



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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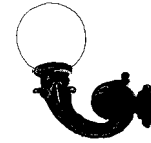
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Co-Editors' Corner



It hasn't the gravitas of the calendar New Year with its self-improving resolutions, but in our community September signals a kind of renewal. Residents return from vacations at ocean, lake or mountain getaways. Activities and committees, slumbering through the summer, get back to work. We thought Stephanie Rolfe's cocky rooster collage, "Wake Up", (surprisingly created from *Time* magazine covers) sent an appropriate message of "get up and go" just right for this issue's cover.

September will see the redesign of Higgins House circle, forlorn since the beloved Black Maple came down in 2013. Philip Kenney's vision of birch trees, flowering shrubs, blueberry, heather and boulders will, as he says, "bring the beauty of Carleton-Willard to its front door." The Villager never takes a holiday from beautifying our surroundings.

Our Circulation Team welcomes a new member, Dot Rand. The Team, led by its long-time Chair, Ruth McDade, does a mammoth job, concentrated in a few heavy-duty hours, distributing *The Villager* to its readers. Many thanks. We salute you!

The Villager has numbers of residents eminent in their professions. In our December 2014 issue, Sandy Wieland wrote of building a curriculum for his English literature students. In this issue, Howard Hermann challenges us to learn something about the workings of the brain in "Music of the Left and Right Cerebral Hemispheres". We hope that others will come forth with stimulating pieces about their own fields of interest and expertise.

And an advance notice: the theme for December's *Villager* is "Winter Wonders, Winter Woes". We hope images and experiences may come to mind and thence to paper, but do remember we welcome essays, stories, poems on any subject.

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben*
Co-Editors



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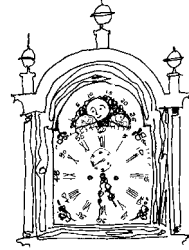
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From the Chief Executive Officer



"I think we consider too much the good luck of the early bird and not enough the bad luck of the early worm!"

Franklin D. Roosevelt

I have always thought there is an almost romantic attraction to the idea of chance. The bigger and bolder the idea, so it goes - the more daring and adventurous the undertaking - the greater the reward. And truthfully, there is a lot to be said for having the vision and passion to pursue an idea ... not to mention the courage and commitment to see it through.

As I reflect on Carleton-Willard's thirty-third anniversary this summer, I can attest to the leap of faith we took. But by any measure, our successes have been a product of something decidedly un-chance-like: strategic planning.

"Strategy" may not be particularly stimulating, but for any organization desiring to be in it for the long haul, strategic planning - and the creative thinking it requires - is essential.

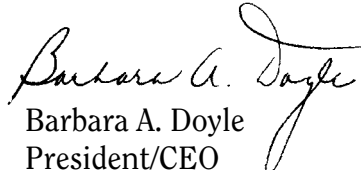
Of course, no one can chart the future with absolute certainty ... nor would I want life to be that predictable! But if you look at any successful organization, you find key people are asking two very important strategic questions.

The first is, "What if?" This is something we did in 1982: we asked "What should a retirement community be? What could it be?" We were very fortunate, at the time, to have wonderfully creative thinkers and committed Trustees who were able to envision new ways of serving the needs of older adults and supporting their aspirations.

The second and more ambitious question is, "What do we have to do to make our ideas a reality?" This is where strategic planning comes in: defining concrete objectives, setting realistic milestones, and assembling the right people with the proper expertise to make it all happen. It is equal parts critical thinking and performance discipline, and it requires an extreme level of cooperation and communication.

Along the way there have been surprises - unforeseen challenges have cropped up, and newer, better possibilities are always presenting themselves. Strategic planning has given us the tools and the confidence to minimize any difficulties and seize upon opportunities we never originally imagined.

Luck. Fate. Fortune. Destiny. Looking back at the history of the Village, I am proud to say we created our own.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



“Plucked from Cliff”

It was November 1956, our second year living on Seguin Island, Maine, where my husband, Chuck Hart, was stationed at the Coast Guard lighthouse. Two miles off the coast near Popham Beach where the Kennebec River flows into the Atlantic, the Seguin Island Light was commissioned in 1795 by George Washington and is still in use today. I had come to the island as a bride and had learned to love this wild place where the sea was so rough it was impossible to have a dock. After coming in by boat – usually the twice-weekly mail boat – passengers climbed into a “peapod” for passage to a flat surface where a tram could take supplies as the passengers climbed the steep hill. Everything was run on kerosene: the huge Fresnel Light, our refrigerator, washing machine and lamps.

It may have been premonition: for some reason my cousin’s husband, Everett Schubert, a doctor in Wiscasset, called and asked how I was. Actually, I told him, I wasn’t feeling up to par but expected to recover as I hadn’t been anywhere to pick up germs.

When the doctor checked the next day, I was in more pain and had only eaten a bite of a hamburger that day. Hearing this, Everett called the Popham Beach Coast Guard Station and told them I had appendicitis. If the Coast Guard could get me off the island, he would have an ambulance ready to take me to Miles Memorial Hospital in Damariscotta with a doctor ready to operate.

