



CARLETON-WILLARD

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VILLAGER

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With the construction of Winthrop Terrace in 1991, the large courtyard between Llewysac, Winthrop and Badger Terrace began to be landscaped.

In the 30 years since then the plantings have matured, and with constant additions and maintenance provide a gorgeous sight for residents in the overlooking apartments as well as anyone walking down what is known as “the Primrose Path.”

The appearance of this area is so different in the winter, lying dormant before the glories of summer, as captured in this cover photograph by George Hibben.



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

Published quarterly by and for the residents and administration of Carleton-Willard Village, a continuing care retirement community at 100 Old Billerica Road, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730.

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

Editor's Corner



As I write this, spring is well underway. We look to the gardens as another of the blessings of life here in the Village. Our cover captures the scene on the 'Primrose Path' that many of us travel each day on our way home or just to revel in its everchanging beauty.

Meditating on nature is easy as our campus includes the woodlands, meadows and a wide view of the sky. Perhaps that is what we look to for inspiration or perhaps we have found it in the works of people – their words, deeds, or artistic creations.

For me, it is all of these. I can trace my love of design and of history and of the outdoors to my parents. Later, I was inspired by the words of a new president. As a parent, a wife and an elder, the words of Kahlil Gibran have influenced how I faced the challenges in different periods of my life. Each of my grandchildren receives a copy of *The Prophet* as they come of age.

Crowds of people all over the world demonstrate their desire for change in what are intended to be peaceful protests. Our own Henry David Thoreau, Mahatma Gandhi, Nelson Mandela, and Martin Luther King, Jr. epitomize a chain of influence. How differently does the inspiration of leaders who espouse bigotry and violence affect history. For good or bad, the impact of inspiration is real.

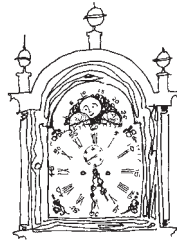
In this, our later (or last) stage of life, we need inspiration to adapt, to play a positive role in our communal life, and to share our stories. This sharing, of course, is the purpose of the *Villager*.

We note the passing of Nancy Smith, who served for several years on our editorial board and shared some of her stories in the *Villager*. Our magazine and community were blessed by her presence.

Anne Schmalz
Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the President and CEO



"One can't believe impossible things," said Alice. "I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. *"Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast!"*
– Lewis Carroll

I look forward to traveling once again.

It has been a long, strange, challenging lockdown for all of us. And as we begin to emerge on the other side, there is an understandable desire to reconnect - spending time with family and friends, returning to familiar places and activities. That's at the top of everyone's list.

Of course, the "new normal" is bound to be different. And that's okay. Change isn't all bad, even when it's unexpected. In fact, change quite often presents more than a few extraordinary possibilities.

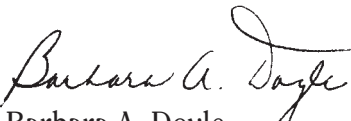
A silver lining to the pandemic, then, may be the chance to creatively rediscover the world around us. Creativity, it is said, is less about inventing the new than it is looking at the old in a new way. This means going beyond simply re-experiencing our "old lives," and instead embracing what some modern philosophers call *nota novum*, literally, "the new familiar" - in other words, experiencing things again as if for the first time.

One doesn't need to travel to do this. All it takes is a shift in perspective away from what we think we already know.

Take my typical day. I love connecting with people. It's something I do constantly: a chat with Residents, sharing a story about family or a recent accomplishment ... working with management and staff, tossing around ideas, collaborating on new opportunities ... so many conversations, so many connections, so much inspiration.

It can be easy to lose sight of just how special the Village is. So I'm aiming to see things again with brand new eyes ... listen again with brand new ears. How can we shape our new normal? For example, what could "being of service" now entail? How might our community become even more special? How can our relationships - personal, professional, in our families, in our community - be more fulfilling?

Perhaps this is the journey I'm meant to take.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



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Inspired by Music

Inspiration? Hey, you may know it differently, but I'll tell you how I know it. I know it from many things: people, art, and music that pop up unexpectedly and change my life with inspiration, whether they know it or not. In music it has appeared unexpectedly and stayed with me forever, such as when I sang in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Masterworks Chorale, or singing the Brahms Requiem, in the Catedral Central in the Zócalo of Mexico City, or in Robert Shaw's premier performance in Carnegie Hall of "When Lilacs Last in the Court-yards Bloomed" by Hindemith or, most unlikely of all, when playing the first bassoon part in the Great Neck (LI) Symphony of the introductory bars of the second movement of Brahms' Violin Concerto.

A great peak of inspiration was performing the Mass in B Minor of J. S. Bach in England. A group of singers from all over the US gathered as the Berkshire Music Festival to perform this great work in the cathedral of Canterbury, England; you know, the place where Bishop Thomas à Becket was murdered by the men of King Henry in 1170. We were all housed on the campus of the cathedral and rehearsed every morning and afternoon under the direction of Brian Kay, a renowned British choral music director, and, if you remember, one of the original King's Singers. Brian addressed me as Kay B. and I addressed him as B. Kay. His warmup team was the best I have ever experienced.

Although this was not the Thomaskirche of Leipzig, where much of the Mass was originally performed, it bore all the trappings of history you could expect. The actual spot of the murder was only a few paces inside from where we rehearsed. Our crowd developed camaraderie with the orchestra, and a greater love for this work that most of us knew pretty well already.

We spent the week, rehearsing and eating our meals together in one of the great halls, frequently breaking out spontaneously singing fragments of the Mass. We checked out the pubs of Canterbury offering more B Minor segments after a pint or so. By Saturday we were ready

to give the concert. Although we lived and rehearsed in Canterbury the performance was to be given in the Rochester Cathedral, a short distance north.



Arriving in Rochester we found the beautiful cathedral packed to the extreme with a B Minor loving crowd waiting for us.

Well, my friend, why am I telling you all this? Although I have gotten inspiration from many places and things, I cannot define it. But Bach certainly could! He showered us with it and sent us out into the world again with plenty of it that magical evening in Rochester. I give thanks for the inspiration in performing these wonderful masterpieces, and it sure helped that I met and married a great gal named Marian who loved and was skilled in piano and choral music.

Kay Barney

Why I Became a Doctor Instead of a Bullfighter

I was Mother's first and only child and whenever I cried she thought I was dying and immediately called Dr. Belford to come and save my life. He never found anything wrong with me, but had to reassure Mother and explain gas to her. After several such house calls, he suggested that she steer me in the direction of medicine, so that in time I could explain the problem without his coming to our house. This seems to have struck a chord with her, and after that Mother would inform whatever doctor I visited that I was

thinking of being one also. She even allowed me to attend rounds with a noted surgeon who took an interest in me when I was seven and we lived in Rio de Janeiro. One morning he took me into the OR so I could watch him operate on a man who had a toe that had become gangrenous and required excision. I was fascinated and to this day remember that small operation in detail.

Then Mother became quite ill with a condition unknown to her several physicians, but which they told us might result in her death. This was of great concern to us, but in the end she recovered on her own, and that fact intrigued me then and still does: that the body can come close to death yet recover on its own.

