

CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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The metamorphosis of a caterpillar to a butterfly is a fascinating example of nature's ability to create something beautiful and complex from a simple and unremarkable beginning. It also reflects the power of transformation and growth, as the butterfly's transformation can be seen as a metaphor for personal development and change in humans. Overall, the metamorphosis process is a testament to the wonders of nature and the incredible potential for transformation and growth that exists within all living things.

Source: Chat GPT response to the request:
Generate an explanation of metamorphosis of caterpillar to butterfly.



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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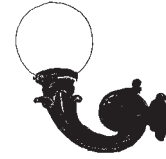
CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE ADMINISTRATION

Christopher Golen

President & CEO

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

Editor's Corner



A frequent topic of conversation among villagers is their consternation and frustration about keeping pace with the introduction of new ways of communicating, doing banking, and using the technologies we have available. Most of us have had to scramble to learn what the next generations were taught along the way. For many of us this has thrust us way beyond our comfort zones.

Now we have Chat GPT, which encroaches on the creative process of writing. For editors, this is alarming. With ease, a click of the mouse will produce a researched piece on any topic. At our last Editorial Board meeting there was much discussion of this, and when one member joined it, it in fact came up with two essays – one, discussing the difficulties inherent in *editing a resident magazine at a retirement community*, and the other, *technology challenges for seniors*. In this issue we will follow up on this, but also have room for what still lies within our comfort zone.

For me, my attention is still held by phenomena that artificial intelligence cannot touch. How does a bird replicate the nest it was born in? How can a flower bulb grow and flower in a glass of water? And how can a caterpillar change into a butterfly? Read on to our Nature Pages and then enjoy what a group of residents is sharing with us in pollinators' and Monarch milkweed gardens this summer.

Meanwhile we bid farewell to Barbara Doyle, and welcome a new CEO, Chris Golen. We anticipate having his full introduction and letter in the September issue of the *Villager*.

Anne Schmalz
Anne Schmalz, Editor



Introducing Our New CEO



Carleton-Willard Village in
Bedford announces
the appointment of
Christopher J. Golen
as its next President and CEO

This issue of the Villager, which is Volume 41, Number 2, is the first one ever in which residents have been welcoming a new Chief Executive Officer. Finding ourselves with a new person at the helm of Carleton-Willard Village will mean change in some ways, but most things will stay the same. Certainly we will be eager to get to know Chris Golen, and we will want to make him welcome, and also give him every opportunity to get to know us. This magazine is a wonderful vehicle for doing just that.

The publication deadline does not allow time for him to write a “Letter From the CEO.” We can look forward to that in the September issue. By the time this issue is distributed he will have been here a month, and no doubt will be a familiar face on campus.





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Back Cover – *Metamorphosis Complete!*, photograph by *Jeanne Smith*



Chat GPT And The Villager

The arrival and rapid maturation of Chat GPT has hit some of us on the Villager Board hard. The reaction of our fearless editor, Anne Schmalz, was typical. “Incredible,” said Annie, after reading Chat GPT’s essay on the challenges of seniors dealing with technology. “I could have written that!” To make it all harder to take, the Chat GPT essay had been written with perfect spelling and grammar, all done at the push of a button in 20 seconds. What are we doing here, some of us wondered resentfully. It’s hard not to take it personally.

There are, of course, any number of things that Chat GPT cannot do, or can’t do well, but every day the list of things it can do grows a little longer: write college essays, score high on the SAT’s, beat us at our own games, and so on. It can feel like the machines and the software we have created are getting better than we are at everything.

Technology is a challenge across the generations but nowhere more so than with us, the seniors. We are typically the last to the party, struggling to catch up. Mostly we handle it pretty well, laughing at ourselves and sometimes enjoying the position of being dependent on our offspring for assistance, at least as long as they are kind about it and not too condescending. Still, as masses of money and many of the finest minds are poured into artificial intelligence, it is hard to deny that there is a threat here that goes deeper than cheating on tests or papers. As the role of technology expands, and with that our areas of irrelevance, we find ourselves asking if there will ultimately be anything we can do that artificial intelligence can’t?

I find myself thinking about the question Marjorie Roemer asked at the first discussion of Chat GPT in the Villager Board meeting: “What does it mean to be human?” That, almost by definition, is the one thing we are, or can do, that artificial intelligence can’t (although it can surely fake it as is already happening, so watch out!) By definition artificial intelligence cannot be authentic or human. The problem, of course,

is that the question of what it means to be human is not easy to answer. Essays, sermons, books and even whole schools of philosophy have been devoted to trying to answer it.

I haven’t asked Chat to write an essay on this topic – I suppose because I am afraid it would be better than I would hope it could be – but here’s a challenge: answer the question with any essay or book you choose and then answer it by reading a bunch of issues of the Villager. Here you will learn about what we as humans find inspiring, where you meet the people we love and admire and why we do what we do. Where you read about luck and the little coincidences on which lives turn, the places and possessions that carry deep meaning and where you can laugh and cry with fellow residents in all our humanity. There are few places where you can better learn what it means to be human. Enjoy.

Dick Belin

Haibun – IDK

It’s a world of new languages and we lack translations. Bytes and platforms, servers and hardware:

words we know have morphed into new meanings.
We stare at these screens uncomprehending.

G2G it says; we exit in confusion.

What is new and fresh
Startles the eyelids of sleep
Wake! The day begins.

Marjorie Roemer

This is a *haibun*, a piece of prose paired with a *haiku*.



The New Technology

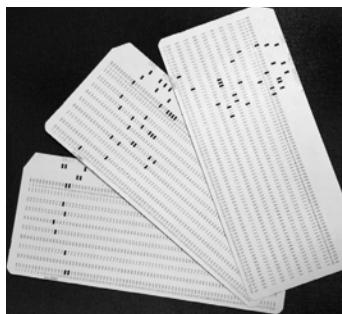
I didn't want to go into computers. I knew I'd never make it in music. It was the Seventies. There was a Draft. I didn't know much. Why take chances? Face the music and join the Army. Get it over with. I won my choice of assignment to Frankfurt, Germany. While I was there, that office had installed a computer system. No one knew how to use it. The higher-ups had left the training to us. I learned a little. But I was glad to be leaving.

Back to Square One. Many Government jobs were open to people like me departing military service. I went for it. I accepted an entry-level position as a computer programmer at an Army headquarters in Washington, DC. Automation was burgeoning, looking good. Hop on the train. I could always leave and go into potato farming.

