

ILLAGER







At the invitation of Chief Executive Barbara Doyle, the Studio Art Committee put out a call for resident art to be hung on the walls of the newly redecorated Abbott and Terrace dining rooms. Some twenty artists answered the call and residents look forward to this exhibit as well as the resumption of community dining – hopefully in 2021.

Hildegard Fritze's Winter Morning on the cover is one of these artworks.





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

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

Editor's Corner



The theme of this March issue of the *Villager* is Home. What thoughts, feelings and memories does this word bring to us? You will see that there are many ways to interpret this theme that found their way to the Editor's desk. As well, several writers chose to write on other experiences. We welcome them all.

As I mulled over my own response to the word 'home' I realized how safe, orderly and emotionally supportive my home was. This is not so for many, and especially for the millions of people around the world who have been set adrift from all that home means. This was so very evident as we reviewed the events and images of 2020.

The *Villager* is not a publication of commentary on current events, but we do not live in an information bubble, as much as we feel isolated in this time of a pandemic. From the wonders of nature and human affairs to the confluence of the planets residents have had something interesting to say.

The year began with very troubling events surrounding the transition of executive power in Washington. Here at Carleton-Willard we have a member of the Massachusetts Electoral College, Tom Larkin, and we are happy to have him tell us of his experience.

Reading through the twenty-one new residents profiled since last March I am impressed by what an interesting group they are and regret that we have been unable to get to know each other yet. With the coming of the vaccine this spring there is another ray of hope that life here as we knew and loved it will return.

Our home at Carleton-Willard has been made comfortable and secure by the great efforts of its leadership and staff. We are so very grateful for that. May easier days lie ahead for us all.

> Anne Schmalz Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the Chief Executive Officer



"We shape our dwellings, and afterwards, our dwellings shape us." – Winston Churchill

Glinda, the sparkly good witch from The Wizard of Oz, was right. There is no place like home.

Home is where we feel safest. Home is familiar, comfortable, reassuring. Everything always makes more sense there, it seems. It's where we go to rest, recharge, get stronger. Where our closest relationships and fondest memories are. Where we're most ourselves.

I don't know what I would have done this past year without home. Although, strangely enough, it feels like I've spent less time than ever at my actual home! Perhaps that's true – or perhaps it just seems that way with my focus (as with everyone else's) on navigating through the pandemic.

With home, like anything we cherish most, it's the little, everyday things that make it so special. And many of those things involve the people we associate with "being home." The touch of a loved one. A phone call from a dear old friend. A barely legible birthday card sent by a grandchild. Small, seemingly insignificant things, done out of love, respect, affection...of wanting to help and support, to acknowledge both needing and wanting to be needed. Importantly, each little act is from the heart, not done out of duty or obligation, but from a place of "rightness."

And so, what a wonder it has been for me to experience home, every single day, here at the Village!

Throughout this supremely challenging year full of worry, confusion, disappointments, and even heartache, I have been amazed by the selfless efforts and resolute spirit of our community. And I mean, the whole community: residents, their families, our staff and all our many friends, partners and supporters. Each in his or her own way has shown us boundless energy and enthusiasm...and most of all, innumerable individual acts of caring. Relying on each other, being there for each other, we have maintained our health, our safety, and our community's continuity.

So I now have a new understanding of "home," and a new appreciation for all that it represents.

The power of our community never ceases to amaze me. If home is where the heart is, I am so glad I'm here.

Barbara A. Doyle President and CEC



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Back Cover – Photograph: Winter Aconite in the Wildflower Garden by the stairs. 3/1/2019



Rushing the Calendar

Summer's longer coming than Christmas is for tykes. I'm a June, July admirer, though, who knows just what she likes. So here I am before it's March, already thinking roses, And trying hard to watch the snow we see as winter closes.

Lois Pulliam

Querencia, A Place Called Home

Querencia in Spanish refers specifically to the place where a bull in a bullfight feels safe, his home space; it is to the left of the gate where he entered. So *querencia* has come to mean home, often in a metaphoric sense.

What is home? I certainly know that where I live now is my present home. I have filled it with a few things that I love. My surroundings are (and have to be) carefully arranged by me. It matters that wherever my eye lights I am pleased by what I see. I really can't live any other way. Still, what does the word home call up? For me, it is first Sunnyside, Queens, an apartment, many of the windows overlooking alleyways formed by other high-rise buildings. I know that apartment well. I lived there almost as long as I've lived anywhere, twenty years or so.

Of course, I always remember that when I was in preschool and we all went to the easels to paint, almost every child painted a picture of a house with a chimney and smoke pouring out, a picket fence, a front yard, a tree. We all knew at age three or four that that was what a home should look like, though most of us had probably never seen one, and we certainly didn't live in one. But picture books told us, just as they would tell us about families: Dick and Jane and their dog Spot. Fiction had already overtaken fact. We knew that where we lived was not properly speaking a "home."

So what is it now for me? I have to shuffle through several images. I did eventually have that classic home with a picket fence and a beautiful tulip magnolia right out the front door. And another with a lovely odiferous mayflower verbena out the kitchen window, and even another with a garden path that led into the woods. But my querencia is, I guess, this chair in front of my computer. Now in the pandemic, this is the place from which most of my communication with the world occurs. I Zoom with classes, with family, with Jacob's Pillow, or Randy Rainbow, or the Unitarian Church, even with chair exercise classes. It is the center of everything communal in my life. And it is the place where my words flow easily. I sit down, turn on this machine and suddenly words come as though the computer were an interlocutor, and we were having a conversation. I love that this is so.



This last week I've been watching videos about the painters Francis Bacon and Lucien Freud. Their studios and living quarters are grim, chaotic, ugly. I marvel that they can stand it. My paintings surely will never sell for millions of dollars (in fact, they will never sell at all), still I wouldn't live that way for anything. Order, peace, beauty matter for me even more in reality than in art, but here before the computer I have a little experience of chance, improvisation, meandering, and I get to be in that tantalizing space between life and its representations on the page.

Marjorie Roemer



Our Home on the Water or *Onaway*

My husband, Charlie, and I both thought and think that home is where our hearts long to be. In our case home was our thirty-seven foot long ketch, which was called *Onaway*. She was only ours for ten or so years, but for two of them she really was our home.



My younger son, Bill, and his wife, Danielle, were newly married and were trying to find an apartment, so they lived in our house in Bedford for two years. Meanwhile Charlie and I sailed or motored down the inland waterway to Florida and then back to New Bedford by way of the Bahamas, where *Onaway* was moored.

Charlie and I truly loved being aboard for longer periods than just weekends. We had collapsible bicycles, folded into storage bags for when we were not using them, but with them we could attend church, market, and do a load of wash or even eat out at a restaurant when and if we chose.