The seas were much too rough and the Bosun’s Mate ruled out taking me off by boat.

The Coast Guard reminded everyone that we lived on Federal Property and the patient had to go to Boston Marine Hospital. At that time the Coast Guard didn’t have helicopters but the Navy did. A helicopter had never landed on Seguin and the question was “where?”

All this time I was in bed and not taking part in the conversation. Then I heard the chopper and men came in and put me in a litter. Every step they took carrying me to the first floor was agony for me. The helicopter blades kept revolving as I was loaded into the empty space with a Navy Corpsman beside me as we took off for Boston.



The communication between my husband, Chuck, on the island and the hospital was all by radio. Newspapers throughout New England were picking up the conversations. This was news! Chuck wouldn’t talk to the reporters so they created their own stories.

Some said I was a teenager, others in my twenties. One article was headlined “Plucked from Cliff.”

The helicopter landed on tennis courts at Boston Marine Hospital and I could see flashbulbs going off. I couldn’t have cared less and just hid in the blankets.

I think the doctors at Boston Marine may have thought before my arrival that it was an ectopic pregnancy, but quickly changed their minds and operated for appendicitis. Meanwhile, my parents, who lived in Southbridge, Massachusetts, had been notified and left immediately for Boston. My two sisters came home from high school and saw me on television.

Chuck was still on Seguin Light doing the work and taking his share of Watch from six pm to midnight or midnight to six am.

I got many cards, some from summer people who had boats that could sail or motor into the Cove and anchor in the summer. And one from the Women’s Dean at Middlebury College where I had graduated who knew exactly how old I was despite the newspapers’ conjectures.

I recovered at the hospital but didn’t return to the island until after the new year because the seas were such that Chuck couldn’t get off island till then to bring me back.

Although I was the first person to be helicoptered off the island, the Navy pilot chose the landing site well and it has since been used for a



number of landings.

Before we left the island so that both of us could continue on to graduate school, I watched the giant electrical generator being brought up to our station. However, we had only ten days to go so we continued to use kerosene and left the electricity for the next staff. The old tramway is still there but has been condemned for passenger use since the wife of one of the staff suffered a broken hip when the tram broke loose. The lighthouse was decommissioned in 1986. The light is still used but now automated by a “sunswitch” and the station is unmanned. A group of citizens has formed a non-profit named Friends of Seguin Island and have restored the lighthouse building. Volunteer caretakers are installed from Memorial Day to Labor Day to welcome visitors.

My cousin still says it was Everett’s proudest medical moment when he correctly diagnosed my appendicitis over the phone.

Dorothy Hart Rand

A Wonderful Response

Once my own children were in school, I decided to put my time, art education and experience to work as a volunteer at a school for disturbed children on Long Island. I had always loved working with children and contemplated becoming a child psychiatrist.

One day as the children and I were making jumping jacks with brightly colored paper and cardboard, a little voice I didn’t recognize said, “Mrs. Mendelsohn, I need some red paper”. As I started to hand over the requested paper, I was startled to realize that the words had come from a child who had never spoken in school before.

I could only surmise he was so carried away with what we were doing that he forgot he could not speak. I don’t know what the long-range outcome of that incident was but I do know it was a most rewarding as well as surprising moment.

Margaret Mendelsohn

Up Ahead Around the Bend The Fun of Exploring

Two of my favorite lifelong pursuits have been painting landscapes and hiking. Each lets me explore the world in deeply satisfying ways. Exploring rewards me with discoveries that are revealing and exciting.

The excitement of discovery motivates me to learn new trail networks in places I have not been in order to find out where they all go. Sometimes I get turned around as I wander, temporarily lost. Necessarily, I find a way back and feel happy that I have been able to “conquer” the new territory, emerging satisfied and with new knowledge. I have learned enough now so I won’t get lost in the same place next time. I have a map in my head of the terrain which was unfamiliar before.

I soon want to go on another ramble!

Painting is exactly the same. A new canvas begins an exploration of new territory - the forms and colors of an emerging image. Of course I have a general idea of the pictorial image. However, I do not know where or how the process will end because I wish to allow the growing image to dictate its “territory”. I am following, not making, a path that the newly developing composition of colors and forms requires. This process is new in every painting. Painting always involves “wandering around” - making revisions. If I get “lost” in the procedure, I need to persist until I reach my limits in making the painting a composition that feels harmonious in its elements. I am challenged to “bring it home”. The “return” is rewarding because I have entered the unknown and have emerged with new knowledge and competence about using paint to convey a vision.

I then am propelled onward with a need to paint again!

The joys of satisfying urges of curiosity come from the revelations we find in the unknown places we “explore”. The familiar may seem comfortable and safe. Entering unfamiliar territory challenges us to be resourceful in “returning”, having grown in important ways on the journey.

I keep on loving to walk and to paint.