Meanwhile, Dad was filling my head with stories of his adventures as a youth. Some of his friends in Mexico City were budding bullfighters, and at one time he and his tennis partner became doubles tennis champions of Mexico. Stories of his escapades with his bullfighting buddies filled my head with macho, derring-do, fame, glittery costumes and swooning maidens; worth thinking about, thought I. When I got to see my first bullfight in Plaza Mexico, two of the *matadores* were gored, aborting any thought of that career in my mind.



In Mexico City I had two uncles who were distinguished ophthalmologists and a cousin in an ophthalmology fellowship. They all encouraged me to go into their specialty, and my cousin introduced me to the antique instruments they used in those days—I was overwhelmed. In high school and college Mother had all my professors on her side; I was hooked. I would do it again in a flash; I cannot think of any more satisfying profession than medicine for myself.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy

Giving Credit Long Overdue

I thought I knew where my overall inspiration for my life came from. Now I think not.

Oh, I'm frequently inspired by a book I've read or a piece of music, almost always classical, a place I've visited, or a kind word, unexpected. But these are inspirations in the moment. Recently I listened to Bach's "Easter Oratorio" and it inspired me to listen to all my Bach CDs (13!). And an old book on Reconstruction that I had picked up at a used bookstore in Beaufort SC a couple of years ago inspired me to read more books on Reconstruction, the Jim Crow Era and the Civil Rights Era. When I was much younger, I made a list of places in the world where I wanted to travel. I no longer have the list because it fairly quickly became useless. The reason was that pretty much everywhere I travelled I wanted to go back and visit (and usually did), so of course I couldn't just cross it off the list as "done."

But this *Villager* theme made me seriously think about what or who has been my greatest inspiration. I have always thought it was my mother—so bright, so talented. As a child I wanted to please her, to have her respect me as much as I admired her. And I'm sure that mostly came to pass. Unfortunately, she was defined by the 40s and 50s, an era when few women, especially wives and mothers, were encouraged to pursue their dreams or even had dreams other than mothering and being a dependable homemaker. In that environment eight years of Latin, real musical talent, and scholarly curiosity had very few outlets beyond what she shared at home with the family.

My father was the breadwinner of course. (Remember, this was the 40s and 50s.) But in truth he would much rather have been puttering in the yard at home or in his rose garden or tuberous begonia plot at our cottage where we spent summers, just five miles from home. He came home for dinner as soon as he closed up his office at 5 o'clock, changed his clothes, and was ready to spend time with the family or in the yard.

It was Dad, not Mom, who taught me how to dance, who showed me how to cast a fly, to clean a rifle and use it safely, and who took me hunting for deer and partridge. It was Dad who taught me



how to drive in our DeSoto Fluid Drive car and also in a pickup truck so I could back it up to a stream where he could fill it with rocks to build out the lawn in front of the cottage. It was Dad who called the Registrar at college to encourage them to accept me into the freshman class. And it was Dad who made me feel I could do anything I set my mind to. This gentle man, without great ambitions for himself, was truly the overall inspiration for my life. Thanks Dad.

Madelyn Armstrong

Finding Inspiration

The greatest discovery of my generation is that a human being can alter his life by altering his attitude. (William James)

Inspiration has altered my philosophy of life. From memories, thoughts, current events, success, failure, the arts, science, music, editorials, a good meal, magazines, articles, e-mails and by the good and bad examples of other people, my attitudes and behaviors flow and are altered. To change your behaviors, you must change your thinking!

Inspiration can be positive or negative and come from both the little and the big things of life. Simply taking a walk on a sunny spring day, a good book, a film, a play, a song, a dance, a poem, conversations with friends, playing bridge or chess, meeting up with family, or just sitting on my deck waving at people passing by and having some of them stop and chat with me...all those little things lift my spirits. Of course, the tragedies in life: death, serious illness and a variety of traumatic events have a profound influence on our thoughts, feelings and behaviors.

Happiness is beneficial for the body, but it is grief that develops the power of the mind. (Marcel Proust)

I collect pithy quotes and they inspire me. I have collected hundreds of them. When I sit to write an article like this one, I review my collected quotes, and I will share several of them.

As a child, one of the earliest quotes I learned that got me thinking was:

As you travel on through life, brother, whatever be your goal, keep your eye upon the donut and not upon the hole. (Anonymous)

I like to play bridge, poker and other competitive card games. A related inspirational quote I've always remembered is:

Life is not a matter of holding good cards, but of playing a poor hand well. (R. L. Stevenson)

When I experience disappointments, I sometimes think of the following quotes:

I cannot change the direction of the wind, but I can adjust my sails. (J. Dean)

Success is a lousy teacher. (Bill Gates)

The truth is what is, not what should be. What should be is a dirty lie. (L. Bruce)

I constantly look for and participate in inspirational, challenging, thought provoking and engaging activities. I am a political activist and follow current events and the news cycle very closely. I belong to the Bedford-Lexington Great Books Club, which meets monthly for in-depth discussions. The Village Thespians, the Bridge Club, and the monthly Poetry Group meetings are a few of my favorite CWV activities.

It is not life, but a good life, which is to be chiefly valued. (Socrates)

The administration and staff of CWV have performed at heroic levels during the recent pandemic. They have inspired me. I do not have to go far from home to feel inspired. My lovely wife Anne's energy, determination and stick-to-it-iveness have been a lifelong inspiration.

I discovered I had a great talent early on, so I married her. (George Burns)

I'll end with one of my favorite quotes which I hope inspires you...to think.

We are disturbed, not by events, but by the views which we take of them. (Epictetus)

Tom Larkin



Methuselah



Stately sentinel.
Headless, hundred-holed;
Proud, patient, probable progenitor
of proximal pines on the
Perimeter Path.
Broken branches beckoning,
Welcoming wise women wandering
wayward in the woods;
Girls giving graceful, grateful grins
For prevailing peace.



Barbara Worcester

The Heart of the Matter – Finding a Career

What inspired me to become the University of Minnesota's first Biomedical Engineer was the research I did in conjunction with my master's degree in Electrical Engineering on *How To Measure the Relative Rate at Which Blood was Being Pumped by the Heart*.

I needed to understand the positioning of the tissue around the heart, so I went over to the university's medical school and said I wanted see the inside of a human chest, and the professor suggested I go to an autopsy. After verifying that I was qualified, I went, was fascinated, and figured out the design for my instrument. That was the inspiration to then take the first year of medical school there. Initially I was rejected because I was an engineer, but I was so inspired about combining engineering with medicine that I convinced one of the medical school faculty to let me in. The professor had a son who was in engineering school, so that gave me an edge. After that I looked around for further opportunities. I found the only place I could get a degree in Biomedical Engineering was the University of Pennsylvania. It didn't have any BME faculty other than the chairman of the

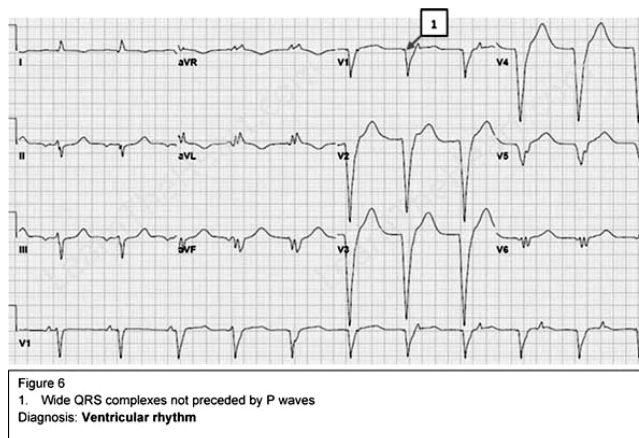
department. My teachers were all invited professors from medical schools in the area. My advisor was the chairman of the BME department.

