



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



JUNE 2024 ❁ VOLUME 41 ❁ Number 2



On June 12 a Garden Tour will welcome prospective residents, Carleton Willard At-Home members and current residents to view the many beautiful gardens here.

The cluster home garden on the cover of this issue benefits from its woodland setting and a borrowed landscape – the meadow beyond the stone wall.



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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

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

Editor's Corner



This issue's theme encouraged me to think about who inspired me at different moments in my life. They were sometimes people who were close to me or my family – teachers, the minister, close friends for instance.

Sometimes they were found in books or the news. As a teenager I discovered Kahlil Gibran. His little book, *The Prophet*, has been a touchstone that has brought clarity to my life's passages so many times. I make sure my grandchildren all have a copy.

For some of us President Kennedy's Inaugural Speech came at a moment in our lives when we were ripe for a push toward public service of some kind. Whether or not we responded at that time, it meant that many did join the Peace Corps or become engaged in civic enterprises in some way.

You will read stories of residents who can pinpoint the mentor who changed their lives. Such a person gives affirmation to one's abilities or interests. They may spend quality time or their reference may open doors in a way nothing else could.

We are in a stage of our lives that gives us the opportunity to do this for others based on our own experiences, wisdom, and accumulated knowledge. Of course, we must be subtle at times too. A certain amount of eye-rolling is often the response to such advice!

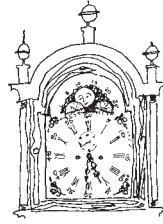
We welcome two new members to the Editorial Board – Cynthia Anderson and Marian Smith. We look forward to enjoying their special skills and enthusiasm for the Carleton-Willard Community.

We thank Neela Zinsser as she retires from the Board and recognize Wally Campbell, who has not only helped distribute the *Villager* but also written so many entertaining articles.

Anne Schmalz
Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the President and CEO



To this day, I will never forget my fourth grade English teacher, Ms. Gallagher, because she taught me compassion. My second-grade Geography teacher, Mr. Allen, taught me how to have fun. In college, my Philosophy teacher opened my eyes to see the world from a whole new perspective.

Each of these teachers helped me prepare for the real world. Even though I was just a kid, their words and teachings had a major impact on who I became in my adulthood. I believe that teachers are some of the many mentors in our lives who matter. We spend so much of our childhood learning and growing from these mentors, and I believe they have an underestimated influence on our lives.

When we transition from school to the workforce, our mentors are often bosses, managers, and even colleagues. I have had bosses who doubted my ability to accomplish a certain goal. While some may see this as a negative, I found that it pushed me to work even harder to get to where I wanted to be.

Some of the most important people in my life are the ones who guided me with the power of storytelling, such as my grandparents, since they were a lot wiser than I and lived it all. I miss their life stories and will forever carry the advice they gave me from the decisions they made and lessons they learned along the way.

When you think about the people in your life who mattered, perhaps you are overlooking those who have influenced you the most. Many of us have been through difficult relationships, jobs, and classes in our youth, and even though some of the people from these situations didn't seem to have a positive influence on us at the time, they in fact were a part of this journey we call life and have shaped us into who we have become.

What have the people who mattered taught you about yourself? Take a moment to think about it—and perhaps consider those who you may not have thought of originally. When you acknowledge that everyone has shaped you into the person you are, you'll have a lot more appreciation for the different people you have encountered in your lifetime—both the ones with an obvious impact and the ones who unexpectedly pointed you in the right direction.

Christopher J. Golen
President and CEO



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Judge David Nelson

I met David Nelson when I volunteered for his congressional campaign in 1970 during the summer after my junior year in college. I had heard about Nelson because my father had met him during their work together on the Boston Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law. Nelson was largely an unknown at the time. His name recognition in the district stood at seven percent. The Ninth Congressional District had been represented for years by House Speaker John McCormack, who was stepping down. The leading candidate was Louise Day Hicks, the anti-busing candidate from South Boston, whose slogan was “You know where I stand,” which everyone did know. Busing, which was very unpopular, was the leading issue in Boston politics at the time.

Few people took Nelson seriously at first, but he campaigned furiously and made some inroads. He showed up everywhere, from T stops in Southie early in the morning to taverns and doorsteps in the evenings. His base was his home district of Roxbury, where the problem was turnout, but the bigger problem was that there were a lot more votes in Southie than there were in Roxbury. The reception in Southie was often ugly. It was uphill but there were occasional encouraging signs, like the day Lou Rawls recorded a campaign song for Dave: “David Nelson’s the one. Don’tcha know that he’s the only one. Gonna send him down to Congress in Wash-ing-ton!”

In the end, we didn’t send him down to Congress, but Dave came a close third, far exceeding expectations and establishing himself as a leading spokesman in the black community. He had been a family lawyer at a well-regarded Boston law firm. After the campaign, in 1973, he was appointed to the Massachusetts Superior Court. A few years later President Carter appointed David Nelson to the federal court bench, the first black person to become a federal judge in Massachusetts.

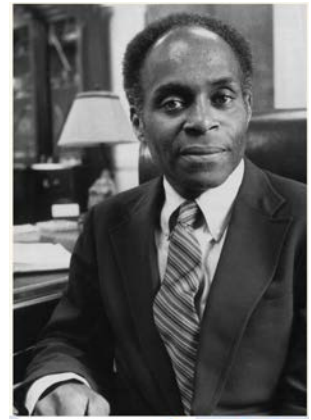
The timing of Judge Nelson’s career proved lucky for me as I was in law school at the time and was later hired to become one of his law clerks. It proved to be my favorite law job, working for a remarkable man and watching him handle his job with such wisdom and shrewdness. I loved to

watch him in conference, using his personality and experience to move the lawyers along. The clerks had a lot of responsibility, in part because the judge had so much on his plate, teaching trial advocacy at B.C. Law, where he had gone, and accepting many speaking engagements on the side. It was important to him to be part of the community and a role model. He was funny, gracious and charismatic. He often did not return to the office until the evening, when he would respond to our staffing memos, always ending with his trademark sign-off: “Thx.”

