



CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER





*Pillow by Audrey Fletcher  
from a design by Keith Haring*

The delightful pillow above and the in-process pillow cover on the front of our magazine were done by women with a rug-hooking instructor in our craft room. They and several others are disappointed that classes cannot be held now, but they keep on with their projects at home.

A brief history of rug hooking: The need for sturdy, home-made rugs led thrifty housewives in the early nineteenth century to use materials they had to make rugs woven onto linen or burlap bases. In 1868 an itinerant tinware pedlar named Edward Sands Frost found, in Biddeford, Maine, a home-based industry doing this. Being impressed by the efforts to work in interesting patterns, he became a pedlar of sorts in patterns. With their growing popularity this once-primitive craft of rug-making has now become a treasured art and is used for making many decorative items.



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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# Editor's Corner



We are now in a season that often means more of the fun things of life at Carleton-Willard, yet we face more of the same isolation, inactivity and introspection that we have had the last many months.

So - we are bringing you an issue of the *Villager* magazine with more than the usual number of articles from friends and neighbors. Read on as they focus on the Favorite Things that are in their homes and in their memories that give them pleasure. It is an impressive array that reflects the broad range of experiences and backgrounds of our residents. Who knew the wealth of the interests and belongings in our midst?

Perhaps it will inspire you to look more deeply at what it is that has meaning for you. Perhaps it will even inspire you to write something for our next issue in March!

With this issue we thank Edwin Cox for his many years of service on the *Villager* board. We will miss his good work and his sage advice. We welcome a new member, Sonja Strong.

The good folks who take care of us and make us safe at Carleton-Willard and the Trustees who hold the well-being of our community in their hands are doing everything in their power to make our lives as good as possible.

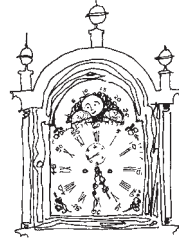
Take advantage of everything that is offered. Get out and about as safely as you can. Greet each other with as much cheerfulness as you can muster and stop and chat about what is good in your life and theirs. Remain positive - we will get through this. Take care and STAY WELL!

*Anne Schmalz*  
Anne Schmalz, Editor





## *From the Chief Executive Officer*



Do you remember the first Superman movie with Christopher Reeve, Margot Kidder, Marlon Brando and Gene Hackman? A classic. You may remember that at one point, Superman flies around the world in a backwards direction, reversing time in order to save Lois Lane.

There was no explanation of how this was scientifically possible, but I had already suspended disbelief upon settling into my theater seat.

Growing up, I was fascinated by our ventures into space - man on the Moon, satellites to Mars and beyond. And I would imagine: what if I was in my own personal spaceship, floating in Earth's orbit? And what if I just stopped there, parked in space, watching the Earth lazily drift out of view as it arced around the Sun? Eventually, of course, the Earth would sling itself around the other side and slowly but surely come back into view, approaching the very spot where I was.

The Blue Planet, our lifeboat in the cosmos, would have traveled 584 million miles, zipping by at well over 66,000 miles per hour. And it would be one year later.

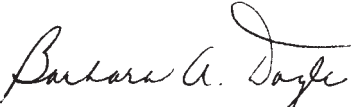
On returning to Earth, how different would everything look?

It has always intrigued me, our "trips around the Sun." A lot can happen in a year, good, bad and otherwise. Being the passengers we are, it's all but impossible to fully appreciate the changes as they are happening.

I suppose this is why I've always appreciated "the process" more than "the goal," and "growth" over "accomplishments." Practice, movement, action, progress ... everything and everyone in a continual state of evolution. Surely mileposts have their value, but they're ultimately only an indicator of the distance traveled.

Which, I suppose, means that things will always be better if we decide to make it so.

Now, if Superman could teach me how to fly faster than a speeding bullet and go forward in time - just for a glimpse. Although that would be cheating, wouldn't it?

  
Barbara A. Doyle  
President and CEO



# Contents

**Theme** – *Favorite Things*

**Cover** – *A pillow cover being made by Carole Tule.*

*She was a student of rug hooking in our craft room*

**Illustrations** – *Marjorie Roemer, Anne Schmalz*

**Inside Front Cover** – *Further notes about rug hooking and a piece by Audrey Fletcher*

- 1 **Editor's Page** • *Anne Schmalz*
- 2 **From the Chief Executive Officer** • *Barbara A. Doyle*
- 4 **The Clock** • *Arlayne Peterson*
- 4 **A Portrait of My Wife** • *Alan King Sloan*
- 5 **Nike's Head** • *Jocelyn Bolle*
- 5 **Listening to Music I Love** • *David Hathaway*
- 6 **I Brought the Ocean With Me** • *Sonja Strong*
- 6 **Tiles of My Travels** • *Katherine Halmi*
- 7 **A Remembrance of Close Friends** • *Faith Fenske*
- 8 **Tally-ho!** • *Diane Buck*
- 8 **A Camera Full of Memories** • *Jean Rabovsky*
- 9 **My Autograph Album** • *Daisy Illich*
- 9 **What's Precious?** • *Madelyn Armstrong*
- 10 **A Precious Panda** • *Ara Tyler*
- 10 **My Table** • *Virginia Steel*
- 11 **The Shepley Table** • *Mary Waters Shepley*
- 11 **The Things We Keep** • *Marjorie Roemer*
- 12 **Village Happenings** • *Harry Hoover*
- 14 **In Memory**
- 14 **My Heart Leaped Up** • *Dorothy Ellis*
- 15 **Arlington Court: The Big Project** • *Paul Hill*
- 16 **The North Tin Box** • *Robert North Schmalz*
- 16 **Downhill Skiing** • *Wallace Campbell*
- 17 **Welcome New Residents**
- 18 **Profiles** • *(profiles are not made available in this edition)*
- 21 **Facts from the Stacks** • *Katherine F. Graff*
- 22 **Among the Newest** • *Madelyn Armstrong*
- 23 **Recent Library Acquisitions** • *Katherine F. Graff*

**Inside Back Cover** – **Nature Page** • *Virginia Steel*

**Back Cover** – *Photograph: Lichens in Winter on the Wall in the Maple Grove* • *Anne Schmalz*



## The Clock

I have a Kitchen Mantle Pendulum Clock, made by the Wm. Gilbert Clock Co. in about 1875, Model Calla.

It was in Enderlin, North Dakota, that I was first aware of the clock. We were visiting my husband's grandparents. Our son was 18 months old, as eighty-five year old Walt Loomis held him, both content, both puzzled by the unknown face, as the clock ticked in the quiet kitchen.



In later years, visiting my husband's parents in Chicago, the clock ticked away endless hours of Canasta. When they moved to Natick, Massachusetts, the clock was in their bedroom, quiet, apparently broken. When my husband inherited it, he had it repaired, and it ticked the busy hours away in our new home with three children. He soon learned not to wind the chimes, with their unmusical "dong" on the half hour, and hourly every hour during the night.

Now that the clock is my responsibility, I have found it a bit temperamental: if wound too tight, it will not budge until a more vigorous push is applied to the pendulum. Even then, it may sulk for days before getting back to work. But the clock keeps me company in the long hours here, although sometimes I feel that each tick is a measure of my time gone by.

