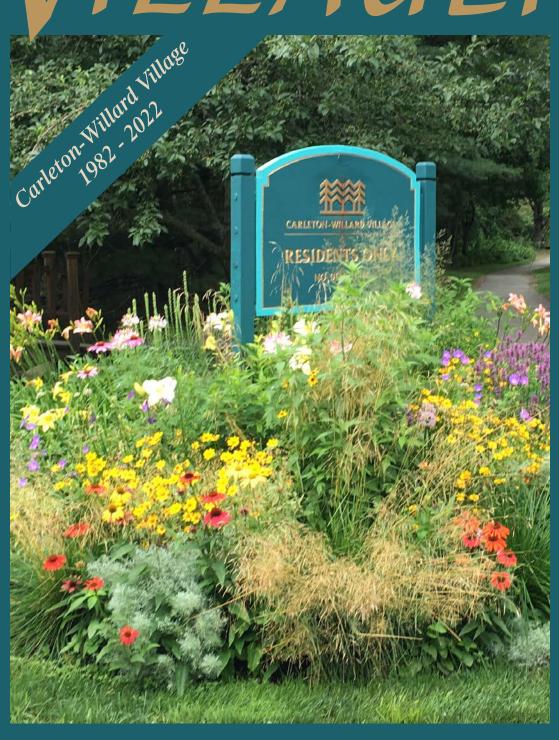


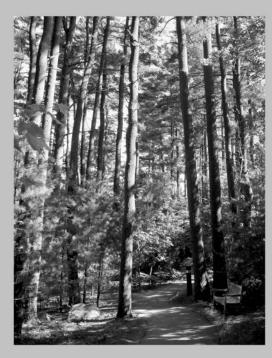
# CARLETON-WILLARD LLLAGER CARLETON-WILLARD





# A Splendid Pine Grove

by Ruth Drinker







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

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# Editor's Corner



Forty years ago Continuing Care Residential Communities were a fairly new phenomenon in the field of senior living options. Two, in the Boston area - the Elizabeth Carleton House and the Frances Willard Homes - were looking for ways to use their assets to provide a lasting institution in this mold. The Carleton House had financial assets, and the Willard Homes, then located in Bedford, had the property. They also had those among their Trustees who could see the benefits of a merger.

Interestingly, two who envisioned what became Carleton-Willard moved here last year. Bill Hays, of the Willard Homes, and Bob Crocker, of Carleton House, deserve a VERY honorable mention as we celebrate Carleton-Willard's fortieth anniversary.

How fortunate we are for their vision and efforts as well as the energy and skill with which the first and only CEO, Barbara Doyle, has carried that idea forward.

The theme of this issue is "All in a Day's Work." Some work can be done in a day, some in a week, and some takes years. As the number of legacy residents (those who represent a second-generation in a family) attests, all these efforts have made for a fine place to live out the last years of our lives.

"Thank you," to them and to all who continue to do the work at Carleton-Willard.

On a different note, Dick Belin and Mary Jane Parke have agreed to join the *Villager* Board to share in the work of this publication. They also moved here in 2021, but have already shared their writing with us. Welcome!

Anne Schmalz Anne Schmalz. Editor



# From the President and CEO



"There are things known, and there are things unknown, and in between are the doors of perception." Aldous Huxley

Whenever I hear that a challenge is too big, or a problem too complicated, I think: "No. There's always a new and better idea somewhere. Time to get creative!"

Creativity is all around us. In fact, the entire universe is creativity in action; expansion, transformation, evolution. And we can tap into it if we choose to.

As with many things, a little shift in perspective makes all the difference. Tapping into creativity is all about challenging beliefs and dismantling expectations...recalibrating our minds as to what is possible. This occasionally takes some real effort, but most times, the necessary shift is so subtle, the result is startling.

"The answers were right in front of me the whole time!" Which, guite often, they are.

I only have to look at the history of our Village for proof of this. When we broke ground 42 years ago and began to build the first Continuing Care Retirement Community in Massachusetts you could say we were a bit ambitious. Even as buildings began to take shape, the Village was little more than an untested concept: no benchmarks, no model to follow, no playbook for success.

When the founding Trustees, Residents and Staff were faced with challenges (and there were many), we dug deep. When answers weren't where we thought they'd be, we looked elsewhere. When conventional thinking didn't seem right, we tried the unconventional and adapted. We became a leader in the industry because we never hesitated to consider what else might be.

Since the Village opened on August 2, 1982 we have always been a work in progress. You could say we have a culture of creativity. Everyone rises to the occasion. New ideas are discovered every day. Nothing is impossible. It's just how we do things.

Barbara A. Doyle

President and CEC



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## September Midnight Swim

Silver Lake, Chesham, NH

Tonight I have a companion For my swim: An elegantly tailored loon Who glides along, ten feet away, For quite a distance.

He and I slice the mirror surface In silent synchronization. Then, of course, without warning, He disappears, leaving only Quietly expanding circles To verify his existence.

I watch until his lightning-bright head Pops up, at least Halfway down the lake. I'm sure he's fast asleep now, Dreaming loony dreams.

Au clair de la lune (it's a full one)
Is how I'm swimming this September night
And it's so bright I see my shadowed self
On the boulders more than fifty feet below.
They were dumped there by a melting glacier
When it had to give up at last.

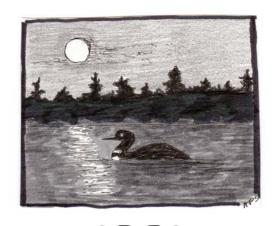
Great ungainly chunks of rock
Just lying there for centuries
I used to find them scary Silent behemoths which glared up at me,
Shivering in my canoe.

Now my moonlit silhouette glides over them With nary a scratch. But what if the Public Service

Should choose to lower the water level To mere inches? Would I have to walk On those slimy surfaces, perhaps to slip And tear my tender toes?

Would the loon complain from a shallow puddle That I had bloodied his domain And ruined everything?

Jocelyn Faulkner Bolle



# **Democracy At Work?**

In the late 60's and early 70's I did two stints in Congressman Tip O'Neill's Washington office answering letters from constituents. Mostly the letters came from Cambridge – specifically, zip code 02138. I had a couple of friends who had similar jobs in other congressmen's offices, but the mail was nothing alike. They got normal letters: "Someone has been stealing my social security check from my mail box. I depend on that money. Please help!" Or: "My Johnny is stationed in Germany. We haven't seen him for over a year. Can you please do something to get him home for Christmas this year?"