The best part was calling friends from long ago when we sailed nearby and inviting them to join us for a good daysail, catching up on each other's latest activities.

Having *Onaway* was a lot of hard work but after all, what home isn't? We had to replace parts and keep her fit for everything, including annual painting, but we loved doing what we needed to. We often took friends sailing in Buzzards Bay when we were not on our trip. All in all *Onaway* was, and still is in my mind, truly our home.

Holly Webster

The Bells of Baker Library

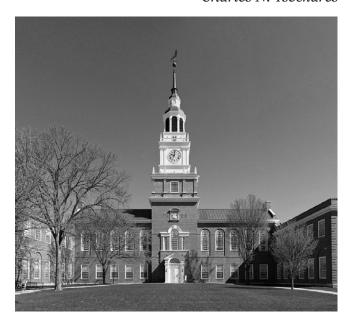
My college years were spent at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, a time in my life I thoroughly enjoyed. Our daily routine always started with the bells of Baker Library heard across campus beckoning us to the new day and reminding us of class changes. That clear clarion call informed us of the time every quarter hour throughout the day.

In later years, during my time in the army, graduate school, and my early working years I never had such methodical information to start or end my day. Thirty years later, I attended a two-week seminar on strategic planning at Tuck School, the graduate school of business at Dartmouth.

It was wonderful to be back on the campus of my college years, and I looked forward to my two weeks of seminars. I had arrived on a Sunday with the seminars to start on Monday morning.

Monday morning arrived, and I was awakened by the sounds of the bells of Baker Library, clear and resonant. At that instant I realized I had come back home.

Charles N. Tseckares





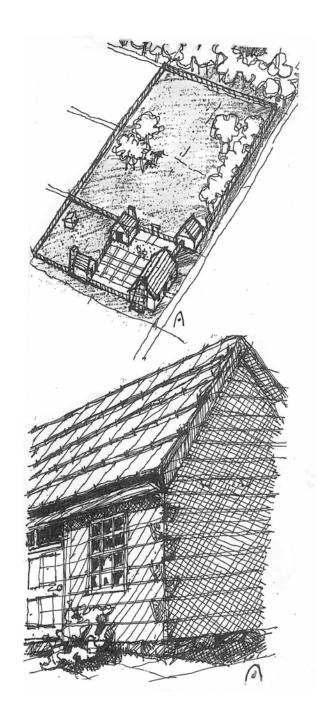
A Place of Shelter

Dy our standards today the oldest known Hibben family home in America would not be described as spacious and cozy. Photography was yet to be invented, but tax assessor records and real estate deeds paint an accurate picture. My 4th great grandfather, Thomas Hibben (1760-1833), his wife Mary Entriken (1762-after 1813) and nine children were living in their rented Uniontown, Fayette County, Pennsylvania home in 1798. In addition to their 20' x 28' hewed log dwelling house, a freestanding 12' x 14' log kitchen, a 16' x 18' workshop and a 16' x 16' log stable had been erected on the guarter acre lot. Only the workshop, containing Thomas' blacksmithing hearth, forge and tools, was of wood framed construction. The dwelling house had only 3 windows with a total of 36 lights, presumedly small panes, for they were scarce and highly taxed.

Can you imagine the cramped quarters and activities which occurred there daily? Sleeping, cooking, sewing, home schooling, personal hygiene, animal husbandry, not to mention Thomas and his business partner forging iron parts in a hot coal fire and tempering them in water carried from the nearby river. In this home Mary gave birth to her 9th child, Phebe, on August 5, 1798. The family daily rhythms changed to welcome her, just as daily and seasonal rhythms continued to be adjusted. At night, the meagerness of light available from candles or oil lamps drew all close together or to bed. In winter family members clustered around the hearth for light and warmth.

Now many, many years later, the definition of home as a 'place' may have changed, but not as a 'shelter' in which to create, nurture and educate families. In addition to Thomas' family, the Hibben family bible was sheltered in the Uniontown home for at least 8 years of its 222 years of existence. Since the 1790s many of Thomas' descendants have provided it continuous shelter. It now resides at CWV with me.

George Hibben



A Conventional Home

Ours was a conventional home – for the 40's and 50's when I was growing up in Wilton, ME. One father - the breadwinner, one mother - the homemaker, three children. Almost all my friends were white and Protestant. A couple were Catholic and bi-lingual (of French-Canadian descent) and though they spoke English with a slight accent, I was envious that they could speak another language fluently.



My childhood "deprivations" were few and so insignificant. I never had a babysitter that I could break the rules with, because on the rare occasion my parents went out for the evening, Nina, who lived in the separate apartment in our house, took me under her wing and played Fish or Chinese Checkers with me for hours, but knew my parents' rules.



We had what was probably a Victory Garden. I don't remember the War but we kept up the garden for several years after that. The weeding chore has long faded from memory, but not the earthy sweet smell of a carrot freshly dug up, brushed off, and eaten right there. Ditto a fresh clipped rhubarb stalk, so tart and such a treat. There was a barn attached to the house (later torn down). Whether it was used for other than storage in my childhood I'm not sure. For me the best use of the barn was for climbing up to the hayloft in the winter and jumping out into the piles of snow, so deep it was a challenge to climb out of the snow hole to circle back and do it all over again.

Home was always an anchor for me, always where I came back to. Mom was usually in the kitchen. She wasn't a great cook, but she could bake. Homemade bread, biscuits with maple syrup we made in the Spring from the sap gathered from our maple trees, donuts, and my all-time favorite: plum pudding with both hard sauce and "soft" sauce. Dad was at his office just at the other end of main street. And we all sat down to supper together in the dining room. Homemade baked beans Saturday night, a batch of little fresh-caught smelts coated in cornmeal and fried in pork scriddicks in the Spring, venison mincemeat pie after a successful Fall hunt, just-dug dandelion greens or a batch of fiddleheads boiled

with salt pork and sprinkled with a little cider vinegar in the late Spring.

Idyllic? Yes. Life was good for that little girl.

Madelyn Armstrong

Where is Home?

Considering that I have had a home in 32 places, one might think that I was working for IBM whose employees say, "I've Been Moved." I was born in the Depression era. My father had a difficult time finding work. Starting from his home in Warren, MA, we moved to Kokomo, IN, where we had six homes which included three months in Bucyrus, OH, helping a grandmother who had broken her back in a fall down stairs. Moving back to New England to get educated there were four more homes, then two homes on Long Island as a civilian.

