



CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



MARCH 2024 ❁ VOLUME 42 ❁ NUMBER 1





From the artist -

This closed-neck vase was thrown with black low-fire clay, and made a number of years ago. It is one of my favorites. I have been a non-professional potter for many years. I trained originally in Japan and after retirement I worked in my own studio, at the deCordova Museum and more recently at Mudflats in Somerville. My work is varied and each piece tends to be different and original.

– *Harriet Hofheinz*





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.

## EDITOR

Anne Schmalz

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Dick Belin • Diane Buck  
Ruth Hopkinson • Mary Jane Parke  
Marjorie Roemer • Sonja Strong  
Mary Ellen Turner • Neela Zinsser

## PRODUCTION DESIGNER

Kathy Copeland, Allegiance Graphics

## CIRCULATION

Sue Hays, Chair  
Wally Campbell • Edward Lowry  
Sheila Veidenheimer

## CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE ADMINISTRATION

Christopher Golen  
*President & CEO*

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

## Editor's Corner



The theme of *Travel Tales* has elicited a wide variety of submissions. Obviously, many residents have traveled far and wide. Such travel results in a wider view of the world and gives us many stories to tell, both funny and thoughtful.

As Rick Steeves says, "Travel helps us build bridges, not walls." There are travels we help others make as part of our careers. We read how a creative teacher developed an itinerary to bridge cultural diversity in her classroom. Several residents have made travel to the moon possible.

For many of us at Carleton-Willard our days of real travel are now limited. Maybe we travel only in the company of helpful family, or on our well-orchestrated Off-site Trips. Perhaps we use the jitney to get to the store. More often our destination is a doctor's office – less entertaining and giving us stories to tell that others may get tired of hearing!

We have many travel opportunities in our auditorium thanks to our Living in Retirement Office. Art, nature, music, politics, history – you can find something available frequently that takes you away vicariously.

Our resident astronomer will take us into space as we learn about the coming eclipse and she and her husband travel to follow these phenomena all over the world.

For those who are able, we have an extensive campus that has many destinations closer to home. Our gardens are accessible to almost all of us. The perimeter path is harder for many, but for those who can, its trails are lovely in all seasons, and, as pointed out in one article, well used by other animals.

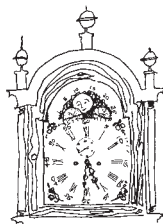
We wish you good traveling wherever you go.  
Bon Voyage!

*Anne Schmalz*  
Anne Schmalz, Editor





## *From the President and CEO*



*"One's destination is never a place, but a new way of seeing things."* - Henry Miller

Many of us aspire to see the world during our lifetime—there's nothing like experiencing new cultures, seeing new landscapes, and meeting new people. If you feel like you didn't fulfill that dream or hit every bucket list destination on your list, perhaps you're overlooking the true meaning of travel. Take a second to look around you—what it is that you see? Are there birds flying from tree to tree? Is there laughter coming from a child playing in the park? Are you sitting in solitude while reading this issue of the *Villager*? There are many interesting moments that allow us to experience life, whether that be local or faraway.

This past December, I was on a trip in the Dominican Republic. The resort I was at had a beautiful setting—the ocean and palm trees were breathtaking from where I was staying. Many of the employees came from the lower-income communities surrounding the resort. For the entire trip, I noticed how happy and friendly they were. No matter what, they were always helpful and willing to go out of their way to take care of all of the guests. It made me realize how lucky we are in our country, yet the moments we experience at home often get overlooked.

How do you plan on spending your day today? Whether you are on a trip seeing all 63 national parks in the United States or are relaxing at home, take a moment to embrace everything around you. We spend so much of our lives aspiring for big moments and experiences, yet we overlook what is right in front of us. Take some time today to embrace the view from your bedroom window, or say hello to someone at the supermarket. It doesn't matter how you choose to enjoy the moment, just be sure to embrace it fully.

Don't wait to explore the wilderness of Alaska or see the Grand Canyon to start tracking your travel tales. Whether at home or in another country, it's time to enjoy each moment like it's your last, because life is a precious gift.

Christopher J. Golen  
President and CEO





# Contents

**Theme** – Travel Tales

**Cover** – Vase with Gerbera Daisy by *Harriet Hofheinz*

**Illustrations** – *Anne Schmalz*

- 1 Editor's Corner • Anne Schmalz**
- 2 From the CEO • Christopher J. Golen**
- 4 Travel Bug • Harry Hoover**
- 4 Off the Beaten Path • Harriet and David Hathaway**
- 5 Class Trip • Mary Jane Parke**
- 6 A Jordanian Experience • Sonja Strong**
- 6 To the Edge and Back • Mouna Anderson**
- 7 Our Solar Eclipse Adventures • Nancy Hicks**
- 8 American Migrations • Dick Belin**
- 8 Where Were You on August 1, 1965? • Mary Whittemore**
- 9 Our Trip to Sri Lanka • Don Yansen**
- 10 A Trail Near Home • Anne Schmalz**
- 10 Rotary Rodeo • Will Wright**
- 11 Riverboat Rafting • Wally Campbell**
- 12 Carriacou • Vern Gaw**
- 12 An Interesting Experiment • Tom Stockdale**
- 13 Burlap Army • Barbara Worcester**
- 14 Village Happenings**
- 16 A Conversation with Peggy McKibben • Marjorie Roemer**
- 17 Welcome New Residents**
- 17 Profiles • (profiles are not made available in this edition)**
- 22 In Memory**
- 22 A Reflection • Anne Schmalz**
- 23 Facts from the Stacks • Katherine F. Graff**
- 24 Among the Newest • Madelyn Armstrong**
- 25 Recent Library Acquisitions • Katherine F. Graff**
- 27 Wildlife on the Perimeter Path • Virginia Steel**
- 28 Total Solar Eclipse on April 8, 2024 • Nancy Hicks**

**Inside Back Cover** – Solar Eclipses – Diagrams, *Nancy Hicks*

**Back Cover** – A Total Eclipse of the Sun – August 21, 2017





## Travel Bug

All my life I've loved to travel. The bug bit me early. At home in Lincoln my mother had scooped up my twin sisters and me, plopping us down in her childhood home in Cairo, Georgia. WW2 was cruel to residential architects like my father. Despite the impact on her children's lives, mother knew the best thing she could do was to take us with her to Cairo, to get out of father's hair. The best thing I could do was to get out of Lincoln's fourth grade.

Walking to school in Cairo was eye-opening. The vernacular New England triple deckers and Dutch colonials were superseded by the exotica of Southern wide-porch bungalows and generous verandas. In the evening an orange moon glowed through the rustling chatter of palm fronds. Thanksgiving dinner was surrounded by dewy new-mown grass and live oaks. Elsewhere, sipping cozy pumpkin pie-spiced latte under clouds in Big Sur, tea houses pulsing to mariachis in front of a brawny 16oz San Antonio T-Bone.

But only when I reached Europe did this travel bug seriously begin scratching its cage. In the army I'd wrangled a three-year assignment to Frankfurt, Germany. The Pentagon was nice enough to double this time. Six years in the center of Europe! The four big capitals, Berlin, London, Paris and Rome, just a day away. Heaven for this Europhile! All you needed in pre-GPS days were a Volkswagen, sleeping bag, tent, rain gear, cash, flashlight, map, and camera. Perhaps a traveling companion to help pay the bills and soak up the wine.

Two trips of mine earn the briefest of nods. Since high school Latin, I'd always wanted to go to Rome. A rusty black bug crossed from dark Germany over the Gotthard Pass into the transforming light of Italy. We set up our tent under the perfumed pines of Rome's Lido. For two weeks I'd take the twenty mile train ride into the city, lose my composure in the Forum beside icons lifted straight out of my Latin primer and then I'd dash back to a cerulean sea. Late afternoons when one swept a hand through the water, orange light filled the trough.

Then Venice without the crowds. Clacking heels echoing on frozen bridges. Rills of distant laughter. Gondolas groaning in their stalls. Couples leaning into canal breezes. My farthest thought is the winter's drive home.