Will my children and grandchildren listen to the clock, and mark their time? Tick Tock.

*Arlayne Peterson*

## A Portrait of My Wife

Our family of five arrived in the Boston area in 1969 having lived in a two bedroom apartment on the seventeenth floor of a co-op in Morningside Heights on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. I worked for the City Planning Department to start my career. A job offer from Arthur D. Little brought us to Boston where we settled in East Lexington.

In 2000, with our nest emptied, we decided to leave our home of forty years, a classic center entrance colonial with six bedrooms, to relocate to a large two bedroom in Bedford Court. All our living room and other basic furniture fit well in our new digs. Then, in 2017, we had to relocate to Ross-Worthen as Chantal's health went downhill. We had to downsize in earnest. Luckily our three children, all married with kids and all living in the 128 corridor, were able to absorb most of the accumulated family treasures.

After Chantal died I relocated to a small room in Llewysac Lodge, but I kept the artwork that my father, Allan Edward Sloan, a Woodstock artist, had given us over the years. Included is the oil painting of Chantal done after we were married, and pastels of our three children.

Dad made his career in art as a portraitist and painter of the old school. He specialized in children's portraits and had a studio in Saks Fifth Avenue in New York City during Christmas season, and also in Beverly Hills before Pearl



Harbor and World War II effectively put him out of business. Portrait photography took over after the war and Dad spent his remaining years doing landscapes of the Hudson Valley, New York City, and occasionally a commission for a friend or family member. Having Dad's artwork of my family to gaze upon daily is an obvious joy and comfort.

*Allan King Sloan*

## Nike's Head



**M**y Favorite Thing is something I treasure not only for her beauty but for many happy associations. This is a plaster study for the head of Nike, the Greek goddess of victory, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. It is a figure for the powerful Shaw Memorial which

stands in front of the Massachusetts State House.

Large sculptures like the Shaw Memorial were often developed from plaster studies; heads, for example, not infrequently, were from a model different from bodies. In this case, Nike's noble features are those of Saint-Gaudens' beautiful mistress, Davida.

How do I happen to have her as my permanent guest, gazing unblinking from her perch on a high shelf in my room in Llewysac? I inherited her from my uncle, Barry Faulkner, an acclaimed muralist. At the height of his successful career he was commissioned by the federal government to paint the very large murals in the great Rotunda of the National Archives in the nation's capitol.

He had had the good luck to work as an apprentice in Saint-Gaudens' studio in Cornish, NH. He became a friend and protégé of "the Saint" (the apprentices' affectionate nickname for their beloved mentor) and the Nike was a gift to him.

My Favorite Thing is something I treasure not only for her beauty but for many happy associations, not the least of which are my memories of playing Schubert and Beethoven on the piano in my uncle's studio while he painted and Nike looked on.

*Jocelyn Bolle*

## Listening to Music I Love

**M**y favorite thing was what I found in virtual classical music here at CWV. My mother was a pianist graduating from the New England Conservatory of Music. We always had a grand piano and wonderful classical music in the background all the time. She was a teacher, but I was a failure at learning to play the piano. As time went on my interest was more in the type of devices to play that music. I toyed with building speakers, and later found that I could find adequate speakers at the local Rummage Sales. When I got to CWV a Lexington High School classmate in Bedford gave me a used Bose amplifier/speaker the size of a small brick. It had amazing quality and helped me start my new favorite thing.

Somebody mentioned going to YouTube and watching Martha Argerich play Liszt's Piano Concerto No 1. Wow, what a wonderful musician. She was from Argentina and started playing the piano when she was 3 years old. She just passed away recently, but she had memorized so many wonderful Piano Concertos, that I got curious and Googled "The 20 best Piano Concertos." I listened to all of them. YouTube was noticing my music choices.

I was gradually learning how much more meaning in the music was achieved by watching the musicians and also their conductors. There was so much difference. Van Clyburn was emotionless. Most of the women would display the feeling they had for the music. Some, like Bernstein, were like wild men, whereas conductor Herbert Blomstedt of Sweden held his hands close together so that the audience hardly knew what he was doing -- but the eyes of every chorus singer were constantly on him.

Watch and listen to Blomstedt direct the Brahms Requiem. The chorus and orchestra of the Danes is the best; and Blomstedt has directed in other countries with the same beautiful result.

What happened next was that I started typing notes, ultimately more than 20 pages of my favorites. I discovered a wide range: English choir director Gareth Malone training





The English Military Wives – people who may not have ever sung before – singing before the Queen in Albert Hall, London, trumpet players Wynton Marsalis and Alyson Balsom. (She plays with a countertenor, Lestyn Davies, the music of Handel and Purcell.)

I guess my ear became more critical and I was thrilled to tears. When I heard 15 year old Polish Maja Babyszke pianist with the Polish Youth Symphony Competition playing Gershwin’s Rhapsody in Blue, it reminded me how much my father loved Gershwin’s music including the famous Concerto in F. If one has a computer and a decent speaker or head phones, the world of beautiful music is at your finger tips. Look for something which thrills you and let me know what it is.

*David Hathaway*

## I Brought The Ocean With Me

I brought the ocean with me to Carleton-Willard Village. It’s a beautiful large oil painting of the Atlantic Ocean that I have loved in my childhood and adult homes. The large breaking wave and smaller incoming waves look exactly like the ocean beaches I have known in Avalon, New Jersey, and the south shore of Massachusetts. These beaches have significant memories for me, so the painting means even more than its beautiful colors and serenity.



My parents met in 1938 on the beach in Avalon, NJ, each on a vacation with their own

families. My mother had emigrated from Stockholm just two years before, and the oceanside was a favorite for her to think of her own family “just over there.” She came to America to live with relatives in Philadelphia who loved the seashore so much that they commissioned Walter Andrews to make a painting of the Jersey shore to enjoy in their home. Mom loved the familiarity of this seashore painting which resembled the childhood beaches of her summers in Europe. She appreciated inheriting the painting from her Philadelphia relatives.

Even though we lived in Skaneateles, NY, with a sparkling clear blue lake, every summer my parents, sister and I vacationed in Avalon for a week. We enjoyed perfect waves for body surfing, and the sand beach proved perfect for making bespoke sand cars for each kid. Now the painting reminds me of these happy times of my childhood. Now I appreciate inheriting this treasure.

Meanwhile, the Strongs discovered a sandy beach in Massachusetts! Located between Plymouth and Duxbury and accessible only with 4WD cars and trucks, traveling down a 4 mile barrier, Duxbury Beach is remote enough that it is common to be alone for more than a football field of beach...pretty nice for making bespoke cars for kids! Family times at our Gurnet Point cottage are still very special, and even during a pandemic the beach is serene and beautiful.

Can you understand why I brought the ocean with me to CWV?

*Sonja Strong*

## Tiles of My Travels

Over the past 50 years of travelling in Europe I collected tiles. Bringing them to my cluster home required gluing them to wood boards which I hung about. The fireplace is an example. The tiles on the horizontal panel were purchased in Cordoba, Spain, before a life threatening episode.