Sometimes I got frustrated with the Judge’s sentencing, which was often lenient, at least in my view, but that was who he was. He read letters from defendants he had sentenced and corresponded with parole officers. He had attended Boston College High, B.C. and B.C. Law School and he attended mass pretty much every Sunday of his life. Forgiveness was such a part of who he was. As a dramatic example, during the year of my clerkship, Judge Nelson’s brother Maston was brutally murdered in Nashville, TN. When they caught the man who did it, Judge Nelson wrote the prosecutor and asked that he plea bargain the case. He had forgiven the man already.

A happy coincidence for me of Judge Nelson’s career was that one of his duties as a federal judge was performing naturalizations. This meant that he officiated at the ceremony at the Old North Church where Rosanne’s and my daughter Carrie became a citizen. What a great day!

Sadly, Judge Nelson got Alzheimer’s and had to take early retirement. By the time his good friend Judge John McNaught died, Judge Nelson could no longer speak coherently. Pretty much in silence I drove him to the funeral at the church Rosanne and I then attended, Incarnation Church in Melrose. Judge Nelson didn’t miss a single word of any prayer or hymn of the entire service. It was extraordinary. He was such a lovely man.



Dick Belin



The Dropout

Taking several “gap years” after starting college at Boston University, I reached a point in my then career when I could not find a job with the same level of responsibility and pay without a degree, so I decided it was time to finish up. I applied to transfer to business school and was accepted into a BA/MBA program. I left my job in the spring and looked around for something to do with my summer. BU had an intensive summer computer science program which allowed one to take up to five courses serially. I thought it might be fun to take one or two.

Bill Henneman taught the second course, and it quickly became clear that there was no going back. To heck with business; I was going to be a programmer.

Bill was head of the Computer Science program at BU, which was then part of the Math Department. BU did not have an official CS department until three years later.

Bill was brilliant, kind, generous, cruel, angry, patient, compassionate, callous, and possibly depressed. He was a terrible teacher and a wonderful mentor. Students either loved him or hated him. I adored him. A classmate of mine described her first meeting with Bill: “There was a scruffy oily-haired unshaven man in a tweed jacket on an old worn couch who appeared to be passed out.”

I never heard him raise his voice to anyone but his words could sting when he wanted them to. His wife Marianne was undoubtedly as disturbed as he was, and their fights were historic. I can’t imagine anyone else putting up with either one of them.

Bill had studied under Marvin Minsky, co-founder of the MIT AI laboratory. The story, as told by Minsky and others, was that this kid from Texas showed up wanting to attend MIT, but didn’t have a high school diploma, which was required for admission. The colleague went to Marvin, a classic “out of the box” thinker, to discuss the predicament. Marvin thought about it and said “Let’s admit him to the graduate school; they don’t have that requirement.” So Henneman was accepted and eventually ended

up a tenured professor heading up the budding CS department at BU, with a PhD from MIT his one and only degree.

Bill couldn’t teach to save his life, but he could inspire. He told stories and laughed with us during classes. He taught us the importance of what we were doing and what the future offered. He made everything real and relevant. But if you wanted a step-by-step lesson in trees or data structures, he was not your man. He had the ability to infuriate or make you feel like a million bucks.



Bill was the first person to whom I demonstrated my so-called magic tricks. I had just learned them the night before and wanted to show them off. I found Bill in his office, where everyone was always welcome. Later, Marianne told me that he had just learned that his cancer had returned, and I made him laugh for the first time in days. It was the only gift I was ever able to give him.

Students in his Introductory Engineering course were required to build something. We started with a voltmeter and then got to choose our semester project (mine was an Altair 8800 computer kit). He held weekly labs at his house. He and Marianne cooked dinner for us and then we retired to the family room/lab. We laughed and soldered. The meals were terrific; they were both excellent cooks. I had my first Mexican meal at their house.

When JR and I got married, Bill and Marianne baked our wedding cake.

Renel Fredriksen



Himself

1951 was one of the peak years of the Polio epidemic. Swimming pools, movie theaters, birthday parties - all cancelled. I had spent July of that year at Red Pine Camp in Wisconsin. The evening I returned from my month away I watched television for the first time, two hours in front of the wonderful, new gadget. The next morning, I awakened with a very stiff back and double vision. My mother was convinced that watching TV was clearly the cause, so I continued my day - walking the dog and hanging around. By four o'clock my vision hadn't improved, and my back was so stiff and aching that I couldn't really move.

My mother called Dr. George Eisenberg, my pediatrician. "Yes, yes," Dr. Eisenberg assured my mother. He would come see me before he went home, probably about 7:00 at the end of another long day.

I can still hear him slowly climbing the steps to my room. When I saw him, hot tears slowly started down my cheeks. My back and neck were really hurting. Dr. Eisenberg took off his coat and slowly sat on my bed. Yes, I did have a fever. He didn't say anything at first but just held one of my hands. He didn't squeeze it or act nervous as had my mother. He was just there, with me, unafraid. He said, "I think we need to go to the hospital where the nurses can help you feel better." He just sat and stayed with me while I cried all the tears that hadn't appeared all day. He stayed, didn't chat, or DO anything more.

He himself was clearly tired, but he remained with me. And he still stays with me. He, after all these years, has remained my ideal of a good doctor. Was he a saint during this frightening pandemic or just a very good man? I don't know, but I have never forgotten him.

Mary-Margaret Collins



My Memorable Friend

When my family moved to Lexington from Indiana it was 1947. I entered the high school as a sophomore. I was active in three sports, football, basketball and track. One of the seniors who was on each of these teams was John Bailey. At that time he impressed me as being a true leader. He was not the president of his class and I always wondered why not.

I knew John as Jack and he dated Jane Carey from my class. I remember that we went together to a lake not too far away from Lexington for an evening swim. Jack married Jane later and had two children.



I learned that he graduated from Boston University and soon was on the leadership staff of Northeastern University.

Skip to 1972 when I returned to Lexington. Three years later I retired from twenty-one years in the military as a Navy Civil Engineer officer. At the Lexington Community Center a woman who had been in Greece told me that she knew Jack Bailey was in Boston at a hotel for a meeting with key people supporting the American University in Athens, Greece. Jack Bailey was at that time its president. I called the hotel and was invited to join him.