I wrote programs supporting management information systems. Automation would feed data to managers to help them do their jobs. Programmers here did three things. First, understand the manager's job, hard when managers either didn't know or couldn't explain it themselves. Next, learn computer language so your program "talks" to the computer and does what it's supposed to do. Finally, surrender programs to a computer operator and hope it works. "Debug" it until it smiles up at you.

Squirreled in a dank, dripping corner, I wrote simple programs, then harder, longer, ones intended for a rusty IBM 1401, a machine that dined on punched cards. Programmers sat at a special typewriter and punched out 80-column cards in the computer's coded language. Just to tell the computer to move a number to page two, the beleaguered programmer punched in:

START MLC ABF+4, FELB #2.



As dependence on computers grew, so did programs' size and complexity. Most took 200-750 cards. No missing cards? Check. In the right order, no typos? Check.

Secured with elastic bands, the program was carried downstairs and surrendered to the computer. The operator "ran" the program. The programmer prayed.

A program never worked the first time, thumbing its cardboard nose until the fifth or even tenth try. It usually went like this. The phones ring. You gingerly pick up the cold receiver. You know it's the operator. "Mr. Hoover, she went down again." You stumble downstairs, grab the cards, curse them, plop the lot onto your desk. What COULD be wrong this time? Another all-nighter.

The worst was to come. I'd just worked with three programmers on testing a huge program, three thousand cards packed into two Thom McAnn shoeboxes. We should've broken it into smaller, manageable pieces. Please don't overshoot the Bull's Eye again. Twenty-seven arrows lay in the grass.

The dreaded phone call. IT WORKED!

Feet thud-bumped downstairs to retrieve the shoe boxes. Raucous guffaws. There. The Grail. Shining in our hands.

I'd love to avoid telling what comes next. But then I'd omit the dropping of the shoe boxes. Three thousand cards tumbling downstairs, four guys with no sleep holding cards up to the light. Resorting, resorting. Back on our feet. To the computer we descend. Genuflect before the altar of technology.

It runs! Turn off the alarm. Whew! I wasn't coping well with this hostile computer world.

Yet the world outside was changing. It would take longer for the Government to catch up to the private sector. But a powerful, confidence-building, pervasive, aura was developing. Everyone in the profession, programmers and the folks it supported, acquired computers infused with languages everyone could learn. People like me were no longer imprisoned in the steerage of an unfriendly "we-they" hierarchy. We worked with managers to build a new boat together. We hired denim-clad high school kids to square us with the new technology. I honed my own management skills. I loved it. At last, technology became my friend.

Harry Hoover



I Do Not Like Going Beyond My Comfort Zone

How do we cope with so many things taking us out of our comfort zone? Speaking for myself, I resent each new thing I am supposed to learn that necessitates more time spent at a keyboard or clutching an i-phone. As my children and grandchildren often remind me, I can do this if I'll just take the time. But do I want to take the time? [That's me whining!]

I am going to quote from an essay from Chat GPT that arrived in response to this request: "Write a 450 word essay about the challenges of technology for an 80 year-old person." There were 7 paragraphs with 475 words, ending with this one.

In conclusion, technology has become an essential [perhaps onerous] part of our daily lives, and it is essential [perhaps] to overcome the challenges that come with it. Older adults face a unique set of challenges, including the rapid pace of technological change, physical difficulties, fear of making mistakes, lack of access, and security concerns. To overcome these obstacles, it is essential to seek out guidance and support from family members, friends, or professionals who can help. Additionally, patience and persistence are key when it comes to learning new technology. With the right mindset and approach, anyone can learn to use technology effectively, regardless of their age.

Except for the overuse of certain words, this all makes sense. Editing the *Villager* has greatly expanded my use of my computer and, to a certain extent, my facility with it. However, I would much rather be outside contemplating the wonders of nature; thus my pleasure in combining a description of the metamorphosis of the Monarch Butterfly with the technological theme in this issue. As another Chat GPT essay says, one phenomenon can be seen as a metaphor for human as well as insect transformation. Yes, we can!...I guess.

[In case you wondered, GPT stands for Generative Pre-trained Transformer].

Anne Schmalz

Encounter at the Supermarket

I discovered an ideal man at the Bedford Stop & Shop. I was awestruck by his demanding presence, a certain 'je ne sais quoi', as he quietly roamed the produce aisle in front of me.

I watched and followed inconspicuously several yards behind him.



He was tall and slender. His presence was calming. He moved slowly, but with purpose and confidence. I noted his style—not classic, not trendy, not dramatic—totally his own style. I was intrigued and very interested.

As I drew closer, he abruptly turned. His large, round, dark eyes made him appear innocent, trustworthy, and kind. As I gazed back at him, he demonstrated a masterful wink. Panicking, I stopped and checked the spinach, and he moved on.

Our paths converged again by the dairy. I scrutinized him as he skillfully skirted the open refrigerated doors with shelves bursting with numerous varieties of milk being perused by dozens of shoppers. He was quiet, focused, and intensely aware of the space around him. Children waved at him. Adults tried to avoid staring at him. I lost him as he turned the aisle toward the frozen food. He was fascinating – possessed by some indefinable quality.



The frozen food aisle is wide, so I skillfully managed my shopping cart to get close enough to view him intently. Markings on his body indicated his altruism. He supports cancer research and promotes concern for the environment. He is a compelling work of art.

His name is Marty. He is a laser equipped service robot. As one enters the Stop & Shop you are alerted to his presence by a sign that states: "This store is monitored by Marty for your safety. Marty is an autonomous robot that uses image capturing technology to report spills, debris, and other potential hazards to store employees to improve your shopping experience." Marty is quite interesting.

There are those who find Marty's presence at Stop & Shop disconcerting, somewhat of a "super market stalker." Some people speculate regarding what else he is monitoring besides the floors. Others believe him to be a worthless contraption since he doesn't clean up the detritus he pin-points. But children seem to enjoy him, and I find him to be an ideal man with distinct qualities that make me feel safe and secure. We meet weekly.

Mary Jane Parke



Life's Surprises

I have a pretty surprise-free life. Have I really had any surprises? Then I began to think.

The girl serving my coffee had a ring at the end of her nose inlaid with fake diamonds. It is distracting to give an order to someone wearing a nose ring. You have to sort of talk around this dangling thing. What happens when she has a cold or sneezes? Little bits of Kleenex or cloth may be caught in this appendage. It must be a mess. What if her nose itches? She sure can't just scratch it. Does the thing just stay there? I asked one of my servers one time about this thing. She said that they had to drill a hole in the septum of her nose. Then she had to keep using this nose ring or the hole would heal up and close on its own.