D. Alexander Wieland



Interregnum

In this New England town that still pretends
 It is a country village, at the tee
 Where the commuter road from Boston ends
 On a north-south local street, there is a tree,
 A dying maple, double from the seed,
 Whose leaves each year by some uncertain date
 On one trunk all change orange, like souls agreed,
 While on the other none yet deviate.

The colors by their clashing turn intense.
 The orange burns with more than natural light,
 The green seems darker, primitively dense.
 What season might one take from such a sight?

One side asserts the summer, one says fall,
 But which is right? By what rule might one guess?
 There seems no telling—haze descends on all,
 And every day the sun shines less and less.

Having grown to difference from a common root
 Neither can yield. The orange side persists
 Unchanging and the green keeps absolute.
 While weather holds they mime antagonists.

But in the end a night is bound to come
 When wind of unremembered force arrives
 Out of some quarter far from Christendom,
 With rain that strikes like many slanting knives.

What season is it? Now, all leafy laws
 That might have proved interpretive go by.
 Blind heave and thrust, ungovernable, cause
 A loss of hope for theorems that apply.

By dawn a new regime is obvious.
 The sky is harsh, unmitigated blue.
 For sorrow, nothing is ambiguous.
 In such clear air an eye sees what is true.

And this is true: the orange side is gone,
 A sect whose scattering for a further day
 Forms brilliant islands drifting on the lawn
 Beneath a seeming smoke, the bare limbs gray.

Above, the green leaves still hang on, though now
 Not green but every yellow short of gold.
 Both were in error. Every dying bough
 Signals the sure succession of the cold.

Craig Hill



Welcome New Residents

Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson (Geo and Janie)
 from Marblehead, 5/15/15

Mr. Charles Conlon
 from Newburyport, 7/11/15

Mrs. Mary McDonnell
 from Bedford, 7/14/15

Mrs. Mary Anderson
 from Boston, 7/18/15

Memories

Memories grow from more than landmark lives.
 Even the grain of sand has history
 And every pebble on the beach has traveled far,
 Its contours shaped by tides
 And ocean winds that rattled it against the rocks.

Perhaps one pebble, lifted up from all the rest
 And cupped by sheltering hands,
 Is value found. There, in the rounding palm,
 Lie continuity and strength
 Even in one so small and insignificant.

Most of our memories float in empty air.
 Yet now and then when one appears
 With echoes warm and comforting, take hold.
 It may enable you
 To look ahead, to see and feel the world afresh.

Stephanie Rolfe



Childhood Dilemma

My grandfather owned a hunting “lodge” (SHACK!) on Rock Creek, a tributary of the Mississippi. It was built high up on stilts to protect it from annual spring floods.

My family originally came from Clinton, Iowa but when we moved to Chicago we frequently went back to the lodge to spend time on the river. We had to drive to Clinton, load up all the food and fresh water we would need, and board the I&I streetcar which ran out into the farmland. We got off in the country, trudged across a field, climbed over a stile and then on to where



Gramp had his scull boat chained. We all loaded into the boat and my father shoved us off the bank. Gramp sculled us down the creek while we watched little black “scooters” skipping across the surface of the water. Finally we were there and everyone pitched in to unload.

Cooking was done on a big cast iron stove. We children were sent out to gather wood to keep the wood pile adequate. As dusk fell the kerosene lamps were lit and we had dinner. We youngsters were then sent off to bed which was the top bunk on a double width double decker bed. Once something beat us there: a SNAKE. After much screeching, it was dispatched and somehow we went to sleep.

Next morning, after camp coffee and toast, we rushed out to the tree swing and afterwards to the creek. We had all learned to swim when Gramp tossed us into the water with the “sink or swim” method.

We each got jobs to do. Once I was assigned to sweep out the snake mud mounds in the latrine. One didn't know if there were still snakes in the holes. I refused and Gramp gave me an ultimatum, sweep the snake holes or fire the shotgun. I dithered a long time but finally chose the shotgun. I fired and ended up on my back from the blast. That's something you remember for eighty years.

Constance Devereux

Kitchen Capers

One potato (lumpy)
and another makes two.
Eat one raw and
hurl one in the stew.
Adding up two and one makes three
flimsy plastic mugs full of lukewarm tea.
Four minus three?
Well, the answer is one.
The dog ate your microwaved poppy seed bun.
One and five are the chunks of tuna fish.
The dog upchucked them in the cat's own dish.
Peanuts? Two from six is four.
Watch what happens if you ask for more.
Seven cloves of garlic or are there eight?
Don't let them roll off their little yellow plate.
Nine big bananas, and that's just fine?
But eight got stolen, and the last is mine.
Don't even think about number ten.
Go back to potatoes and start again.

Edith Gilmore













Village

Adventure in India

Resident Anne Schmalz, accompanied by two granddaughters, recently made her third visit to India, and shared the highlights with us. Her love for this distant and amazing country was evident throughout her colorful, illustrated presentation. In their first week Anne and her granddaughters toured the Golden Triangle, anchored by the major cities - Delhi (the capital), Agra (home to the Taj Mahal), and Jaipur (the Pink City). In their second week, the group moved into the North East corner of India, a very different part of the country, where visits to churches and schools affiliated with the Unitarian Church were their major activity.