Understanding the molecular physiology of muscle contraction inspired me to learn more, so I went to Harvard Medical School/MIT to study auditory neurophysiology. The joint program there was so new (again no BME professors) my office was in an old wooden building. I spent my career going to other med schools to study further the medical aspects of different medical instruments.

An interesting side note is that not only was I inspired to work on medical instruments and data management, but I was contacted through the medical data manager at MGH by the guys who designed the first Electronic Medical Record. My interview for a job was at a restaurant. I was offered a job working with them; the really unique thing that happened at that lunch, because there really were almost no BME engineers around anywhere, they asked me what salary I wanted. I figured what was reasonable and then raised it by 50%. They said FINE.

Now, at MIT, where my office in a WWII wooden one-story shack stood, there is a 15 story office building with BMEs in it called the Picower Institute. And it all started, for me, in that autopsy room.

Paul Hill





Night Flight: A Conversation with Howard Hermann

In a flash, the very instant he had risen clear, the pilot found a peace that passed his understanding. Not a ripple tilted the plane, but like a ship that has crossed the bar, it moved within a tranquil anchorage, in an unknown secret corner of the sky it floated, as in a harbour of the Happy Isles.

Antoine de Saint-Exupery from *Night Flight*

Howard Hermann says he has never felt frightened. He accepted challenges and “did what was in my capacity.” Flying solo at night was one of his great joys, skimming over the water of the Yucatan, so close you could see the fish. Once, incredibly, it was a family of manatees, a mother followed by her children. Unlike Saint-Exupery, he didn’t crash and disappear at a young age. He volunteered for hazardous assignments over and over again. He served in the US Army Medical Corps from 1952-1954, survived the taking of a hill in Korea, became a Lt. Col. flight surgeon. Gunfire was “part of the game.” “The worst thing you could do was to surrender to fear,” he says.

He loved mountain climbing, skiing, and the A-frame house he designed and built himself in Conway, New Hampshire. Many happy summers and winter vacations were spent there with his wife Deborah. The house is now in the hands of his grandchildren; his son Peter has another house nearby. It’s been a life marked by a desire for freedom and exploration. His restless nature has led him to both physical and intellectual adventure.

Over the course of his life, he’s been a psychiatrist, a surgeon, a researcher in neurophysiology, and a teacher. Affiliated with Mass General, McLean, Beth Israel and both the Boston and Bedford VA Hospitals, with teaching appointments at Harvard and Boston University medical schools, Howard’s career has been a wide-ranging, adventurous path. He’s done everything from emergency medicine to marital counseling, and lots of published research along the way.

So, he says that now he can “take a victory lap.” Yes, indeed! With his still military bearing,



at ninety-five Howard is thriving in this, his eighth year at CWV. The freedom of solo night flights and downhill skiing are not available now, but the images of these adventures remain and enrich a still-brave and adventurous mind and soul.

Marjorie Roemer

My Grandpa, Silas Bard

Silas Bard married Miranda Kurtz in 1891. Both were descended from Pennsylvania Dutch, or ‘deutsch’ speaking farmers brought to Pennsylvania by William Penn in the early 1700s from what is now Germany and Switzerland. Silas and Miranda grew up speaking German at home but English at school. Silas became an early admirer of English authors like Shakespeare and Dickens. He became the first in his family to decide against farming as a profession. He became a school teacher in a one-room school house in the town of Denver, in Lancaster County, PA. He also served several terms as Mayor and started a weekly newspaper called the Denver Press.

Silas and Miranda had seven children, who attended grades one through seven in their father’s one-room school house. Most of the boys in town quit school after Grade 7 and went to work full time at their parents’ farms. My Mom and her three sisters went on to become school teachers themselves. Two brothers never lived to adulthood. The other, Guy Kurtz Bard, started his early career as a teacher, but then studied law and later became a federal judge appointed by FDR. He also attended the 1932 Democratic convention and was a member of the platform



committee, where he wrote the plank calling for the repeal of Prohibition.

Prior to World War II my parents would drive us from New Jersey to Pennsylvania every year at Thanksgiving weekend, where my Grandma Miranda and her four daughters would prepare a huge Thanksgiving dinner for the entire clan. Grandpa Silas would purchase a large, live turkey from a local farmer and take it to the back yard and chop its head off and remove all its feathers before bringing it into the kitchen. One year my brother and I were permitted to watch the turkey's execution. Grandpa firmly held the large bird over the chopping block and swung the axe, neatly separating the head from the neck. The headless bird then jumped to its feet and ran a couple of small circles, pumping spurts of blood from its neck before collapsing and dying. A very memorable experience for two young boys.



Silas and Miranda Bard and Judge Guy Bard

As an old man, Silas wrote a letter to my Mom, speaking of a famous snow storm in March of 1888, when he was dating another young woman who lived two towns away. She wrote him to say that a girl friend of hers planned to spend a weekend at her parents' house and if he could bring a young male friend, the two girls would prepare a grand turkey dinner for the four of them. He chose a young man who lived in the town between them. When the day arrived he prepared his wheeled carriage, to be pulled by his horse, and set off. After picking up his friend, it began snowing rather heavily. But the two young men continued to make the date and enjoyed a very nice dinner. As the snow had continued, they regretfully left earlier than planned and headed

home. They made it to the town where his friend lived, and Silas went on, but the snow made it impossible to continue before he got half-way home. So he unhitched the horse from the wagon and led it back through the deepening snow to his friend's town, where he knew of a farmer who put up the horses of travelers. Silas then headed home on foot through the still deepening snow and finally reached home about 4 a.m. and went to bed. During the following days he heard news reports of a record snow storm covering the region from Virginia to Maine, which caused the deaths of 700 travelers trapped in snow drifts. My Mom was glad to know that Silas had survived. Otherwise she and I would never have existed!

Bard Crawford

Framing

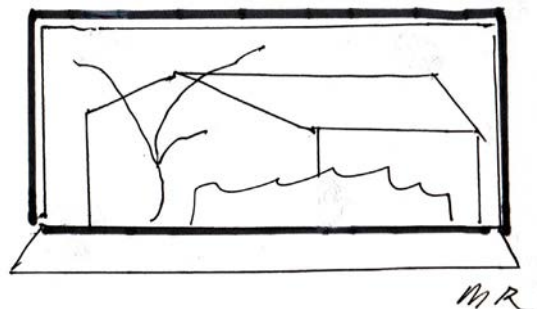
My window frames what I can see
A small house across the way
The near tree with its few remaining leaves

My mind, too,
Frames what I can know
Shapes its meaning

What I have read
Old songs, clichés, half-remembered movies
Border my understanding

Love as fever, sadness as a willow tree,
Winding stairs, wild swans
Give substance to my imaginings.

