



CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



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I have been a graphic artist, business executive and art teacher but it is the making of art of many kinds that has been an intrinsic part of my life. I love working with color, shapes, line and texture, sometimes painting and drawing, often collaging with a wide variety of materials. When I came to Carleton-Willard, I brought all kinds of art materials, old art of mine and photograph proofs that a friend gave me. I change, cut up and combine old, borrowed and new images that allow me and the viewer to see and feel things in new ways.

*Joan Loewenberg*



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.

## The Editors' Corner



When Anne Schmalz retired as Editor of the *Villager*, she left a significant void for the committee to fill. Discussions were held; responsibilities negotiated; consensus reached. A reorganized team of Editors split the voluminous work that Annie had managed, while continuing with the work they had always performed. I agreed to take on the penultimate step in the process, pulling everything together in a deliverable form to hand over to our terrific production designer at Allegiance Graphics.

And it worked. Six issues later, we have settled into our respective duties, schedules, and deliverables. Naturally, there has been fine tuning as we proceed. As far as we can tell, the transition has been seamless to the general population.

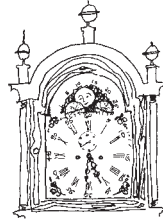
The Board's work on an issue begins before the previous issue's publication. Stories are submitted from the general population; profiles are written; move-ins and departures are tracked; happenings are chronicled; editorials written; art collected. At this point, the end result becomes my responsibility (consulting with other editors throughout). I check formatting, standardize file naming, scan sketches, map the layout, and when everything is in order, copy files to a thumb drive, make two sets of hard copies (one for the CEO), and head to the post office.

Last in the process are three rounds of proofing, where most errors are caught (I challenge you to find the ones that slip through). And now we deliver the latest issue to you, and hope you enjoy this, our current Leap of Faith.

*Renel Fredriksen*  
*Production Editor*



## *From the President and CEO*



Taking a leap, whether in career, relationships, or personal growth, often requires stepping into uncertainty with no guarantee of success. While many people tend to avoid risk so they can protect themselves from failure or disappointment, others embrace it and often discover new paths, strengths, and possibilities they would not have encountered otherwise.

One spontaneous decision ended up being a valued personal growth area for me. I was offered the opportunity to attend graduate school at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County. I had very little time to decide if this would work for me professionally and personally. I took the leap! I was accepted into the inaugural cohort and earned a Masters of Aging Services. The challenge was maintaining my position as executive director of an assisted living community in Massachusetts, while attending two days of class in-person, every other week at UMBC in Maryland! My wife and I had a four-year-old son and a two-year-old daughter at home as well, but somehow, we made it work and it turned out to be a tremendous experience.

Whether it's starting a new job, pursuing a passion, or making a major life decision, risk-taking pushes people out of their comfort zones. It is within this discomfort that growth happens. Comfort zones may feel safe, but they can also limit potential.

When I decided to pursue the opportunity at Carleton-Willard Village I had to do my own risk evaluation. I had built relationships, achieved career growth, and maintained stability for almost 18 years at my prior organization. I didn't immediately leap! I thought it over quite a bit, and the process was often agonizing, so I completely understand why people settle for the status quo. After much deliberation and discussions with my wife, however, I decided to make the choice to go for it. I like to think of this as thoughtful risk-taking, which involves evaluating potential outcomes, weighing pros and cons, and making informed decisions.

Everyone has likely had to debate taking a leap and embracing risk, but I've certainly learned it is an essential part of personal and professional life.

Christopher J. Golen  
President and CEO



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## Safe and Sound?

Here is one for the famous sociologist Malcolm Gladwell: Why do we take risks? Why do we actively put ourselves in danger? In fact, how is this possible? We are born naturally equipped to avoid dangers: snakes, spiders, heights, depths, fire, water, and strangers. We are also trained to identify ways to avoid danger and mitigate misfortune. We eat well, exercise, buy insurance policies, and heed ominous weather and market reports. And we hire people to take risks for us: firemen, policemen, militia, doctors, money managers, and civic leaders.

OK. But we are not “built for safe harbors.” We are curious, adventuresome, and sometimes take big risks as scientists, naturalists, politicians, athletes, travelers, and thrill-seekers. And, rather than being safe and sound, we will jump to help others, even strangers, in dangerous circumstances. This seems to entirely defy our natures and careful training. Why do we do this? How is this possible?

*Tim Martin*

## War Memory

When my brother Jim once toured New Zealand, he was amazed at the islanders’ love of danger. There were few small towns he visited that didn’t have a bungee-jumping club where locals loved to hurl themselves off local bridges at the ends of rubber ropes. Taking risks appeared to be a national pastime.

During his travels, he met and formed a new friendship with a British tourist who had been a Spitfire pilot in WW2. Together they discovered and visited a New Zealand WW2 Museum. The museum had a vintage Spitfire. The museum had also cleverly arranged a ladder in the exhibit so that the curious could climb aboard. With Jim’s encouragement his British friend disappeared into the cockpit. An unexpectedly long time passed. Concerned, Jim climbed the ladder and found his friend in the pilot’s seat. He was sobbing.

*Tim Martin*

## I took a risk. Well, three risks.

The first was thinking I would remember what I did.

The house cleaning lady was due to arrive in ten minutes. I frantically started hiding away all the things that were cluttering the kitchen counters. Does everyone else clean before the cleaner comes? I did, partly because I thought it would improve the efficiency of the cleaner’s task, but mostly because I was embarrassed to have the cleaner think I was messy. She terrified me. She was Russian and had a proprietorial attitude toward my house. I felt like I was working for her, rather than the other way round.

I tucked away everything I could. In a panic I took the coffee maker and put it in the oven. The risk was that I would not remember that I put it there. But I would be using it the next morning. How could I forget?

The second risk was thinking that my husband, John, would notice what I did. He’s a terrific cook. Great French baguettes, scones, and kugelhaut breakfast breads came forth from that oven under his command. Surely, he would check the level of the oven rack before preparing a bake.

He didn’t check the oven rack. A few minutes after turning on the oven, the strong smell of melting plastic filled the air.

John: “What the hell???”

Me: “Ooops.”

My third risk was many years ago when I married John. Was this slow-talking guy with a Wisconsin accent going to be a good partner? He was and is a good partner. He has a big, big, kind heart, a fantastic sense of humor, and the ability to take adversity lightly, without assigning blame. Taking that risk was the best thing I have ever done.



*Pat Hilpert*

## Walking the Camino

I was turning 70 and wanted one last adventurous experience. I had come across a documentary about the Camino de Santiago, a renowned route traversed by hundreds of pilgrims annually. I knew immediately that this was something I wanted to do.

