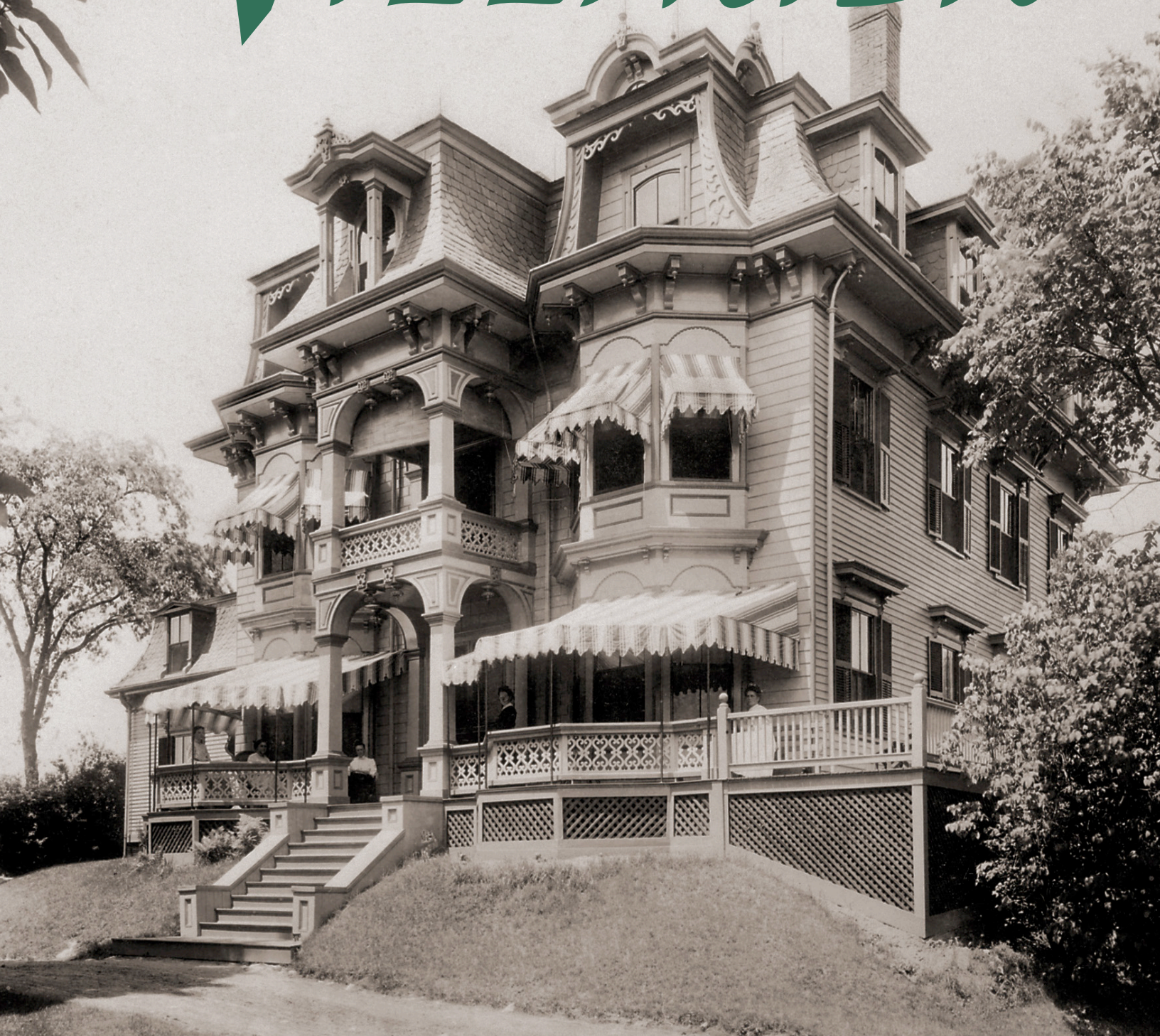




CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



SEPTEMBER 2020  VOLUME 38  Number 3



Cover: The Willard Settlement's new home in Bedford in 1909 was a 20 room mansion that became Llewsac Lodge



The Main Hall was built in 1913 for housing and expanded Llewsac Industries

Sales Room



Farming continued



The first cottage
1981



Badger Terrace Construction 1981
[Main Hall still standing]



Winthrop Terrace
1991



Landscaping of the Primrose Path
1991



Health Center including Pool
1999-2000

Source: *Village Insights* C-WV Newsletter 2012 Thirtieth Anniversary Edition



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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

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

Editor's Corner



The theme for this *Villager* issue is Coping. The people and institutions that make up the DNA of Carleton-Willard Village took root well over a century ago. Inspired by social reformers such as Francis Willard, these women and their philanthropic connections cared for people who were coping with various challenges – isolation, aging, alcoholism, poor health, and limited means.

On our cover is the impressive original Llewslac Lodge bought in 1909 by the Willard Settlement of Boston. Inside the cover is a collage of scenes from the ensuing years. We have articles that include a roll call of the familiar names of those who were involved along the way, and a conversation with a resident who lived next door on Wagon Wheel Drive as the current village took shape.

We are watching the building of Arlington Court – the last residential piece to be put into place for our own village. It has been an enthralling process and, for some, a welcome distraction from the pandemic and the various national crises of this turbulent summer.

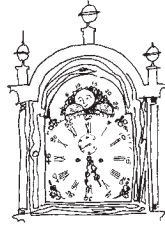
Residents have written about positive incidents, hopes for the future, ways of making every day special and memories that connect them to some of the issues in the news. To say we live in an exciting time is an understatement. At times it seems too much to handle, and all the harder as so many of us live alone without the familiar routines and ways of gathering and sharing our anxieties.

We offer you this issue of the *Villager* as a way of tuning in to our community again – reflecting a little on its past, and reminding ourselves what an interesting place this is. How nice it will be when we can be together again!

Anne Schmalz
Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the Chief Executive Officer



“If you’re not in over your head, how do you know how tall you are?” – T.S. Eliot

As we all recognize, these last months have been a challenge and isolating in so many ways. I do believe we have weathered the storm better than most. We are now carefully and cautiously easing the Village back open as we continue our monitoring and safeguards. Baby steps, but positive ones.

People frequently ask me: “How are you coping?”

There was no playbook for us to follow. Where would we find the light in this dark pandemic nightmare? We are extremely fortunate that the Village had extensive measures already in place to handle medical and operational emergencies. That happy bit of strategic intuition allowed us to keep above the waves.

And truthfully, I also drew great strength from our community’s history. I know, that sounds exceedingly sentimental. But it’s well worth noting, our founding organizations, Elizabeth Carleton House (1884) and Frances E. Willard Homes (1894), were established organizations when they faced the 1918 influenza pandemic.

Just put yourself there, a century ago. Medicine wasn’t where it is now ... hospitals and treatments would seem primitive, if not frightening, by today’s standards. Manufacturing wasn’t capable of quickly producing protective equipment or fast-tracking vaccines. And unlike our digitally wired society, basic communications could take days, weeks, even longer.

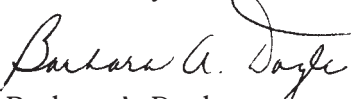
I imagine that would make one feel very much alone during a very dangerous time. And yet, our parent organizations met the challenges head-on, resolved and resilient. They were tenacious, protected their communities, and evolved to be even stronger once the crisis passed.

I realized: Yes. This is us.

In early April, a group of recently graduated Physicians Assistants graciously offered their time and skills to help us. During our welcome meeting, I told them the story of our predecessors and the last pandemic. And I could see – in their eyes, wide and animated, peering above their masks – a profound sense of pride. It’s not everyone who experiences such feelings for their chosen field.

So thank you to them, and to our employees who came to work each day often leaving families behind ... and especially to our Residents, ever-patient and positive.