After giving an invited lecture in Valencia and being stupidly fearless, I rented a car and drove to the Alhambra, Seville, and Cordoba. No problem until Cordoba. It was Sunday and I wandered





over to the Mesquite, a unique Islamic-Christian structure, to observe a Catholic Mass and the Islamic Architecture and tiles. Then I explored the streets and in a hole-in-the-wall shop purchased the fireplace tiles, which fortunately were carefully wrapped.

While proceeding down an extremely narrow street lined with white-washed apartments on my way to the synagogue suddenly I was losing consciousness, kicking at hands removing my money belt, and thinking I was going to die. I woke up to find myself lying in the street with several people looking over me. A kind woman took me to her apartment where her young son put his puppy in my lap to comfort me. She informed me I was a victim of the “Jumpers,” young men who travel in groups of three and attack by compressing both carotid arteries. Local government was not effective in deterring them.

This woman called the police, who brought me to their station and put me in a room with ten local women, also victims of the Jumpers. From their attire it was obvious they were



working class, which may be

why we were ignored. After two hours, I requested a taxi to my hotel. Back in New York I was successful in publishing my ordeal in the Travel Section of the New

York Times with humane recommendations for getting these men off the streets. The Cordoba city government responded it would increase jail time. The tiles are lovely positive depictions of life in Spain in the 17th century. No, I do not think of my ordeal in Cordoba when I look at the tiles.

*Katherine Halmi*

## A Remembrance of Close Friends

In June, 1973, Jim and I and our 2 kids prepared to move to Hawaii, for a temporary assignment with Jim’s company. Most of my close Lexington friends and I had spent the previous 15 years or so raising our children, volunteering in the schools, in the town and in Boston, and enjoying each others’ happy, busy lives. To celebrate our friendship some of my friends prepared a going-away surprise for me.

Each woman embroidered on a 6 inch felt square using embroidery thread, small pieces of colorful felt, buttons, gold ribbon and such. Thus creating seventeen different collages, each illustrating a different aspect of our friendship – each as different as the friend herself.

They include our beagle, the Boston sixth grade “favorite books,” a couple we danced with, sherry time, sailing trips, the semi-trailer that occasionally parked in our neighborhood, and a Gracia Dayton original! (Space was also left for an eighteenth friend who never quite got to it.) The squares were then hand-stitched onto a hanging banner, two feet by three and a half feet, and gold braid was added.

I was totally surprised when I was presented with this loving reminder of those friends and the happy years we spent in each other’s lives. This treasure of memories has hung in our homes ever since as one of my favorite things.



*Faith Fenske*



## Tally-ho!

Just before Christmas 1910, a package from FAO Schwarz, the renowned toy store in New York City, was delivered to my grandparents' house in Sandy Creek, NY. It contained a special gift for my seven-year-old, horse loving mother: A toy horse and vehicle made in Germany. The elegant little skin-covered horse was attached to a wheeled platform. It was designed to stand between the shafts of a vehicle called a "tallyho," which was used to transport hounds to the scene of a hunt. This beautifully constructed plaything was a product of the huge German toy industry that at the time was supplying dolls and toys to most of the world. It was my mother's favorite toy and remained so until she passed away at the age of 98.

After Mother grew up, her horse and tallyho were stabled in the toy closet kept by my grandparents for visiting grandchildren. As a second-generation horse lover, I inevitably chose her favorite plaything as my favorite plaything. My uncle's retired Steiff teddy bear and box of Anchor Blocks couldn't begin to compete.

After Mother cleaned out her parents' house, the little horse trotted to a place of honor in her living room. She told me later that an antique dealer had offered her \$25 for horse and carriage, but she decided, "If it was worth that much I might as well keep it." It has since been appraised for a sum that she simply would not have believed.

Thankfully, that incident of the almost sale of "our" favorite childhood artifact was never repeated. A few years before she died, Mother placed horse and tallyho in my hands, and after almost a hundred years in northern New York it came to live in Massachusetts. As we prepared to move to Carleton-Willard, a third of my doll collection went to auction, but parting with my mother's treasure was as unthinkable as parting with the beautifully illustrated copy of *Black Beauty* she received in 1912 on her ninth birthday. Today the book has a place of honor in my bookcase and, although showing signs of its 110 years of service, the little horse still trots off to the hunt atop my doll cabinet.

*Diane Buck*



## A Camera Full of Memories

If by "Favorite Things" is meant tangible items, mine would be my camera. With my camera I have a constant source of wonderful memories of my thirty years in Northern California where I was privileged to be able to gaze upon the beautiful coastal, foothill and mountain areas.



Two outstanding memories are Point Reyes National Seashore Park and the Eastern Sierra. The Eastern Sierra are spectacular and not easily accessible. I am including one image from the Eastern Sierra.

Added to the memories of place are the wonderful hikes and walks I took with friends whom I left behind as I made the move from California to Massachusetts. My little camera keeps these wonderful memories alive and in my heart.

*Jean Rabovsky*



## My Autograph Album

During my childhood in Vienna, Austria, it was customary to have an autograph book for special friends and teachers in elementary school. From when I was 9 years old, and continuing into middle school and early adulthood, and even into my years as a civilian in the Army my friends liked to put a little drawing as well as a verse with best wishes for my future.

It has a soft green leather binding with some leafy design and many blank pages. This is now my most precious memory document of friends from those years. When my mother gave it to me, the first page had unforgettable words for me, especially as she was seldom inclined to express her deep feelings towards me. Here is a rough translation of her words written in German Kurrentschrift still taught to me in elementary writing classes alternating with the modern Latin alphabet.



“When sometime later in life you turn through the pages of this book, it should remind you of your serene agreeable childhood. Even though your mother may not always be in the mood to listen to your small complaints due to having to deal with the demands on her in everyday life, for important matters like comfort in pain, and advice in big and small decisions, your mother will be there for you to help you become a decent and efficient Mensch (human being). So be sure you do your part and always live up to fulfill your duties. My wishes for your happiness and good fortune in your future will always accompany you during your whole life. Your Mother.”

*Daisy Illich*

## What's Precious?

This started as a little poem  
Two verses I got down.  
I give them here  
But don't you fear  
There's more that I'm surrounded by.

What's Precious in my house?  
Certainly not a mouse.  
But definitely a CAT!  
And even a hat  
With a kangaroo on it.

An ancestor's etching  
Is really quite fetching.  
But Mom's hand-painted chairs  
Leave me wondering if there's  
Even something more dear.

A kerosene lamp from my family's camp?  
From Innsbruck, a medallion.  
From Aruba, a picture of me on a stallion.  
(OK, on a docile mare.) But then there're  
The 1902 letters from Mimi, teaching in the  
Philippines, to her mother (my great  
grandmother).

But there is definitely one other  
More precious, because it's my brother  
Jim's 1955 organ concert in Harvard's  
Memorial Church in vinyl.  
And that is my final  
Choice of my most precious possession.

*Madelyn E. Armstrong*







## A Precious Panda

Each time I've traveled out of the country, I try to bring back something to remind me of the trip.

While in China, on an Early-Childhood conference in 1990, we were feted to a dinner in the Great Hall in Beijing's Tiananmen Square. The hall holds 5,000 people. Our group of over 300 represented the entire United States.