The Korean war caused me to be drafted, but I chose to join the Navy Officers Candidate School and in this period. I had two more homes: that's 14 homes to date. Military assignments took me to Manhattan, Brooklyn, NY, Morocco, Roosevelt Roads Base, Puerto Rico (two homes) and Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, adding seven more homes. More assignments took us to the Canal Zone, Cheltenham, MD, Taipei, Taiwan (with two homes there), Garden Grove, CA, Saigon, Vietnam (my only wartime experience), Norfolk, VA (for five years), then back to New England and Boston Naval Shipyard, and Lexington, MA, where I left the military after 21 years. That part of my military experience resulted in eight more homes. Settling down, there were three: Lexington, MA, Islesboro, ME, and Carleton-Willard Village.

The home which we have spent 70 years developing and the home we choose to remember best is on Islesboro, ME. It has been a home we have worked on, building a garage and walking paths and simple "Boy Scout" bridges. It has recently housed our grandchildren and their friends who have spent time there, working (from home), taking advantage of the Island's new internet system as well as the wonderful recreational facilities. Finally, that is where we have our closest friends who really enrich our lives.

David Hathaway



My Childhood Home

Igrew up in Riverside, Illinois, in the parsonage of the Presbyterian Church. My father became the minister there in 1937. The minister's manse was notable because it was actually part of the church building, sharing a common wall between our living area and the front of the sanctuary behind the large pipe organ and choir loft. A door from our side entered a small hallway into the choir loft. During the service on Sundays, the choir was usually treated to the aroma of a cooking roast beef dinner sifting under the door from our kitchen.

The house was large. It was 70 feet from the front outside door down the hall to the back of the large kitchen. There were two living rooms, one was more formal and often used as my father's private area for pastoral counseling. Upstairs was a 20 foot square bedroom for my parents, and five other bedrooms (two very small) for my three older siblings and me, plus the extra for Dad's study. But there was only one, very small, full bathroom for the family with an ancient tub with feet. The house was heated by its own coal-fired furnace in the basement. When I was old enough, my daily chore in the winter was to "fix" the furnace by filling the stoker hopper with coal and digging the clinkers out of the firebox. The furnace gobbled up a ton of coal a week (!) in a Chicago winter. The basement had a workshop area where my father taught me the use of power tools and the joy of building things. He also imparted the important concept of finding out how things worked.

Another center of interest was the attic, where we had set up a regulation 20-yard pistol range, complete with a combination target holder and bullet catcher. Dad and I reloaded 38 special cartridges by the hundreds. We had lots of fun target shooting. Dad strongly instilled in me at a very early age the importance of gun safety.

The key center of importance to me was my bedroom, where all my many projects were centered. I scratch-built radios since kits did not yet exist, designed their configuration as well as other related gadgetry, and built a really good hi-fi audio system to play and experience fine music from



classical through jazz, boogie-woogie, and swing.

Needless to say, the room was a perpetual pig pen. Even though Mom was a very fussy housekeeper, she never made me pick it up. She knew that what I was doing there was very important to me. It wasn't until later that I fully realized what a wonderful gift that had been. She lived long enough to know that I had designed an important component in the spacecrafts that went to the Moon, and I hoped maybe she realized her early role in allowing me to hone the creative skills needed to do such new things. The big old house still occurs in a dream now and then.

Bard Turner

Home Times Three – Memories of a Preacher's Kid

My father was a young Unitarian minister in Buffalo, New York, where I was born on the eve of the Depression. In the prophetic tradition preachers move around quite a bit and eventually Pa was called to King's Chapel in Boston when I was three or four years old. This is an historic church but without a parsonage. My parents moved me with my two older brothers and our dog, Heidi, to Boston.

Partly due to the Depression and also responding to the lure of the suburbs some of the parishioners chose to abandon their large, elegant houses on Beacon Hill and in the Back Bay. Rather than selling them they turned them over to the church. The Reverend Palfrey



Perkins's family benefited from this by living in three of these homes.

The first of these was a four or five story brownstone at 218 Beacon Street that backed up on the Charles River before there was a Storrow Drive. A lovely house, it had a steep mahogany staircase rising from the entrance to the living rooms above. Under this was the dining room, with a connecting swinging door to the pantry with two smoked-glass panels. In response to merciless teasing from my oldest brother I chased him and put my hand through a glass panel and a doctor was hastily called to stitch up the wound. This is the incident I most clearly remember about 218 Beacon Street.



Next, we moved up to 90 Beacon Street, nearer the Statehouse and across from the Public Gardens. It is odd that this preacher's family lived in what many would call a palace. There were five floors and a circular staircase with views of the river. Our playground was the Esplanade where we were befriended by an Irish police officer very much like Michael in *Make Way for Ducklings*. Our independence was part of emerging from the home nest.

In the Forties, when I was in my early teens and my brothers had joined the U.S. Navy, the church decided to move us around to Chestnut Street, about halfway up Beacon Hill. I was old enough to join the adults in our living room when they met with interesting guests. My grandfather had been an abolitionist and fought in the Civil War and Pa was a member of the Urban League and promoter of Civil Rights. I remember that in 1944 we entertained Lillian Smith whose book,

Strange Fruit, about the Jim Crow South, had been banned in Boston. This was but one of my father's efforts to work for racial justice and among the special times I remember as a preacher's kid growing up in a 'parsonage.'

Neela Zinsser

Life in a Parsonage

Igrew up in the parsonage next to the First Congregational Church of Darien, Connecticut. Facing Brookside Road, our side yard was next to the Boston Post Road or Route One. This was before the Connecticut Turnpike was built and heavy truck traffic passed through the traffic light at the corner, gears grinding day and night. This was not an area of family housing so we missed the casual hanging out that many children had in their neighborhood.



Life in a parsonage has certain challenges. Our home was often used for committee meetings in the evening and my sister and I would have to retreat upstairs in our bedrooms and be quiet. My father put up a basketball backboard and net on the large tree between the house and the church, but I was not able to play there if there was an activity in the sanctuary. Nor could there be any laundry on the line.

During a typical week my father would prepare his sermon in the study upstairs and rehearse it on Saturday morning. Saturday evening we had our 'Sunday dinner' and then after church on Sunday we would have a light meal



of tomato juice, leftover meat and gravy, noodles and salad. My job was to bicycle down to the drugstore to get ice cream for dessert.

In those days 'hobos' traveled the Boston Post Road and they often stopped at the parsonage to ask for help. My father had an account at the diner just down the street and he would give a slip to each one for a meal there, stopping by later to pay for it.

Over the years the people in the church became an extended family and in many ways I felt privileged growing up there. Although I felt that if I misbehaved it would reflect on my father, no one expected me to be a model of responsibility. Darien would eventually become a very wealthy commuter community, but in those days there was still the feeling of a small town.

Robert Schmalz

My Home in Oklahoma

Igrew up in Norman, Oklahoma, where my father was a journalism professor at the University of Oklahoma. Back then, Norman was a town of about ten thousand, 20 miles south of Oklahoma City.