I have come to realize that we should each count ourselves lucky to be living and working in this community, sheltered in such a beautiful natural setting. It’s here so many of us feel the safest and healthiest of any place on earth.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



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What's In A Name?

Much thought is being given to the reasons behind buildings and monuments being named after historic figures. What about the names that surround us here at Carleton-Willard? Who was Carleton-Willard? Was there a person named Llewysac? Ruth Drinker has written a wonderful little book about our history, "A Splendid Pine Grove." In a nutshell, here are some explanations that will add richness to our Village experiences.

Carleton. Dr. Elizabeth Abbott Carleton was born in 1854 the daughter of John and Deborah Abbott. She founded the "New England Society for the Aged and Friendless" in 1883, which became the "Home for Aged Couples," in 1886. Property on Walnut Ave. in Boston was bought in 1887 and enlarged in the 1890's and called "The Mansion." After her death in 1925, the Mansion building was replaced by a larger home, named "Badger" in recognition of Dr. Carleton's friend Daniel Badger who succeeded her as president. The name of the home was changed to "Elizabeth Carleton House" in 1955 and it continued in Boston until the 1970's.

Willard. Frances E. Willard was born in 1839 and became known internationally for her work with the Women's Christian Temperance Union. She was the first woman to have a statue in Statuary Hall in the Capitol in Washington, and in the Famous Americans Series a Frances E. Willard five-cent stamp was issued in 1940. She worked tirelessly on behalf of factory girls and low income working women, founding homes with Caroline Caswell in Boston for respite and residence. In 1909 her work became the "Frances E. Willard Settlement, Inc." under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts. In 1909 property in Bedford was purchased for a rest home and industrial center to meet expanding needs.



In 1956, the name was changed to "Frances E. Willard Homes" from "Settlement."

Caswell. In 1894 Caroline M. Caswell was inspired by Frances E. Willard's speech at a Baltimore convention. She returned to her home in Charlestown and Boston to look for ways to serve young women employed at long hours and low salaries. It was her guidance that led to the Willard Settlement house in the West End of Boston which served over 1,000 children for recreation and learning. Changing circumstances led to her realization that older women needed help, which led to the purchase of property in Bedford as a home for older women and vacation spot for working girls of Boston. Miss Caswell was successful in raising funds from friends and charities in order to pursue her passion to help women. She was General Manager of the Settlement until her resignation in 1920.

Llewysac. "Caswell spelled backwards" was Ms. Caswell's way of keeping her own name out of public use in the purchase of property in Bedford in 1909. Llewysac Lodge allowed for residences and also for work and income for the women residents. Llewysac Lodge included 185 acres of farmland and woods, a 20 room house, and several outbuildings. It was a "splendid pine grove" and had space for "Llewysac Industries" which provided farm-raised food and weaving for fine linens among other activities. The original Llewysac Lodge was torn down and replaced by a new building, Higgins House, which was closer to the Main House.

Ross. Ann Judson Ross was one of Caroline Caswell's friends. In 1925 the Ann Judson Ross Home opened in Northboro as a skilled nursing facility for chronically ill and handicapped women. It was the only nursing home in New England for "worthy refined women."

Worthen. The failure of Cooper Homestead in Boston led to the absorption of 17 patients by Llewysac Lodge. The poultry farm across Old



Billerica Road had been bought for use as a summer camp, but with the addition of an ell, it became the Marietta Worthen Memorial Home for women and men who needed assistance in living. Worthen was sold in 1946 after the Higgins House was built.

Badger. Erastus Badger was a loyal supporter of the Home for Aged Couples and a friend of Dr. Carleton. His son Daniel became President of the corporation after the death of Dr. Carleton.

Higgins. Myra. L. Higgins was the first director of Llewysac Industries, and also managed the Ross Home. When Llewysac Lodge was replaced by a newer building, it was named Higgins House, and located downhill from its present location.

Abbott. Elizabeth Carleton's maiden name. Her parents, John and Deborah Abbott, lived in Kingston NH.

The joining of Frances E. Willard Homes and Elizabeth Carleton House is wonderful story. Using the historic names to help us remember our roots is a nice way to appreciate the efforts made by three energetic women: Willard, Carleton and Caswell, in caring for the well-being of senior citizens.

Sonja Strong

A Conversation with Emily O'Hara

By 1965 the 185 acres of the Llewysac Lodge property in Bedford, which contained the residential buildings and also the farm and workshops, had been broken up. The developer of the northeast portion put a road in from Old Billerica Road, called Wagon Wheel Drive. It was still dirt in that year when Emily and Frank O'Hara bought the first house a few hundred yards along the road. No trees interrupted their view across a hayfield to Llewysac Lodge.

A farmer named Little mowed the hay for his dairy herd nearby and used the large chicken house that had served the lodge residents. The O'Hara's family grew to include four daughters, and their close



friend, June. Their sandbox and play equipment was in full view of the ladies at Llewysac and some of them enjoyed walking down to visit with the children and push them in their buggy. In time the girls were welcome to return the visits up the hill. They still remember a Mrs. Shaftner who taught them games.

As more homes were built and the plans for Carleton-Willard Village emerged some of the neighbors were concerned by the development so that accomodation had to be made to satisfy both parties. The Health Center and Employee parking abutted those houses along the boundary line and the O'Haras and others planted trees along the property line. These are now at least 60 feet tall.

The owner of the home at the end of the road built a small barn to house his daughter's horse, which he pastured and they rode in the meadow where the gardens are now. The stable still stands.



Emily says that she and Frank supported the project and of course it has been a good thing for her, and also for the growing number of Bedford residents who have not had to leave town to find a retirement home.

Anne Schmalz



In Memory

Louis "Lou" Cooper	May 2
Jean Chamberlain	May 4
Helen Kilbridge	May 5
Barbara Anthony	May 6
Harold "Pete" Doolittle	May 6
Ruth McLaughlin	May 7
Alan Burt	May 7
Reed Anthony	May 9
William "Bill" Paul	May 11
Walter Pedroli	May 16
Elizabeth Grasso	May 17
Margaret "Marge" Shea	May 19
Phyllis Wiggin	May 26
Nancy "Nan" Hoeflich	May 28
Patricia "Pat" Cummings	July 3
Sarah "Sally" Goolkasian	July 3
Ardelle Janes	July 7
Lorraine Bennett	July 13



The New Normal

This article, written in April, was revisited in July as the Villager was about to go to the printer. My thoughts in July are reflected in the imbedded bracketed comments.

By the time this article appears in *The Villager* there will probably be a New Normal. But as I write this in April during the worst week of the coronavirus, I only know that the Old Normal no longer exists and that there WILL be a New Normal on the other side. I wonder what it will look like?

But a transition will come first, and it will be a joyous [cautious] one for most. [Probably NOT] lots of hugs, tears of relief, singing, dancing, even shouting, church bells ringing for sure, families and friends getting together, dining OUT [perhaps not yet], dressing up, getting a much needed professional haircut, manicure, pedicure, facial, massage. Shopping, games, even going to the car wash will be exciting. Going to the library! Swimming, kayaking, golfing, tennis, bocce, croquet, ping pong, bridge. I can hardly imagine the group activities that will be pursued with more vigor than some of us have had for quite some time. *[In September, still waiting.]* We'll be on an emotional high and exhausted from trying to recover all we've missed for weeks and probably months. And then we'll ease into a new normal, perhaps without even realizing it. But I would like to imagine that it will look something like this....

People will be more generous in spirit toward each other, inviting neighbors, new acquaintances, even estranged families into their lives. People will be kinder to each other, having seen how fragile lives can be, how temporary a job can be, how lonely someone alone can feel, how cruel we may have been to those "different" from ourselves.

