



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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Concord Grapes

Mary Lou Burke, who painted what we have chosen as the cover of this issue, says she has gone through various stages of artistic endeavor. She has enjoyed pottery and drawing as well as watercolors. She also loves gardening and herbalism.



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



When we moved to Carleton-Willard we were uprooted from our old homes and ways of life. There were various reasons for doing so, but none like the driving forces behind the migration of our ancestors and those hoping for a new life in the United States today.

In this issue of the *Villager* we have stories that residents wanted to tell about their own families, as well as a report about the way that our small town of Bedford responded to a large group of refugees from troubled countries to the south. It took courage to dare the journey for all of them. Once here they adapted to a new life in different ways, but with ingenuity and energy they seem to have succeeded, as these newest immigrants will as well.

We have read that the demand for a work force able to sustain and build our twenty-first century economy will not be supplied by the current birthrate in the United States, and that it can only be done by immigration. Who and from where and how are questions that arouse debate. Whether they will come is probably not in question.

This year we are having a series of meetings called "Immigration 101." It is the second year of the Barbara Doyle Lecture Series, and we look forward to becoming an informed community at a time when the nation considers immigration one of the most critical issues we have.

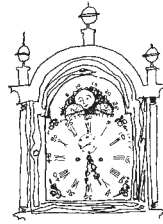
Here at the *Villager* we also see changes as Mary Jane Parke departs our Editorial Board and Sue Hays resigns from Chairing the Circulation Team. We rely on our residents to help us fill these jobs.

Thank you to all who lend a hand, and submit stories, too. Without you there would be no *Villager*.

Anne Schmalz
Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the President and CEO



As human beings, it is natural to desire what is familiar. Therefore, change can be scary, but necessary in order to make our lives better. There is nothing more terrifying than starting completely from scratch. For many of our ancestors, this is what they had to go through in order to make their lives safer for their family. If it weren't for them, many of us wouldn't be here right now, working good jobs, and living a life of freedom.

My wife Jennifer and I always try to make our summer vacations with our two children, Tyler and Katelyn, a learning experience. One place we love visiting is New York City. While there, we have watched shows at theaters, visited the 9/11 Memorial, and most recently, explored the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island.

The island opened on January 1, 1892. From then to 1954, over 12 million immigrants have been processed into the country—including my wife's grandfather, Pasquale Chito, from Napoli, and grandmother, Grace Colosi, from Sicily. We searched through all of the records and found their signatures. Discovering this piece of American history and connection to our roots was an amazing experience that my family and I shared.

My wife's grandparents settled in Astoria, New York, where they lived in the same one-bedroom apartment for forty years. If it wasn't for their arrival, my family and I wouldn't be living in America right now, enjoying a family trip, and exploring history.

I can only imagine how scary this entire process must have been for them. To arrive in a new country with only the bag on their backs, no home or job, and no means of transportation. Adjusting to a new culture, and being somewhere so unfamiliar, must have been so uncomfortable at first.

The truth is, this is the reality that many immigrants coming to the country to start a new life will face. Not only that, they are also leaving behind a home that is familiar in order to build a new, better life for their current family and future generations to come. The courage that my wife's grandparents had to travel here has allowed me to build a beautiful family with whom I am able to adventure in the city where our roots were originally planted.

The growth of our family is a beautiful journey, and it began with a seed of courage.

Christopher J. Golen
President and CEO



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Give Me Your Tired Your Poor

“Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

*from The New Colossus, by Emma Lazarus,
written 1883, inscribed in the plaque at the foot
of the Statue of Liberty, 1903.*

Dear Emma,

Inquisitions, pogroms, concentration camps. In previous eras your Sephardic ancestors and my Ashkenazic ancestors left their homes to breathe free and take their places in a land that did not criminalize them for who they were. We, the descendants of these brave people, benefited from their efforts and hard work. It allowed us to make a place for ourselves according to our desires and our willingness to work for a world where all people can “breathe free.”

Emma, you worked tirelessly to welcome ALL immigrants without regard to economic class and to advocate for them after their arrival. Now a new generation of huddled masses are fleeing their homes to breathe free in the promised land across the southern border. Where is the patron with the lamp beside a golden door to welcome these new immigrants? Instead of a light they find border patrol agents, who often refuse to allow them entry. In place of a golden door today’s immigrants from south of the border find the unrelenting harsh challenges of crossing the southwestern desert.

Emma, a new colossus is needed as a sign for those who are fleeing violence, poverty and lack of opportunity. We need a new beacon that will light their path. We need an open door to the land of safety and opportunity. Help us Emma, to open the doors and our hearts to ALL immigrants.

Thank you for your words.

Jean, a descendant of immigrants.

Jean Rabovsky

Coming from Greece

All four of my grandparents emigrated from Greece. Each grandparent was eighteen when they left Greece and arrived at Ellis Island in New York. My paternal grandfather arrived in America in 1896, the year of the first Modern Olympics in Athens. By 1900 he was a naturalized citizen in Pittsburgh. He learned how to make ice cream, chocolates, and candy, and opened his own confectionery in Defiance, OH, in 1904. He met my grandmother, Margaret, at her uncle’s confectionery in Toledo, OH. They raised their family in Defiance, OH, and lived there for the rest of their lives.



My paternal grandmother and maternal grandparents each sailed, independent of each other, on the *Martha Washington*, from Pireaus, Greece. My maternal grandfather arrived at Ellis Island on the 4th of July, 1910. He worked in a slaughterhouse in Boston, shined shoes, and eventually, after marrying my grandmother, opened a grocery store in the South End.

When women were granted the right to vote, my grandmother was among the first to vote. Although my grandparents had less than a high school education, their children thrived in the Boston Public Schools, and went on to MIT, Harvard, Boston University, and Lasell, as well as serving our country in World War II.

My career in public service was inspired, in part, by their love of America and all the opportunities they had in this country. As immigrants, they were recycling and reusing years before the environmental movement, and also influ-



enced me in protecting the environment. Their values of faith and love of family have guided me throughout my life. I am grateful they became citizens of the United States within a few years of their arrival. I stand on their shoulders.

Margaret Conomos

Delia Bridget Rooney Ryan

As she made her way up the gangplank in Liverpool, England, and onto a steamer one day in the 1880's, thirteen-year-old Delia Bridget Rooney carried only a few loaves of bread, a tin plate, a knife, a fork and some bedding. She wore a new dress and a black sailor hat with a red bow on the side. She had sailed from Ireland to England by cattle boat and was now to commence the last leg of her journey to join her brother John in America. John, who lived in West Concord, NH, had sent her father \$20, enough for her to travel in steerage. After Delia's mother had died, her father was not able to care for a young daughter. It was decided that she would follow the many who had left Ireland in search of a brighter future.

In her later years Delia would recall traveling in steerage, sleeping on a bunk below deck and being confined there when the seas were choppy. The meals provided during the two-week journey were "stew, stew and more stew." The best thing to eat was the oatmeal bread brought from home. And there were oranges, so many that it was a long time before Delia could bring herself to eat another.

Arriving in Boston at last, she disembarked, wearing the hat with the red bow by which John could identify her. He treated her to her first meal in America: baked beans. Years later she recalled her impression of that first meal. "The worst thing I had ever eaten. They had too much pepper."

Delia soon moved to Worcester, MA, to join her cousins. She worked as an "upstairs girl," cleaning and making beds for a wealthy family.