By this time Jack had been the president there for thirty-three years. I learned that he was going to take a vacation at a small farm in Stowe, VT, that week. When I got home, I realized that my son and I were going that next week on a weekend of motorcycling to VT and NH, that took us through Stowe.

I called Jack and received a warm invitation to stop in Stowe to see him. I tried to pay for the dinner the evening we arrived, but he would not let me. I finally got the chance to ask him why he did not become his LHS Class President. He told me that he preferred the job as President of the Eastern Division of Student Councils in MA.



Later I had the chance to take Jack and his wife to the Artistry on the Green, a new restaurant in Lexington. He was one week late as I had hoped he could have come to the 60th Anniversary of the LHS class of 1949 there.

I wondered what he had done after graduation from BU and found on the internet that the rest of his life had been as amazing as I had imagined.

David Hathaway

The Science of Mattering

“Sometimes people come into your life for a moment, a day or a lifetime. It matters not the time they spent with you, but how they impacted your life in that time.” Unknown

Her name was Dawn. She was there for me on a day filled with apprehension, anxiety, frightening numbness, chilling whistles and whines, blinding bright lights, and stabbing pain. On that fateful day in January, she greeted me by name, introduced herself, and sat me down. She was attuned to my unease and like a well-trained magician with a bag of tricks, she cleverly distracted me from my plight with a story, a meditation, and a grip - all of which calmed my brain, reduced the production of stress-causing hormones, and diminished my pain.

She had a person-centered perspective, addressing me by name and attending to my comfort. She responded to my situation with empathy and skillfully shared a tale of her similar experience. This had once happened to her. She relayed the tale and how it impacted her. Dawn validated my apprehension and created an instant connection. She recognized me. She understood me. She accepted me. She cared about me.

Dawn then proceeded with active engagement and provided me with a mindfulness meditation that she used to relax her own mental state: “Focus on your feet. Wiggle your toes. Now slowly feel the energy around you entering each toe, one by one.” As I shifted my attention to my feet, her soothing voice wrapped around me like a cozy blanket, centered me and calmed my mind.

Then, in a display of therapeutic touch, she gently reached for my left hand and allowed me to squeeze

to buffer the pain. It was finally over. The oral surgery was complete. Dawn was left with bruises on her left hand- a reward for her brave attempt at alleviating my pain and anxiety. I was rewarded with a complimentary insulated gift bag which contained a quart of Brigham’s vanilla ice cream. I left Burlington Oral Surgery with a new dental implant, a gift, a warm feeling in my heart, and a smile.

The dental assistant is a dentist’s secret weapon. Her superpowers are always ready to be activated. Armed with the appropriate tools of the trade, masked and costumed appropriately in blue scrubs, wearing protective eyewear and gloves, armed with the ability to erase anxiety and assuage pain, Dawn was my superhero at the dentist’s office in January. On a day I was sitting in THAT chair, she was a person who mattered because she made me feel that I mattered. Orchids to Dawn.

Mary Jane Parke

Turtles

Pointing their noses
 At the bright blue sky,
 Fred and Ginger,
 Koi Pool turtles,
 Bask on their rock
 In the morning sunshine.
 Their dark shells shine.
 Ginger flicks a hind foot.
 She seems sensitive.
 Behind her, Fred slides back
 Down into the pool.
 I back away.
 I guess
 We’re family.

Barbara Worcester



FIDELIO

In the dark ages, I was shuffling from the cafeteria down an empty hallway to my office. Coffee in hand, I rounded a turn. I was alone. It was time. I put my lips together and whistled a Beethoven tune. Ten feet behind me came an unexpected response: “LEONORE”. I stopped in my tracks. I kept staring ahead, yelling “FIDELIO” as the footsteps neared. As soon as I turned around, I knew I’d never seen this person.

Beside me were the boots and stripes of a young enlisted man. He’d heard me whistling what he cleverly thought was from one of three overtures Beethoven wrote to his single opera. He correctly named the opera but not what I was whistling. Instead, I was approximating the opera’s fourth (and uniquely named) overture. In that dim hallway of Washington, DC’s Army Security Agency (ASA), a generous handshake launched a friendship of over fifty years.

Walter Wells and I are “music” people, both music majors in different PA colleges. Earning his Masters at Penn State, Walter pursued a career in teaching, singing, choral directing and arts librarian. I jumped ship into the impenetrable waters of the Federal Civil Service. When we’d first met in that hallway, I was a civilian manager of an ASA computer office. Walter was an Army Private.

Our years in Washington cemented the bedrock of a half-century friendship. We learned about music from each other, how music enlarges our lives and deepens our souls. Every Saturday morning we’d dash across the Potomac to buy CDs, many selections recommended by the other. We’d bring them to my apartment to play all afternoon and evening, under the flight path of Washington National Airport.

On one of these sessions Walter looked over at me. “There may be a wedding.” I sat in silence. Would our musical odysseys end? I offered my congratulations. Instead, our sessions flourished. Molly added depth and joy to our days. Walter linked his baritone to the crystalline threads of her church choir soprano. Our music grew even lovelier.



After leaving the Army Walter returned to State College, completed his Masters, assumed directorship of a church choir and led the library’s arts section. I later retired to my native Lincoln. We traded visits to each other’s homes and interests. For me this was residential architecture, for him the Civil War. Walter’s sagging shelves held 5,000 CDs and tons of books on the Civil War, bearing testimony to his profound knowledge of the conflict. But music was top drawer.

Walter gave recitals of German lieder and Civil War songs. He sang at my parents’ memorial service. We trembled before Methuen’s 6,000-pipe organ, and doddered through miniature golf humming Mozart. Most fun was our pawing through stacks of retro discs at Gloucester’s weird “Mystery Train,” one of America’s largest repositories of vintage CD/LPs. Our hands buried in the stacks: “Hey, look what I found!”

On my most recent trip to Gettysburg Walter suggested we walk “Pickett’s Charge,” a mile-long pitch-and-stumble over thick grass and rough terrain on the way to higher ground (and victory for the Union). After all the dips in the road, then and now, we’d made it. As we turned into the driveway, Walter’s hand cupped my shoulder: “I waited to share this. I’ve just been accepted as a guide to the Gettysburg Battlefield.”