Crossing the Gotthard back into Germany justified my fears. It was snowing steadily. Winds across my windshield erased my view. Crawling up to the border, my left arm struggled to roll down the window. "Sir, you cannot go further without chains." I didn't have chains. "Then you'll have to turn back, or wait for the road to be cleared in the morning." I swallowed. "I can't do that. Got four dollars left."

I looked in the mirror: "Now what?"

A shape approached in the drifting snow and rapped on the window. "I have to go, but can I help you?" I would use his credit card to buy second-rate used tire chains from some strategically placed huckster. Incredibly, my benefactor worked two floors below my Frankfurt office. Two roast beef sandwiches later he extended his hand, smiling, "Catch you up, Harry. How about Morocco?"

*Harry Hoover*

## Off the Beaten Path

As a young family we were fortunate to live in pre-industrial Taiwan, where the US Navy assigned David for two years from 1962 to 1964. This included shipping us, our car, and furniture there. A house was provided which included a maid's room. The maid's primary job was to light





the kerosene stove each morning, which heated our hot water. We were also happy to have her help with other chores.

Taiwan was a fascinating semi-tropical country, about one third the size of New England. The terrain had low-lying rice paddies and sugarcane fields as well as high mountains. When not at work we set out to explore all of it.

As the time drew near to return to the US we had yet to drive on the East Coast Highway. "Highway" is a misnomer. The one lane narrow road and submarine base were built in the 1930's by the Japanese when they occupied the island. Here the mountains run in spines and drop off deeply into the China Sea. Building the road required carving arches or tunnels through the rocky spines. Concrete was used for the pavement.

In 1964 this area was sparsely populated and the road so narrow that traffic going south was restricted to the morning and north in the afternoon. For us, getting there and back required two days. We loaded into the trunk of our small two-door Ford Falcon a cooler filled with food and water. Harriet, armed with books and games, sat in the back seat with our children, ages three and six. We invited our maid to go as very few Taiwanese had seen this part of their beautiful country. She sat in the front. David drove.

All went well with the trip as we slowed to a crawl through the tunnels and sections where the pavement had broken and was hanging over the precipitous drop offs. At the dry riverbeds we stopped to make sure our tires were aligned to the rickety boards of the wooden bridges. We consulted our watches to make sure we were through the restricted section by noon. We got lucky, with few trucks on the road and none headed the wrong way. By late afternoon we reached a small village with a Japanese inn where we stayed overnight, sleeping on tatami mats with pillows made of sand and wooden head rests.

We breathed a sigh of relief that the route back to our home in Taipei, the capitol city, was a two lane well-traveled road over one of the mountain peaks. We were surprised to find a Taiwanese Army cold-weather station at the top. At one curve we stopped to watch teenaged boys playing with the ice from a frozen waterfall. When we started

up the mountain the road was so steep for our car that the boys needed to give us a push.

This had been a daring trip full of spectacular scenery and adventure. Even now, sixty years later, we have yet to meet anyone else who has traveled Taiwan's East Coast Highway.

*Harriet and David Hathaway*

---

## Class Trip

Not a melting pot, but a tossed salad,  
my students, newcomers from exotic places.

Merged with second, third and fourth  
generation Americans,  
we taught each other daily through the  
challenges and successes of school life.

Travel companions,  
living international picture dictionaries,  
sharing language and cuisine,  
explaining customs and clothing.

We explored ethnic music, art, literature.  
We examined artifacts, celebrated holidays,  
viewed maps, photographs, films.  
We formed teams, discussion groups, chose  
study partners.

By connecting, engaging, learning, and  
having fun,  
we gained new perspectives, new approaches,  
and embraced the world, each other, and  
ourselves.

To China, Portugal, Croatia,  
Viet Nam, Korea, India, Philippines, Cuba:  
some of my most vibrant travels  
by virtue of the shining threads  
in the tapestry  
of my urban public classroom.

*Mary Jane Parke*





## A Jordanian Experience

My husband Jon and I had a wonderful trip to Jordan in 2010. We followed the footsteps of our son who had been the guest of King Abdullah in 2006 to make photographs for the new King's Academy, (which is sometimes called "Deerfield in the Desert"). Our tour took us to the places that the King had taken Rob's group from Deerfield.

The places we saw and experienced have left an enduring impression on me. In Amman, the capital of Jordan, we were part of a thriving city with markets, stores, schools and parks. I remember seeing an elementary school end its day with students skipping through the schoolyard to meet their waiting mothers, as we do here in the USA. However, the mothers were wearing black burkas, covered completely except for their eyes. I still wonder how those children could know who was who!



Our group spent a day in Wadi Rum, a very wide riverbed between sandstone mountains. We were guests of Bedouins in their goat hair tent, just as we might be at a Texas Barbecue. It was different because everything was covered by oriental rugs! Tracking sand in from the desert was not a problem for the ground covering or hay bales covered as couches. While the cooks prepared delicious food over open fires, our drivers had time off to sit in their Toyota SUVs and talk on their cell phones. I still remember the old and the new right next to each other.

Another day was spent in Petra, a UNESCO World Heritage site. A city of 20,000 had lived circa 400 AD in these buildings carved out of red

sandstone. I still marvel that they created a water delivery system from the river there. The inhabitants had a thriving business with a trade route that went from the deserts of the east to western populations. Frankincense was a major trade, so I think of Petra when I think of the Magi. I wonder how these magnificent buildings and their well-developed infrastructure can cease to exist except as a tourist attraction. Is it possible that one of our cities could fail and become a historic museum?

Swimming in the Dead Sea was fun because it really is impossible to sink! One has to push to get your feet down to the bottom. But the Dead Sea has shrunk over recent decades, and there is talk of building a "Red to the Dead" canal to import water to the Dead Sea. The Jordan River is only a few feet wide as it arrives at the Dead Sea. Climate change and agricultural irrigation affects Jordan just as it does in our farmlands.

These reflections mean even more to me as I consider all that is going on in Israel and the Gaza Strip. Being in these beautiful, interesting places has brought me much closer to the feeling that we are really one world.

*Sonja Strong*

## To The Edge And Back

"Transport," says the attendant as he pushes the gurney into my room.

I am tense with worry. My every muscle and nerve are taut as a string ready to snap. To ease my anxiety, and his, Allan squeezes my hand. He leans over to kiss me. "Everything will be OK," he said. "I will be right here when you get back."

I am shifted from bed to gurney. A bit of pressure and a sharp pain tell me that the IV needle has entered my arm. Sleep gently closes my eyes. Like a soft blanket it envelopes me; pulls me into deep nothingness. I am wheeled into the operating room. My form is still; heavier than granite.

Without explanation, I find myself transported out of profound darkness into a long tunnel. The beautiful light of a happy summer





day and a feeling of complete peace permeate the space. *What is this? Where am I?* I wonder. I look around me. There, in the distance, I see a familiar figure approaching me. No, it cannot be my father. He died years ago.

Hope, born of longing, leaps in my heart. Baba? Is that you?

But my father does not speak. He is silent as he raises his arms. His hands beckon me. Come closer, they seem to say.

I long to touch him; to hug him. Baba, please talk to me. I miss you. I move closer. But, as I reach out to touch him he fades away.

Pain! Searing pain pierces my abdomen. A lump of sadness fills my chest. Come back Baba. Please come back.

Distant voices drift through the fog of semi consciousness. "Hurry, Hurry! We are losing her."

I am weightless. Like a helium balloon, I drift upwards. I float above the operating room. I see myself, limp and motionless on the table. *What a queer sensation! How can this be? How strange. Is that really me down there?* In minutes, guided by an unseen force, I reenter my body.

"Thank God! Thank God! She is coming back," say the voices.

Slowly, I open my eyes. I am back in my room. I see Allan. The sight of him lights up my heart. "You are here," I say. Happiness carries me past the unbearable pain. Allan is here. I am alive. Allan takes my hand; presses it to his cheek. Then he brings it, wet with tears, to his lips."