The speed limit on most of the major highways is 55mph which is almost laughable. If you are going north, say on Route 3, you had better stay way over to the right or you are going to get creamed. 65mph plus is a more likely speed. At one time there was a police cruiser near where I live. The speed limit was 25mph. Heaven help you if you got up to 30mph.

In June one year someone approached the emergency entrance to Newton-Wellesley Hospital. They hit the accelerator and plowed right through the entrance. This was good because they didn't even have to register. A little tough on those in the waiting lounge though.

Panasonic has come out with a new talking refrigerator. Now the one thing I don't need is a refrigerator or any other appliance telling me I don't need a roll and some butter at 2am in the morning. I had a wife to tell me that.

Several years ago my wife and I were driving to Cape Cod and stopped at a restaurant on the main highway south. The restaurant entrance was on the side but the whole front of the building was caved in. It seems that some older woman had parked her car out front and left the motor running and the gear shift in "Drive." Then she entered the building for some refreshment and was nearly run over by her own car coming through the front of the building.

One morning in late summer I went to a local coffee shop and this young girl came in wearing short tight white shorts. As you might expect, I barely glanced at her, but I did see that across her buttocks there was imprinted in 5 or 6 inch high letters the word SWIM. What could that mean? Was she a member of a swim team? Was this some sort of an acronym like Some Women Interest Me? Perhaps it was an exhortation to exercise more. As you know, I am a bit of a slow thinker these days and before I could think or do anything further she disappeared.

Oh well, maybe the only thing which is surprising is that I came up with all these interesting things to tell you.

Wally Campbell



Lively News

In Vienna in the early 1930s we lived above a cinema and were overjoyed when each film was preceded by a news reel of events that were more interesting and exciting than the film itself.

Soon a certain cinema would show only news – a whole hour. My grandmother would accompany me. This was a tremendous step forward from the limitations of living in a nursery before school age.

Others may have thoughts of the tremendous inventions in the air, in water, on land, and then tunnels, but the news reel made the greatest impression on me.

Daisy Illich

techies



Acrostic from an Elder

Technology: long ago, the first step was the hardest as I anxiously tapped ENTER.

Eventually, I secured a domain and username and started

Creating documents and folders that kept me organized, but

Hackers exist, so I must continuously secure numerous passwords, pins, and codes

Noted in a little black book and referred to often because

Online activities and services require a string of characters,

Leaving my brain cluttered with upper case, lower case, and symbols.

Oh, if only I mastered Password Manager instead of

Generating numerous ones that I simply cannot recall!

Yet, I am compelled to forge onward and learn more—after I find the little black book.

Mary Jane Parke



“Life begins at the edge of your comfort zone”

The year is 1978. Our flight has landed in the Kingdom of Tonga, my husband's home country, our 6-month old son in tow. I notice that the main island is singularly flat, shaped like a boot, with coconut trees and tropical farmland covering most of the landscape, with pigs and chickens foraging about in front yards. Tonga, a “developing country”, consists of approximately 171 islands. This number varies not because people can't count, but because islands sink and rise overnight due to colliding tectonic plates and volcanic activity in the region. Earthquakes are common. We have begun our life on the Ring of Fire.

My husband warned me about a few of the cultural differences that I was about to encounter. He pointed out, for example, that 80% of the communication is non-verbal. Therefore, it would be advisable if I said as little as possible and smiled a lot for the first two years while I watched and listened. He didn't tell me at seminary, where we met, that he was “important”, from a family of prominent leaders in education, medicine and the church, so that we had to be seated in positions of honor on all occasions. He also neglected to mention that I would be expected to pray extemporaneously at these events and for family gatherings. I was brought up a nominal Episcopalian on the Philadelphia Main Line. You read prayers from a prayer book, written by distinguished, saintly men. You do not talk to God.

Then there's the business of time. People do not wear wrist watches as a rule. They go by the sun: if it's overhead, it's mid-day, if it has set, it is evening. If you need reminding that something is about to begin you listen for the bells. I don't believe there are words in the Tongan language for *punctual*, or *exact*, or *precise*. If the start of an event has been delayed, that can be attributed to the weather. In order for clothes to dry it would have had to have stopped raining for a day or two while they hung on the line; in order to

cook meals over the open fire the coconut husks that you burn for fuel would have had to have had time to dry out. Things take time here, and as our Buddhist friends would say, “It is easier to ride the horse in the direction in which it is going.”



One day I found a seat in the shade of a mango tree, awaiting the arrival of a small plane in the middle island group called Ha'apai. The runway consisted of a broad flat strip of scrubby coral, with various farm animals rum-maging about. Our toddler daughter, Liz, had snuggled

into my lap when a rather jolly, hefty, older woman came over to sit beside us, smiling broadly. She looked over at Elizabeth, who by now was holding a banana, and said, “Give me some.” I was shocked. How rude of her. Liz would need the few provisions that I had packed for her lunch in my carry-on, and she was hungry. But Liz glanced at the banana, broke it in half and offered it to the lady. They ate happily. I fumed. After they finished their banana, this intruder dug in her satchel and came up with a cloth filled with freshly harvested, raw peanuts. She offered them to my daughter. Liz's eyes widened, as she loved these familiar local treats, and took some in her hands. They then proceeded to finish up the peanut course. I was beginning to catch on. I unearthed some biscuits from my bag and offered them to this lady, whereupon she took out some sliced mango.

I was no longer in Philadelphia. The norms deeply ingrained in me, like self-reliance, property is private, and every man for himself, had to die a certain death in this South Pacific communal society. The woman next to me, a villager, was teaching me how to raise my child.

Eve Rheinstein



Growing Up in Western Nebraska

Western Nebraska is part of the Great Plains, that stretch of grassland and wheat country bounded by the farms and corn fields of the Midwest and the Rockies. My father was a cattle rancher there, raising Herefords. The ranch had a barn and corrals but no house, so we lived in town, a community of 300 named Broadwater, in the North Platte River Valley. But on weekends I would go with my father to the ranch to help.

The property consisted of two parts, several sections in the hills ten miles north of town which we called the ranch (a section is a square mile), and a 500 acre piece called the hay meadow, a few miles south of town, next to the river. The river was a wide shallow branched stream, as much land as water, and we had use of this property as far as the middle of the river. Here was where the cattle (cows and calves) grazed in the summer, on the lush river grass. I remember riding with Dad out into the river, to check on the cattle and the fences. It was a strange feeling when we came to a deeper channel and the horse started swimming rather than walking.