After dinner Walter said he had a gift for me. He brought out a hoard of new CD purchases, all but the last one chosen to enrich his diverse collection, from dulcet Elizabethan song to cacophonous Stravinsky. Light found the bottom disc. It was FIDELIO.

Harry Hoover



My Grandfather

I adored my grandfather. He came to live with my family in Wayland when I was five years old. I remember sitting on his lap when he read me stories. I remember when he took my hand as we walked out to our Victory Garden to pick beans or peas for my mother for dinner.

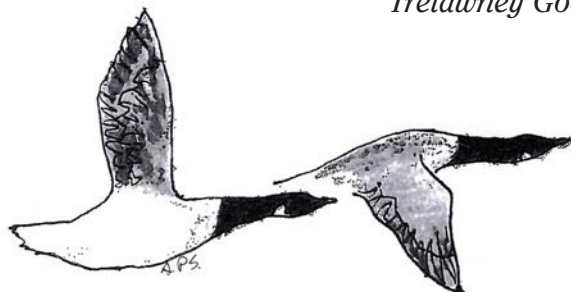
As in many suburban homes we had a floor radio in the living room. I remember one day our family sat in front of the radio listening to the news of the end of World War II. It was of particular interest to my grandfather. I later learned that my grandfather was a General on the staff of General Pershing, serving as Chief Ordnance Officer of the A.E.F. in World War I. He received three medals for his distinguished service, the Legion of Honor from France, the Order of the Bath from England and the Distinguished Service Medal from the United States.

I recently was reading from his handwritten diary. He told of going to a luncheon south of Paris where he met Mr Winston Churchill, not well known at the time. "I need not say I found him a most interesting man. He had come over to France from his home in Surrey in a little over an hour in an airplane and said he had a delightful trip."

I also recently found a letter written to my grandfather from a member of his staff, "I express the sentiment of many in saying that the only regret we felt at the termination of the war was that it brought to an end the close association with a leader who inspired us with confidence, respect, and admiration and whose example encouraged and brought out the best there was in us."

My grandfather died in our house in Wayland when I was 8. I had a chance to say goodbye to him.

Trelawney Goodell



A Grandson's Great Uncle

You couldn't have been older than two and maybe not quite
When you stood at the window of my "cluster home"
And watched the bus—the jitney, I told you—
Come down our driveway and then up again,
Ferrying oldsters to the main house.
It makes two different noises, I said,
Honking as it comes down, beep-beeping as it
backs back up.
And I made the noises for you, and then the bus
made them.

You hurried riveted to my window every time it
came.
I can still see you there, your back turned to us.
We must have seemed old hat compared to a
reallife bus.

Now you are four and probably wouldn't notice
the jitney anymore.
You inject yourself into our FaceTime conversations
Wondering what this word means and that.
You never knew my brother, your great uncle,
Who died days ago after a long illness and then a
stroke
That finally carried him away, stubborn till the last.
Nor did he know you. If he had he would have
taken joy in you
As he did in dogs and cats and babies, though not
always in adults.
He asked about you sometimes when he still had
his wits,
His considerable wits dementia couldn't entirely kill.
He knew your name and that you existed
Though permanently out of sight.

So when I mourn him, and I do, my only brother,
I think of you, at my window, looking out,
The fuzzy back of your head dear as the rest of you.
And when I think of you, astonished at your new
world,
I mourn the brother who is gone,
His own keen discoveries over at last.

Sue Hand



John Wilson

Recently I've been considering the people who helped me become the adult that I am. This process coincided with my reading a wonderful autobiographical novel by Maureen Freely, *Enlightenment*, in which I found the following:

"We honor our friends, and our teachers. Perhaps foolishly, but always with an open heart, we reserve our greatest thanks for those teachers who have shown us kindness, and who, in so doing, have opened our minds."

Among the dozen or so mentors from college and graduate school, it was John Wilson, a history teacher with whom I studied at DePauw University in my junior year, who I remembered was kind to me and opened my mind. He was responsible, I now know, for my setting out on the path that led me to my love of research and teaching. What was it that he did that put me on that path?

In his class on Russian history I learned the fun of doing serious research and how to do it. I remember that it was a completely new experience. Professor Wilson taught me that successful historical research requires one to begin with a question or two. Research does not result from copying a lot of information from books and articles onto note cards and then sorting them out for writing the paper (the 1950s equivalent of cutting and pasting from the internet). He suggested that I take an intensive Russian class in the summer at Ohio State which I could use in researching my senior honors essay, under his supervision. He found my work good and suggested that I consider graduate school in Soviet studies.

Up to that time, I had given no thought at all to a post-graduate life, and most likely would have followed the path being taken by several friends who intended to work for insurance companies in Indianapolis. My life obviously would have been very different from the one I have lived.

He liked my honors essay and suggested that I apply to what he considered at the time the best graduate program in Soviet studies, the Russian and Soviet Institute of Columbia University. He showed me how to fund the beginning of that

study by applying for and receiving a Woodrow Wilson Graduate Fellowship. Finally, he told me to take a second intensive Russian course upon graduation, again at Ohio State. All those suggestions panned out. Most important of all, he persuaded me that he was convinced that I had what it took to succeed in graduate school, and that I would find a great job doing research in Soviet studies. He had in mind that I would find work in the INR, the division of the Department of State that produces research papers on topics and countries of importance to policy makers.



Of all the professors I had at DePauw, he was the only one who measured up to the standards Maureen Freely set in her novel. Without his mentorship, I would not have pursued Russian studies, or Ottoman studies (which I discovered at Columbia). I would not have gone on to earn a Ph.D. there, I would not have met Carol, and I would not have taken all the routes I took to end up here, at CWV.

Over the past three years I have been remembering some of my mentors. To find out information about them I have had to depend in every case on obituaries. In John Wilson's obituary I discovered that he never earned a Ph.D. and after his graduation from UPenn took some graduate work at Boston University. I learned in his obituary that at DePauw, he won several awards for outstanding teaching and mentoring. My own case is evidence that he certainly earned them. And I learned that a Ph.D. is not absolutely required for success in college-level teaching. I have felt terrible that I never took the time or effort to tell him how much his mentorship meant to me. And in the process I have realized, of course, that I was not a "self-made" man.

