

CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER





## Collage of Cars

Photos from upper left clockwise, circling around to center:

1. John Cloninger beside his 1991 Jeep Renegade.
2. Marian Smith's 1963 red Corvette.
3. Vernon Gaw's first car, a 1931 Chevy.
4. Jim and Barbara Munkres' 1956 Chevrolet Bel Air.
5. Lee Carpenter on her wedding day in their 1964 Porsche.
6. Anne and Bob Schmalz's 1947 Ford station wagon.
7. Heather and David Pullen's 1958 Chevrolet Bel Air.
8. Karen Rudnick sitting atop her 1958 TR3.



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER

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

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

## The Editors' Corner



Before it arrives in your mailbox, the *Villager* has been proofread a minimum of three times. Our dedicated team typically finds numerous errors in the first proof copy, fewer in the second, and, ideally, the third is almost a formality. Do your eyes lurch to a stop at each misstep in the text before you? Are you offended by awkward grammar? Are you an academic, wedded to a specific convention for the written word? Welcome to the plight of the proofreader.

Commas: Does it change the meaning? Should this be a separate sentence? Grammar: Who is speaking, in what voice? Semicolons, colons, exclamation marks, dashes: Every piece of punctuation plays a role, offers variables to the proofreader, and must be evaluated. Is the perceived error really a misstep, or an essential part of the story?

Proofreading, well done, is a cornerstone of enjoyable reading. Wikipedia defines proofreading as "the process of finding and correcting mistakes in a text before it is published or shared. This includes checking for spelling, grammar, punctuation, and formatting errors to ensure that the document is error-free and ready for its final presentation."

That said, proofing the *Villager* is both a joy and a challenge. Our neighbors, sharing their stories for the enjoyment of all, are not professional writers and one of the most treasured characteristics of our community publication is that we are amateurs, telling a story about something that moved us, has changed us, or is simply of interest to the community. Each contributor has their own individual style, with its own unique quirks.

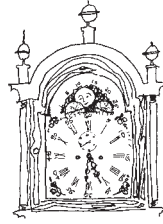
Your proofreaders work as a team. We challenge each other, holding our ground or giving way as required. We have one goal, to give you another enjoyable, readable edition of this venerable publication.

*Marian Smith*  
Proofing Editor





## *From the President and CEO*



When I was ten years old and my sister was eight years old, my parents decided to surprise us with a trip to Disney World with our grandparents. One detail they left out was that we were renting a Winnebago and were going to drive, and it turned out to be one of the most memorable vacations our family ever had.

We were ready for an adventure that would take us nearly 1,300 miles down the East Coast over the course of 2 days. We played all sorts of games like the license plate game where the goal was to find as many out-of-state license plates as possible.

One of my favorite parts of the trip was when I was able to play copilot for my grandfather when it was his turn to drive. There were no Google Maps or Waze. Instead, we had the AAA TripTik flip map. There were hundreds of pages for the entire journey, and it was my job to announce when we had to get onto another highway. He was so proud when we were beating the estimated time of arrival.

It was smooth sailing until we hit South Carolina where we broke down. We had issues with the tires, as we kept getting flats. We spent the night in a Hardee's parking lot, but luckily the locals were very friendly and helpful.

When we finally arrived in Florida, we stayed near Orlando in a Jellystone campground. The first night we lost my sister until we saw the parade go by and she was on one of the floats with Yogi Bear!

The highlight of the trip was visiting Walt Disney World for the first time. From the moment we entered the park, we were swept away by the magic. We rode thrilling roller coasters, watched dazzling fireworks shows, and even met some of our favorite characters.

The freedom of having our home on wheels allowed us to be spontaneous. We also discovered hidden spots we'd never planned to visit and created memories that wouldn't have happened on a traditional vacation.

By the end of the week, none of us wanted the journey to end. That Florida trip in the Winnebago wasn't just a vacation – it was an adventure we'll always remember.

Christopher J. Golen  
President and CEO



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## A Truck Called Myrtle

In the early 50s my parents bought some land in southern New Hampshire. On the south-facing slope of a shoulder of Crotched Mountain, they built a cabin with a clear view of Mt. Monadnock. Construction required the transport of various materials and so they bought a truck. This truck was of a certain vintage, as we are now, elderly but able to get around pretty well. For whatever reason, we named her “Myrtle”.

Some summer evenings, my parents would load us kids into the back with blankets and pillows and would go on an “explore” around the dirt roads of our neighborhood in southern New Hampshire. As it got dark, I remember watching the stars and moon overhead while bouncing along.

These years coincided with my older brother’s learning to drive. Myrtle became his ride to high school, and in her back he could carry many friends. Those were the days before seatbelts (of course, Myrtle had none) or the recognition that this might be dangerous.

When he went to college, she became my ride to school. These were the days of a strict dress code for teenaged girls – full skirts and crinolines – not easy for getting in and out of a truck! However, it was easier than walking the two miles and I had willing friends as well. Certainly, I was the only Wellesley High School senior girl driving an old red truck to school!

Among the many other uses of Myrtle, she carried the Christmas tree and greens from our New Hampshire cabin back to Wellesley. A couple of years ago a line of gift wrap and bags appeared that featured a little red pickup truck carrying a Christmas tree. Myrtle! It brought back so many fond memories of that time in our lives in a way nothing else could.



*Anne Schmalz*

## Our VIP Car!

I must have been about ten when an amazing thing happened in our normal little family. Daddy came home with a small gray used coupe with a rumble seat! My brother Ben, four years my junior, and I were astounded and overjoyed! Mother was simply astounded

We were living in Pittsburgh, PA, having moved there a year or so earlier from rural West Virginia, when Daddy, a young civil engineer, was promoted to the Pittsburgh engineering office of the oil and gas company he worked for. We were all trying to adjust to big city life, learning to ride the streetcars to which we had a long walk, buying most of our groceries at a small neighborhood store where prices were much higher than at the farther away supermarkets. For the first time since moving to this new home with neighbors and schoolmates who had wonderful names like Divoli, Pacinni, Grande, I felt really important even as shy Peggy Hayes with my West Virginia drawl. Ben and I would climb up the rubberized foot holders and slide into the rumble seat and wave and smile, feeling like royalty.

I can’t remember, but I suppose the inevitable hard rainstorm must have caught us unawares and Mother must have “laid down the law,” but suddenly the wonder car disappeared to be replaced by some boring used sedan. The only redeeming feature was that we could now hear Daddy tell us all about the places we were driving through. He would study maps before our Sunday after church excursions and take us all over Allegheny County, including to the tiny airport where we would watch in delight as the small planes landed, and stewardesses and passengers alighted onto the grass field in their fashionable attire. Now, of course, Allegheny is a gigantic “get lost in” airport.

Fast forward to when I moved to Carleton-Willard, about 17 years ago. One summer evening, we had a visit from a club of antique car owners who took many of us on rides in their wonderful vehicles, AND I got a ride in a coupe that seemed identical to our rumble seat wonder car. Of course, this time I sat up front with the



driver and when I told him about our childhood car he drove me all over our CW campus. Once again, I felt very important!