Initially, I believed it would be effortless to find someone willing to accompany me on this 500-mile trek from France through Spain. However, the reality proved to be more challenging. Fortunately, two friends, Carol and Heidi, agreed to join me. Carol and I had shared numerous 60-mile Breast Cancer walks over the years, and she was eager to participate. Heidi, on the other hand, had limited walking experience and her work schedule restricted her to a maximum of 250 miles. Heidi joined us halfway through the journey.

We made the decision to begin this adventure in July, and commenced walking on April 28th, 2015. I had anticipated that nine months would be enough for adequate preparation. However, I underestimated the immense effort required to prepare for such a demanding adventure.

On April 28th, I packed my backpack, said goodbye to my husband, and made my way to the airport gate, ready to fly to Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port in the French Basque Country. Carol lived in Costa Rica, so we had planned to meet at the French airport. This marked my first solo international journey, and I must admit, I was filled with a mix of nervousness and apprehension and yes, fear.

Upon our arrival at the airport, we hailed a taxi and set off on our adventure in France. As we registered and obtained our Camino Passport, I couldn't help but feel that the person assisting us could sense the pounding of my heart.

We spent the night in a hostel and, early in the morning, began our first day, backpacks slung over our shoulders and laughter masking the fear that both of us felt. The prospect of walking 500 miles was daunting, but I was determined to complete it. On the first day, we covered a distance of 23 miles across the Pyrenees and by the end of the day, I had a new-found sense of accomplishment and knew that I would reach the finish line.

We planned to walk 15-20 miles each day, spending the nights in hostels. This was an entirely



new experience for me. Men and women shared the same area on cots. This was a stark contrast to the accommodations I was accustomed to.

We encountered remarkable people while walking through the quaint villages, offering us a unique perspective on the country. On numerous days, we remained the sole walkers on the trail. Occasionally, we found ourselves lost, but managed to retrace our steps and rejoin the path.

The journey was not without its challenges. There were days when we questioned our decision to embark on this adventure. However, witnessing breathtaking sunrises, majestic mountains, and engaging conversations with fellow walkers pushed us beyond our comfort zones. It was then that we realized the true purpose of our journey. The beauty of the countryside and the warm hospitality of the locals, who generously offered us water and food, played a pivotal role in our success.

On May 29th, 2015, as we completed our 500-mile trek and entered the city of Santiago de Compostela, Spain, an overwhelming sense of emotion washed over us. I was unprepared for the tears that exploded and the profound sense of accomplishment that accompanied this milestone. Despite enduring scorching heat, freezing cold, and torrential rain, we persevered without giving up. This journey unearthed an inner strength within me that I had never known existed. Even now, recalling the incredible feat, I am filled with a sense of awe and wonder at the risks I took. If given the opportunity, I would undoubtedly undertake this journey once more.

*Karen Rudnick*



## Rastus

We were living on the ship *Washington Star*, anchored off the coast of Peru. My dad was the captain, so he could bring his family along, and since the stay was open-ended, he did. The family included my mother, my 10-year-old brother, and toddler me.

The project was to set up an export swordfish business. Mancora, Peru, was a small fishing village. With no harbor, the ship stayed at anchor. The export business for swordfish and tuna was exploding, and the area where we were anchored was one of the richest fishing areas in the world.

Since Dad was the captain and the only deck officer, and the entire crew was Peruvian, we had two large staterooms and plenty of space, so we were quite comfortable for the year that we lived there. All we were missing was a dog.

Rastus (Norwegian pronunciation: “raw” – “stoos” with emphasis on the first syllable and a trilled “R”) came from the union of two high-quality purebred dogs of different breeds. The two owners were worried about waiting too long to breed their animals, and decided to join forces to create a combo Wire Fox Terrier and Cocker Spaniel. As immigrants, we were unaware of the negative connotations of his name until many years later. Rastus grew up on the ship, so he was always comfortable at sea. He was clever and had an independent streak. He once jumped up on me, knocking me down and making me cry. For the rest of his life, he would routinely jump up on everyone else, but never again on me, even as I grew to many times his size.

After a year, we left Peru for the US. Over the next six years, we moved from Brooklyn to Seattle to South Carolina to Georgia to Maine, finally settling in Massachusetts.

When Dad was transferred to a new location, his ship was often relocated with him. It was generally easier for the dog to move to a new home on Dad’s ship, while the rest of the family relocated by other means. When I was seven, Dad and his ship were transferred from Georgia to Boothbay, Maine. Rastus was to move by ship with Dad, while the rest of us traveled by train.



Rastus had a reputation and he got around, a lady in every port, so to speak. In the days preceding the move to Maine, a neighborhood female was in heat, and Rastus had been dutifully courting.

The day of the move, Dad had the dog and our household goods on board, and the tug boat lined up to pull the ship out of the harbor. Rastus realized what was going on and hurled himself from the ship, barely reaching the dock as the ship pulled away, and disappeared into the night.

Dad had a choice to make, and he had to make it fast. Was it worse to humiliate himself in front of his crew or face the wrath of his wife and children? He chose family, knowing he would never live it down with the crew. The ship was pulled back to dock and Dad disembarked, knowing exactly where Rastus was headed, and returned with the dog, making sure escape was no longer possible. The crew, sensing his fury, didn’t say a word.

Rastus lived to a ripe old age. Returning from one of his forays, he collapsed from a stroke on the living room carpet. Two months later, the litter was born.

*Renel Fredriksen*



## A Near Miss In Music City

At this point we here in Carleton-Willard are, pretty much by definition, survivors. Some of us can perhaps even point to the moment when survival hung in the balance and the scales tipped our way. My cousin was one of those, very conscious of being a survivor, his grandparents having cancelled their reservations on the Titanic when his grandfather came down with typhoid. Then, 25 years later, his father jumped from the Hindenburg in Lakehurst, NJ, and lived to tell about it, paving the way for my cousin's birth four years later.

Others perhaps have survived medical conditions that would have been fatal, if modern medicine had not come to the rescue. My friend who tested HIV positive in the mid 1990's was one of those folks. When he told me of his diagnosis, I thought for sure his days were numbered, but the new drugs came to the rescue just in time and now I still greet him playing the violin in church on Christmas and Easter Sundays.

Others have survived combat. More power to them. Still others, with spirits more adventurous than mine, have survived risky mountain climbs or treks in the wild.

Not usually being a risk taker, my story is different. It's about how my own extreme stupidity almost did me in but good luck, or perhaps a good angel bailed me out. I was going to graduate school in Nashville in my early 20's, living at Mom's Boarding House on 16th St., known as "Music Row." My co-tenants were mostly older men, down on their luck, or aspiring young songwriters trying out their work on music publishing houses down the street. It was a Friday evening and I was fresh from the ATM, flush with \$30 in my pocket, the most I ever carried. A young man – I am guessing maybe in his late teens – popped out from beside a building and flashed a gun in my face, demanding my money. I looked at the gun, which was a very shiny silver and reminded me of the cap pistols we had played with as youngsters. I leapt to the conclusion that the gun was a fake. I didn't want to give up my \$30 to a relative youngster with a

fake gun, so I told him I didn't have any money. When he repeated his demand for money I think I added something like: "I don't want to get in a fight about it," which shows how well I was thinking.