From 1935 on, when I was three, my family lived in a 1920's brick house on a corner lot, two blocks west of the OU campus—a house we called 644, as our address was 644 Chautauqua Ave. It was a convenient location—halfway between the OU campus, two blocks to our east, and McKinley grade school where I attended grades 1-7, two blocks to our west. Our lot ran from Chautauqua down Cruce Street to an alley that bisected our block lengthwise. That left us both front and back yards for outdoor games, also space for my father's much appreciated asparagus patch, and a fenced-in area behind our detached brick garage for chickens.

644 was a one-story house with a basement. On the main floor were three bedrooms and a bath, a living room, dining room and kitchen with a "breakfast nook" off the kitchen, which is where we ate unless we had company for dinner. The house also featured a wonderfully smooth

cement-floored front porch (great for jacks), enclosed by brick pillars and a big wisteria vine that made it a perfect place to sit out the occasional crash-and-bang of a summer thunderstorm. The house also had a substantial basement with a separate entrance that housed our furnace, a laundry area, and another bedroom with full bath that my parents rented to OU male students for extra income. It also contained a cement-enclosed storm cellar room (meant to be our retreat in case of a tornado—fortunately we never had any in the years my family owned the house) that we called the "fruit room" because any home-canned fruits or veggies my mother might "put up" were kept on shelves there. A distinctive furniture item in the main part of our basement was a molded upholstered sofa that one could open fully by lifting up on the front of the seat and stored there was out-of-date clothing, perfect for the many dressup games my girlfriends and I played.

When my dad died in 1980, he left the house to my two sisters and me, but as only my middle sister still lived in Norman, my oldest sister and I sold our house shares to her. She continued to live there till her death in 2011. She willed the house (which is now in Norman's designated historic district) to her grandson and his family, who still live there, meaning the house has now been the home of someone in our family for 85 years. That it continues to be so, even now, feels very special to me.

Mary Ellen Turner

Our Folly

Our home began as a "Folly." It was built in the 1880's by a wealthy author who decided to build a three story wooden tower on the hill next to his very nice house. This was meant to be his inspirational writing studio, with an inspiring view in all directions. Photos from the early 1900's show only a few apple trees on the several acres surrounding the Tower. A few of this author's poems and short stories survive from this time but fame was not his game.



After a disastrous fire, the Tower was rebuilt, but this time field stone walls replaced the wood.

It was 1929 and labor was available to build these two-foot thick walls. A small house was attached for amenities like stairs and kitchen plumbing. There was still a wonderful view, although photos show a few small pine trees. The



neighborhood was known as Tower Hill.

The author's descendants chose to make the Tower their full-time home. In the 1940's a gambrel addition was added with a large living room downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs.

Pine trees on the east side were closing the view, but the west view and sunsets continued to be spectacular.

It was this "Tower-Plus Addition" on two acres of pine woods that my husband and I purchased in 1967 for \$34,000. This became a wonderful home for us and our three children. In time, we made another gambrel addition and then a large garage. Someone remarked that we should add another tower to match the original structure! The Tower was an integral part of our home.

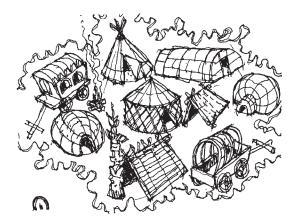
When the time came for us to downsize, selling the property took patience. What was "charming" to us was "crazy" to potential buyers. It turned out that the eventual buyer was someone who didn't care at all about the gambrel additions or the fancy garage, who wanted Tower Hill in order to mount his antennas for his short-wave radios! One might even say that the Folly lives on!

Sonja Strong

A Home For The Road

As many of us have realized, we can't go home again, but ... we can take it with us!

As an architect I am intrigued by man-made shelters that serve as 'traveling' homes and temporary shelters in support of our very nomadic lives while helping to retain family and community. In this regard I am not thinking of our modern RV's, mountain tents or immigrant shelters made from shipping containers, however fascinating. I am thinking of lean-tos, yurts, tepees, wigwams, pedlar, gypsy and Conestoga wagons, as well as opportunistic temporary structures like long houses, wickiups, igloos and sod houses. Each is a work of human ingenuity fashioned from available raw materials like bark, hides, sticks, stone, sod and moss.



In form, substance, and technical approach each one of these examples is a prototype for more permanent durable homes in which we live, entertain, educate and celebrate today. However, as design of homes has evolved, some challenges remain the same. We still try to keep the heat in while letting the smoke out!

But, can we take it with us? One example of travelling homes that most intrigues me is the iconic Conestoga wagon. The Conestoga was movable, could float, provided defense and shelter, served as a nursery and could carry abundant basic possessions. Eventually it easily converted into a handy farm wagon for more permanent settlement, but then it was ready, as were many settlers, to hit the road again!

Tim Martin





Something to do: Leek & Potato Soup!

Let's go! Heat 1 Tbsp olive oil and butter. Add 2 cups sliced leeks, 1 diced onion, 1 sprig fresh thyme, bay leaf and salt. Cook slowly, stirring, for 15 minutes. Throw in a pinch of saffron & cayenne, then 4 cloves sliced garlic. Cook for 1 minute. Mmm-mm, already! Toss in 2 cups sliced Yukon Gold potatoes, 4 cups chicken broth. Simmer, cover, cook until potatoes are tender. Throw out thyme and bay leaf. Puree 1 cup soup, return to the pot. Start dancing. Ladle into shallow bowls with fresh parsley, *crème fraîche* and pepper. Smile and salivate, savor and satisfy!



Sixteen Inches at CWV

In winter / all the singing is in / the tops of the trees / where the wind bird / with its white eyes / shoves and pushes / among the branches. / In the pine-crown / he makes his nest. / He's done all he can. / I don't know the name of this bird. / I only imagine his glittering beak / tucked in a white wing / while the clouds / which he has summoned / from the north - / which he has taught /to be mild, and silent - / thicken, and begin to fall / into the world below / like stars, or the feathers / of some unimaginable bird / that loves us, / that is asleep now, and silent - / that has turned itself / into snow. *Mary Oliver: "White Eyes"*

Busy Day in a Covid World

Reports a resourceful resident: First make early morning coffee, inspect garden, poach eggs, steam kale. Check on family, friends. Finish finances; study investments. Call doctor. Catch headlines: NY Times, Globe & Mail, Science News, Washington Post. Then Zoom Watercolor class at Concord Art Association. Send birthday and sympathy cards. Organize groceries. Go for brisk walk. Do Zoom Weights. Check email and Facebook. Make tea. Next update photo files. Don mask, inspect Arlington Court. Set a pleasant table for excellent delivered dinner. Almost done. Relax with "The Great British Baking Show" or Nature documentary, "Saving the World's Primates" (all 79 species). Watch 'Frontline.' Finally, to bed with a good book.