In the fall, a hard freeze would make the river grass unpalatable, and the cattle were moved north to the ranch. This was a big undertaking. A crew of men on horses would surround the herd, moving them along with shouts and whistles. This was something I could help with, even though I was a poor horseman, unlike my

father (who liked his horses spirited). The herd was allowed to cross someone else's property in order to reach the ranch, but to get through town we followed the railroad right-of-way. This was not a problem, except when a train came by and the engineer on the big steam locomotive would blow his horn to frighten the cattle and scatter the herd. He found it amusing, but my father did not.

At the ranch, before turning the cattle out to graze on the dry hill grass, the calves needed to be branded. This was another big day. The calves were collected in a corral, and I helped by herding them one-by-one into a narrow chute. They were then held in place, branded, dehorned, and (if male) desexed. It was noisy, chaotic, and exciting.

In the meantime, the yearlings, which had been grazing at the ranch all summer, were trucked to the cattle auction in Alliance (fifty miles north). The auction was exciting to watch; there was always great interest to see which rancher's yearlings brought the best price. They were then shipped by rail to stockyards in Omaha or Chicago, where they were fattened for market.

By December, the grass was starting to run out and bad weather threatened, so the cattle drive was repeated, to bring the herd back down to the meadow, where they were fed hay until they could be turned out into the river again. It took forty stacks to get them through the winter months. (The hay had been mowed, raked, and stacked the preceding summer; those were months when I worked in the hay field full-time. But that is a story for another day.)

Jim Munkres

You're Going Alone?

As the Pan Am plane reached altitude, a uniformed Radio Officer came down the aisle and, nodding at the empty seat beside me, asked if he could join me. With some hesitancy I welcomed him and, very soon, we felt almost like old friends. In short, not long after we landed in Rome, I found myself seated behind him on a motorcycle, clutching him around the middle, as we whirled around floodlit Baroque squares and fountains, at one of which we stopped for a glass of red wine. He had



my luggage transferred to my next flight and we said good-bye with a hug. I had just had my first “international” travel experience, and was amazed and delighted. Would they all be this easy?

In the agora, in Athens, I was approached by a middle-aged Greek man with a young boy, who correctly guessed I was an English-speaking tourist. I eventually learned we’d both be in Cairo at the same time, where his sister was head of the Greek community school. He offered himself as a guide.

My attractive, recently demobbed, seatmate on the plane to Cairo, shared the taxi to my hotel, and apparently suggested that we were a couple. He clearly expected “more” (and not just the camel rides at the pyramids, for which I paid). It was a relief when my new Greek acquaintance appeared at the hotel desk, fully identified. I would never have seen or learned as much as I did on our walks around the city of Cairo. Crossing a bridge over the Nile in the late afternoon, each end guarded by soldiers, we were offered the “use” of one of their tents. My guide politely thanked them and we walked on.

Back in Italy, at Pisa, I waited in a noisy crowd (including many Leaning Tower spectators) hoping to board the train to Florence. Suddenly, a hand reached out and grabbed my suitcase, and another hand grabbed and pulled me up into the train vestibule. The chunky, grinning, Italian began to sing as the train moved off. Squashed into a corner by my suitcase, I made an effort to arrange my position so our nether regions weren’t in such close proximity. His songs weren’t exactly philosophical. Not long after, the train slowed, he sang, “arrivederci,” blew a kiss, struggled out onto the platform, and was replaced by a tall, blondish man who spoke some English, told me he was a pediatrician, and after a brief conversation, found me a seat in a first class carriage. (A relief! I was exhausted!)

Florence, at last! Under the hot sun, I walked along a crowded street toward the Arno River. Approaching, were two laughing young men. As I prepared to go around them, they split, and without stopping, each put an arm under mine, lifted me up, and briefly propelled me backwards. Still grinning, they gently put me back down, waved, and proceeded on their way. People around me

had stopped and stared. I smiled and indicated I was fine, and realized that my clothes were brightly colored and identified me as a tourist. That would change!

Soon, a voice behind me, clearly American, asked “You OK?” He turned out to be an Ohio university professor who arranged to take me, after lunch and a rest alone at my hotel, on a tour of the city and its wonders. It was a great relief. I felt I’d at least started to learn how to travel multiculturally!

Barbara Worcesterr

Remembering Our Old Dial Phone

A main memory for me of 1940’s rotary phones—like the one we had in our house during WWII—was the fact that because I had two dating-age older sisters, many calls came into our house from sailors at one of the two naval bases that flanked my hometown of Norman, OK. The North Base was a naval air station where about 10,000 naval air cadets were stationed, and the much larger South Base was dedicated to training sailors to repair ships and planes. Both were filled with dating-age young men eager to date local girls, and the way they made contact with those they had met, from either base, was by way of public pay phones that cost a nickel per call.

A clear clue that some sailor was calling one of my sisters was the operator’s immediate “interrupt,” telling the caller to “drop a nickel”—the price of a call from a public phone—as soon as the receiving phone picked up. Whenever I happened to pick up the receiver and heard “drop a nickel” I knew the call was for one of my two older sisters, though not the name of the caller. So whenever such a call came in, I would call out to my sisters that “drop a nickel” was calling, and it was only after the caller “paid up” that one knew the name of the caller and which of my sisters he was trying to reach. Because this was such a regular occurrence for several years, I never forgot the phrase “drop a nickel,” even though such calls were never for my gradeschool aged self.

Mary Ellen Turner



Stone Arch Trio

It was an evening bursting with promise. Three accomplished ladies stepped before an expectant audience in the auditorium to play a richly varied program of classic and popular repertoire. Lisa Kempskie (violin), Shay Rudolph (cello), and Bonnie Anderson (piano) delivered mightily on their promise, raising the curtain with “Spring” from Vivaldi’s popular “The Seasons” and closing with Cole Porter’s “Anything Goes.” In between unrolled a magic carpet of complementary ingredients: Rachmaninoff’s luscious “Vocalise,” Claude Bolling’s ragtime/jazz “Suite,” Frank Bridges’s wistful then jaunty “Miniatures,” and even more. Soon we were dipping below the Equator to tango with Piazzolla’s “Four Seasons of Buenos Aires.” Encore, please!