When she was eighteen years of age Delia was on a boat excursion from Boston to Nantasket Beach, when she noticed a handsome young

man playing the penny whistle. Delia recounted that she "made eyes" at this man, Paul J. Ryan, thus beginning a romance that was to span nearly six years before they were wed. During their courtship Paul served as a soldier in the Spanish-American War. After Paul's death Delia received what she called a "nice pension" from the government.

Delia and Paul had six children, the second of whom was my mother, Margaret. She married a dentist from Whitinsville named Francis Cassidy. When I was born in 1939, Gramma Ryan was the only grandparent I would know. Paul Ryan had died by then, as had my father's parents.

One of my favorite stories about my grandmother derived from the occasion of her seventy-fifth birthday, when my mother and her sisters took her to dinner at Pier Four in Boston. The bill was about \$100. Delia insisted that she would pay the tip. She extracted a one-dollar bill from her purse and laid it on the table. The others began to giggle; Delia said rather indignantly "I don't know what you are laughing about, she did a good job."

One day when Delia was in her eighties she phoned my aunt Helen at work. "Now Helen, please don't scold me. I know that I wasn't supposed to be baking, but I was, and I fell. I think I broke my hip, so you'd better come home." In order to reach the phone, she had dragged herself out of the kitchen and to the far corner of the dining room where she pulled the phone to the floor. While in the ambulance en route to the hospital my grandmother asked the attendant how much this ride would cost her. He replied, "This is a city ambulance, Mrs. Ryan, so it won't cost you anything." "Well, thank goodness," she said, "after paying taxes all these years I finally get something back from the City of Worcester."

Delia Bridget Rooney Ryan's life ended at the age of ninety-eight. Today she would be known as a survivor. She endured many hardships and sorrows, including the deaths of her husband, a teenage son and four adult children in her lifetime.

I shall never forget her sense of humor, her wisdom, or her wonderful, lilting brogue.

Maureen Rounds



A Picture of the Past

This is a small sepia-toned photo on a piece of cardboard. It was taken when my father was four years old, just before he left Russia. I've had the photo for as long as I can remember, but just recently I had the Russian writing on the back translated; it is the name of a photography studio in Dvinsk and an assertion that they had won a silver medal at the agricultural and industrial exhibition in Rostov-on-Don in 1907 (a city on a river). The picture was probably made in 1909.

In the picture my father looks very serious. He is dressed in a long dress with a fancy white collar. He



has long hair. When I first saw it I was embarrassed by it. Why was he dressed as a girl? Still, I saw at the time a resemblance to me. He was solemn and still, a little like those early portraits of American children done by itinerant

painters, small figures dressed in the clothes of adults. Later, when I studied the picture more closely, I remarked that the toys my father held so stiffly seemed so primitive and poor. He hastened to assure me that those weren't his toys; those were the props supplied by the photographer. Luxuries he wouldn't have had himself.

And that's all I know. Did I not ask? Was I not listening? Great storyteller that he was, my father didn't tell those stories. I never knew what his life was like there near Dvinsk, what it was like to travel the next year with his mother and three sisters across the ocean following his father to this unfamiliar land with its unfamiliar language.

I have somewhere a picture of the one-room

schoolhouse my father attended in Woodbourne, NY. The building is a tiny structure, the children look a little ragged (no more big white collars and long gowns). At the time there were few Jewish families in the town, and the story was that children were threatened that if they misbehaved they would have to sit next to the Jewish children. Again, not many first-hand stories were told, but my father did manage to skip grades and to graduate from high school at age fifteen, traveling to Manhattan to enter City College.

To attend high school he had to room with someone in another town, for college he slept in a cousin's house and worked nights in a pharmacy. Not the story of today's colleges with their fancy gyms and salad bars, and their country-club facilities. Still, it was a beginning that took his daughter (me) to Bennington College and launched many lives of greater privilege.

Marjorie Roemer

An Inadvertent Immigrant

When my husband Colin Steel graduated with his PhD in Chemistry from Edinburgh University in 1958, he had arranged to spend the next year as a postdoctoral fellow, doing research in the lab of a highly respected chemist at Syracuse University. Colin and I were married in Scotland, in a romantic little stone church on the side of Loch Awe, in early September, and left a few days later for upstate NY.

We started straying from our initial plans when I discovered, partway through that year, that I was pregnant. The prospect of a family led Colin to sign us up for a life insurance policy. He said at the time that this meant that we were probably in the U.S. for the foreseeable future.

After a year in Syracuse, Colin enjoyed a postdoctoral position at Brandeis University, then a junior faculty position in Toronto, Canada. He then took a research job outside of academia, in Bedford, MA, where the pay was much better. From there his Brandeis colleagues wooed him back with the offer of a faculty position, at half the salary that he was then making. Admitting that



he really was “a university man,” he accepted and we moved to Wayland, where we raised our three children. That year outside of a university had made possible the purchase of a house in a beautiful neighborhood, and we kept maintenance costs to a minimum by doing everything ourselves.



All this time, Colin never lost the feeling that Scotland was home, and that he was living and working abroad. Many of his contemporaries had also left Britain, as part of a historically significant “brain drain,” for better jobs in science and medicine in the U.S. and Canada. It was a pragmatic move that left all his fond feelings for Scotland intact. We made many a visit back to Scotland, keeping up with friends and relatives. The whole family enjoyed a sabbatical year in Britain when the children were in elementary school. Colin was content with his green card, except for one thing. Green card holders had to be prepared, when they returned to the U.S. after foreign travel, to show proof that payment of their income tax was up to date. Our taxes were always paid on time and the proof was never demanded on entry, but the possibility remained.

This bit of red tape, and an increasing desire to be able to vote, tipped the scales and Colin decided to become a U.S. citizen, twenty-five years after his arrival. He reported proudly, after the requisite interview with the immigration official, that he knew more U.S. history than his questioner did.

Virginia Steel

The Arrival

The agency told us to be at the airport, Terminal E, the international terminal, at 6:30 p.m. for an expected 7 p.m. arrival. It was long before 9/11, and it's hard to remember now how casual we were then about airplane travel. We got there early, our four-year-old and two-year-old in tow, and found people already waiting, murmuring and shuffling. At about 7 p.m. we were escorted down a flight of stairs to an open arrivals area and could see a plane taxiing toward the gate. The murmuring quieted except for the smaller children whining and grizzling. The stairs were drawn up to the doors, the doors opened, and smiling passengers began to emerge, and emerge, and emerge. How can that plane possibly hold so many people, we asked each other. Then we noticed that the waiting crowd seemed to be getting bigger: some of the arriving passengers were actually joining us.

Minutes passed. Nothing happened. Where are they?

Then, descending the stairway, a woman carrying a little girl. A name was called out. Mrs. and Mr. Jones? The Jones family surged forward with cries of joy. Another woman carrying a baby: the Smith family? A tall man, closely followed by, it seemed, eighteen relatives, raised his arms and stepped forward. Cheers and applause.

Then there was a long, excruciating wait of forever (three minutes, maybe five?) and two more women appeared in the doorway. One carried an assortment of diaper bags and travel gear. The other carried — Elizabeth. Our daughter had arrived!

Four years later my family and I stood in the Boston courthouse. Our four-and-a-half-year-old daughter and her brothers held small American flags. I, my hand over my heart, recited the pledge, and Lizzy became an American citizen. I was never so proud.