*Peggy McKibben*

## Memory is Fragmentary

Car trips generate a very special kind of memory. Experiences are episodic and the fabric that connects them – the standardized landscape of the interstate system – is weak. Events that are close in time happen many miles apart: the shore and the mountains with only a short nap between.

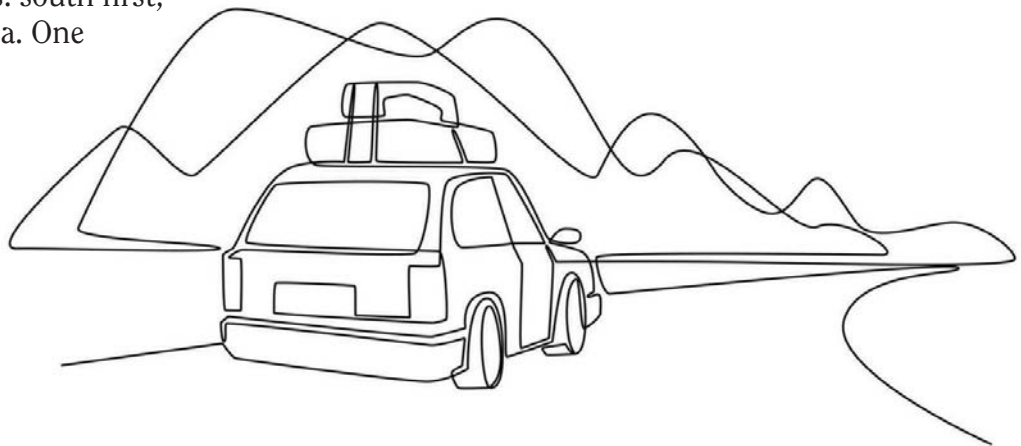
Most of our trips were over two routes. One set took us up and down the Atlantic coast, the other back and forth between Boston and Ann's hometown, Harrodsburg, Kentucky. We made these trips so many times that it's hard to keep them straight. When we reminisce we remember very different things. For one of us, Key West is the place where we saw Truman Capote in the bar at the Pier House; for the other it's the endless blue water drive on the overseas highway that stands out. A stopover in South Carolina is marked in our minds by both the unreconstructed guide to the city museum in the elegant old city of Charleston, and the powerful sound of spirituals heard outside a little wooden church on the barrier islands.

The east-west trip had its own variety. There are many routes: south first, then west, or vice-versa. One way featured the crab houses on the Chesapeake, a taste Ann developed in Baltimore when steamed crabs were piled by the dozen onto beer garden picnic tables as a treat that almost everybody could afford. Farther west,

Interstate 79 took us through Appalachian valleys so deep that no radio or phone signal penetrates the silence, and crosses on the hilltops remind interstate travelers of the strongly held beliefs of some of the people who live in this part of the US. Another route west passes through the southern tier of New York. The baseball museum in Cooperstown and early nineteenth century towns share one of the most beautiful landscapes in America. Before this route turns south there are the towns of Niagara Falls, American and Canadian. We stopped there on the way to our wedding and had to transfer the contents of our car (the reception wine) into our motel room before crossing the border. And, yes, we admired the falls, the greatest natural spectacle in what nineteenth century poets called "nature's nation." Further south (this is yet another route) there is the motel metropolis outside Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where the Turnpike crosses Interstate 81. There we learned the therapeutic power of boilermakers after a day behind the wheel.

All these episodes are a pleasure to relive with each of us bringing different versions to the conversation. The anecdotes accumulate and the stories get richer. It's only when we try to put events in order that we disagree. Even the narrow space of the highway does not establish a definitive sequence. Some stops belong to one trip, some to another. So we don't worry about order. This is the kind of narrative where the facts don't matter.

*David Friedman*







## Learning to Drive

When I was a child I was fortunate to spend my entire summer with my beloved grandparents at their ranch in the Colorado mountains. In addition, during the school year, we drove over the 12,000-ft Loveland Pass on alternate weekends to be with them.



When I was 10, I learned how to drive our tractor. With Pags, my grandfather, standing on the bar behind me, teaching me what to do, I had fun driving all over the back roads at the ranch. I enjoyed helping with family chores and activities involving the tractor – pulling the stone boat loaded with trash to the family dumping ground down by the river, or hooking up the tractor to the wagon and pulling all the family and Lance, our Great Dane, to the picnic area. It was a sad day when Grama, my sister Sally, and I had to load Lance's dead body into the stone boat and haul him down to the lower meadow where we dug a grave, buried him and had a little goodbye ceremony.

When I was 13, I learned how to drive my first car – my grandfather's old Model T Ford. Pags would start the car by inserting a long crank into the front of the car and rapidly turning it round and round until the motor would burst into life. It took a lot of practice to learn the skill of manually shifting this old car – letting out the clutch as I gave it just the right amount of gas so that it didn't lurch forward and kill the motor. I couldn't drive on the highway yet because I was too young, but Pags and I drove it all over the trails in the meadows and on the back roads.

When I was finally old enough to get a driver's license, I studied the rule book and

practiced 3-point turns and backing and parking and everything else we could think of. On my sixteenth birthday, Pags took me to Breckenridge, and I passed with flying colors. Now I could legitimately drive on city streets and the open highway. I was proud that I was the first female in our family to drive a car.

*Cynthia Anderson*

## The Cherry Red Porsche

In the sixties, West Point cadets could not have cars on the "reservation" until after spring break in their junior year. Cadet Robert Carpenter's job on the Cadet Car Committee was to choose the dealerships that would bring their racy sports models to the car show for purchase by the soon-to-be "Firsties." But he did not buy one.

Instead, he bought a little blue Beetle for me so I could drive to Harriton High School near Bryn Mawr College for practice teaching. And, of course, north to West Point to visit him on weekends!

We planned to get married after graduation in May of 1967. As my family made the final arrangements for a wedding and reception with a budget of \$1000, Bob drove the Beetle to a VW dealership to have it serviced and spiffed up for our honeymoon adventure of driving across the country from Virginia to California.

By happenstance, this VW dealership also sold Porsches. Bob was smitten with a 1964 cherry red 356 C Porsche and promptly traded in the Beetle for this dream car. What a bodacious surprise! A beautiful, high performing classic chariot that would carry us to California in style!

Who really cared about the cargo volume anyway? My luggage, stuffed with jeans, T-shirts, mini skirts and bridal boudoir lingerie would fit in the Kinder (child) seats inches behind our comfy leather ones. And I got to drive this cool, smooth Ride myself!

*Lee Carpenter*



## Deadhorse

In 1964, my husband Julius and I drove from Somerville, Massachusetts, to the Yucatan. We drove a used Studebaker Lark, which Julius named “Deadhorse,” because of its poor acceleration and its reluctance to climb hills. In Mexico, Deadhorse kept breaking down, each time more impressively than the last. We would have ditched the car and bought another, but the US required us to return with the same engine number we left with. This was to prevent our selling the engine in Mexico at a huge profit.