Cambridge voters, on the other hand, had bigger things on their minds, sending me to the phone frequently to enlist the Library of Congress for assistance: "Can you tell me what are the terms of the international whaling treaty and whether the Japanese are breaching it?" Or: "What on earth is going on at the bottom of the Grand Canyon and what can be done for the Havasupai Indians?"

I learned pretty quickly that Cambridge voters lack a sense of humor. I wrote a long letter to one constituent explaining that the congressman had turned against the war in Vietnam because of the difficulties of prosecuting a "gorilla war" half way around the world. Passing up a golden opportunity for a witty response, the constituent responded instead with a venomous torrent of abuse, along the lines of "No wonder we are mired in this miserable unwinnable war with clowns like you running the government!"



I resolved to be more careful and do better in the hope of bringing less embarrassment to Congressman O'Neill. Mostly this seemed to pay off for guite a while, but during my second stint in O'Neill's office the system broke down when Ford pardoned Nixon. We were inundated with furious letters, delivered on teeming double-decker mail carts two or three times a day. We fought back with the latest of modern technology – a couple of unmanned robotype machines that clacked away endlessly through piles of mag cards, producing form letter responses. We separated the pardon protest letters in an effort to personalize our responses a little by echoing the main theme of the letter: "Thank you for your letter opposing the pardon of former president Nixon by president Ford and suggesting that if Nixon is pardoned, so too should the Vietnam war resisters..." Once the letters were prepared we used a massive machine, the size of a refrigerator, to sign the Congressman's name to each letter. We'd press the accelerator on the floor and the machine would slowly grind out each signature. The system ran smoothly and the Congressman never had to take a minute out of his day.



I was feeling pretty good until the day when I somehow mixed up a pardon protest letter with a letter that recommended someone for a position as ambassador to some country in Africa, I think it might have been Chad. The Chad guy got a letter saying "I too am outraged by the pardon..." while the pardon protest guy got a letter saying: "I think so-and-so sounds like an excellent candidate and I have forwarded his name to the White House for consideration." I don't believe we ever heard back on the subject of Chad but the pardon protest guy sure let us have it with both barrels. Some people just can't take a joke.

Dick Belin

#### **Voices**

A large gang of small Light brown oak leaves Races across A Village intersection. Blown by the wind, they run Straight-along, And in circles, Calling to one another— "Tic, tic-a, tic!" ("Hey, wait for me!") "Tic-a, tic!" ("Over here!") A small leaf catches On the toe of my shoe— I nudge it gently And it blows off. "Tic!" ("Thanks!") "Tic! Tic!" ("Slow down!") They dash off—all together— Chattering---"Tic, tic-a, tic-a-a-" It looks—and sounds Like fun.

Barbara Worcester



# My Hollywood Career

Army objective, particularly in Korea. At the height of the Korean conflict, the United States decided to make a movie about combat training at Fort Bliss, TX, the US's largest military training base. It would star three well-known actors, Richard Widmark, Karl Malden, and in a romantic role, Elaine Stewart.

So how did I get into this picture with my minor part? I was interviewed by director Richard Brooks, who decided, since I was from Reading, PA, and he from Philadelphia, a distance of fifty miles, that we were "neighbors." Brooks's assistant made the decision to let me be a lieutenant.



The story line follows the basic training of raw recruits. Widmark is a no-nonsense sergeant who writes his own lesson book and in the end produces battle-ready infantry soldiers.

My part was to confront Widmark's harsh training, only to be rebuffed. When I say, "Ser-geant, aren't you being a little harsh on the troops? By the book, Sergeant, by the book!" Widmark responds, "Yes, Sir, by the book. But I'll write my own book!"

Since we regularly got up at five a.m., an early workday for rehearsal and filming was customary. The rehearsals were simple but beset by Karl Malden's continued absence. This enraged the film director, who was German and complained: "Where the hell is Herr Malden? He is always late!"

There were hilarious barracks incidents, daily drill missteps. Russ Tamblyn of *West Side Story* fame was a recruit who marched to a rhythm, offbeat, in circles, to the dismay of Widmark. This antic made Tamblyn the joker of the film, the comic figure. In the scene where I

confront Widmark, I misspoke my lines. Brooks was livid until Widmark corrected me, and the scene was a success. Widmark knew the lines of everyone except Malden's.

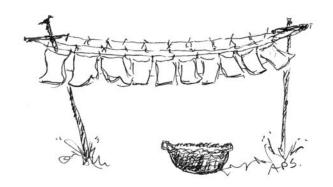
I was paid something like \$250, which I was obliged to contribute to the film's "slush fund". Richard Widmark paid the rest of the actual soldiers involved with a case of scotch whiskey!

Thomas Guthrie

# Coping With the Diapers

I didn't think of cloth diapers as a day's work, but they were back when our babies were joining the family. We lived in a 200 year old house outside Boston. The house had eight fireplaces, including one in the kitchen with a built-in brick oven. Added much later, with electricity, was a portable clothes washer we could hitch to the kitchen sink. Thus, with a little work (dump, wash, hang to dry, fold) we had clean diapers.

But that didn't last long. Innovation came in the form of the truck which left clean diapers and took away the soiled ones – diapers were part of a day's work no longer.



By then we had other things to occupy our days. The Russians had installed missiles directed towards us in Cuba. In the resulting panic we decided to build a fallout shelter. No problem, we filled the shelter with truck-delivered clean diapers and water, dry formula and other modern conveniences.

Julie Hibben



# Landings

Most people reading this will have flown on an airplane at some point. Many fliers are fearful of takeoffs or landings. I've had 149 more takeoffs than landings.

In the '60s we were living in the Washington, D.C. area. One evening at dinner I said I would be late getting home on Thursday for a few weeks. My wife, Faith, asked, "Why?" -- to which I answered, "I'm going to be taking skydiving training." She showed remarkable restraint in not jumping up and screaming, "You're what?" Instead she simply said, "Oh, really." I explained that there was a skydiving club that a number of my coworkers belonged to and they had asked if I'd like to join. I thought I'd give it a try.

About four weeks later I had my first jump. It was from 2200 feet and I was on a "dope rope" - that's a static line attached to the plane and the rip cord on my chute so it could open the pack for me. The parachute is in a backpack that is securely attached to the jumper. There is a wire rip cord that connects to pins that hold the pack shut, and when this is pulled the pack opens and a small pilot chute deploys. The pilot chute pulls the big parachute out and unwraps the suspension lines that attach the parachute to the harness. Then a sleeve which has enclosed the parachute is pulled off allowing the parachute to fully open. While this process may sound a little complicated, the purpose is to slow down the opening so the jumper doesn't get a mind bending shock from rapid deployment. There's a backup or "reserve" chute attached to the front of the harness. If the main chute doesn't deploy properly the reserve rip cord is pulled and with little delay an "instant" parachute deploys. There is a real shock to the reserve opening since it's intended to get a parachute deployed quickly, but jumpers usually don't mind the shock since it's a "last chance" operation.