I began to back away, in the direction of the boarding house where I had been headed. The young man put his hand on my shoulder. I continued to back away, slowly, trying to show I wasn't afraid, I guess. Eventually he let go of his grip and I turned to walk the two or three blocks back to Mom's. When I hit a cross street part way there, I heard a loud bang. I immediately thought: "I can't believe that kid brought along a firecracker to scare me." I continued walking. There were no more bangs and soon I was back at Mom's, lying down in my bed, where I began to quiver and shake. I was belatedly realizing how close I had come and just how dumb I had been.

As a postscript, a couple of years later I was in an underground men's room in a public park in a bad neighborhood in Washington, DC, when four or five teenagers, or maybe they were in their early 20's, walked in. I was certain they were going to mug me. Immediately I put my hand on my wallet. At the first mention of wanting my money I was prepared to hand it over so fast, it would make your head spin. As it turned out, they just hung out, spent a few minutes preening in front of a mirror, while I quivered in a bathroom stall, and then they left.

*Dick Belin*

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## Changing Its Mind

In spring the paint begins to peel  
From tired window ledges and from eaves,  
It cracks quite softly near the end of March.  
Icicles drip into the air, not crystalized space.  
They run down the windows of our house  
And bend the cold as the front door opens.

*Mimi Collins*



## Recurrent Risks

**M**y parents were aghast! Rick's law firm recommended a psychiatrist! I would have to turn down a social-work job I had been offered that week at Boston Children's Hospital! Our budget would have to take a hit! Everything was stacked against the decisions we were about to make.

It was the early 1970's. The Environmental Protection Agency had just been created by Richard Nixon. Environmental protection was a heated topic. A passionate hiker and fisherman, Rick saw a chance to help protect the woods and streams he loved. So he left his law firm, where he might soon have become a partner, to accept a job as Director of Enforcement at EPA Boston. After a year, his tough enforcement work in New England brought him to the attention of EPA Washington, which offered him the job of national Director of Water Enforcement.

Now we would also have to sell our house and take two small boys away from their friends and grandparents, to an unknown environment where, much of the time, their father would be traveling around the country. I confess I was not wild about being uprooted either, though I fervently believed in the cause Rick was passionate to enter and was very proud of his wanting to take on the challenges it would present.

Fast forward! Then a life changing event transpired! I had reached out to an acquaintance, who lived in Bethesda, asking for help finding a house. Not only did she come up with a wonderful rental down the street from her, but she and her family would become lifelong friends, wrapping us into their friendship group. Rick would move ahead of me and our boys, to begin his new job, while we stayed for a couple of months with my parents in Washington, CT. My father would take Tim, Mark, and me to the airport in NYC. I can only now imagine what he was feeling as he watched his daughter, with a young son in each hand, disappear down the concourse.

I called Rick "Crusader Rabbit" as he flew around the country battling polluters and cleaning up waterways. The Bethesda Cooperative Nursery School would become a nest for Mark

and me, while Tim would enter kindergarten with his new neighborhood friends. We would enjoy visiting historic houses and museums, and hiking along the Potomac River. Winter vacations would be spent camping in the Virgin Islands, with three other families and their children. The boys and I would spend the summers with my parents in Washington, CT, while Rick traveled. These were treasured summers. Our boys and my father became very close. Having had two daughters, Jeannie Smith and me, I imagined that he had always wanted a son. He put up a swing, built a sandbox, and taught them to drive his tractor. I am sure that these early experiences, working outside with my father, deeply influenced Tim, who would develop a career as a landscape contractor. While my father was enjoying time with his grandsons, my mother and I had quality time alone to strengthen our relationship. It was indeed a special time!

After two years, Rick was up for Director of Enforcement, but was rejected by the White House because he refused to change his political party to comply with regulations. Our adventure would be over and we would head back to Boston and the practice of law, settling in Concord, where David soon joined our family, and where we would live until coming to CWV. I am sure that taking these risks and leaning into the fortunate experiences which presented themselves fortified us to risk moving to Carleton-Willard, which has also become another wonderful life experience.

*Weezie Johnson*

## The Reluctant Chair

**I**n the early 70's, the Tufts Biology Department was split into two warring parties: the molecular biologists versus the population biologists. A scientist working on DNA looked down his nose at a scientist who studied mountain goats. When the Department Chair took a year's sabbatical leave, an acting chair was needed. The least-objectionable compromise candidate for that office



turned out to be me. But did I want the job? With so many problems? I was very reluctant. But I finally decided that I'd take the plunge – I said yes.

So, I was just minding the store for a year, when it all burned down. The fire happened in the middle of the night of April 15th, 1975. Colleagues tried to reach me, but my phone was off the hook. Thus, when I arrived the next morning, I knew nothing. There were fire engines blocking the hill that led to our building. I wondered why. And then I saw the skeleton of our roof, with the sky showing through. I was in shock. At the top of the hill, I saw smoke coming from the remains of the building. Firemen were still plying their hoses and there was a sea of mud out front. Someone told me that that I had to attend a meeting with the dean, in the building next door. I explained this to a fireman, who said, "OK, you can cross over." Still in a daze, I tripped over the fire hose and fell face down into the mud. I recall I was wearing pink pants that day.

The only story about the fire to hit the papers all over the country and even abroad, featured P.T. Barnum's famous elephant Jumbo – the Tufts mascot. Jumbo's stuffed hide had been in our building. Alas, poor Jumbo went up in smoke.

Now, a crisis like the fire can have one of two effects on warring parties: it can tear them asunder completely or it can make them pull together. We pulled together as the department was being rebuilt around us. By that time, I was Department Chair, not Acting any more. My colleagues had appreciated that I encouraged decisions by consensus.

I met regularly with the architect and engineers. A moment I savored occurred when we were planning to rebuild a teaching laboratory that was a burned-out shell. Fritz, our architect, told me, "Just make a rough sketch of the layout you want." So I did that. But Fritz proceeded to ask me: "Where are the floor drains? How high are the windowsills? Do you want grounded duplex receptacles?" I was stunned. Fritz said, "That's alright dear; you can tell us in your own words." I drew myself up to my full height. "Gentlemen," I said, "If you give me a clear homework assignment, I'll do my homework." The next day, I got hold of an architect's manual and drew up a precise

plan, down to the correct symbol for duplex receptacles (electrical outlets). Fritz offered me a job as a draftsman! We ended up with a beautiful new building.

Years later, I realized that the fire was instrumental in furthering my Tufts career. When I was dean, a colleague in the administration said to me, "Mary Ella, you'd never get away with burning down another building."