People will finally be more conscious of the environment, having spent many fewer hours sitting in traffic with our emissions spewing into the atmosphere and seeing the clear air over our cities. We will demand some quiet time in our



lives, to hear more of the birds singing, leaves rustling, raindrops plopping on the deck. These were actually among the few plusses during the shelter-in-place pandemic.

People will spend more time with their family and other loved ones. There will probably be more opportunity to work from home for many, and virtual meetings in many cases will be viable and will have proven to be more productive than spending hours in airports to get to in-person meetings with clients or colleagues in other cities and even other countries.

Initially there will be a lot of pain and anxiety. As more commerce is done through technology (tell me you didn't figure out how to order something on-line rather than going to a store, and you got it delivered right to your door), there will be fewer brick and mortar stores and many jobs will be lost. But new jobs will be created and whole new industries will emerge to meet the needs of the new way of commerce.

OK, this won't all have happened by the time this issue of *The Villager* comes out. But over time, there WILL be a New Normal, and I am hopeful that will be a GOOD thing.

Madelyn Armstrong

Forest Washing

I suspect that there are those who think I'm a bit crazy as I jokingly suggest that people who walk in the woods "don't need a shrink." Perhaps I am. But whenever I open the door and go outside it's as though I'm expanding, rather like a blooming flower, going from what seems like two dimensions inside to three. I become one with the natural world, part of the continuum of space and living things. And I become calm.

Was it just me that felt this? Recently, I came across a comment (by a female detective), in a mystery novel, about *shinrin-yoku*, or "forest washing." Not surprisingly, Japanese. A technique to relieve stress and relax you. Google let me know that this was nothing new, that numerous books had been written about it and made

me wonder where I'd been not to have heard of it. Perhaps too busy walking in the woods.

I don't think I'll read those books. I don't want to spoil what I feel is a very personal sense of being in communication with, or even a functioning part of the natural world. The world of blue skies and breezes blowing, cells growing, dividing and forming new cells, changing—and, of course, dying. Of being part of evolving space and time.

Eventually, following the Big Bang, some gaseous cells joined together and formed other cells (as I understand it), finally producing the first photosynthetic cells that produced oxygen and started life as we know it. Evolution continues on steadily today, dictated not just by the activities of human beings, as some think, but also by the motions of our planet and perhaps even of those around us.

During my walks in the woods, I don't dwell on evolution. But I do feel that I am indeed a part of the constantly changing process, or perhaps just a brief pause in it. As are the trees and flowers and the people and animals I live with. Recently, CBS News interviewed a psychiatrist about ways to combat stress during the Corona virus pandemic. As I heard it, together with close contact with loved ones, and meditation, she recommended...walks in the woods. And there's my calm!

Barbara Worcester





Hanging on by a Shoestring

During the last few months we've been hanging on to a new - and UNIQUE - reality, as we watch and listen to news stories related to the ever-present coronavirus. Lots of screaming headlines as well as really interesting, informing and inspiring information. You may have been impressed with articles in responsible publications about the flood to good-heartedness that has come about in response to all the discouraging news of increased caseloads and all sorts of social, familial and personal problems related to the pandemic. I recently experienced a remarkable example of this new - and benign - behavior right here at the intersection of the road up to the Main Building and the road toward Bedford Court and the exciting new construction site for what will be Arlington Court.

Normally that intersection is a quiet spot with little traffic, but related to the construction we see a lot of hard-working, giant trucks, trailers and other machines coursing back and forth, occasionally jammed up and parked until the choreography of the pre-construction program allows them to enter the enclosure as another vehicle goes out. One afternoon I approached that intersection with the intent of going to look at the construction site when I was aware that one of my shoes was untied and that such a situation can prove dangerous. Looking around I could see several trucks, earth-movers, etc., waiting their turn to move ahead, but no place to sit down to tie my shoe. I'm sure I looked bewildered, when I saw a young man jump from his driver's seat (it was several feet above my head) and heard him say, "Can I help you with that?" I'm not sure what I must have mumbled in terms of thanks, and before I knew it he was gone, hopped back up onto his driver's seat and moving up the road, having restored the loose shoestring.

As he knelt before me I thought, very briefly, of the "six feet apart" dictum that has become current along with the virus, and realized it really wasn't significant at that moment. It just didn't apply, and whether the young man had a white-haired mother who had trouble keeping her



shoes tied, or whether he was still working toward another badge for thoughtfulness in his Boy Scout career or whatever prompted his action, "six feet apart" just didn't apply to his act of good will and what I hope bodes well for the future.

I feel a great deal less disturbed, depressed and disconsolate in these days of violence and sadness and anxiety, to remember my afternoon adventure where concern and care prevailed and gave me a boost of optimism.

Neela Zinsser

One Way I've Come to Cope

Well, I read, I do a Sudoku, I exercise, but these things are all about ME. What is missing? Everyone else!! But how can I involve everyone else? I am sure that some of "everyone else" already does something for the rest of us, but I'm having trouble thinking of what I can do.

The following came to me all at once. I can go through my address book and telephone people I would like to help. I am a long, long way from finishing but so far, everyone has been pleased that I called to see how they are doing. This may seem about me, but if anyone else can do the same thing, how many people can we reach out to?

Holly Webster



The Dinner Party

They come at 5:00, so at 4:45 I get ready. I take out my colorful Italian dinner plate, swirls of yellow, mustard, and cobalt blue, my solid silverware, my blue linen napkin. I take a tumbler from the cupboard and make myself an old fashioned, a drink I've newly rediscovered. My father used to drink them, so they have a reassuring familiarity, and now that instacart has delivered my simple syrup and my Angostura bitters from Wegmans, I'm all set. I wait at the door. The jitney rolls up right on time, one short beep of the horn; five masked and gloved men scamper out, each carrying two brown paper bags to be delivered to the ten residents of this cluster. I receive mine: Roemer, 16 Bedford Court. Dave and I wish each other a pleasant evening, and I take the bag to the table, carefully placing it on the floor. I unpack; put the chicken noodle soup and the garden salad with its honey mustard dressing in the refrigerator for the next day's lunch and proceed to transfer the swordfish Milanese with dill pickle tartar sauce, the creamy parmesan orzo and the buttered carrots to my dinner plate. Once all is assembled I dispose of the bag, wash my hands for twenty seconds, and head to the stone coffee table opposite the TV set. I turn off WCRB and turn on MSNBC. Chuck Todd joins me. He's not my favorite, but I need a dinner companion. Again, I see the charts, contagion spreading; now Wisconsin, Mississippi, Alabama hot spots. Again, the experts, again the predictions, the warnings. I peek to see what the next day's menu might offer. Should I choose the grilled shrimp and pineapple fajitas, the baked chicken leg, or the Greek pork loin with feta dill drizzle? This evening there's a note from the resident social worker. She says: "We are all living in very challenging, unprecedented times." Then she quotes a NY Times article: "We are called to embrace an attitude of 'tragic optimism'."

So, I eat my lemon square dessert, turn off the news, and go out for a walk.

Marjorie Roemer

Menu Musing

Our menus feature fancy terms;
For all we know we're eating worms!
Italian, French and German meet
To decorate the things we eat.
Ponzo, schnitzel, and caprese?
We're learning how to deal with these.
Chefs can educate a tummy
To recognize that something's yummy.

Lois Pulliam

An Uplifting Experience

It was a beautiful day in Bedford and I was doing my usual coping by observing how they were building Arlington Court. With eight different subcontracting groups (subs), it was very challenging. I walked up along the fence toward Andover Court to observe the construction when the blasting signal sounded for some blasting on the other side of the court.

All the subs were busy at their different jobs. Shortly one of the subs (blasting) came up to check that the workers were all standing facing away from the blasting area. The major hazard from blasting is "flying rocks." To prevent this they had a series of mats piled above the blast area. The six mats were made of old tire rubber and weighed a lot. After the other warning blasts and all the other blasting subs posted around the entire construction site agreed by phone that it was safe, the blast occurred.