Wildlife in Tanzania and African Sculptures

Enter the African art exhibit in the Gallery and you’re flying over to join Elizabeth and Don Stewart as they greet 19,340-foot Mt Kilimanjaro, spy a pride of lions stalking a wildebeest in the Serengeti National Park, and bring home eight photos from monkey moms to warthogs. Catch your breath, then hitch a ride on David and Heather Pullen’s Tanzania safari that inspired a panel of 19 splendid “Birds of Tanzania.” In the cabinet, items loaned by four residents are impressive: Jane Pemberton’s evocative pieces, David’s eye-catching Cheetah, Marjorie Roemer’s lyrical carving and Ara Tyler’s giraffe, ladle, and standing warrior. A haven for armchair travelers!

Acrylics and Watercolors by Lynne Yansen

Poppies pop right out at you as you saunter into Lynne’s art exhibit in the Gallery. Those floating red blossoms entice us into Lynne’s magical world of color, light, and joy. *Spring Bloom* and *Summer Beauty* continue to capture us. Oh, and something else: she creates a palpable sense of place. *Yellow Field’s* late-afternoon meadow grass teases our knees. We inhale Maine’s salty air at *Stonington*, and smell the warm wood of a sunlit *Old Barn*. Lynne turns to memory with miniatures like *Village Alley in Provence*, our footsteps tap-tapping in narrow alleys. In the glass case, a cornucopia of greeting cards.

The Concord Museum Offsite Trip

This gem, right in our backyard, spirits you through the earliest days of our country. Renovated in 2019, the Museum’s sixteen galleries focus on Concord’s Native American, literary, abolitionist, cultural and revolutionary history. A jitney full of eager CWV “historians” thrilled at the wall-sized video of events leading to and following the battles of Lexington and Concord, tracing the paths of the British and Colonials on that fateful April 19, 1775. Small details spoke loudly: 600 weapon flints, powder horns and cannonballs, one of the two warning lanterns hung from the Old North Church, Thoreau’s desk at Walden, plus piles of ancillary exhibits. A tasty lunch at nearby Fiorello’s preceded our visit.

Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum

A jitney of eager CWV residents entered the storied Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum for a delightful and informative visit. An elegant lunch in Café G preceded a tour led by two guides through the remarkable building. Surrounding the museum’s breathtaking courtyard, with its lush plantings, are galleries of 2,500 artworks spanning thirty centuries. Our tour focused on a few major works: Sargent’s dramatically displayed *El Jaleo*, the stunning portrait of Isabella herself, two Titians, a Rembrandt, all enriched by stories of the museum’s development, Bernard Berenson’s contributions, and the famous heist leaving thirteen frames on the wall, empty to this day.



Happenings

Hamilton Hall Lecture Series

Salem's Hamilton Hall, designed in 1805 by renowned architect Samuel McIntyre, sent us a multi-part lecture series on World Affairs. Beginning in January, CWV became a subscriber to the series. Each Saturday in February and March from eleven to noon, a lecture from an internationally known opinion shaper streamed into the Auditorium. Great example was a Harvard Professor of International Studies on *What World Leaders Keep Forgetting About World Politics*. Subsequent topics underscored the relevance of subjects like securing a healthy democracy in today's fractious world, and reaching sustainable alternatives for climate change.

Solar Winds in Concert

Count them: *One* French horn. *Two* oboes. *Three* pieces. *Four* woodwinds. *Five* wind/brass players. *Six* all told (counting piano). Warming our souls in the Auditorium on this chilly late-February evening was the artistry of the Solar Winds, a traditional yet extraordinary woodwind quintet (here adding piano) of professional instrumentalists and musical educators serving up dollops of demanding and modern-era compositions. Bookending the evening were its two biggest pieces, Roussel's *ooh-so-French* "Divertissement" and Poulenc's *très délicieux* "Sextet for Quintet and Piano". Lively spoken commentary contextualized the music. *C'est trop bien!*

Artists' Choice Exhibition

Twenty-nine artists selected favorites from their past work. Elizabeth Flemings's near-abstract *Daybreak* celebrates a new method for print-making using sun or ultraviolet light rather than acid to etch the print plate. Running alongside Trelawney Goodell's archival photomontage, *Clowns*, Patriot's *Day Parade*, we reach back to embrace the child in us. Soak up the sunlight glistening on Fran Bronzo's *Tobacco Plant* petals. Bounce aside Tally Forbes's terpsichorean *Yoga Girls*. Summon Monet with Arlayne Peterson's dawn mist. Witness pride itself before Frank Horrigan's *Lion's Head*. Capping the exhibit opening was a joyous opportunity to meet, greet, and thank our wonderful artists with wine and cheese platters supplied by CWV.

Baby - It's Cold Out There

Seven Worlds, One Planet is a seven-part film series celebrating the diversity of each continent. In *Antarctica* beauty and danger cohabit the "bottom of the world," with temperature plunging to 120-below. Scads of waddling penguins, all dressed to the nines for dinner, were magically able to find their mates among thousands socializing in evening clothes. In another program, wildlife photojournalist and birder Mark Wilson and wife Martha flew to the Arctic National Wildlife Preserve for two weeks and nineteen miles with a tent, folding seventeen-foot canoe and 500 pounds of gear. Watching over us in cages were real Great Snowy, Horned, and Eagle Owls.



Barbara Doyle Retirement Celebration

An overflow crowd bid Barbara Doyle a cheery but teary farewell after 41 years of service (1982-2023) as CEO of Carleton-Willard. Glee Wieland welcomed us, a vocal trio (Gail Hatfield, Marcia Feldman, Cherie Asgeirsson) sang. Madelyn Armstrong, President of the Residents Association, referred to "five major food groups" before gifting Barbara with a luscious bar of dark chocolate (evidently a favorite). The afternoon's centerpiece was the announcement of the resident-supported BARBARA DOYLE SPEAKERS FUND, a major testament to Barbara's legacy and inspiration. Her eyes welling, Barbara offered brief concluding remarks: "Needless to say a surprise to you, but I'm speechless."

Harry Hoover



“Women are wanting to vote”

In 1983, I heard a story from Anna Howard Shaw’s 1915 autobiography, *The Story of a Pioneer*, that changed the direction of my life work. My family had relocated to Wellesley, MA, from Deerfield, IL, where I had been the cataloguer for the Deerfield public school libraries. Appalled by the picture book biographies of celebrities like Cher and Joe Namath, I was seeking a real heroine to write about for young people. Reading Anna’s delightful stories of her life as a pioneer child, temperance speaker, medical doctor, Methodist minister and suffragist inspired me to take some time away from the Wellesley Free Library to write a biography for children.