Alan Fisher



He Mattered to Me

I was named William Mason Smith, III, with a father, William Mason Smith, Jr. and a grandfather, William Mason Smith who were both lawyers practicing in New York City. So, not wishing to be another WMS lawyer like my grandfather and father, what might I be instead?

The Third, Fourth, and Fifth Form Years at St. Paul's School (my ages = 15, 16, and 17) were challenging and confusing for me: What was I most interested to learn? What did I want to do with my life? Where did I want to go to college? What was my place in this class?

The memories of those years are colored by that confusion.

The person who mattered most to me in those early years was Bill Abbé, a painter, and an art teacher who taught creative art in an Art Appreciation class in my Third Form Year, in collaboration with an English teacher, Austin Higgins, who taught us the History of Art at the same time. The three-term class, fall, winter, and spring, had a different creative task each term. In the fall, it was painting, in the winter, it was architecture, and in the spring, it was sculpture.



Block print by Bill Abbé.

It was in that class, as I worked that winter on the design of a ice skate changing building on the bank of the Lower School Pond, that I discovered my passion for architecture. In the Fifth Form Year I moved out of Confusion toward Renewal as I decided that I was going to be an architect.

That was the big gift from Bill Abbé to me. After he took us, in the spring of my Fifth Form Year, to Cambridge to visit the museums and buildings at Harvard, I removed Yale (my dad's college) from my life plan and decided on Harvard,

where I intended to learn about architecture (and get to know girls, who had been missing from my earlier years). So, the fruits of my years at St. Paul's School were not so much savored while I was at school in Concord, NH, but were really enjoyed first at Harvard, more so next at Yale Architectural School, and, of course, even later in my architectural career.

Matey Smith

Rising

How many stories are there of rebirth,
A phoenix rising from ashes,
A resurrection?

Tales of continuity
Of hope and regeneration
Beginnings that emerge from endings?

"Yet I rise," she says
We believe adversity
Is only one moment in a longer span.

Something will endure
"When one door closes..."
We'll have another chance.

Nothing is final, we promise,
New growth on old limbs,
Always, always a chance to begin.

Marjorie Roemer



Off-site Trip to the New England Quilt Museum

On a beautiful March day a group visited The New England Quilt Museum. In a former bank building in downtown Lowell, the creations on display delighted those who quilt and astonished those who don't. There were art quilts of flowers and birch trees so true to nature it was hard to believe they weren't paintings. An older quilt served as inspiration for a more recent creation. Especially featured were 19th Century quilts with the core collection focused on quilts made in New England. After a tasty lunch of sandwiches at the Purple Carrot restaurant near the museum, residents returned to CWV with a new appreciation of textile art.



Not Just Fiddling Around!

Who knew that there was a Scottish Fiddle School in Boston or that there are U.S. National Scottish Fiddle Championships? Anne Hooper, a two-time national champion and former Director of the Boston Harbor Scottish Fiddle School, delighted us with an evening of her fiddling, accompanied by pianist Beth Murray. Ms. Hooper is also a teacher of classical violin, but that is entirely different from what we heard on this evening. It was impossible to refrain from toe-tapping as the reels poured forth.

Recycling Everyone?

The Green Team has been hard at work on several different fronts this winter and spring. Gretchen Carey, President of MassRecycle and Republic Services Sustainability Manager, presented a comprehensive description of what can and cannot be recycled by their facility. A full auditorium reflected the keen interest that residents feel in this subject. The Green Team had set up tables in the rotunda to hold a wide variety of things we throw away and they were ready to explain what is the proper disposal of each one. The black plastic trays that come in meal bags and plastic bags and wrap present challenges that the Green Team itself has taken up and its members have found ways to dispose of them properly as well. Go Green Team!

“What? Ninety Already!”

This year had seen the development of a new recognition that the nineties are worthy of a special focus for our Social Worker, Maeve Lobo. There are, in fact, nearly fifty independent residents in that distinguished age range. The interest generated has led to Maeve having two groups that meet once a month to discuss a topic of concern that focuses on a variety of themes: use of cell phones, challenges and silver linings, ways to avoid stress and anxiety, hearing loss, friendship, and keys to successful aging, among them. Here's to the Mighty Nineties!



Happenings

“Whooo-cooks-for-you?”



Strix varia, the Barred Owl, has been seen and heard for months, now, and as this is nesting season we know he is nearby – perhaps in the woods adjacent to the Pine Path. For the lucky few who have seen him, he is 21 inches from head to tail and although weighing only 1.6 pounds, has the appearance of a hefty body. There were times in February when his calls were so constant for those in neighboring

Concord Court that they admitted to tiring of it! Described in Sibley’s *Field Guide to Birds* as being solitary and nocturnal, this one in fact is answered by another owl and during much of the day!

The Great Eclipse Party

Two shipments of special eclipse glasses were eagerly grabbed up in our store as we awaited what we, in Bedford, would see – a 94% of totality of an eclipse of the sun. To the north and west of us millions gathered to watch this rarely visible phenomenon. From our seats on the patio the excitement was palpable. After weeks of rain and overcast skies the day dawned clear. Even when some haziness moved in the sun was clearly visible. “I see it! See that? Oh Wow!” Although for us the sky did not go dark, we could feel the temperature drop.



Creating the Set

Setting the scene for an early May performance of *Trifles*, a play by Susan Glaspell first performed in Provincetown, MA, in 1916 challenged the Thespian set designer, Tim Martin. Working in the art studio he built a miniature replica of our auditorium’s stage - complete with wallpaper and movable furniture. It’s not hard to imagine our resident actors taking their places.



Accepting the Meatless Challenge

Did you try the vegetarian chili? Did you sign up for the plant-based food challenge in March? About fifty of us did, and enjoyed the new efforts from the kitchen to provide us with a variety of healthy choices that fulfilled all our protein needs. Not only did we participate, but we got the attention of a serious videographer to record our efforts. Rob Whittlesey was here for several days recording interviews with residents and filming the kitchen, the dining room, and the staff. Any time now you will see yourself on the big screen, or at least many of your neighbors.