Deadhorse’s most dramatic breakdown happened toward the end of our time in Mexico, when we were on our way to Acapulco for a few final days. We had just visited a hill town, where Julius had gunned the engine to force the car up the steep hill. Back on the highway, Deadhorse emitted a loud crash and ground to a halt. The noise sounded ominous. Julius checked under the hood—and discovered that the crankshaft had cracked in half!

A truck we flagged down towed us by rope to the nearest mechanic. We found ourselves in a tiny village built on packed earth. In front of us was a hut with a crudely lettered sign reading “Mécanico.” The mechanic didn’t even have his own tools; he had to borrow ours. He led us to understand that he would have to take our engine, by bus, 125 miles to Mexico City, to have it repaired. We were distressed by this news, but we had no choice.

Clearly, the repair was going to take a few days. We decided we might as well head for Acapulco. The only method of transport was the local bus, where we sat on the floor with the pigs and the chickens. We checked into our modest Acapulco hotel and spent several days there. Then we decided to return to the village to see if our car was ready. It wasn’t. The mechanic was still in Mexico City. After declining his wife’s kind offer of a hammock in their home, we crossed the highway to a little roadside restaurant. While we ate, we pondered what to do next. When we asked for the check, the waitress said, “It’s already been paid.”

“How is that possible?” we asked. The waitress indicated a well-dressed Mexican couple at the next table. We approached them to ask why they had done this. “We just love Americans!” they told us. We thanked them profusely and introduced ourselves. In return, they said, “We are Miguel and Adelina. Please sit here. Do you like Mexico?” Miguel and Adelina were very charming. They spoke limited English and we spoke just a smattering of Spanish. But we managed to explain our predicament to them.

Miguel and Adelina were driving to Acapulco and invited us to come along with them in their luxury car. They checked into our hotel, undoubtedly a cut below what they were used to. Then they proceeded to treat us to three days of high living: a cruise, expensive restaurants, nightclubs. Miguel had already booked a deep-sea-fishing boat for the following day, but we decided we simply could not go on accepting favors from them. We told them that we had to get back to our car and I went to pay our hotel bill. “It’s already been paid,” the manager told me. I began to remonstrate with Miguel and Adelina. But the manager pulled me aside. “You are being very rude,” he said. “If someone offers you a gift, you must accept.” So we did, with many thanks.

This time our car was ready. The mechanic wanted only eighty dollars (ca. \$600 now)—for five days in Mexico City with our engine. My husband gave him twice that amount. And we headed home. We never did figure out why our Mexican friends had been so generous to us, but we sent them a nice gift. So Deadhorse brought us wonderful adventures as well as harrowing misadventures. But we vowed never to buy another used car.

*Mary Ella Feinleib*





## Cousins' Camping Trip

In the summer of 1963, five cousins set off on an epic camping trip to America's West. Brothers Leo (age 25), Paul (22), John (19), cousin Phil (19), and cousin Terry (18) decided to drive from Waukesha, Wisconsin, to California and back while camping whenever we could. Leo had a new red 1963 Chevrolet Impala that could hold the five of us, and by adding a roof rack, all our camping gear. The Chevy, christened "The Red Rover," was to be our home away from home for the next sixteen days and over 5,000 miles on the road.

We took turns driving, changing places counter-clockwise every two hours or so. The first day we did some sightseeing at Wall Drug and Mt. Rushmore, before stopping for the night somewhere in Wyoming. We could not find an actual campground, so we pulled into a field overlooking a lake, pitched our tent, made a fire, cooked our supper and began a nightly ritual of drinking a case of beer.

Our first major adventure of the trip occurred in the middle of that night. The five of us were all asleep, crammed into Phil's four-person canvas tent. I will never forget being awakened by a blood-curdling sound coming from within our tent. Someone or something was in our tent howling like a wild animal. After our initial panic, we were able to light the lantern to try to figure out what the heck just happened. We saw that the center support pole was significantly bent. "What in the world caused that?"

One theory was that a mountain lion (called a cougar in those parts) had jumped on the tent. My own theory was that one of us (my suspicion was Leo) had a nightmare and somehow nearly destroyed the pole from within. (He was a big guy.) From that night on, we made many refer-

ences to cougars and even took to calling the round reflective disks mounted on stakes along-side of the road "cougar eyes."

We were awestruck by the vastness of the western states, and especially enjoyed Yellowstone Park, the Grand Tetons, and the Great Salt Lake. Everything we saw was breathtakingly beautiful. We rarely stopped at commercial campgrounds and camped whenever possible near a river so that we could jump in and bathe our stale bodies. Each night we continued our ritual of sitting around a campfire, telling tall "cougar tales" and drinking beer. We usually woke up to a perfectly constructed beer can pyramid on the picnic table. (That is, if no cougar toppled it during the night.) The Chevy continued to perform flawlessly as the sixth member of our family.

One night I had an extremely scary experience. We were again driving through the night somewhere in Nevada with our usual rotation of drivers. Three cousins slept while one sat next

to the driver serving as the navigator. It was the navigator's job to make sure the driver did not fall asleep. During my shift of driving, I kept fighting off sleep and was successful until my navigator stopped talking. He had fallen asleep. I was next to start nodding off! I can remember the sheer

panic I felt being jolted awake when the tires started bouncing on the rough shoulder of the road and the whole car started shaking. Now, hyper-awake, I was able to steer back onto the road and avoid a fatal crash. To this day I get the whim-whams when I think about how I could have killed all five of us; how the headline of the tabloid back home might have read: **Kareless Kid Kills Kin.**

*John Cloninger*



## When I Was Sixteen

I had just moved back to Massachusetts from ten years living in Indiana, and my maternal grandmother had just moved in to live with us. She had a desire to visit her summer place in Northern Michigan and she asked if I would like to drive her 1947 Pontiac sedan from Massachusetts to Northern Michigan. It was a super sleek car and had what we then called a “fish tail.” I was pretty excited; I guess she trusted me as a qualified driver.

However, the car had only four cylinders, great on the level, but not so much climbing the hills of New York. I had to slow down to 20 mph going up the hills ... something of an embarrassment. On the level road that Pontiac could go 70 mph. I didn't try that except when Grandma was napping.



At the time many of the roads in Michigan were dirt, so off we went to Big Platt Lake in great clouds of dust, going 20 on the hills and 70 on the flat terrain.

*David Hathaway*

## The Red Corvette

When I met my husband, Roger, he was the proud owner of a red '63 Corvette Coupe. That car was our “oldest child.” While we had a succession of other vehicles, the Corvette was always there. Our first summer together, we drove it from Chicago to Vancouver, to introduce Roger and his Brooklyn accent to my British Columbia family. They thought he sounded just like the gangsters in the movies!

When we moved from Ohio to New York City, we went in tandem, with Roger driving the 'Vette and me following, trying to keep up as we crossed the George Washington Bridge with a cop on my tail and no idea where we were going or how to get to Queens if I lost him!

Years later, all three of our daughters learned to drive “stick” on that car. Our oldest, first in line for this rite of passage, was greatly intimidated by the bucking, stubborn sports car which was used to being driven by her father. He, impassive instructor in the passenger seat, was not in the least sympathetic. The other two learned to drive in due course, but by then they had figured out that a girl who could drive stick was a girl to be reckoned with, especially when the car was a split window, red Corvette!