Ruth Hopkinson



Misae

When I was eight years old my family moved from Maine to a development of newly built ranch houses in Falmouth, MA. My Dad had bought the house on an advance trip, and my mother saw it for the first time the day we moved in. The development had a combination of three- and four-bedroom homes, each on an identical ¼ acre. The neighborhood was full of children. In the summer, it was a short walk to our local beach. Pretty much a perfect place for a kid in the 1950's.



A year or so later the person who became my best friend through high school moved in, just four houses down from me. Misae was the daughter of Japanese parents who had divorced, something practically unheard of in Japan at that time. There were two children from that marriage; the father took the boy and the mother got the girl. The siblings never saw each other again. Living in poverty after the divorce, Tsakai married an American airman who promised her a sewing machine.

When her stepfather was reassigned to the States, they left Misae at her step grandparents' house in the Midwest and went off on their own. The eight-year-old didn't see her mother again for almost a year. Speaking no English and living with an older couple who spoke no Japanese, she entered school in kindergarten. She finally was reunited with her mother and moved to Falmouth with her new family. Her Japanese was lost and she never regained it.

We became friends primarily because we were two girls of approximately the same age who lived near each other. We stayed friends because we got on like a house afire. We sat together on the school bus and sang songs at the top of our lungs. We went fishing and explored the neighborhood. In the summer we swam and explored; in the winter we skied and sledged and explored. The summer cottages that were closed in the winter were a particular attraction. One was known by all the kids to be haunted.

Her mother sewed matching outfits for us. Tsakai sewed a beautiful dress for my Senior Banquet. I ate my first sashimi at Misae's house and learned to use chopsticks. Misae was a constant at our house.

On several occasions, Tsakai would show up at our door in the evening, bruised and weeping. My mother would give her a cup of coffee and something to eat and listen. After a while, her husband would show up and she would leave, following two steps behind, until the next time. Misae was knocked about regularly herself, although she never dwelt on it. The three children that Tsakai and her husband had together were never beaten, but Misae loved her siblings and never resented them for it. Being two years older than her classmates and a foreigner to boot, she had no other friends at school.

On our street she was just one of the kids; in her class at school she was a pariah. She was tormented, called a "Jap" and told to go back where she came from. She was one year older than I, but two years behind me in school. At 16, I was falsely accused of shoplifting in a local department store. I was told that I had been seen in the store with "that Japanese girl" so they were keeping an eye on me. I never appreciated how hard her life was until many years later. My mother did, as she had faced prejudice as a Norwegian immigrant who had spent the war years in occupied Norway. Of all my friends, Misae was her favorite.

I graduated and came to Boston for college; within a year Misae's father was transferred to Taiwan and we lost touch. I'm glad I could be her friend, and I'm very glad she was mine.

Renel Fredriksen



A Family Made of Immigrants

Our three children are all immigrants, born in South Korea, brought to America through an adoption agency and naturalized here. I remember the first meeting at International Adoptions (now Wide Horizons For Children). There were about fifteen nervous couples, all or virtually all of us veterans of failed fertility treatments, anxiously awaiting word from the agency's Executive Director. Her opening sentence: "We have babies," brought an audible sigh. Indeed they did have babies. One of them, Park Ran Hee, would become our oldest daughter, Carrie, just six months later, faster than the conventional method. The Korean program was running smoothly in those days.

The six months were busy, trying to learn what the agency had to teach us about the daunting world of parenthood. The part I remember best was diapering footballs, which did not come naturally. There was also a lot of paperwork, sending me frequently on early morning trips to the Immigration and Naturalization Service in the JFK Building. Here numerous immigrants were sitting around, seemingly endlessly, only to be told when they finally reached a window that they were missing some vital document which was seldom explained to them. It was never that way for me. I would hear the call, "Would the adoption case please come forward?" I wonder what today's immigrants and those of Ellis Island days would think of that? I seemed to have a magic pill. When arrival day finally came, six little babies got on the plane in Seoul, headed for JFK Airport via Alaska, each baby in the care of a separate chaperone. We parents sat in a giant waiting room, easily identifiable among the large crowd by our nervous pacing and large baby bags. At around 11:00 p.m. the plane finally landed. The process of disembarking seemed endless. At last, we heard excited whispers. "They're coming!" Six beautiful babies, four asleep and two, including ours, wide awake. We were in charge now, but no fear; we knew what to do! We checked Carrie's diaper and deduced, incorrectly as it turned out, that she needed to be changed.

Helped no doubt by our football practice, we changed the diaper and headed off to the parking lot for the long late night drive to Boston.

A similar process led to the arrival two years later of Park Moon Soo, our son Brad, at age six months. Brad flew in from Seoul, landing eventually at Logan rather than JFK, a convenience that perhaps accounted for his chipper mood on arrival, where he impressed a small crowd by crawling across the passenger lounge. As with his older sister, the whole process with Brad was again faster than the conventional method.

Happy with our growing family, Rosanne and I returned again to the adoption agency about three years later, hoping to adopt a third and final baby. I don't remember discussing it, but presumably we assumed that the process would be another smooth ride. That didn't happen. In 1988 South Korea hosted the summer Olympics, which unexpectedly brought the Korean adoption program to an abrupt halt. Apparently South Korea didn't want to be seen by the world exporting its children. We found ourselves on a waiting list going nowhere, with no timetable. As the months ticked by, Rosanne and I passed our fortieth birthdays. We had begun to wonder whether we should drop out when relief came from an unexpected source. The agency called to say that they had been told that a baby girl had become available from a place called "Father Schwartz's Baby Home" in Seoul. Who knew? Father Schwartz did have his requirements – the baby could only go to a "good Catholic home," but since Rosanne was a lifelong veteran of parochial schools, we (i.e. she) sailed through that requirement in an instant. All of those early morning masses and novenas had finally paid off beautifully in the form of Ye Yeung Li, our daughter Tory. Our family was finally complete.

Dick Belin



Immigration



Inspired by a dream

Making a bold, courageous trip from Naples, Italy,

My maternal grandmother, at age 14, together with her older sister journeyed

Into Ellis Island Processing Station in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty

Girded against the “buttonhook men.”

Refuged in an Italian tenement neighborhood in Jersey City, New Jersey

And fearlessly facing a harsh life, she worked, married, raised a family of 8 children with

Traditional values of hard work, deep faith, family loyalty, and neighborly outreach modeled daily,

Italian customs, music, food infused into everyday life and extended family Sunday dinners celebrated with warmth and robust joy.

Opportunities seized, challenges tackled from generation to generation with familial support and encouragement.

Name of Angelina Bruno inscribed on American Immigrant Wall of Honor on Ellis Island to honor our grandmother and our Italian heritage. “La famiglia e tutto.” Dream realized.

Mary Jane Parke

Populating America in Colonial Times

It has been written that due to the decline in the US birthrate our economy is not sustainable, and that immigration is necessary to maintain the labor force. Since moving to Bedford I have looked into my ancestors who came to Billerica in its earliest days. They settled in what seemed, to them, an empty land, and set out to populate it.

William French took up land west of Nutting Lake – then called Shawsheen – and now Billerica. He had come from England in 1635 with his wife, Elizabeth, and four children. Once here they had six more children before she died in 1668.