Whale Ho!

A full bus of CWV residents visited the New England Whaling Museum in New Bedford. We were awed by the sixty-six foot skeleton of a young blue whale, and skeletons of a pregnant North Atlantic right whale and her fetus, as well as that of a sperm whale with its enormous head. In addition to the 1/2 scale model of the Lagoda, a real-life whaling ship owned by Jonathan Bourne, a whaling agent and merchant who lived in New Bedford in the 1800’s, the museum also displays the world’s largest collection of scrimshaw and an impressive research library on the history, art, science and culture of whaling.



It's a Small World

Most of us know about the concept of six degrees of separation, in that people are six or fewer social connections away from each other. Here is my degrees of separation story. In the early '80's, when as Kathy says I was working on the 'dark side,' I was leading the environmental permitting and licensing of an energy project involving an underground coal mine, captive railroad and coal-fired power plant that spanned Colorado and Utah. A significant hoop in the regulatory requirements was securing water rights for the \$1.2 billion project. My firm hired a Meeker, CO, lawyer who specialized in water law. For nearly three years during the licensing process, I spoke infrequently with the attorney by phone, but never in person. When his water law work was successfully completed, he still had a couple months remaining on his retainer. As a tightfisted Yankee, how could I let the good attorney's retainer go unused?

Even though I was based in Denver, I spent at least a few days most weeks at the project site in northwestern Colorado and northeastern Utah. And when I drove to the project I passed within an hour's drive of the attorney's Meeker office. The attorney was agreeable to use his remaining retainer to teach me some of the basics of water law.

On my first "class" with the attorney, the initial pleasantries were short. He asked me two questions. First, "Will, where were you raised?" "Longmeadow, Massachusetts," I replied. Next, he asked if I had a paper route. "Yes," I answered. Now comes the fun part. The attorney then said with a wry smile, "I'd like to tell you a story about you." I think this is where I picked myself off the floor.

When I was eleven or twelve I had a Sunday paper route, delivering the *Springfield Sunday Republican* to fifty or so neighborhood customers. Among my customers were the attorney's elderly aunt and uncle. Besides delivering newspapers, I also had a small side business, doing odd jobs such as raking leaves, washing windows, and what I enjoyed the most, doing a variety of simple repair jobs. Also a better labor rate. One such job was installing an extra lock on his rela-

tive's back door because at the time there had been break-ins in town, and these elderly customers were convinced they would be the next victims. I didn't accept any money for my lock work labor (probably I would have charged a dollar or two). It may have been my showing gratitude for the hot chocolate they served me on those wicked cold early Sunday mornings when I delivered their newspaper.



As I sat opposite the attorney's neatly ordered desk, he expressed his gratitude for my helping his aging relatives who were strug-

gling to live independently as long as possible. I don't think I had thought about my lock installation project over the intervening years. But the attorney somehow did remember the event as told by his uncle.

This connection recounted by a western CO lawyer invited me to remember people and experiences from my time as an enterprising paperboy and early adolescent while I learned life's lessons of empathy and personal industry. People we have met and connections we have made over the years or even decades can come to life with delightful serendipity. Indeed, for the next two months, I, the former paperboy and amateur locksmith, and now an environmental manager, sat with my new friend and mentor as he presented me with a two-month custom "course syllabus" on water law.

The attorney commented that he would often ask people he was meeting for the first time a couple of questions in hopes of finding a connection with the prospect of a deeper relationship. He did. Two degrees of separation. Two thousand one hundred miles and twenty-seven years later.

Will Wright



A Love of Horses

According to the promotional materials published by New York State’s tourist industry, “the August place to be” is Saratoga. From the last week of July to Labor Day weekend, Saratoga is ablaze with the colors, costumes, and pageantry of its world-famous horse racing season. However, behind the glitter of the racing scene lie several sad truths about the fate of thousands of horses bred for the industry.

From the time I was a small child I loved horses. I learned everything I could about them – how to care for them, love them, and of course, how to ride. In fact, during my 20s while employed by the Frontier Nursing Service as a nurse-assistant, I rode my beloved horse into the Appalachian Mountains to tend to my patients.

My love for horses, and indeed all animals, led me to pursue a career as a veterinarian. As my prominence in the profession grew, so too did my knowledge of the mistreatment of horses in the racing industry.

Many of these horses’ bodies break down because of the abnormal stresses they must endure due to the training protocols set by the horse racing industry. The industry requires thoroughbreds to commence their rigorous training as pre-adolescent one-year-olds, and endure training regimens that impose intolerable strain on their fragile limbs and open growth plates.

These young thoroughbreds bear the weight of their rider, while pounding his or her young limbs on track surfaces that are purposely kept hard — a practice not seen in international racing — to encourage greater speed records. Limb fractures during a race — now over 1,200 per year in the U.S. — were unheard of in the past.

In 2014, the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals released its findings from an undercover investigation into the treatment of racehorses conducted in 2013 at Churchill Downs and Saratoga Raceway. The public was made aware of the misery and pain these young horses experience as they race with their excruciating lameness. To hide injuries and enhance performance, a complex cocktail of any of 180 drugs have been found in their

systems. On behalf of the New York State Humane Association (NYSHA), I testified as the subject matter expert to support the cruelty charges brought against the highly acclaimed and award-winning trainer, Steve Asmussen. I determined that it was clear in the undercover footage that the young horse Nehro was crippled by his injuries, and should have been rested and not raced. Moreover, the use of electric shocks to produce bursts of speed in the young horse by his trainers, grooms, and handlers resulted in the criminal charges brought against them. Unfortunately, this is but one example of the kind of abusive tactics that run rampant across the industry. As for the horse, Nehro died at the age of three, an adolescent who knew only pain during his brief career.



In the past, horse breeds were developed to promote soundness, durability, and longevity. But the absence of meaningful regulatory and legal protections has allowed abusive practices to seep into every aspect of the current horseracing industry. Once considered a routine title, the absence of a “Triple Crown” winner for 36 years is very significant – underscoring many of the concerns about the changing standards for thoroughbred breeding, the industry’s drug use, and current training protocols.