After Roger died, the 'Vette went to my brother on Vancouver Island. There were 325,000 miles on the odometer when we loaded it on the car transport in Binghamton, NY. My brother and a friend restored it, and now it's like new. It's still a matched vehicle and, as Roger responded once when I asked if he ever planned to get a new car, “I'll do it when they make another car as good as this one.”

One last story came out of its reconditioning saga. One day, my brother and his mechanic friend took the car for a spin, out along the south end of “the island” into the sparsely settled region west of Victoria. (In this remote area overlooking the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Olympic mountains of Washington state, they keep watch for smugglers.) On their return trip, they encountered a roadblock and of course were asked for the car's registration papers. It had “repair” license plates and the mechanic was driving, so they were legal. However, the announcement that “It's never been registered in Canada!” sent the Mountie scurrying back to his computer. It's a small community and later, when my brother commented to the police chief that they had been stopped, the response was, “Oh, that was you!” Of course it was. It's the only '63 Corvette in town.

*Marian Smith*





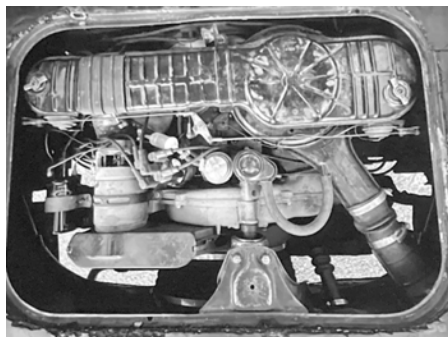
## Our VW Type 3

Arriving at the Italian-Jugoslav border in May 1965, Carol and I, semi-penniless graduate students, were driving our new VW Type 3 on the way to Istanbul where I would conduct research for my Columbia University PhD dissertation. In the front compartment I had materials that I would need to photocopy documents – 100 ft rolls of 35 mm Kodak High Contrast Film, cans of developing powder for “High Altitude Photographs,” tripod, and an Olympus camera with various lenses.



What would the customs people think, particularly on the Yugoslav side? They didn’t even look there. Our experience was the same at the Bulgarian border – which was a real Iron Curtain in that year. And then leaving Bulgaria, the Turkish border – the NATO frontier. And to our immense relief none of the customs officials looked in that front compartment! It was a new VW model which used a “flat 4 engine” which was placed beneath the rear luggage compartment. Even though it looked like there should be a motor in the front, none was there.

We had to fly separately to London from New York. We had searched for and found the most economical flights available. Carol took an Air India charter flight (for schoolteachers) and because a



U.S. carrier was required for federal grantees, I was on TWA. For reasons of weight limitations on luggage, Carol’s luggage contained my photographic materials, and mine had Carol’s bridal lingerie! Both of us received startled looks by British customs, but with her friendly grin, Carol didn’t look very much like a spy. Need I say more about mine?

This valiant auto did fine during that summer, and then for the drive through northern Greece, post-war Yugoslavia (with its new “autopot”), on to Paris, and then later in Michigan. We were so attached to it that we later bought two more: one picked up in Naples in 1969 (now also housing 2 small children) and one picked up in Paris in 1973, now with 3 small children and getting tight!

We eventually moved on to larger cars, but this one remains a favorite in family lore.

*Alan Fisher*

## The Little Black Bug

Like a lot of families in the 50s with a respectable number of kids (there were 5 of us), we had always been a station wagon family – Chevys to be specific – but starting around 1955 or 56 our station wagon had company in the form of a black VW Beetle. My mother bought it, supposedly for the rare occasions when she and dad needed two cars, but I suspect just as much for the fun of it. The first two VW Beetles had been imported into the U.S. by a Dutch man in 1949 and, from there, sales crept up. It was cute and fun and attracted attention. The only regular use it got was in transporting the seven of us to church on Sundays. With mum and dad in front, the middle three kids in back and the younger two in the way back, which wasn’t intended for people, it wasn’t exactly comfortable, but we weren’t going far.

Later, when my older two sisters reached driving age, the Beetle was pressed into service as a practice car, usually on my grandmother’s driveway, where there wasn’t much to hit, except for the occasional unfortunate rhododendron, which usually yielded to small insults pretty gracefully.



As my sisters got older and the Beetle began to get some use on the open road, the defects of its German engineering began to become apparent. Most shockingly, it didn't have a gas gauge. What were the Germans thinking! It's not as if every other brand of car being sold in America didn't have one. Why not the Beetle? Instead of a gas gauge, there was a "reserve" tank with a capacity of one gallon, the switch for which was under the driver's seat, the idea being that when you ran out of gas you could casually reach down, flip the switch to the side, and continue on until you found a gas station. Who on earth thought that was a good plan?

The whole thing depended on teenagers



keeping track of the mileage when they put gas in the car, done by means of a piece of paper and a magnet holding it to the dashboard. Plus you needed to be sure that the tank had been filled to the top, or your calculations as to when you might run out would be thrown off. Another pit-fall was the possibility of someone dipping into the reserve without alerting others, although I'm not sure that ever happened, the consequences having been so drummed into everyone.

The other major engineering flaw was the placement of the car battery under the back seat, making it very hard to access and inviting corrosion of the floor over the years. The chicks on that problem didn't come home to roost until it was my turn to learn to drive. I was happily tooling up my grandmother's driveway one day when I heard a loud CLUNK, the sound of the battery falling through the floor and landing on the driveway. It scared the life out of me! Not ready to give up, mum and dad got the floor fixed and a new battery installed, allowing me later to drive on the Massachusetts Turnpike, where cars would pass you as you went 40 on the uphill sec-

tions and you'd pass them back going 80 on the way down. Some drivers seemed to take it all in good humor. Others wondered, "What was your problem"? The Beetle was on its last legs.

Later, in 1972, I bought a new light blue Beetle for myself. \$1944 and it came with a gas gauge!

*Dick Belin*

## Face Powder

The 20th century was right around the corner! During this period of mechanical wizardry, my teenage grandmother Clara learned to drive her family's amazing new car. The car was an all electric that could go faster than a bicycle, just barely, and travel 80 miles on a single charge! The car was deliberately fashioned to appeal to women drivers. Outside, the car looked like an 18th century royal coach without the horses; very tall with 3 foot diameter spoked wheels. Inside, the car had numerous charming features to please the fair sex. It was very comfortably cushioned and had generous headroom that easily accommodated the towering feathered hats very popular in society of that time. Two bench seats arranged to face one another promoted friendly chats. These seats and added draw curtains enhanced confidential socializing, but did little for safety on the road. Lastly, the car offered a hidden compartment where the driver and her passengers could keep their cosmetics!

Clara drove the electric for only a few years. In fact she never drove any kind of car again and left this chore to her engineer husband, who had a penchant for powerful gasoline models which, of course, were too loud for conversation and offered no place for Clara's face powder.

