



CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER

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

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# Editor's Corner



With this issue the *Villager* has a new Editor. It is with some trepidation that one follows in the footsteps of Alice Morrish and Peggy McKibben. They have produced an excellent magazine for five years and over 20 issues. This has entertained and informed us, and as a marketing tool it has put the best face forward for Carleton-Willard Village.

It is inevitable that there may be some changes with new hands at the helm, but hopefully we will remain on course. In addition to saying 'good bye' to Alice and Peggy as they retired from the Board, we regretted the illness and departure of Stephanie Rolfe. Besides writing enjoyable stories of an interesting life she was an excellent proof-reader!

A new feature is the "Conversation with..." Each issue we will feature a resident who has been here for many years. The choice will be up to a member of the Editorial Board. We hope you will enjoy this new profile feature.

Life here at the village is full of opportunities to be creative, to be active, and to enjoy the remarkable natural richness of our lovely campus. We hope that you will want to share stories of your life before coming here as well as the observations that occur to you now.

We can use your poetry and art to enliven our pages. Creativity does not have to be at a level to amaze the world. Our individual efforts are worthy of recognition however simple they may be. Give it a try!

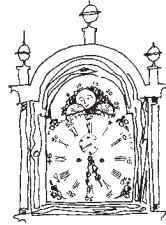
I appreciate the encouragement and support I have received in embarking upon this new venture of editorship. The editorial board and I will always be open to suggestion or criticism and look forward to continuing the fine tradition of the *Villager*.

*Anne Schmalz*

Anne Schmalz, Editor



## *From the Chief Executive Officer*



“Progress is not enhancing what is, but advancing toward what will be.” - Khalil Gibran

I remember JFK’s speech in 1962 when he told us, “We choose to go to the Moon ... not because [it is] easy, but because [it is] hard, because [it will] measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept.”

I think of this speech often whenever I’m faced with a sizeable challenge. To the moon and back in a decade. Anything is possible when you decide something is just going to get done, no matter what!

As far as challenges go, the Village’s new Arlington Court – 13 years in the making – certainly qualifies as “sizeable.” But as with all creative challenges, the time spent, distance traveled and efforts made are not the real story. The value of the journey is what is important.

In reality, Arlington Court is part of a bigger strategy – a logical development of the same plan that shaped our new Village Centre (including the Brass Rail Bistro, Art Studio, Crafts Studio, Computer Lab, Exercise Studio and Spa). Arlington Court is a natural extension of our community and will nestle seamlessly into the Village’s landscape.

The 12 units (configured as six duplex residences) will each have two bedrooms, a study, open kitchen, and other “in-demand” features. Each unit will follow the ever-advancing design standard we employ for all our construction and existing renovations.

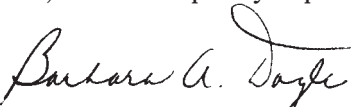
So how exactly are Arlington Court and the Village Centre part of the same strategic plan? Like everything else at the Village, our focus is as much on where we are now as it is on where we want to be.

What do residents want and need in a full-scale retirement community? Can we imagine what those wants and needs will be in the future? What amenities must we provide to make today’s quality of Village life exceptional – and to attract the residents we desire in years to come?

One cannot be committed to being a premier community without continually asking these questions. In a very real way, then, the road to Arlington Court began when we launched Carleton-Willard Village nearly 38 years ago.

Some journey!

Construction on Arlington Court is scheduled to begin mid-March, with occupancy expected by April 2021.

  
Barbara A. Doyle  
President and CEO



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## Joe and Nancy Down Under

We, Joe Horowitz and Nancy Hicks, of Badger Terrace, travelled far to the south last October. This was a 27 day visit to Australia, instigated by our love of the music of country performer Slim Dusty, whom we discovered three years ago. Slim passed on in 2003, but a museum well north of Sydney, dedicated to his life, opened in 2015. We HAD to go to Australia to go there.



We really enjoyed the Slim Dusty Centre in the town of Kempsey, and were also driven by two volunteer guides to his boyhood home way out in farm country. Slim was a national treasure as the most productive country music performer in Australia's history. He even closed the 2000 Sydney Olympics for an audience of 110,000 people at the Olympic Stadium with a rousing version of "Waltzing Matilda" (<https://www.dailymotion.com/video/x2nuwqt>).

Of note, in early December 2019, bushfires threatened to consume Slim's boyhood home,

averted only by heroic efforts by the Rural Fire Service and others.

Also on the trip, we spent many days in and around Sydney, including hiring a local birder, who in a day and a half showed us 70 species nearly all of which were new to us. In Sydney the Opera House was a highlight, including a behind the scenes tour. The Taronga Zoo was great fun, involving another behind the scenes tour, with an up close and personal visit with a Koala. We also had the privilege of seeing the rare Southern Cassowary, called a 'living dinosaur.' It is seen in captivity at only a few zoos around the world. In the suburbs of Sydney, the beautiful coastal beach towns of Bondi and Manly greeted us.

For our final destination we ventured 700 miles west to a town called Broken Hill to experience the uniqueness of the outback. This gave us dark night skies to view stars and constellations unfamiliar to us northern hemisphere people (we'd never before been south of the equator). Nancy taught a basic astronomy course at the college level for years, and was particularly excited about this. During this part of the trip we saw kangaroos and emus in the wild. All of our travels were by private car with great, informed, fun and friendly guides.

*Joe Horowitz and Nancy Hicks*

## My Friend Daisy

I was always a dog person. We had two dogs when I was little, Joe and Trixie. Oh yeah, there was also a cat, Mary, who ruled the front door and the dining room. Joe, a big old hound dog, and Trixie, a sweet collie-shepherd mix, were terrified of Mary. She would allow them in the front door which led directly into the dining room so long as they didn't linger there. They would dash out to the kitchen or through the other doorway into the living room – to relative safety.

Segue to many years later and a dear friend who had three feline members of her household. When any of them passed on, she would head to the shelter and rescue another. At first they



were all named for great musicians – Kirsten (Flagstad), Dmitri (Shostakovich), Robert (Hon-ysucker, locally well-known singer). Then came Emily (for Dickinson), and a couple of others whose names I can't remember. But they were cats after all, so who cares.

Every late Fall we would have a choir potluck party at my friend's house. As people arrived, she told us to throw our coats in her bedroom. Midway through the evening, I needed a break from the party hubbub and went into the bedroom for a few minutes of peace and quiet.

Now let me introduce my friend's cat Daisy. Not named for a composer, nor an author, Daisy was a slightly over-weight, shy tiger cat rescued from a shelter in Augusta, Maine. I'm pretty sure Daisy didn't like people any more than I liked cats. She too had escaped the party and sought out the only peaceful spot in the house. And where was Daisy when I entered the bedroom? Not just in the bedroom, but of all the coats piled on the bed, she had picked out mine and was happily curled up on it. For some reason we instantly bonded and became best friends for the rest of her life.



And the rest of the story? I never did get another dog. Thanks to my friend Daisy I got two rescue kittens from Northeast Animal Shelter in Salem, which I named Poco a Poco and Motet. They lived with me for almost 20 years. And then I got my new friend Frederick who loves being at CWV and watching the birds at the feeders off my deck. So much for being a dog person.