*Mary Ella Feinleib*

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## Where I'm From

I am from aprons,  
From clean your plate with love,  
From give it a try.  
Drink your orange juice, don't be late.  
I am from girls, sisters, hoydens  
Giggling and gloating,  
Singing and ragging,  
Sharing and shunning.  
From the house that rang  
With laughter and piano practice.

I'm from clutter.  
Don't toss that; it has value.  
From the coffee table piled high.  
Bon mots and puns.  
I'm from would-be scholars,  
Readers and talkers.  
I'm from dinner table discussions:  
How do we know, why do we do.  
From good grades and be right.

I'm from Amos, Ebenezer, Florence.  
From the one-room schoolhouse  
The physics teacher and the pianist.  
From home-baked bread  
And never too sick for school.  
Win the spelling bee and get the prize.  
I am from be what you are and give what you can.

*Susan Adams*



## Grandmother and the Rumrunners

I'm not sure how true this is, as it seems out of character for my grandmother as I remember her, but it is a fun story. My earliest memories are of my maternal grandparents, Frances and Hayes Catchpole and their farm, Oak Park. Oak Park sits on the east side of Sodus Bay, a large bay on the south shore of Lake Ontario, about 50 miles east of Rochester, NY.

I remember my grandmother as a very proper Victorian woman. She always wore a corset. Her attire around the house was a neatly pressed house dress and apron, along with sturdy tie shoes. She was very aware of appearance and proper etiquette for all occasions. Whenever we went out, Grandma always insisted my underwear had to be "clean and without holes" in case we were in a car accident. One wouldn't want the medical personnel seeing dirty or holey underwear. When she wasn't cleaning, doing laundry, or cooking, she was outside tending her vegetable and rose gardens.

According to the family story, Sodus Bay was one of the routes for moving liquor from Canada into the US during Prohibition. Rumrunner boats sailed across the lake in the dark of night to avoid law enforcement. Crew would put their cargo into sturdy nets attached to buoys and drop them into the bay. In the early morning "fishermen" would quietly row out to the buoys, pull up the nets and row their "catch" back to shore. The "catch" would be loaded into waiting vehicles that would quickly disappear.

Federal agents routinely questioned folks living along the bay, in hopes of getting information to help catch the rumrunners. When queried, my grandparents would offer nothing. They could honestly report they had not heard or seen anything, as their bedroom windows faced away from the bay. After one such visit from the Feds, my grandmother went to a store at the head of the bay to get some cottage cheese and milk. As the story goes, she happened to mention that the Feds were around and they had nothing to tell them. She supposedly also said she had

always enjoyed an occasional Canadian beer. The following night, my grandparents thought they heard a car in their driveway after they were in bed. The next morning, when my grandmother went out to tend her gardens, she found several bottles of Canadian beer hidden among the roses!

*Vicki Gaw*

## A Leap Over the Wall

In 1953, the Boston Braves moved to Milwaukee. For my brothers and me (age 10) and our friends, having a major league baseball team so close by to my hometown of Waukesha was a dream come true. We no longer had to search our AM radio at night to find a scratchy broadcast coming out of Chicago or St. Louis, in order to listen to a major league baseball game. And, not only did a local station broadcast all the Braves games, but we could also ride an interurban trolley by ourselves to a stop near the newly built Milwaukee County Stadium, to take in a Braves game in person. Admission to the bleachers was cheap, and it was always a thrill going there.

Sometimes we would arrive really early, so we could watch batting and fielding practice. One day, while hanging out in the right field stands, close to the foul line, we started fantasizing how amazing it would be if a ball was hit close enough to us so that we could grab it. We waited and waited, eyes on the field, but no luck. Before the game started, we had to leave this section and find our seats elsewhere, so time was running out when one of my canny older brothers gave me the Big Dare. "I bet you can't drop over the wall here and grab a ball down on the field. I betcha you're too chicken to do it," followed by imitation chicken sounds. "Bawk, bawk, bawk."

Not one to turn down a dare, I waited for a ball to be hit down the right field line. Shortly, a ball rolled to a stop just below where we were standing. "Go," my brain screamed. "Get it!" Without thinking of the consequences, I climbed over the railing, hung and dropped down about seven feet to the field. I ran to the ball, grabbed



it and tossed the prize up to one of my brothers.

I was really excited. The adrenaline was flowing big-time over the very nature of the move I had just completed. Then panic set in. There was no way to scale a seven-foot wall by myself to get off the playing field. A running leap up the wall proved to be futile. If I went further into right field, the wall got even higher. My only way out was to go toward the dugout and exit through one of the box seats. By that time, an usher had spotted me and started walking toward me for the inevitable confrontation. Looking back, I'm proud I did not panic and start running across the ballfield like some crazed streaker. I was not taken to security, but admonished and ordered to go to my assigned seat, greatly relieved.

Going over that wall to get a ball was worth the risk I took. However, had I thought it through or been less impulsive, I probably would not have done it. But, we had the ball! A Major League Baseball! It was a quite an upgrade to our sorry collection of balls at home.

*John Cloninger*

## A Memory of War

I was seven years old in 1943 while the world war was raging. The front window of our home had a hanging tag that included three blue stars, representing my three brothers' involvement in the war. It was a custom to replace a blue star with a gold star if a member of the family was killed or was missing in action. I was in grade school and every day as I walked home I would peer at the window, as my heart throbbed from fear, to see if one of the blue stars had turned to gold. This continued for two years until the war's end in 1945. I never mentioned this to anyone in my family, but carried that burden during that time. My three brothers all returned home to resume their lives.

*Charles Tseckares*

## The McMorran Miracle

Alexander McMorran, my grandfather, ran away from home in Canada at the age of thirteen. He ended up in the state of Washington, where he eventually married and raised three sons. Fourteen years after the last son was born, my mother joined the family, a much cherished child.

Alex made money and lost money. His pharmacy business collapsed, and the bank foreclosed on the house. Homesteading presented another opportunity. He was able to "prove up" an abandoned homestead on the southern banks of the Pend Oreille River, where he built a simple farmhouse called The Cedars. For all of his life, Alex felt that the natural environment spoke to him, and he spread this passion on to his family.

The Cedars was always there for his family. However, son Earl was starting his own family in Idaho and son Lloyd had married "up" and moved away. The family consisted of my mother, Jean, her brother, Clair (fourteen years older), her father Alex, and mother May. The drama of this story began to unfold one day in August, 1910. It was not a perfect day. The sky was mustard colored and the sun was red. Alex explained to Jean that they were seeing the effect of fires not far away. The McMorrans felt safe because they were protected by the river, north of which the fires burned. However, Alex was concerned and asked Clair to stand watch at the river. Minutes later, Clair ran back to the homestead with the terrifying news that the fires had jumped the river. "To the river and the cabbage patch," Alex directed. May brought blankets and a bucket of water to the bank below the meadow, thirty feet below where the house sat. Alex told May to take Jean in her arms and lie close to the bank under wet blankets. Clair and Alex pulled up cabbage heads to beat the fire away from the haven where Jean and May lay. The howling wind became their ally as it blew the flames over the four bodies and up to higher ground. Later, on the seven mile trudge to the nearest town, the family saw the ferry bringing the undertaker across the river with a black box for charred bodies of those who had been caught in the fire.