After ten static line jumps I started free fall jumps where pulling the rip cord was up to me. The first few were "hop and pop" with no lengthy free fall. As you start jumping at higher altitudes, you start to get more free fall time which allows for

more complicated stunts. As you gain experience you move up in rating. The nominal altitude for C Class jumpers (Jumpmasters) is 7200 feet. In "free fall," in a stable spread position, a jumper reaches terminal velocity of 125mph while falling. It takes 10 to 12 seconds to reach terminal after leaving the plane which allows you thirty seconds of free fall.

Parachutes are usually opened at 2000 feet to give the jumper time if there's any problem and to allow him/her to maneuver the chute to the designated landing area. I said "him/her" in the last sentence since our club, St. Michael's Angels (St. Michael is the patron saint of aviators), had as many women as men. The "kiss pass" between two jumpers, male and female, in free fall was one of our special maneuvers!



I have many jump stories to tell: club jumps into the Blue Ridge Mountains, competition jumping, "relative work" i.e. maneuvering with other jumpers in free fall, halo (high altitude exit low opening) jumping, night jumps, water jumps, etc., but let me end by saving that I jumped mostly to prove to myself that I was up to the adventure. I didn't get good enough to compete at a high level, but I became a judge for skydiving competitions. I judged numerous local, state and even five national competitions. I stopped jumping shortly after I had a hard landing that broke my coccyx, and stress-fractured the three lower vertebrae. I ate dinners off the fireplace mantel for a week. Yes, sky diving has risks, but it's one of the most exciting activities I've engaged in. (Sometime I may get around to stories of my 300+ scuba dives.)

Jim Fenske



# Completing the Circle

As a youngster, an exciting adventure for me was a shopping trip with my mother to the five and dime store in the city where I lived. Many a Main Street, USA, had a five and dime store, but our urban area had several of these forerunners to the discount department stores like a Target or Walmart of today. We had Woolworth's, Fisher Beer's, McCrory's, W T Grant's, and H L Greene's.

The five and dime was a shopper's paradise. Aisle after aisle was filled with the necessities of life at prices anybody could afford. There were toys, toiletries, candy, housewares, notions, clothing, glassware, stationery, pets, and pet supplies. There was usually a Formica countered soda fountain in the store to complete the shopping trip with an ice cream soda while spinning around like a whirling dervish on a red vinyl covered stool.

Shopping in the five and dime was a rite of passage. Your purchases grew with you. I remember choosing colorful tropical fish for our family aquarium, mulling over coloring books, choosing my first tube of Tangee lipstick, replenishing numerous pairs of nylon stockings, and procuring loose leaf paper for school. But my epic five and dime adventure occurred much later when I was sixteen and became a part time sales clerk at H L Green's Five and Dime.

The Greene's Assistant Manager imbued me with retail responsibilities, company models of integrity, and ways to be welcoming and engaging with customers. The first night of my employment, I was assigned to the notions counter in the basement of the downtown store. My counter was a sturdy maple island with sliding doors on the inside bottom filled with surplus inventory for restocking and sectioned displays on top that housed a mixture of sewing notions. Miscellaneous household items were also included on my counter like doilies, batteries, and scissors- anything that today you keep stored in your sewing basket or thrown into a kitchen junk drawer.

I was expected to keep every compartment on my counter neatly organized, dusted, and appealingly displayed. There was a huge cash register behind my counter, but it didn't add up the purchases nor indicate how much change had to be given back to the customer. It was all done with simple math skills and paper. The sales clerk filled in a sales slip listing purchases with a piece of carbon between pages of a receipt book - one copy for the customer, one for the cash register. All sales were cash. It was all very simple, practical, and affordable.

My sales career at the five and dime lasted until I graduated high school. Since then there has been a lifetime of education, marriage, motherhood, and many other employment opportunities. Today I live at Carleton-Willard Village, and I volunteer at the General Store on Main Street.

The General Store is a brilliant bit of practicality and nostalgia. Need a hostess gift, or some stationery, stamps, art supplies, sewing kit, puzzle book, toilet paper, cookies, juice, milk or eggs? It's all there beautifully displayed at the Carleton-Willard Village General Store.



There is a shiny antique cash register behind the counter at the General Store and stacks of sales slips to accompany each and every sale (no carbon

needed). I wash the counter down before my shift, greet each and every shopper with a smile, and always say thank you when I hand a customer a receipt.

Through the years the five and dime has disappeared from modern life - along with the use of doilies, most sewing notions, and carbon paper. The use of credit cards has replaced cash purchases and computers add up sales and electronically supply a receipt- printed or emailed to the buyer. But at the Carleton-Willard Village General Store, it is still an adventure to tour the aisles, peruse the goods, admire the antique cash register, and make a purchase. The shelves are



stocked and tidy, the wares are appealingly displayed, and the pleasant and helpful sales clerk has never gone out of style. Carleton-Willard Village has dozens of such volunteers at the General Store.

My youthful adventures at the five and dime have left me with a trail of good memories, a work ethic, and a lesson in retail professionalism. Today I work at the General Store on Main Street in Carleton-Willard Village. My life has come full circle.

Mary Jane Parke

# One Day's Work

By 1975 I returned to civilian life, and was working at the Lawrence Memorial Hospital. I was the Facilities Engineer also responsible for Security. I worked there for fifteen years.

On Friday, February 6, 1978 New England was hit by one of its worst snowstorms. It had started in the afternoon and heavy snow was falling. My job included keeping the parking lots and sidewalks clear. We owned a Bobcat and a dump truck with a plow. That was all. I heard from the televisions in several places that the snow was trapping vehicles on Route 128. It was obvious that I was going to have to stay at the hospital for the night. I believe that the cafeteria stayed open and I knew that I could find a bed somewhere in the hospital or the Nursing School on the property.

The problem was that my little Bobcat could NOT keep up with the snow fall. Fortunately, I had used my new computer to list everyone's automobile license number. I had them in number order, with the owner and department. This allowed my security folks to move cars around so that we could clear the lots totally. I was able to find a huge dump truck and a large bucket loader and decided to move the snow to a corner of our property where we had a tennis court. We created a large mountain of snow. I stayed for two nights to make sure that all the lots and sidewalks were cleared. It was all in the day's work – or two days, as it turned out!