Carl Howard Celebration

Longtime friends joined many more recent acquaintances to celebrate the 107 year life of Carl Chandler Howard, the sole surviving original resident of Carleton Willard Village, upon his death in January 2015. He composed a fertile life rooted in engineering, architecture and music, and enriched by his love for language, humor and humankind. His creativity shone through many highly varied musical compositions, serious poetry and humorous limericks, all shared by his friends in the spirit of celebration. Gratitude for his generosity to the New England Conservatory, one of his alma maters, was expressed by the alumnae present. Fond memories of Carl were reinforced and will remain with all who knew him.

This is a selected summary of events that were enjoyed by residents of Carleton-Willard Village in recent months.

Excess Baggage Sale

Every two years residents and staff combine their energies to produce the Excess Baggage Sale. Under the able leadership of residents Alice Morrish and Joan Kaufman, with the strong support of Gail Hatfield and many Village staff members, over 150 residents contributed to the success of the 2015 sale. The sale attracted a large and varied array of contributed furniture, china and glass, jewelry, kitchen and garden equipment, linens, gifts, games and office supplies. Arranged attractively in the auditorium, these items were purchased by residents, family, friends, and members of local communities. The proceeds are used by the Residents' Association to finance charitable contributions, and the purchase of equipment for residents' use in the Village.

Stephanie Rolfe Art Exhibit

Viewing Stephanie Rolfe's art exhibit is fun. Each picture entertains in its own way and shows her enjoyment in the choice of subject matter and the way it is portrayed. Inspired by her family and life's special moments, as well as the beauties of nature, Stephanie communicates her feelings with skill as well as a real zest for life. For many viewers, a favorite piece is the rooster used as the cover of this issue of the Villager. This is a clever collage from parts of covers of Time magazine. As a collage, it is unique in this exhibit, and but one among many delightful pieces in other media.

Deer Island Trip

A group of inquisitive residents visited the Deer Island Waste Water Treatment Plant on Boston harbor. Completed in 2000, on time and within the \$3.8 billion budget, to comply with a 1984 Federal court order to clean up the harbor, the plant treats 350 million gallons of waste on an average day. The nation's second largest treatment plant, with a daily capacity of 1,310 million gallons, it is an engineering marvel - clean, odorless and energy efficient. Our gracious guides were well informed, long-time employees, and very proud of the facility and their work. We ended our trip at a nearby trattoria, where we enjoyed a tasty Italian lunch.



Happenings

They are samples of the ongoing activities planned by our Learning In Retirement and Off-site Programs offices.

An Evening with Michael Dukakis

Former Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis spoke to a large group of residents, focusing on the current national and international political situation. Viewing the world from the perspective of a vigorous senior citizen who once ran for president, served as governor for twelve years, and has been teaching and speaking for more than two decades, he called for lower military spending, U.S. support for regional peace-building organizations and world health programs, and major attention to problems in the nation's infrastructure. He shared his optimism based on growth of democracy in the western hemisphere, lower levels of violence in the U.S. and most of the world, and progress in world health. His wife Kitty spoke briefly about their family, and her interests in education and music.

Mary Hastings' Centennial Celebration

On a spring afternoon, family and friends filled the auditorium to pay tribute to resident Mary Hastings on her 100th birthday. Pianist Bonnie Anderson played the program she'd offered to Mary on her 90th, classical selections capturing her personality in dance, romance, playfulness and song. Daughter Nancy applauded her mother's active and stimulating twenty-three years at Carleton-Willard Village. CW President Barbara Doyle, extolling Mary's vitality and enthusiasm, presented her with a cuddly teddy bear, traditionally awarded to lucky residents reaching the century mark. After a rousing chorus of "Happy Birthday", Mary thanked her family, her many friends, and Carleton-Willard for a wonderful life.

Two to Tango

Electricity filled the air of our Auditorium as Richard Clark and Lynne McKenney Lydick brought to life couples featured in two scenes from theater classics. In "Visitor from New York", a portion of Neil Simon's *California Suite*, a divorced couple revealed how their very different lifestyles reflect the contrasting cultures of New York and Los Angeles, and debated which locale is best for their teen

daughter. In a scene from James Goldman's *A Lion in Winter*, King Henry II and his Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, each motivated by a compelling need to control events in their family and in the world, yet filled with lust and love for each other, exchanged heated words and angry looks across the stage until they and their audience were exhausted.



Historic Lexington

On a beautiful day in early May, a group of residents visited three historic sites in nearby Lexington. Arriving a bit later in the morning than Paul Revere did, we toured the Hancock Clarke House, where he warned Sam Adams and John Hancock in April 1775 that the British were coming. We moved on to the Buckman Tavern, near the Green where the British encountered the Minutemen, and ended our visits at the Munroe Tavern, where the British tended their wounded. We were led through each site by costumed, informative guides. A leisurely lunch offered a respite in a busy, enjoyable day.