It is not mutually exclusive to love horse racing while also supporting legal protections for the vulnerable animals who bring the excitement of the sport to life.

Holly Cheever, DVM



Boston, June '49

Following final exams at Milton Academy Girls School, class members and I had three wonderful days in the sun, along the Rhode Island shore. Back at school, at the end of our graduation ceremony, I was asked to bring our speaker, Eleanor Roosevelt, a dish of ice cream. I did so, without dropping it or letting it melt in the continuing May sunshine. Mrs. R. was gracious, but I was nervous.

My grandmother had determined that I should go to the Debutante Cotillion at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston, the night of graduation. My mother, not particularly interested in clothes, had found a white dress for me at Filene's Basement. At Grandmother's, on Marlboro Street, I suddenly realized I needed white shoes to wear that evening with the dress, and Father was sent out to A.S. Beck (or whatever) to find a pair. Though I had narrow feet, the only ones he could find were wide—and that was that! Frankly, I don't remember much about getting me ready for the event—or dinner, if there was one.

My parents were to be at the event as well. My friends decided I shouldn't wear my glasses. "Inappropriate," they said. So they went into my mother's purse. I greeted my partner, probably a friend's brother, though I can't remember who.

Four of us, two couples, waited on short stairways down at one end of the ballroom. So far, I hadn't paid much attention to my walking or footwear. But as we descended, it was clear that I had to concentrate on keeping the new wide white satin slippers on my feet. As we walked, they went "Ka-Lack! Ka-Lack!" as the flat wooden heels hit the floor. Nor had I paid much attention to the line of patronesses at the far end of the ballroom. Vision-poor and shoe-clacking, I and my partner approached them as gracefully as I could and, as we reached them and as we'd been taught, he bowed and I curtsied, my eyes glued to the floor to make sure it was still where I thought it was. As we stood, I looked in front of me, where I assumed the patronesses were standing. There was no one there! I looked quickly at my partner but he seemed unconcerned. The ladies had merely curtsied deeply in response to mine, and had come up slowly.

I waltzed, on my toes, and the dance progressed, but I began to feel something odd on my face. At an intermission, I went into the restroom and looked in a mirror. My face was covered with a rash. I quickly found my parents. My mother's immediate reaction was, "Oh dear, you seem to have inherited your grandfather's allergy to the sun!" So much for the wonderful three days on a Rhode Island beach! My partner was found, we said "Good night!" to the right people, and the following day we returned to our home in the woods of Connecticut where my sneakers and I felt, or at least I felt, we belonged.

Barbara Worcester

I Was Lucky

Back when I first started my own accounting business, I took a job as the part-time Controller for a small local electronics company. After a few months the owner of the company decided to sell the business and hired a Finance Director. I never really knew who this fellow was or where he had come from. Then the company president decided he wanted to sell the company. It was this person's job to do it. I was supposed to report to him.

Shortly after I was handed a sheet from the new Finance Director with the company assets and liabilities listed on it. The asset values were vastly inflated over what they really were and there were only a few liabilities. My job was to create a Balance Sheet with these false values and sign it as the Controller. I decided this was just too dishonest and maybe I didn't need this job that much. I left the company at lunch time and never returned. I never heard what happened with the company. It just disappeared. I guess it was sold to some unsuspecting individual or company.

We hear today about similar activities. It brings back these memories.

I was lucky. Thanks to my wife we were able to survive financially, and my business became successful with my further efforts.

Wally Campbell



PROFILES



Welcome New Residents

Linda English

2/14/24

from Concord

Mary Lou Burke

2/15/24

from Lexington

Barbara R. Conley

3/20/24

from Medford, NJ

Diana Cowles

4/20/24

from Lincoln

Margaret Conomos

5/1/24

from Jamaica Plain

Haiku

Regret mistakes, no!
They are the steps to what is,
How we got to now.

Marjorie Roemer







In Memory

Jane Carey Bloomfield	2/4
Ruth Anderson	2/5
Edward Sheldon	2/14
Margaret 'Margot' Wood	2/16
Kendrick Bushnell	2/18
Grace Stergis	2/20
Gracia Dayton	2/26
Constance Lewis	3/2
Carolyn Field	3/16
Catherine Sur	3/22
Gary Ahlgren	3/26
Joan Vander Vliet	4/8
David Babson	5/1
Patricia "Trish" Gately	5/5



Honeysuckle

Honeysuckle re-emerges in May.
Pinch its smooth, silky blossoms gently; don't
crush them.
Hear the soft buzz of the hummingbirds and
honeybees hovering to sip sweet nectar
from its white and golden blossoms.
Inhale fragrant jasmine and vanilla aromas per-
fuming the field.

John Schmitz

Haiku

The wind shifts westward
Driving sullen rain away
Look, the sun again.

Marjorie Roemer



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

People Who Matter

All of us here at Carleton-Willard Village are happily celebrating the end of winter. The sun is warm, the gardens are coming to life and the isolation due to Covid has come to an end. We are now able to enjoy a wide variety of social events and programs and we are happily reconnecting with each other. Life here at the Village is very enjoyable.

Each one of us has a personal list of individuals who have made a difference in our lives. More important, though, is the fact that this community really cares about us. The administration, headed by Chris Golen, sets the tone here, listening carefully to what we say and offering prompt and sensitive responses. The staff is amazing, taking good care of us and always calling us by name. We feel well known and appreciated.

The CWV library is all about people who matter. The best fiction titles are written so that we really get to know and care about the characters. Our extensive collection of biographies, autobiographies and memoirs help us to learn about others. We appreciate the authors who share their concerns about health issues, politics, the environment, climate change and nature. We love our excellent selection of poetry.

Of course, the most important fact is that we matter to each other. Aging is not easy, but it is very helpful to share one’s concerns and feelings and to care about each other. Carleton-Willard is full of warmth, and we are very fortunate to be here.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Clovers



Among the Newest

North Woods by Daniel Mason

Multiple inhabitants, over centuries, of a property in Western MA provide absorbing tales of their lives and adventures.

The Longest Minute by Matthew J. Davenport

The story of the San Francisco Earthquake and Fire of 1906.