Marjorie Roemer





My Hero

Throughout my life Abraham Lincoln has been my hero. As a child I was quarantined in my bedroom with chicken pox. I turned my bed into a flatboat, and in my imagination joined Abe Lincoln on his 1831 trip down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans.

Whenever I am in Washington, DC, I feel I must go to the Lincoln Memorial to express my respect – there to read the words of the First Inaugural Address, the Gettysburg Address, and the Second Inaugural Address. They are carved into the walls around him.



His words ring as true today as when originally spoken: “with malice toward none and charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive ... to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations.” May it be so.

Robert Schmalz



Reflections From a Long Life

I have been thinking about history I have lived through during my 95 years. First, in my native Austria, by age seven there had been outbreaks of polio, scarlet fever, chicken pox, and whooping cough. I did get a very severe case of scarlet fever, with my Nanny staying in my room in isolation. Food was passed through the door into the nursery. The Health Department Inspector came to the home, made sure door handles were wrapped in rags soaked in Lysol, and strict isolation observed. At the first sign of chicken pox on my brother I was sent to stay with my grandmother and did not return until the room was professionally disinfected. The whole place smelled of Lysol.

Austria was in transition from using the German script handwriting called “Kurrentschrift” during the Hapsburg Empire, to the use of the Roman alphabet. In alternate weeks we wrote in both alphabets. The old German alphabet in script required flexible nibs to differentiate upstrokes and downstrokes. We used penholders, nibs, and ink pots in our desks. From first grade on, boys and girls were in separate classrooms. Every girl was required to wear a full size apron, usually a blue calico print material, to prevent stains on their personal dresses. Then came the invention of fountain pens with liquid ink, preferably with flexible gold nibs. The gold nibs had to be flexible for writing “Kurrentschrift”.

A decent calligraphy was a required subject; without a passing grade, the student could not advance to the next grade in elementary school. By middle school, in the early nineteen thirties, teachers began to accept homework written on a typewriter. Most books and newspapers printed in the Gothic German alphabet, used since Medieval times, were now printed in Roman letters. This was necessary because Vienna was an international center of culture, commerce, art and politics. Much of the social life of “Cafe Society” of both Viennese and foreigners living in Vienna spent many hours reading German and other language newspapers over a cup or two of coffee and between games of chess. Correct spelling

was the essential proof of being well educated. Imagine the transition in my life upon emigrating to England and the consequent nightmare of spelling in English, as well as the changes from the metric and weight systems to the ones used in England.

During World War II I also witnessed a change in women's fashions, more so than usual, with trousers (pants) becoming acceptable, even in church. In my lifetime there has been great advancement in equal rights and less gender and racial discrimination especially in England and the USA. I remember how some countries, like Switzerland, early gave women the vote and how English inheritance laws were very unequal, favoring first born, rather than women or other offspring.

The Transportation revolution from horse-drawn pretty "Fiakers" decorated with flowers for youngsters on their confirmation day, to automobiles, includes so many modes of travel now, including beyond the earth. I well remember the excitement about the beginning of air travel and when the zeppelin *Graf Hindenburg* exploded while landing at Lakehurst, New Jersey. It so happened my Uncle Joe, an amateur photographer, living in New York, witnessed the whole disaster, and sent his film strips to us in Vienna. Later, while on a ski vacation, I watched Armstrong landing on the moon on TV. I have not yet digested the changes in the communication industry including computers with portals.

I have just read *Sapiens, A Brief History of Mankind*, by Yuval Noah Harari. The chapters after exploration, banking, capitalism, and the industrial revolution, are about the advances in science and biology. I find it most amazing, that lifeless matter and micro elements combine and create new human body parts and then use brain power to activate artificial limb movement. Also advanced mathematics can calculate the distances from earth to the moon and other planets and plot travel by astronauts.

In many ways I feel like an antique, fit only for a curio cabinet. If anyone would like to share their witnessing of historical events, I would love to hear about them. What I have shared here are just a few of mine.

Daisy Illich

A Rescue on the River

[As dictated to Emily's daughter, Caroline]

I have spent summers on Grindstone Island in the St. Lawrence River for 93 years. There is no bridge to Grindstone, so you must come and go by boat.

During the war there was rationing, including gas, so I sailed to town for groceries and mail. I also sailed a lot for fun. My Snipe was named Panka Hynee because the waves "spanked my hynee."

One day, when I was 13, I was sailing between Governor's Island and Calumet. When I came out to the Seaway Channel, a sudden gust of wind tipped me over. I just crawled around as the boat turned over, and I wound up sitting on the bottom of the boat! A motor boat came by, helped right the boat and towed me in. I was worried that the mast would break, but it was ok.



My rescuer was Dr. Fowkes, the Clayton doctor who took care of all of us when we needed stitches or x-rays. His office overlooked the river, and he often paused during a visit to remark on an interesting boat or freighter going by. One time when there was an eclipse he showed us we could safely watch it through an x-ray! He did everything, including delivering babies and rescuing sailors in distress.

Emily Holt



Cool It! Let's Make Sherbet!

Simmer 12 ounces frozen raspberries (not fresh!), 3/4 cup water, cup sugar, bit of salt. Strain as much liquid as possible. Add 3 TBL lemon juice and 2 tsp Triple Sec or vodka. (Please, don't tell mother.) Cover and chill. Dump all into 2/3 cup whipped cream. Churn in ice cream machine until all soft or simply chill in nonreactive pan and stir. Stick it all in the freezer for at least 3 hours. You can also do this with oranges or limes. Limes need a tad more sugar. Serve. Brag. Smile. Enjoy.



Wachusett Dam at Clinton

You can smell the pines hovering over two-lane country roads running 35 miles past Concord and Acton to the storybook mill town of Clinton. Go one mile more for an amazing sight: a dam impounding the Nashua River creating what was the world's largest public water-supply reservoir. A thousand immigrants were brought in to work on the site construction that began in 1897 and took seven years. Eminent domain destroyed homes, churches and schools. 4,000 bodies were dug up at midnight and removed to a Catholic cemetery. The lake and monumental stonework are breathtaking. A thrilling getaway site. So near. So far.

Museum of Russian Icons

Writes Gordon Lankton, engineer from nearby Clinton: "When the Soviet Union broke up, to start a plastic manufacturing plant, I went to a flea market, saw an icon just lying there on the ground. The people were so destitute I bought one for \$20, and took it home." He didn't stop there. He returned to take home over 1,000 more. His wife put her foot down. In an available building he began the Museum of Russian Icons. The mostly Christian holy images include Last Judgment, John the Baptist, St. George Slaying the Dragon, dating back 2 millennia. A virtual audio-visual guide enriches this unique experience.

Spring Gardening Is Here!