Icelandic Bell Choir

We enjoyed a performance by the Bell Choir of the Reykjanesbaejar Music School from Iceland. The choir, composed of eleven talented young adults ringing forty-two bells, is led by Karen Sturlaugsson, sister-in-law of our dietician, Cherie Asgiersson. Their visit with us ended a week of activities in the United States, including a performance at Carnegie Hall and an intensive four day gathering of the Hand Bell Musicians of America in Amherst. We heard a varied program of sacred and secular works, several ancient and others contemporary. The concert confirmed that these are outstanding musicians, animated by their love of music and joy in performing it.

Edwin Cox



An Unexpected Ending

Our summer house in Westport, Connecticut was on a small peninsula on a mill pond. While the front of the house faced a dredged out pond suitable for swimming, the mill pond itself wandered in many directions, intersected by numerous mud flat islands, covered with coarse marsh grass filled with nettles. A perfect playground for us five children. The part of the pond that bordered Long Island Sound had wooden flood gates that held the water in the pond. This was an overflow waterfall spilling water into the Sound.

These were the days when children were allowed unfettered play, told to be home, washed and ready for dinner, at a particular time, but pretty much on their own.

On this particular day, my favorite cousin and I commandeered the rowboat and decided that we would attempt to row the mudflat streams out to the Sound. So with determination and a fixed goal we began our adventure.

Marsh streams are meandering water pathways and often it is impossible to see where a particular waterway goes. We had false starts, dead-end streams where a tributary ended, necessitating our reversing direction. We were deep into the labyrinth when the worst of all happenings occurred. There was no more water! We were stuck, unable to move our boat in any direction.

Marshes are tidal and low tide had arrived, a very unexpected and unwelcome occurrence for us children. What to do? The next high tide would not arrive for many hours, and we had to be home for dinner! So we hiked across the prickly grass adjoining mud flats to a nearby house, asked to use the phone, and presented our parents with the problem of how to get us home along with the stuck boat.

In all, an unexpected ending to a day's outing. We learned to figure tidal flow in our future adventures!

Ara Tyler

That Old Cupboard

While visiting my maternal grandmother in western Kansas years ago, I noticed an old wooden cupboard in her garage. It was originally intended to hold food but had been demoted to storing cans of paint, oil and such. The doors had pierced-tin panels with the sharp edges outward.

There was a reason for those prickly panels. When my grandfather came from Hanover, Germany to the United States as a young man, The Homestead Act had opened the Midwest and The Plains to settlement. He worked for a relative in Iowa until he could afford a wagon, horses and basic necessities to file for a homestead in Kansas. His first home was a "soddy" constructed of native turf. Storing food required a container that would discourage flies, grasshoppers, rats, mice and rattlesnakes, hence the prickly panels. He probably bought the cupboard from a homesteader who decided to "sell out" and head back East.

When, at my request, I inherited the cupboard, my family wondered why I would have such an old shoddy thing hauled across the country, but it reminded me of what those days must have been like for my grandparents. I considered the cupboard a "survivor".

I took the cupboard to Herb Couvée in Bedford. He and his sons owned Chip-In Farm and he also liked to "fix furniture". Well, what I had certainly needed fixing. As he straightened and cleaned it, he discovered, under the ancient paint, nice old wood which he could not identify. An older cabinetmaker came to view the project and told us that it was chestnut, a tree prized not only for its nuts but its strong wood. However, it seemed odd since chestnut trees did not grow in Kansas, and years ago had succumbed to a blight in the East and Midwest.

Now the old pie-cupboard lives with me and will go to a son later; it is full of family memorabilia. Sometimes I look at it and think, "Old Cupboard, you've had an interesting life and it's good to welcome you back to where you probably, literally, "grew up"!

Donna Argon



An Unexpected Visit

It had been a long trip. We walked in the house from three weeks in England, lugging heavy suitcases up the stairs and into the hallway. The telephone rang, “Hello?”

“Hello”, a male voice replied, “Is this Henry Hoover?”

I said it was. Without introducing himself, the caller said he wanted to know if I were the architect of his house, adding that he’d been trying to contact me. He loved the house and had long wanted to discuss it with its architect. Would that be possible?

By this time, I found the chair behind me and slowly sat down. This was not a routine call. I needed to backtrack. The caller was assuming I was the architect; my name was the same as my father’s. He knew the name of his architect from a previous

owner and had spied mine on a flyer for a current modern-house

tour in Lincoln.

“I’m afraid you’ve got the wrong person. You saw ‘Henry Hoover, Jr.’ on the flyer. You must have thought I was your man. But I’m not the architect; I’m his son. You really mean my father.”

Clearly this man lived in a house my father had designed. By now quite curious, I turned on a light and grabbed pencil and paper.

“Where is your house? How long have you lived there? Do you know who the previous owner was?” My questions piled over themselves. “We’re in Jaffrey, New Hampshire. I think the house was commissioned by a William Shearer.”

That did it. I got up, closed the door, found my seat and retook the phone. “Do you have some time? We need to talk.”

