiritual guide” for the edification of Anglican ministers in the American colonies. We were even allowed a furtive peek into the fifth-floor “Quiet Room” (no, not even a whisper). A tasty lunch at nearby Carrie Nation capped a fun and educational afternoon.

Ringside at the Construction Site

Residents gather daily to witness the opening diversissement of a surreal ballet of giant interplanetary earth-movers shaping a two-acre terrarium into what, come next April, will be Arlington Court. One eye-popper is the ominous excavator, aka the bright orange monster “Feller-Buncher,” who, following a healthy breakfast, cuts living trees at the base and branches, laying them peremptorily at the feet of his accomplice, the “Grappler”, who in turn, snatches the logs up for removal to truck beds. A yellow excavator rumbles over to wrench the stumps from the earth. One neighbor thinks the operator was ambidextrous. Another is reminded of her first trip to the dentist.

Fitness Room

Keeping healthy is always a top objective of Carleton-Willard, so it’s no wonder that CWV’s Aquatics and Fitness facilities, under director Karen Roy and three assistants, have been a go-to for residents seeking high quality of life. Most would agree that the crown jewel has been the Fitness Room at the end of the hall past the pool and clinic. Six strength machines (three each for upper and lower body), two bicycles and three step machines have kept many in cardiovascular health. Users may break a sweat, but there’s more than that. They’ve been looking forward to this mecca of social conversation, bright laughter and fun.



Happenings

Due to the Coronavirus pandemic, the focus is now on local activities available to and performed by our resilient and creative residents on campus.

Hot Topics in Bedford

Residents in the auditorium heard Bedford's Town Manager, Sarah Stanton, discuss challenges faced by the town, some of which are on the Warrant for the Annual Town Meeting received by each resident. A key topic was the need to relocate the Fire Station. Presently all parts of town are about six minutes away from help. Finding a new site has been a complicated process. Another issue is easing the bottleneck at the intersection of Old Billerica Road and Route 62, long a concern of CWV residents. Opinions about resolution are many and conflicting. Ms. Stanton admitted that a solution is not yet in sight.

Exploring the Perimeter Path

Come spring, residents don walking shoes to circumnavigate the campus via the familiar Perimeter Path. The approach near Bedford Court leads to a junction. Turn right in the opposite direction from the Arlington Court construction and the extension to Old Billerica Road. Now shadows deepen. Roots catch the foot. Boardwalks creak across dark waters laced with fallen trees. Forgotten boundary walls tumble through brush. A wooden bench beckons with ornate metal work. A grinning pottery gnome squats by a bridge. Eyes blink in meadow light as we lazily amble by blackberry vines and resting community gardens before veering uphill and descending to the sidewalk.

Outdoor Fitness with Social Distancing

Residents on outdoor walks see and hear something new: members of an entire CWV court facing each other in a large circle, maintaining proper social distancing, swaying, jumping and clapping in rhythm. Leading are two members of the CWV Fitness staff. Weather permitting, this ballet travels to courts and terraces (once weekly to each) for a spirited face-to-face, opening many doors besides the ones residents pass through every day in and out of their homes. Residents are encouraged to move out with their own exercises during the week. And a perfect complement: Fitness's weekly Indoor Exercise packet distributed to residents. It truly takes a Village!

Perimeter Path Extended

The development of Arlington Court meant that the part of the Perimeter Path that ran along the ridge behind Bedford Court and out to Old Billerica Road would be diverted. It was promised that a new path out to the road would be opened before that cut-off occurred. This was done just before work started and the new path is smooth, wide, and winds its way downhill, turning through the old stonewall. Foot traffic along this route is steady and in a way it has become a destination of its own! As well, from there one gets a clear view of the work in progress.



Village Thespians

On an early spring afternoon a dozen Carleton-Willard Thespians gathered in the Auditorium for a cold reading of a hilarious play, "The Ice Lady Cometh" by Jules Abrams. To give everybody a chance, participants changed roles half way through. All agreed the CWV audience would enjoy a full performance with another short play, as well as a production of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" to be rescheduled later in the year. Most fun was planning for a "Memories of the Seventies" revue. Remembering successful earlier productions that featured the Forties and Fifties, Thespians eagerly tossed about memories of Seventies art, music, comedies, dramas and personal stories to mount in the fall.