# A Scary Moment

What was the scariest happening in my lifetime?

As a newly graduated nurse who was still fulfilling accumulations of credits for a BSN degree, I chose to work in a private psychiatric hospital. It paid well and offered room and board for twenty dollars a month. The hospital was a part of the Jewish philanthropic group. I was hired as the charge nurse on the highly suicidal floor which also accommodated very volatile patients.

My experience with such patients had taught me to be predictable and firm - much as I would be with children, however, respectful of each patient's personality and needs.

The psychiatric wing of the hospital was modern, light-filled and attractive. The nurses' station was surrounded by shatter-proof glass that enabled one to see the hallways in each direction. Patients' rooms went the full length of the hallway in both directions.

There was one patient housed in a private room who had 24-hour private nurses. She was a relative of the hospital founder. When her private nurse was sick or absent, this patient reverted to floor care, which was my responsibility.

One day, when Jane's caretaker was absent her care fell to me. This included administering an intermuscular medication by injection. Knowing the patient's history of having disabled a few of her past caretakers, I was respectful of her instability and power. Yet having the responsibility of her care, my need was to administer that medication.

I was terrified.

I walked into the room, said "Good morning," and told the patient I was to administer the intermuscular medication usually done by her caretaker. She looked at me for a minute then turned over so that the medication could be injected.

I proceeded with the administration of the intermuscular drug and left the room without incident.

Ara Tyler

David Hathaway



#### A New Role for an Old Punt

The old red punt was always a part of my memory of my summer home, Long Point, on Grindstone Island in the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. Daddy (WDC Wright) bought the cottage in 1923 and it seems the boat came with it. The sturdy punt was used for the next ninety-plus years.



The punt was the boat for moving everything from rocks to outboard motors, managing boathouse repairs from the water and entertaining generations of adults and small folks just "messing about in boats," rocking in big waves, catching minnows, fishing for perch, sailing small craft or shooting off

water rockets. Drops of copper bottom paint revealed its role as a low-profile craft sliding easily under the old workboat raised in the boathouse.

From time to time she was coated with a new coat of red paint. Always red. For a while she sported the name *The Belle of Buttercup Bight*, a reference to the small bay where kids rowed among the ducks and rocks named for faraway places like Africa, Iceland, and Antarctica - rocks which bore the red marks of the punt's visits. Pulled up on the beach, the punt collected all matter of driftwood, interesting rocks, shells and lost bumpers. Once,

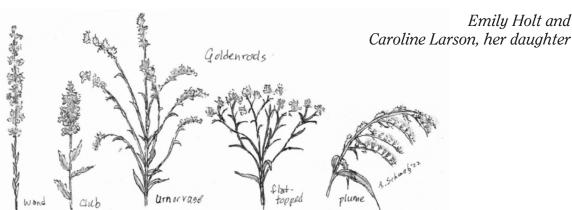
just once, the old punt sank under the weight of a multitude of large rocks loaded by grandchildren.

Generations of children and grandchildren learned to row in the boat and no one was concerned about bumping the dock on landing. A heavy craft, one sweep with the long oars propelled the boat a long way, except in heavy wind, when it was a struggle to return to the dock.

Over the years rotten boards were replaced, including both ends, the seat, the sides, the keel and the bottom... in other words, every board was probably replaced at some time! Each year the boat was one of the first to be launched, spending its first few days soaking up the St. Lawrence as it readied for another year of service. A few years ago the old punt just refused to tighten up. Constant bailing was required and inspection showed that she suffered from rot which would require an entire rebuild.

The difficult decision was made to retire the old punt, but plans were made to build a new one on the same lines. Emmett Smith took measurements and carefully recreated our beloved punt in oak and yellow pine, painted red and outfitted with the original hardware. Christened in 2018, she continues to serve in her capacities as a working craft, while entertaining another generation of grandkids.

But what about the beloved old punt? No one could bear the thought of a punt bonfire. She looked so good out of the water! So that's where she is. Prominently installed in the front lawn, the old red punt is now a deluxe sandbox. She enjoys views of The River and delights in the laughter of youngsters who build cakes and castles on her seat and flat ends. A worthy role for a river craft in retirement.



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# Catastrophe on the Dance Floor

While at Harvard, I accepted a summer position as music counselor at a kids' camp in New Hampshire. This meant being responsible for all music programs, including conducting singalongs, playing piano at functions, and directing musical shows. For this latter, I decided we'd attempt to produce Rodgers and Hart's 1937 coming-of-age *Babes in Arms*, a musical later made into a movie with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.

First was to make up an "orchestra." You worked with what you had. The tennis instructor materialized into a violin. Clarinet and oboe sprung from camp twins, and the cook segued into a cello. The finance officer morphed into a full set of drums. Good! Drums are everything in a rag-tag group like this. I would direct from the piano.

Counselors grabbed most but not all leads. The love-interest fell to buxom Marietta and 12-year-old Alfie, the tallest camper who could remember a tune. Rehearsals went smoothly. Only the requisite ballet, which all these shows have, was awful. Most kids couldn't dance. The others had problems getting their feet to meet each other, much less follow the music. But we got it done. If the all-important ballet went halfway right, it'd be OK. Maybe some folks would look down at their shoes. Nods and smiles would cover the rest.

I slid into my seat and began the overture. The "orchestra" played well; you could recognize the tunes. Came the ballet. Started well. I knew our campers had struggled to learn the dance moves and their music cues. I play. They move. Going great. Paying off. How hard it was! Those early days, they were terrible. Oh, I remember the time Johnny couldn't ——-

I suddenly realized I didn't know where I was in the music.

I'd play a chord, hoping they'd march left. Instead they sidestepped right. Well, maybe we're at another place in the score. I went to the bottom of the page, hoping for the best. Half of them turned to the audience, the others stum-

bled into the wings. More waltz? No. Too many were still marching, others backing into them. Arms. Legs. Frightened, I jumped to the end. We'll drop everything, come together and bow. By that time, some were marching backwards. I leapt to the final page. They all looked up, regained their balance, shuffled over to the edge, bumped together and bowed. I didn't hear the applause. If there was any.

The remainder of the show went well. I continued to the end, knowing what I was in for. Clapping. Handshakes. Great show! No one knew but us? Right.

I was a mess. Hiding my head under my wing, I swallowed, went backstage to face the cast. After the hard work we'd done. Share blame?

Uh-uh. I got what I deserved.

That fall came a letter from a parent. "Pete and I loved your show, something about 'Babes'. We liked the music, but we really loved the ballet. We still wonder how in the world you got those wonderful kids to dance like that?"