*Madelyn E. Armstrong*

## The Gray Fox

Last April on an evening around dusk, I stepped onto my small deck here at Carleton-Willard to be greatly surprised by an absolutely gorgeous gray fox sauntering by. His coat was thick and his tail very bushy. From the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, he was about three feet long. He trotted by me silently but with determination. Of course I wondered where he was going.



Knowing that some might not believe me, I called a friend of mine in Carlisle, told him my story and asked if what I thought I saw could be true? To my relief he replied "Oh yes, this is the time of year when he would be staking out his territory to establish a home for his family-to-be."

Now I can hardly wait for next April.

*Janet Lovejoy*

## Sylvan Choreography Opens The View

The performance was scheduled to begin at 7:00 A.M. on December 17th, and the audience was ready. The removal of thirty trees in the wetlands that abut several cottages had been carefully planned. Trees that had grown in the thirty-five years since the courts had been built were now too tall and too wet and too close to some of the cottages and were marked by the arborist and approved for removal by the Conservation Commission.



It had taken several months to coordinate Stumpy's Tree Removal Service and their use of an enormous crane that would be necessary. The FAA even had to give approval so that Hanscom's flights would know to stay clear of the 200 foot crane during the operation. Finally the big day arrived! Having been "evicted" for safety, the residents (audience) in the affected cottages were watching from the Village Center with binoculars.

At 6:57 A.M. a huge crane rolled quietly into place at Dartmouth Court where the first act would take place. It was early-morning dark, and the cast of characters must have left the crane's home garage several hours earlier to navigate such huge equipment on the roadways. Within minutes, several huge Kenworth trucks with 50' trailers slid into place within two feet of the big crane. Precision choreography! The trailers' job was to deliver 170,000 pounds of counterweight for the operation of leaning over the cottages and high and deep into the woods.

Next on stage was a bucket-loader with a pincer-claw, followed by a large-throated wood chipper and a dump truck. All of this was choreographed perfectly, and directed by a

work crew who knew precisely what should be happening, where and when. No raised voices were necessary, and simple hand gestures were enough to position each truck in the staging area. This performance had been rehearsed!

The crane Operator was paying attention to the extension of the crane, and conversed with the crewman who would be doing the sawing part of the job and the Star of our performance today. The Star's helmet had a walkie-talkie so that Star and Operator were a perfectly coordinated duet. The Star (with chainsaw hanging from his belt) was hoisted over the cottages to the tree top where he fastened a harness about 25 feet from the top of the tree before detaching himself and rappelling to the ground. Our Star



made a clean cut about 1 or 2 feet above ground through trunks 2-3 feet in diameter! The root ball remained in place, continuing to serve the wetlands.

With a signal from the Star, the crane then lifted the tree straight up and over the cottage directly and precisely to the bucket loader, who grabbed the tree trunk with claws and gently positioned the tree on the driveway. A crew with saws was in place: some to cut the trunk into haul-away lengths and some to cut branches off for the wood chipper. It was about 10 minutes from lifting the Star off the ground to the cutting into lengths and chipping. Trucks for hauling chips and trunks were waiting in the wings. Talk about precision choreography! A sylvan ballet if there ever was one.

Meanwhile, the Operator was re-connecting our Star with the tree harness and moving him to the next tree.



There was no rushing about, just calm precision of a crew who had done this many times before. The operation in Dartmouth Court removed 15 trees that day.

What a show! The cast and crew were headed home

about 3:30 P.M. for a well-deserved rest before returning at 7:00 A.M. the next day to Essex Court for Act Two of this performance. As residents returned to their homes, the stage was swept free of wood chips and was quiet now. The crane rested in place, patiently waiting for the stage crew to arrive the next day.

What was new and different? The view into the woods was more open, and more sky was visible above the cottages. It was the result of careful planning and an experienced crew working together in a performance they do regularly but few get to witness. It was a thrill to be part of the audience.

*Sonja Strong*





## Seasonal Complaint

Green turned to gold  
 And gold turned to red  
 With orange and brown in turn.  
 As leaves fell off and flowers froze  
 We all began to yearn.  
 How could that Spring and Summer go?  
 We're now awaiting frost and snow  
 But luckily as the months go on,  
 We'll see green again on trees and lawn.  
 Bulbs will burst and blossoms sprout,  
 (Our gardener's magic brings them out!)  
 Seasons change, so never fear,  
 We know it happens every year!

*Lois Pulliam*

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## Severe Frost on the Danube

**I**n 1928 there was great excitement in Vienna. For the first time in over fifty years, the Danube as well as the Danube Canal, the important international shipping waterway, were freezing over. An enormous crowd of curious Viennese folks turned out to observe this unusual event. My nurse, too, did not wish to miss this sight, and took me there to watch it, though I was barely three and a half years old.

We walked well onto the middle of the bridge pushing through the bundled up people to get a good look. Much to my surprise, the river was not frozen over like a flat skating rink, but rushing by with big blocks of ice struggling up and down in the current. When they reached the footings of the bridge, they got jammed, piled up on each other, unable to continue. A ripple went through the bystanders when some crazy young fellows jumped onto the heaving mass of colossal blocks of ice in the river. They seemed to make a game of skipping from one block to the other. Some of the bystanders screamed at them: "Get back on the embankment, stop this foolishness!" Then I also overheard two women near me expressing doubt whether the footings of

the bridge would be demolished if they could not withstand the forceful onslaught of the ice blocks coming down in the rapid current of the river. Shivering in the cold, now frightened of the bridge trembling underfoot, I pleaded with nurse to get me away onto the safety of solid ground immediately. What a relief to feel the familiar solid cobble stones under my feet on the way home! As far as I know, the footings of the old bridge are holding up to this day, but there has never been such a severe frost gripping the river since then.

*Daisy Illich*



*Editor's note: In August of 1976 the Reichsbrücke bridge did in fact collapse. It was built in 1936 and rebuilt after W.W.II and serves as a main artery across the river.*

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## My Heart Leaps Up

My heart leaps up too  
 But not in a good way  
 Actually, it's in my mouth  
 As we careen down the highway  
 Going 80 miles per hour  
 While you fiddle with your sunglasses  
 And I brace myself  
 For a collision with destiny.  
 Don't let me die!  
 Watch the guy in the left lane  
 Forget the rainbow.

*Marjorie Roemer*



## Understanding Emily

At one point a few years ago, I realized my literary background was pitiful. Of Emily Dickinson for instance, I knew practically nothing.



Emily Dickinson is recognized as a major American poet of the nineteenth century. She was very reclusive and lived her entire life in her father's house in Amherst, Massachusetts. She rarely left the house and probably wrote

her 1775 poems and 1045 letters in this house and its garden. Most of her poems had no titles and many were only two or three short stanzas long.

I gleaned this information from a slim volume I purchased at a local bookstore for \$4.95 plus tax. Even at that this slim book included over 400 poems. I approached it skeptically. Could I even make it through a dozen of these poems? Yes, I could and would. Each day I read a few. Some were quite readable. Here is "VI" in the section titled "Life." (While not titled, each poem has identifying Roman Numerals. When you get up to "CXXXVIII," it can become quite dizzying.)

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

This is admirable and seems a worthwhile effort for anyone. I would certainly like to ease someone's pain or aching, but what's this about lifting a robin into its nest? I'm not averse to rescuing a fainting robin (or woman for that matter) but I'm not quite sure what Emily is driving at here.