On the bus on the way to the Great Hall, our group was solemnly informed by our guide that no pocketbooks would be allowed inside the hall. I started stuffing my contents into my jacket pockets when a voice from the inner recesses of the bus called out, "Then I'm not going to the event!" The other passengers joined in. The guide stiffened at first: what would happen to him in this autocratic society if he relaxed this rule? He looked increasingly anxious as he scanned up and down the bus, finally realizing that the Americans meant what they said. I restored the contents of my purse and exited with everyone else into the Great Hall.

Each American was seated between Chinese educators. There were the usual conference speakers representing each country. The dinner served, the speeches over, it was departure time. At each place setting along with flatware were chopsticks resting on a small China panda bear, its back sculpted to support chopsticks. My eyes fixed on this innocent little object. I gingerly asked my seating companion if there would be any problem if I simply took the panda. "I don't see why not" was his guarded reply, looking up and down the table.

I confess, now that I'm safely returned, my panda now sits on my bookcase, chopsticks resting on it, just as it had thirty years ago in the Great Hall.

An incredible trip, an incredible memory peg, a dear little panda.



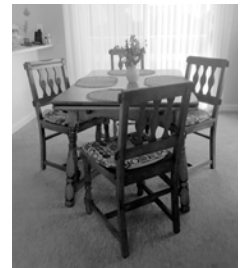
*Ara Tyler*

## My Table

A mundane treasure, utilitarian and beloved, my kitchen/dining room table came here with its own stories. Friends of our family got a new table and offered us their old one, with four matching chairs. Many of our pieces of furniture were hand-me-downs, or inherited and this one, like some of the others, was of solid maple, "Early American" style. With the leg braces forming an X under the table, seating was equally good on all sides. Extra leaves could slide out at both ends. It seldom expanded, though, limited by the size of the kitchen. The children and I ate breakfast there, while Colin got ready for work. The same four of us sometimes ate supper there, when Colin worked late.

With the children grown and gone, Colin often went to bed early with a book. After a busy day I would wind down at that table in the kitchen, dishes done, reading until my head dropped down onto my book. When we had a house guest, he or she and I might stay up late, with some Scotch, talking and talking – at that table in the kitchen. The table was a more comfortable height for me than the counter for rolling out pie crusts or Christmas cookie dough. It was the right height for wrapping packages, for opening the mail, for sorting the family's socks. I clamped the food grinder on the corner of the table when I made pickle relish. I sat at the table to write and rested an elbow on it while talking on the phone.

When we first got the table, I refinished the top surface, as it showed its years of use. Unfortunately, I used shellac, which became sticky in humid weather. Then I had to remember that any piece of paper left on it would effectively be glued on. So when I knew I'd be coming to Carleton-Willard, and knew that this would be my one table of any size, I had it completely refinished. Now in its third life, it fits perfectly in my dining room, and serves all the purposes it has practiced over the years.



*Virginia Steel*

## The Shepley Table

In my keeping is a magnificent brass World War I German Artillery shell case. My father-in-law found it on a battlefield in France, got it crated up and sent it home at the end of the war. It has been a Shepley family table ever since – open end down, with the eighteen inch diameter brass circle forming a table-top. It weighs a ton and never budges.



In the middle of the circle is written:  
POLTE (the name of the manufacturer)  
SEPTEMBER 1914  
MAGDEBURG (town where it was manufactured)

I can hardly call it my favorite thing as I have rather a love-hate relationship with it in that it takes several hours of intense polishing to make it look its best. I have to get down on the floor and more or less wrestle with it. But the result is magnificent. What a splendid transformation it is to have a weapon of war turned into a spectacular peaceful possession!

I enjoy being its custodian and appreciate my father-in-law's foresight and architectural eye in seeing a new and peaceful future for what had been an instrument of war.

*Mary Waters Shepley*

## The Things We Keep

It hangs above my computer. Maybe it's not a great picture. Maybe it doesn't look like her. It doesn't matter. I keep it near. It had its place above my computer in my Franklin condominium; it has its same place of honor here in Bedford. In fact, the same set of three hang in the same relation. The smallest is a close-up of rocks, maybe 3 X 5 in a broad spruce-green frame; the rocks are in varying shades of gray, subtle and soft. I bought that for 10 cents at a yard sale in Truro when we rented the house next door. Under it is a photograph a potter took of

cave drawings in Uzbekistan. She took the photo to use as inspiration for her pottery designs. I didn't so much like the pottery, but I loved the photo, so I bought that. Powdery shapes of goats, pale against a grayed background. I like it, too, because the potter, a woman of about my age, had traveled alone to seek out these caves for her inspiration. Then to the right is the pastel drawing of my daughter.

I remember exactly when it was done, not the date, but the situation. My son-in-law was hanging a showing of his photographs at the Newton Arts Center. Liz was helping. Next to them was a woman showing her pastel portraits and setting up to offer



quick portraits of visitors. She asked if Liz would pose so that she could demonstrate her skills. Of course Liz did. And so this portrait.

It didn't look exactly like Liz then, and it looks less like her now so many years later, but it captures something. Her broad brow, her clear eyes, her openness. There is a sweetness and seriousness in her gaze and her half smile. The artist is skilled enough. She has put a yellowish green background behind Liz and many soft green shadows defining the contours of Liz's round, full-cheeked face, and her throat. Her tee shirt is blue with purple highlights, as is her hair. It is a pleasing, quick take. While it isn't exactly Liz, it has a presence, life. When I see it, it evokes my daughter. She is here, serious and listening, alert and responsive.

When the artist gave me the sketch, she said: "Your daughter is beautiful, inside and out." Dates I don't remember, but I remember that, and it faces me every day.

So what about this assemblage? Odd things of no intrinsic value, but each enfolds a story. I sit at my computer for many hours a day, and I glance up, accompanied by these constant presences.

*Marjorie Roemer*



# Village

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

## **Hoard of Gourds**

What IS that lush plant over there in the community garden. This fall curious fire-road gawkers ambled over to the remote northwest corner's leafy tunnel of gourd plants. From swinging vines - watch your head! - the gourds hung in various sizes, as big as 18 inches long. It all began last spring when Anne Schmalz impulsively purchased a packet of "birdhouse" gourd seeds. A helpful friend built a supporting arbor. It was off and running. Imagine the



community activity when the gourds would be harvested, dried in dark places (above freezing) and ready for decorating, making rattles or fashioning into birdhouses! Well worth the wait.

## **A Trio of Gardens**

It's always fun to enjoy our neighbors' lovely gardens. Lucky guests in one of the courts were thrilled this summer by the luxuriant string of three contiguous, individually designed gardens. The first garden grew deep in a forest floor populated with fuschia impatiens, blue fan-flowers and saxifrage rosettes. The second garden coiled along an undulating, sharply edged lawn, where deep red phlox and six-petaled lilies hung hands and splashed like gamins in fountains. Finally, the third garden plunged dizzily down the ravine between courts, where hibiscus's lavender petals cozied up to zinnia's purple florets, gently supervised by golden river daisies' maternal eye.