The pieces were falling into place. This man was calling from the Shearer house. Of Hoover’s more than one hundred designs from New Hampshire to Florida spanning a half century,

Shearer remains Hoover’s most dramatic achievement. To fully appreciate a modern house like Shearer, you have to witness it yourself, first-hand, personally. Go inside, move through the space. I’d wanted to run up there and see it, especially one on a New Hampshire mountain framing Mount Monadnock in a kitchen window and sporting a quarter-mile driveway past tennis courts and brooding pine forests. Father always said this was the job of a lifetime: freethinking client, unlimited resources, an invitation to live on the windswept site during construction. But I was away at college. My opportunity to see the house slowly melted away. I ceased to mope over never seeing it.

“Do you suppose,” I asked tentatively, “there would be any chance at all of visiting your house?” Hurriedly, “At your convenience, of course. We wouldn’t stay long, could come up any time that’s good for you.” I wondered that

just maybe something too good to be true might actually happen.

Evenly, “Let me

check. I’ll get back to you.”

My heart sank. This isn’t good. The voice is neutral. This man doesn’t really know who I am. Threatened by a feeling of closure, I quickly asked his name.

“John Schott.” A hollow hum followed on the line.

The name was oddly familiar. My mind raced. Where, when?

Light bulb: “I’m sorry, but were you by chance at Haverford College in the fifties?”

“Yes.” Then, “Omigod, you’re . . . Well, for . . .! C’mon up!”

Suddenly, unexpectedly we remembered each other. I did “come up” many times since that first phone call. John Schott was not only the Shearer house’s third owner but my freshman college roommate over sixty years ago.

Harry Hoover





Prom Weekend 1941

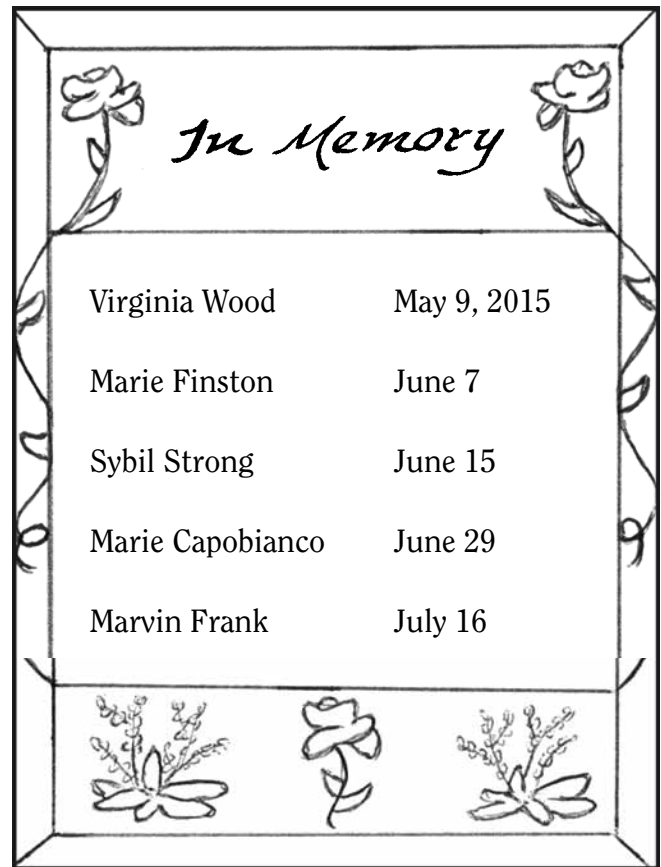
December 6, 1941 was the beginning of Junior Prom weekend at my women’s college. I had invited Alex Darby, his sister had invited my brother, Jack, and our friend, Natalie, her fiancé, Bill Gorman. The six of us hung together all weekend. Saturday evening we women dressed in evening gowns, our escorts in tuxedos. The dance was held in the gym, now festooned with colorful ribbons and balloons. A large ball of twinkling crystal hung from the ceiling and sparkled as it twirled. Lester Lanin had arrived from New York with his band. He played the popular jazz tunes of the thirties, wonderful danceable pieces arranged by Cole Porter, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman. To the tunes of “All the Things You Are”, “Stormy Weather”, “Anything Goes”, “Begin the Beguine”, we whirled around the dance floor: foxtrots, rumbas, waltzes, spinning and dipping to the music.

At midnight our dates escorted us to our dorms, a chaste kiss, and finalizing of plans to meet for breakfast before taking our dates to Springfield to catch their trains. It was unthinkable that a man should venture beyond the front parlor, let alone to the second floor.

Sunday we met for breakfast; we talked about the dance, Christmas break which was two weeks away, the war in Europe forgotten for the moment. We walked around the campus and at 11:30 climbed into Natalie’s convertible to take off for Springfield. We continued to reminisce about the weekend and listened to music on the car radio.

Suddenly the music stopped. A voice spoke: “This is an important announcement. Pearl Harbor has just been attacked by the Japanese.” There was a heavy silence in the car. All of us shocked and with our own thoughts. Uncertainty, even dread, fell like a pall over the car. What lay ahead for each of us and for our country? It was as if the world had stopped spinning.