Meanwhile Mary Lothrop of Barnstable, on Cape Cod, was sixteen when she married John Stearns, in 1656. He had one child already. They had five more children together before he died in 1668. [So she had 6 children.] She then married the widower French in 1669 (He was 66 and she was 29) with his ten children. [16 children.] Together they had five children before he died in 1681. [That made 21 children.] In 1687 she married Isaac Mixer, Jr. He had fifteen children from two marriages. [So there were 36 children.] When he died in 1716 she was 76 years old and one way or another she had 10 of her own children and 26 step-children. She died in 1735 at age 95.

Most of that next generation did not move



very far, and for the following eleven generations my father’s antecedents moved no further than the valley of the Charles River. Through my father I am descended from at least four of William French’s daughters.

The old French Cemetery in Billerica is a spot where I love to take my grandchildren, who live in William French’s original neighborhood.

Anne Schmalz



Ann Christy (1748-1832)

Dear Carol,

It is a lovely spring morning, and my forsythia is out so I take my pen in hand to answer your recent questions. It is hard to believe that I'm in my 80th year and look back on so much history of our family. Maybe these responses will answer some of your questions.

Yes, my family was Ulster Scots – that is Protestant Presbyterian in your terms – that came from Scotland's lowlands to Ireland. Many thought it amazing that a Christy from the lowlands had married John Campbell from Argyll Shire in the Highlands. It could happen only in America. America, and especially the Presbyterian colony, was a blessing for us. Here we found wonderful religious tolerance after all those years of Catholic / Protestant strife in Ireland and Scotland. (We owe it to our forefather William Penn for insisting on this when he created the colony.)

We are proud that we have always set great store by learning. Just before I was born, the Presbyterians started a fine school to train our teachers and preachers. It is called The College of New Jersey and we Ulster Presbyterians see it as the center of our culture and religious practice. According to William Penn's teachings, it is open to all faiths – that includes our Hebrew community led by Mr. Mordecai and the more recently arrived German Lutherans (I fear they might think of us as not strict enough!).

John and I, along with my sister Laura and her husband Robert Campbell, decided to take a big step and move our rapidly growing brood of wee ones from Philadelphia to the new territories in western Pennsylvania colony. We couldn't take much with us but our treasured flax seed, my spinning wheel and loom and the cradle that John made for our growing family. We were rich with children and land to farm!

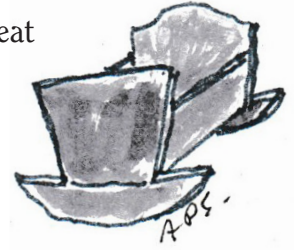
Oh yes, and you asked the names of our children. From elder to younger, they are Robert, John, James Andrew, William, Joseph, Thomas, Samuel, and our dear daughter Jane.

Well, as they say here, "times a spilling" and it is time to help fix supper.

With loving wishes to my great
(many times) granddaughter.

Ann

8 April 1829



Carol Garrett Fisher

Dear (many greats) Grandmother,

What a joy it was and how remarkable to receive your letter. It is such a happy coincidence that we are almost the same age. You have beautiful penmanship. I'm writing to you via an invention that hasn't arrived yet in your world – a computer. I can best describe it as a machine that has little buttons, each with a letter from the alphabet on it. If you press one, it shows up on a little board and then your message gets sent in the air to a receiver. Here are a few things that you might like to know from the Now.

The institution of learning that you mention still exists today, only now it is called Princeton.

You would be proud of many of your grandchildren and greats. Many spread to other parts of the United States (there are now 50 states!) and to Nepal, India, Thailand (you knew it as Siam), the Islands of Hawaii (before it became a state), Pakistan, China, and Peru. They went as teachers, preachers, and representatives of the United States.

You and yours haven't been forgotten. Your Campbell farm is still in the Campbell family, and I especially remember my great uncle Tom running it. Your names have also stayed with us with a lot of Johns, James, Thomases, and Roberts in each generation as well as at least one Jane and one Ann Christy that I know of. We still have the cradle you mention, and all of my babies were rocked in it. Their names are Elizabeth, Ann Christy, and Garrett.

By chance I'm writing on a spring day and my forsythia is also in bloom. So, I will press the "Send" button on my computer and send this by time and space to you.

Your loving (many greats) granddaughter,
Carol Garrett Fisher

8 April 2024 ("my" Ann Christy's birthday!).

Carol Fisher



Heading West

I grew up in Denver, CO. How did the Peabody's, who landed in Massachusetts, get there? It is a story that I love. It is a story eleven generations in the making.

Francis Paybody, as it was spelled then, arrived on the ship, the Planter, in 1635. He settled in Ipswich of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. His mother and father and two younger siblings sailed at about the same time on another ship and settled in Duxbury of Plymouth Colony. This was just fifteen years after the Pilgrims arrived on the Mayflower.

Over the generations my branch of the Peabody family migrated around New England from Massachusetts, northward to New Hampshire, then to upstate New York. I was fortunate to find in my grandmother's trunk a journal written by Almeda Peabody, who lived in the little settlement of East Pitcairn, in the midst of the great forests of northern New York. Almeda was born in 1844. Her childhood in this wilderness area, her mother's untimely death, and her struggles to survive while working for pennies on neighboring farms, finally led to her adventurous journey to the Colorado gold camps.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1849 and then in Colorado in late 1858. Almeda's older brother, Lelon, was the Peabody to go west in the gold rush. He joined an emigrant train in 1859 and traveled across the plains with ox teams. There was no railroad yet further than Omaha. "It took six weeks to make the journey to Denver, that city consisting of three houses." Then came the white invasion. News of the discovery of gold on Denver's Cherry Creek infused the economically depressed nation with hope. A mass scramble began. Hordes of men, and an occasional woman, swarmed up every valley and gulch, prospecting every creek bed. Like invading ants, the prospectors fanned out, pushing deeper and deeper into the mountains, higher and higher toward the Continental Divide. Breckenridge became the first mining camp on the western slope.

After Lelon Peabody arrived in Colorado, he prospected the streams and gullies around

Breckenridge for four years until 1863 when he purchased a choice site across the road from what was later the Jesse Mine and Stamp Mill. He struck it rich. The work grew so demanding that he wrote to his sister, Almeda, back in New York, and asked her to come cook for the miners in his camp. Another sister, Alvira, joined her on her journey westward.

They stopped in Michigan to visit their father, who had moved there after the death of their mother. Here Almeda met the young man with whom she fell in love, Henry Wagner. He, along with one of his army chums, traveled with them the rest of the way to Colorado. This was highly unconventional in those days – two unmarried young women traveling unsupervised with young men. Almeda describes her journey west by stagecoach, wagon and horseback across the vast treeless plains that became increasingly barren. They were entranced by stunning views of the Rocky Mountains, glittering with snow in the distance. Two weeks after arriving at Gold Run, their mining camp, Almeda and Henry were married. The Peabody's had gone west.

Cynthia Peabody Anderson

My Mother, Labrador, and Me

My mother died when I was just three years old, and this is a story of my quest to get to know her. As a young woman, Caryl Peabody spent a summer in Labrador, Canada, volunteering for the Grenfell Mission providing church and community services in isolated outports along the coast.

I earned my MDiv from the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge, MA, before the Episcopal Church in the US ordained women. I was ordained in the Anglican Church of Canada, and spent the winter of 1994-1995 in Rigolet, Labrador. Here are some excerpts from my journal.

September 5: I've been here for just four days. I have a simple little house with hot and cold running water, a big woodburning stove and a month-old sled dog puppy I named Rigoletta.

Highlights of my first week: Rigoletta; gram-pus whales; berry picking; sealskin booties; two-



and-a-half days of no mail. (Post Office is in the store which stays open late so that the community can get their mail and government checks.)