Harry Hoover



Arbutus

Treading on a thousand tiny flowers,
The little cart wheels tumbling on the ground,
We take her on her final journey here
To rest in timeless peace.
Wrapped in royal blue that challenges the sky,
She lies beneath the amber iron-rich soil
(The gift of ancient glaciers, ages old).

I am alone but accompanied I know
By those who love her now, and others too,
Prepared to greet her soon. But where?

She loved it here.
These bright mornings down the esker path
The drooping tail became the waving flag,
The slow and awkward walk became the
joyful run.

Today, at noon, while held in caring arms,
The tiny pin-prick drops in seconds entered in
And calmed the anxious face, and sleep—
The mercy sleep of death—
Withdrew her far from wasting age and
waiting pain.

Where is she now? Within the mossy slope
Below the mountain? Is that the real dog now?
She's still beside me here; I know it.
But time goes on, and one day, maybe soon,
She'll run down other paths, alive and new.

In memory of Abby
5/13/05

Barbara Pennypacker Worcester



A Conversation with... Derek Till

Derek was born in Hampshire, England, in 1922. Shortly after the outbreak of war in 1939, he volunteered for flight training in the RAF. From 1941 to 1945 he piloted a Lancaster bomber on 37 night missions over Europe.

He was blessed with three children during his happy 46 year marriage to Mary, his first wife, who died in 1993. In 1995, Derek married Patricia (Butcher) who had three children. The children had been friends for years, so now Derek and Patricia enjoyed the company of six young adults.

In 2009, Derek and Patricia came to Andover Court from Concord, where they had been very active in The Concord Players, both performing and backstage. They quickly found and enjoyed the theater group here. A standout in Derek's memories of life at Carleton Willard was their 2016 performance of A. R. Gurney's "Love Letters".



After several happy years in Andover Court, Derek and Patricia moved to an attractive suite in Llewsac Lodge, which proved perfect for their lifestyle and abilities at that time. There Derek was surrounded by books, art and antiques that kept alive memories from his 97 years, including his two happy marriages, and photos of his children, grandchildren and a very young great-grandson. Among the mementos of his wartime service were a model of his plane and a section of the cockpit window shot out by enemy fire.

After the loss of Patricia in 2016, Derek was grateful for the warm, supportive atmosphere of Llewsac and Carleton-Willard in general.

These thoughts were gathered during several talks with Derek in January 2020. My friend of more than 50 years died in April, leaving us all with memories of a gentleman who lived a good and full life.

Edwin Cox











In Memory

| | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| Elizabeth Cullen | January 23 |
| Susan Hay | January 26 |
| Nancy Leupold | January 26 |
| Daniele Stewart | February 25 |
| Ann Ellwood | February 27 |
| Elizabeth Lange | February 28 |
| James 'Kevin' Lynch | March 2 |
| Shirin Bird | March 6 |
| Leona 'Dolly' Voss | April 17 |
| Derek Till | April 21 |
| Charles Webster | April 21 |
| Dorothea Webster | April 22 |
| Mary Hastings | April 26 |
| Joseph Bauer | April 27 |
| Paul Lund Sr. | April 29 |





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

A Challenging Time

We are now in the month of April and spring is gradually arriving at Carleton-Willard Village. The sun is shining, the sky is blue and it is wonderful to watch our gardens come back to life. However, difficult times lie ahead as our administration and staff strive to keep us healthy. Strict measures to prevent the Coronavirus have been put into effect and our situation is monitored hour by hour. Activities have been cancelled and social distancing is stressed. We eat at home.

Our library has just been closed, and we now are not able to offer access to newspapers, puzzles and books. All library meetings have been cancelled and we will not be ordering new books until the library reopens. Our residents are very disappointed but are taking this in their stride and understand the reasoning behind the decision. Those of us who are computer savvy do have a wealth of resources to investigate.