## **Mmmm, good!**

It's a pot of gold at the end of the Primrose Path! Yes, Philip's little delight of herbs, all for the pickin'. Chives, mint, oregano and parsley, rosemary, sage and thyme. Here they are. Go ahead, snip a handful (not up by the root). Marriages made in Heaven. Oregano burying into pasta, rosemary kissing lamb, chives sprinkled on potatoes, sage tucked into chicken, thyme suffusing beef, parsley tossed into salad. Don't cook? Okay, then consider not only that herbs make good antioxidants and mood boosters. They boost memory and eyesight, even relieve indigestion. Steep your favorite tea with a sprig o' mint into a hand-cuddled mug. Ooooh. Smile. Mmmm, mmm.

## **Confessions of a Berry Picker**

Remember last summer? The world is full of sleep. Creep out into the crisp early morning. Your cup is generous, just remember its screw top. Slink past that renowned blueberry bush that, as a spanking new resident, you'd once picked clean without thought to sharing its bounty with your neighbors. The payment? Residents' chastisement. Down into thick trees, knee-deep damp grass. By the community garden. There they are, hundreds of 'em. Blackberries, hanging deep in thorns, sagging in boughs. Leave the unripe white and pink. Go for black in heavy swaying vines. Drooping. Begging. It's guilt-free picking. Payment? An arm scratch and torn sleeve!

## **5,360 Pas**

*L'apres-midi* is clear and sunny, a warm crisp autumn. *Bon voyage!* Gather at Andover mailboxes, turn left at Residents' gate and head to the Main Entrance. Take a deep breath and march up the hill. Saunter through the staff parking lot. Follow the retaining wall to its end. Sit down on the wall and reward yourself. *Bon*. Back on your feet. Wave to Facilities guys at CWV's underbelly and weave through staff parking area uphill to the fire road. Glance down at community gardens. By now you're a whistling Parisian boulevardier. Reach the rock garden and down the caressing Pine Path. Left at Arlington Court. *C'est Andover!* Salute yourself. *Encore? Mais oui!*





# Happenings

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

## Fun on the Green

Is this honestly the way we used to play Croquet? Long ago it was Nine Wicket Croquet: nine hoops, two stakes. Win by being first to make it through all nine hoops to hit the last stake. You could even hit your opponent's ball out of the park. (Smile, that was your bratty brother.) Now CWV's Fitness Team runs a *veddy* British version: Golf Croquet. Each of six hoops is contested by up to four players and scored by only one player. Whoever's first through a given hoop wins that hoop and gains a point. The highest score at the end is the winner. No hitting anyone. Pretty neat. And you're still friends with your brother.

## Drama at Primrose Path Theater

*Thalictrum Rochebrunianum* enters the stage, all pearly white blossoms, to "Ooohs" and "Ahhhs." Over there, gentle *Blue Ginger* blinks her eyes, but it's her jealous sister, *Black-eyed Susan*, who snares the beau. Stage left, *Hibiscus-Spinach* turns green with envy: it's cousin *Citrina* who's flaunting her crisp six-petaled sunburst-yellow chemise. Enter *Creeping Zinnia*, her brown eyes searching desperately for her beloved white capped *Balsamine*. Imagine her disappointment: it's only jaundiced *Common Sneezewood!* "*Bastard Ipecac!*" she hisses, rouge with anger. Sashaying from the wings sweeps dashing *Abraham Darby Rose!* All is saved. *Butterfly Bushes* clap. Return next spring for a new offering. Until then, "*Begonia!*"

## Let's Make Lamb Stew

In a heavy pot brown 2 pounds lamb cubes in olive oil, remove, add diced onion. Add a pinch saffron to 1 1/2 cups beef stock. Return lamb to pot, stir in saffron mixture. Stir in 1/3 cup honey, 1 tsp turmeric, 1/2 tsp cinnamon, 1/8 tsp mace, and a handful of pitted prunes. Toss in a bunch of fresh cilantro. Cover with foil and lid. Bake at 375 degrees 50 minutes until lamb is tender. Add half cup of pearl onions and cook 5 minutes. Remove foil and lid, degrease, salt and pepper to taste, return to oven for 5 minutes. Sprinkle with toasted almonds. Yum.



## Look At It this Way

The construction site is shaping up more like "Arlington Court" every day as we peer through the fence's wire geometries. Noise is dulled. Hammers and shovels fade to soft brushes of plumbing, wiring, indoor painting. Some do miss the erstwhile woods. Where DID they go? Walk or drive by on Old Billerica Road and now there's bright sun and new construction. New trees have been planted, yes, but it's not quite the same. Hey, look at it this way. It's for the better. It matters not what you look at, it's what you see. Soon will rise a vibrant new viewscape. Bubbling new friends. A joyous new community. And new trees.

## Dinner on the Wing

Ever note the millions of bird feeders around campus? Here's the Double-decker Squirrel-Buster. Just spread the top with an un-squirrely mix of axle grease and cayenne pepper (yum!), and your husk-less sunflower seeds will only be For The Birds. There's the Hummingbird or Thistle Feeder, tiny feeding ports fit for the little guys to seek little seeds or suck sugar water. Imagine the real estate, high and low: English Cottage, Victorian Manse, Garden Gazebo, Log Cabin, Swiss Chalet. And don't forget the Homestead, where ravenous birds perch on a horizontal metal bar that's reserved for them (it collapses under squirrels' weight), and gorge to their avian hearts' content.

*Harry Hoover*



## *In Memory*

Stephanie Rolfe	July 21
Wadsworth 'Waddy' Stone	July 27
Constance 'Connie' Parsons	Aug 4
Lauretta Stead	Aug 13
Alita 'Lee' Brooks	Aug 19
Grace Wanamaker	Sept 7
Barbara 'Bobbie' Hitzrot	Sept 11
Jerri Lou Buffo	Oct 4
Edward Spencer	Oct 9



## My Heart Leaped Up

I beheld my neighbor's twin granddaughters playing with a ball on Falmouth Court grass. They cautiously checked the stability of the round, metal, drainage cover in the middle of the lawn. The cover was perfectly placed to bounce the ball. They took turns to see who achieved the most continuous, one-handed bounces. After many turns one girl held her arms out like a hoop and the other one shot baskets by getting the ball through the hoop. This was too difficult and they switched to netless volleyball.

The play ended when their father and dog came outdoors – time to leave grandmother's. What a joyous experience seeing creative, free

play outdoors! For years I've been very concerned about the lack in youngsters' lives of free play outdoors. Heavily structured after-school time and technologic devices have robbed youngsters of creative play and informal socializing.

The twins' play set me reminiscing about the variety of enriching experiences my children had growing up in Bedford. They called a large rock in our backyard "magic rock." When they climbed atop it they could be anyone, anywhere they wanted to be. Also out back were the common swingset and sandbox, that from time to time was the temporary home for a small turtle 'rescued' from the road near the Shawsheen River.

Back when the Shawsheen was stocked with trout, two sons drop-line fished from the bridge. One day they came home full of pride, "Look what I caught with my hand! It was floating." Such great disappointment when he was told it was not edible. Years before Art and Marietta Ellis (no relation) opened their soap factory on Old Billerica Road; they demonstrated old soap-making for their children and ours on the bank of the Shawsheen using wood ashes for lye.

Wintertime fun included coasting down nearby 'Suicide Hill' (named by the kids), ice skating and pick-up hockey on Rivet's Pond and crosscountry skiing on cut down, old, wide wooden skis through the woods to the Route 3 overlook. There they saw their first Red-tailed Hawk.