September 22: Had a most beautiful walk two days ago. The sun was low, very bright and warm, shining across the lake, air was a bit brisk (so no black flies). Colors are changing, many yellows mixed in with the evergreens on the hills. I sat beside the lake... and rested, and perhaps slept a bit before returning home.

Mom, on Sunday we will celebrate the anniversary of your death on September 25, 1934, sixty years ago. And I am here in Labrador in your memory. Quite an auspicious day indeed. I know how pleased and happy you and Dad must be to know that I am up here. I am.



It is not easy work. But then nothing worthwhile ever is. I am doing what you did, Mom, developing caring relationships with people in need. I must have inherited some part of your personality, to be able to do what you have done. To have the strength, courage, fortitude, and good nature to carry on in service to our Lord. I do wish that you could have lived longer. I would like to have known you as I grew older. But, perhaps, in a way, I am carrying on your legacy. I hope so! You have gotten me here, and I hope to live up to all that you were, and are – to your expectations for me, and Dad's too. With love, your daughter, Janet.

October 29: Am I running a hostelry? Yes, out of necessity! There are very few extra rooms in Rigolet.

December 24: I do so enjoy the peacefulness and order of life in Rigolet and in my little house. Already I am finding myself thinking back over the last four months and the four to come. I really do think I'll have had enough missionary work. I have Riggi for company.

December 27: Well, I can now leave Rigolet in peace. Dean and his team of dogs just passed me on the road. I was turning around to look at the incredible sunset (at 3:30 PM), a rosy, orange color behind the black hills and the white of the snow. On they came, five fluffy dogs, and Dean on a sideless komatic (dog sled). It all looked so effortless!

December 30-31: It really is totally terrific to be snowed in, and not have to worry about much at all. I think that we're having a blizzard, at least by my standards: very strong winds and wildly blowing snow for 24 hours now.

February 15: I've just returned from the very best walk yet: way across the ice and around the back of the dump - fairly warm and huge

sky, some cloudiness, Riggi along. If I didn't have these glorious surroundings, would I have lasted this long?

March 2: I am sitting here in my little living room, listening to the sound of the soccer game being played on the ice. Windows are open, zero degrees, but it feels warmer. Everything is relative.

March 4: A nice day, warmer! The winter sports meet is amazing. Last night we had the Inuit games in the hall. The whole community turned out. Great enthusiasm. Rigolet will probably be the overall winner.

March 9: Letter to the Bishop: As my time here draws to a close, I'd like you to know how very much I've appreciated the opportunity of serving as the interim Anglican priest in this community of Rigolet. I thank you for taking that big leap of faith that allowed me to come to Labrador. It's been an experience that will be with me the rest of my life.

Janet Peabody Lovejoy



Head-size Baby Bun

As I walk slowly along,
A gentle breeze stirs the grass
Beside the path. I pause.

Further on, the breeze stirs leaves
To show a calm and gentle Mrs. Bun.
She checks me out and
Closely scans the breeze-stirred grass.

Two tiny pointed ears shoot up
Above a gentle curve – a bunny’s back -

(Not just a head...
The entire infant creature...
The size of his mother’s head!)

Which quickly turns aside -
To graze the stirred green grass.

Soon satisfied, the head-sized baby bun
Hops calmly back
To its nearest nest -
And disappears.

Mrs. B. looks briefly right at me,
And then, reassured,
Likewise disappears.

I, too, move on again -
Feeling welcomed to a
Now familiar home -
Past the stirred and grazed-on grass.
Smiling.

Barbara Worcester



Home to Cairo

Yes, I am interested in genealogy, but not with just anyone in my family. I want to know more about the people I know, have seen, or can easily connect with. My mother’s side fits this bill, *dramatis personae* I can absorb. Uncles and aunts, cousins and grands, nieces and nephews, all jigger to life under the valued pens of my chroniclers: my uncle and my cousin on my mother’s side. My father’s people are just a deceased dear aunt and cousin; the rest are congealed among the crimped pages of a forgotten journal.

The Savannah-Montgomery train eases into Cairo. It’s been four years since the five of us visited Mother’s home in southwest Georgia. Now we are four. This time Mother left Father back home in order to get us out of his hair. The war has not been kind to residential architects. He’s had to reinvent himself as an industrial designer with nearby Raytheon. Look, there’s Grandmother on the station platform.

We’re welcomed into the small house on Broad Street purchased in 1935 by grandfather Walter Colquitt Jones and wife Melvina (“Mellie”) Powell for \$5,000. I immediately see Grandmother’s writing desk. How many letters to children and grandchildren have flown off this gnarled wood and out the window! We cross over to Grandfather in his fireside chair, dressed in white shirt, bow tie and vested suit. He raises an arm to insert his fingers into eight warm clasps.

Family lore cites a Peter Jones, cofounder of Petersburg, VA, in the early 1600’s. Walter’s proven ancestry, admitting to no immigrants, opens with Adam Jones (b. 1759), who moved to Georgia with his wife and twelve slaves. It snakes its way through Adam’s son Thomas to Malachi, my great-grandfather, who moved his family to southwest Georgia.

Grandfather was ten when the Civil War ended in 1865. He remembered Sherman’s march through Georgia. You didn’t mention that name under his roof. An older brother had lost a leg at the Peach Orchard. He brought the family to Cairo, worked on the family farm and joined the Methodist Church as a “circuit rider,” or minister to multiple churches. In January 1892, on one of these circuits, he met and married his Mellie.



By 1903, in failing health, Walter decided on a new life as a pecan farmer and planter, cutting back on his church work. (He baptized me.) He built a large house in Cairo to reward his family for hardship, only to see it burn to the ground in 1934. Proceeds from pecan farming comforted his and Mellie's later years, enabling them to send their five children to college and three sons to expensive, prestigious institutions for post-graduate education: medical school, law school, and doctorate.



It's my first morning up. Warmth and harmony. I feel at home here. Yet I can't sleep. Thump-thump-thump from the rear porch. Grandmother's churning her butter. Swish-swish-swish from the hallway. Grandfather's walking to his chair. Two courageous hearts beat together, rooted in family, Fundamentalist values, resourcefulness and love.

Harry Hoover

Bedford Immigration Story

There's a beautiful story about immigration, and it happened right here in Bedford! Heidi Porter, Director of Health and Human Services for the Town of Bedford, described how 300 immigrants sheltered by the Commonwealth in the Bedford Plaza Hotel were rescued. All town departments worked overtime to help these people who came from Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Venezuela, via South America and Mexico. They came to Massachusetts which is the only state with a "Right To Shelter" law established in the 1980's.

The Plaza hotel immigrants included ninety-six families, with 140 children and 30 pregnant women. They had been strangers to each other

until they became friends along their route north. They arrived in Bedford without speaking English, but eager to get a job and a place to live. The need to communicate in Spanish and Haitian Creole was critical. Hiring an intern fluent in Haitian Creole was very helpful, as was the use of a translation program on the internet. Meanwhile, good spirits, smiles, and hand signals helped pave the way for social workers to identify individual needs.

Churches coordinated donations of warm clothing for all ages, and Scouts donated toys. The Discovery Museum in Acton set up a playroom in the Plaza Hotel for the children. Local doctors, nurses, and dentists donated their time and saw to health issues and vaccinations. One church provided Charlie Cards to help with transportation. Another church provided Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. Food donations complemented the SNAP food stamps that meant they could buy foods and baby formula suited to their own choice not just the daily unfamiliar food provided by the state. Volunteers gave their time to help sort out all the donations and needs.