I found something a little meatier. Number CVIII also in the Life section looked promising. Now read it slowly, word-by-word, so you get the full impact.

If recollecting were forgetting,  
Then I remember not;  
And if forgetting, recollecting,

How near I had forgot!  
And if to miss were merry,  
And if to mourn were gay,  
How very blithe the fingers  
That gathered these today!

I just can't figure it out. I should be more mournful than I am to not recollect what I have forgotten to remember. Alas, I'm just not. I think. Maybe I should try Charles Lamb next.

*Wally Campbell*

## With Apologies to Emily Dickinson's "Hope" (is the thing with feathers)

Hope is the thing with scales  
That fins beneath the stream,  
And tests the tune of anglers' skills  
And stops perchance to dream.

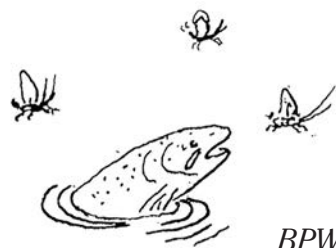
Oh sweetest is the mayfly spring,  
But sore must be the lip  
That does remind the hungry trout  
'Tis better wait, than sip.

I've heard it said in troutful lands  
From here to Zealand's sea  
That never, standing rod in hand,  
Was hope denied to thee.

So, dearest Em, forgive me now  
For adding further lines - -  
The countless pleasures angling brings  
Outweigh its frequent pains.

The little mayfly bravely floats  
Down current's errant stream,  
As fish and angler's hearts beat both  
To share the hopeful dream.

*Barbara P. Worcester*



BPW



## Tale of a Marriage

In sixty-four years of marriage my husband and I were lucky and blessed to have so many interests in common. We both enjoyed sports, the theatre and laughed at the same jokes! Some of our happiest times were spent by a river fly casting for trout.

We met in 1939 in England, where I was born. He had been sent to England by the company he worked for, which had purchased a tool company, and his job was to find an Englishman to run this new acquisition. The man he found happened to be a friend of mine, so that's how we became friends. We enjoyed fly fishing in some beautiful Derbyshire rivers nearby.

War between England and Germany was declared in September 1939. All Americans were told to leave, so Hoyt, my future husband, left. I was reluctant to go because I had four brothers who had already signed up to fight, and I was worried about my parents being left. However, my father and mother liked Hoyt and felt I should join him. It was important that I find an American ship as the British ones were so likely to be torpedoed. I was able to find the last American ship in November and made it to America, where I lived with Hoyt's family until we were married in New Britain in January of 1940. We continued fishing, sometimes at a wonderful club in Blooming Grove, PA.

Despite having three sons to care for, we still enjoyed our joint interests until Hoyt died in 2003. I read the following well-known poem at his memorial service.

### Fishing for Trout

I pray that I may fish for trout  
Until my dying day  
And when I come to my last out  
I'll then respectfully pray.

When in the Lord's safe landing net  
I'm peacefully asleep,  
That in His mercy He will judge me  
Big enough to keep.

[Author unknown]

*Pat Pease*

## Opening Night at the BCH

One night many years ago I was on a team assigned to deal with night-time surgical emergencies at Boston City Hospital. The team comprised two senior residents, two senior interns, and one junior intern, me. Sometime before midnight we received the victim of a car crash who needed immediate surgery. Four of the team surgeons would operate on him; I would stand by to receive any other emergencies. At midnight I received a young man who had engaged in a gun fight and sustained a bullet wound in the lower abdomen. Emergency Room doctors had stabilized him, started IV fluids, obtained blood tests and x-rays. The latter showed a bullet in the lower abdomen toward the back, its exact location not clear. He needed immediate surgery because of possible internal bleeding.

The patient arrived in our OR handcuffed to a gurney and accompanied by two Boston policemen—he knew the man who shot him, but refused to identify him. I presented the case to the chief resident working on the other patient in the adjoining OR and was told to go ahead and prepare the patient for surgery—they would be finished shortly and relieve me. It didn't take long to clean the skin around the bullet wound and surround the area with sterile towels. I checked with my chief again and was told to have the anesthesiologist put him to sleep—they were almost finished. But soon after that the chief told me to go ahead because they had run into a complication with the other patient. "Do you mean I should make the incision and open the abdomen?" I asked. "Yes, go ahead, we won't be too long."

I had never performed major surgery without the supervision of a senior resident or an attending physician. The anesthesiologist on my case was one of the best in Boston. Dr. Sydney Wiggin was a Harvard Medical School classmate of my father-in-law and, as I learned years later, father of C-W's own mellow-voiced Paul Wiggin. He had watched a lot of surgery and somehow his seniority and experience steadied my nerves. He gave me the go-ahead, and as-



sisted by the Scrub Nurse, I made my incision across the bullet wound, stanching any bleeding as I cut deeper and eventually into the bladder. Using a thin probe, I made contact with the bullet and extracted it. Then I backed up, sewing up the tissues I had cut, and just as I was sewing up the skin, my chief came in full of apologies and kind words.

My patient recovered uneventfully and ended up at the mercy of the BPD.

*Luis Fernandez-Herlihy*



*Welcome  
New Residents*

**Katherine Halmi and Gerry Green**  
65 Dartmouth Court  
from Lexington, 10/22/19

**Jane Pemberton**  
7 Andover Court  
from Amherst, MA, 11/19/19

**Jean Rabovsky**  
89 Falmouth Court  
from El Cerrito, California,  
12/16/19

**Amelia 'Amy' Breiting  
and John Schmitz**  
45 Concord Court  
from Lexington, 1/21/20

**Robert 'Bob' Garner**  
76 Essex Court  
from Lincoln, 1/23/20

## About Your Cold

My dear friends, young and old(er)  
I'll relate the truth about the common cold.  
It starts with sneezing and a slight sore throat  
And hasn't to do with being out in a boat,  
With swimming in the pool or cold, wet feet,  
Standing in a draft or too little heat.  
Were you to go to the Clinic they'd give you  
some pills,  
Lozenges, cough syrup and a chat for your ills.  
But, in a day you'll feel better or maybe feel  
worse—

Then it's a real cold which no doctor or nurse  
Can cure with a shot or good-tasting medicine.  
You'll just have to hope that you'll be feeling  
bedda soon.

As you'll read later on, for your cold to peak  
Research has shown takes a long, sick week.  
So, heed me dear readers and take our advice—  
Do pay close attention, please now, be nice.  
If you have a cold, stay out in the sun,  
Go to sleep early: lots of rest is such fun!  
Drink gallons of liquids, friends, if you please  
And aim for your elbow if you must cough or  
sneeze.

Keep your hands clean and scrubbed in no  
uncertain terms  
To keep us so readily from spreading these  
germs.

Get a big box of tissues for disposable use:  
Burn them, wash again, just don't be obtuse.  
Toast your colds with beverages, sun, rest and  
sleep.

It is hopeless and futile to mope, cry or weep.  
All the vain meds there are for colds would  
amaze,

But really to cure, you see, takes mostly—seven  
days.