Time to get out hoe and fertilizer! A resident sharing her gardening preparations leads with buying gourd seeds to plant by the corner trellis in June. Remember those plump gourds from last summer? This year she'll let them ripen on the vine. There's more. Dig out vole tunnels. Reorganize perennials in the pollinator part of the garden. Spread straw on the middle path. Spread composted chicken manure experimentally on the raspberry patch. So much to do. Buy well-started Mexican sunflowers, protect them with chicken wire. Last year the rabbits ate the seedlings.

Walden Pond

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could learn what it had to teach." So wrote Henry David Thoreau on his beloved Walden, where he lived from 1845 for two years, two months and two days. Today, Walden is a joy to visit. 600,000 folks per year think so too. Try to avoid weekends. View the Thoreau house replica. See the original house site and archeological information. Spend an hour circumnavigating the pond (counterclockwise during the pandemic for social distancing) on the mile-long wooded path or along level beachfront, past coves of clear water. Heaven, and so close!



Happenings

Tower Hill Botanical Garden

How many of us are aware of an earthly garden of delights just 30 miles from CWV, sporting a four-season display of New England plants gathered in 17 distinct gardens over 171 acres. Whew! It's Tower Hill. Immerse yourself in Lawn Garden's 350 species of trees and shrubs, then sneak down to the Secret Garden. (Shh, don't tell). The Wildlife Refuge Pond alone is a bird-watchers' paradise. Winter Garden plants thrive the year round. More must-sees? Limonaia Conservatory's citrus plants and Orangerie's 18th-century greenhouse. Lose yourself strolling in lush meadows. In spring, be overwhelmed by 25,000 daffodils!

Hiking Trails in Bedford

Want to explore beyond our Perimeter Path? They're right here in Bedford. 19 public access trails within Bedford's 1,780 acres of protected conservation land. That's over 20 percent of the Town's area. The spiral-bound Bedford Trail Guide is \$10 from the DPW (314 Great Road), or on line at bedfordma.gov. In 50 full-color pages snake the likes of Elm Brook, Fawn Lake, Shawsheen River and Hartwell Town Forest trails. All are open not only for hiking but cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, nature study and picnics. Try Wilderness Park for woodland, wetland and wildlife or Old Reservoir/Valente Land for nearly a mile of native plants, rambling walls and lakeside panoramas.

Abbott Reopens

March 22nd was a red-letter day for Carleton Willard when the Abbott Dining Room reopened its doors. Happy faces beamed in both dining room and kitchen as residents and dining staff experienced a most emotional and sought-after moment. Even if the food for the meal bags was prepared the same way for the dining room, it could never compare to the socialization at table, as well as hot fresh food served to order. The wait staff loves to interact with residents. The cooks excitedly present their food that looks as good as it tastes. With resident art gracing the walls, the Abbott's reopening has been a joyous experience for us all.

Concord Hiking - Let's Go!

Turn right off Route 62 onto Monson Road to enjoy Great Meadows, a 250-acre bird and wildlife refuge featuring a 2.7-mile trail that loops around 2 large ponds called impoundment pools because the water level is adjusted periodically to create conditions favorable to wildlife. A favorite haunt of muskrats, turtles and Great Blue Herons, Great Meadows, a mecca for birding, sports a tall viewing tower. Down the road is October Farm Riverfront, 80 acres of birds and wildlife habitat on Ball's Hill Road off Monument Street. Both great walks, Riverfront and Holden/Dakin Hills, skirt the Concord River and are under an hour.



The Hugging Tree

Walk up the Pine Path and you saw it. A large tree, brightly wrapped with colorful cloths, pulled you over to read a sign: "THIS TREE HUGGER IS TO REMIND US THAT BEFORE TOO LONG WE WILL BE ABLE TO HUG EACH OTHER". A resident says the idea came from a friend whose neighbor had put up this display on a nearby tree. When she said how much she loved it, the friend made this and sent it to her. Why this tree? It was at the edge of the Path, visible, and reachable in deep snow. Today the cloths and sign are gone. "We can hug each other now."

Harry Hoover



A Bit of an Adventure

My husband and I were on a trip to Alaska that included sailing into Anchorage. We were seated at the breakfast table in the main dining room of the ship enjoying a leisurely breakfast, when suddenly the ship lurched. Alarms went off. The P.A. system tersely announced that all passengers were to report with warm clothing to their emergency stations. Alarms ringing, we went to our stateroom, gathered jackets and hurried to our places on deck assigned in a prior fire drill.

It was to be a long wait. People told jokes, sang, talked with folks they hadn't met. The ship did not move. Other vessels came to look. It turned out we had run into an uncharted rock while attempting to exit the harbor to begin our exploration of coastal Alaska. Our ship had a big gash below the water line.



With no official news and many rumors, we were told that the ship would return to the dock. We would disengage, go ashore and be housed there.

We stood on the deck talking with each other. Some jokers recited the story of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German U-Boat in 1915. No one knew what kind of damage our ship had suffered or how serious it was. Our feet planted securely on the deck, we sensed at least we weren't listing. We watched as handicapped persons were helicoptered off ship. At that point, absent an official announcement to the contrary, we could surmise that our trip to explore the Alaskan coast was ended.

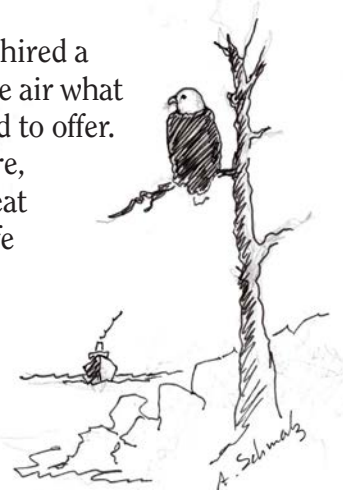
The ship slowly returned to a dock. In place of the gangplank, which could not be used to exit the ship, the crew rigged up a fire ladder, placing it over water and the rocky shore. Each of us, including my husband, who had balance issues, was required to use the ladder frame plus a guide

rope. Don't look down! Land, rocks and frothy water threatened below.

On shore we were housed in a fisherman's dormitory, not unlike a college dorm. We had to deal with how to get home or what could substitute during the time until our return flights home.

We and another couple hired a seaplane to explore from the air what more that part of Alaska had to offer. We landed on a distant shore, scouting out an island retreat to follow a bear trail at a safe distance without engaging the animal. We survived.

I've explored many countries. Being shipwrecked tossed a different adventure into our plans.



Ara Tyler

In Memory

James Hay	April 9
Jean Runge	April 10
Anne "Nancy" Smith	April 12
Joan Mallaly	April 21
Virginia Simons	April 21
Suzanne Brehm	April 30
Ardehna Brehm	May 17



Remembering the Governor

My mind is a funny appendage in my twilight years. A couple of years ago my wife's nephew, who now lives in Idaho, called me. He does this periodically since he grew up in Westford, MA, and likes to know what's going on in this part of the world.