The immigrants were eager to find work, but until the process for work permits was completed this had to wait. After about a month some were able to find jobs locally at grocery stores, car wash and Bedford's few eateries. Some were skilled professionals in their home countries, but needed to complete applications which were initially only given in English.

An Uber account was established to help with some transportation to various appointments, otherwise the 62 Bus was the only ride. Finding an affordable home in Bedford was not possible, which was part of the reason for their transfer to Lowell in May. There they will continue to have state help, but had at least some orientation from their nine months in Bedford. They had learned first-hand about Americans who rally to meet others' needs.

State Representative Ken Gordon, the Bedford Town Manager, and the Bedford Plaza Manager were very helpful in finding answers to many individual problems. Together with time and effort by Town Boards and individual residents, one can say that this was a truly American response to an immigration problem.

Sonja Strong



Picky Place

We knew a lot about it before we even arrived if we had heard Alice Morrish's talk about living there. On a particularly beautiful June day we got to see it for ourselves and to savor the remarkable five course lunch - Spinach Dijon dip to Chocolate Strawberry Cheesecake. How often do your herbs and vegetables come freshly picked from the garden? After lunch we explored the greenhouse and gardens and many left with gifts for friends and family. The visit was a treat from start to finish and the bus ride home was very quiet!



Hanscom News

We did it! We did it! Rebecca Tepper, Energy and Environmental Affairs Secretary, turned back the environmental report submitted by the developers of the Hanscom expansion, saying it was inadequate and didn't accurately reflect the environmental impact of this proposal. This is a major victory thanks to the thousands of letters (we wrote a number of them); the stand-outs (we were there); and the signatures on petitions (again, we signed). So, this is back to the drawing board for the planners and a big win in the first skirmish for us.



An Employee Appreciation Party

On a Thursday afternoon in May CWV honored employees who had reached certain milestones of service in the various departments of the Village. The honored employees, accompanied by their families, friends and a multitude of residents, enjoyed beer, wine and soft drinks in addition to a delicious array of hors d'oeuvres prepared by Reagan Vetree and his staff. After the "cocktail hour," they were served a special dinner and received their awards. Particularly deserving of congratulations was an employee completing thirty-five years of employment in the Facilities Department. Though he shall be nameless here, he is well known to residents as the weekend-jack-of-all-trades, always ready and willing to lend a hand or respond to a call.



Happenings

Strings in Summer

It was a charming mid-afternoon break. Arcadia Viols introduced us to some remarkable 16th century instruments and music spanning the 17th to the 21st centuries. Treble, tenor, and bass viols were played by Jane Hershey, Anne Legene, Robert Eisenstein, and Alice Robbins. Lively and playful pieces were from the 17th century and some 21st century responses to those pieces. The composer of the final piece (English Dance Free-for-All: Fantasy on four country dance tunes, 2004), Larry Wallach, was in the audience. His piece reflected the opening selection from 1651 and gave the program a pleasing shape, as it highlighted the range of these sweet-sounding instruments that looked like violins but had a haunting quality all their own.



An Off-site Trip to “Today’s” Zoo

Animal lovers from CWV eagerly participated in a behind-the-scenes tour arranged for us at the Franklin Park Zoo. We were warmly greeted and accompanied by a member of the Board of Trustees who regaled us with anecdotes and information about modern zookeeping. Highlights of the tour were a training exercise for gorillas and an opportunity to feed bouquets of lettuce to giraffes from a tall stand. Box lunches were distributed while the President of the Zoo described how his organization participates in conservation efforts throughout the world. The guest of honor at lunch was a large iguana who seemed to enjoy being the center of attention and having his back scratched.



Water Padooza

On a bright June morning the Aquarobics class gathered to find a veritable playground set-up in the pool. What followed was fun and games for teams of racers – some relays – and others just for speed. At one point a break in the action came when we were given a kind of water pistol and Stephan was subjected to a deluge as he paddled an inner tube back and forth the length of the pool. He was a good sport. Our final event was volleyball with a beachball over a net stretched across the pool. Besides being fun, it was a really good workout!

Superb Sustenance

Something that happens here at CWV that affects all of us is the provision of a quality menu served up in multiple venues and for many festive occasions. The spreads after the Garden Club meetings, the refreshments after concerts and Memorial Services, and at Arts receptions, make these times special as well as sociable. The parties that have become a mainstay after the Resident Council meetings have kept folks gathered long after the meetings and probably have increased attendance as well. Then there are the Breakfasts in the Courtyard in the summer as well as the BBQs and the Cooking Demonstrations. The Mens’ Breakfasts draw a privileged male-only crowd monthly. This is a Thank You Letter to the entire Food Service Staff for all that they do for us – the well sustained.



1956

Oh, how culture has changed since mid-century 1900's. Our community structure and parenting were much different than today. Here are five vignettes from growing up in a small town of 5,000 in Western Massachusetts.



Our school crossing guards were police officers, not on “detail,” but on actual duty. Routinely, as we pre-adolescents passed the officers on the way to school, many of them would give affirmations to us, such as, “Hey Dee, that was an amazing catch you made in center last

night!” This officer was a regular umpire at our Little League games. Or, “Hey Will, don’t worry about that game, you’ll pitch better next time.” (I was pulled from the mound after two and a third innings after allowing four runs, two walks and a hit batter).

We learned the location codes for town fires. When the siren sounded, and the fire was on the southeast side of town.... a likely grass fire since there was little development in that part of town. We raced as fast as our skinny legs could peddle our fat-tired coaster-braked bikes. Often the firemen gave us rakes and shovels to dig a fire line to arrest the spread of the grass fire. How cool to be hanging with the firemen. Apparently, the town’s attorney wasn’t concerned about the liability of 11-year-olds’ pro bono firefighting. Municipal risk management was different back then.

In the winter we often walked to school with our hockey sticks over our shoulders carrying our skates, book bag and an extra sandwich. At dismissal, six to ten of us would hightail it to a slough adjacent to the Connecticut River where one of our fathers had plowed snow, as needed, and made a makeshift hockey rink complete with goals. My dentist father mandated the specific time we had to stop play, which varied with the winter season, as he was concerned one of us

might catch an errant slap shot in the mouth and lose a tooth when the light became limited.

Kirk (the central character in the Rotary Rodeo story: *Villager*, V. 42, No.1) and I had a lucrative business opportunity with the country club’s golf pro. The water hazard on the fifth hole was drained most autumns and therein lay the opportunity to collect hundreds of errant golf balls. We trudged through the mud with our buckets collecting the muddy balls, cleaned them at a hose bib near the pro shop and sorted them as new or those with cuts. The pro gave us 10 cents for the former and 5 cents for the later. Kirk’s father later taught us the term “margin.” We returned to the pro wanting to re-negotiate terms since the pro was re-selling the “new” balls for 25 cents. The pro didn’t budge, but he did give us exclusive rights to collect balls the following autumns. Kirk and I maintained our franchise until we left for boarding school.

We also had time for girls. During the school year the town provided Saturday matinee movies in the community center’s basement. Some of us who had sweethearts would arrive super early to get a back row seat. Yes, dates, at eleven years old, 25 cents per person, plus a nickel for a coke. I can’t remember any of the movies, but I do recall that Nancy Riley was my heartthrob.