*Byron D. Roseman*



## For Some Reason

For some reason, opening up the laundry hamper to load the washer this morning brought back vivid memories of Monday wash days at my maternal grandparents. I was a war baby. My father received unexpected orders to report to the Norfolk naval base in 48 hours. This left my mother, 7 months pregnant with me, and their car stranded in New Orleans, LA. My maternal grandmother begged, and borrowed gas ration stamps, and took the train from Rochester, NY to New Orleans. She then drove my mother back to the family farm on Sodus Bay, NY. Without interstates or air conditioning it was a long hot ride in August. I was born less than two weeks after they arrived. Mom and I lived on the farm until my dad got home after the war. I frequently stayed with my grandparents while my folks got settled and my Dad attended college on the GI Bill, and spent summer holidays there each year for many years.

Despite being on a bay, water was a precious commodity, especially in the summer dry season. The house had two sources of water – the well for drinking water and a cistern that collected rainwater for all other uses. When there was little rain, water was pumped from the bay to the cistern. Grandpa always made sure the cistern had enough water for wash day. I loved to tag along to watch him fire up the pump and listen to the water gurgle into the cistern.

Right after breakfast, Grandma would strip the beds, collect used towels and sort the whites from the darks in the laundry hamper. All would be emptied into large wicker baskets and carried to the cellar laundry area that held a large washer tub with an agitator and ringer or, in later days, a spin tub, and three large utility sinks. She filled the washer tub with hot water through a hose from the sink. Soap and bleach or bluing were added, followed by the bedding. After a sufficient agitation, Gram would fish each piece out of the water, run it through the ringer, and put it in one of the empty sinks. Towels and other white clothes would go in the same wash water. After the all whites were washed and wrung, the tub was drained into the sink and refilled with clean water for the rinse.

The bedding was rinsed, wrung out and hung outside on clothes lines, followed by the other whites. The washer was emptied, filled with water and detergent and the same process was followed for the colored clothes. By lunch time, all the clothes were drying on the line, the laundry room cleaned and the ironing board ready.

I'm told I was initially relegated to an empty clothes basket with a toy or two while Gram worked. As I got older and more able, I was allowed to help in many ways but never ever allowed to put clothes through the ringer. I remember playing in the clothes yard while Grandma took down the dry clothes and the wonderful smell of the sundried sheets as they hung on the line. Until Carleton-Willard, I always hung my laundry outside to recapture that wonderful smell that brought back so many fond memories.

*Victoria Gaw*

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## Spring Puddles

Fifty-six years in the same house,  
 Fifty-six years of spring puddles on quiet roads,  
 A quiet corner in a quiet neighborhood,  
 Spring puddles inviting children's feet and wheels.  
 Our children, long ago, on tricycles, in boots,  
 Little fireman boots, froggy boots, rainbow boots.  
 Puddles even better when splashed, pants get wet,  
 Not far to home, warm bath, dry clothes.  
 Years of multiple potholes - deep, exciting  
 puddles,  
 Roads finally rebuilt, puddles more tame, more  
 temporary.  
 Flocks of children now, again, thriving in  
 puddles,  
 New kinds of wheels, scooters make good wet  
 tracks.  
 Tricycles, bikes, strollers for dolls, through the  
 puddles,  
 Watchful parents, patient, bemused, remembering,  
 Spring puddles again invite children's feet.

*Virginia Steel*



# Village

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

## **Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals**

The CWV Civics Issues Interest Group convened a panel of CWV residents to focus on DACA, Delayed Action for Childhood Arrivals, the American policy that allows immigrants brought to the country as children to be deferred from deportation for a renewable period of two years. An informative briefing cited personal qualifications and cost for DACA registration, the rights of Massachusetts DACA recipients, and status of arguments before the Supreme Court due to rule on the program next spring. Special guests Larissa and Leslie, DACA recipients originally from El Salvador, shared their stories and progress with a rapt audience.



## **The Grand Canyon of the Colorado**

On a crisp autumn evening, resident Ed Cox presented an illustrated lecture of his three trips to the Grand Canyon, “a source of inspiration and perspiration,” first to the rim in 1957, by mule to the bottom in 1976, and by river raft the canyon’s entire 280 miles in 1995. Celebrating the 150th anniversary of explorer John Wesley Powell’s 1869 expedition, Ed accompanied his striking photographs of flora, fauna and geological wonders with the words of explorers, writers and poets, including Theodore Roosevelt, with whom all agreed, “Keep this great wonder of nature as it is now ... for all who come after you.”

## **Justice Denied: A Personal Perspective**

Margaret Yamamoto, co-president of the New England Chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League and friend of resident Pamela Herrick, told of the Japanese incarceration during World War II through the eyes of her Japanese American family. With over 100 personal and historic photographs, Margaret poignantly described the family’s passage from immigration in the 1890s, through their imprisonment during the war years, to rebuilding their lives thereafter. Moving beyond the experiences of a single family, Margaret then focussed on the plight of 120,000 imprisoned Japanese - most of them American citizens - and later efforts to compensate them.

## **New Bedford Whaling Museum**

On a breezy morning, residents strolled down cobblestone streets to tour the New Bedford Whaling Museum celebrating the international whaling industry. Following a 25-minute film on the history of whaling, we met our excellent guide, Charles Chace, whose ancestors were whalers. He led us open-mouthed beneath five fully articulated room-sized skeletons, the world’s largest collection of scrimshaw, and a mammoth model of a 1,500-pound whale heart. Most thrilling was boarding and snaking through the Lagoda, a half-scale 89-foot model of a 1916 whaling ship. Lunch at Tia Maria concluded a memorable day.

## **A Visit to the Concord Museum**

An enthusiastic group toured the Concord Museum to enjoy this famous visitors’ gateway to Concord. Visitors reveled in the world’s largest collection of over 250 household and personal objects related to Henry David Thoreau, including his 1838 pinewood desk, compass and spyglass. Most learned for the first time about the ancient indigenous settlement of Musketaquid, which later became Concord, viewing artifacts found in the area. Opening eyes and bringing smiles were the 27 whimsical trees and wreaths decorated for Christmas, inspired by children’s books including “The Night Before Christmas.” A delicious lunch at nearby Fiorella’s restaurant began the delightful afternoon.



# Happenings

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

## **A Christmas Carol: A Play with Music**

On a snowy December evening, actor Jeffries Thaiss and guitarist Eric Scott Anthony presented a fast-paced, imaginative production of Charles Dickens' timely classic. Combining the author's brilliant text with both traditional and unexpected Christmas music, the audience accompanied Ebenezer Scrooge on his self-revelatory visits to Christmases Past, Present and Yet to Come. Wafting us into Dickens' world were eerily realistic sound effects issuing from the guitarist: whistling wind from bow drawn across strings, jolly laughter, the crunch of boots in snow. Tim smiled, raising his glass to all: "God bless us, every one!"

## **Apollo - The Grandest Project in the 20th Century**

On the fiftieth anniversary of the first moon walk, residents Bard Crawford, Bard Turner and Sheldon Buck re-captured their dramatic involvement with the Apollo space missions. First, Bard Crawford led us through the pioneering, nail-biting steps of the first manned earth orbit and lunar space walk. Next, Bard Turner recounted his high-pressure challenge to develop a compact, powerful computer. Lastly, Sheldon kept all in suspense in determining a safe lunar landing site for the Lunar Rover. The program safely landed with a breathtaking view of the "Blue Marble" photograph.