*Mouna Anderson*



## Our Solar Eclipse Adventures

My husband, Joe Horowitz, and I have seen four exciting total solar eclipses together, and I saw three before I met him. Joe, a great travel planner, made several plans for each of the eclipses we saw together, reacting to various changes in circumstances.

Eclipse times are predictable with great accuracy hundreds of years ahead. Weather, of course, is not! We have had many weather dramas, changing plans at the last minute, and sometimes driving to keep a hole in the clouds between us and the Sun. We did that near Nashville in 2017, and saw a most beautiful corona in clear skies. And we heard cicadas during totality! At our 1998 eclipse in Curacao, it was pouring rain when we left for our viewing site, and we had perfectly clear skies at eclipse time.

For the total eclipse on the Big Island of Hawaii in 1991, we went to a site where we thought the weather prospects were the best. There were thin clouds in front of the Sun at totality. We saw the inner corona, prominences, and the diamond ring, but we didn't see most of the corona. If we had stayed at our bed and breakfast we would have had perfectly clear skies!

At the eclipse in France in 1999, Joe had arranged with AccuWeather to give us weather updates via cellphone as our driver took us from rain in Paris through cloudy skies to what we hoped would be clear skies. We were told to head northwest toward the Normandy coast where the clouds might break up. But as we drove, other clouds were moving in from the coast. The partial eclipse was already underway. Right near the coast, we turned around and raced in the opposite direction. We stopped again and again and each time the coastal clouds overtook us. Finally, with five minutes to go until totality, we took a left turn into deep woods! Luckily, we broke out of the woods, and stopped on the edge of a farmer's field. We ran up a little ways and heard a rooster crow, "cock-a-doodle-doo!" The eclipse became total. We only saw the inner corona, as there were thin clouds, but we saw seven beautiful red-orange prominences. And we saw the diamond ring before and after totality, and the planet Venus near the Sun. The trip was a big success!

*Nancy Hicks*





## American Migrations

As with many families, my mother's family's migration was driven by religion. Specifically, my great-great-grandfather couldn't stand the fact that Harvard had come under the sway of the Unitarians. As devout Congregationalists, the family pulled up stakes in CT in the early 1800's and headed west to NY state following what was sometimes known as the Northern Bible Belt, where the family patriarch, Solomon Bundy, announced that they had reached their destination. He meant it too. He apparently spent most of the rest of his life sleeping in his coffin. He wanted to be ready.

The next generation at some point continued on to Grand Rapids, MI, where the Congregationalism was more to their liking, Harvey Hollister Bundy, now the family patriarch, had been heard to say that all he needed for complete happiness was the Sermon on the Mount and the good Lord who gave it. With his wife and three sons he spent all of Sunday and several hours on Wednesday evenings in church. It would all prove too much for the sons, who all went to college in the east and never came back. They came to believe that Sundays were meant for golf.

Others in Grand Rapids proved more steadfast in their faith. When my aunt and her husband drove around the country in the early 1940's, they detoured through Grand Rapids to see the family homestead. When they stopped to fill up the tank they were greeted by a large sign announcing: "Do not swear. God is listening."

My father's family also ventured into the upper Midwest in the first half of the 1800's, in the person of Henry Hedrick Belin. Belin graduated from West Point in the 1820's and joined the Army Corps of Engineers. He served with a group surveying the northeastern border between Canada and the United States, after which he was appointed to lead a group surveying a route for a canal running between MI and IL. I can't find any evidence that such a canal was ever built, but it was quite a trip: 3,000 miles from St. Louis to the Wisconsin Territory and back, traveling by horse and wagon, with help from barges at some river crossings and the last 700 miles on foot. Belin's diary, which I found in a small museum

in Delaware, is good reading: the expedition ran into Indian tribes twice, fortunately friendly ones, who performed a corn dance and a pipe dance before sharing a couple of buckets of whiskey and pouches of tobacco. There was no need for a rain dance as the expedition was pounded regularly by pouring rain, prompting Belin to nickname one camp as "Camp Moschitto" and another as "Camp Disappointment." Several expedition members had to be sent home for medical treatment. Despite the woes of wilderness camping, however, there were occasional moments where everything came together.

Belin writes: "I shaved and put on clean clothes. The latter is quite an event as it is performed about once a week. Took another chance at the beef. It tasted as well for breakfast as it did for dinner the night before. Had my hair cut. I should rather say shaved for there is not a hair that is half an inch long on my head. It has come out so fast lately that I shall arrive in Washington with a wig.

"Had dinner about four: roast beef, potatoes beets and onions. A cup of coffee afterwards. Laid on my back with a good Spanish sugar in my mouth and luxuriated. Built castles in the air. I felt happy, distinctly showing how much of the animal there is in man."

Ultimately, the hard nights outnumbered the happy ones, and by the time Belin staggered into St. Louis, he had to spend three months in the hospital recuperating.

*Dick Belin*

## Where Were You on August 1, 1965?

An incongruous moment awaited me in Bangkok, Thailand on August 1, 1965. A college friend, Sally H., had completed a two-year stint as a teacher at the American School in Beirut, Lebanon. Our letters back and forth in the late spring went something like this.

*"Dear Mary, I finish my teaching job in Beirut in June and plan to spend the summer returning to the USA via the Middle and Far East. Can you join me on that trip? I am also asking classmate Sally E. and a new friend Mary Jo to join me. I hope you can come. Love, Sally."*

"Dear Sally, I have not yet finished even one





year in my new job in the Admissions Office at Wheelock College, but I have learned that I get one month's vacation. I can't do the entire trip, but where will you be on August 1st? I'll meet you there. Can't wait! Love, Mary"

*"Dear Mary, We will be in Bangkok, Thailand on August 1. When you get there, go to the King's Hotel as that is where we plan to stay. Look forward to having you join us. Love, Sally"*

So I hopped on a plane from Boston to London on July 31st. After an overnight there I boarded Flight #1 which went around the world west to east. It was twenty hours London to Bangkok with stops in Frankfurt, Munich, Istanbul, Beirut, Karachi, and New Delhi.

The plane landed in Bangkok mid-morning. There were two passport booths. I went to the closer one. The customs officer looked at my passport, then looked at me and said: *"Mary Robinson. I have a note for you!"* He swiveled around and plucked a note that had been tacked to a bulletin board behind him. The note said, *"Mary, Don't go to the King's Hotel. Take a taxi to the Christian Guest house instead. We've gone to Chiang Mai for the day and we'll see you when we get back later today. Sally"*

How stunning was that? To think one could just leave a note at the Bangkok airport and hope that a customs officer would deliver it at all, no less to the right person.

The rest of our trip was great. From Bangkok, we went to Penang and Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, Singapore, Phnom Penh. Siem Reap and Angkor Wat, Cambodia, Hong Kong, Osaka, Kyoto, Tokyo, Japan and home. That trip not only confirmed my ability to travel solo, but also that there was so much more to the world than my simple little life in Boston. It was an eye-opener and set the stage for future worldwide travels.

*Mary Whittemore*

## Our Trip to Sri Lanka

**I**n December 2009, Lynne and I flew to Bangalore, India for a six week holiday and exploration of South India. Our oldest daughter lived in the outskirts of Bangalore. There we mapped out an itinerary with hopes to see as much as possible in South India.

We were also very interested in visiting Sri Lanka, the former Ceylon, a place we had always wanted to visit. Its extensive Buddhist history and renown as a tea producing country were of special interest. In early January we flew to Colombo, its largest city. In a rented car we drove to the central part of Sri Lanka near the town of Dumballa, which has a major collection of gold Buddhist statues and images and other points of interest. Arriving mid-afternoon, we deposited our bags in an inexpensive motel and headed off to visit some sites. Back at our motel, we found that although our accommodations were less than perfect, the food was exotic and delicious. The following day we visited the monastery and some additional Buddhist artifacts located in caves. To our surprise, we saw far more Buddhist history in Sri Lanka than in India.