Of course we didn’t know how times would change; this was just the way life was. We had hours of free play, particularly on the weekends after Saturday morning homework was completed and checked by our parents. We solved our tribal issues without hovering parents’ involvement. Rarely were conflicts settled with fisticuffs. We chose up sides for day-long made-up games in the woods and ball fields behind our street. Our parents were confident in our safety even though they didn’t know our specific whereabouts. The town, Longmeadow, MA, was our playground. And a wonderful place to grow up.

Will Wright



A Stubbed Toe



It's the fourth time.
 I've stubbed my same big toe four times.
 Old and clumsy. It's maddening
 I wasn't always this way.

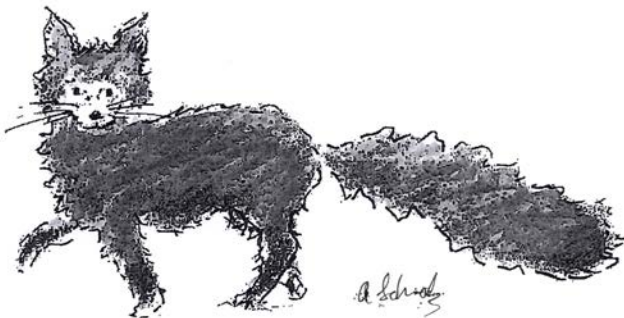
At a younger age, I was graceful.
 At seventy-six, I'm not.
 A dancer, an athlete, but no more.
 I could sail a boat in a strong wind

Scale a cliff with grace and strength
 Deftly dodge tackles on a football field
 But now
 I just stub my damned toe.

John Schmitz



A



Welcome New Residents

Pauline 'Polly' Erickson
 from Lexington

Jean Schnell
 from Ashland

Allan and Marcia Morgan
 from Bedford

Sam and Nancy Shanaman
 from Andover

Kathleen O'Brien
 from Concord

Mary Ella Feinleib
 from Cambridge

Elizabeth 'Betsy' Campbell
 from Natick

**Ramaswamy 'Sid' Sridharan and
 Shirley Debartolo**
 from Bedford

Sheila Murawski
 from Arlington, VA



PROFILES









In Memory

Ruth Crocker	5/17
Patricia 'Pat' McDonough	5/21
Richard Zelle	5/23
Walter 'Wally' Campbell	5/25
Doris Johnson	6/10
Jean Saunders	6/10
Cyra Sanborn	6/19
Catharina 'Tina' Jas	7/11
Madelyn Armstrong	7/23
Beverly Howe	7/29
Margaret 'Peggy' Engel	8/3
Mary 'M.G.' Foster	8/12





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

Immigration

Every one of us here at Carleton-Willard Village and every person living in America who is not of Native American heritage is a descendent of immigrants. The subject of immigration is very much on our minds and will be an important consideration in the upcoming national election.

Every month, when the Library Committee meets to do book selection, we notice more and more titles written by immigrants and written about immigrants. Here are a few that I have noticed in our collection.

New Fiction

Susan Muaddi Darraj: *Behind You is the Sea*

The story of three families of Palestinian immigrants who have found different welcomes in America.

Aube Rey Lescure: *River East, River West*

A moving exploration of race and class, cultural identity, belonging, and the often false promise of the American dream.

Current Affairs

Francisco Cantu: *The Line Becomes a River*

A personal account of emigration and immigration at the Mexican-American border.

Nicole Chung (ed.): *A Map is Only One Story*

A group of twenty essays highlighting the human side of immigration policies and polarized rhetoric.

Jill Lepore: *This America*

Much of American history has been a battle between two forms of nationalism, liberal and illiberal, all the way to the nation’s latest bitter struggles over immigration.

Autobiography/Memoir

Maria Hinojosa: *Once I Was You*

Maria shares her experience growing up Mexican-American on the south side of Chicago

Abdi Nor Iftin: *Call Me American*

As life in Somalia grew more dangerous, Abdi fled to Kenya and then won entrance to the United States in the annual visa lottery. His route to America did not come easily.

Qian Julie Wang: *Beautiful Country*

Seven-year-old Qian arrives in New York City in 1994 and is overwhelmed by fear and scarcity. Her family is fractured under the weight of invisibility, and she comes of age in the shadows, never stopping the search for light.

Javier Zamora: *Solito*

An immediate and intimate account of a treacherous and near impossible journey from his small town in El Salvador, through Guatemala and Mexico and across the United States border.

These titles all give us food for thought and help us to see life through the minds of others. The Library Committee will continue to be on “immigration lookout” when we choose new books for our collection. Happy reading!

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

An Unfinished Love Story by Doris Kearns Goodwin
A personal history of the 1960's, part biography, part memoir, based on more than 300 boxes of diaries and letters and memorabilia from Richard Goodwin.

The Glassmaker by Tracy Chevalier
Historical fiction that follows a family of glassmakers, particularly the women, through six centuries in Venice.

Challenger by Adam Higginbotham
A true story of heroism and disaster on the edge of space. The first detailed account of what happened that day.

The Paris Novel by Ruth Reichl
Following the death of her difficult mother, Stella, a 20-something New Yorker, flies to Paris to find herself. A treat from a true gastronome.

Dogland by Tommy Tomlinson
An inside look at the Westminster Dog Show. A rollicking backstage tour through the rituals, tricks, and wonders of the dog show world.

The Last Animal by Ramona Ausubel
Teenage sisters tag along on their mother's scientific expedition in the Arctic. Fooling around in the permafrost, they discover a perfectly preserved 4000-year-old baby woolly mammoth.

A Walk in the Park by Kevin Fedarko
Two men, with little or no experience, decide to hike the 750 mile length of the Grand Canyon. A spectacular misadventure.

The Comfort of Ghosts by Jacqueline Winspear
The final Maisie Dobbs mystery, set in the fall of 1945. Maisie is asked to investigate four orphaned teens and stumbles onto a decades old mystery involving her first husband.

On Call by Anthony Fauci
A memoir, reaching back to his boyhood in Brooklyn, NY, and carrying through decades of caring for critically ill patients and navigating the whirlpools of Washington politics during the terms of seven presidents.

Long Island by Colm Toibin
Ellis Lacey is Irish, married to Tony, an Italian-American plumber and they live on Long Island. One day she is visited by an Irishman who tells her that his wife is expecting Tony's baby and that the baby, when born, will be left on her doorstep.

The Backyard Bird Chronicles by Amy Tan
Diary entries and beautiful illustrations, touching on conservation, Covid 19, and finding solace through nature.

The Great Divide by Christina Henriquez
A rich and riveting historical novel, built around the construction of the Panama Canal, casting light on the unsung people who lived, loved, and labored there.

Pets and the City by Dr. Amy Attas
A memoir about operating a house call veterinary practice in Manhattan over a period of 30 years.

The Last Hope by Susan Elia MacNeal
Maggie Hope, a capable and shrewd spy, has been ordered to assassinate a physicist who is part of Germany's nuclear weapons program. A stirring and satisfying conclusion to a magnificent series.