## **Holiday Caroling in the Village**

'Twas the week before Christmas when all through the halls 24 resident carolers donned Santa hats to wend their way through halls decked with boughs of holly and ivy to bring joy to the world of Carleton-Willard nursing center residents. Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer flew with jingle bells on a midnight clear over new-fallen snow to land in Caswell and Ross-Worthen. There arose such a clatter in Llewscap that residents came smiling from their rooms to see what was the matter. Came all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, to the cafeteria for punch and cookies.

## **The Nativity in Stained Glass**

Resident Ed Cox presented an illustrated lecture culled from his travels that focused on the story of Jesus' birth as reflected in stained glass windows appearing in cathedrals, churches and secular buildings dating from the 12th to 20th centuries. After describing the making of stained glass and its purpose to tell a story, Ed led his rapt audience through Europe, the Middle East, England, France and the US to marvel at windows in brilliant color and exquisite detail. The intense cobalt-blue windows of Chartres and those of St. John Neumann church in East Freetown, MA, were but two dramatic and exquisite examples.



## **The Foggy Mountain Consort**

Boston's premier R & B Band played an exciting concert of Renaissance and Bluegrass gems, fusing the delicate beauty of 17th and 18th-century dances with the inventiveness and energy of fiddle, and banjo-driven bluegrass and traditional folk songs. Playing eight instruments, fiddle, lute, mandolin, violone and two varieties of guitar and banjo, the five member ensemble often combined both musical traditions in the same song, as in a set of English country dances that fused stately Elizabethan measures with bluegrass' high-powered Appalachian rhythms. The quintet melted hearts with their vocalizing of "Poor Wayfarin' Stranger" before wrapping up with a foot-tapping "Will the Roses Bloom."

*Harry Hoover*



## Gretchen Scott

222 Llewysac Lodge, April 1, 2019

She's lived in an awful lot of places: Watertown and Madison, WI; Wellesley and Weston, MA; Tiburon, Oceanside and Sonoma, CA; Chatham, NJ; Quechee, VT; and more recently Sanibel Island, but for now Gretchen Scott is getting attached to the view from her home on the second floor of Llewysac. It feels like a refuge, she says.

The moves from place to place were occasioned by her husband Guy's jobs with various investment firms, but Gretchen's own life experiences have led her on quite a varied path as well. She started college as a freshman at Wellesley, but a serious car accident derailed that plan. She headed home to Wisconsin and resumed her studies at the University of Wisconsin. One husband and eventually four children later, she continued studying wherever she was, getting credits at San Diego State and other educational institutions until she could apply them to her degree from U of Wisconsin.

Later, when the youngest child was entering eighth grade, Gretchen began a new project: nursing school. Her father had been a doctor in a small town and her mother a lab technician, so entering the medical field felt right to her. Her ten years at Mclean Hospital were very rewarding. She describes the experience as a nice time in her life, fascinating work, well done. She learned a lot and had a chance to work on "exposure therapy" for many different kinds of patients. (All of whom she seems to remember in great detail and with great compassion.)

Sanibel has a long history in her life. Her parents vacationed there over the years, so when Gretchen and her husband decided to retire, it seemed the likely choice. Unfortunately Guy's illness and death in 2015 cut short that plan. With two children in the area, returning to New England and settling at Carleton-Willard was the next step. Gretchen describes the atmosphere as kind and embracing.

Involvement with her five grandchildren is now a focal point of her life. Exercise and the outdoors are also very important to her. Walking and bicycling trips all over Europe have been part of her experience, and at some point she even prepared to run the marathon here, but for now she's just making sure not to miss a day of walking and taking advantage of our varied exercise program. She thinks she'll try exploring painting next.

*MR*

## Julia and Bruce Francis

203 Badger Terrace, July 19, 2019

Julia and Bruce Francis moved to Carleton-Willard from forty years in nearby Lexington, but it does not take long to realize when talking to them that they have deeper roots in Australia. They were born and raised in Adelaide, a pretty, small city on the southern coast of Australia. Their forebears came in the middle of the 1880's from England and were farmers and skilled craftsmen. Julia and Bruce both attended the same primary school although several years apart.

Bruce went to the South Australian School of Mines and Industries, earning the equivalent of a BA in Electrical Engineering. (Later he went to the University of Lowell and earned a master's degree in Computer Engineering.) Julia qualified as a nurse at a private hospital then took a year-long mid-wifery course. They met through a cousin of Julia's and were married in 1961.

Bruce's specialty is analysis of radar signatures of space objects. At a conference in Australia in 1968 he met someone from RCA who asked whether he would think of emigrating to





the United States to continue this kind of work. Julia and Bruce thought about it and agreed to make the move at the company's expense. Thus began the long process of seeking a permanent resident visa for the USA..

In 1970, after waiting two years, they were able to pack up their three children, ages 3, 6 and 7, and embarked on a fairly hectic journey.

Bruce worked for two years at the RCA division in Moorestown, NJ, and then moved to Massachusetts to work on an analysis contract that RCA had at MIT Lincoln Laboratory in Lexington. After living in a rental house in Woburn for two years, they bought a house in Lexington and lived there until they moved to CWV in July 2019. Bruce retired at the end of 2000.

Life in Lexington was full and rewarding and made especially happy with their involvement with the Church of Our Redeemer where they both sang in the choir and held positions on the vestry at various times. Bruce was Mr. Fixit for the Property Committee. He installed and managed the audio system in the church and recorded the sermons and music of services. He also enjoyed his role in the maintenance of the organ.

The Garden Club benefited from Julia's enthusiasm. She was President for two years and chaired various committees locally as well as for the State Federation of Garden Clubs.

Their travels have included England, Holland, many places in Canada as well as many states of the USA. Of course their most frequent destination overseas has been Australia to which they have returned several times, taking all the children in 1976. Their children have returned there to visit but none have moved back. On Julia's 80th birthday her sister made a surprise visit here.

The three children are now grown and there are eight grandchildren. Two families live nearby – in Natick and Sudbury, and the youngest daughter is in Kentucky.

Bruce hopes to work in the shop, and Julia is singing in the chorus at Carleton-Willard. They are enjoying the life here while still maintaining some ties to Lexington.

APS

## Jeanne Reidy

308 Badger Terrace, August 17, 2019

Jeanne Reidy moved to Carleton-Willard in August 2019 after having grown up in the Bronx, New York, and resided in Bedford for 58 years. She and her late husband, William, a physicist, raised two sons and two daughters, plus two dogs and a horse. Since 1993, Jeanne has traveled to Naples, Florida, for the winter after the holidays, where she shares a condominium on Naples Bay. She recently retired from serving as Chairperson of the local Social Committee there.

Jeanne received a Bachelor's Degree in Nursing at the College of Mount Saint Vincent New York before earning her Master's Degree in Gerontology at Lowell University in Massachusetts. This led to positions as a Registered Nurse/Nurse Practitioner at Chelsea Soldiers Home and Metropolitan State Hospital in Waltham.

Jeanne loves both oil painting and watercolors. Her active life in Bedford includes participating in an evening watercolor group. She joined the Bedford Arts and Crafts Society in the 1960's, serving as President for twelve terms and is now an Honorary Member. She has hosted art shows, manning a booth on every Bedford Day to raise money for her art club, which has sponsored a scholarship for art students. She taught Sunday school at St. Michael's in Bedford, joined gourmet cooking groups, and assists in Bedford's holiday Santa program every year.