"KABOOM!" The mats rose ten feet into the air!

As an engineer, I studied "energy" extensively. That blast was the largest display of "energy" I had ever seen—more so than standing right next to Niagara Falls! Ed Asner would have really been impressed! No problem coping with noise and boredom that day!!

Paul Hill



What If?

On Friday, August 17, 1963, my husband Ed and I were looking forward to a weekend in Baltimore with my parents to celebrate my mother's birthday. We packed Ed's BMW and started off planning to be at our destination by 10:00 PM. The drive was uneventful—the usual long boring stretches of the Mass Pike and the Jersey Turnpike. We crossed into Maryland as dark descended, but felt we were on familiar territory in our native state. We turned onto Route 495, the peripheral highway that circles Baltimore and is a major route to Washington, D.C.

We were unaware, or at least hadn't given much thought to the fact that Martin Luther King was going to make what was to be an historic speech at the Lincoln Memorial. On Saturday people would be pouring into Washington from all over the United States.

We drove along, passed the exit to Towson and were only two exits away from our turnoff. Suddenly, out of the darkness behind us we were startled by flashing lights and a siren. A state police patrol car pulled up beside us and ordered us to pull over. Bewildered, we did as we were told. The officer parked behind us and then emerged from his car, strode up to our car in Stetson, badge, boots and holsters. Ed rolled down the window.

"Sir," said the cop, "you cut me off." I started to object but was told by my husband to be quiet. We hadn't seen a car pass, let alone a police car for miles. Ed handed over his license and I dug through the glove compartment and produced the registration.

The officer took them back to his car while we waited. In a few minutes, down the road behind us with lights flashing came another police car. The driver passed us and swung his car over to park in front of us. We wondered: What is going on? Why two state policemen?

The first policeman got out of his car, swaggered up to ours and announced we were to be escorted to the police station. "Follow that patrol car," he said, indicating the new arrival.

This seemed a little over the top. Did we look like dangerous criminals? Did two middle aged citizens, Ed in his button down Brooks Brothers shirt and chinos and I in my McMullen shirt and

khaki skirt, have to be escorted to the police station? What was going on?

When we arrived at the station, we were asked what we were doing in Maryland, what was our business there and how long were we planning to stay. While we sat and wondered what was going to happen next, the policemen conferred behind the counter with their superior. Finally they announced that we could go. There would be an \$80 fine payable in cash. We didn't have the exact amount but I had a \$100 bill. They took my bill but, sorry, they had no change. Before I could object, Ed grabbed me by the arm and led me out. That seemed like the last straw.

It wasn't until later when we heard the news of the thousands descending on Washington that we connected our experience. Our Massachusetts license plates were proof enough that we were on our way to demonstrate for civil rights and Martin Luther King. What if we had been Black?

Nancy Smith

Thoughts During the Pandemic

Some things I am thankful for during this awful pandemic. By washing hands, thoroughly cleaning household items and using face masks and rubber gloves we have available many weapons against infection.

Not so, when my father was prisoner of war in Siberia after the Austrians lost the Brusilov Offensive in 1917. There was an epidemic of a disease transmitted by lice. The camp was near Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, a major trade center along the northern route of the old Silk Road. Among the goods were cigarette papers. My father invented a gadget to shred tobacco leaves, using an old treadle sewing machine and a scythe. He sold the fine shredded tobacco and papers to villagers and fellow prisoners for smoking and to have some income for necessities.

He knew from being a doctor's son that tobacco was a good bug killer and disinfectant. He avoided catching the disease by submerging himself in a huge barrel of icy cold rainwater filled with a strong concoction of tobacco, pouring it over his straw bedding and clothes as well.



I am grateful that I do not have to immerse myself in ice cold tobacco sauce to escape catching the current virus!

Daisy Illich

A Lesson Learned in the Army

When I was drafted into the U.S. Army in 1950, I was assigned to the National Guard 40th Division in California. In the course of basic training, I developed a pilonidal cyst which required an operation. This kept me from going with the 40th Division to Korea. This was fortunate (or unfortunate) as this was the 40th Division's first combat role.

Since my term in the service was increased from two years to three, I decided to make some use of it and went to Leadership School, and eventually Officers Training at Fort Benning, Georgia.



My first assignment was with the 25th Armored Infantry Battalion [AIB] of the 1st Armored Division in Fort Hood, Texas. President Truman desegregated all of the Services except the 25th Armored Infantry Battalion.

I was one of two white officers assigned to the 25th AIB. Within days I was acclimated with my African American GI friends. Eventually, I was assigned as Adjutant General of the Battalion and served under the finest Commander I ever knew. He was a Lieutenant Colonel but was overlooked and should have been promoted to Colonel.

This experience in the Army confirmed my acceptance of all persons, regardless of their race, religion and abilities. A valuable lesson learned.

Tom Guthrie

Growing Up In A Sundowner Town

I grew up in Norman, Oklahoma—a university town (making it somewhat more cosmopolitan than most other like-sized towns in the state)—in the 1930's and 40's. The recent Black Lives Matter marches caused me to recall that Norman was not just a college town, but also a sundowner town.



Those who grew up in New England may not be familiar with that term, and I really wasn't either—or what it meant—until I was a good deal older. I did know that blacks who worked in Norman left at the end of each day, but I just thought this was because they lived in Oklahoma City, 20 miles north, and they were just going home, as anyone would. What I didn't know as a child was that they had no real choice in the matter, since my hometown followed a racist tradition of “no blacks in town after sundown” that would have put any blacks not complying in danger from those in town that cared about these matters.

Clearly the fact I never even raised any of this with my “northerner” parents, nor they with me, tells me the tradition was so ingrained and accepted that no one (at least no one in my orbit) questioned it, in that day and age.

While Norman long ago stopped being a sundowner town, recalling this now makes me realize how easy it is to participate in racist behaviors, if that's what you observe as a child, and no one questions it. Hopefully, one plus of the Black Lives Matter marches is that they make it harder for people not to realize there's an issue there, even if locals, some places, aren't eager to see it that way.

Mary Ellen Turner



Village

This has been, until now, a selected summary of events planned by our Learning-in-Retirement and Off-Site Programs offices.

A Heroes' Welcome

A large plywood sign greeting staff arriving at the Village proclaims "HEROES WORK HERE / THANK YOU!" Eight feet across and festooned with countless hearts, the sign reflects CEO Barbara Doyle's and the Administration's eagerness to publicly acknowledge both staff and residents of Carleton-Willard Village for all they do to keep us safe and well. A cloth banner to this effect had already been crafted when Barbara, standing with Paul Lund, Director of Facilities Services, stuck a stick in the ground before Higgins House and spread her arms to their full "wing span." This, she knew, would be just the spot for a durable expression of our deep thanks.



Outdoor Socializing

Folks out for a late morning stroll past Andover Court might catch a wave of bouncy music from a thumping boombox, orange cord snaking from an open doorway onto the open trunk of one of the residents' cars. Stop to look, and you'll catch a circle of socially-distanced and properly masked exercisers. Fingers sweep from shoulder to toe. Waists bend. Arms come together. Staccato claps startle the birds. Inspired by Fitness Team's weekly outdoor visits to courts and apartments, our undulating adventurers emerge to sashay and socialize to the joys of, say, the Black Eagle Jazz Band's "Memphis Baby" and "My Life Will Be Sweeter Today." Whew! Doesn't get better than this.

Hey, Let's Go This Way!

Finding alternative walking paths is a great way to escape the "Surly Bonds of Indoors." Start at the foot of CWV's main entrance by Philip's once bright-yellow Coreopsis, and proceed along Old Billerica Road's rambling stone wall. Once past Fitch House and red barn, follow arbor vitae, cedar and meadows sprinkled with buttercups. Turn left onto Wagon Wheel Drive to open, Oz-like, into a storybook suburban neighborhood. Feathery Japanese maples sway by white houses. Pet dogs scamper over. A smiling friend welcomes you with outstretched hand. Wave to the neighbors (they know us), slink through thick Chinese junipers and dash up onto the Fire Road. Well done!