Next, we drove to a large tea estate near the capital, Kandy. The tea estate possessed all the important steps in tea processing: drying, roasting, grading and packaging their highest grade under their own brand. The manager agreed to walk us through their fascinating facility. The newly picked green tea leaves start at the top of a four-story, wooden building. The leaves gradually worked their way down through many steps of warming and drying, finally heating and roasting. There was a wonderful, unforgettable aroma. After the roasting step, the tea leaves were allowed to cool and sent for grading. We learned that the major mass-marketed tea brands: Lipton, Tetley and others are made from what is called "floor sweepings" by the tea estates.

On our final day in Sri Lanka we visited a large botanical garden on the outskirts of Kandy. While leisurely walking through a forest of majestic old ginkgo and other tropical trees, we could hear a political rally building in intensity outside the garden. We did not know what the rally was about, but because the leading candidate had very recently been assassinated, we became concerned. As the rancor of the crowd increased, we moved further into the garden where we felt safer. When evening approached, the crowd gradually dispersed, and we exited the garden. Overall, our visit was very positive. Sri Lanka is a beautiful and interesting country, well worth visiting.

*Don Yansen*





## A Trail Near Home

Many of us here have traveled the world and can describe the wonders we have seen. Many of us are now limited to our campus and the paths and views here. As Thoreau said, there is plenty to see and wonder at right outside our doors.

Part of our Perimeter Path leads from the south meadow, goes behind Falmouth, Essex, Dartmouth and Bedford Courts and then descends from the height above Arlington Court to the junction of Old Billerica Road and Burlington Turnpike.



If we walk that way I think we are in the footsteps of people and animals who have skirted Spring Brook and its wetland for many, many years. Standing sentinel a few hundred yards along is the remnant of a white pine – a behemoth that some term Methusaleh. If one takes its circumference (170”), divides by 3.14 (diameter), and multiplies by the accepted white pine ratio of 5, that gives us its age as about 277 years. There is a bench nearby which I enjoy in my favorite pastime of forest washing. Who else may have paused here in 1723 to notice a seedling white pine?

This is not virgin forest, and drainage ditches and stone walls tell us that this land was put to various uses over time. Children from Wagon Wheel Road traversed it and crossed the stream on their way to Page Road School in the 60’s and 70’s, according to Emily O’Hara. The road had no sidewalks and this was safer. The water level was lower and they made crude bridges over the marsh.

With the development of Carleton-Willard, residents sought out places to walk, and by the end of the 80’s Barbara Doyle says she had gotten the Boy Scouts to help by clearing brush along the path and building the first of the boardwalks. This relationship has continued, and with CWV paying for materials and other support for this Eagle Troop,

it is possible to walk dry shod in all but the wettest weather, unless another dam is constructed by beavers at the culvert under Old Billerica Road!

Human traffic is but one aspect of travel over this old path. Thanks to Ginny Steel’s camera we know that it is how many four-footed creatures make their way around our property. I see fewer

animals crossing our rear yard into and out of the meadow now than before Arlington Court was built. They have learned that the path on the perimeter of the property is better for them.

For us, taking that path has immeasurably added to our pleasure in our travels



around Carleton-Willard.

*Anne Schmalz*

## Rotary Rodeo Youthful Escapades

I was raised in Longmeadow, a small suburban town in western MA. There was a particular rite of passage for sixteen year olds who had just earned their driver’s licenses. A newly minted driver would load his car with pals, as would two or three other drivers, and head to the Memorial Bridge connecting Springfield with its Connecticut River neighbor, West Springfield. On the west side of the river was a beautiful, perfectly circular, rotary. The rite of passage was to engage in a game we called Rotary Rodeo, in which the object was to “capture” as many cars as we could on the inner-most lane of the rotary. This was accomplished by having our three or more cars travel at varying speeds on the outer radius to prevent the inner circle of cars from exiting the rotary. Success was achieved when we could capture three or more cars. Luckily this was before road rage was institutionalized as the captured drivers were clearly frustrated by their





inability to exit the rotary without first making several extra turns around the circle. We did observe fists banging on the steering wheels and an occasional middle finger salute. Such fun!



On one occasion, Kirk, who was situated in the “way back” of Teddy’s 1960 Ford Falcon station wagon, called out to Teddy to make at least one more turn around the rotary, even though we had clearly accomplished our goals for the day. Kirk then proceeded to place a “full moon” or some would call it a “pressed ham” on the rear window. Unbeknownst to all of us drivers and passengers, behind the Falcon was none other than our town’s chief of police’s wife, Mrs. Yarsley. She didn’t recognize Kirk’s butt, but she did recognize the brand-new Falcon wagon as belonging to Teddy’s parents. Again, we lived in a small town. After Kirk’s cheeky encore, all of us headed to Teddy’s house where we spread out in his barn’s rec room to revel and recount our driving prowess and Kirk’s hilarious spontaneous exhibition.

Within a half hour or so, Teddy’s mother called out to the barn for us to gather in the living room. Standing erect and in full uniform was Chief Yarsley, who didn’t appear to be in a jovial mood as the dozen or so rodeo drivers and passengers reluctantly slunk into the living room. The chief wasn’t interested in learning which of us gave the full moon, even though I’m sure he could have easily broken us down to reveal the identity of the “mooner.” He took the position that all of us were responsible, both for Kirk’s exhibition and of course the rodeo drivers and passengers for their role in impeding traffic. Not one of us had the courage to tell the chief that he didn’t have jurisdiction in West Springfield.

Chief Y’s directive was simple and straight forward. Our consequence: we would provide immaculate litter patrol for the entire summer along the mile long green that ran through town along the highway (Route 5). The chief’s action provided at least two positives: 1) we may have been the first group of people to formally adopt a highway for litter patrol, and 2) as far as I know, none of us gave up Kirk. Until now.

*Will Wright*

## Riverboat Rafting

I recently saw an advertisement for sailing down one of the state of Maine’s rivers on a large, rubberized raft. It triggered a memory of one of my wife’s and my trips.

One of our friends thought it would be different to take one of these big rafts down the river some Sunday. The fellow asked if we would like to go with them and a few others.

Our narrow raft held about eight passengers, seated side-by-side, and our guide. She was a young college student. She was experienced and the river this springtime was bubbling and boiling so it might be interesting and challenging.

We loaded onto the big raft and sat down on the wooden seating. Everyone was in a bathing suit and wearing a life jacket, as required, just in case.

All went well with our capable steerer guiding us away from the maybe dangerous spots. Then we came to a place where she had to turn the raft a little to the right of the riverbank to avoid a spot where the bubbling, gurgling river suddenly dropped eight to ten feet into a little still pool of river water.

She missed. The raft went left and all or most of the seated inhabitants were thrown out into the icy cold fast flowing river. Only the guide, my wife, and one of our male friends, (who ended up sitting, uninvited, on her) were left on the raft.

We all got out of the water and back onto the raft. The rest of the trip was without any more excitement. We showered in showers which they had provided, dressed, and had stories to tell like this one.

*Wally Campbell*





## Carriacou

Our vacations have often been a quest for rural places new to us. As owners of a large farm and weekend campground, we often took our major vacations in February, which usually took us to warmer venues. One such quest started with the mention of the Island of Carriacou in a sailing magazine. Our index of old National Geographic magazines led us to a couple of articles on the island, and we (or at least I) were hooked.

Searching for flights, we found a direct flight to Grenada from Boston and a flight the next morning to Carriacou. We found overnight lodging at a place called Grand View, very near the Grenada Airport. What didn't show on the map was that it was up a very steep road, and indeed had a grand view! A fellow there called Pirat ran a restaurant called Pirate's Cove, which had good local fish and salads. The next morning we explored the hilltop and found a resort next door that had been featured in a Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue, now a Sandals resort.