Busy Knit Wits

Look at those knitted items gracing the shelves of the General Store! Aren't they beautiful? They're crafted by the Knit Wits, our very own CWV dedicated knitters. Funded by the Residents Association, enough yarn was purchased to create 20 quilts, which were donated to new patients on admission to the VA Hospital in Bedford. Now they've expanded their mission to include a women's shelter, Boston's Rosie's Place. Other items contributed by our knitters include hats, scarves and baby items. Pieces previously sold at the annual CWV Craft Fair are now available at the Store. Proceeds are donated to the Residents Reserve Fund. New members are welcome. Join in creating the quilts. Or bring your own projects!

Virtual Tours

OMIGOSH! Flaming red skirts flying through air. Staccato tap-taps. Writhing arms. Flaming eyes. Clacking castenets! Whew! 600 video performances alone from dance mecca Jacob's Pillow! Hey feet, let's meet! Here's DC's National Gallery's exhibit, "Degas at the Opéra." Catch 3D space in each gallery. Click to zoom to a painting, read wall texts, savor audio. Then cross the room for more Degas. Fly to the MFA, sit with a conservator restoring Van Gogh's iconic "Houses at Auvers," a curator illuminating Hiroshige's Views of Edo, a historian limning Nubian art. Now, enter the Gardner's greenhouse nursery of nasturtiums. Smell, sniff deep. Stand awed in courtyard. Self-tour all gallery floors! C'mon, let's go!



Happenings

Resident Art in the Dining Room

At Barbara Doyle's invitation, the Studio Art Committee organized an exhibit to grace the walls of the newly decorated Abbott and Terrace Dining Rooms. This past summer they invited CWV resident artists to submit original artwork to be considered for the exhibit. Twenty residents responded enthusiastically with two-dimensional artworks in a variety of media: watercolor, acrylic, oil paints, printmaking and photography. Working with Gail Hatfield, the Committee chose the artwork, the new frames and, together with Barbara, determined the spaces where work could be hung, either loaned for a year and returned, or permanently donated to CWV. What a smashing addition to our dining experience when rooms eventually open! Our anticipation of returning to those wonderful evenings is now even keener!

The Gift of Music

Two candles burn in the soft light of a twilit room. A star pulses atop a Christmas tree. Two hands float to the keyboard to coax from the piano the gentle music of Bach's chorale, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." Here's CWV's dear friend, Fred Moyer, via Zoom from his New Hampshire home, gladdening our hearts on Christmas Eve. Our minstrel then turns to Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata, emotion bursting from its throbbing opening and turbulent, triumphant finale. "A life's experience is reflected in this music," smiles Fred, who journeys next to Romania for a wreath of Christmas Carols by Bartok culled from native melodies. Fred waves adieu with holiday songs and, you guessed it, a "White Christmas" sing-along.

Happy Talk

It's chatty, it's soothing. Residents gather Monday afternoons to Zoom from their living rooms, while Rev. Alexx Wood coordinates an hour of conversation to "share what is on our minds and hearts." Talk might center on pets. Lost her cat of 12 years. Adopted a kitten to brighten her days. Another's trusty cat wakes her the same time each morning, while a bird's seven-o'clock call is another's alarm clock. Concerns and amusements fire the gentle coals of a unifying hour.

Shelf of Memories

The night-time plane circles the airfield, runways defined with bonfires. The Harvard-Tour passengers, alighting with relief, begin their African odyssey. Next morning they fan out: observe, educate, collect. One resident's shelf, rich with objects, mutely testifies. She recalls a serpentine path along which natives sold wares. Into her bag went a darkwood ritual warrior gripping a spear, ominous, eyes fixed on the beholder; a zebra drinking eternally from a bowl; a midnight-black elephant with real ivory tusks; a giraffe wobbling on spindly legs. See him? A hind leg fell off at the airport. Owner's lips stiffen, pursed with sadness. A fellow passenger, an orthopedic surgeon, Hippocratic oath on his lips, leaps over and repairs the leg!



Thespians Traipse the Boards

Hamlet 400 years ago strutted on the London Globe's boards, all sound and fury. But our own Carleton-Willard Village Thespians are today's winners. The pandemic closed its stage; Zoom opened our eyes. Thespians cold-read Teresa Travaline's suggestion of a gripping three-act play, *January Thaw*. Then, with the holidays approaching, Co-Coordinators Elizabeth Flemings and Arlayne Peterson called 19 players together to stoke a crackling fire under Dickens's heartwarming perennial, *A Christmas Carol*. It's all lovingly preserved on CWV's website.

Harry Hoover



Mini-Miracle on Old Billerica Road

One cold snowy morning a few years ago I was walking my dog, Katie, on Old Billerica Road. As dogs sometimes do, she stopped to examine carefully a small patch of turf.

As I patiently stood and waited for her to move on I noticed the snow was not coming down in flakes as usual, but in small granules or pellets. My eyes were semi-focused on the middistance. Then I saw one single granule was not falling like the rest. It was stopped in mid-air. At shoulder height and about a foot away, I saw there were two granules about an inch apart, not moving in any direction.

I removed the mitten from my right hand and ever-so-gently touched one of the granules – my index finger approaching from behind it. As it quickly melted, the tip of my finger recognized what could only have been a spider web.

I suspected that from a branch high above in the pine tree beside us, a patient, noiseless spider had launched a silken filament that had drifted down and formed a tiny hammock upon which these two granules had caught and rested.

I spent the rest of the day in wonderment. Am I the only person ever on earth to see two granules of snow stopped in mid-air during a snowstorm?

Janet Kennedy



My Experience as an Elector

It is the Electoral College vote, not the popular vote, based on our Constitution, that formally elects the President and Vice President of the United States. Rioters on January 6th tried to disrupt the certification of that vote. They were eventually repelled and the Congress completed its count, formally awarding 306 Electoral Votes to Joe Biden and 232 to Donald Trump.

Due to President Trump's allegations of voter fraud, the 2020 Electoral College vote took on special significance. I believe the popular vote should select our President, but until the Constitution is amended, we must comply with the Electoral College requirements.

Any registered Democrat can apply to serve, once every four years, to become an Elector. In my campaign remarks I described my many years of political activism as one of about 400 members of the Democratic State Committee since 1984 and as an elected official locally and countywide. That background helped get me



selected from about 25 candidates.

Electors are bound by their state's popular vote. The Electors from all 50 states met on December 14th. We met in the State House Chambers. There were 11 Massachusetts Electors, equal to our total number of congressional seats.