*Tim Martin*





## The Halalisa Singers

We were treated to a presentation of *Celebrating Roots and Wings*, by the Halalisa Singers. The concert started out with the South African song, *Freedom Is Coming*. We also heard the *Halalisa Graduation Song* with lyrics by Simthembele Xekatlwana, and music by Andrew-John Bethke. Later in the program, the Singers performed Hava Nashira, a traditional Hebrew song, and an arrangement of Paul Simon's *Bridge over Troubled Waters* – familiar to all of us. We all enjoyed this highly original concert.



## ESOL Graduation

On June 18, fifteen employees, English language learners, celebrated the conclusion of the 15 week English for Speakers of Other Languages (ESOL) program with congratulatory words by Chris Golen, International Institute representatives, and the students' supervisors. A student representative thanked Chris and Kim Ianiro, Director of Human Resources, for their support of the program. This first such class offered to CWV employees gave the employees the opportunity to improve their English language skills through building vocabulary, readings, and practice both listening and speaking. Their International Institute teacher was assisted by nine resident volunteers. The graduation ceremony was festive, with flowers for the resident tutors and refreshments for all. Congratulations, laughter, hugs, and much photo taking were exchanged by students, tutors and invited family members and friends.

## For the Men Only!

In the early 1980's there was concern about the small percentage of men at CWV (5% then, 30% now), and their not having their own time to socialize. The result was a regular breakfast with a speaker from among the male residents. For many years this was held in the Terrace Room of Abbott, but after a hiatus during Covid, it has now resumed. The auditorium now hosts a full breakfast – even made-to-order omelets! Reagan Vetree puts on a full spread. Regular attendance tops 30 and residents line up to take their turn as speaker-of-the-month. There is no shortage of expertise, interesting experiences, and wisdom to pass on!

## A Visit to the Stevens-Coolidge House and Gardens

June 15 was a perfect day to visit this Trustees of Reservations property in North Andover. The land was farmed for six generations by the Stevens family, before becoming the family's country retreat. For almost 50 years it was the summer home of the last owners, Helen Stevens Coolidge and her husband, U.S. diplomat John Gardner Coolidge. We were treated to guided tours of the neo-Georgian Colonial Revival house, which was filled with art and mementos from the Stevens' world travels. Gardeners and non-gardeners alike enjoyed the meticulously maintained gardens. Everyone enjoyed boxed lunches on a sunny patio. Our own resident Ruth Stevens, a Stevens family member, joined the tour to visit the estate for her second time.

## Let's Sing!

We are treated to many musical productions – both instrumental and vocal. Twice a year a resident group, the Village Singers, also performs. Led by pianist, arranger and conductor, Molly Ruggles, a stalwart group of a dozen or more rehearse a variety of songs, and this practice culminates in a short program presented in the auditorium, followed by a sing-along with everyone joining in. This June the Singers sang a number of familiar pieces, including from the Beatles, "Michelle," "It's Been a Hard Day's Night," and "I Want to Hold Your Hand." From the American Song Book everyone got to sing along to old favorites.



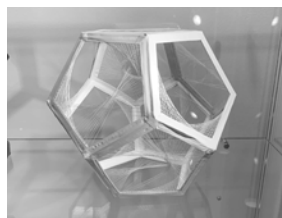
# Happenings

## Prints and Printmaking

Elizabeth Flemings gave us an engrossing illustrated talk on her experience with printmaking. An array of her work is in our art gallery. All Elizabeth's creations are monoprints. She explained the differences between relief prints and intaglio prints. Elizabeth also described the complex process of solar etching, using light-sensitive polymer plates. Another kind of print that Elizabeth makes is a collagraph—which she described as a combination of relief and intaglio. At the end of her lecture, Elizabeth said, “I had a wonderful time putting this show together.” We had a wonderful time listening to her and admiring her beautiful creations!

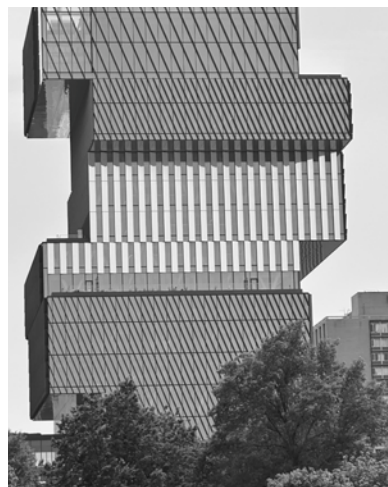
## Artistic Shapes and Math

Bill Adams presented a fascinating illustrated talk in which he showed us what looked like impossible structures. Bill made similar structures; a sampling of his work was on display in our art gallery. In the talk, he pointed out the interlocking cubes and triangles. One of his creations is a sculpture made of seventy-two pencils. Bill had to cheat and use a touch of glue to prevent that fragile construction from falling apart. The sculptures look like Escher creations in 3D. And, sure enough, Bill showed us some Escher works. He also showed impossible-looking large sculptures from various museums.



## The Redcoats Came!

CWV welcomed three reenactors from His Majesty's Tenth Regiment of Foot, to signal our celebration of the USA's 250th anniversary. The men dispelled some of the myths and legends regarding the “redcoats,” providing a more accurate picture of a British regiment and soldier in 1775. They demonstrated the articles that make up their uniforms, and showed the regimental flags that would have been carried into battle. Red uniforms added “flash” to intimidate the enemy. In an earlier session with reenactors, we learned about “Minutewomen and what they wore,” which was quite a contrast in simplicity.



## Cruising on the Charles

On Friday, June 6, after a delicious lunch at The Cheesecake Factory in CambridgeSide Galleria, 23 CWV Residents boarded the “Charles 1” for a cruise accompanied by expert commentary. Sailing upstream, we passed Cambridge, Harvard, MIT, historic boat houses, and multiple recreational areas. On our return trip we saw the CITGO sign, and followed the Esplanade past Mass Eye and Ear and Massachusetts General Hospital. Two memorable bridges are the Weeks Bridge on the site of the first bridge across the Charles, that replaced the Charlestown Ferry in 1660, and the Harvard Bridge, known as the “Smoot” Bridge. BU's new Computer and Data Sciences building (the “Jenga” building) is the greenest tower in the city.

## CWV Live!

In March, we enjoyed our variety show – *CWV Live!* The show was directed by Marjorie Roemer and Elizabeth Flemings. There were ten acts – skits and songs by residents and staff – many of them humorous. One of our acts starred Renel Fredriksen as *The Great Magi-Isto*, with her assistant Amindo Helpanto, played by David Hathaway. The pair treated us to amazing and amusing magic tricks. Our final act, Duck Pond, featured men in tutus dancing to Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*. That number was directed by Ashley Rooney and Weezie Johnson. The show played to a packed house.





## The Chrysler

The new 1938 Chrysler was sleek and stylish. Its black, shiny surface glistened above its elegant white-walled tires. My father's sister Rose knew, as soon as she saw it, that this reliable model of innovation was just what she needed. She bought it on the spot.

Aunt Rose was a merchant of fine linens and lovely lingerie. She drove her mobile store, the Chrysler, along the New England coast from Newport, Rhode Island, to Bar Harbor, Maine. Her customers were wealthy New Yorkers who came to spend their summers near the beautiful shores of New England. They had names such as Vanderbilt, Morgan and Astor. As one would expect, these folks wished to outfit their mansions and seaside "cottages" with the finest goods that money could buy. Aunt Rose was ready to serve.