Nancy Smith



Cinderella Ever After

The marriage of their prince, the people knew was founded – sort of – on that little shoe. They knew what tricks those big-foot sisters tried. Aha! No dice. He took a kitchen bride.

A wife admired by all. We like romance and all dramatic tales of luck or chance. But someone now and then perceived a flaw. The queen, I mean. That picky mom in law.

“That wife of yours, my son! Her past is clear. When offered fine champagne, she asks for beer. She’s jokey with the cooks and pets the mice. You’ve never listened to my good advice.”

“Relax, Mom. Surely you’ll be happy yet, as Granny with the princelings you can pet? That fairy seems to have some giving ways, I hope she very often comes and stays.”

Edith Gilmore



Music of the Right and Left Cerebral Hemispheres

How does our three pound gelatinous glob of brain tissue, floating inside its skull, sense its world around and within its body? To answer: our brain converts sensory information to its own nerve pulse codes: all else reflects its computational competence in interpreting these codes. As an information processing system, the brain is divided into three information processing stages: awareness, consciousness and lastly, hyperconsciousness (as defined below).

Awareness: Sensory information arises directly from sensory convertors in one's eyes, ears, nose, skin etc., enters the brain via its nerve fibers (axons). Sensory organs convert sensory information into the brain's basic language: nerve pulses. All sensors emit identical, minute electrical pulses (nerve pulse trains) each train passing via the brain's 'wires' (axons) to its own unique processing nodes -- their primary neural targets. *All such nerve pulse trains specifically represent only its respective modalities such as sound, sight, smell and so forth.* Nerve pulses last about one half thousandths of a second (0.5 milliseconds). Full repolarization (restoration to rest condition) takes about fifteen milliseconds. Pulse rates typically range up to forty pulses per second -- pulse rate proportional to sensory intensity. Their nodal target's contextual relevance (sight, sound, smell) shapes the ultimate meaning and destination of this information: its conscious implication.

Consciousness: These next, consciousness-representative networks alter the distribution of inter-pulse intervals, the brain's *fundamental conveyors of information* and distribute them to specific action-relevant nodes, such as alarm, reward, repulsion centers. For example, pulse trains from auditory cortex (arriving at the medial geniculate nucleus) split to inform the amygdaloid/limbic circuits of potential alarm/avoidance or reward events requiring immediate action. Other branches go to networks concerned with less immediate, more intricate, emotional significance. There they evoke and

integrate information from recent and remote past. All this happens simultaneously in both hemispheres.

For example, auditory awareness inputs from the cochleae to the left temporal cortex, sequentially activate (now at conscious level) in sequence, phoneme detection, word detection and phrase detection. Such information must be sent next to higher trans-modal nodes in both hemispheres, capable of integrating them with other sensory modalities. We have some idea as to how that happens.

Studies of brain function as it emerges from anesthesia have revealed that these trans-modal sensory ensembles respond detectably to sensory inputs, but are not yet connected inter-modally with each other. Any such subject study is still deemed unconscious. But once so connected, the brain passes to a brain/mind state of *hyper-consciousness*. At this point, a subject can report what is "in my mind". The subject is deemed fully conscious.

Hyperconsciousness: To reach this level, trans-modal centers have now interacted with multi-modal centers, two in each hemisphere. Because they are all reversibly inter-connected, they can all interact via echoing pathways, a state I term "echo-self-reflexive-resonance", ESRR.

We can infer this concert not only from brain imaging (Dehaene and others) as well as deduce from the wiring diagram of neural fiber architecture, brilliantly revealed by Karl Deisseroth as well as prior work of neuroanatomists such as Walle Nauta, Deepak Pandya, Gary Vanhoesen.

All modal centers engage in reciprocal exchanges of information. As well, they also incorporate information from motor nuclei and spatial proprioceptors, etc. This transition from isolated ensembles to full orchestration blazes brilliantly when viewed from brain imaging. Dehaene has described this in elegant detail in his book, "Consciousness and the Brain: Deciphering How the Brain Codes Our Thoughts".

So how do the ensembles in the brain's orchestra (which to a neurophysiologist recording its action sounds like noisy buzzers), create the musical score of thought? To detect a spe-



cific item, for example the sound “eeee” in the word “see”, one would have to repeat the sound as much as one hundred times just to record it with electrodes. Yet hyperconsciousness can do this within a period of one hundred to five hundred milliseconds of resonate exchanges. It can settle to a firm stable ‘concept’, with the contextually defined meaning in the blink of an eye. (Libet, Efron, Koch et al).

Five hundred milliseconds (one half second) is likely enough time for at least a dozen large ESRR exchanges, evidently enough for the hyper-conscious (HC) brain to settle on a ‘happening’, because the hyper-conscious brain is *always* ready, always prepared to predict the next states of the world (Hermann). Every neuron facilitating the current hyper-conscious state is pre-weighted, having been shaped by prior history via Hebbian synaptic facilitation of signal transmission probability produced by former stimuli, whose successful timing of pre- and post-synaptic events constructed new synapses – new memory.