One of the amusing stories Anna told was a favorite of Susan B. Anthony with whom she traveled around the country speaking up for votes for women. In the days before radio, movies, television and the Internet, there were many entertaining meetings in small towns and cities with circuit speakers lecturing on topics such as current political news, Phrenology, Spiritualism, Temperance and Suffrage. The suffrage meetings would often begin with a song, “*America the Beautiful*” or “*Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be, Women are Wanting to Vote!*”

On their way to a lecture engagement in Kansas, the two women were waiting for a train that was delayed because there was a wreck somewhere down the line. Looking up the track, Anna saw a train coming from the opposite direction. She quickly picked up her grip and crossed the tracks.

“Wait! Wait!” cried Miss Anthony. “That train’s going the wrong way!”

“At least it’s going somewhere!” Anna replied tersely, as the train stopped and she climbed aboard, much to Miss Anthony’s dismay! When the train pulled away, Anna saw Miss Anthony standing on the same spot on the platform, staring after it with incredulous eyes!

But Anna was right. She discovered that by going up into another state, she could catch a train that would take her down to her destination in time for the lecture that night! And the whole

episode illustrated her pet theory that if one intends to get somewhere, it is better to start, even in the wrong direction, than to stand still.

(From *The Story of a Pioneer* by Anna Howard Shaw, D.D., M.D., 1915)

Lee Carpenter

The Rise and Fall of Our Hero

To us, he had seemed a hero for a long time. Ray C. Ellis was my father’s childhood friend in Warren, MA, where they both grew up. Electricity was then their passion . . . this was what they cared about, what they both loved. Born in 1904, my father and his slightly older friend came to adulthood just in the middle of the Great Depression. Times were, as you know, very hard. My brother and I never realized quite how hard. We were living in our grandparents’ home and managing.

Ray Ellis had gone to Indiana to attend Tri-State University and word came back that he had landed a job with General Motors in Detroit. My desperate father bought a one-way ticket there to see if his old friend might help him out.

In the elevator while he was riding up to Ray’s office my father heard people celebrating Ray for his promotion to be president of the Delco Radio Company (subsidiary of General Motors, charged with making all the radios for GM cars) in Kokomo, Indiana!

And so, to our surprise, we wound up in Kokomo for eight years. My brother and I grew up with the Ellis kids; we went to the same church. Meanwhile, the Ellis star kept rising. When America entered WWII Ray was picked to go to Washington DC to work on the War Production Board, where he distinguished himself. My father was flourishing, too. He found work in Ohio at the Lear Avia plant in their electronics production for aircraft.

Finally, we moved back to Massachusetts and by now Ray was president of Raytheon in Waltham, MA. Again, he brought my father with him.

The Hathaway family, in these more prosperous times, had found a beautiful small island in

Penobscot Bay and a vacant house for sale. We liked the island so much that we brought the Ellis clan along. Soon they, too, had a house in Islesboro. Our families spent good times together again.

But Mrs. Ellis died suddenly while on a trip to Italy, and eventually Mr. Ellis remarried. He was failing, and the new wife took control of the Maine property. Eventually, on his death the property went to her two sons, not to the Ellis children, our friends and companions of such long standing. A sadness for us, and for them.

David Hathaway

My Trip to Japan

I graduated from Northwestern University in June of 1953 and after a short stint in the school's investment department it was time for my two-year service in the army. I spent the next winter in basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, MO. At that time of year, it could have been considered Fort Leonard Wood, Misery. Anyway, I was assigned to the lumber yard, keeping track of lumber. Not the most interesting job. But in a few months a fellow trainee had orders to go overseas to Japan as part of the occupation. He was married and did not want to go. Since I was not married, I jumped at the opportunity.

So off I went in 1954 to Japan without knowing exactly what I was getting into. But I must say I was glad I went. It turned out to be a very enriching experience. I was stationed in Yokohama which then was a relatively small village about twenty miles south of Tokyo. My assignment was to accompany a senior government official as he visited the various military installations we had installed in Japan. He was also a pilot and could fly to each site. Actually, the personnel at each site were not particularly glad to see him because he would often tell them they had more personnel than they needed for the job.

What an interesting chance to observe the beautiful terrain of this country from the air! Being stationed in Yokohama, I got a chance to be with the local people there. I visited a small

church and found the people to be very friendly. I would play hymns on the piano and they would sing along. The figure shows me with the pastor and some of the children.



Of course, in my spare time, I was able to travel to various cities and observe the people and the culture. On the outskirts of Yokohama there were minimal modern conveniences. Everyone seemed to chip in. I saw an old woman and a very young girl each carrying a baby on her back. I saw a group of people pulling a huge roller that was being used to smooth a gravel road. Another was using a cart being pulled by an ox. And then there was a person pulling a cart loaded with hundreds of trinkets, and another beside the road with a shoe shining stand.

Naturally there are Buddha replicas everywhere. One that was outside was over thirty feet high. In Kyoto I went to a temple containing a thousand Buddhas. At a theatre I saw the ancient Kabuki dancing. In the ancient city of Nara (which was once the capital) I visited a deer park where the deer were very tame and came right up to you. In another city I went to a theatre where I saw the opera *Aida*.

I was surprised at how friendly the people were, considering that only some nine years before we had dropped that hideous bomb on Hiroshima. I was thinking about going to Hiroshima but was advised not to go.

Tom Stockdale



Twins

I am the brother of twin sisters. Elizabeth and Lucretia. They came two years after me. I loved them. Except some times.

My earliest memory was the Rotogravure Incident. I was four when the Boston Sunday Herald blazoned them in color on its front page. "Look at that golden hair! Sweet little things!" Presently I was sent to my room.

On long car trips they huddled together in the left side of the back seat and murmured in twinspace. All Lincoln kids took piano lessons, playing their least successful pieces in recitals. Elizabeth would always finish their duets ahead of her sister.

They were inseparable. Brownies, girl scouts, summer camp, sawed-off jeans, that hairdo. I grimaced as they flew to Washington, DC, with parents for a two-week study of twins at NIH. Looking down at my feet, I saw my sisters off to Boston for a week's examination of the indirect impact of the Hiroshima A-Bomb radiation on twinned contact-lens wearers. Mowing lawns fed my jealousy.



Same schools, colleges, majors. Both left for the same new college after the first year. Both graduated in art history. Both took a six-month tour in a blue and battered Volkswagen: Athens to Paris. Both resumed life in Lincoln. Jealousy evaporated as I took control of my own life.