The Chrysler was the keystone of her business. It gladly gave up its back seat to become a veritable warehouse of table linens, baby clothes, negligees, blouses and other exquisitely hand-embroidered imports of linen or silk. Most of these items came from Italy, but an occasional blouse or nightgown would find its way from Filene's Basement to Aunt Rose's store. The merchandise was organized into a multitude of black suitcases of various sizes. These were carefully packed, like pieces of a puzzle, into the trunk and into the space left vacant by the removal of the back seat. A worn, olive-colored army blanket cast casually over the suitcases served as both cover and disguise.

When we came to live with Aunt Rose in 1946, the Chrysler became our family car. Over

the years it had lost its sheen and gained a few scratches, but it was as reliable as ever. When Aunt Rose was not traveling for business, my two brothers and I would step on the running board. The faint scent of gasoline and rubber tires greeted us as we scrambled up on top of the suitcases. Mother, Father and Aunt Rose squeezed into the front seat and off we would go.



This aging workhorse transported us faithfully for the next five years. It complained only on rainy or snowy days when it gave up control of its wipers. These hard working veterans of the weather would glide over the glass in an uncoordinated dance, each blade moving back and forth across its side of the windshield in complete disregard for what its partner was doing.

It has been 73 years since we parted from Aunt Rose and the Chrysler, but I will never forget the experience of riding in the back of that car, the suitcases pressing like rocks against my thighs and buttocks. Nor can I forget the way Naji, Sami and I bounced up and down and into each other with every bump in the road.

I wish I knew what became of that old friend, the Chrysler. I wonder if it ever missed those long ago trips when three lively children tussled in the back.

*Mouna Anderson*



## Everyone Loves Their First Car

When the road leveled out, I began to worry. I was nearing the Maine home of my old friend Bill, whom I intended to visit for the weekend. Following his directions (way before GPS!), I turned off the highway and started looking for the next landmark. This was difficult in the winter nighttime, especially off the main roads.

I found myself on a road that was just the width of the snowplow that last passed through. Now there was nothing to see to either side. I realized I was driving over a frozen lake, probably the one Bill's house stood next to. What to do?

I was in my less-than-year-old first car, one of those (at the time) newfangled front-wheel-drive compact imports. I had become quite fond of it, as one does with that first car. Being on the frozen lake was not that concerning – the plow was probably heavier than my car – and the road surface had enough packed snow on it for decent traction.

But now I faced a navigation problem. I had to get back to the main road. I had seen no side roads or driveways for a while now, and could not turn around within the plow track without risking getting stuck in the 3-foot snow banks on either side.

So, I put her in reverse and started slowly retracing my steps. Fortunately, there was some moonlight, and the snow reflected the headlights pretty well. Once I left the lake, backing up the slight hill put even more weight on the drive wheels and improved traction. With care, I was able to complete the backup maneuver and, eventually, found Bill's house. I gave the car a fond pat and thanked her as I stepped out.

*John (JR) Robinson*



## Always Check Your Tires

For our honeymoon in 1980 we went to Tanzania. There was going to be a total eclipse, and we signed onto a tour arranged by a group of amateur astronomers. Thirty or so of us traveled in two retired Bedford army trucks, retrofitted with bus seats and painted pink. We tented at night, off any beaten paths, and saw the sights by day.



One night, we camped on the rim of the Ngorogoro Crater, preparing to drive into the crater the next morning. Due to local regulations, we could not bring the trucks, so the tour company hired several jeeps to drive us down into the crater. The switchbacks were extreme, with nothing but air between the edge of the dirt road and the ground below. Many jeeps that had missed a turn were clearly visible at the bottom.

Once we reached the bottom, we saw lions with their kill, thousands of flamingos, hyenas, water buffalo, giraffes, rhinos, and much more. It was one of our best safari days of the trip.

Finally it was time to head back. I was already stressed from the drive down, and my fear of heights kicked back in as we headed up. Halfway up, the jeep stalled. Every time the driver tried to restart the engine, the jeep slipped backwards a little, edging ever closer to the last switchback and a sheer drop. I finally announced I wanted to get out and walk the rest of the way. The driver refused to let me out, pointing out the lions that were nearby. We continued.

Obviously, we made it out alive. When we got to the campsite, I could not wait to get out of the jeep. As soon as I did, I inspected the tires. They were as smooth as glass.

*Renel Fredriksen*



## Just Go

My husband Don and I had many things in common, but not our driving styles. He grew up in California and drove when he was sixteen. I grew up in New York City and learned to drive when I was thirty in order to get our daughter to nursery school. If Don and I were in a car together, he was driving. Too fast, with impatience and bravado. Except when he had a glioblastoma and we had to drive to Mass General at least once a week for his various treatments and drug trials. Then, I was in charge, sort of. It seemed as though we always had to get there through rush hour and get home again at rush hour. Those were long days. And stressful.

My daughter wrote the clearest set of directions for me: be in the left lane here, in the right lane there. Still, it was a trial for me. Not made easier by my husband shouting: "Step on the gas. You're not going to let that guy get ahead of you, are you?" So, it went, week after week. He was getting weaker and weaker but no less insistent that I drive the way he would drive, not as my overly cautious, timid self.

Finally, our son came to visit, and when he got a look at our routine, he said: "That's it. You can't keep doing that. We're done with the drug trials." So, we had hospice and waited for the end.

Now, all my doctors are at Lahey. I hope never to see the inside of Mass General again, or to travel that treacherous route, cars coming in on the right while I'm trying to make a right turn, with my husband shouting: "Just go."

*Marjorie Roemer*



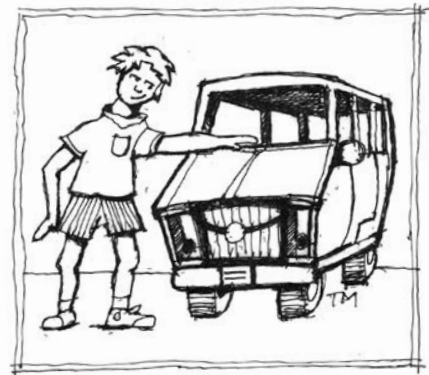
Elizabeth Flemings and her sisters with her cousin in his first car.

## The Ivy League Car

Volvos were the car of choice by professors and staff who worked at Ivy League universities. Ten year old station wagons were especially popular. Ours was orange! Broad ownership of these automobiles gave rise to many foreign car repair shops in our college town. Our shop was DAVE & DAVE GARAGE operated by two "downwardly mobile" sons of professors. Since they held advanced degrees in English Literature and Material Science, conversations about needed repairs often were punctuated with references to Somerset Maugham or the conductivity of metals at subzero temperatures.

Adjacent to D&D was a large lot of derelict Volvos which were rifled for cheap replacement parts. The Achilles Heel of ten year old Volvos was its fuel pump. On D&D's good advice we never left town without a spare fuel pump aboard. We ended up needing it once.