Fred and Ginger

Walking through the Courtyard, we miss the sparkling talk, rivulets of laughter pouring from tables circling the lily pond during those fondly-recalled al fresco breakfasts and dinners. Oh how we look forward to a "new normal," when these and other sybaritic pleasures return! Meanwhile, our two reptilian friends, the turtles Fred and Ginger, continue to thrive in the pond as seductively and languidly as did their namesakes, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, grace the "Thirties dance floor. It's fun to spy the white "F" and "G" on glistening shells, as our friends glide through waving fronds and rippling waters with the selfsame elegance and grace.

Hanging on by a Shoestring

The Arlington Court construction site continues to draw onlookers marveling at the shapes of houses emerging from rock-blasting and gargantuan earth-movers. Negotiating the roadways filled with hard-working giant trucks for a viewing spot can be tricky. But there's gentleness, too. A resident was threading her way through heavy traffic toward viewing the construction site when she realized one of her shoes was untied. With no place to sit down she despaired, when a young man leapt down from his truck seat. "Can I help you with that?" Restoring the loose shoestring, he hopped back and was gone. "Six feet apart" didn't apply to this singular act of good will.



Happenings

Due to the Coronavirus pandemic, the focus is now on local activities available to and performed by our resilient and creative residents on campus.

Keeping Busy Remembering



Hunkering down, we may ponder why specific items are given space in our homes. One resident recently took stock of her many possessions. While all serve today's living, many trigger fond memories of her Aunt Ara. A tea tray adorned by her Aunt with exquisitely traced floral designs. Her delicate needlework gracing the seat of a chair.

Her oil painting of Long Island Sound seen from her Connecticut home. Then, massive gargoyles, intricately carved legs from Grandfather's dining table and inherited from Aunt Ara, support a glass-topped coffee table resting on a hand-knotted 12-square-foot, century-old Oriental carpet. What memories live in our homes!

Snap that Plant!

Ever wonder about the names of flowers you see? It's summer and Carleton-Willard is in bloom! What's a great way to identify flora of all types? PlantSnap, a mobile-phone App that works on all major devices. To identify a plant, take a photo of the plant, whether flower, cacti, succulents or mushrooms, leaves without flowers, even trees. At the flick of a finger are information on plant care and shared gardening tips. New Guinea Impatiens on the Primrose Path, yellow Santolinas and those bright red Chinese Roses at the Brass Rail, not to mention billowy pink Astilbe there in a foundation garden, are mysteries no more!

Green Thumbs in the Community Garden

The spirit of CWV community gardening is alive! At last count eight residents, albeit limited to three in the garden at a time, are growing flowers and veggies in this Eden still three-fourths unused. The fabled tomato patch and CWV staff are necessarily missing this year, while undeterred by the pandemic are rabbits, crows, woodchucks, rats, mice and voles. Tim and Sibyl Martin's plot pays inspired homage to architecture and agriculture, with sunflowers and squash harmonizing with sliding gate, settee/awning, flagpole and, yes, a life-size straw deer. Why not build a gazebo on the high ground for admirers of "this special realm!"

Looking Up

What's in a cloud? What pictures do you see in the sky? A bird? A dog? An alligator with his jaws open? Imagine sitting on a bench near the Brass Rail and looking up into the bright blue sky dotted with white, fluffy clouds. You see one that looks like a horse, and your friend sees one that looks like an ice cream cone. And see, there's one that looks like a rabbit. You're watching cumulus clouds, bright white on the top and gray on the bottom, like cotton candy, floating in the sky and constantly changing shape. It's a free show. Great for grandkids and the rest of us young ones!



Montmartre on Main Street

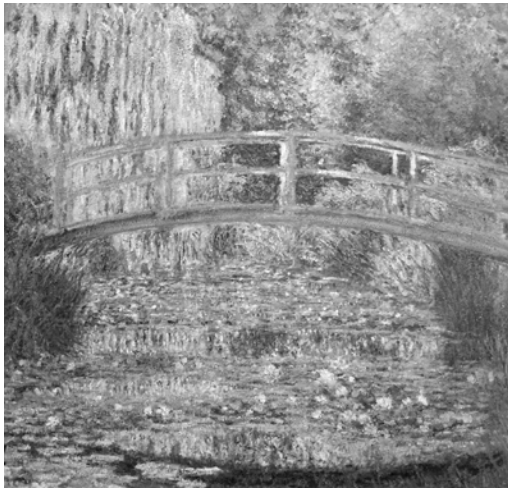
There's a wonderful place on Main Street where residents gather to create and celebrate under Carleton-Willard's north light. It's the Art Studio, in which residents, presently two at a time three days a week, conjure their muse to produce works of art, either in classes or on their own, in a dizzying array of media, subjects and styles. Paintings in oil, acrylic and even the unforgiving watercolor show an enviable draftsmanship and confidence in executing landscape, portraiture and abstract composition. Stables, paper cutouts and graphic drawings evoke smiles, curiosity, wonder. Members have taken classes just to see what others are doing, or as one smiled, "to be in this most welcome space."

Harry Hoover



Cataracts and the Art of Claude Monet

Claude Monet (1840-1926), arguably the best known of the French Impressionists, produced paintings that are present in museums around the world and are well known to all lovers of art. However, it is not generally recognized that cataracts created an enormous effect on Monet's work from as early as 1905, although they were not diagnosed until 1912.



Monet complained that his colors appeared muddy and that his paintings were getting darker. The greens, whites and blues were replaced by yellows and reds and the sharp details were lost. Increasingly, Monet used thicker brushes because of this failing eyesight. His paintings of the Japanese bridge over the lily pond at his home at Giverny are well known to art lovers. The paintings illustrated here of this scene show the effect of the cataracts. A comparison of an 1899 painting of the Japanese bridge with a similar scene painted while Monet was affected with cataracts demonstrates the striking changes in technique. The details are lost because of the larger brush strokes and the bridge is now barely recognizable. The original beautiful, subtle colors of the 1899 painting are totally lost and replaced with "muddy" less distinct coloring.

In 1913, Monet traveled to London to see the ophthalmologist Richard Liebreich, who prescribed new glasses and suggested cataract surgery. Monet was becoming increasingly



despondent and less productive but was frightened by the bad results his fellow artists Honoré Daumier and Mary Cassatt had had with similar surgery. In 1922, he consulted another ophthalmologist, Charles Coutela, who after a brief trial of eye drops performed cataract surgery on his right eye early in 1923. The colors of Monet's postoperative paintings resemble those from before 1912. In fact, he was so happy with the results of the surgery that he had so resisted that he destroyed as many as possible of the paintings that he had produced during the time his eyesight was affected by cataracts.

Stefan Schatzki

The Place to Go

Whenever I think of the village spa
The first word that comes to me is "ah!"
Massages that soothe every muscle and joint,
Painting the fingernails (the better to point!)
Soaking the toes in a warm sudsy bowl -
So feeling all-over-good is the goal.
Since we've been away, alas and alack
Autumn's surely the time to get back.

Lois Pulliam

Fictions and Facts

This is a confession. I watch *Blue Bloods* on TV. I have always found it a little embarrassing. I could be watching serious drama; I could be reading a book. I could be doing something useful. It's sort of on a par with doing simple crossword puzzles. I like them because everything fits together neatly. *Noose* confirms *snort*; *genre* confirms *orgy*; everything works, the words across reinforcing the words down. So, it is with *Blue Bloods*. The Reagans are brave; they face danger; they are always honest and good, and when they sit down to the weekly family dinner all seems right with the world. Four generations manage to enjoy the rituals of family: loyalty, faith, good food, and conviviality. Just the family you wish you had. Perfect. Everything snaps into the right place. There may have been tensions somewhere along the plot line, but they are all resolved and our faith is restored, confirmed.