Harry Hoover



# For the Loss of a Name

Among the skills my aging brain erases Is remembering names – I know the faces.

Who is that person? What was the place? It's gone in that moment without a trace.

I do the NYT puzzles each day To sharpen my recall of names this way,

Yet time and again in telling a story, Just when I've reached that moment of glory,

I've lost the word that would explain it all. It's gone and I feel I've dropped the ball.

So if we meet and I don't say your name, Please know that I like you just the same!

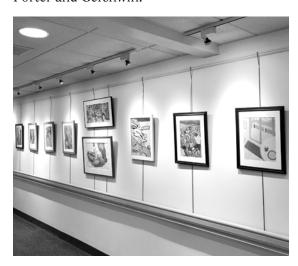
Anne Schmalz





#### **Ensemble AUBADE**

The piano trio AUBADE opened with a catharsis. Inspired by Ukraine's bravery and resilience, music, just days old, held us in thrall. We pulled together for Flute (Peter Bloom), Viola (Francis Grimes), and Piano (Steven Sussman) essaying 19th century French composer Louise Farrenc's *Trio*, Op. 45. It won us over, this rarest music composed by the only female professor hired by 1800's Paris Conservatory of Music. Finally, Robert Russell Bennett's heartfelt *Seven Post Cards to Old Friends*, a veteran master laying a rose at the feet of comrades Berlin and Kern, Porter and Gershwin.



#### My Art Journey with Tally Forbes

There she is. In the Rotunda. *Garden Girl*. Beckoning us in 3D. Enchanting. Seductive. Hey, the gangplank's rising. Off we go. We're embarking on resident Tally Forbes's art journey. Turn left. It's *Jumping Off the Dock*, figures, amoeba-like, writhing in blue water channeling Matisse's dancers, one watercolor of 18 artworks on the walls Tally's done in the last ten years. *Tour Guide in Croatia's* strong lines and bold colors celebrate one of many places, Germany, France, Greece, Italy, Ireland, wherever else, Tally has dipped her brush, drunk the wine, and savored. Want more? Watercolors and acrylics populate generous cabinet displays. Get close. Shhh. Hear them? Footsteps on cobblestoned German streets.

#### Did She, Didn't She?

Reporters flocked to the scene. Columnists grabbed front-row seats. Defendant sought tell-tale signs of guilt. Courtroom bursting with contrasts. They were all here. Rich and Poor. Suffragists and Conservatives. Lawyers and Laiety. Everyone had an opinion about Lizzie Borden: Oh yes. She'll hang. Nope, she's fine. Hmm. Cold-blooded? Unjustly persecuted? Just what DID happen in 1892? In that dusty living room, up those stairs? Inside that Fall River frame house? Lizzie got off free. But we'll never know. In his riveting talk, Judge Curran's machete slashed valiantly at a tangled thicket still impenetrable for 130 years.

#### **Art Matters: Women Artists**

Jane Blair's two-hour review parted the curtain on women working up to the twentieth century, then women of our time. From the Renaissance women who defied sexual convention by doing "man's work". Well, why not? Listen. Women are capable of both the art of creation and the creation of art. Yet here's poor Lavinia Fontana (1552-1614) needing Dad's permission to take up the brush. There's Frida Kahlo's husband, Diego Rivera, crying, "Never before had a woman put such agonizing poetry on canvas!" Jane finally walks us over to meet Mary Robinson, aka, "Grandma Moses" who opened her paintbox at age 78: "If I hadn't done painting, I'd be raising chickens."

#### **Two GREAT Singers**

Our inexhaustible opera maven, Erika Reitshamer, Lecturer on Great Voices, ushered two great singers into our living rooms. Mighty bass-baritone Bryn Terfel has it all: a towering presence in the international music world, great voice, immaculate diction, commanding presence, inimitable acting. These laurels spell Terfel as one of the most sought-after bass-baritones in opera and song. That's the good news. Erika then turned to the triumphant yet sad story of tenor Fritz Wunderlich, the greatest lyric tenor of the past century. He died in a freak accident just two weeks before his 36th birthday. He left an incalculable legacy. So pull a kleenex. And listen to Wunderlitz's *Granada*!



# Happenings

#### Afternoon Serenade

Stroll down Main Street Friday afternoon. The piano! Come closer. Stop. Listen. It's our own Jim Munkres! Friday afternoons at six outside the Brass Rail (except June, July and August) this Nebraska native offers short piano programs for our pleasure. Try to find an empty chair. Hmm, guess you'll have to stand. Just close your eyes and mesmerize. Jim started piano lessons at age five with a nurturing piano teacher guiding him to second place in the Lincoln Symphony auditions. Remember his CWV recital thirty years ago? Jim's other passions are mountain hiking and gardening/landscaping.

#### Impact of Route 128 on Town of Bedford

More pigs than people? "That's not the Bedford of today," assured Ashley Rooney and Sharon MacDonald of Bedford's Historical Society. Their PowerPoint presentation took off from the town's 1729 incorporation, landing in the present day. Looking out the plane's window, passengers looked down at Bedford's three major change agents: The VA Hospital in 1927 and the Bedford Army Airfield of 1941. Then the 1951 completion of Route 128, the nation's first limited-access circumferential highway, curving gracefully through Bedford's farms, orchards, and cornfields. Copies of the talk are gladly available from the Society. Interesting things throughout it for all residents.

#### A Life Well Sung: A Tribute to Soprano Birgit Nilsson

"The secret to singing Isolde is comfortable shoes." This off-hand remark came from one of our greatest operatic sopranos, the extraordinary Birgit Nilsson. Inexhaustible opera lady, Erika Reitshamer, brought Birgit to the lip of our virtual stage to sing the praises of the woman who "tamed Wagner," and whose accomplishments are unequaled. Humor erupted like Vesuvius. When Nilsson held her high C longer than her jealous duet partner, the tenor considered retaliating by biting Nilsson on the neck when they kiss in the third act. He didn't. But she got the last word, threatening to cancel future performances by contracting rabies.



#### Hollywood in the Courtroom

Ever been to the movies and seen a great trial scene? Remember Gregory Peck in *To Kill a Mockingbird*, during lawyer Atticus Finch's spellbinding Closing Argument to a prejudiced jury? "In our courts all men are created equal." This was one example from fourteen courtroom scenes from famous movies Judge Curran included in his two-part lecture, *The Anatomy of a Trial*. We discover why movie trials are so powerful and what they teach us about the trial process, from Presentation of Evidence and Cross Examination to Closing Argument. For a great Opening Statement, rent *My Cousin Vinny*. Another Judge Curran sensation!