In other years there has been a celebration with many guests and speeches by various elected officials. Often the men wore tuxedos. The event could include dinner and go on for hours. This



year, due to Covid 19, guests were not invited. Only Electors, a few media people, the Secretary of State Bill Galvin, and some of his staff were allowed into the House Chamber. We all wore masks and were seated at least six feet apart.

The meeting was convened at 3 p.m., conducted without pageantry and dissolved at 4:15 p.m. Electors were sworn in, followed by a formal nomination of Joe Biden, a voice vote, then a nomination of Kamala Harris and another voice vote. We spent a lot of time just signing documents, formally certifying the vote, which was eventually transmitted to the Congress.

This Electoral College experience was more exciting than usual. I was thrilled to play a role!

Tom Larkin

Granny on the Barge 1991

Dictated by Emily Wright Holt from Ross Worthen. Emily turns 94 in February 2021

My mother, known to all as "Granny Wright," always waved to the red and black barge from the porch as it made its daily trip by Long Point on the St. Lawrence River. One day, at age 94, she mused "I'd like to ride that barge one day..." and so we



called up the owner, Junior Rusho, and he graciously took her aboard for a morning thrill ride. Wearing a dress and her Sunday hat, she sat on the deck and waved to us up on the porch. She NEVER forgot it. She died one year later.

Dorothy Ellis

A Silver Lining

Okay, its too bad we can't meet in person to talk or to hug as we might be exposed to the dread COVID bug. Nowadays as our meetings are not to occur in the very same room we have of necessity resorted to ZOOM. There are certain good things to being remote no need to go out. no need for a coat. Still in your jammies and the house is a mess? Video off and no one will guess. Starting to cough or snuffle or wheeze? Audio off – go ahead sneeze! If others drone on you can just step away, refill your coffee – plan the rest of your day. Such moves are not possible when in the same room. so let's just relax and enjoy meeting on ZOOM.

Anne Schmalz



Zooming Fitness







Does the Shoe Fit

During the tumultuous years of the 1930's and 40's, a growing boy still needed new shoes quite often. My mother would periodically splurge and for the five-cent fare take me on the Lovell bus to downtown Watertown.

The big Clifford Shoe Store had an x-ray machine where, climbing onto a foot-high box, I would push my feet under a large console to be examined. It was fun to look through the binocular viewer and see my feet. Mr. Clifford would approximate the rough shoe size. As I tried on several pairs, he would press down the toe of each to be sure there was room for a little growth. I can't imagine the furor today having a young boy's feet x-rayed.

Watertown Square had a very popular movie theater. Every Saturday afternoon the foyer would be filled with 8 to 11 year-old boys and girls there for the matinee. For 11 cents you could see news, previews, a full-length action movie and a Lone Ranger or Superman episode. There were 12 to 15 episodes to ensure that you would come back next week. One week Hedy Lamarr's latest effort, *White Cargo*, was previewed with her in a sarong languidly lying out in a thick tropical forest. That one had to be a mistake.

The University
Theater in Harvard
Square also had
Saturday morning
shows for kids (and
adults). After one
show, a friend of
mine and I went
to the Waldorf
Cafeteria close by.
For 35 cents you
could get a turkey
dinner with all the
fixings. We had one



and it was so good we contemplated another. The problem was we wouldn't have enough money to pay the trolley fare back to Watertown. Oh well, it was too good to pass up. We both had a second

dinner and walked back some two plus miles to where the fares changed, and we had enough money to take the trolley back home.

Grocery shopping was quite different then. You would go up to a counter and a clerk would pick out your cereal, can of soup, etc. for you. The shelves behind him had merchandise piled up to the ceiling. He used a pole with a scissor clasp at the far end to reach things up real high. He had to be a good catcher too. Many years later, I went to what was supposed to be the first Supermarket in the U.S., located on Memorial Drive in Cambridge. You filled your own carriage and checked out up front. Visiting dignitaries would ask to be taken to the store.

Oh well, nowadays I try on my own shoes, rarely go to a movie theater or eat out, and most of the women I know wouldn't get near a jungle without being properly dressed and with a powerful insect repellent.

Wally Campbell

Birding South of the Border

My passion for birding provided many adventures. The most exciting in South America were in Peru and Brazil. In the Amazon basin in Peru I canoed down the Tambopata River to the Explorer's Inn where I read notes by E.O. Wilson and Ted Parker, previous visitors. Parker, who could identify 4,000 birds by sound, died in a plane crash during an Ecuador tree-top bird survey. His adventures are described in "A Parrot Without a Name" by Don Stap. In this rain forest I saw the Hoatzin, a bird born with two claws at the bend of its wings and the ability to swim. Both features are lost after three weeks.

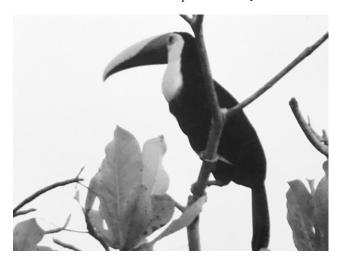
Miles away on a Peruvian plateau I watched the Andean Condors rise out of the Colca Canyon with the sunrise thermals.

The Pantanal in Brazil borders Bolivia and Paraguay. It is flooded half the year and transformed into a savannah with waterholes the other half. During the latter I camped along the Cuiaba River fishing with meat bait to catch piranhas for our daily soup. Most birding was from



a rowboat in streams lined with Caiman. This is the land of herons. I saw the Cattle-herd, Littleblue, Whistling, Yellow-crowned, Tiger, Capped and White-necked herons. The prize sighting was a Jabiru, the world's largest stork.

Costa Rica, nestled between the Caribbean and Pacific Oceans with dry deciduous forests and tropical rain forests, is a birder's paradise housing 850 species. I added 200 species to my life list including 12 species of Hummingbirds. Visually outstanding birds were Trogons, Motmots, Toucans, Manakins, Long-tailed Tyrants, Wattled Bellbirds and Resplendent Quetzals.



In Belize, the only Central American country where English is the national language, we had to wait by the road for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Charles with entourage to pass by. At night we hiked along a field with floodlights and spotted a White-tailed Nightjar on a fencepost.

While attending a Child Psychiatry conference in Cuba, I hiked in the mountains and saw a striking red, white and blue Trogan, the National Bird.

Puerto Rico has the El Yunque rainforest with many wood warblers. In season I saw the Christmas bright green and red warbler.

With no predators in the Galapagos the birds have no fear of humans walking by their nests. Thus I obtained close photos of the Masked, Redfooted and Blue Boobies with their young.