But switching back and forth from the news to Netflix these days, puts one in a disjunctive mode. Here a policeman stops a man for possibly using a counterfeit twenty dollar bill and kills him. There a man falls asleep in his car and is shot in the back. Another day a ten year old is playing alone in a park with a toy gun and is shot within seconds. And there it is in our living room, as real as *Blue Bloods*. More.

How do we live between these fictions and these facts? How do we reconcile them? Fictions instruct us. They aim to show us things about life, and they shape what we know and what we believe. Their images are ones we carry with us. But I can't forget Tamir Rice in that park. That image is seared in my mind as firmly as the Reagan dinner table and their Thanksgiving turkey.

To admit into consciousness the discordant, the disturbing, the repellent is painful. Easier to stay with the fiction, but no longer possible. There may be Reagan families everywhere, but more and more we are being forced to superimpose these other pictures on top of that perfect, symmetrical grid.

Marjorie Roemer

My Clouded Mind

Nowadays I am not so busy that memories from the past can't drift into my mind. When I was growing up radio was the big entertainment and information medium. No smart-phones, social media, computers etc.

We had a big radio console in the living room. On Sunday afternoons I would have to sneak into the living room, sit on the floor, and turn the sound way down to listen to the "Shadow." I was forbidden to listen to it as it might give me nightmares. It seems that Lamont Cranston had gone to the Orient and learned how to cloud men's minds so they couldn't see him. From 4:30 to 5:00 each Sunday afternoon he searched out "what evil lurks in the hearts of men." Nowadays some government agency would be looking into a drug connection and Lamont would probably be under psychiatric care. In the late 1930s there were different problems.



Fibber MaGee and Molly was a family favorite. Their front hall closet was much worse than ours. I always wondered why they never organized it better so that everything didn't always fall out. It happened every single week for the over twenty years they were on the air.

Edgar Bergin and Charlie McCarthy and occasionally a visit from the country bumpkin, Mortimer Snerd. Jack Benny with Mary Livingston, Dennis Day and Rochester were also on Sundays. Don Wilson announced and sometimes participated. Jack was such a skinflint and had so much money it was



in a basement vault. Later he became a master of the second look after some comment a guest made. But that was later when he was on television.

For some reason Fred Allen and Allen's Alley never seemed to catch on in our household but I think he was always considered one of the most original comics. Maybe it was because he was on a little later at night than Jack Benny and my father went to work early, and I had school.

Some daytime radio programs weren't off limits for me. Five days a week in the late afternoon there was Terry and the Pirates, my favorite Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy and Little Orphan Annie and Sandy. Daddy Warbucks only occasionally appeared on the program. A heck of daddy he was, letting Annie and that dog go through all those problems alone.

And then there was Clayton Moore aka The Lone Ranger and Jay Silverheels aka Tonto, his faithful Indian companion. When they would meet Tonto would say "tie-ee-keem-o-savvy." Never could figure out whether this was to do with "law and order in the early United States" or he just wanted a cigarette or to have a drink with the white man.

Oh! Oh! Now I think my mind is clouding over (a la Lamont Cranston) and there is evil everywhere. What day is it anyway? Oh, I know. It's Tuesday. Fibber MaGee? Oh no. I don't even have the right century.

Wallace K. Campbell Jr.

My Dangerous Adventure in Viet Nam

When I was assigned to the war in Viet Nam there was not much time for relaxation. I was the second in command of a section of a Construction Battalion headquartered in Saigon with about 50 men. We supported all the Coastal Patrol Bases below Danang (which was the "eye" corps) and the River Boat bases in the Delta (the 5th corps) where boat crews were trying to intercept the North Vietnamese from smuggling weapons to the south.

It was a terrible time in my Navy career and

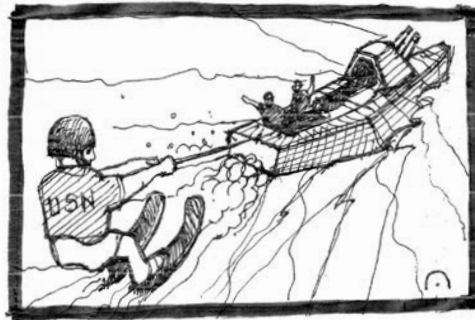
Saigon was not a safe place to be. One of our civilian engineers was killed and bicycle bombs were often planted in Saigon. One hazard to my life was as a passenger in Huey Helicopters since I often flew to those bases while sitting beside a 50 caliber machine gun protecting us as we flew low over the jungles. Even our old DC3 tail dragger was not safe as on one flight a wing fell off killing all aboard. So danger was all around.

I did not expect danger when my boss and I took a day off to rest and play on the Saigon River. So why did I ever think that the jungle recreation facility would be a safer place? The river was not for swimming as the water was BROWN. There was a patrol boat towing water skiers up and down the river. I think we all assumed we were safe from enemy gunfire, but I believed it was possible and I worried.

More than that I was petrified about the health hazard which surely was in the brown water. Nevertheless, my boss challenged me to a water ski ride and since we might have been a little eager due to a couple of beers, the challenge was taken and off I went for 15 minutes. That was my first mistake. Oh, and did I say I had ever been water skiing before?

Well, the boat pulling me seemed powerful enough and getting started went well until the boat slowed down because of another boat crossing and the result was I sank into that filthy water to my knees.

In time I began to wonder how long we were going to ski. The river was about 75 feet wide and had many S turns which made the trip interesting but after 15 minutes of holding onto the tow rope, my arms were becoming tired. It was time for my boss to take his turn.



That night, after sleeping soundly, I woke up the next morning with great pains from the back of my neck down to my heels. It was like having a thousand needles penetrating my back. There was so much pain I realized it was what I would get without a lot of practice and I did not try water skiing ever again. Who ever thought that water skiing would be such a painful memory from my days in Viet Nam.

David Hathaway







Meleagris gallopavo silvestris

Closed for winter, the garden is down,
The soil caked and hard, frost-bitten,
Yet the wild turkeys still appear
Their foolish necks bobbing back and forth
Foraging for what?

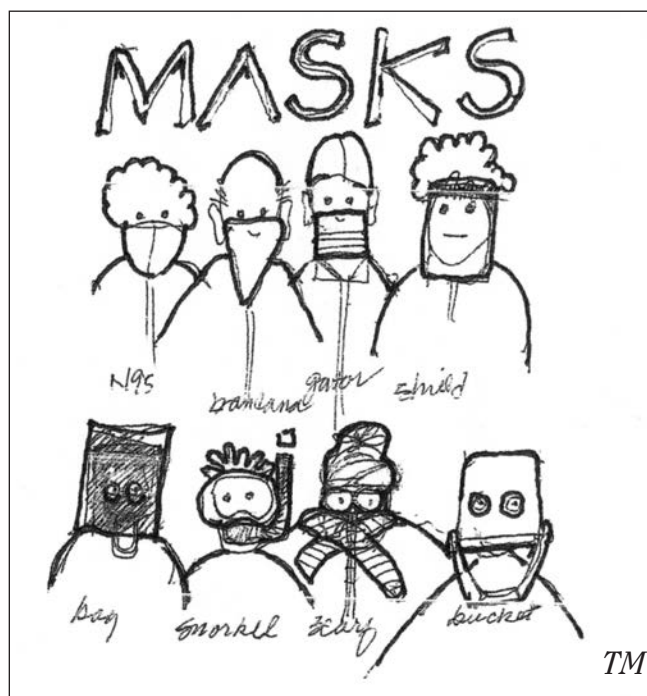
Nothing is left of summer's flowering.
Even the weeds and stray grasses are gone.
Is there an acorn, a dried seed left
That can sustain such awkward strutters?
What do they want of us, these ungainly, tipsy
trespassers?