Lucretia married Paul who worked nearby at ADL. He got his MBA; she her PhD. No kids. Both dedicated themselves to an involved and respectable married life in Lincoln. Meanwhile, Elizabeth wasn't going anywhere, unable to commit to a suitor. This troubled her; it troubled my parents: it was a difficult time for us all.

Then the twins' paths diverged.

At ADL Paul had befriended John, a co-worker on a year's exchange from the UK. Weekends, he'd fetch John for dinner. John fell deeply in love with Elizabeth. We could see it and looked for signs from Elizabeth. We liked John, hoped he'd light a fire. But Liz continued to politely hesitate. The air was thick with respect, cordiality, tension, British reticence. But no spark. John was a visitor, about to return to England. What could he do? We worried for them both. And for ourselves.

About two weeks after John flew back, we were lounging on a Cape Cod deck, before a gathering storm, when the phone rang. "Elizabeth, it's for you." Not recalling her face, I do the voice. "Oh John, of course. Of course I will!"

John flew in just before the Lincoln wedding. It was a wet day, as would befall their new home for forty years in England's Peak District. Elizabeth raised two daughters before she felt free enough to go for her PhD. By then, her own eldest was the mother of three.

The twins' lives remained different in many ways, yet this difference would continue to enrich mine and ours, and bring us together to visit or receive England anytime with family, to enjoy the younger generation we others never had, and to simply know they were there and we were here for them, on the mountain, in the garden, by the fire.

Harry Hoover



*Welcome
New Residents*

David Friedman and Ann Gabhart

from Jamaica Plain, 3/23/23

Mouna Anderson

from Lexington, 4/13/23

Mary and David Whittemore

from Marlborough, 4/21/23

Anneliese Schwarzer

from NYC and Rockport, MA, 5/7/23









In Memory

Vivan Benson	2/26
Heather Hill	2/27
Ruth Power	3/19
Barbara Clifford	3/11
Mary Clare Ahern	3/22
Bonnie Baker	3/29
Jocelyn Bolle	4/8
Mary Waters Shepley	4/8
Bruce Nickerson	4/10
Ethel Silva	4/16
Donna Argon	4/26
Betty Slechta	4/26
Daisy Illich	5/6





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

Library Technology

When the theme of this issue was announced a host of thoughts and questions came to mind. How do we use technology here in the Carleton-Willard Library? How could we use technology to improve our service? And, most importantly, what are our plans for using technology in the future?

At the present time, here is what we do:

#1. Every morning we download the Boston Globe puzzles and duplicate them in the Business Center. The larger print makes them a favorite of many residents.

#2. Twice a week volunteers enter the circulation information into a Quicken spread sheet which is set up on the library computer. This includes both books signed out of the library and books returned.

#3. Once a month we run a six-month circulation report from our spread sheet. We place this report in a binder on the sign-out table so that residents can look up information on what books are being read and when they have been taken out. We also use this report to identify overdue books so that reminders can be sent out.

#4. Every month we make up a list of the books newly added to the library book collection and we use a mail merge system to create the new catalog cards, thus avoiding endless typing.

#5. Every year we run a three-year report from our spread sheet and we use it when we weed the book shelves. Any book that has not been taken out in three years is a candidate for removal. This is a very important project, as the shelves become overcrowded and we need to make room for new books.

Computer technology is useful in other ways, such as looking up books on the Barnes and Noble web site and ordering books from Amazon and Cengage Learning. We are always thinking about ways to improve our service!

Looking to the future, we have many thoughts and questions. Should we remove the card catalog and have our information just on a computer? Should we digitalize our circulation system and give every resident a library card? We need to visit other CCRC libraries to find out how they operate and we need to develop new ways to streamline our library operations.

Our most important goal is to provide a library in which every resident feels welcome and comfortable and able to use technology well.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

Spare by Prince Harry

Prince Harry tells his own life story with raw unflinching honesty, as a husband, father, humanitarian, military veteran, mental wellness advocate and environmentalist.

White Cat, Black Dog by Kelly Link

Seven remixed fairy tales. Think Brothers Grimm meet Alice in Wonderland, entwining the real with the unreal.

Unraveling by Peggy Orenstein

'What I learned about life while shearing sheep, dyeing wool, and making the world's ugliest sweater.'

Mother Daughter Traitor Spy by Susan Elia MacNeal

Inspired by a real duo, a mother and daughter go undercover after stumbling on a Nazi cell in L.A. during the early days of WWII.

Rough Sleepers by Tracy Kidder

Poignant and powerful story of an inspiring doctor who 'made a difference' by co-founding Boston Health Care for the Homeless.

River Sing Me Home by Eleanor Shearer

In 1834 the plantation slaves on Barbados were emancipated. But plantation owners told them they were now 'apprentices' and couldn't leave. A mother runs away and seeks to find her 5 children who were sold. Her grueling, dangerous journey takes her across the Caribbean.

Poverty, by America by Matthew Desmond

Poverty persists in this country because the rest of us benefit from it! The moral force of this is a gut punch. But the book provides a hopeful and clearly delineated guide to abolishing poverty.

Someone Else's Shoes by Jojo Moyes

Two London women, one rich, one struggling, accidentally switch gym bags, and proceed to live each other's lifestyles. Prepare to laugh and cry.

Mini-Forest Revolution by Hannah Lewis

A way to rapidly re-wild. Boston's Mayor Wu has suggested these mini-forests for urban Boston.

So Shall You Reap by Donna Leon

Commissario Guido Brunetti investigates the murder of an immigrant whose body was found in one of Venice's canals.

Lost Towns of the Swift River Valley by Elena Palladino

Story of the towns destroyed when the Quabbin Reservoir was built.

Old Babes in the Wood by Margaret Atwood

Fifteen short stories. Remarkable tales which delight, illuminate and devastate.

Beyond Measure by James Vincent

How our units of measure originated. The hidden history of measurement from Cobits to Quantum Constants.

The White Lady by Jacqueline Winspear

A new Winspear heroine, Elinor White, a former wartime operative, is living quietly in a rural village in Kent in 1947. She is reluctantly drawn back into a world of menace involving Scotland Yard and an organized London crime gang.

Master Slave Husband Wife by Ilyon Woo

True story of a couple who escaped from slavery in 1848. She posed as a rich young slaveholder traveling with her slave (husband). Their journey from Georgia to Boston to England.

Standing Dead by Margaret Mizushima

Colorado deputy sheriff Mattie Cobb, and her K-9 partner Robo, go undercover when her mother's life is threatened.