After lunch we boarded the twenty-five mile flight to Carriacou. It was not a reassuring flight on a six seat plane with bits and pieces of the trim rattling and sliding around. We considered taking the ferry for the return trip. Approaching the airport in Carriacou we were surprised to see the road to the Southern part of the island went across the runway! Thankfully all was clear.

Carriacou is about ten miles long and four miles wide, with a population of 5000. There are several distinct villages, each with its own national character. Argyle is in the south, with a British flavor as is Hillsborough, in the west center of the island, where we stayed. Bogles is largely Scandinavian in character, with the best restaurant! L'Esterre is somewhat French, with good informal food, beautiful beaches and Sandy Island offshore. Windward is a Scottish settlement where most of the careenage and boat repairs are done. A ridge of steep hills forms the backbone of the island.

The cottage was a two-unit apartment, with a front porch. There were three cottages near the main hotel, where a restaurant was located. The

most unusual feature was large tortoises living in burrows near the cottages. Each morning they showed up craning their necks for scraps just like a flock of chickens! We got acquainted with the family next door, whose six-year-old son often fed the tortoises their scraps.



We enjoyed the beaches and snorkeling often in L'Esterre and hiked to each of the other villages, enjoying varied cuisine and taking in the unique ambience. On one trip, we returned via the local taxi, a VW bus, where I forgot my hat. The next day, the driver stopped by as we were walking, and returned the hat!

As our return trip approached, we were advised there was not enough fuel to operate the airplane. By then we had decided to return by ferry boat, which ended our vacation with much more secure travel over the twenty-five miles to Grenada.

*Vern Gaw*

## An Interesting Experiment

Have you ever wanted to have a different aptitude? Well I have. Some of us think in terms of words and others in terms of pictures. If I meet someone for the first time I will remember what they look like but probably forget their name. When I read something I will have trouble remembering the words but will remember the pictures if there are any. Apparently if you think in terms of words you will be more inclined to like liberal arts whereas if you think in terms of pictures or concepts you would probably prefer engineering or science. Anyway, I lived in a suburb of Chicago and attended Northwestern University taking courses in accounting and finance, and didn't do very well. So later, after spending two years in the service,





I decided to attend Purdue University because my parents had moved to Indiana and I wanted to try my luck at taking engineering courses. I think this proved to be the best decision I ever made because I was able to do better than I had done at Northwestern. I would heartily recommend to young people to get into the type of courses that you like even if it means you have to spend additional time in school. After all if they are going to spend thirty-five to forty years in a job it is important for it to be in what they like even though they may not make as much money. I felt a tremendous relief when I started at Purdue and could take courses in which I could do well.

We ran into a lot of students at Purdue who were not suited to engineering and were not happy. I particularly remember one day when we had just finished a test, and a fellow I knew was standing outside the class with his head down looking like he was almost in tears saying, "I guess I am not going to make it."

I had trouble thinking of things to say and felt a little awkward on dates and in group discussions, and here I was rooming with a fellow who was better at conversation than I was, but he was having trouble understanding the technical material in his engineering courses. He was trying to compensate for this by memorizing equations hoping it would help him. He would record the name of an equation, let the recording run for a few seconds giving him time during playback to recall the elements of the equation, then record the elements of the equation. Then he would play the recording and after hearing the name of each equation, try to repeat the elements in the equation before hearing the recording of the elements. I'm not sure it helped him that much because you had to "understand" what the equation was all about which means you had to have a "picture" of it in your mind.

Then it occurred to me that perhaps I could try the same thing, only with the definition of words. I would record a word and then try to recall the definition of the word before hearing it. Perhaps it would help me to recall words and make it easier to maintain a conversation. I did this with eight or ten words at a time. What I found was that it not only became a little easier to recall words but also to recall other subjects and talk about them.

But then what do you suppose happened? I

found that I began to have trouble understanding engineering concepts! I could not recall pictures of formulas or engineering concepts as easily as I could before. So now I was in a real quandary! Which is more important, feeling more at ease in a group (and I might add dating girls) or maintaining good course grades?

I must have been able to strike a good compromise because I was able to graduate with good grades, get a good job, and get married, all in the same year! You couldn't ask for more than that. I still occasionally record and test my recall with some words and I think it helps me to maintain a conversation.

Of course one is always reading about how you should keep your mind active to stave off Alzheimer's and maybe this will help in that respect. Particularly the ability to improve recall.

*Tom Stockdale*

## Burlap Army



....."Ten-shun! You've been stationed along this road part way up the back hill to protect Carleton-Willard Village. Your summer uniforms are regulation green but the staff hasn't been able to get regulation winter uniforms so they've determined that you can relax in place while wearing what they've issued you. That's all for now."

....."Ten-shun! Last week's winter storm seems to have been hard on your uniforms but we still need you here and the Village is grateful. You can stay relaxed but, as we want you to remain orderly, keep in place no matter what the weather. I also want to tell you that you've been named the BURLAP ARMY! That's all."

*Barbara Worcester*





## Food Waste Should Not Go Into Your Trash!

In the last few months collection bins have been placed in the Falmouth Court Circle and by the Andover mailboxes. A pilot program initiated by the Green Team has encouraged residents to divert their food scraps – anything food related that they did not eat – to these bins. They are collected by a vendor and added to the food waste from Carleton-Willard's kitchens. The first vendor trucked it to another vendor where it was turned into biogas. An alternate vendor might turn it into rich compost fertilizer if enough can be collected. Whatever the destination, it is diverted from landfills.



## Perimeter Path Boardwalk

Early on a Saturday morning Chris Golen, CWV President and CEO, and one of the Scouts cut a ribbon to mark the opening of the new section of boardwalk on our Perimeter Path. The Bedford Scouts have worked on this community service project over the last two years, under the guidance of Allan Coady, Committee Chairman of the Troop. He not only organized this complex undertaking, but, since the Scouts are not allowed to use power tools, he built the railing himself. Carleton-Willard has been supporting the Scout troop for many years and will continue to benefit from their service with more new boardwalks.

## Hanukkah Comes to Carleton Willard!

Our celebrations were much enhanced by the participation of Rabbi Susan Abramson from Temple Shalom Emeth in Burlington. For the first day of the lighting of the hanukkiyah (a special menorah for the holiday), Rabbi Abramson came here, with her accompanist playing keyboard and singing. We heard the story of Antiochus and the Macabees, learned about the miracle of the oil which lasted for eight days, sang some songs, and two of us even attempted dancing the hora (briefly!) A few days later Rabbi Abramson returned with a fuller complement of musicians, and we were treated to an evening of Hanukkah songs and even some old favorites that had nothing to do with the holiday, but were nostalgic and fun to hear and to join in on the singing. The performers were Rabbi Abramson, Ben Silver, Sheldon Cooperman, Phyllis Berlow, Michelle Grossman, and Fran Bloomfield. Following the concert there was a beautiful array of Hanukkah delicacies: latkes with the requisite sour cream and applesauce and a tray of sufganiyot (small jelly donuts that are part of the celebration.) The kitchen staff outdid themselves with this festive spread. Thank you! And, of course the evening would not have been complete without some dreidel playing and the exchange of chocolate Hanukkah gelt. *Hanukkah sameach!*

## Rounding Out Our Holiday Celebrations

We started with Hanukkah, moved right into the Service of Hope followed by Lessons and Carols and a series of sessions on the Messiah. But at the end of it all was the last day of Epiphany and the sharing of residents' creches. The program began with a video of last year's displays and then turned to the nine creches brought for this year's celebration. Virginia Steel, Alexx Wood, Madelyn Armstrong, Bob Schmalz, Barbara Worcester, Ann Dawson, Janna Hadley, Janie Stephenson, and Lee Carpenter brought their treasures. From Bethlehem, Germany, or Mexico, in wood carving or in tin, they were a joy to behold.