#### **Piano Concert Featuring Steve Sussman**

Were you there? Hope so. Boston soloist, accompanist, chamber and orchestral player Steve Sussman teaches classical and jazz piano at the Rivers Conservatory in Weston. Residents know him from services at Bedford's First Parish and from CWV recitals. Sprinkling nourishing banter over a garden of musical delights, Steve grew many classical gems. Flourishing were Beethoven, Chopin, and three of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. He polished seven bijoux by Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim. Residents dabbed moist eyes after Bernstein's wrenching "Some Other Time."

Harry Hoover



# Dancing at the Moulin-Rouge

Recently I saw a TV advertisement for the Moulin-Rouge in France. Wow. A screenful of bright, colorful, flimsily clad girls swishing around.

My wife and I once took a trip to Paris. We visited the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre and even took a ferry trip on the Loire. I had recently read a book about Toulouse-Lautrec and one of his haunts was the Moulin-Rouge, a nightclub restaurant. Why not see if we could find where he lived and maybe visit the Moulin-Rouge.



The Rouge was in sort of a seedy part of town, but by walking around we finally did find it. Today, it is quite a fancy expensive nightclub with elaborate floor shows. Then, only a few visitors like us would get anywhere near it. They had a floor show and served expensive not-so-elaborate meals. Why not go in, have a meal, and see what passed as a floor show?

Since we were walking, we had to pass by a sex shop right next door to the club entrance. Neither of us was that familiar with sex shops, and it seemed a little early in the day to start learning. Nevertheless, two scantily clad young females had stationed themselves right outside the shop entrance and were actively trying to entice bypassers inside. We smiled and walked by them into the restaurant.

The Moulin-Rouge had seen better days. A large somewhat darkened open area with dining tables sloped down to what passed for the dance and floor show area. Even so early in the day there were a surprising number of people there. Maybe twenty-five or thirty visitors like us. We ordered something for lunch. It was just so-so, but the thing they did have was piped-in dance music.

At home my wife and I did a lot of ballroom dancing. We danced almost every week at ballrooms around the Boston area but always to live music provided by local music groups.

At the Moulin-Rouge it was strictly recorded ballroom music. We can do that I said to my wife, and we did. We were the only couple dancing on this big wide open low-lighted ballroom floor. It seemed a little strange but so what. After the music ended there was even a little scattered applause. At the next dance interlude a few other couples came out and joined us.

After lunching, my wife and I went outside and by asking around found out where Toulouse-Lautrec was supposed to have lived. It was a private residence and wasn't open to the public.

What I remember most about all this was the ballroom dancing done by that wonderful couple. (*Alright*, I mean us.)

Wally Campbell

#### The Woman on the Train

The was a beautiful woman. Stunning really. She was an entertainer. She sang and played the piano in night clubs back in the late 1940s. I estimated she was about thirty years of age when I met her on a train in early September, 1948. She was traveling from Montreal, Canada to Boston, Massachusetts to sing at a Piano Bar at Blinstrub's Village, a nightclub in South Boston. Piano Bars are a thing of the past, but they were common in the 1940s and 1950s. The singer usually sat at the piano, sang, and asked for song suggestions from the patrons who sat on bar stools around the piano. Patrons from around the night club would often come up to the piano to request a song, and leave a tip. It was usually a lively entertaining experience.

I was twelve years old when we met. I often spent the summer in Northfield, VT, with maternal relatives. I boarded the train about noon on the Saturday of the Labor Day weekend, to return to my home in Cambridge to go back to school. I was entering the 8th grade. I was also working my way through adolescence. It was about a four



hour trip with many stops through Vermont and New Hampshire on the way to Boston. Ordinarily, this was a boring ride for me, but not this time.



I entered the train and started looking for a seat. Suddenly, I came upon this gorgeous welcoming woman, dressed beautifully, smiling at me and urging me to sit beside her. We connected immediately. She was curious about me and asked me adult questions about my life. I was immediately smitten. We talked, laughed. ate and carried on together throughout the next four hours. By the time we got to Boston, I was enraptured.

When we got to Boston she got off the train with me and gave me a big hug. Fortunately, my mother arrived in time to meet her.

When I got home I described my experience to family including an uncle who suggested we all go to Blinstrub's Village that night. A group of about eight of us did that.

It was the first time I had ever been to a night club and it was memorable. The woman from the train was most welcoming. She made up songs about our train trip. Night clubs in those days had photographers and the attached photo, which I have entitled, "Tom's First Date" is always on my bureau.

Older men are often enchanted by vounger women. I am more often enchanted by older women. That's one of the reasons I am so happy here at Carleton-Willard Village.

Tom Larkin

## An Unexpected Task

A t one time, colleges would send representa-Lives from their Admission Departments out to visit prospective students at high schools. (Maybe they still do.) At MIT in the 60's, this was common practice. And sometimes at MIT they would recruit members of the faculty to perform this task. One year, I volunteered for the job; I chose the Denver area as my destination, partly so I could work in a visit to my mother, in western Nebraska, in the process.

The usual procedure for a visit was this: The guidance counselor for the school would gather a few students interested in science or engineering into her office, and I would talk a bit about college in general and career choices and the like, and then (with some prompting) the students would ask questions and a discussion would take place. Very low-key.

There were four or five high schools in the Denver area on my schedule. My last visit was to the big South Denver High School, and I got lost on the way there. However, I managed to arrive at the school exactly at the appointed time. Waiting at the entrance door was a very worried-looking guidance counselor. As we walked down the corridor, she said, "I was so afraid you weren't going to make it. I have decided that all our students should have the opportunity to hear a faculty member from a place like MIT." With that, she ushered me into the school's auditorium, where the entire student body was seated, waiting for my arrival.

Somehow I managed to talk for half an hour without (I think) exhibiting my utter lack of preparation. It must have been all right, because when I gathered with a few interested students at the front of the auditorium afterwards, the counselor said to me as she passed by, "Thank you. That was just what the students needed to hear."

Since then, I have found that giving a talk to an audience is, by comparison, a reasonably tame experience!

Jim Munkres



# The Anklet of Angkor Wat

Once upon a time I owned a beautiful silver object. I wore it as a bracelet on special occasions. I did not really know what it was. Sometime years later, in the early meanderings towards a career in interior decorating, I put it on for a meeting with my mentor and friend, Mr. Louis Mulligan, secretly hoping he would notice it and make some comment about it.