D&D also worked on Ferraris owned by professors who had "arrived," either by writing a best seller or discovering a new form of life. One such professor opted instead for an immense Cadillac with bright fins on its rear fenders. He lived in a quaint cottage with a quaint garage attached. His neighbors knew he had "arrived" by the fact that his Cadillac's length barred closing the door!



Because Volvos had slow acceleration and were built like a tank, they were perfect cars for families with teenage sons (we had two). This paid off when our wagon full of teenagers was struck by a drunk driver. All aboard were unscathed and D&D got the car back on the road pretty quick!

*Tim Martin*



## Junk to Jewel

In the early 1940's, Grandfather William found a 1930 Ford Model A Roadster abandoned in a junkyard. It still had its motor, rumble seat and most of its parts. The price was right, and Grandfather took the car back to his farm to use as a wagon, hauling wood, dirt and hay. His three teenaged sons learned about cars by tinkering with the engine. The old Ford proved its usefulness over the next years, although it had a bad habit of stalling halfway up a hill and was surely called some bad names. John B named it "Delphinus" and that name stuck.

Life on the farm was hard for the old car, but it became more fun when the sons made it roadworthy and got it legally registered, so that it could take them to see a girlfriend or attend a class at UNH.

World War II forced many changes, even for Delphinus. In the summer of 1942, John B worked as a union carpenter, building a fort at Ondine Point in Rye, NH, to protect the Portsmouth Navy yard from attack by German subs. Delphinus went to the job every day and complied with wartime regulations. All vehicles along the coast were required to cover headlights except for a small slit so that lights would not be seen by German subs that were lurking offshore. Gasoline was rationed, so a "C" sticker placed on the windshield of the Ford designated it as an essential worker's vehicle, allowing barely enough gallons to drive back and forth to work.

After the war ended, the three sons returned from military service, began careers, married and moved away from New Hampshire. Delphinus remained on the farm where he was always the center of attention for visiting grandchildren. When Grandfather B was unable to work the farm, he offered the Ford to his grandson John E, who, at age 16, was excited to be the new owner of Delphinus.

After being towed to Massachusetts, new life began for the old car. John E took it apart piece by piece and, if a part needed to be replaced, he searched the pages of Hemings magazine and found the farm in Haverhill, NH, that sold the right parts. There was great celebration when all the parts went back together, the horn sounded, and Delphinus moved again under his own power!

In 1977 John's sister asked to have Delphinus in her wedding. The old Ford was cleaned and



polished, ready for the bride and groom to climb into the rumble seat and ride from church to reception. Tin cans rattled underneath. Confetti blew

around the cheering well wishers and John E, the proud driver, breathed a sigh of relief that the old car didn't stall or break down. Since that first wedding, Delphinus has had a professional paint job – bright blue with yellow wheels – and, new seat cushions have been installed. He has been part of six more family weddings, and fifth generation grandchildren still laugh with glee at the sound of his horn.

*Eleanor Butler*

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## Grace

It was enough to have made it,  
be born  
very late, they said;

To have wended my way  
through measles and  
mean girls and  
wrong boys  
and wonderful, very hard books.

To meet Bill, at last,  
and learn that a family, indeed,  
could be fine.

To keep turning and finding  
my way until  
now, at this breath,  
and time, to find  
grace,  
just now  
to be old:

The gift of being here now.

*Mimi Collins*



*Welcome  
New Residents*

**Thomas Taylor**

4/25/2025

from Lexington

**Emily Pruyn**

5/15/2025

From Bedford

**Brenda Prusak**

6/12/2025

from Lexington

**Peter Lund**

6/13/2025

from Lexington

**Joan Ruma**

6/22/2025

from Winchester

**John and Gretchen Bullock**

7/15/2025

from Winchester

**Susan Watson**

7/24/2025

from Bloomfield, CT







## *In Memory*

Mary Allen "M.A." Bramhall 4/28/2025

Jeanne Reidy 5/5/2025

Jeanne "Muffy" Paradise 5/20/2025

Joseph "Joe" Weber 6/10/2025

Judith Sprott 6/10/2025

Nadia Finkelstein 6/11/2025

John Bennett 6/16/2025

Barbara Mix 7/6/2025

Mary Spindler 7/11/2025

Donald "Don" Stewart 7/19/2025



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"A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies, said Jojen.  
The man who never reads lives only one."

– *George R.R. Martin, A Dance with Dragons*



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

## Current Resident Authors

The theme of this issue of the Villager is “Cars.” This presented a challenge to the library and a need for us to be creative. By changing the spelling to “CRAs” we arrived at the theme for this article.

We have a substantial collection of books by our residents, but only eleven of them are presently active members of our community. We happily present them to you, with the titles of their publications.

Cynthia Anderson (Badger Terrace)

*Pioneer Voices (1999)*

*One Foot in Front of the Other (2015)*

Sheldon Buck (Bedford Court)

*Preparing the World for Climate Change (2021)*

Bard Crawford (Willard Hall)

*That’s Another Story (2022)*

Ed Cox (Winthrop Terrace)

*Statistical Analysis for Managerial Decisions (1974)*

*The Bank Director’s Handbook (1986)*

Sherry Downes (Bedford Court)

*Faith, Family, Humor: How I Survived (2018)*

Alan Fisher (Essex Court)

*The Crimean Tatars (1978)*

George Hibben (Essex Court)

*60 Poles to a Sugar Tree and Thence to the Beginning (2003)*

*Life Has Changed This I Remember (2022)*

*Poems by and About the Pioneer Hibben Family (2022)*

Henry Hoover (Willard Hall)

*Breaking Ground (2015)*

Janet Kennedy (Llewsac Lodge)

*The Little Stranger (1969)*

Hadi Madjid (Winthrop Terrace)

*The Gallery of Hope (2024)*

*The Braided Hole (2025)*

Marjorie Roemer (Bedford Court)

*Certain Mysteries (2022)*

We hope that this list is of interest. There is also a wide variety of additional books by previous resident authors on a shelf in the library. Feel free to browse at will and to support our talented community.

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair of the Library Committee*



## Among the Newest

*Heartwood* by Amity Gaige

An experienced Appalachian Trail hiker mysteriously disappears on the trail in Maine and a Game Warden is tasked with finding her.

*Eminent Jews* by David Denby

Four icons who defined American culture in the second half of the 20th century.

*The Correspondent* by Virginia Evans

The main character's story is told through letters she writes to family, work associates, literary figures and a shadowy figure from her past.

*I Seek a Kind Person* by Julian Borger

A family memoir telling the stories of European Jews placing ads in British newspapers to find foster homes for their children to escape the Holocaust.

*Little Great Island* by Kate Woodworth

A woman, with her six-year-old son, escapes a cult and returns to the tiny Maine island where she grew up. Shifts in climate are affecting the whole ecosystem of the island.

*When it all Burns* by Jordan Thomas

An essential meditation on fire's role on a warming planet, including historical background and present day faulty services.

*The Black Swan Mystery* by Tetsuya Ayukawa

Inspector Onitsura, a cool and clever detective, is able to unravel the most complex schemes.