Both William and Jeanne loved to travel: Europe, Hawaii, Florida, California, Mexico, Canada, and Portugal. William's business with Visidyne took him to Alaska and New Mexico for high-atmospheric testing with rockets and balloons for government and private companies. Jeanne recalls purchasing a tent trailer in the 1970s to travel to the Grand Canyon, the Cabot Trail in Nova Scotia, and Disney World in Florida when the children were teenagers.

The couple's interest in sailboating began in 1987. A Coast Guard course with a 26-foot trainer boat in Marblehead led to purchasing their own vessel, which they docked in Mattapoiset



to sail around Buzzards Bay. They upgraded to a 30-foot Catalina, which Jeanne calls “a gem!” In Naples they joined a boating club, starting with a fishing boat before moving to a 10-seater “Hurricane.” Jeanne recalls driving the boat up on the sand of Keewayden Island in the Gulf of Mexico during monthly get-togethers to swim with sailing friends.

She enjoys regular visits to her daughter’s house on Lake Taunton in Connecticut. Looking out her third-floor window, Jeanne sighs, “I love it here at Carleton-Willard. I can hardly wait ‘til my first spring!”

HBH

## Barbara Pennypacker Worcester

215 Badger Terrace, Sept. 7, 2019

“**M**oving to Carleton-Willard has brought some happy memories of growing up during WWII. Suddenly this past September, drinking an iced tea on my Badger balcony, a large plane roared overhead on its way to Hanscom. It seemed only a few years ago that I stood entranced behind my family’s house in New Canaan, CT, staring at the large silver bird up in the sky, the mail plane from Boston to New York. Planes seem always to have fascinated me and I’m now in the perfect place to see them.”

Barbara grew up in New York City next to Central Park. Needing a country connection, her parents built a house in New Canaan, eventually moving there in 1937.

For six years Barbara attended a girl’s summer camp near Bridgton, ME. In addition to canoeing, hiking, etc., Barbara completed the Junior Maine Guide Program. Years later she learned, and acquired a love for fly fishing, subsequently becoming a member, and later becoming president of the Woman Flyfishers Club.

Barbara followed her sister Joanna to Milton Academy, occasionally going into Boston to have lunch with her Marlboro Street grandmother. At Bryn Mawr her neighbor was Neela Perkins (now Zinsser). Barbara majored in Art

History, minored in music, sang in the Glee Club, and also dabbled in theater. (She had played Mark Antony in a 9th grade production of *Julius Caesar*.) After college, Barbara worked in the American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum, and later, for many years, in the Invertebrates Dept. at the American Museum of Natural History.

Barbara met her husband, Dean, at a rehearsal of The Canterbury Choral Society. They adopted three children: Charlie, now deceased, Ned who lives in Seattle, and Amanda who lives in Watertown. Living in NYC, the family spent summers in a log cabin in Chocorua, NH, or at her in-laws’ at Southwest Harbor Maine. Barbara moved to Cambridge in 2001, attending Christ Church where she sang in the choir and worked in the Thrift Shop, for 10 years managing the volunteer schedules.

Her daughter Amanda’s family have provided a home for Sam, Barbara’s beloved dog. Barbara and her cat, Moth, already feel really at home here.

MEA

## Hilary Holcomb Creighton

112 Llewysac Lodge, September 11, 2019

**A** visit to the apartment of Hilary Creighton tells the visitor much about her love of Maine and of sailing. A model of the hull of her Herschhoff “Loon” is mounted in a prominent place on her wall.

Hilary was born and raised in Beverly Farms, Massachusetts. She attended the Shore School and then the Masters School in Dobbs Ferry, New York, before entering Smith College. There she majored in Sociology. After college she lived in Cambridge and worked as a secretary for the principals in the architectural firm of Shepley Bulfinch.

In 1960 she married Albert Creighton and in 1961 she and Al moved to Manchester near Singing Beach. Al had two daughters and a son by a previous marriage, and he and Hilary had two sons who now live with their families in Manchester.



Son Albert M. “Mory” Creighton III owns Pinpoint Laser Systems in Danvers that manufactures lasers for precision measurement. His wife Sarah was the manager of Appleton Farms for the Trustees of Reservations for several years and now works in Boston. They have two sons who just graduated from Cornell and UVM. Hilary’s other son, Peter, and his wife Catherine also have two sons 3 and 5 years old. They love to come and visit with their black Labrador retriever named Galamander. Peter has been teaching primary science in the Boston Public School System.

Through Al’s sister Peggy Williams, (a past resident of Carleton-Willard) they discovered Vinalhaven Maine. Hilary and Al built a house adjacent to a granite quarry that provided years of happy times for the whole family. It was here that she had her boat.

Hilary was an avid horseback rider. She was the North Shore representative of the Associates of The Boston Museum of Fine Arts. She loves gardening and was president of the North Shore Garden Club. Her specialty was daffodils.

Hilary has many friends from the North Shore among the residents here and Smith College classmates as well. Her mother, Julia Holcomb, lived here in the 1980’s. Hilary was a Trustee of CWV for two terms, thus she was very familiar with Carleton-Willard. She is delighted that her living room here looks west out over the exquisite window boxes, and she has room for her plants to summer on her little patio. She enjoys feeding the birds and that, too, she can do here.

APS

## Katherine Halmi and Jerome Green

65 Dartmouth Court, October 22, 2019

**T**iles, tiles, tiles everywhere. They document Kathy’s travels all over the world, her artistic leanings, and her interest in accumulating the traces of her explorations. Their new home

boasts a historic anniversary edition baby Steinway, thousands of books, music, and all the trappings of the vigorous life led by these two new members of our community. Kathy and Jerry are definitely settling in to Carleton-Willard. Their large home in Dartmouth Court already houses one room as a library and another as a study, and clearly reflects their preoccupations.

The two met on a Sierra Club hike in the Dolomites in 2003 and have lived together in Jerry’s Lexington home since 2009. Hiking, cycling, and English Country dancing have been some of the activities that they have delighted in. Together and separately, they have traveled all over: Kathy boasts eighty-six countries on her itinerary; Jerry forty-nine of the fifty states as well as much of Europe, Japan, Nepal, New Zealand and Chile. They have covered a lot of ground, sometimes just for pleasure and often for professional engagements.

Kathy is Board Certified in Pediatrics and Psychiatry. She is one of the pioneers who developed treatment and biological research in eating disorders. For the past 30 years of her academic career she was the director of the Eating Disorder Treatment and Research program at the New York Presbyterian Hospital-Westchester Division and the Weill Cornell Medical College in New York City where she continues as professor emerita. Jerry holds a PhD in physics from Harvard, and has spent most of his professional life as a Principal Scientist at Raytheon, focusing especially on the microwave properties of ferrite materials.

From their earlier marriages, Jerry has four children and Kathy two. She has two grandchildren; Jerry has nine and two great-grandchildren. At least a few of these live nearby, though Kathy’s son is a professor at Oxford, and one of Jerry’s sons lives as far away as San Francisco.