# Happenings

## The Woodworking Shop

Nestled in the lower level of Winthrop is our Woodworking Shop. It is far more than that, with grinders, metal lathes and drill presses complementing a wood lathe, router, compound miter saw, sanders, buffers, scroll saw, band saw and more. Exclusively for CWV residents, you'll find the "regulars" there pursuing projects large and small. During the past year the team has renovated the shop, eliminating storage cabinets of donated tools and making a more open layout putting tools where they can be more easily found. If you want to repair something you'll find the tool needed is likely there. Shop members are happy to help residents who need a chair or table glued, or a lamp fixed. There are lots of supplies such as glue, paints, stains, wood, wire, brushes, lubricants... the list is endless. If you need help call Brown Pulliam or Vern Gaw. To join the Woodworking Shop you will need to take the Woodworking Shop physical exam to assure safety in the shop. Then you will receive a key to the shop and will be free to work there between the hours of 8AM to 5PM. There will be someone to help familiarize you with tool locations and supplies.

## On the Beautiful Blue Danube

Noted lecturer and opera scholar, Erika Reitshamer, transported CWV residents to Austria's capital of classical music with her program *The Sounds of Vienna*. The audience was treated to opera performances at the dazzling Vienna State Opera House, a Vienna Boys Choir concert, and Vienna songs sung in the local dialect by tenor Jonas Kaufmann. Accompanied by Strauss' waltzes and polkas, Erika's presentation also explored historic Ring Boulevard, the magnificent Spanish Riding School with Lipizzaner Stallions, and various Viennese culinary delights. Opera, waltz, architecture, and Sacher torte!

## The 2024 Barbara Doyle Lecture

The inaugural Barbara Doyle Lecture attracted a large group of residents and at-home and waiting list folks to hear about "Technology's Effect on Media and Public Policy." We became students again as most of us could use a lot more information in this area. We are consumers of the news media and use social media in our various ways, but there are so many points at which both positive and negative influences enter into the processing of information. Laura Manley, Executive Director of the Shorenstein Center at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard was well able to shed light on the subject and answer the many questions raised.



## It Was Dinner in Paris!

The musical ambiance of a café in Paris whirled throughout Main Street as the soulful melody of the button box accordion and the piano serenaded diners at the entrance to the Abbott Dining Room before dinner. Andrew Munkres and his son Ben, son and grandson of CWV resident and musician, Jim Munkres, combined their musical talents to present a dreamy program of traditional multicultural dance music spotlighting waltzes, mazurkas and polkas. During the presentation, the musicians explored the musical differences and similarities of these music forms of the 19th century. The magic of the music carried diners away to the charming streets in the City of Love. Merci.





## A Conversation with Peggy McKibben

It's 10:30 in the Victoria Café and Peggy is there just as I arrive. She's ready with stories and details from her very interesting life, and we talk for over an hour with great ease and pleasure.

She's had a lucky life, she says. But, of course, it wasn't all luck. It was skill and energy and good judgment. Peggy has lived at CWV for sixteen years and she's been happy here. She's made some of the best friends of her life here; some are almost like sisters, she remarks. And she's been involved in every sort of activity, from (the somewhat improbable, for her) program chair of the Garden Club to co-editor of *The Villager*, always a member of the Green Team, and now Third Act. An impressive coda to all the travels and excitement of her earlier years.

Life started for her in a three-room school in West Virginia and then took her to six states and two countries. West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, California, Massachusetts, Canada and England have all been home. Her college years were spent at Marietta College, where a journalism professor convinced her that she could write feature articles and even helped her to sell some before she graduated. Then it was on to Sweet Briar for her first job as part of their news bureau, and then acceptance of a job at Whittier College near Los Angeles. Within two weeks Whittier's best-known alum, Richard Nixon, was named by Dwight Eisenhower to be his running mate. That was an exciting time, with reporters often flocking to the college for Nixon background. After several years, the Bureau Chief of *Business Week* was there and needed an Editorial Assistant. Peggy was hired for another job that she loved.

At a press luncheon she met Gordon McKibben, a young reporter for *The Wall Street Journal*, and thus began a relationship "with the kindest man in the world," as Peggy describes him. They were married in California and their two sons were born there. Later, when Gordon was working for *Business Week*, they moved to Toronto, where Gordon was Canadian Bureau

chief for five years and where the boys started school and were immensely happy. Another transfer took them to Boston. There Gordon changed jobs, becoming the Business Editor of *The Boston Globe*. They lived in Lexington, and both boys attended the Lexington Public Schools. During the Boston school desegregation period, Peggy worked for School Volunteers for Boston, a private organization that recruited, trained, and placed volunteers to assist teachers.

In 1987 Gordon was appointed the *Globe's* European Correspondent. He and Peggy lived in London. He travelled throughout Europe where the Eastern Bloc of nations was breaking up and to Ireland and Northern Ireland to cover the great friction happening there. He was away often. In addition to worrying about him, Peggy volunteered at a London hospital, visited art museums, churches, parks, and loved London. She sometimes could travel with Gordon and visited many parts of Europe.

Reading *The New Yorker* aloud to each other while running an addressograph machine at a California church during her pregnancy is how Peggy jokingly accounts for her son's rise to fame. After Bill's graduation from Harvard, where he was editor of *The Crimson*, he was called by William Shawn and offered a job at *The New Yorker* writing "Talk of the Town" pieces. Over the years, while he has taken on many other jobs, he has had a close connection with the magazine and now writes frequent articles for the online version.

Peggy is quick to point out the achievements of her other son, Tom. He taught for 37 years in Maine schools with particular skills and training in working with special needs populations. As she says, Bill is known and venerated by a huge circle of people, but Tom is cherished by a smaller group equally grateful for his place in their lives.

It was over an hour by now; our coffee was cold, and I felt that we could have gone on happily through lunch. CWV is filled with interesting people, and the more you learn about them, the more you admire.

Marjorie Roemer





# PROFILES



## *Welcome New Residents*

### **Estelle Keast**

from Carlisle, 6/2/2023

### **Carolyn Davies**

from Concord, 11/16/23

### **Donald and Patricia MacIsaac**

from Jaffrey, NH, 11/14/23

### **Charles Welch**

from Cambridge, 11/20/23

### **Marian Smith**

from Arlington, 12/1/23

### **Jennifer Su**

from Stone Mountain, GA, 12/5/23

### **Gail and Hadi Madjid**

from Concord, 12/6/23

### **Jane Sheehan**

from Mansfield, MA, 12/28/23





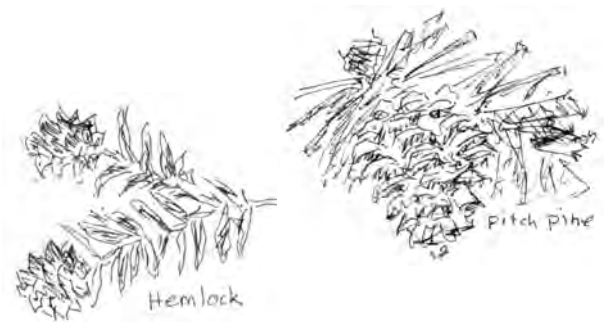
















## *In Memory*

Richard Zammitti	10/20
Erica Drazen	11/25
Mary Rauscher	12/4
Alan Kaitz	12/10
Elizabeth 'Libby' Thorne	12/11
Mary Semon	12/12
Patricia Hilsinger	12/31
Charles Conlon	1/2
Priscilla Sarna	1/3
John 'Jack' Wheatley	1/8
Emily Holt	1/12
Frances 'Fran' Bronzo	1/14
Margaret Mendelsohn	1/14
Paul Wiggin	1/16
Terence Buckley	1/17
Thomas 'Tom' Guthrie	1/18
Antonio 'Tony' Mauriello	1/19
Stefan Schatzki	1/20
Phyllis Brooks	2/2



## *A Reflection*

We worry about the destruction and injustice  
of so much human behavior,  
futile wars, the desperation of so many  
who want only what we take for granted -

But there are moments  
we put worry aside and are grateful ...