Eventually he noticed it on my wrist, and asked to take a closer look at it. It was about four inches wide, with a shaped outline, the peak in the middle making it even wider. It was open at the back. The background was an intricately chiseled, almost three dimensional design of stems, leaves and rosette flowers, and a sinuous shaped inset following the outline of the piece. The center showed multiple towers and buildings of an oriental temple character, also chiseled into the heavy silver, not quite in high relief, but the back of the piece was smooth, not like a repousse technique, as one might have suspected.

After some tense silent moments, which were Mr. Mulligan's way of teasing me sometimes, I plucked up the courage and asked: "Do you know what it is?" "Indeed, I do," he said, "It is the Temple of Angkor Wat in Cambodia. It is actually an anklet worn by the temple dancers, not a bracelet." With a naughty twinkle in his eyes, he said it was a good idea for me to wear it on my wrist, since the temple dancers were often very tiny maidens, even children.

He wondered how it came into my possession. It was sheer chance, Papa attended an auction held by the British Admiralty to dispose of

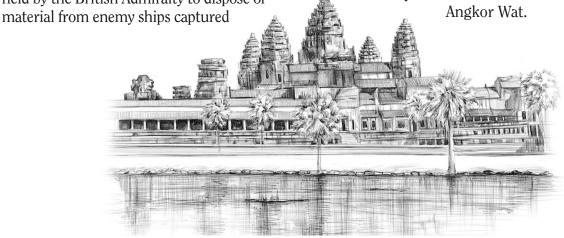
during the war. The lots included a variety of philatelic lots which he needed for our modest family stamp business. When we went to pick up the package, he found, much to his chagrin, that instead of stamps it contained this silver treasure, some native woven materials from Cambodia, and a delicately carved ivory bracelet. He had bid on a wrong lot number by mistake. Since he had no use for it, and it only annoyed him to have it around, I clamored immediately to let me have it. After all, it could not be sorted and processed for resale to stamp dealers and collectors. I enjoyed it for a long time.

Alas, on a subsequent home visit to England at our Osterley home, there was a devastating fire which leveled a neighborhood antique shop to the ground. Apparently the teenage daughter of the owner had been extremely courageous in rescuing her father from the barn-like burning building, and the newspaper article describing the disaster moved me to tears. There had been bitter rivalry between her father and a neighbor for some time, and it was found that the angry neighbor had torched the antique store.

I felt so sorry for the daughter, that on a crazy impulse I put the beautiful Cambodian silver anklet into a brown envelope with a letter to her admiring her bravery. I hoped that my small gift to her of something beautiful and shiny would make her feel better, help her get over the whole mess, and start to build up a new collection. I closed the envelope with spit and tears, duct tape for good measure, addressed it to her, got into my car and personally stuck it into the mailbox.

That was the last time I ever saw or heard about my silver anklet from the Temple of Angkor Wat.

Daisy Illich





# A Conversation With Harry Hoover

The first thing one notices on entering Harry's home is a living room wall lined with more than 5,000 compact discs of music. He enjoys listening to classical, jazz, folk and musical shows, quoting Duke Ellington: "If it sounds good, it IS good!" During the pandemic, when favorite CWV activities have been paused, he returns to music more than ever.



Harry admits to a flair for the histrionic. He has enjoyed taking part in Thespian productions and is eager for them to resume, as well as the Mens' Breakfast, which he coordinates. Joining the *Villager* board two years after arriving at CWV, he is responsible for the *Villager*'s

"Happenings" column, reporting on local CWV events until off-site activities resume.

He is eloquent on CWV's "genuine feeling of community". A special friendship began in a Thespian production early in his residency. It was a "lucky accident". Needing a dancing partner for a scene, Harry was paired with Ara Tyler, and they found that they were compatible in many ways in addition to dancing. He smiles and says he "cannot imagine having a dearer friend and wonderful engaging companion." Together they enjoy music, reading, movies, home-cooking and singing. His own relatives now residing in England, Harry feels Ara's daughters and grandchildren add to his sense of family.

Harry inherited his love of modern architecture from his father, and retains his long-held position as a board member of the Friends of Modern Architecture/Lincoln, an advocacy group that builds awareness of mid-century modern architecture. He has been a long-term guide



# Welcome New Residents

Will Wright and Katherine Messenger from Wakefield, 7/15/22

**Mary B. Clark** from Wellesley Hills, 7/15/22

**Cynthia Berg** from Concord, 7/15/22

Mary Margaret "Mimi" Collins from Concord, 7/20/22

Ethel "Eddie" Coggeshall from Chestnut Hill, 8/4/22

at Lincoln's Gropius House and DeCordova Museum and, with his sister, has written a critical biography of his father's life and work.

Harry relishes CWV's deep rivers of community and learning. "I am nourished by these waters." Conversations with Harry are interesting and add to the fun of being a fellow CWV resident.

Sonja Strong









# In Memory

Eleanor "Ellie" Anderson June 10

Jennifer Price June 14

Louise Curtis July 1

Christine Callahan July 14

John Guppy July 19

Anne Klein July 31

Patricia Pease July 31





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

## **Appreciation**

Not a day goes by here at Carleton-Willard without residents expressing their appreciation of our library and the services that it provides. For many of us it is the core of our life here, along with all the activities and programs offered to entertain and stimulate us and, of course, the delicious food.

What does our library provide? The list is impressive. The book collection consists of over 3000 fiction and nonfiction titles, in both regular and large print. The reading room offers three daily newspapers (the Boston Globe, the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal) and a variety of puzzles copied each day from the Globe and enlarged for easy use. The Library Committee works hard to be responsive to the reading habits of the residents and to keep the collection up to date.

But Carleton-Willard offers more! There is an excellent audio-visual collection located on Main Street next to the Garden Shop. Here residents can choose from a wide selection of DVDs, books on tape and, for drama enthusiasts, copies of plays.

Even more! The town of Bedford has a superb public library, which is part of the Minuteman system. Carleton-Willard residents can request books and other materials either online or by telephone and are notified when an item is ready. Every Thursday a member of the CWV staff takes a jitney to the library and does both returns and pickup. This is a great service for residents who no longer drive. The Friends of the Bedford Public Library also accepts book donations for their semiannual used book sales.

It is abundantly clear that our library needs are being met. Appreciation is the name of the game.

Katherine F. Graff Chair of the Library Committee





# Among the Newest

The Murder of Mr. Wickham by Claudia Gray A summer house party whodunit featuring Jane Austen's leading literary characters.

What It's Like to be a Bird by David Allen Sibley From Flying to Nesting, Eating to Singing - what birds are doing and why. As explained by this famous American naturalist and illustrator.

The Good Left Undone by Adriana Trigiani
Three generations of women in a family of Tuscan
gem-cutters from 1920s to the present, by a master of
historical fiction.