Two local things that Johnny Mac is interested in are the Patriots and politics. The Patriots had just won another Super Bowl. We talked about that for a bit, and then I started thinking. Our Governor is a tall, big, and impressive appearing man, but suddenly I couldn't remember his name. He is a Republican governor in a Democratic state. Why can't I remember? We babbled on a bit about the Patriots, but this was going to be a pretty short conversation. Suddenly it came to me, CHRISTIAN HERTER. I knew this wasn't right, but we talked on anyway without mentioning names. Oh well, maybe next time.

As soon as we hung up, I remembered. Whew that was a close call. I checked on the internet and I found that Christian Herter was governor from 1953 to 1957. I had graduated from Tufts and was doing my required military time as a tank driver in Germany. I couldn't have cared less about Massachusetts politics.

I have told this story to many people here at Carleton-Willard, and it always gets a chuckle especially from the older crowd who know my dilemma. I recently lost it again and couldn't remember Christian Herter's name, so now it was foolish to even mention this story. And then bang, it came back to me again recently at 4 a.m. one morning. Oh well, there are other more important things in life.

Sometimes you don't need someone to inspire you to do great things with your life. It's right there in your own mind already. For me, after writing this I will never forget Foster Furcolo's name again.



Wally Campbell

Birding in Tanzania and Kenya

My first experience birding in Africa was a private guided safari organized by Ker and Downey, a previous big game hunting agency, transformed to sight-seeing. Early morning and late afternoon game drives included birding.

In Tanzania along the Tarangira River I saw the Marabou Stork, Africa's largest, with a length of 5 feet. It snatches low-flying swallows from the air. The Spur-Winged Glossy Black Metallic Green-Bronze Geese, Africa's largest waterfowl, were also common here, as well as the African Fish Eagle, which eats water birds and fish.

The Ngorongoro crater, 100 square miles, contains the abundant bird life I observed, including the Saddle-Billed Stork, African Spoonbill, Egyptian Goose, and Lesser Flamingoes, which may remain flightless for 3 weeks around nesting time. Most impressive were the Great White Pelicans with a 10-foot wingspan and the habit of feeding together with heads and necks merging in unison.



Secretary Bird

My travel to remote campsites was with 2-4-passenger planes buzzing Wildebeests in order to land on strips lined with skulls.

In the far southwest corner of the Serengeti I saw the White-Bellied Go-Away Bird, the Lilac Breasted Roller and 2 Bustards. The Kori is the heaviest flying bird in the tropics, weighing 40 pounds, with males displaying an elaborate dancing courtship for several days. The Buff-Crested males have a variety of calls followed by an impressing aerial display.

The Samburu Game Reserve in Kenya had several of the 25 colorful species of Africa Starlings and flocks of Crested Guinea Fowl. In the grasslands near the Governors camp set up for Teddy Roosevelt on the banks of the Mari River in the west Masai Mara strolled the Secretary Bird, whose head plumes were used as pens in the 18th



century. With its long legs and peculiar gait, this bird hunts on foot for rodents and snakes.

The finale of this safari was a sunrise balloon trip over hippos, crocodiles, giraffes, Topi and Grey Crowned Cranes, whose pairs perform elaborate displays with head bobbing and high upward leaps.

Katherine Halmi

Lost in New York City

My family was living in Scarborough, New York, in the late 1940's. Scarborough was a commuter suburb of New York City. My father took the train into the city every day and sometimes we children went with our parents on the train to see my grandparents who had an apartment in the city. My Aunt Sue invited my younger sister Micki and me to watch the St. Patrick's Day Parade at her mother's apartment right on Fifth Avenue.

My mother was a writer and did not want to take a day away from her typewriter, so she asked my father's secretary, Mary Flanagan, to meet us at Grand Central Station and take us to my Aunt on Fifth Avenue. Mary was a single lady and quite nervous, but she agreed to the task. So my mother drove us to the Scarborough Station, gave me a five dollar bill and a small piece of paper with the address on it, and put us on the train going into New York City. I was eight and my sister Micki was six.

When we got to Grand Central, I took Micki by the hand and got out of the train. We walked with everyone to the exit. When we got out into the huge main room of the station, I looked around for Mary. I did not know her well but was sure we would recognize each other. Well, we waited and we waited but no Mary appeared. So Micki started to get weepy and said "Oh Sher, what are we going to do?" I could not let Micki see that I was nervous, so I said "Well, we will just get a taxi like Granny." So we marched hand in hand out to the nearest street and hailed a cab just like grown-ups do. What we did not know was that some trains had two exits. Mary was at one and we came out the other. And there were no instructions given about what to do if Mary did not appear.



I showed our driver the slip of paper with the address on it and he nodded. He drove us toward the parade. But the streets close to that section of Fifth Avenue were blocked off. So the driver said he would have to let us off and we could walk the rest of the way. We got out of the taxi, I gave him my \$5.00 bill and he saw that there was no tip so he drove off in a huff before I could ask which direction I should walk in. So there we were, two little girls with shiny clean hair, wearing our party dresses, our coats and our Mary Jane shoes totally lost in New York City. Micki started to cry. I said authoritatively 'Mick, don't worry, I will find Aunt Sue and Cindy and we will watch the parade and it will be fun.'

I went up to a door and tried to knock but no one answered. No one was around; they were all at the parade. Then I thought if everyone was somewhere else, I should be able to hear them. So I listened. And you can actually hear birds in the city if you listen carefully. And I heard a crowd in the distance and I thought they must be watching the parade. So we started to walk toward the sound of the crowd. We walked hand in hand for many blocks. Then suddenly we came to Fifth Avenue and I noticed the green line painted down the center of the avenue. We saw a policeman and I showed him the little piece of paper with the address on it. He told me which way to go.

My Aunt Sue was an elegant New York City matron who was not a demonstrative lady, but when she spotted Micki and me walking hand-in-hand toward her, she came running towards us and gave us each a huge hug. Then we went off with our cousin Cindy to see if it was true that the men in the parade who wore kilts did not wear underwear under their kilts. Aunt Sue went inside to telephone my parents.

Sherry Downes

A Very Tiny Housemate

In August of 2019 I was glad to move into Falmouth Court, but it was also a sad time as my husband died soon after the move. A few months later my dear old dog died, so I was living alone for the first time in my life. However, in January of 2020 I discovered that I was not alone. A tiny spider appeared on my table, and clearly chose to be in that particular place, with me.

I don't know where the spider spent the nights, but it came up onto the tabletop when I sat down to breakfast, and often came to my end of the table. My new housemate needed a name, so I was glad when my son suggested "Rachni", from arachnid.

One night a couple of friends joined me for dinner, the first time I'd prepared and served a meal here in my new home. Rachni was on the table, so I set places for the three humans on the other three sides, pointing out who was in the fourth place. After we started eating, Rachni must have smelled my wine and it must have smelled attractive. He/she suddenly raced across the table, up the stem of my wineglass to the rim, and started dropping down toward the wine. Then she/he must have realized her/his mistake and rappelled back up to the rim. He/she stayed on the glass, though, until I decided that enough was enough, and flicked her/him off, onto the far side of the table. Rachni then ran down, out of sight. He/she could have been stepped on or might simply have gone somewhere else. But no, while I was eating breakfast the next morning, she/he reappeared at the far end of the table, then came a little closer when I spoke to him/her.