The McMorran Miracle, it was called.

*Penny Lawrence*



## **The Blizzard of 2026**

The blizzard that peaked on February 23rd, 2026, was the most dramatic happening of the year. The heavy snow was accompanied by hurricane-force winds. The facilities staff was “all hands on deck.” Snow removal was only the most visible of their myriad activities. The dining staff worked until all hours, serving meals to Badger, Winthrop, Llewysac, Ross-Worthen, and Nursing Center residents, and carrying meal-bags to the residents marooned in cottages. Many of the staff stayed here overnight! Those of us fortunate enough to hunker down indoors could observe the fascinating sight of snow blowing sideways in whiteout conditions.



## **German Social Group**

The former Chair of the Languages Department at Concord Academy, together with another resident, both fluent in German, recently launched a German Social Group. Regular attendees include two couples who are native speakers. The group also attracts a few who are hesitant in speaking German. One always leads off the evening by reading a memoir in German – written with just a little help from Google Translate! Then all engage in delightful conversation.

## **Chinese New Year and Italian Dinners**

Reagan Vetree, our creative Director of Dining Services, treated us to two celebratory dinners. We celebrated the start of the *Year of the Fire Horse* with a festive Chinese meal. First came spring rolls and Peking ravioli, in the magically transformed Auditorium. The tablecloths and napkins were bright red, decorated with large Chinese letters in gold. Chinese lanterns swung overhead. We moved into the Abbott for our main courses: Chicken Kung Pao and crispy shrimp with walnuts. On another evening, we celebrated the tastes of Italy, with a delicious Italian feast. It featured branzino fish with caponata and cavatelli pasta nero. Two terrific banquets!

## **Tai Chi with Sifu Rob Elkind**

Tai Chi students at CWV are fortunate to have Sifu Rob Elkind teaching them. Who is a Sifu? A Sifu is a Chinese title for a master or teacher. What is Tai Chi? Tai Chi is an ancient Chinese “meditation in motion,” combining slow, gentle movements, deep breathing and mindfulness, to improve physical and mental health. For each class, relaxing Chinese Zen music plays in the background. The class is appropriate for beginners as well as advanced students. Do what you can, and with each class, your balance and strength will improve.

## **Play at the Huntington Theatre**

Thanks to transportation by Carleton-Willard Jitney, we can attend plays at the Huntington Theatre. The most recent production was *We Had a World*, by Joshua Harmon. The play deals with his family dynamics. Young Joshua’s Nana, whom he adores, introduces him to the world of museums and theater. As he grows older, he sees that under the surface of her cosmopolitan lifestyle, she is troubled and has brought harm to the family. The snappy dialogue drew laughs at the start, but the conclusion is poignant. The three-person ensemble was pitch-perfect.



# Happenings



## Ban the Bans

A recent program called *Ban the Bans*, discussed the banning of over 10,000 books in the libraries and schools of a number of states. The most bans are in Florida, followed by Tennessee. The reasons include: an author or character of color or LGBTQ, plus topics like racism and sexual health. Five residents starred in the production. One resident amused us by changing hats as she represented a variety of authors. Another was scary as a Board Member of a group called "Moms for Liberty." Examples of banned books lay on tables in the Rotunda. Prominent among them were *The Handmaid's Tale* and *The Bluest Eye*. And, surprisingly, Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are*, perhaps because the hero, a very little boy, is shown nude.

## Spellman Museum of Stamps

Our trip to the Spellman Museum of Stamps began with lunch at the Tack Room in Lincoln. The Spellman is one of only two stamp museums in the USA. It is a repository for stamps and postal history ephemera from around the world. On display is the world's first adhesive postage stamp, The Penny Black, issued in England in 1840. Exhibits include stamps honoring famous individuals and historic events. Many of the stamps are miniature works of art, picturing ships, flowers, birds and other animals. The museum collection also contains interesting artifacts: old-fashioned mailboxes, tiny silver stamp boxes, and a dress made entirely of postage stamps.

## Musical Journey with Matias Whiteley

Matias Whiteley, age twenty-one, is a pianist and handpan player who loves bringing music to life through improvisation. He played the piano for us, with a style inspired by artists such as Bill Evans and Erroll Garner. Matias enjoys playing across many styles, from bebop to ballads. If we listened carefully, we could detect familiar melodies through the jazz improvisations. In his piano programs, Matias highlights the texture and atmospheric quality of the instrument. He offered us a rich and immersive sound experience. Matias has a connection to Carleton-Willard. He is the grandson of the late Peggy Whiteley, former Director of Marketing here. Peggy surely would have been very proud of him in this concert.



## Opera

Since December, we have been enjoying offerings of the *The Met Opera on Demand* program. Residents were polled for their favorites and operas are chosen from that list, with consideration also being given to who is singing and how recent the recording is. So far, we have enjoyed Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment*, and Puccini's *La Boheme*. Next, we look forward to Bizet's well-loved *Carmen*. What a treat!



## Stories Passed Down

Indulging in nostalgia, I had the pleasure recently of listening to my grandmother telling stories from her childhood and young adult years. Yes, really. When my grandmother was the age that I am now, my father acquired a tape recorder and prompted his mother to tell story after story. As technology changed, these recordings were copied to newer formats and are now in my computer, so I can hear my grandmother's voice. She was not the type to embellish a story, but kept it to its most basic form, leaving the listener to imagine the rest.

Her father had to start working before finishing school, but that did not keep him from being well educated and successful in many ways. By saving and investing wisely, he created a good-sized farm in western Michigan, where he and his indefatigable wife raised eight children. Being a highly respected citizen, he became the Township Supervisor, which gave him the responsibility of sending indigent men to the poorhouse. As my grandmother put it, "That really was a poor house." My great-grandfather did not have the heart to do that, but, instead, took the men into his own household. He extended the table and built benches to accommodate all. Throughout my grandmother's childhood, the household also included the local schoolteacher, who paid for her room and board by educating her host. The one-room school was next to the house, on land donated by the family. In a step up in civic responsibility, my great-grandfather was elected to three terms in the State Legislature.

Another member of the household was my grandmother's uncle, who lived with them after returning from the Civil War (I have his trunk from the war and a "newspaper" from the siege of Vicksburg). Uncle Leonard had lost most of his teeth but still loved popcorn. The family solved this problem by grinding his popcorn in the hand-crank coffee grinder. The children decided that they, too, liked their popcorn ground.