Perhaps they are the state's official game bird,
Still they hardly seem regulation
With their wattles and beards, engorged heads
and beady eyes.

At four feet tall, they look like something
from another planet;
I wish they were.

Completely self-absorbed, they travel in rafters;
Sometimes there are four; other times thirty,
Slowly wending their way, oblivious to traffic,
noise, or any intervention.
And where is our friend the red fox, or even
the coyote
To ruffle the feathers of these, our unwelcome
guests?

Marjorie Roemer



My Mother Used to Say...

My mother used to say, "You can do it, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Her repetition of these old sayings still resonates with me today. While I hated hearing them as a child, as an adult I recognize that having internalized their message has helped actualize many lifetime projects. In fact, one aspect of my personality is that I rarely give up on a project. Mostly, when faced with stubborn intractability in a situation, I simply look for another way to achieve the desired goal.

An early example was being told as a graduating senior that there was no money for college. In the early post-WWII days, there was a shortage of registered nurses, and the government instituted a scholarship program to recruit nurses. Some of these scholarships were offered at collegiate schools. It was possible to sit competitive exams which would qualify the student for tuition plus a small stipend.

So I sat the exams, joined the Cadet Nurse Corps, and that was how I entered the academic world as well as learning a profession, which would enable many other life adventures.

Ara Tyler



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

A Step Forward

It is now early July and summer has arrived at Carleton-Willard Village. After three months of very strict restrictions due to the pandemic, we are now slowly and carefully moving toward a new normal. The library has been allowed to reopen, but only on two days of the week from 10 am to 12 noon. One resident at a time, wearing a mask and gloves, is allowed ten minutes to choose two books. A library volunteer is on duty to be sure that the safety rules are followed. So far, this system is working well. Residents have been happily arriving at their appointed times and do not seem to be hampered by the time restriction. Everyone is pleased to have the library back.

As of June 1, after a two month hiatus, we were given permission to order new books. In June we added 27 regular print books and 7 large print books, and we have just put in a July order for 21 regular print books and 7 more large print books. Everyone is thrilled.

At the moment, the reading area of the library is closed off and there still is no access to newspapers, puzzles, and our wonderful magnifier. I look forward to seeing our residents enjoying the comfort and peace of this area once again, hopefully soon.

Library projects are still on hold. We need to complete our reorganization of the art book collection and we desperately need to do our annual weeding of the regular print fiction and the large print sections. Our shelves are full to the brim! The library committee is not yet allowed to meet, so three members meet with me individually to do book selection. This seems to work well, but I miss our monthly gatherings and discussions.

What is in the future for the library? We don't know, but we are very respectful of the CWV administrators and their efforts to keep us safe and well, and we try hard to follow their guidelines. In the meantime, we are able to take walks to admire the gardens and we are allowed to meet with family members and friends, as long as we are outside and wear masks and practice social distancing. There is certainly no lack of good food!

Happy reading, and hope for the best.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

The Other Bennet Sister by Janice Hadlow
Jane Austen fans will love this breakout story of Mary Bennet, the intellectual ugly duckling of *Pride and Prejudice*.

Team of Five by Kate Anderson Brower
The Presidents Club in the age of Trump. One sees a spirit of camaraderie, even unexpected friendships, among these ex-Presidents and First Ladies.

Writers and Lovers by Lily King
The main character at age 31 still wants to be a writer. She makes ends meet by waitressing and dog-walking. She works, she writes, she dates - lots.

The Story of More by Hope Jahren
How we got to climate change. And where to go from here. What are the consequences of global warming? What have been the impacts of culture, beliefs and consumption habits on climate?

The Housekeeper and the Professor by Yoko Ogawa
A math professor has only 80 minutes of short-term memory due to a traumatic head injury. But his mind still recalls elegant equations from the past. He and his housekeeper meet "anew" each morning. An enchanting story.

Why Did I Come Into This Room? by Joan Lunden
We've all asked this question. A candid conversation about aging told with humor and wisdom.

All the Ways We Said Goodbye by Beatriz Williams et al.
An historical adventure that moves from the dark days of two world wars to the turbulent years of the 1960s in which three women find refuge at the famous Ritz Hotel in Paris.

Pelosi by Molly Ball
A well-written and very readable political biography of the most powerful woman in U. S. politics.

The Vanishing Half by Brit Bennett
Identical twin sisters, inseparable in childhood, live in separate worlds as adults. One lives as a black with her daughter in their Southern hometown. The other passes for white, and her white husband knows nothing of her past. What will happen when their daughters' lives intersect?

How to Be an Antiracist by Ibram X. Kendi
First, we must learn about the ways we may be allowing racism to exist in the world around us. Racism includes not just how we regard people of different skin colors or ethnicities, but also how we treat people of different sexes, gender identities and even body types.

The Moment of Tenderness by Madeleine L'Engle
A magical collection of short stories by the author of *A Wrinkle in Time*.

Why We're Polarized by Ezra Klein
Why and how America has descended into division and dysfunction. Klein proposes that voters have discarded Democrat/Republican ideology in favor of identity politics.

Redhead by the Side of the Road by Anne Tyler
Compassionate story of a man who has led a circumscribed life and changes his outlook after several surprising events. A timely book that reminds us of how much we need human connection.

The Book of Lost Friends by Lisa Wingate
A dramatic story, based on historical fact, of three young women searching for family in the post-Civil War South (1875) and a modern-day teacher (1987) who discovers their story and its connection to her students.

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Biography

Chambers, Cassie
Jordan, Mary
Rosen, Jeffrey

Hill Women (*)
The Art of Her Deal
Conversations With RBG (*)

Cleeton, Chanel
Coben, Harlan
Connelly, Michael
Deveraux, Jude
Geddes, Luke
Gordon, Alexia
Gregory, Philippa
Grisham, John
Hadlow, Janice
Hijuelos, Oscar

The Last Train to Key West
The Boy from the Woods
Fair Warning
A Forgotten Murder (*)
Heart of Junk (*)
Murder in G Major
Tidelands
Camino Winds
The Other Bennet Sister
Twain and Stanley Enter
Paradise

Current Affairs

Alter, Charlotte

Ball, Molly
Brower, Kate
Anderson
Chang, Jung

The Ones We've been
Waiting For
Pelosi
Team of Five

Big Sister, Little Sister, Red
Sister

Hilderbrand, Elin
Hoffman, Patrick
Horwood, William
Horwood, William
Horwood, William
James, Anna
Kidd, Sue Monk
King, Lily
L'Engle, Madeleine
MacRae, Molly
Mandel, Emily
St. John

28 Summers
Clean Hands
Toad Triumphant
The Willows and Beyond
The Willows in Winter
The Bookwanderers
The Book of Longings
Writers and Lovers
The Moment of Tenderness
Thistles and Thieves (*)
The Glass Hotel

Environment

Jahren, Hope

The Story of More

McCall Smith,
Alexander

The Talented Mr. Varg

Fiction

Alexander, Tasha

In the Shadow of
Vesuvius (*)

McMayon, Jennifer
Miranda, Megan
Moore, Graham
Muller, Marcia
Nesbit, TaraShea
Ogawa, Yoko

The Invited
The Girl from Widow Hills
The Holdout
Deadly Anniversaries (*)
Beheld
The Housekeeper and the
Professor

Alexander, V. S.
Baldacci, David
Bennett, Brit

The Traitor (*)
Walk the Wire
The Vanishing Half
The Malta Exchange (*)