A wonderful couple and their three daughters lived across the street. Joe enjoyed my three sons and one day he drove an old go-cart across the street and gave it to them. They laid out a track in our field. Friends, too, had fun on the go-cart.

When my second son was a teen, Joe gave him a dilapidated '47 Willys Jeep and challenged him to get it running. It took him a long time, but he drove it down the original, now dirt end, of Wilson Road and home again.

If any Bedfordites recall the huge mandala that appeared in the middle of Concord Road many, many years ago, and wondered how it got there, I can tell you. In the dark of night it was deftly painted and repainted by my oldest son and two friends. Too late now for them to be arrested!

*Dorothy Ellis*



## Arlington Court: The Big Project

It has taken thirteen years of hard and challenging work, but we have seen the outlines of Arlington Court rise before us. CWV bought three additional lots on Old Billerica Road to give more space for the ambitious project. The twelve new units are identical: two bedrooms, den, and fireplace. Eleven of the twelve are already spoken for.

Landscaping was a large issue for the town. Medium tall deciduous trees on the berm around the court and shorter shrubs were promised. So, the attractiveness of the site is guaranteed both for the short term and for the future. As I write this, the trees and bushes are being planted. A fifty-foot green buffer from the street is guaranteed forever. The lovely perimeter path has been rerouted. All stakeholders appear to be happy.



It was very interesting to watch the various sub-contractors. . . there are eight of them. In building the homes they used several kinds of tools: scale drawings, tape measures, and a laser GPS to get the elevations of the trenches. The several laser GPS units worked off a master GPS that was fastened to the perimeter fence. The individual units generated a rotating light beam. The worker in the trench, trying to get the correct elevation for his trench, had a fixed-length pole with a detector for the rotating light beam at the end of the pole. The front-loader doing the roadways had a sensor for the rotating laser light from the master GPS on the fence so that he could get the road elevation right. When I

asked what the vertical resolution of the master GPS on the fence was, I was told it was 1/8 of an inch. This construction is very complicated and very exacting.

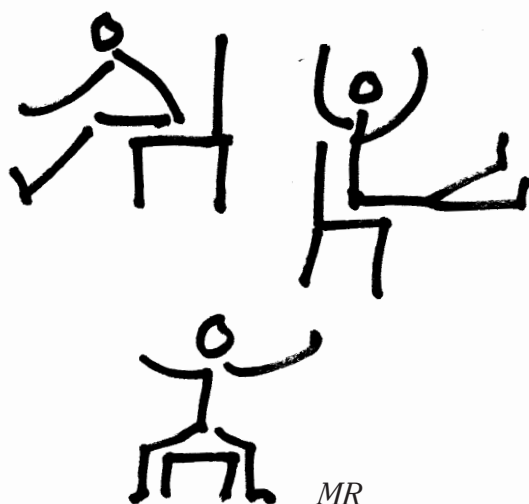
The most amazing thing I saw while watching the construction was a worker free-standing on the top of an outside wall as the crane brought in three roof trusses at a time. He had to balance on the top edge of the wall and position the trusses. There was nothing to tie himself to.

Many things have been done to make this new addition beautiful and efficient. There are French drains around all the foundations. All utility cables and pipes are buried underground. In many cases the trench for the cable conduit pipes required pounding through very hard rock.

And yet the project is on schedule. And besides that, it has offered residents an interesting show in these times when our diversions are fewer.

*Paul Hill*

## Chair Yoga







## The North Tin Box

The North family brought the making of tinware from Berlin, CT, to Fly Creek, NY, in the 1790's. The tinware produced for domestic use was sold around the countryside by pedlars and some was painted with distinctive designs. The sons of the family were the pedlars, and some of the daughters did the decorating. One well-known painter of this period was Mercy North.

One of my prized possessions is a tinware document box made by the North tin shop in Fly Creek, NY. My mother passed this box to me and, when our nephew was a student at the Cooperstown Graduate Program affiliated with the Fenimore Art Museum, we took her there with the box. Under ultra-violet light Mercy North's signature appeared clearly. Other pieces of her work are in their collection.

In 2019 my granddaughter was completing her Master's program at the same institution, and I was fortunate to be in Fly Creek and



to visit both the remains of the barn that housed the North Tin Shop and the homestead of the North family, built in the early 1800's.

What a pleasure it is to have this box and, through it, to have a connection to my roots.

*Robert North Schmalz*



## Downhill Skiing

A number of years ago Frank, a local father of teenagers, asked if I would go with him on a ski trip. He was supervising a busload of girls and boys to the Loon Mountain ski facility in Lincoln, New Hampshire. He needed another grownup to assist him on this day trip. We'd known one another for many years, and I agreed to help him. After a two-hour trip we reached the ski area a little before lunch.

Frank didn't ski, and I had just recently learned to snowplow. This is the most basic ski maneuver going downhill where you point the front tips of the skis somewhat together. Looking down on them, they look a little like a snowplow. I convinced big, hefty Frank we should rent ski-boots, skis and poles and give it try. That's what we did at the beginners' ski area. After a while we retired to the Lodge for a lunch.

It gets a little boring taking the rope-tow and then snowplowing down the novice slope over and over. I noticed on the pictorial bulletin board outside the lunchroom that there was a beginners' trail at the top of the mountain. It weaved around the side of the mountain and down. "Hey, Frank. Why don't we try that one? It's better than the beginners' slope all afternoon." "Hmm" or maybe he said "bummer." I took it as a yes.

One of the ski-tows at Loon Mountain is a Gondola setup. Small, closed pod-like containers holding four seated skiers whisk you to the top of the 3,000-foot mountain. Skis and poles fit into racks attached to the pods. At the top of the 1.3 mile ascent the view is magnificent.

After lunch with our skis, poles and paraphernalia we went over to the Gondola shelter. Soon we were carried to the top of the mountain in style. After collecting our equipment, we looked around for the beginners' trail. It was a little way, off to one side. But oh no! It was closed. We should have gone right back and taken the Gondola back down, but that seemed a little embarrassing. Maybe there was another way.



Right in front of us was a wide-open snowy ski slope going straight down. Way, way down you could just barely see the Lodge, sort of. "Hey, that doesn't look that bad Frank. We can ski from one side of the slope to the other and gradually work our way down." And that's what we did. It took us all afternoon with Frank calling lustily on the Almighty, mixed with a variety of expletives I had not heard in quite a while. Finally, the ski patrol came by to be sure we were okay and could get to the bottom by closing time. I assured them we were fine. Frank seemed numb and oath-spent.

We finally made it down and returned our rented skis. The bus fully loaded with all our teenaged charges wondered what had happened to us. The trip home was uneventful. Frank seemed tired or maybe just thankful it was over. I don't think he ever ventured onto skis again, but I went on, and with my wife's help became a pretty good skier.