Madelyn Armstrong
Katherine F. Graff



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Attas, Dr. Amy	Pets and the City
Blum, Jenna	Woodrow on the Bench
Bosker, Bianca	Get the Picture (*)
Bourne-Taylor, Hannah	Fledgling
Carr, Caleb	My Beloved Monster
Cheney, Liz	Oath and Honor (*)
Coleman, Cady	Sharing Space
Dench, Judi	Shakespeare: The Man Who Pays the Rent
Dunne, Griffin	The Friday Afternoon Club
Fauci, Anthony	On Call
Fedarko, Kevin	A Walk in the Park
Goodwin, Doris Kearns	An Unfinished Love Story
Goodwin, Doris Kearns	An Unfinished Love Story (*)
Junger, Sebastian	In My Time of Dying
Rushdie, Salman	Knife

Biography

Charter, David	Royal Audience (*)
O'Brien, Keith	Charlie Hustle
Page, Susan	The Rule Breaker (*)

Current Affairs

Breyer, Stephen	Reading the Constitution
Bruni, Frank	The Age of Grievance
Bruni, Frank	The Age of Grievance (*)

Environment

Kolbert, Elizabeth	H is for Hope
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Fiction

Andrews, B. and Wilson, J.	Tom Clancy Act of Defiance (*)
Ariel, Myah	When I Think of You (*)
Armstrong, Kelley	Murder at Haven's Rock (*)
Ausubel, Ramona	The Last Animal
Baldacci, David	A Calamity of Souls
Carr, John Dickson	The Black Spectacles
Charles, Janet Skeslien	Miss Morgan's Book Brigade (*)
Chevalier, Tracy	The Glassmaker
Chevalier, Tracy	The Glassmaker (*)
Choo, Yangsze	The Fox Wife (*)
Comey, James	Westport
Coulter, Catherine	Flashpoint
Coulter, Catherine	Flashpoint (*)
Crichton, Michael & Patterson, James	Eruption
Driscoll, Sara	Echoes of Memory
Erpenbeck, Jenny	Kairo
Evison, Jonathan	Small World
Finkel, David	An American Dreamer
Grisham, John	Camino Ghosts
Grodstein, Lauren	We Must Not Think of Ourselves (*)
Henriquez, Christina	The Great Divide
Hilderbrand, Elin	Swan Song



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Hood, Ann The Stolen Child (*)
 Kanon, James Shanghai (*)
 Kapelke-Dale, Rachel The Fortune Seller (*)
 Landau, A. J. Leave No Trace (*)
 Lawton, Ariel Code Name Helene
 Leon, Donna A Refiner's Fire (*)
 MacNeal, Susan Elia The Last Hope
 Manning, Kate Gilded Mountain
 Messud, Claire This Strange Eventful
 History
 Moore, Graham The Wealth of Shadows
 Nova Glass, The Vacancy in Room 10
 Seraphina
 Paretzky, Sara Pay Dirt
 Pataki, Allison Finding Margaret Fuller (*)
 Patterson, James The 24th Hour
 Perrin, Kristen How to Solve Your Own
 Murder
 Reichl, Ruth The Paris Novel
 Simonson, Helen The Hazelbourne Ladies
 Motorcycle & Flying Club
 Toibin, Colm Long Island
 Ware, Ruth One Perfect Couple
 Weir, Alison The Passionate Tudor (*)
 Winspear, Jacqueline The Comfort of Ghosts

History

Higgenbotham, Adam Challenger
 Satow, Julie When Women Ran Fifth
 Avenue
 Sides, Hampton The Wide Wide Sea

Miscellaneous

Tomlinson, Tommy Dogland

Nature

Nichols, Kerry Puppy Brain
 Tan, Amy The Backyard Bird
 Chronicles

Resident Authors

Hand, Sue Geo Prince

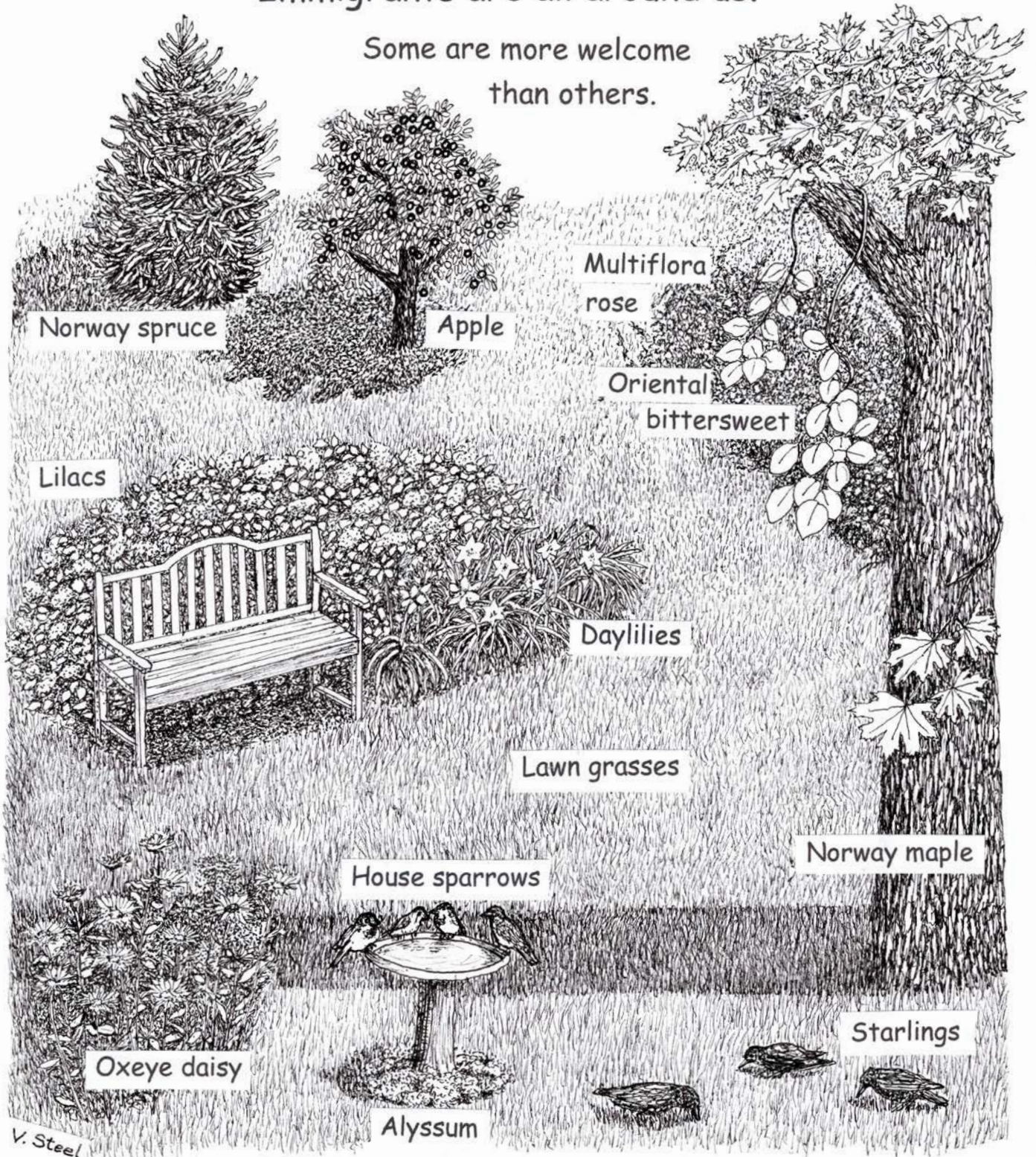
(* indicates Large Print)

*Katherine F. Graff
 Chair, Library Committee*



Immigrants are all around us.

Some are more welcome than others.



None of the species on this page are native to New England.



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