Nearer at hand is Jerry’s old classmate from Harvard, Frank Horrigan. The two couples have been friends for a long time and share their interest in birding. While Jerry describes himself as an amateur birder, Frank and Kathy are known to be quite competitive! One of the attractions of their new home is an excellent



vantage point from which to observe our New England avian stock. Bird feeders already grace the outside decks.

Back to the tiles. They line the fireplace and trim the molding above the windows. Hand painted, from Italy, Holland and most especially from a tile shop in Sloane Square in England, they make this home distinctively Kathy and Jerry's, bright, colorful, and personally meaningful.

Though the days of swimming, tennis, golfing and being part of the Appalachian Mountain Club may be past, Jerry and Kathy seem to be happily relaxing into the life of CWV, enjoying the friendliness of so many people, sharing dinner with different couples, and charting the new activities they might enjoy. Once they finish the overwhelming task of emptying the Lexington house, they will truly relax!

MR



## Library Confessions

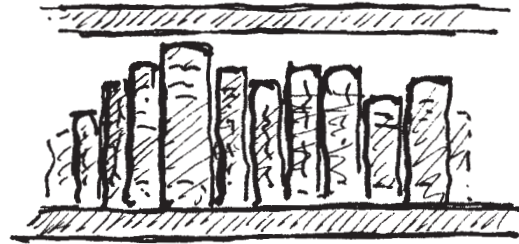
Many happy hours I've spent  
Browsing among both large  
and small print.  
I've wandered by Nature,  
Religion and Art,  
I've fingered Biography: now  
where to start?  
I've read today's papers and  
checked out my books  
And my whispers have helped me  
avoid dirty looks.

*Lois Pulliam*

## To the Redecorated Library

The soft pastels inspire quietude.  
Let the news lie today! And peruse  
The shelves to amuse  
Or (re-)discover books in nooks with gratitude.

*Madelyn Armstrong*



## The Yoga Class



MR



## A Conversation with ... Margaret Mendelsohn

In forthcoming issues we plan to profile a resident who has been here many years. Our profile this issue is of Margaret Mendelsohn, who came to Carleton-Willard in 1994. She lived at 67 Dartmouth Court until 2014 when she moved to Llewysac Lodge. She had enjoyed the view of the woodlands and the birds, and she still has a bird feeder hanging over the terrace outside her home. She regrets that there are few birds, but her view is of the croquet court and there are lovely sunsets.

In Margaret's original profile, written twenty-five years ago and found in a brown notebook on a table in the library, one can read of her family's origins in Vienna, her childhood in Toronto, her art studies in New York City and her life with her husband Josef. Referring to herself as a sculptor/potter, she has a few pieces around her in her home here and treasures a small sculpture of a grandmother with a child in her lap. Of her three sons, six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, some are near enough to visit her.

She remembers volunteering with Special Needs children and at her childrens' school. Although limited now by her diminished hearing, eyesight and dexterity she enjoys the lectures and concerts. Margaret's favorite book of all time is *To Kill A Mockingbird*.

Margaret takes her meals in the Brass Rail and Abbott Dining Room. On a recent Saturday morning she arrived for breakfast before eight o'clock and ordered french toast instead of her usual poached egg. She had brought her own maple syrup!

Margaret maintains an active interest in life here at Carleton-Willard and is an easy conversationalist. She will celebrate her birthday on February 23 when she will be 106!

APS

<i>In Memory</i>	
Gladys Moore	Oct. 17
Shirley Buck	Oct. 25
Helen Sakakeeny	Oct. 26
Katherine McLaughlin	Nov. 5
Stuart Strong	Nov. 6
Cecelia Parks	Nov. 7
Elizabeth Hardy	Nov. 15
Emanuella 'Ella' Pinals	Nov. 17
James Spindler	Dec. 7
Francis Tallman	Dec. 13
Annette Dykema	Dec. 22
Susan Poverman	Dec. 25
George O'Malley	Dec. 26
Katherine Cowan	Dec. 27
Verla 'Pat' Eston	Jan. 10
Selma Melnick	Jan. 14



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

## 2019 In Review

The library is a very important part of our wonderful life here at Carleton-Willard Village. It is open around the clock, the atmosphere is warm and inviting, and there are newspapers to read, puzzles to do and, of course, lots of good books to read.

2019 was a very busy and successful year. We added 368 books to the collection, buying 187 regular print titles and 84 large print titles and accepting 97 donations. Selection of material is done by the library committee every month, so all through the year there has been a steady supply of new books to read.

Our library circulation was brisk. Over the course of the year a total of 3253 books were signed out, 2/3 of them regular print titles and 1/3 of them large print titles. A small group of resident volunteers tracked circulation, so we were always aware of what our residents like to read.

Over the summer the library committee did a thorough weeding of the collection, removing over 400 books that were no longer being taken out. Regular print removals were given to the CWV staff and to the Bedford Public Library. Large print removals were given to the CWV Health Center and to the Bedford Council on Aging. Every book found a new home.

There are fifteen residents on the library committee who are responsible for book selection and for the establishment of library policy. Other volunteers help in a variety of

ways: shelving books, tracking circulation, mending books, displaying book covers on the bulletin board in the hallway outside the library, and taking a book cart up to the Health Center once a week. There is always a lot of work to do, and our volunteers are a very important part of our library's success.

A major highlight of the year was the renovation of the library. New carpeting and valances, new upholstered furniture, new lighting and new art work have given the library, a beautiful look. We are grateful to our CEO, Barbara Doyle, and our Director of Learning in Retirement, Gail Hatfield, for the time and thought they put into this project and, best of all, they arranged to have the work done at night so that the library was always available to our residents.

To top the year off, we received a charming shadow box library, which now resides on a table in the reading room. This was made by a former resident, Polly Eaton, and was given to the library by her family. It has added an extra warm touch to our new décor.

We now begin a new year on a very positive note, resolved to continue to provide the best in library service to our enthusiastic and supportive residents.

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair of the Library Committee*



## Among the Newest

*Olive, Again* by Elizabeth Strout

A continuation of the life of Olive Kittredge, the cantankerous retired math teacher, set in the small coastal town of Crosby, Maine.

*Blowout* by Rachel Maddow

A brilliant description of the problems caused by our reliance on fossil fuels.

*Guilty not Guilty* by Felix Francis

An unstable woman is strangled, and her husband and her brother battle over who will be convicted.

*The Ship of Dreams* by Gareth Russell

An account of the myths and lies that have muddled the historical record of the sinking of the Titanic.

*A Door in the Earth* by Amy Waldman

An idealistic woman goes to Afghanistan to “do good,” and is trapped between her ideals and the complicated truth she finds there.

*Barnum* by Robert Wilson

The life of P. T. Barnum, a champion of wonder, joy, and trickery. Truly a self-made man.

*The Family Upstairs* by Lisa Jewell

A young woman inherits a house in fashionable Chelsea, where twenty five years earlier three people were found dead and others missing.

*Finding Chika* by Mitch Albom

The author, as director of the Have Faith Haiti orphanage, adopts a young Haitian with a brain tumor. A highly expressive, tender memoir.

*Death in Focus* by Anne Perry

The first book in a new series. Elena Standish, a resourceful photographer, is caught up in a world of international intrigue.