*Wallace K Campbell*



## *Welcome New Residents*

**Susan Lancet Ebbs**

from Bedford

8/7/20

**William and Martha Callender**

from Boston

8/10/20

**Donald and Elizabeth Stewart**

from Weston

8/13/20

**Natalie 'Tally' Forbes**

from Concord

8/17/20

**Margaret Choate**

from Bedford

8/31/20

**Dan Smythe and Janet Schimelfenyg**

from Bedford

9/29/20

**Bradford Conant**

from Wayland

10/1/20











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

## Thoughts

Fall has arrived, along with some serious concerns about what the next few months have in store, for us and for our country. In so many ways we are fortunate to be here at Carleton-Willard Village, as the administration and staff work diligently to keep us safe, well fed and in good health. However, there are times when we do feel lonely and despondent and worried.

What do we choose to do to cheer ourselves up? We get together outside when the weather is good. We take long walks around our beautiful campus, particularly on the Perimeter Path. We see the colors of the trees changing, and we take down our masks to breathe in the aromas of fall. We watch the birds flocking to our feeders and splashing in our bird baths. We keep in touch with our cherished family members, we knit and sew, we do jig saw puzzles and paper puzzles, we play games on our computers, and we listen to beautiful music. But, most of all, we read.

Thank goodness for our library, which is open two days a week, from 10 am to noon. Independent residents are allowed in, one at a time, and a library volunteer is on hand to help people find good books and to ensure that the safety rules are being obeyed. It is wonderful to talk about books, and the library loves to receive recommendations for our monthly book orders.

What are we reading? It seems that our residents have turned even more toward the reading of fiction, a splendid way to relieve anxiety and stress. Favorite authors include Anne Perry, Louise Penny, James Patterson, Charles Todd, Anne Cleeves and Martha Grimes, to name a few. We add at least thirty new books to the collection every month and business is brisk.

Before long, hopefully, we will be able to increase the hours that the library is open. The reading area will remain closed until a group of residents is allowed to congregate. When that time comes we will celebrate!

Best wishes for a safe and healthy fall. Be sure to stay happy with a good book.

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair of the Library Committee*





## Among the Newest

*Anxious People* by Fredrik Backman

A group of Swedes get caught in an unlikely hostage situation involving a would-be bank robber. A witty, lighthearted romp by this popular writer.

*The American Crisis* by Cullen Murphy, ed.

What went wrong; how we recover. Eye-opening and sometimes prophetic essays, written over the last four years under President Trump, by writers of *The Atlantic*.

*The Sicilian Method* by Andrea Camilleri

An Inspector Montalbano mystery, combining deadpan drollery with a clever puzzle. Can the solution be found in a theater play?

*A Life on Our Planet* by David Attenborough

Combination memoir and manifesto, reflecting Attenborough's optimistic view of humans' ability to save our fragile planet's ecological future.

*The Lions of Fifth Avenue* by Fiona Davis

Set in 1913 and 1993 at the New York Public Library. A series of thefts of books and manuscripts become a mystery woven into the history of the Library.

*Agent Sonya* by Ben Macintyre

True story of Moscow's most daring wartime spy. Sonya, her code name, was a young German Jew who raised a family and from the 1930s into the 1950s managed to evade western intelligence.

*His Truth is Marching On* by Jon Meacham

The story of Civil Rights icon and longtime U.S. Congressman John Lewis. How one man made a difference by believing in justice.

*The Exiles* by Christina Baker Kline

In the 19th century a young woman is sent from London on a convict ship to the new penal colony in Australia. She befriends another shipmate and a young aboriginal girl. Their story of friendship and survival.

*Unseen City* by Nathanael Johnson

About the fauna and flora we walk by every day, especially in the city. Johnson learns and educates about the intelligence of pigeons, the charm of snails, edible sidewalk weeds, etc., etc. Informative and a fun read.

*Cher Ami and Major Whittlesey*

by Kathleen Rooney

Based on a true story of a WWI messenger pigeon and the soldiers whose lives she forever altered.

*The Bird Way* by Jennifer Ackerman

How birds live and how they think. Like us, they are capable of deception and manipulation, but also of cooperation, culture and communication.

*Vanishing Sky* by Annette Binder

Harrowing story of a German family during WWII. A haunting portrait of a nation slowly collapsing. Author's father was in Hitler Youth. Binder immigrated to U.S. as a small child.

*The Boy, the Mole, the Fox and the Horse* by

Charlie Mackesy

The story of a boy and his animal friends is charming. Beautiful drawings. Heartwarming, like Winnie the Pooh.

*The Lost and Found Bookshop* by Susan Wiggs

Mother dies in plane crash, leaving her a bookshop and a grandfather needing care. She leaves a successful job and moves to San Francisco and rescues the bookshop. There's romance and historical mystery.

*Madelyn Armstrong*



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Autobiography/Memoir

Hager, Jenna Bush    Everything Beautiful in its Time  
 Harris, Kamala        The Truths We Hold  
 Trebek, Alex          The Answer is...Reflections On My Life  
 Westover, Tara        Educated (\*)  
 Wilson, Chris         The Master Plan

### Biography

Horn, Jonathan        Washington's End (\*)  
 Kashner, Sam & Schoenberger, Nancy    Sisters  
 King, Maxwell        The Good Neighbor  
 Meacham, Jon         His Truth is Marching On

### Current Affairs

Andersen, Kurt        Evil Geniuses  
 Appelbaum, Anne     Twilight of Democracy  
 Bolton, John          The Room Where It Happened  
 Cohen, Michael        Disloyal  
 DiAngelo, Robin      White Fragility  
 Murphy, Cullen (ed.) The American Crisis  
 Strzok, Peter         Compromised  
 Trump, Mary          Too Much and Never Enough  
 Wilkerson, Isabel     Caste  
 Woodward, Bob        Rage

### Environment

Attenborough, David A Life on Our Planet

### Fiction

Babbitt, Natalie      Tuck Everlasting  
 Backman, Fredrik     Anxious People  
 Barratt, Amanda      My Dearest Dietrich (\*)  
 Binder, L. Annette    The Vanishing Sky

Blake, Sarah            The Guest Book (\*)  
 Brown, Sandra        Thick as Thieves  
 Camilleri, Andrea    The Sicilian Method  
 Child, Lee (ed.)        Matchup  
 Clark, Mary Higgins   Kiss the Girls and Make Them Cry (\*)  
 Cleeves, Ann          The Darkest Evening  
 Cobbs, Elizabeth      The Hamilton Affair  
 Connelly, Michael     The Poet  
 Davis, Fiona          The Lions of Fifth Avenue  
 Davita, April          142 Ostriches (\*)  
 Francis, Dick          Shattered  
 Gaige, Amity          Sea Wife (\*)  
 Gates, Eva             Read and Buried (\*)  
 Gleason, C. M.        Murder at the Capitol (\*)  
 Goodwillie, David     King's County  
 Grafton, Sue          T is for Trespass  
 Hall, Araminta        Imperfect Women  
 Hamilton, Jane        The Excellent Lombards  
 Harper, Jane          The Lost Man  
 Harshbarger, Dwight A Quiet Hero  
 Hilderbrand, Elin     Troubles in Paradise  
 Holden, Wendy        The Royal Governess  
 Horowitz, Anthony    Magpie Murders  
 Hurston, Zora Neale Hitting a Straight Lick with A Crooked Stick (\*)  
 Ingalls, Rachel        Mrs. Caliban  
 Jen, Gish              The Resisters (\*)  
 Joshi, Alka             The Henna Artist (\*)  
 Kidd, Sue Monk        The Invention of Wings  
 King, Laurie R.        Riviera Gold  
 Kline, Christina Baker The Exiles  
 Lehrer, Jim             The Franklin Affair  
 London, Julia          You Lucky Dog  
 Lupica, Mike          Robert B. Parker's Fool's Paradise  
 Mackesy, Charlie     The Boy, the Mole, the Fox And the Horse