*The Beast in the Clouds* by Nathalia Holt

The true story of the sons of Teddy Roosevelt and their expedition to the Himalayas to prove the existence of the mythical giant panda.

*Strangers in Time* by David Baldacci

Set in London in 1944, about a bereaved bookshop owner and two teenagers scarred by World War II and the healing and hope that they find in one another.

*How to Share an Egg* by Bonny Reichert

A culinary memoir about the relationship between food and family, sustenance and survival, from a chef, award winning journalist and daughter of a Holocaust survivor.

*Big Bad Wool* by Leonie Swann

A crime-solving flock of Irish sheep and their shepherd, Rebecca, head to a remote chateau in France for the winter season. When several deer and a human are found dead, the sheep trot into action.

*Sea of Grass* by David Hage

The conquest, ruin and redemption of nature on the American prairie and what this staggering loss of grasslands means for the world at large.

*The Eights* by Joanna Miller

The story of the first four and very different women to be admitted to Oxford in 1920, rich in detail of the time and setting.

*Taking Manhattan* by Russell Shorto

A chronicle of the "taking" of New Amsterdam from the Dutch in 1664. The taking, accomplished without bloodshed, was less a usurpation than it was a merger of two ways of being.

*The Listeners* by Maggie Stiefvater

A resort manager is forced to shelter Axis diplomats who threaten to disturb the magical springs that make the property a success.

*The Maverick's Museum* by Blake Gopnik

A biography of philanthropist Albert Barnes, the first collector of modern art.

*Katherine F. Graff*





## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Autobiography/Memoir

|                                     |                                     |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Amelina, Victoria                   | Looking at Women Looking At War (*) |
| Barry, Dave                         | Class Clown (*)                     |
| Borger, Julian                      | I Seek a Kind Person                |
| Iyer, Pico                          | Aflame (*)                          |
| McNally, Keith                      | I Regret Almost Everything          |
| Nenquino, Nemonte & Anderson, Mitch | We Will Be Jaguars (*)              |
| Pope Francis                        | Hope                                |
| Reichert, Bonny                     | How to Share an Egg                 |

### Biography

|                    |                       |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Gopnik, Blake      | The Maverick's Museum |
| Wiesen, Jean Marie | Harriet Tubman        |

### Current Affairs

|                             |                              |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Clegg, Ellen & Kennedy, Dan | What Works in Community News |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|

### Fiction

|                     |                           |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| Adichie, Chimamande | Dream Count               |
| Arceneaux, Danielle | Glory Daze                |
| Austen, Jane        | Persuasion                |
| Ayukawa, Tetsuya    | The Black Swan Mystery    |
| Backman, Fredrik    | My Friends                |
| Backman, Fredrik    | My Friends (*)            |
| Baldacci, David     | Strangers in Time         |
| Bauer, Belinda      | The Impossible Thing      |
| Benedict, Marie     | Queens of Crime           |
| Berry, Steve        | The List (*)              |
| Berry, Tamara       | Murder Runs in the Family |

|                                  |   |
|----------------------------------|---|
| Butler, Nickolas                 | A Forty Year Kiss                         |
| Caldwell, Lucy                   | These Days (*)                            |
| Chen, Karissa                    | Homeseeking (*)                           |
| Connelly, Michael                | Nightshade                                |
| Connelly, Michael                | Nightshade (*)                            |
| Erdrich, Louise                  | Fagin the Thief (*)                       |
| Estleman, Loren D.               | Bloody Season (*)                         |
| Evans, Virginia                  | The Correspondent                         |
| Gaige, Amity                     | Heartwood                                 |
| Gerritsen, Tess                  | The Summer Guests                         |
| Goodman, Allegra                 | Isola                                     |
| Grimes, Martha                   | The Red Queen                             |
| Grimes, Martha                   | The Red Queen (*)                         |
| Hickey, Jon                      | Big Chief (*)                             |
| Hornby, Gill                     | Miss Austen                               |
| Horowitz, Anthony                | Marble Hall Murders                       |
| Jenoff, Pam                      | Last Twilight in Paris                    |
| Kelly, Martha Hall               | The Martha's Vineyard Beach and Book Club |
| King, Stephen                    | Never Flinch                              |
| King, Stephen                    | Never Flinch (*)                          |
| McFadden, Freida                 | The Crash                                 |
| Miller, Joanna                   | The Eights                                |
| Patterson, James & Clinton, Bill | The First Gentleman                       |
| Phillips, Maha Khan              | The Museum Detective                      |
| Prose, Nita                      | The Maid's Secret                         |
| Quinn, Frances                   | The Lost Passenger (*)                    |
| Reid, Eliza                      | Death on the Island                       |
| Roberts, Nora                    | Hidden Nature                             |
| Roberts, Nora                    | Hidden Nature (*)                         |
| Slocumb, Brendan                 | The Dark Maestro                          |



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

|                    |                                       |                 |                                  |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------|----------------------------------|
| Steel, Danielle    | A Mind of Her Own                     | <b>History</b>  |                                  |
| Stiefvater, Maggie | The Listeners                         | Aikman, Becky   | Spitfires                        |
| Swann, Leonie      | Big Bad Wool                          | Denby, David    | Eminent Jews                     |
| Vuong, Ocean       | The Emperor of Gladness               | Holt, Nathalia  | The Beast in the Clouds          |
| Wade, Kevin        | Johnny Careless (*)                   | Howarth, David  | The Shetland Bus                 |
| Walter, Jess       | So Far Gone                           | McMahon, Sharon | The Small and the Mighty (*)     |
| Wilson, Carter     | Tell Me What You Did (*)              | Olson, Lynne    | The Sisterhood of<br>Ravensbrook |
| Winstead, Ashley   | This Book Will Bury Me (*)            | Shorto, Russell | Taking Manhattan                 |
| Woodward, M. P.    | Tom Clancy Line of<br>Demarcation (*) | Weiss, Elaine   | Spell Freedom                    |
| Woodworth, Kate    | Little Great Island                   | Willis, Gerri   | Lincoln's Lady Spymaster         |

### Environment

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Hage, Dave     | Sea of Grass      |
| Thomas, Jordan | When It All Burns |

### Miscellaneous

|             |                |
|-------------|----------------|
| Henry, Gabe | Enough is Enuf |
|-------------|----------------|

### Health & Wellness

|             |                 |
|-------------|-----------------|
| Topol, Eric | Super Agers (*) |
|-------------|-----------------|

(\* indicates Large Print)

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair, Library Committee*





A bluejay caches thousands of acorns in a season, taking some of them more than two miles.

Trees don't use cars, but they do need their seeds to be dispersed.

Evolution has provided various means of transport for seeds and nuts.



Taking as many as 7 acorns or hickory nuts at a time in its cheek pouches, a chipmunk may collect half a bushel of food for the winter.



Red squirrels cache piles of spruce cones, to eat the seeds from them in the winter.



One gray squirrel can bury several thousand nuts and acorns and can find 90-95% of them later.

The rest may become new trees in new places.

V. Steel





Renel Fredriksen's grandfather's electric car. Norway, 1900.



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