...for the wrens who sleep snugly  
in the pine needle nest beside our front  
door,

...and for the squirrels who provide us with  
such entertainment at feeding time on our  
deck -  
the bushy-tailed one, the short-tailed one  
and the two-tailed one,

...and for the dogwood and the andromeda  
and the viburnum  
which have set bud to bloom in the spring

... and for the smell of wood smoke  
from our neighbor's chimney,  
rising in the chill air,

... and for the memory of the love and laughter  
of family gathered around our table,

... and for the comforting presence of each  
other.

*Anne Schmalz*







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

## 2023 in Review

A new calendar year has begun and all of us are enjoying the activities and parties that were missing during the Covid pandemic. A wonderful group of new residents have added their abilities and enthusiasms to our life here and we have begun 2024 together, with a very positive attitude. Chris Golen, our new leader, is a great listener and he has accomplished a lot already. Life is good here at Carleton-Willard Village.

The library continues to thrive. Here is a summary of our activity in 2023. As of January 1, 2024, our collection contains a total of 3467 books.

### New Books

300 new books were added to the collection in 2023: 170 regular print titles, 84 large print titles and 46 donations. The Library Committee met each month to do book selection, and we averaged 25 new books each month which were eagerly awaited.

### Book Circulation

Our report for the year shows that a total of 2962 books were signed out in 2023, averaging approximately 247 books each month, 187 regular print titles and 60 large print titles. In addition, the shelf in the hall has offered a constant supply of paperback books that are free for the taking. Our residents love to read!

### Weeding the Collection

Over the course of the year, the members of the Library Committee did shelf reading and weeded the collection. A total of 270 books were removed, easing the crowded shelves and making room for new books. The regular print removals were donated to the Carleton-Willard staff and the Bedford Public Library. The large print removals were put aside to sell at the next Trinkets and Treasures fair. Every removal found a new home.

### Behind the Scenes

There is always work to be done in the library. Shelving of returned books, entering circulation data into the computer, keeping track of overdue books, previewing possible new titles, organizing the daily newspapers and puzzles, processing new books and putting copies of new book covers on the bulletin board in the hall are just a few of the jobs that keep us all busy.

The library is a very important part of our life here at Carleton-Willard, and the committee is always open to suggestions. We look forward to another fantastic year. Happy reading!

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair of the Library Committee*





## Among the Newest

*Absolution* by Alice McDermott

On the periphery of the Vietnam War the U.S. Government hired engineers and lawyers to go to Saigon to figure out Vietnam's future. But this is the story of their wives who accompanied them, their impulse to do good, and their thoughts years later when they reconnect.

*The Dictionary People* by Sarah Ogilvie

The scores of dedicated volunteers who created the Oxford English Dictionary: suffragists, eccentrics, the occasional murderer...

*The Berry Pickers* by Amanda Peters

In 1962 a Mi'kmaq family from Nova Scotia comes to Maine to pick blueberries for the summer. Their 4-year-old daughter disappears. Unresolved for nearly 50 years, the mystery will haunt the survivors and unravel a family.

*Blood Memory* by Dayton Duncan and Ken Burns

The tragic decline and improbable resurrection of the American Buffalo, which lived alongside Native Americans for 10,000 years, until Europeans found them a nuisance.

*The Watchmaker's Hand* by Jeffrey Deaver

Forensic criminalist Lincoln Rhyme and detective Amelia Sachs track a criminal whose m.o. is toppling cranes in New York City.

*The Comfort of Crows* by Margaret Renkl

A cherished observer of the natural world, Renkl follows the creatures and plants in her back yard for a year.

*The Frozen River* by Ariel Lawhon

A man has been found frozen in ice on the Kennebec River in Maine. A gripping historical mystery inspired by the life of a renowned 18c midwife who defied the legal system and wrote herself into American history.

*Oath and Honor* by Liz Cheney

Gripping first-hand account of the Jan. 6 insurrection from inside the halls of Congress, including those who helped Trump spread the stolen election lie, those whose actions preserved our constitutional framework, and the risks we still face.

*The Mystery Guest* by Nita Prose

Molly has risen through the ranks of the 5-star Regency Grand Hotel to become the esteemed Head Maid. Then J. D. Grimthorpe, the world-renowned mystery author, drops dead on the tearoom floor. Coincidence or murder?

*Of Time and Turtles* by Sy Montgomery

Mending the world, shell by shattered shell. The work of the Turtle Rescue League in MA, performing miracles on damaged turtles, who develop personalities and ties to their caretakers.

*The General and Julia* by Jon Clinch

In 1885 Ulysses S. Grant, dying of cancer, sequesters himself in the Adirondacks to write his memoirs.

*Once Upon a Tome* by Oliver Darkshire

A witty trip through the world of bookselling by a former bookseller at Southeran's, one of London's oldest antiquarian bookshops (estab. 1761). The stories behind the rare books, eccentric patrons, and antiques that found their way to the shop.

*The Second Stranger* by Martin Griffin

A suspense thriller set in the Scottish Highlands, where icy temperatures and a terrible blizzard prevent escape. Which stranger was the policeman and which was the escaped prisoner?!

*Nuts and Bolts* by Roma Agrawal

Inventions that changed the world: Nail, Spring, Magnet, Lens, String, Pump. Tracing their evolution from Egyptian nails to modern skyscrapers, Neanderthal string to musical instruments, etc.

*The Vaster Wilds* by Lauren Groff

A servant girl escapes from a colonial settlement in the wilderness. Part historical, part breathless thriller, part wilderness survival tale.

*Things That Go Bump in the Universe* by C. Renee James

Recent discoveries of violent events in the cosmos, and the new technologies available to observe them.

*Madelyn Armstrong*





## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Autobiography/Memoir

Butcher, Barbara	What the Dead Know (*)
Darkshire, Oliver	Once Upon a Tome
Land, Stephanie	Class
Leon, Donna	Wandering Through Life (*)
Sinclair, Safiya	How to Say Babylon
Winkler, Henry	Being Henry (*)

### Biography

Isaacson, Walter	Elon Musk
------------------	-----------

### Computer

Malacina, Joe	iPhone Manual for Beginners
---------------	--------------------------------

### Current Affairs

Cheney, Liz	Oath and Honor
Coppins, McKay	Romney: A Reckoning
Hoffman, Bruce	God, Guns and Sedition
Karl, Jonathan	Tired of Winning
Kershner, Isabel	The Land of Hope and Fear
Maddow, Rachel	Prequel
McWhirter, Cameron	American Gun
Richardson, Heather Cox	Democracy Awakening
Stelter, Brian	Network of Lies
Thrall, Nathan	A Day in the Life of Abel Salama
Wolff, Michael	The Fall (*)

### Environment

Welz, Adam	The End of Eden
------------	-----------------

### Fiction

Albert, Susan Wittig	Someone Always Nearby (*)
Albom, Mitch	The Little Liar
Baldacci, David	The Edge
Baljeet Basra, Celina	Happy
Bell, David	Try Not to Breathe (*)
Brand, Christianna	Green for Danger
Child, Lee	The Secret
Chua, Amy	The Golden Gate (*)
Clayton, Meg Waite	The Last Train to London
Clinch, Jon	The General and Julia
Connelly, Lucy	An American in Scotland (*)
Connelly, Michael	Resurrection Walk
Cornwell, Patricia	Unnatural Death
Cornwell, Patricia	Unnatural Death (*)
Cunningham, Michael	Day
Deaver, Jeffery	The Watchmaker's Hand
Dickson, Carter	The White Priory Murders
Due, Tananarive	The Reformatory (*)
Etter, Sarah Rose	Ripe (*)
Evanovich, Janet	Dirty Thirty
Gerritsen, Tess	The Spy Coast
Griffin, Martin	The Second Stranger
Grisham, John	The Exchange
Groff, Lauren	The Vaster Wilds
Hannah, Sophie	Hercule Poirot's Silent Night





## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

Helprin, Mark	The Oceans and the Stars (*)	<b>History</b>	
Herron, Mick	The Secret Hours (*)	Andrews, Lena	Valiant Women (*)
Hirahara, Naomi	Evergreen (*)	Ogilvie, Sarah	The Dictionary People
Krueger, William	The River We Remember	Wallace, Chris	Countdown 1945
Kent			
Lawhon, Ariel	The Frozen River	<b>Nature</b>	
Massey, Sujata	The Mistress of Bhatia	Duncan, Dayton	Blood Memory
	House (*)	Montgomery, Sy	Of Time and Turtles
McCall Smith,	From a Far and Lovely	Renkl, Margaret	The Comfort of Crows
Alexander	Country (*)		
McDermott, Alice	Absolution	<b>Science</b>	
McDermott, Alice	Absolution (*)	Agrawal, Roma	Nuts and Bolts
Peters, Amanda	The Berry Pickers	James, C. Renee	Things That Go Bump in the
Peters, Amanda	The Berry Pickers (*)		Universe
Prose, Nita	The Mystery Guest		
Quinn, Spencer	Mrs. Plansky's Revenge		
Quinn, Spencer	Mrs. Plansky's Revenge (*)		
Robb, J. D.	Payback in Death		
Sittenfeld, Curtis	Romantic Comedy	(* indicates Large Print)	
Swann, Leonie	The Sunset Years of Agnes		
	Sharp		
Townsend, Peggy	The Beautiful and the Wild		
Umrigar, Thrity	Honor		
Ward, Jesmyn	Let Us Descend		
Whitehead, Colson	Crook Manifesto		
Williams, Pip	The Bookbinder (*)		

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair, Library Committee*





## Wildlife on the Perimeter Path

A trail camera, with its infrared flash triggered by anything that moves, tells us that the Perimeter Path is used by a great variety of wildlife.

Coyotes travel constantly. The territory of one coyote family is usually at least 4 square miles. The CWV campus is about 75 acres, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a square mile, or  $\frac{1}{16}$  of the minimal territory for a coyote family. The alpha pair patrols nightly, sometimes walking twenty miles in twenty-four hours.

Of course they are hunting, foraging, and scavenging along the way. They eat rodents, rabbits, deer, birds, insects, reptiles, fruits, and berries.



The buck deer came onto the campus every night for a week during the mating season. Since then the camera has only seen a doe.



Rabbits and raccoons are always here. The camera has caught three rabbits at once and a pair of raccoons.



We have only one photo of a bobcat and one of a fox. We know from other evidence that foxes are frequent visitors, bobcats somewhat less so.







## Total Solar Eclipse - April 8, 2024

On April 8, 2024, people in a narrow band across Mexico, the US, and Eastern Canada will be able to see a wonderful spectacle, a total eclipse of the Sun. For good information about the eclipse at any location, see the website: [www.greatamericaneclipse.com](http://www.greatamericaneclipse.com).

Seeing a total solar eclipse is one of the most exciting and moving experiences possible. The Sun, our source of light, heat, and life, slowly disappears, as if it is being eaten up. Then, suddenly, an amazingly beautiful vision appears - the corona of the Sun! It is the outer atmosphere of the Sun, invisible except during a total solar eclipse. It is white and delicate and beautiful, and different each time. It extends out from the Sun to a distance roughly equal to the diameter of the Sun. Contrasting with it is the black disk of the Moon which suddenly appears along with the solar corona.

There are usually some fiery red prominences (eruptions from the Sun's surface) at the inner edge of the corona. Just before (and just after) totality, the dramatic diamond ring effect occurs: the last light coming between mountains at the edge of the Moon, along with a little glimpse of the corona. And planets and possibly bright stars may appear.

The whole world is transformed. The sky is about as dark as it is well into twilight. It is a lot cooler than it was before the eclipse. Animals and plants may react to the changes. The spectacle only lasts for minutes, but it is so wonderful that some people will travel great distances to experience it.

In the past, and even now, many people who saw a total solar eclipse were terrified, afraid that the Sun was being eaten by a monster, afraid that the Sun would be gone forever. How could they think such a thing? Because before the eclipse became total, they didn't see the Moon in the sky, so they didn't realize that the Sun was being blocked by the Moon. And once it was total the Moon appeared as a black disk - the features of the Moon were not visible.

Why was that? Total solar eclipses only occur at the astronomical phase called New Moon, when the Moon is not visible because it is between the Earth and the Sun. So the side of the Moon facing the Earth is not lit up by the Sun. Once the eclipse is total, the disk of the Moon appears completely black because of the contrast with the bright solar corona.

Is it safe to look at the totally eclipsed Sun? Yes, definitely. The solar corona is roughly as bright as the full Moon, so it is completely safe to see it. Is it safe to look at the partially eclipsed Sun? No, absolutely not. Even if only a tiny fraction of the disk of the Sun is visible, it is so bright that it can burn your retina. During the partial phases of the eclipse it is essential to use safe eclipse glasses or filters. But during totality, you need to look directly at the Sun. If you use your eclipse glasses or filter, you will see nothing!

Why don't we have a solar eclipse every time there is a New Moon? Because the Moon's orbit around the Earth is tilted by about five degrees relative to the Earth's orbit around the Sun. So in most months, at New Moon, the Moon is not quite in line with the Earth and Sun.

There is a total solar eclipse visible from somewhere on Earth about every 18 months, but only along a narrow path. The next total solar eclipse visible from the contiguous US after April 8, 2024, will be in 2044. The next total solar eclipse visible from Bedford will be in 2079. If you can travel to see the total solar eclipse on April 8, 2024, it will be well worth it!

*Nancy Hicks*

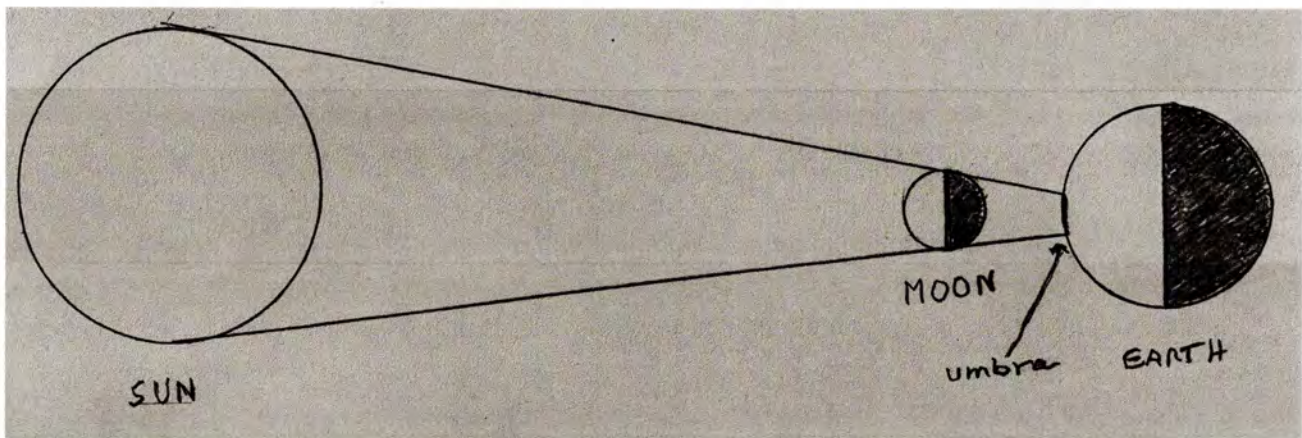


# Solar Eclipses

The phases of a total solar eclipse, from before the eclipse, to partial phases with increasing bites taken out of the Sun, to totality, where only the inner corona is shown, to partial phases with decreasing bites taken out of the Sun, to after the eclipse.



A diagram, not to scale, of a total eclipse of the Sun. The umbra is the shadow where the eclipse is total. Anyone located in the area labelled "umbra" will experience a total solar eclipse.



The image projected on the ground by a colander held up to the Sun during a partial eclipse of the Sun. Note the tiny crescent images created by the round holes in the colander.



*Nancy Hicks*





## **CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE**

100 OLD BILLERICA ROAD • BEDFORD, MA 01730

781.275.8700 • FAX 781.275.5787