In the last several months we have weeded out the Religion, Essays and Letters, Drama and Reference sections and we are presently in the midst of a thorough evaluation of our art book collection, a project that we have had to put on hold. When our normal library activities resume we will complete the art book project and then we will turn our attention to the Music and Travel sections. We will also begin our yearly weeding of the large print books and the regular print fiction collection. We never run out of things to do!

Planning ahead helps us to stay in a positive frame of mind. Every day brings more changes, but we will face them with courage and grace.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

American Dirt by Jeanine Cummins

Controversial novel about a Mexican shop owner and her son who seek to escape the horrors of Central America and Mexico by crossing the U.S. Border to safety.

If by Christopher Benfey

The untold story of Rudyard Kipling's years in the U.S., living in Brattleboro, VT. This was the Gilded Age and America had a profound influence on Kipling's writing.

A Divided Loyalty by Charles Todd

Scotland Yard Inspector Rutledge is trying to solve a cold-case murder but can't identify the victim. Set in Avebury, near Stonehenge.

Imperfect Union by Steve Inskeep

The story of John and Jessie Fremont, the husband and wife team who in the 1800s were instrumental in the Western expansion of the U.S.

The Truants by Kate Weinberg

An English campus-mystery. This novel shows that some university experiences do resemble a country manor with strychnine on the premises.

Counterpoint by Philip Kennicott

A memoir of Bach and mourning. An absorbing meditation on grief.

A Long Petal of the Sea by Isabel Allende

A novel of love and survival under siege during the Spanish Civil War and the after-story spanning decades and crossing continents.

The American Story by David M. Rubenstein

Conversations with America's greatest historians about critical moments in our past that speak directly to our present moment.

The Secret Guests by Benjamin Black

What might have happened had Britain's royal princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret, been hidden in Ireland during the Blitz. This plan will put them in even greater danger.

Tightrope by Nicholas Kristof

Americans reaching for hope. An exploration of small-town and rural America, the left-behind pockets of our country.

The Night Watchman by Louise Erdrich

The effort in the 1950s to dissuade the U.S. Government from terminating the rights of Native American tribes and their rights to land.

The Shadow of Vesuvius by Daisy Dunn

A description of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius by Pliny the Younger, the only writer to leave us an eyewitness account of the catastrophe. Dunn brings the Roman Empire to life.

The King's Justice by Susan Elia MacNeal

Maggie Hope has taken on a dangerous job disarming unexploded ordnance for the bomb disposal unit. And there's a serial killer terrorizing London.

The Splendid and the Vile by Erik Larson

Saga of Winston Churchill's family during the blitz and how Churchill's eloquence, courage and perseverance bound a country and a family together.

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Fuller, Alexandra Travel Light, Move Fast (*)
Kennicott, Philip Counterpoint
Nayeri, Dina The Ungrateful Refugee (*)
Straight, Susan In the Country of Women (*)

Biography

Clayton, John Natural Rivals (*)
Des Jardins, Julie American Queenmaker
Hilton, Lisa Elizabeth, Renaissance
 Prince
Marshall, Megan Elizabeth Bishop
Merry, Robert W. President McKinley
Rocca, Mo & Mobituaries (*)
 Greenberg, Jonathan

Current Affairs

Kristof, Nicholas Tightrope
Rucker, Philip A Very Stable Genius

Drama

Wilder, Thornton Our Town

Fiction

Allende, Isabel A Long Petal of the Sea
Benedict, Marie Lady Clementine (*)
Berry, Steve Warsaw Protocol (*)
Black, Benjamin The Secret Guests
Clark, Cassandra Murder at Whitby Abbey
Clark, Mary Higgins Two Little Girls in Blue
Colombani, Laetitia The Braid (*)
Connelly, Michael The Night Fire
Cummins, Jeanine American Dirt
Du Maurier, Daphne Don't Look Now
Erdrich, Louise The Night Watchman
Fowler, Therese A Good Neighborhood (*)