Patterson, James
Perry, Anne
Perry, Anne
Rosenfelt, David

The Summer House
One Fatal Flaw
One Fatal Flaw (*)
The K Team

Berry, Steve
Bohjalian, Chris
Chiaverini, Jennifer
Chiaverini, Jennifer

The Red Lotus
Mrs. Lincoln's Sisters
Resistance Women



Recent Library Acquisitions

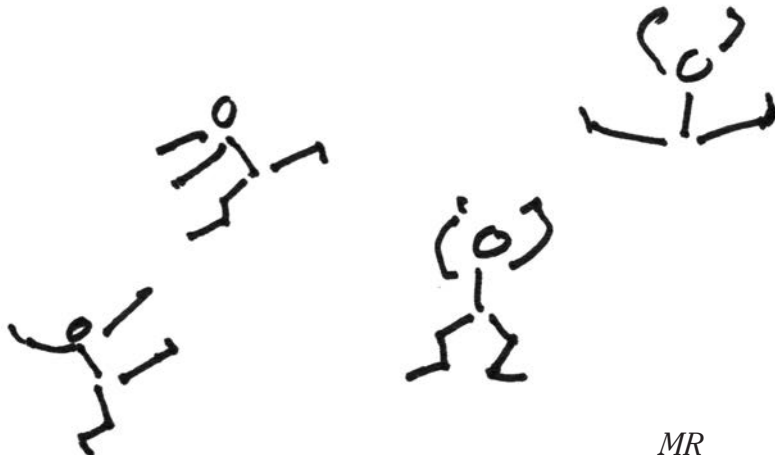
(* indicates Large Print)

Tanabe, Karin	A Hundred Suns (*)	History	
Turow, Scott	The Last Trial	Fritzsche, Peter	Hitler's First Hundred Days
Tyler, Anne	Redhead by the Side of the Road	Mohnhaupt, J. W.	The Zookeeper's War (*)
		Widmer, Ted	Lincoln on the Verge
Williams, Beatriz	All the Ways We Said Goodbye	Miscellaneous	
Wingate, Lisa	The Book of Lost Friends	Raphel, Adrienne	Thinking Inside the Box
Wood, Tracey Enerson	The Engineer's Wife (*)	Nature	
		Butcher, Colin	Molly (*)
Health and Wellness		Science	
Lunden, Joan	Why Did I Come Into This Room?	Copeland, Libby	The Lost Family

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff

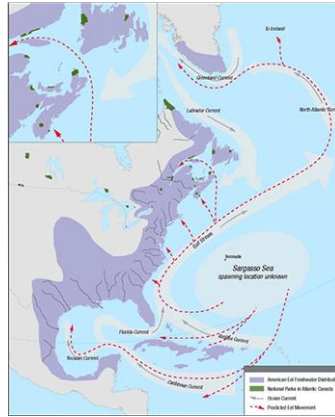
Dancing in Our Dreams



MR



A murmuration of starlings

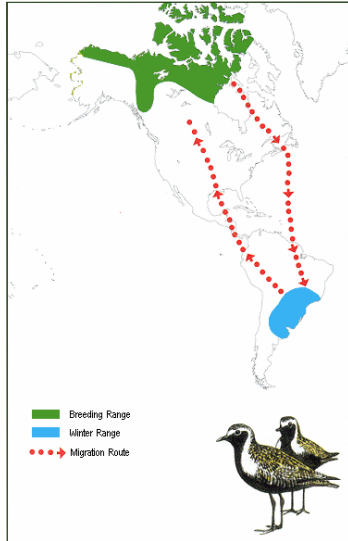


American eels



A skein of geese

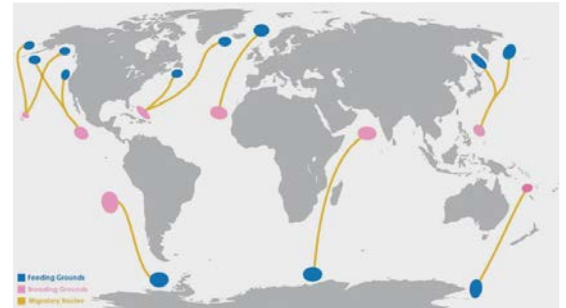
Golden plover



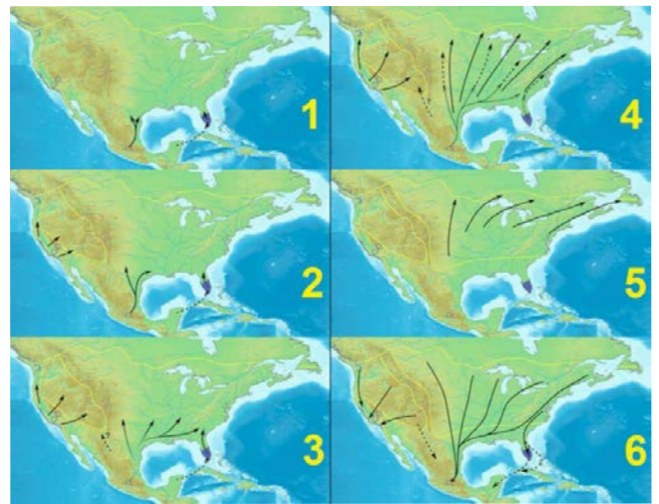
Seasonal Migration

They walk, fly or swim, down from the hills, up into the hills, into the rivers, across a continent, from one hemisphere to another...
...and back again, every year.

Humpback whales



Monarch butterflies



Striped bass



Following their elders, or guided by the sun, the stars, the earth's magnetic field, odors from land or water.

A herd of caribou

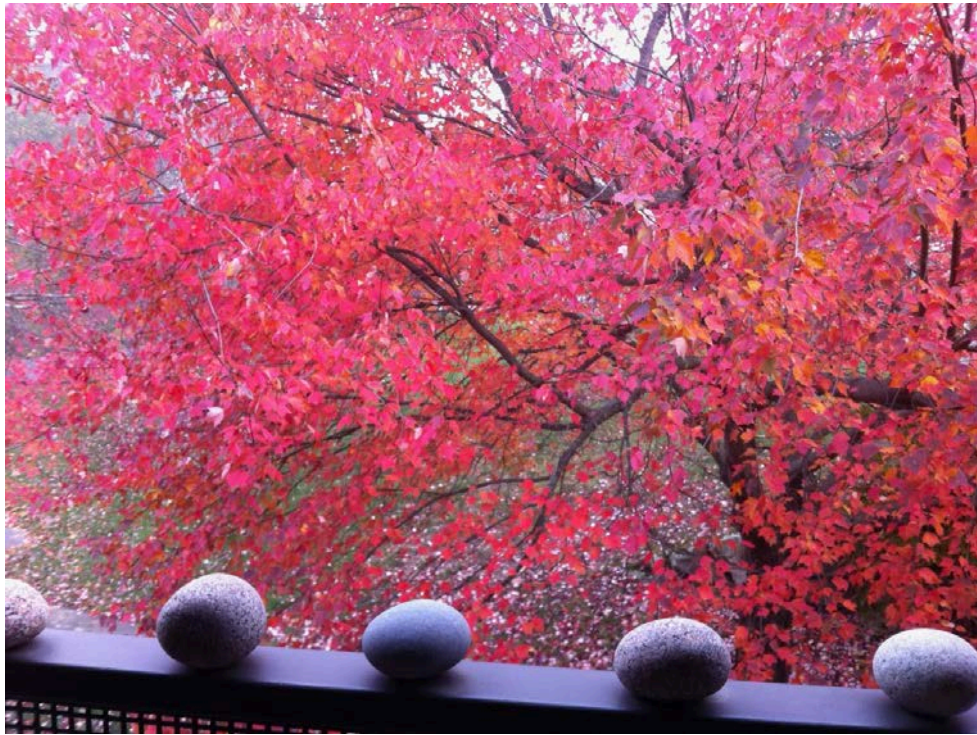


Shepherds in Iran



Virginia Steel





CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

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