Katherine Halmi

Sightings

It was a "once-in-a lifetime" experience, seeing **■** Jupiter and Saturn pass close to each other. Barb checked on a clear night to go to the Village Center for our viewing, unobscured by trees. We grabbed our birding binocs and spotting scope and headed toward the pool room for a clear southwestern sight line. The first problem: the shades were all down, and they are computer controlled. We tried the art room and the arts and crafts room . . . all locked. So, we retreated again to the pool room. Next problem: the lights were all on. That could be handled; they could be shut off manually. Then there was the issue of the shades again. We somehow had to lift the shades without damaging them. We gently lifted them and crept under. Problem solved. We enjoyed the planets from our tiny tent. We could see the faint Saturn.

Then we tried the balcony to see if we could get a diffraction-view of the planets from there that might make our spotting scope more effective. Nope. The view was blocked.

So we returned to the pool room. But what was that? A ghostly shadow moving under the tent. Should I scream or investigate? And while I stood there in disbelief, all of a sudden Ed Lowry, a fellow



MIT alum, emerged from under the tent. It was an evening of unusual sightings!

Paul Hill



My Father's Gift

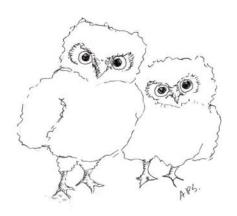
When I told my father that I was emigrating to Canada and had booked my passage, he impulsively rose from working with the stamp collection, pointed at the painting over the sofa, and said "And this is what you are going to take with you!" I was stunned. It was the one possession he had acquired after returning from Siberia as a prisoner of war and brought into his marriage to my mother. It was the first time that he gave me a present, especially something that was so close to his heart.

The painting is a landscape by Barbarini, from the end of the 19th century. Although the name is Italian, he was from the Austrian area of South Tyrol. It shows a peasant sitting sideways on this plough horse returning from work. His head is turned sideways, with his chin up eager to be welcomed by his wife. In the distance is the farmhouse, with a woman stepping out. She is leaning over under the weight of a large wooden bucket of water, evidently intended to refresh the horse after a long day's hard work.

There is just a patch of sunshine escaping from a threatening cloud in an otherwise twilight blue sky.

The whole scene breathes a serene transition into a restful evening. The painting is framed in a contemporary bronze gold wood frame. The picture fit into the only hand suitcase in which I carried all my possessions across the ocean to the new world.

Daisy Illich





Welcome New Residents

Audrea Simpson

from Lexington 10/30/20

Margriet Janssen from Lexington

12/7/20

Speaking of Home

Home is a word full of feelings and possibilities:

homeland hometown
homestead home office
homespun home made
homelike homeowner
homebody homework
home away from home

home movie second home
homebound home schooled
homesick home cooking
homecoming back home

- unless you are homeless.

Anne Schmalz







In Memory

James "Jim" Purvis November 11

Deborah Leighton November 23

Ann Hale November 25

Selma "Sally" Rabinowitz December 4

Virginia "Ginny" Hill December 7

Louise Mayer January 5

Leona Fendrock January 6

Megan Zielinsky January 27

Judith McConnell February 2



On Hold

Most of life is waiting Always on hold Listening to elevator music Before you get connected.

Someone said
"Life is what happens
While you are busy making other plans."
Or just waiting

For the report, the diagnosis, The acceptance or rejection, The answer to your question, Or just some vague reassurance that never comes.

Marjorie Roemer





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

New Year's Resolutions

A heartfelt welcome to 2021! May the new year bring us relief from the fears and anxieties that have been built into our lives over the last ten months. There are definite positive signs on the horizon.

As I write this article, the first doses of the Covid vaccine are being given to the residents and staff of our Health Center, Ross Worthen (our memory unit) and Llewsac Lodge (assistance in living). In three weeks they will receive their second dose and all will breathe a sigh of relief. In a month or so, independent residents will be eligible to receive the vaccine as well. Then we all will be able to look forward to spring.

The Library Committee has a list of new year's resolutions, but they will have to be new year's wishes, as we are still rightfully constrained by state restrictions and Carleton-Willard rules and regulations. Here is our list of top five wishes:

- 1. To have the library open 24/7, so that all residents (including those from Llewsac Lodge) can use the library without having to make tenminute appointments on only two days a week.
- 2. To have the reading room open for use, offering the daily newspapers and puzzles, comfortable chairs and our wonderful magnifying machine.

- 3. To enable the Library Committee to meet as a whole once a month, to discuss library policies and to do book selection.
- 4. To allow volunteers to work together to weed the collection. This was not done last summer and the shelves are running out of room.
- 5. To allow us to take a book cart up to the Health Center every Saturday, to offer books and friendly company.

While we wait for our wishes to come true we will continue to do the best that we can. Our residents have kept a positive and cooperative attitude and there is a lot of reading going on. We still add approximately 30 books to our collection every month and we are staying within our budget.

Carleton-Willard is an amazing place. Soon we will be able to socialize more and even have dinner in the communal dining room! We can't wait.

Happy New Year and happy reading!

Katherine F. Graff Chair of the Library Committee





Among the Newest

How to Lead by David M. Rubenstein Interviews with, and wisdom from, some of the world's greatest leaders: decision makers, politicians, CEOs, entertainers, sports figures, visionaries.

A Time for Mercy by John Grisham A not-nice but well-liked Mississippi cop abuses his girlfriend and is killed by her son. An ugly trial ensues.

How to Fly (in Ten Thousand Easy Lessons) by Barbara Kingsolver

A gorgeous collection of poetry, including How-To poems (shear a sheep, fly, do nothing at all), Making-Peace poems (with family, friends, mortality), and poems that celebrate natural wonders.

The Henna Artist by Alka Joshi

17-year old heroine escapes an abusive marriage in 1950's India, goes to Jaipur and becomes top henna artist to wealthy women. Her husband eventually tracks her down and confronts her.

A Promised Land by Barack Obama This autobiography (Volume 1 of 2) covers Obama's childhood through the election of 2008, ending in

May 2011. Obama's personal account of history-inthe-making is well-written and reads easily.

An Irish Country Family by Patrick Taylor The daily joys and struggles in the delightful Irish Village of Ballybucklebo. Another charming entry in Taylor's bestselling Irish Country series.

This Time Next Year We'll Be Laughing by Jacqueline Winspear

A memoir of growing up in England and her family's resilience in the face of war and deprivation by this popular author of the Maisie Dobbs novels.

Hidden Treasure by Jane Cleland

Set in a small town on the New Hampshire coast, an antique store owner finds a trunk in the dumbwaiter of her new house. The previous owner is thrilled but soon after mysteriously disappears.

An Elephant in My Kitchen by Francoise Malby-Anthony Insights into the intelligence of animals, especially elephants. Author co-founded a game reserve with a South African conservationist. A heart-warming read.

How to Raise an Elephant by Alexander McCall Smith More mysteries to solve by Precious Ramotswe.