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

Mayor, Archer	The Orphan's Guilt	Ware, Ruth	One by One
McCall Smith, Alexander	The Geometry of Holding Hands	Wasserman, Robin	Mother Daughter Widow Wife
McDonald, Christina	Behind Every Lie	Wiggs, Susan	The Lost and Found Bookshop
Meyer, Nicholas	The Adventure of the Peculiar Protocols (*)	Wilkinson, Lauren	American Spy
Miller, Sue	Monogamy	Willan, Jane	The Shadow of Death (*)
Mizushima, Margaret	Hanging Falls	Woods, Stuart	Choppy Water
O'Farrell, Maggie	Hamnet	Yokomizo, Seishi	The Honjin Murders
Osman, Richard	The Thursday Murder Club	Yokomizo, Seishi	The Inugami Curse
Owens, Delia	Where the Crawdads Sing (*)	<b>History</b>	
Pataki, Allison	The Queen's Fortune (*)	DuBois, Ellen Carol	Suffrage (*)
Pataki, Allison	The Traitor's Wife	Hogan, Margaret & Taylor, C. James (eds.)	My Dearest Friend
Patterson, James	The Coast to Coast Murders	Macintyre, Ben	Agent Sonya
Patterson, James	1st Case	Maraniss, David	A Good American Family (*)
Penny, Louise	All the Devils Are Here	Wallace, Chris	Countdown 1945
Perry, Anne	A Question of Betrayal	Wallace, Chris	Countdown 1945 (*)
Picoult, Jodi	The Book of Two Ways	<b>Nature</b>	
Portis, Charles	True Grit	Ackerman, Jennifer	The Bird Way
Robards, Karen	The Black Swan of Paris	Blum, Andrew	The Weather Machine (*)
Robinson, Marilynne	Housekeeping	Furuya, Taku	A Beginner's Guide to Succulent Gardens
Robinson, Marilynne	Jack	Hewitt, Terry	The Complete Book of Cacti And Succulents
Rooney, Kathleen	Cher Ami and Major Whittlesey	Johnson, Nathanael	Unseen City
Russell, Mary Doria	The Women of the Copper Country (*)	<b>Poetry</b>	
Schine, Cathleen	The Grammarians (*)	Barney, Cary	Maritxu
Scott, Susan Holloway	I, Eliza Hamilton (*)	Blake, William (Erdman, David ed.)	The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake
Silva, Daniel	The Order	<b>Science</b>	
Sparks, Nicholas	The Return	Mack, Katie	The End of Everything
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	In the Bleak Midwinter	(* indicates Large Print)	
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	A Fountain Filled With Blood		
Thornton, Stephanie Marie	And They Called It Camelot (*)		
Walker, Martin	Bruno, Chief of Police		

*Katherine F. Graff*



## Go down a rabbit hole?

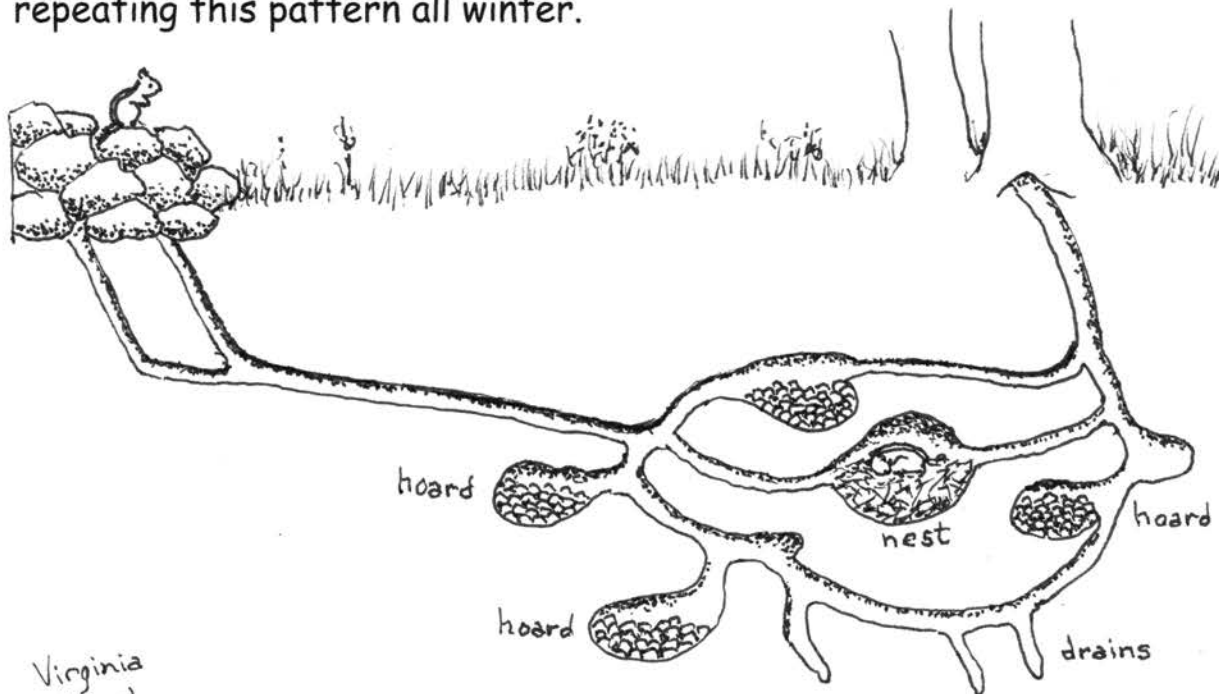
Not around here.

Alice in Wonderland could go down a rabbit hole because in Britain rabbits dig holes. In "Watership Down" the rabbits dug extensive systems of burrows, called warrens. Peter Rabbit and his sisters Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail lived underground, probably in the Lake District of England where the author and illustrator Beatrix Potter lived.

American author Thornton Burgess gave credit to Beatrix Potter when he named his rabbit character Peter Cottontail. The Uncle Remus stories, with west African origins, feature Br'er Rabbit. And some of us played the Uncle Wiggily game long ago.

Our rabbits live above ground, usually finding shelter under a brush pile, only occasionally in a hole made by a fox or a woodchuck. A shallow nest, a few inches deep, is all they need for babies. And they don't hibernate.

Chipmunks don't hibernate either, but they do something similar, to survive winter. Chipmunks create extensive burrow systems which include a nest chamber for sleeping and eating. Other chambers store the food they have gathered in the fall: acorns, nuts, seeds, and fungi. When the weather turns seriously cold, a chipmunk enters "torpor." Its temperature and heart rate drop steeply and it sleeps very soundly - for a few days. Then it awakes and eats. Then, back into torpor, repeating this pattern all winter.





**CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE**

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