Everyone on This Train is a Suspect by Benjamin Stevenson

Seven crime writers board the Australian cross-continental train. One is murdered. All know how to solve, as well as commit, murder.

The London Bookshop Affair by Louise Fein

A London bookshop is involved in espionage work. Based on actual events of October 1962.

Language City by Ross Perlin

The fight to preserve endangered mother tongues in New York City.

The Women by Kristin Hannah

The story of a nurse who helped fight the Vietnam War. It's about bold patriotism and deep friendships, and sheds a light on all women whose idealism and courage under fire is too often forgotten.

After Annie by Anna Quindlen

When Annie Brown dies suddenly, her husband, children and best friend wonder how they can get along without her. But, with Annie's help, they discover that no one beloved is truly gone.

A Map of Future Ruins by Lauren Markham

Historic migrations and the criminalization of current immigration, especially in "White" America.

The Underground Library by Jennifer Ryan

The London Blitz destroys a library. Three plucky heroines, connected by their love of books, form an underground library that helps them through the Blitz.

The Symphony of Secrets by Brendan Slocumb

Music professor Bern Hendricks discovers a shocking secret about a famous American composer. His music may have been stolen from a Black Jazz prodigy.

The Black Box by Henry Louis Gates Jr.

Based on lectures Gates gave in his Introduction to African American Studies at Harvard, highlighting Black American writers from Phillis Wheatley and Frederick Douglass to James Baldwin and Toni Morrison.

Table for Two by Amor Towles

Short stories with settings and characters ranging from Golden Age Hollywood to New York City.

James by Percival Everett

Reimagining of the adventures of Huckleberry Finn, told from the enslaved Jim's point of view.

We Must Not Think of Ourselves by Lauren Grodstein

A prisoner in the Warsaw Ghetto in 1940 is asked to join a secret group of archivists working to preserve the historical truth by interviewing Jewish occupants of the Ghetto.

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Garner, Dwight	The Upstairs Delicatessen	Enrique, Alvaro	You Dreamed of Empires
Mantel, Hilary	A Memoir of My Former Self (*)	Everett, Percival	James
Trillin, Calvin	The Lede	Faulkner, Katherine	The Other Mothers (*)

Biography

Coppins, McKay	Romney: A Reckoning (*)	Fein, Louise	The London Bookshop Affair
Eyman, Scott	Charlie Chaplin vs America (*)	Francis, Felix	No Reserve (*)
Napoli, Lisa	Susan, Linda, Nina & Cokie	French, Tana	The Hunter
Reid, Joy-Ann	Medgar and Myrlie	Goodwin, Daisy	Diva (*)

Current Affairs

Blitzer, Jonathan	Everyone Who Is Gone Is Here	Grodstein, Lauren	We Must Not Think of Ourselves
Markham, Lauren	A Map of Future Ruins	Hannah, Kristin	The Women
Norris, Michele	Our Hidden Conversations	Hawkins, Rachel	The Heiress
Shuster, Simon	The Showman	Hayes, Terry	The Year of the Locust (*)

Fiction

Arceneaux, Danielle	Glory Be	Hill, Edwin	Who to Believe (*)
Baldacci, David	A Calamity of Souls (*)	Hill, Nathan	Wellness (*)
Box, C. J.	Three-Inch Teeth	Hwang, Bo-reum	Welcome to the Hyunam- Dong Bookshop
Clark, Mary Higgins & Burke, Alafair	It Had to be You (*)	Kellerman, Jonathan	The Ghost Orchid
Cook, Robin	Marker (*)	Lemmie, Asha	The Wildest Sun
Crummey, Michael	The Adversary	Mason, Daniel	North Woods
Eng, Tan Twan	The House of Doors	Miller, C.L.	The Antique Hunter's Guide To Murder (*)
		Moher, Laura	Curves for Days (*)
		Muaddi Darraj, Susan	Behind You is the Sea
		Mukerji, Ritu	Murder by Degrees (*)
		Pataki, Allison	Finding Margaret Fuller
		Patterson, James	Crosshairs
		Patterson, James	Holmes, Marple & Poe
		Patterson, James	The #1 Lawyer (*)



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Quindlen, Anna	After Annie	History	
Quindlen, Anna	After Annie (*)	Davenport, Matthew	The Longest Minute
Rey Lescure, Aube	River East, River West	White, Elizabeth B.	The Counterfeit Countess (*)
Robb, J. D.	Random in Death	& Sliwa, Joanna	
Robinson, Roxana	Leaving		
Ryan, Hank Phillippi	One Wrong Word	Miscellaneous	
Ryan, Jennifer	The Underground Library	Brooks, David	How to Know a Person
Scottoline, Lisa	The Truth About the Devlins	Duhigg, Charles	Supercommunicators (*)
Scottoline, Lisa	The Truth About the Devlins (*)	Gates Jr., Henry Lewis	The Black Box
Silko, Leslie Marmon	Ceremony (*)	Perlin, Ross	Language City
Slocumb, Brendan	The Symphony of Secrets	Poetry	
Steel, Danielle	Never Too Late	Chandy, Sunu P.	My Dear Comrades
Stevenson, Benjamin	Everyone on This Train is a Suspect	Walker, Alice	Taking the Arrow Out of the Heart
Theroux, Paul	Burma Sahib		
Towles, Amor	Table for Two	Resident Authors	
Wray, CJ	The Excitements (*)	Crawford, Bard	That's Another Story
		Stockton	

(* indicates Large Print)

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair, Library Committee*



Drawing Trees – by Virginia Steel

I always admired my uncle, Clare Gunn, for his genial manner, for his genuine love of nature and of all his fellow creatures, including humans, and for his ability to draw. Artist, architect and landscape architect, he spent much of his career at Michigan State College (now University). In 1940 he published a beautiful little book of drawings of campus buildings, each surrounded by recognizable trees and shrubs. I have some of his drawings of trees, and still find inspiration in them.



Mature elm tree by
Clare Gunn, 1939



Young oak tree by
Ginny Steel, ca. 1975

While we tend to identify a tree primarily by its leaves, each kind of tree also has a unique overall shape.



Sugar maple



Tulip tree



Eastern white pine



Black spruce



Hemlock



Eastern red cedar



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