*The Yellow House* by Sarah Broom

A memoir of growing up in New Orleans and experiencing Katrina. A masterpiece of history, politics, sociology, and memory.

*The Giver of Stars* by Jojo Moyes

A young Englishwoman becomes a librarian-on-horseback in depression era Kentucky. Based on a true person.

*The Age of Illusions* by Andrew J. Bacevich

After the Cold War ended, the United States abused its position as sole superpower and disillusioned the world.

*To the Land of Long Lost Friends* by

Alexander McCall Smith

The newest case for Precious Ramotswe of The #1 Ladies’ Detective Agency, given to her by a long lost friend that she thought had died.

*The Seine* by Elaine Sciolino

A guidebook to the river, from its source, through Paris to the mouth.

*Louis W. Pitt, Jr.*



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Autobiography/Memoir

Albom, Mitch	Finding Chika
Andrews, Julie	Home Work
Barelli, John	Stealing the Show
Broom, Sarah	The Yellow House
Croft, Jennifer	Homesick
Fiske, John	Horizons and Runways
Frenkel, Françoise	A Bookshop in Berlin
Klobuchar, Amy	The Senator Next Door
Lee, Hyeonseon	The Girl With Seven Names
Simon, Carly	Touched By the Sun (*)

### Biography

Guinn, Jeff	The Vagabonds (*)
Jacobs, Alexandra	Still Here
Wilson, Robert	Barnum
Wilson, Robert	Barnum (*)

### Current Affairs

Anonymous	A Warning
Appelbaum, Binyamin	The Economists' Hour
Bacevich, Andrew	The Age of Illusions
Clinton, Hillary Rodham	The Book of Gutsy Women
Foner, Eric	The Second Founding
German, Mike	Disrupt, Discredit, and Divide
LoBianco, Tom	Piety and Power
Maddow, Rachel	Blowout
Marcus, Ruth	Supreme Ambition
Moscattello, Caitlin	See Jane Win
Mueller, Tom	Crisis of Conscience
Power, Samantha	The Education of an Idealist
Rice, Susan	Tough Love

Siegel, Seth	Troubled Water
Theroux, Paul	On the Plain of Snakes

### Environment

Foer, Jonathan Safran	We Are the Weather (*)
Lewis, George	50 Years of Conservation

### Fiction

Archer, Jeffrey	Nothing Ventured (*)
Bardugo, Leigh	Ninth House
Blake, Sarah	The Guest Book
Cantor, Melanie	Death and Other Happy Endings (*)
Chevalier, Tracy	A Single Thread
Chevalier, Tracy	A Single Thread (*)
Child, Lee	Blue Moon
Choi, Susan	Trust Exercise
Cleveland, Karen	Need to Know
Collette, Katherine	The Helpline (*)
Connelly, Michael	The Night Fire
Crombie, Deborah	A Bitter Feast
Donati, Sarah	Where the Light Enters
Fesperman, Dan	Safe Houses
Francis, Felix	Guilty Not Guilty
Fry, Stephen	Mythos
Furman, Laura (Ed.)	The O. Henry Prize Stories 2019
Furst, Alan	Under Occupation
Grimes, Martha	The Old Success
Grisham, John	The Guardians
Groen, Hendrik	On the Bright Side (*)
Harper, Jane	The Dry
Hawkins, Karen	The Book Charmer (*)
Hodgetts, Eileen	Air Raid
Hurston, Zora Neale	Their Eyes Were Watching God





## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

Jameson, Hanna	The Last	Smith, Martin Cruz	The Siberian Dilemma
Jewell, Lisa	The Family Upstairs	Strout, Elizabeth	Olive, Again
Le Carre, John	Agent Running in the field	Taylor, Patrick	An Irish Country Family (*)
Lerner, Ben	The Topeka School	Trollope, Joanna	Sense and Sensibility
Marier, Robert	Tidal Pools	Waldman, Amy	A Door in the Earth
McCall Smith, Alexander	In the Company of Cheerful Ladies	Wilson, Susan	The Dog I Loved (*)
McCall Smith, Alexander	The Peppermint Tea Chronicles	Silva, Daniel	The New Girl
McCall Smith, Alexander	To the Land of Long Lost Friends	Steel, Danielle	Miracle (*)
McCall Smith, Alexander	To the Land of Long Lost Friends (*)	Thornton, Stephanie Marie	American Princess
McLain, Paula	Love and Ruin	Walker, Martin	The Body in the Castle Well (*)
Michaels, Fern	Gotcha! (*)	Ware, Ruth	The Turn of the Key
Mizushima, Margaret	Tracking Game	Warren, Mark	Born to the Badge (*)
Mooney, Dan	The Great Unexpected (*)	Watson, Martine Fournier	The Dream Peddler (*)
Moyes, Jojo	The Giver of Stars	Whitehead, Colson	The Nickel Boys
O'Leary, Beth	The Flatshare	<b>Health/Wellness</b>	
Paton, Alan	Cry, the Beloved Country	Bryson, Bill	The Body
Patrick, Phaedra	The Library of Lost and Found	Chimsky-Lustig, Mark	Earth's Elders
		Esty, Katherine	Eighty Somethings
Patterson, James	The 19th Christmas	<b>History</b>	
Perry, Anne	A Christmas Gathering	Collins, Gail	No Stopping Us Now
Perry, Anne	Death in Focus	Follett, Ken	Notre-Dame
Perry, Anne	Death in Focus (*)	Levin, Josh	The Queen (*)
Perry, Anne (Editor)	Odd Partners	Millard, Candice	The River of Doubt
Perry, Anne	Paragon Walk	Moore, Peter	Endeavor
Richardson, Kim Michele	The Book Woman of Troublesome Creek	Russell, Gareth	The Ship of Dreams
Salazar, Noelle	The Flight Girls (*)	Seasholes, Nancy	The Atlas of Boston History
Scott, Susan Holloway	The Secret Wife of Aaron Burr (*)		
Sepetys, Ruta	The Fountains of Silence		
Skenandore, Amanda	The Undertaker's Assistant (*)		



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Miscellaneous

Blauner, Andrew (ed.) The Peanuts Papers  
 Gladwell, Malcolm Talking to Strangers  
 Guisewite, Cathy Fifty Things That Aren't  
 My Fault (\*)  
 Kepner, Tyler K: A History of Baseball in  
 Ten Pitches

### Poetry

Mandelshtam, Osip Selected Poems

### Travel

Fiske, John The Pilot's Guide to Airports  
 Of Historic Massachusetts  
 Sciolino, Elaine The Seine

### Nature

Carson, Rachel The Sense of Wonder  
 Herriot, James The Lord God Made Them  
 All  
 Horowitz, Alexandra Our Dogs, Ourselves (\*)  
 Watson, Lyall Elephants

(\* indicates Large Print)

*Katherine F. Graff*



*Polly Eaton's Shadow Box*

# the Omnivorous Squirrels of Carleton-Willard



suet



fruit and nut mix

more than just  
acorns -  
beechnuts  
black walnuts  
hickory nuts



pine cone stuffed with  
bacon fat/seed mixture



Black squirrel  
(avoids confrontation)

even rhododendron  
buds



A. Schmalz



fresh pumpkin

Red squirrel  
(somewhat nervously  
awaits her chance!)



Grey squirrel  
with Locust pod



**CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE**

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