This him/her business was getting tiresome and I did not yet know Rachni's sex, so a lively email conversation developed among members of my family about the proper and/or preferred use of gender-neutral personal pronouns. This happened to coincide with the announcement that the Merriam-Webster "Word of the Year" was "they" – as a singular pronoun.

I knew that in male spiders the pedipalps (little "hands" near the mouth) are larger than in female spiders, but Rachni was so tiny and so

averse to close inspection that it was some time before I got a good look, with a magnifying glass. Finally successful, I could say with confidence that Rachni was a female.

Rachni was curious about my food but turned it down when I offered her some. I was concerned that there was nothing suitable for Rachni to eat in the house, so I planned to put her outside on the next warmish day. My son-in-law suggested that Rachni might be thirsty and might like to find a drop of water on the table. I offered water but she showed no interest.

Friday morning came, when the cleaners come to Falmouth Court, so I covered Rachni with an overturned glass, with a note in Portuguese – Please do not touch. When I released her from protective custody later that morning, after only an hour and a half, she was so upset that she ran to the edge of the table and from there descended out of sight. She was not visible against the carpet, so I could have stepped on her. Or she might have been living somewhere else in the house, with the same lack of food and water that she had on the table. I looked everywhere that she might show up, but it was rather like looking for the needle in the haystack.

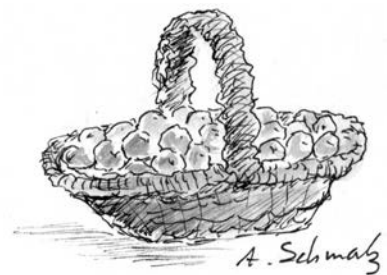
I mourned yet another loss.

But that was not the end of the story. A week went by, but then, the next Thursday evening, in the bathroom, I saw a minute speck of motion on the baseboard opposite where I sat on the toilet. Sure enough, it was Rachni! With the cleaners coming the next day, I did not want to have a repeat of the previous week. So I carefully caught Rachni and put her outside near the house. Maybe she would find a good place to live and food to eat, or maybe she would become food for another creature. In any case, she was in nature, where she belonged.



Virginia Steel







Welcome New Residents

William and Susanne Hays

from Lexington
3/7/21

Thomas and Penelope Lawrence

from Wellesley
3/18/21

Anita "Nanny" Bers

from Arlington
3/19/21

Sonia Loiseaux

from Boston
4/15/21

Trelawney Goodell

from Lexington
5/3/21



MAB

Vocabulary Lesson

During the pandemic year we have not felt inspired to do very much, right? Well, maybe we can be inspired by our new words, as well as a few new uses for familiar words.

Who knew we could Zoom to a meeting? Contact tracing and aerosol droplets and super-spreader events...what are they? Ventilators, K-shaped recovery, flattening a curve, and social distancing...does one need a front line worker for these? Do you need an N95 in your Bubble or is it better to have PPE? These uncertain times have led to virtual (almost) everything and we wait for a "new normal" to arrive. Do some people steal votes? How much voter fraud is there? Do BLM?

These are still trying times and virtual happy hours and quarantines aren't enough to soothe our souls, not even on Blursday. Let's stop doomscrolling and practice our remote learning.

Sonja Strong



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

Reasons for Optimism

Spring has arrived! The sun is shining, the sky is cloudless and our gardens are coming to life. CWV residents are now fully vaccinated, the dining room has reopened and we are moving gradually and carefully toward a more normal life. We are all feeling better.

The library is feeling better as well. We are now open five mornings a week, and two residents at a time are allowed in to choose books.

Llewsac Lodge residents have a morning all to themselves, and we are so pleased to have them back. Best of all, we no longer require returned books to be quarantined and we don't need to wear gloves! Hand sanitizer and masks continue to be the rule.

We still have our library wish list. Opening the reading area will make a huge difference, offering comfortable chairs, daily newspapers and puzzles, and the use of our magnifier. We also await the return of permission to take a book cart up to the Health Center every Saturday and to visit with our friends whom we haven't seen for a year.

We continue to add approximately 30 books to our collection every month, thanks to our generous budget. Our collection is thriving and the shelves are packed. Weeding the collection is a high priority. Several non-fiction sections have already been done, but the regular print and large print fiction shelves are more than ready for some attention. We plan to start on them this summer.

Throughout the last difficult year the library has been an important part of our life here at Carleton-Willard. Now that the rules are loosening up, we invite our residents to come in more often to browse and choose books. Reading is such a wonderful pastime.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

Flowers of Darkness by Tatiana de Rosnay

Another page-turner from the author of *Sarah's Key*. This thriller follows an author who rents a near-future apartment overlooking Paris and begins feeling that someone is watching her.

Every Day Is a Gift: Memoir by Tammy Duckworth

The incredible story of this Illinois senator and Iraq War veteran. From childhood through motherhood and beyond, her story includes her family's fleeing Phnom Penh, discrimination, poverty, the horrors of war, then her marriage and children, and later becoming one of America's most dedicated public servants.

The Four Winds by Kristen Hannah

A powerful American epic set during the Great Depression and the story of one woman's survival during the Dust Bowl era. From the author of *The Nightingale*.

Just As I Am: A Memoir by Cicely Tyson

A successful actress for six decades, but also a child, a sister, a wife, a mother and a black nonagenarian who shaped the course of history.

Klara and the Sun by Kazuo Ishiguro

Klara is a robot, an "Artificial Friend." Purchased for a little girl, Klara is observant and learns about love, loneliness and mortality.

The Doctors Blackwell by Janice Nimura

How two pioneering sisters brought medicine to women and women to medicine. In 1849 Elizabeth Blackwell became the first woman in America to receive an M.D. She was soon joined by her sister Emily.

Transient Desires by Donna Leon

The latest Commissario Guido Brunetti mystery by this popular writer.

Ice Walker by James Raffan

A polar bear's precarious existence in the changing Arctic.

The Kitchen Front by Jennifer Ryan

Story of a BBC-sponsored WWII cooking competition and the very different four women who enter it – a young widow, a kitchen maid, a lady of the manor and a trained chef. By the author of *The Chilbury Ladies' Choir*.

Keep Sharp: Build a Better Brain At Any Age by Sanjay Gupta

Debunks common myths about aging and cognitive decline! Explains what to do to maintain and improve mental agility.

A Fatal Lie by Charles Todd

An Inspector Rutledge mystery set in a Welsh village. Yes, of course there's a body, unidentified.

How to Avoid a Climate Disaster by Bill Gates

Gates has a practical and accessible plan to avoid climate change.

The Consequences of Fear by Jacqueline Winspear

The latest Maisie Dobbs novel, continuing her espionage work in 1941 England and France.

Glamour Girls by Marty Wingate

During WWII a farmer's daughter becomes a pilot assisting the RAF. Will a romantic rivalry send her aerial dreams plummeting to earth?