Gappah, Petina Out of Darkness, Shining
 Light (*)
Gardner, Lisa When You See Me
Hurston, Zora Neale Hitting a Straight Lick with
 a Crooked Stick
Kubica, Mary The Other Mrs.
Lefteri, Christy The Beekeeper of Aleppo (*)
Leon, Donna Trace Elements
Leon, Donna Trace Elements (*)
Lerner, Ben The Topeka School (*)
MacNeal, Susan Elia The King's Justice
McBride, James Deacon King Kong
McCall Smith, The Charming Quirks of
 Alexander Others
Morrey, Beth The Love Story of Missy
 Carmichael
Patterson, James Blindside
Patterson, James Kill or Be Killed
Patterson, James & Killer Instinct
 Roughan, Howard
Robinson, Peter Many Rivers to Cross
Robinson, Peter Sleeping in the Ground
Schaitkin, Alexis Saint X
Scott, Caroline The Poppy Wife (*)
Sexton, Margaret The Revisioners
 Wilkerson
Silva, Daniel House of Spies
Steadman, Catherine Mr. Nobody
Steel, Danielle Winners (*)
Todd, Charles The Black Ascot
Todd, Charles A Divided Loyalty
Tokarczuk, Olga Drive Your Plow Over the
 Bones of the Dead (*)
Trevor, William Last Stories
Truong, Monique The Sweetest Fruits (*)
Truss, Lynn The Man That Got Away (*)



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Wall, Cara The Dearly Beloved
Weinberg, Kate The Truants
Weiner, Jennifer Mrs. Everything
Williams, Niall This is Happiness
Zhang, Jenny Sour Heart

Nature

Canfield, Jack, et al. Chicken Soup for the Pet
 Lover's Soul
Herriot, James All Creatures Great and
 Small (*)

History

Benfey, Christopher If
Brands, H. W. Heirs of the Founders
Dunn, Daisy The Shadow of Vesuvius
Holt, Nathalia The Queens of Animation (*)
Inskip, Steve Imperfect Union
Larson, Erik The Splendid and the Vile
Meltzer, Brad & The First Conspiracy (*)
 Mensch, Josh
Noland, Thomas T., Jr. Stories from 55 Broad
 Street
Octopus Publishing Events that changed the
 Group World
Richardson, Kristen The Season (*)
Rubenstein, David The American Story
Rubenstein, David The American Story (*)

Poetry

Anderson, Dorothy B. Light Filling My Bones
Holleran, Deming Gypsy Song

Resident Authors

Buck, Sheldon Mission 2021
Hibben, George C. 60 Poles to Sugar Tree...

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff



Embraceable you!

Gracefully waltzing around, the behemoth turned back and forth and danced toward the unsuspecting oak tree. As though humming a luring “come hither!” tune, it came closer, the arms on its huge head outstretched. Touching the oak gently, it clasped the tree in a tight embrace, and, before the tree could realize that this wasn’t a friendly hug, a large circular saw below the arms was moved forward and quickly separated the oak from its “feet”.

With scarcely a pause, and keeping its tight embrace, the behemoth slowly raised the tall footless tree straight up towards the sky, and then turned and, gently and delicately, at an increasing angle, laid it slowly down near its fallen neighbors, as though it were laying a sleeping baby back down into its crib. Only rarely was the huge engine that projected from the rear of the monster lifted up by any of the big trees’ great descending weight. It was grace in action.



The Feller-Buncher embracing a tree

A pretty girl with long blond hair and a white hardhat, told me that the big machine was called a “Feller-Buncher”. It had been able to clear several acres of CW forest in two days, in preparation for the construction of the new Arlington Court.



Feller-Buncher at rest with logs ready to be taken away but stones put aside for a new wall

Recently, 30 large and potentially dangerous wetland trees were removed from behind, and over, Essex and Falmouth Courts. The delicacy of that process was well and amusingly described for *The Villager*--by Sonja Strong. The acres of tall predominantly pines and oaks being cleared away for the new Arlington Court have made some residents unhappy, but given them a chance for a closer look at the ease and speed with which modern machinery can accomplish its work. We are fortunate to have recently heard about such developments in the “machinery” of space travel from three residents who were closely involved. Here, right now, in the dirt and rocks of Carleton-Willard, between Andover and Bedford Courts, we can get a closer personal look at the new era of similar developments in the world of backhoes and ‘dozers. It can be fascinating!

Barbara Pennypacker Worcester

some FERNS of Carleton-Willard





CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

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