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Newman, Paul The Extraordinary Life of
 an Ordinary Man (*)

Orenstein, Peggy Unraveling

Prince Harry Spare

Prince Harry Spare (*)

Banks, Russell The Magic Kingdom (*)

Benedict, Marie The Mitford Affair

Benedict, Marie The Mitford Affair (*)

Box, C. J. Storm Watch

Boyne, John All the Broken Places

Braverman, Blair Small Game (*)

Clark, Mary Higgins
 & Burke, Alafair Where are the Children
 Now? (*)

Biography

Fraser, Flora Flora Macdonald

Morton, Andrew The Queen: Her Life (*)

Olson, Lynne Empress of the Nile

Schiff, Stacy The Revolutionary: Samuel
 Adams (*)

Winer, Laurie Oscar Hammerstein II & the
 Invention of the Musical

Coben, Harlan I Will Find You

Crombie, Deborah A Killing of Innocents

De Gramont, Nina The Christie Affair (*)

Divakaruni, Chitra Independence

Ellison, J. T. It's One of Us (*)

Evanovich, Janet Going Rogue

Fesperman, Dan Winter Work

Flynn, Vince Lethal Agent

Current Affairs

Desmond, Matthew Poverty, by America

Kidder, Tracy Rough Sleepers

Mura, David The Stories Whiteness Tells
 Itself

New Yorker The January 6 Report

Walker, Darren From Generosity to Justice

Francis, Felix Dick Francis's Refusal

Francis, Felix Iced (*)

Franzen, Jonathan Crossroads

Grainger, Jean Return to Robinswood (*)

Harding, Paul This Other Eden

Harper, Jane Exiles

Harper, Jane Exiles (*)

Environment

Lewis, Hannah Mini-Forest Revolution

Vince, Gaia Nomad Century

Henry, Emily Book Lovers

Hillerman, Anne The Sacred Bridge

Jackson, Jenny Pineapple Street

Kellerman, Jonathan Unnatural History

Kensley, T.E. A Quiet Life in the Country

King, Laurie Back to the Garden

Fiction

Atwood, Margaret Old Babes in the Wood



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Lee, Chang-Rae	My Year Abroad (*)	Van Pelt, Shelby	Remarkably Bright
Leon, Donna	So Shall You Reap		Creatures
Leon, Donna	So Shall You Reap (*)	Wilkerson,	Black Cake
Link, Kelly	White Cat, Black Dog	Charmaine	
Loesch, Kristen	The Last Russian Doll	Winspear, Jacqueline	The White Lady
Lowry, Lois	The Windeby Puzzle	Yamashita, Iris	City Under One Roof (*)
Ma, Kathryn	The Chinese Groove	Zigman, Laura	Small World
MacNeal, Susan Elia	Mother Daughter Traitor		
	Spy	History	
Makkai, Rebecca	I Have Some Questions for You	Brands, H. W.	The Last Campaign (*)
Mizushima, Margaret	Standing Dead	Figes, Orlando	The Story of Russia (*)
Molnar, Marta	The Secret Life of Sunflowers	Greenridge, Kerri K.	The Grimkes
		Palladino, Elena	Lost Towns of the Swift
Moyes, Jojo	The Giver of Stars (*)		River Valley
Moyes, Jojo	Someone Else's Shoes	Schorow, Stephani	The Great Boston Fire
Newman, Catherine	We All Want Impossible Things (*)	Wels, Susan	An Assassin in Utopia
		Woo, Ilyon	Master Slave Husband Wife
O'Connell, J. P.	Hotel Portofino		
Parks, Adele	One Last Secret (*)	Nature	
Patterson, Janes	The House of Wolves	Wilson, Mark	Owling
Queen, Ellery	The Spanish Cape		
	Mystery (*)	Science	
Read, Shelley	Go as a River (*)	Vincent, James	Beyond Measure
Reyes, Ana	The House in the Pines		
Robb, J. D.	Encore in Death (*)		
Scottoline, Lisa	Loyalty	(* indicates Large Print)	
Shearer, Eleanor	River Sing Me Home		
Towles, Amor	The Lincoln Highway (*)		

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair, Library Committee*

Metamorphosis of the Monarch Butterfly

The Monarch butterfly is well known for its miraculous 2000 plus mile migration from Canada to the mountains of Mexico, but less appreciated for its awesome four stage development.



Egg – Beginning life in a pencil-tip sized egg on the underside of a milkweed leaf, 98% of monarch eggs become lunch for their many predators – spiders, snails, slugs, birds, and ladybugs.



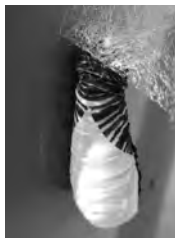
Caterpillar – The lucky ones are overlooked by predators and develop for 3 to 5 days inside their egg. When the top of the egg darkens, a black-headed caterpillar chews its way out. Its first meal is the home it has just vacated.



As the caterpillar grows, so does its appetite. Eating only milkweed leaves, it increases in size by 2000%. To accommodate this growth, it sheds its skin four times. By the end of this second stage of life, it has devoured much of the milkweed plant on which it was born.



In preparation for its third stage, the caterpillar leaves its milkweed plant and begins its “walk about”- a search for the perfect place to make its chrysalis. This journey, which can take several days and cover a surprising amount of territory, is complete when the caterpillar, now several inches long, connects a strong silk attachment from its back side to the underside of a leaf, branch, or some other sturdy object. From there its body drops into a J formation.



Minutes before shedding its skin for the last time, the caterpillar's tentacles hang limply and the body stretches out. Suddenly its skin splits, revealing a lime green pendant, decorated with a line of gold and several gold dots. This chrysalis will be the container in which the monarch caterpillar completes its metamorphosis. [see cover photo]



Metamorphosis – This final stage can take from 10 to 14 days, or longer, if the weather is cold. Before the butterfly emerges, the lime green of the chrysalis darkens and the orange and black markings of the butterfly within become evident.



For those accustomed to the graceful body of the monarch butterfly, the butterfly which emerges looks almost grotesque. Its wings are crumpled and its body is unusually swollen. However, in no time, the excess fluid in the body is pumped into the veins of the wings, which quickly expand, and straighten out.



Butterfly – The butterfly usually emerges from its chrysalis around mid-day. For the remainder of the day it remains relatively still, its body drying out and its wings stiffening. On the next sunny day it flies off, searching for nectar to fuel its upcoming journey. [see back cover photo]

Jeanne Smith



CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

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