When my grandmother, as a child, developed a toothache, she was taken in the family wagon to a general store in another town. The

storekeeper seated her on a stool at the back of the store, wiped his hands on his overalls, and removed the tooth with pliers. She managed to not cry, feeling that she had to seem braver than she felt.



*Ginny's father holds her daughter as they look at a portrait of Ginny painted by her uncle.*

One hot summer day, when her parents had gone to visit friends, leaving the children at home, "a terrific thunderstorm came up" and lightning struck the barn where one of the boys was playing on a swing. The others, watching from the back porch, saw that the barn was starting to burn and ran to call him out to safety. Fortunately, there were no animals in the barn at the time, as it burned to the ground.

The stories from her girlhood include kitchen tasks: baking many loaves of bread every other day, canning fruits and vegetables, preparing meat, churning butter (easier with the hand-turned churn than with the pestle type) and helping with the washing. One task she found especially tiring was turning the handle on the grindstone while her father sharpened tools.

She was careful to note that they had fun, too, and music, especially after the family acquired a piano and she took piano lessons.

At the end of each recording session (I can picture her smile), she concludes "We had a good life."

*Virginia Steel*

## Rhode Island Champs

It's a lovely day for skiing. Why not? The sky is clear, the snow is adequate, and I'm with friends, fellow students at Brown University. Let's have some fun!

Off we go to Cranmore Mountain and what do we see as we enter the parking lot? We see a big sign announcing a competition for the Rhode Island State Ski Championships – the men's race, the women's race, and maybe a kid's race.

I've skied on this mountain before. Why not take a risk and try to be the Rhode Island State Women's Ski Champion of 1960? I'll do this! I'll give it a try! Nervous and excited, I sign up and the next thing I know my number is on my shirt and I'm waiting at the top of the mountain to race in the giant slalom, which begins in half an hour. While I wait I quietly say to myself, "You have never done this before, Tally, think you'll be OK? Think it's worth trying?" I replied to myself, "Oh sure, Tally, why not? It might be fun and the worst that you could do is fall down. You've done that plenty of times before."

When the race began, I was about 30th in line so I had plenty of time to be nervous. The course was a giant slalom which meant that I had time to recover from each turn before making the next one so I was pretty sure I could pull that off, but fast, how fast?

I waited for my turn now. It was almost time for me to go. I looked down at my feet, yup: ski boots tied up, my bindings fastened, skis lined up, my hat on my head and ski poles in my hands. I am ready, let's hope for the best.

Off I go!



*Tally Forbes*

*Rhode Island State  
Women's Skiing  
Champion 1960*

## An Unconventional Grandmother

Olive Higgins Prouty??? Who was she? When I met Matey, my husband to be, Mrs. Prouty's name was a complete unknown to me. So, in fact, were her many novels, the two most famous being *Stella Dallas* and *Now, Voyager*. If I'd been born some 20 years earlier, I might have watched Samuel Goldwyn's first million-dollar movie in which the impoverished Stella stood in front of her lover's house, tears streaming down her face, as she watched her man marry a woman from the right side of the tracks. And I certainly would have held my breath throughout *Now, Voyager* as Bette Davis transformed from an awkward, overweight teenager into a sophisticated, confident woman.

Matey was delighted by this imaginative grandmother, whom he took me to visit many times before our wedding, each visit guaranteed to provide yet another example of her direct and unconventional spirit. A conversation with Mrs. Prouty, soon "Marga" to me, was sure to be laced with a lack of reserve, which was at the same time unnerving and welcome to a girl raised by a strict Southern father and a timid Midwestern mother. When Matey's former Harvard roommate joined us for Sunday tea, Marga sat Peter Levin right beside her so she could quiz him, with a directness unusual for the 1960s, on what it had been like "to have been a Jew at Harvard." If there was a time when any visit with her dragged on, Marga would whistle for Taupe, her elderly toy poodle, so she could proudly show her guests how she had taught her little dog to smoke.

With much prior exposure to Marga's directness, what she said to me as she grasped my hands in our receiving line, some ten minutes after Matey and I had exchanged our marriage vows, should not have been a surprise. Looking me straight in the eyes, she pulled my head down toward hers and delivered the following piece of advice.

"Dear," she whispered, "when you find that 'it' gets boring, just imagine you're with another man."

Marga's irreverence lived on until her death. By then she had met her first two great-grand children, Caroline Prouty Smith and Jessica Murphy Smith. Imagine the wild conversations, had she lived long enough to text with them.

*Jeannie Smith*



## Identity

Months after Ray Hoover had moved his family to Idaho in 1918, he spied an ad for a family camp promising “family cooking, hiking, and sleeping under ambrosial Ponderosas and inspiring Douglas Fir.” His wife, Marian, agreed. “We need a family trip.” So, they packed up their children, Henry and Elizabeth, loaded supplies into their new Model T and set off for camp.

Ray and Henry would maintain the campsite. Marian and Elizabeth would do the cooking. They brought three identical thermos jars, two containing a rich savory stew and the other Ray’s favorite chocolate dessert. Without looking, Marian took two of the jars she assumed were stew, emptied them into a pan, heated them over the fire and filled four cups.

Ray never forgot the awful moment when his Great Adventure went splat. Smiles turned to gasps of pain and nausea. The kids ran, twigs snapping, into the woods. Marian confessed she had grabbed one jar of chocolate and one of stew, admitting things could “bounce around” in a moving car. She apologized for her oversight. The Hoovers took down the campsite the next morning. They’d lost a day – but bagged an unforgettable family story.

Years later, after Henry had been at Harvard studying architecture, he married and carried his bride over the threshold of the first house he had designed. The couple had three children, a son and identical twin daughters. The Hoover twins were the talk of the town. They were on everybody’s list for this birthday, that ice cream social. Telling them apart became a town sport. It was just a matter of time before they were summoned to “walk the plank” over the roiling sea of piano lessons.

The piano teacher, Miss Reese, always concluded the year with a final recital called “Dance of Spring,” when kids competed for Best in Show and massacred interminable pieces. This year’s coup de grace was to be a piano duet played by the Hoover twins. Miss Reese curtsied to the audience and drew from her stack of piano pieces what she assumed, without a glance, were the

appropriate Primo and Secondo pages. She set them in front of each girl, smiled at nothing in particular, and took her seat. The girls began to play, but dissonance reigned! A flustered Miss Reese apologized for mixing up the pages, and Henry remembered the Idaho campsite long ago, when his mother fell into another “identity trap.”

Once again, a lost day, but a family story to remember.