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Glenconner, Anne Lady in Waiting
Duckworth, Tammy Every Day is a Gift
Tyson, Cicely Just As I Am

Charles, Janet
Skeslien

The Paris Library (*)

Coben, Harlan
De Rosnay, Tatiana
Druart, Ruth
Elliott, Lauren
Farmer, W. Michael

Win
Flowers of Darkness
While Paris Slept
Proof of Murder (*)
The Odyssey of
Geronimo (*)

Biography

Duster, Michelle Ida B. the Queen
Nimura, Janice The Doctors Blackwell
Seward, Ingrid Prince Philip Revealed (*)
Sweig, Julia Lady Bird Johnson

Fletcher, Jessica &
Jon Land

Murder She Wrote: The
Murder of Twelve (*)

Current Affairs

Comey, James Saving Justice
Gates, Bill How to Avoid a Climate
Disaster (*)
Perlroth, Nicole This is How They Tell Me
the World Ends
Sharpton, Rev. Al Rise Up (*)

Gardner, Lisa
Grimes, Martha
Hannah, Kristin
Harper, Jane
Herron, Mick
Hosseini, Khaled
Ishiguro, Kazuo
Joshi, Alka
Kellerman, Jonathan
Kim, Ae-ran
Lecoat, Jenny

Before She Disappeared
The Train Now Departing
The Four Winds
The Survivors
Slough House
And the Mountains Echoed
Klara and the Sun
The Henna Artist (*)
Serpentine
My Brilliant Life
The Girl From the Channel
Islands (*)

Environment

Gates, Bill How to Avoid a Climate
Disaster

Lemmie, Asha

Fifty Words for Rain

Fiction

Allende, Isabel A Long Petal of the Sea (*)
Allende, Isabel The Soul of a Woman (*)
Ardone, Viola The Children's Train (*)
Atkins, Ace Robert B. Parker's Someone
to Watch Over Me

Leon, Donna
Leon, Donna
Manning, Kirsty
McCall Smith,
Alexander

Transient Desires
Transient Desires (*)
The Lost Jewels (*)
Pianos and Flowers

Bauer, Belinda Exit
Benjamin, Melanie The Children's Blizzard
Box, C. J. Dark Sky
Callahan, Patti Surviving Savannah (*)
Charles, Janet The Paris Library
Skleslien

McCracken, Elizabeth
Nesbit, TaraShea
Patterson, James
Patterson, James
Patterson, James
Quinn, Kate
Perry, Thomas
Robson, Jennifer

The Souvenir Museum (*)
Beheld
Private Moscow
The Red Book
The Russian
The Rose Code
A Small Town
Our Darkest Night



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Rosenfelt, David	Animal Instinct
Ryan, Jennifer	The Kitchen Front
Scottoline, Lisa	Eternal
Siddons, Anne Rivers	Burnt Mountain (*)
Steel, Danielle	Neighbors
Swanson, Peter	Eight Perfect Murders
Todd, Charles	A Fatal Lie
Todd, Charles	A Fatal Lie (*)
Williams, Beatriz	Her Last Flight
Williams, Eley	The Liar's Dictionary
Wingate, Marty	Glamour Girls
Winspear, Jacqueline	The Consequences of Fear
Winspear, Jacqueline	The Consequences of Fear (*)
Woods, Stuart	Double Jeopardy
Wurth, K. Lyn	The Not So Quiet Life of Calamity Jane (*)

Miscellaneous

Quinn, Colin Overstated (*)

Nature

Raffan, James Ice Walker

Science

Carroll, Sean B. A Series of Fortunate Events

Travel

Durham County Council The County Durham Book

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff

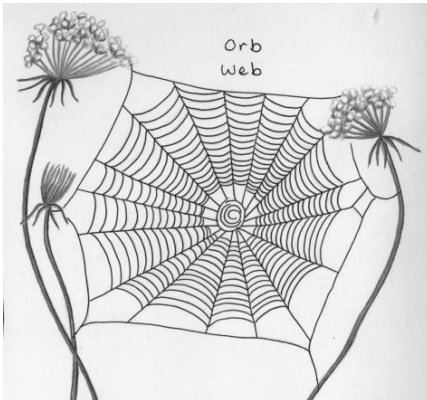
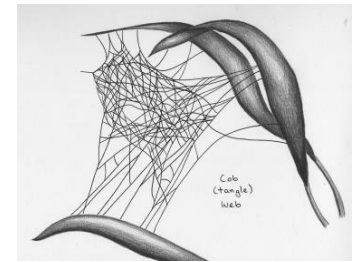
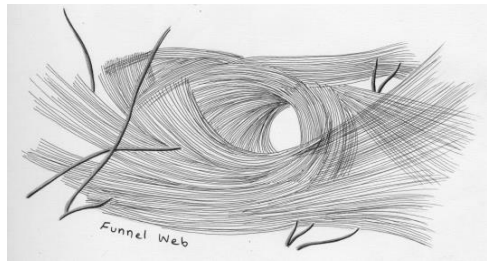
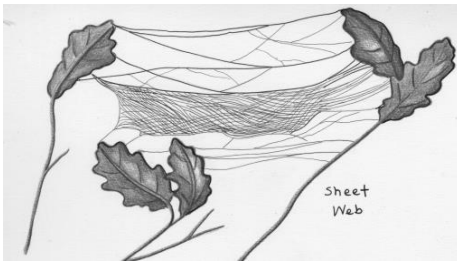
Health/Wellness

Gupta, Sanjay Keep Sharp

History

Bren, Paulina	The Barbizon (*)
Hemming, Henry	Agents of Influence
Nimura, Janice	Daughters of the Samurai
Pitzer, Andrea	Icebound
Ricks, Thomas E.	First Principles (*)
Rutter, Michael	Myths and Mysteries of the Old West
Winchester, Simon	Land



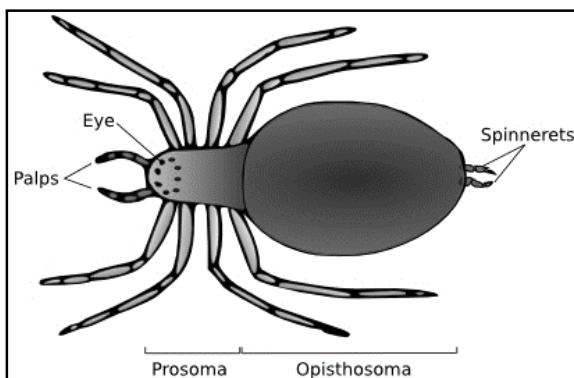


Spiders can make amazing structures – and make them again the next day. Each type of spider makes its own type of web, or none at all. Double hammock webs – why?



Spiders can disperse, sometimes traveling huge distances, by “ballooning.” The spider spins out a long thread which is carried by the wind and by electrostatic forces. Ballooning spiders have been found alive on ships far out at sea. Young spiders often “leave home” in this way.

Spiders produce silk from their spinneret glands at the tip of their abdomen. Each gland produces a thread for a special purpose – for example a trailed safety line, sticky silk for trapping prey or fine silk for wrapping it. In traditional European medicine, cobwebs were used on wounds and cuts and seem to help healing and reduce bleeding. Hummingbirds use spider silk to bind their nests together and anchor them to their foundation.





CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

100 OLD BILLERICA ROAD • BEDFORD, MA 01730

781.275.8700 • FAX 781.275.5787