Eleanor by David Michaelis

New biography of First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt – diplomat, activist and humanitarian. A stunning cradle-to-grave portrait of one of the world's most widely admired and influential women.

Irena's War by James D. Shipman Based on the true story of a Polish resistance fighter who helped save thousands of Jewish children from the Warsaw ghetto in WWII. Heart-pounding.

Exercised by Daniel Lieberman If exercise is so good for you, why do so many people dislike or avoid it? Entertaining and enlightening but also constructive.

Perestroika in Paris by Jane Smiley A feel-good escape read. A young French racehorse leaves her stall and heads for Paris. There she befriends an elegant dog, an opinionated raven, two irrepressible ducks and a young boy.

Vesper Flights by Helen Macdonald Essays on the magic and wonder and consolation of nature, and what those things have to tell us about being better humans and stewards of the planet.

The Mystery of Mrs. Christie by Marie Benedict Benedict imagines Agatha Christie's life, especially the 11 days she famously went missing which remains a mystery.

A Series of Fortunate Events: Chance and the Making of the Planet, Life and You by Sean B. Carroll Why is the world the way it is? Science has revealed that we live in a world driven by chance. Irresistibly entertaining and thought-provoking.

Madelyn Armstrong





Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir		Carr, Robyn	Return to Virgin River
Obama, Barack	A Promised Land	Child, Lee	The Sentinel
Reichl, Ruth	Save Me the Plums (*)	Clark, Mary Higgins	Piece of My Heart
Winspear, Jacqueline	This Time Next Year We'll	Cleland, Jane	Hidden Treasure
	Be Laughing	Connelly, Michael	The Law of Innocence
		Cook, Robin	Genesis (*)
Biography		Dodd, Christina	Wrong Alibi
Eyman, Scott	Cary Grant (*)	Driscoll, Sara	Leave No Trace
Gabler, Neal	Catching the Wind	Elon, Emuna	House on Endless
Isaacson, Walter	Benjamin Franklin		Waters (*)
Kozlowski, Bryan	Long Live the Queen	Flagg, Fannie	The Wonder Boy of Whistle
LaFarge, Annik	Chasing Chopin		Stop
Michaelis, David	Eleanor	French, Tana	The Searcher
		Gardner, Lisa	Before She Disappeared (*)
Current Affairs		Gregory, Philippa	Dark Tides
Acho, Emmanuel	Uncomfortable Conversa-	Grisham, John	A Time for Mercy
	tions with a Black Man (*)	Haig, Matt	The Midnight Library (*)
Rankine, Claudia	Just Us	Hannah, Kristin	On Mystic Lake
Rubenstein, David M.	How to Lead	Harper, Karen	Under the Alaskan Ice
Sandel, Michael J.	The Tyranny of Merit	Harris, Robert	V2
Stevenson, Bryan	Just Mercy	Haywood, Sarah	The Cactus (*)
Wilkerson, Isabel	Caste (*)	Hellenga, Robert	Love, Death & Rare Books (*)
Zakaria, Fareed	Ten Lessons for a Post-	Hilderbrand, Elin	What Happens in Paradise
	Pandemic World	Holden, Wendy	The Royal Governess (*)
		Horowitz, Anthony	Moonflower Murders
Fiction		Joshi, Alka	The Henna Artist
Ackerman, Elliot	Red Dress in Black and White	Landragin, Alex	Crossings
Ackerman, Elliot	Waiting for Eden	Leigh, Melinda	Cross Her Heart
Andrews, Donna	Terns of Endearment (*)	Livesey, Margot	The Boy in the Field
Archer, Jeffrey	Hidden in Plain Sight	McCall Smith,	How to Raise an Elephant
Baldacci, David	Daylight	Alexander	
Banville, John	Snow	McCall Smith,	How to Raise an Elephant (*)
Beaton, M. C.	Hot to Trot	Alexander	
Benedict, Marie	The Mystery of Mrs. Christie	Parish, Stan	Love and Theft
Benedict, Marie	The Mystery of Mrs. Christie (*)	Patterson, James	Deadly Cross
Bollen, Christopher	A Beautiful Crime	Patterson, James	NYPD Red 6





Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Fiction (continued)

Perry, Anne A Sudden, Fearful Death Rankin, Ian A Song for the Dark Times

Rosenfelt, David Silent Bite

Rouda, Kaira The Favorite Daughter (*)
Rosner, Jennifer The Yellow Bird Sings (*)
Rumaan, Alam Leave the World Behind
Rvan, Sofie No Escape Claws (*)

Shapiro, B. A. The Collector's Apprentice (*)

Shelton, Paige Cold Wind Shipman, James D. Irena's War

Smiley, Jane Perestroika in Paris
Steadman, Catherine Something in the Water
Taylor, Patrick An Irish Country Family
Taylor, Patrick An Irish Country Welcome

Thurber, James 92 Stories

Trout, Nick The Wonder of Lost Causes (*)

Wilson, G. Willow The Bird King (*)
Woods, Stuart Hush Hush
Woods, Stuart Shakeup

Health/Wellness

Lieberman, Daniel Exercised

History

Mask, Deirdre The Address Book (*) Schultz, Eric B. & King Philip's War

Tougias, Michael J.

Miscellaneous

Barry, Dave Lessons From Lucy (*) Flanders, Judith A Place for Everything

Nature

Heinrich, Bernd A Naturalist at Large

Macdonald, Helen Vesper Flights

Malby-Anthony, An Elephant in My Kitchen

Francoise

Poetry

Kingsolver, Barbara How to Fly (In Ten Thousand

Easy Lessons)

Science

Carroll, Sean B. A Series of Fortunate Events

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





The Carleton-Willard campus is home to many rabbits, with a typical territory being just 1-5 acres. On a late afternoon walk in summer or fall you'll meet several of them. But in winter...?

Eastern Cottontails don't dig burrows, but find shelter under brush piles, tangles of shrubs and vines or sometimes in holes dug by woodchucks. With minimal shelter, rabbits depend on their fat and their fur for warmth. They fatten up in the fall, then move as little as possible, to conserve energy. Their diet changes to bark, buds and twigs, and adequate nutrition can be a challenge.

Their thick fur keeps them comfortable even in temperatures below freezing. Humans use this fur to make clothing, to line gloves and hats, to wrap babies...



Bye, baby Bunting, Daddy's gone a-hunting, Gone to get a rabbit skin To wrap the baby Bunting in.

When spring comes, and a doe rabbit prepares to give birth, she scrapes out a shallow depression in a grassy area and lines it with a mixture of grass and her own fur. This provides both camouflage and warmth for the young. She nurses the babies only at dawn and dusk, so the nest may appear abandoned. At two weeks of age, the babies leave the nest, and the mother is ready to breed again.







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