*Harry Hoover*



*Methuselah of the Perimeter Path*



# PROFILES



## *Welcome New Residents*

**David Willard**

from Carlisle

**Meredith Salisbury**

from Lexington

**Holly Yen**

from Arlington

**Bill and Sallie Satterthwaite**

from Concord

**Frederic “Fritz” and Nancy Biederman**

from Santa Fe, New Mexico

**Allen “Al” and Selina Rossiter**

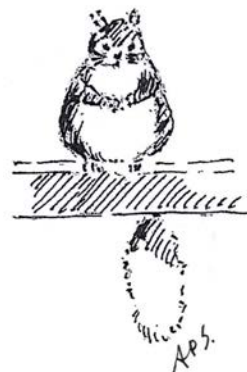
from Lincoln

**David and Pat Nelson**

from Lexington

**Richard Perkins**

from Topsfield







## *In Memory*

Margaret Choate	1/12/2026
Louis Ehrhard	1/13/2026
Sarah Broley	1/19/2026
Thomas “Tom” Larkin	1/21/2026
Edna Auffant	1/27/2026
Anne Manion	1/31/2026
Stephen Sabadosa	2/1/2026
Carolyn Davies	2/5/2026
Hilda Swartz	2/11/2026
Caroline Palmer	2/21/2026
Eileen Fasanelli	3/13/2026



“A word after a word after a word is power.”

– *Margaret Atwood*



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

## Taking a Leap

As we look back over our lives, we realize that we have made many important decisions, ones that have affected our wellbeing, our family and our future. Perhaps the most important “leap” that we have made was to move to Carleton-Willard Village. A new life was brought into being. We are so fortunate to reside in a community that offers companionship, many activities, good food and readily available assistance whenever it is needed.

Those of us who work in the Carleton-Willard library make many decisions. On the first Wednesday of every month, the Library Committee meets to do regular print book selection. Every committee member is asked to present two book recommendations, and these titles are discussed at length. Our aim is to have a collection that is appealing to a wide variety of residents. If we are not sure of a particular title, we order it from the Bedford Public Library and two committee members preview it and present the results at the next meeting. Also, once a month, a separate resident subcommittee reviews catalogues of large print books and presents their list of recommendations. Between twenty and thirty new books are added to the collection each month.

When the shelves begin to be overcrowded, we turn to the “weeding” of the collection. The regular print fiction shelves and the large print shelves are checked once a year. Every book is analyzed and a decision is made as to whether or not to keep it. At the present time, the committee is working on the nonfiction sections. The books that are removed from the collection are donated to the Carleton-Willard staff and the Bedford Public Library.

So, you can see that decision-making is a large part of our work. The members of the Library Committee and our volunteers work thoughtfully and well. They are excellent decision makers!

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair, Library Committee*





## Among the Newest

*The Season: A Fan's Story* by Helen Garner  
Garner recounts being a fan watching her grandson play Australian-rule football and observes the growth of the young men on the team.

*Huguette* by Cara Black  
In post-WWII France, a young girl fights to escape the ghosts of her past. She is aided by Claude Leduc, grandfather of Aimee, featured in Black's earlier books.

*The Loneliness of Sonia and Sunny* by Kiran Desai  
A love story and family saga. A young couple's lives are influenced by the forces of country, class, race, history, and complicated family bonds.

*Bernie For Burlington* by Dan Chiasson  
A portrait of a uncommon public servant building a career in a changing world. Chiasson grew up in Burlington, so witnessed Sanders' rise in politics.

*How to Get Away with Murder* by Rebecca Philipson  
Did the author of a self-help book instructing how to get away with murder do just that? A Scotland Yard detective investigates.

*A Guardian and a Thief* by Megha Majumdar  
In Kolkata two families grapple with the problem: How far will they go to secure their children's futures? One steals a purse with important documents, the other tries to recover it.

*El Paso* by Jazmine Ullog  
This narrative nonfiction book charts the history of El Paso, called the Ellis Island of America's southern border. It follows the history of five families from the Mexican Revolution to current events.

*Mw* by Rachel Trethewey  
A biography of Lady Sydney Redesdale, the mother of the Mitford sisters. She was the source of her daughters' strong will, self-confidence, and extremism.

*The Storm* by Rachel Hawkins  
Set on Alabama's Gulf coast with a hurricane bearing down, this thriller features an historic hotel, a mysterious death in the past, and the reappearance of the possible murderer.

*The Golden Boy* by Patricia Finn  
An unexpected letter forces a reluctant retiree to confront his past in order to rebuild his future—and to redirect the fates of his family and four young people suddenly in his care..

*More Than Enough* by Anna Quindlen  
A woman faces the results of an ancestry test and begins to question the meaning of family and friendship.

*Robert B. Parker's Big Shot* by Christopher Farnsworth  
No. 23 in the Jesse Stone series. Jesse vs. a rich hedge fund manager. Is Jesse responsible when his nemesis goes missing?

*The Zorg* by Siddharth Kara  
Outrage over the greed that led to murder on the slave ship Zorg led to trials and in turn the abolition of slavery in the UK.

*Tokyo Express* by Seicho Matsumoto  
A beautiful couple found dead in a cove, was it suicide or murder?

*Frog: And Other Essays* by Anne Fadiman  
Fadiman's entertaining essays range from the death of her pet frog to archaic printer technology to the relationship between Samuel Taylor Coleridge and his son.

*The Typewriter and the Guillotine* by Mark Braude  
The New Yorker magazine's first foreign correspondent, Janet Flanner, sounds the alarm on the rise of the Third Reich in pre-WWII France.

*The Best Dog in the World* Edited by Alice Hoffman  
Fourteen authors capture the full range of the canine-human connection, from the joy of welcoming a new puppy to the heartache of saying goodbye to a beloved friend.

*The News from Dublin: Stories* by Colm Tóibín  
Short stories set in Ireland, Spain, and America about the complexities of family, longing, loss, and love.

Nancy Goodwin  
Library Committee



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Autobiography/Memoir

Aikens, Sue	North of Ordinary (*)	Brown, Dan	The Secret of Secrets
Barnes, Julian	Departure(s)	Brown, Sandra	Bloodlust
Garner, Helen	The Season	Condie, Ally	The Unwedding
Harris, Kamala	107 Days (*)	Dauids, Nadia	Cape Fever (*)
Minnelli, Liza	Kids, Wait Till You Hear This!	Desai, Kiran	The Loneliness of Sonia and Sunny
Thompson, Nicholas	The Running Ground (*)	Farnsworth, Christopher	Robert B. Parker's Big Shot

### Biography

Braude, Mark	The Typewriter and the Guillotine	Finn, Patricia	The Golden Boy
Chiasson, Dan	Bernie for Burlington	French, Tana	The Keeper
Oppenheimer, Mark	Judy Blume (*)	Goodman, Allegra	This is Not About Us
Trethewey, Rachel	Muv	Griffith, Nicola	Stay
		Grisham, John, et al, Eds.	The Mysterious Bookshop The Best Mystery Stories of 2025 (*)