#### The Puzzler by A. J. Jacobs

What makes puzzles so satisfying? Full of examples and adventures, from Crosswords to Jigsaws to the Meaning of Life. And it will make you a better puzzler!

Sparring Partners by John Grisham Three novellas with law as the common thread. Suspenseful, hilarious and powerful.

The Flag, the Cross, and the Station Wagon by Bill McKibben

A graying American looks back at his suburban boyhood (in Lexington) and wonders what went sour with American patriotism, American faith, and American prosperity.

#### Overboard by Sara Paretsky

Private Investigator, Victoria Warshawski, walking her dogs in Chicago, finds a battered teenage girl with no ID and unable to converse.

#### Horse by Geraldine Brooks

A famous racehorse and his enslaved groom in 1850s Kentucky. An oil painting of them both. Jump to New York City 1954, and to Washington DC 2019. It's about history, a horse, art, racism and freedom.

Tales of Al, The Water Rescue Dog by Lynne Cox A celebrated long-distance swimmer tells the amazing water-rescue canines at an Italian training school, especially Al, an unruly Newfoundland puppy who becomes a super athlete. The Hotel Nantucket by Elin Hilderbrand

A once Gilded Age gem, turned eyesore, reopens, but the ghost of a former chambermaid killed in a hotel fire roams the halls. Colorful personalities and addictive storylines.

#### Riverman by Ben McGrath

True story of a wanderer, a troubled and charismatic man who disappeared on a canoe trip from New York to Florida. A mystery, but also a portrait of forgotten American byways and the eccentric characters who populate them.

#### The Midcoast by Adam White

Damariscotta, ME. Returning to his hometown, the narrator discovers that his dirt-poor acquaintances now run the town and live on a grand estate. How did that happen?

#### Against All Odds by Alex Kershaw

A true story of courage and survival in WWII. Four Medal of Honor soldiers in the US Army's 3rd division (including Audie Murphy) caught up in the 1942 invasion of North Africa, and the lives they lived after the war.

Bloomsbury Girls by Natalie Jenner

Heartwarming story of post-war London (1950), a century-old bookstore, and three women determined to make their way in a fast-changing world.

James Patterson by James Patterson

"How did a kid whose dad lived in the poorhouse become the most successful storyteller in the world?" (Quote by the author.)

#### *Mercy Street* by Jennifer Haigh

Guns, Race, Abortion: All issues confronting the counsellors at Mercy Street, a women's clinic in the heart of Boston.

#### *In Pursuit of Jefferson* by Derek Baxter

Author and family travelled through Europe in Jefferson's footsteps, gradually realizing and reflecting on the fact that the life and wealth of this most revered, and contradictory, figure from American history was built on slavery.

Madelyn Armstrong





# **Recent Library Acquisitions**

(\* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir		Jenner, Natalie	Bloomsbury Girls
Bernstein, Carl	Chasing History (*)	Johansen, Iris	A Face to Die For (*)
Davis, Viola	Finding Me	Korelitz, Jean Hanff	The Latecomer
Patterson, James	James Patterson by James	Lovesey, Peter	Reader, I Buried Them (*)
Wentworth, Ali	Patterson Ali's Well That Ends Well (*)	Lupica, Mike	Robert B. Parker's Revenge Tour (*)
Yovanovitch, Marie	Lessons from the Edge	Mandel, Emily St. John	Sea of Tranquility
Biography		Nagendra, Harini	The Bangalore Detectives
Galloway, Stephen	Truly, Madly		Club
Lownie, Andrew	Traitor King (*)	Natsukawa, Sosuke	The Cat Who Saved Books (*)
<b>Current Affairs</b>		Paretsky, Sara	Overboard
McKibben, Bill	The Flag, the Cross, and the Station Wagon	Patterson, James & Parton, Dolly	Run, Rose, Run
		Perry, Anne	Three Debts Paid
Fiction		Perry, Anne	Three Debts Paid (*)
Abrams, Stacey	While Justice Sleeps	Roberts, Nora	Nightwork
Baldacci, David	Dream Town	Roorbach, Bill	Lucky Turtle
Brooks, Geraldine	Horse	Sandford, John	The Investigator
Chiaverini, Jennifer	Switchboard Soldiers (*)	Silva, Daniel	The Cellist
Donlea, Charlie	Twenty Years Later	Silva, Daniel	Portrait of an Unknown
Dray, Stephanie	The Women of Chateau Lafayette (*)		Woman (*)
Egan, Jennifer	The Candy House	Smith, Ali	Companion Piece
Evanovitch, Janet	The Recovery Agent	Straub, Emma	This Time Tomorrow
Foley, Lucy	The Paris Apartment	Trigiani, Adriana	The Good Left Undone
Fu, Melissa	Peach Blossom Spring	Trigiani, Adriana	The Good Left Undone (*)
Gray, Claudia	The Murder of Mr. Wickham	Wallace, Carol	Our Kind of People (*)
Grisham, John	Sparring Partners	White, Adam	The Midcoast
Grossman, David	More Than I Love My Life	Wingate, Marty	The Bodies in the Library (*)
Haigh, Jennifer	Mercy Street		
Hart, Rob	The Paradox Hotel (*)	<b>Health and Wellness</b>	
Heath, Lorraine	Girls of Flight City (*)	Fitzharris, Lindsey	The Facemaker
Hilderbrand, Elin	The Hotel Nantucket		
Hostin, Sunny	Summer on the Bluffs		
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# **Recent Library Acquisitions**

(\* indicates Large Print)

History

Baxter, Derek Eustace, Nicole Frank, Jeffrey

Covered with Night (\*) The Trials of Harry S. Truman (\*)

Jahner, Harald Keith, Phil w/ Clavin, Tom

Kershaw, Alex

Miles, Tiya Nussbaum, Jeff

Raff, Jennifer Rappaport, Helen

Thompson, Laura

In Pursuit of Jefferson

Aftermath To the Uttermost Ends of

the Earth (\*) Against All Odds

All That She Carried (\*)

Undelivered Origin

After the Romanovs (\*)

Heiresses (\*)

Miscellaneous

Jacobs, A. J. The Puzzler McGrath, Ben Riverman

Nature

Cox, Lynne Tales of Al, the Water

Rescue Dog

Sibley, David Allen What It's Like To Be a Bird

**Poetry** 

New and Selected Poems Oliver, Mary

**Resident Authors** 

Hibben Family Poems by and about the

Pioneer Hibben Family

(\* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff Chair, Library Committee



# Beavers have a well-earned reputation as workers.