### Current Affairs

Rosen, Kenneth R.	Polar War (*)	Hawkins, Rachel	The Storm
		Hilderbrand, Elin	The Academy
		Irving, John	Queen Esther
		Jen, Gish	Bad Bad Girl (*)
		Jimenez, Abby	Say You'll Remember Me
		Kamali, Marjan	The Lion Women of Tehran

### Essays

Fadiman, Anne	Frog: And Other Essays	Kellerman, Jonathan	Jigsaw
		Kubica, Mary	It's Not Her
		Levi, Allen	Theo of Golden (*)
		Majumdar, Megha	A Guardian and a Thief
		Markovits, Ben	The Rest of Our Lives
		Matsumoto, Seiccho	Tokyo Express
		Meyer, Nicholas	Sherlock Holmes and the Real Thing (*)

### Fiction

Abrams, Stacey	Coded Justice	Mizushima, Margaret	Dying Cry
Bell, A. D.	The Bookbinder's Secret (*)	Montgomery, Ross	The Murder at World's End
Benedict, Marie	Daughter of Egypt (*)		
Black, Cara	Huguette		
Black, Cara	Huguette (*)		
Box, C. J.	The Crossroads		



## Recent Library Acquisitions

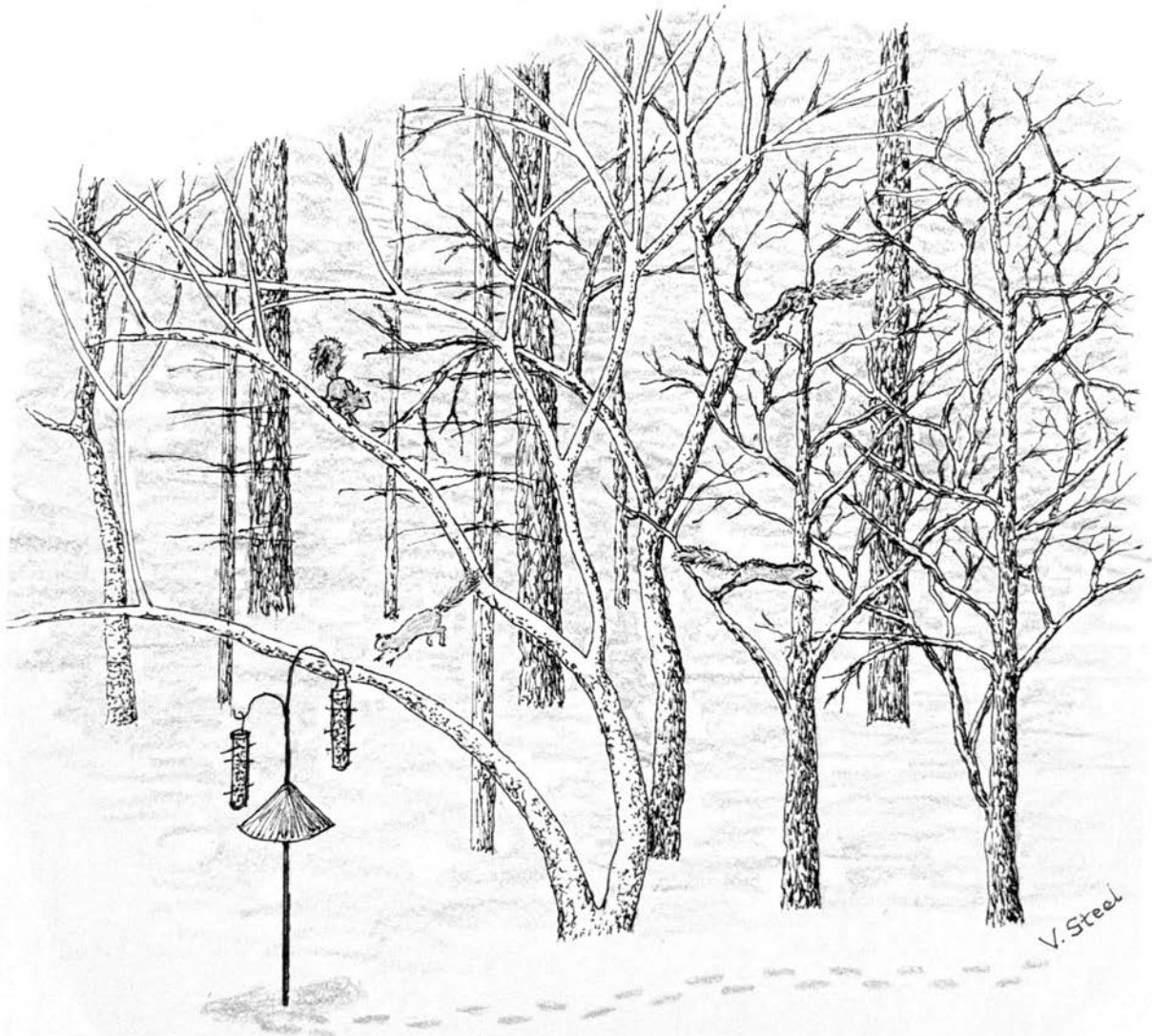
(\* indicates Large Print)

O'Nan, Stewart	Evensong (*)	<b>Nature</b>	
Patterson, James & Davis, Viola	Judge Stone	Hofmann, Alice	The Best Dog in the World
Patterson, James. & Sitts, Brian	Cross and Sampson		
Perez-Reverte, Arturo	The Final Problem		<i>Katherine F. Graff</i>
Philipson, Rebecca	How to Get Away with Murder		<i>Chair, Library Committee</i>
Preston, Douglas & Child, Lincoln	Pendergast		
Pryor, Mark	The Most Mysterious Bookshop in Paris		
Quindlen, Anna	More Than Enough		
Quinn, Kate	The Astral Library		
Reva, Maria	Ending (*)		
Robb, J. D.	Stolen in Death		
Robb, J. D.	Stolen in Death (*)		
Saab, Gabriella	The Star Society (*)		
Sandford, John	Revenge Prey (*)		
Steel, Danielle	The Devil's Daughter		
Steel, Danielle	Felicia's Favorites		
Thor, Brad	Cold Zero (*)		
Tóibín, Colm	The News From Dublin		
Walker, Martin	An Enemy in the Village (*)		
<b>History</b>			
Brands, H. W.	America First		
Ellis, Joseph J.	The Great Contradiction		
Kara, Siddharth	The Zorg		
Kuehn, Christine	Family of Spies (*)		
Ullog, Jazmine	El Paso		





## Nature Page



Taking a leap –

It's what squirrels do all the time.

The distance a squirrel can leap is determined by how firm or flexible its "launch pad" is, with a maximum leap of about 20 feet.



**CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE**

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