Only one dominant chord at a time holds steady (Broadbent) despite extravagant claims of multi-tasking ability. In effect, the brain is a super topological invariance detector. A square knot of any material, viewed from any aspect, and even carelessly tied, is viewed as a square knot. As the resultant dominant chord resonates in the brain architecture, the composer can finish writing its score. Basically we are all musical composers. Not everyone likes our compositions. To understand how the brain accomplishes this miracle is one of the goals of President Obama’s “Brain Initiative”.

Howard Hermann



Ruby (Archilochus colubris)

From May to September
We welcome a member
Who, unlike the others
Is almost a sprite.
Being tiny and shiny
And very polite.

After humming ‘Good morning’
She’s soon out of sight.
A minute supernova,
She zooms and she hovers
For seconds, not hours,
Over the blooms
Of residents’ flowers.

A collector of nectar,
Her beak is unique.
She can also fly backwards
Which is clearly absurd.
Sometimes I wonder:
‘With such a technique,
Is she really a bird?’

Whereof we don’t know
Thereof we can’t speak.
So let us just stay
And hope she comes by
To enhance the view
And brighten the week.

J. P. Lemon



Mysterious Cases

As I have told many friends, most of the people I knew while living in the Midwest had never heard of Whittier College in Whittier, California when I went there in 1952 to work as Assistant to the Director of the College News Bureau. But two weeks later most everyone had heard of the college. Sadly, not because of my extraordinary talent but because Whittier alum Richard Nixon was named by Dwight Eisenhower as his running-mate for the upcoming presidential election. That certainly made working there fascinating in many ways as Nixon returned to the campus for many events and the “Press” followed. More of all that in some other story.

But, in addition to this aspect, I found the college to be a fine place to work. I was only one year out of college myself and found both faculty and students to be wonderfully friendly and kind. The Southern California campus featuring palm trees, oleander, hibiscus and other tropical plants was lovely. The office I shared with the News Bureau Director was in the then newest building on campus, Lou Henry Hoover Hall, named for the wife of President Herbert Hoover. Although both President and Mrs. Hoover had graduated from Stanford University, Mrs. Hoover grew up in the town of Whittier, attended Whittier Academy as a high school student. She was given an honorary degree from Whittier College and served many years as a trustee. At some point, she gave three beautiful Ming vases to the college. The vases were similar to those in the famous John Singer Sargent painting of the Boit daughters, owned by Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts, They were not as large as the ones in the painting but still quite big. Their domain was in a large display case on the left as one entered Hoover Hall.

Across the hall, a matching display case held John Greenleaf Whittier memorabilia: books, quill, spectacles, etc. that had belonged to the Quaker poet for whom the College was named.

The short hallway cut across a long corridor of classrooms and led directly into the News Bureau where my desk was in the front office.

One day a student came in while I was alone

in the office and said, “I think you better look at the Whittier display.” I walked out to the case with him and was startled to see new items: a dingy toothbrush, a comb missing some of its teeth, a beat up pair of winter boots, all labeled as belonging to Whittier. “Good grief! Well it doesn’t look like anything has been stolen, only these silly additions. Thank goodness they didn’t go after the vases,” I said as I turned towards the opposite case and then let out a sharp shout. All three of the Ming vases were gone.

I ran back to my office, phoned the President’s Office and told the secretary what had happened. Several administrators soon arrived. If anyone called the police, I can’t remember any officers appearing. Everyone was hopeful it was a prank but nonetheless worried. The cases, it turned out, could be opened by rolling up a section on the classroom side of each wall. The fake Whittier artifacts were soon removed and that case was locked. The other case was left unlocked in hopes the vases would be secretly returned.

It was the buzz of the campus with a good bit of speculation but no real answers as to what had happened. A week or so later, a small presentation was held in the Hoover Hall auditorium. Before the participants came on stage, the curtain was pulled and there was one of the Ming vases. It was greeted with great applause. Everyone involved in the presentation pleaded ignorance of how it had appeared. Not too many of the students were Quakers but one could count on most of them being honest. In another day or two a second vase appeared in another unlikely spot and by the end of the week, the third had been returned to the display case. There was great relief but no solution to how it had happened so we all went back to work and started to forget about it.

A few weeks later I was again alone in the office when a student I knew slightly came in and said, “Do you have time to answer a quick question?” She was a senior majoring in one of the sciences, very bright and already admitted to graduate school in the fall.

I responded, “Sure, how can I help you?” “Well, I hope you won’t mention I asked but I just wondered how the administrators reacted to the break-in of the display cases?” “Gee”, I



responded, “I think most of them were quite worried at first but once the Whittier items were straightened out and the vases were safely returned, most of them seemed to consider it a pretty clever prank.” “Oh, well, thanks,” she said as she started to leave but then grinned and added, “I consider that a compliment.” Until now, when I have totally forgotten her name, I never told a soul.

Peggy McKibben



N. C. Wyeth and Me

As a boy in the 1940’s I devoured most of the familiar classic masterpieces of boys’ adventure fiction, intoxicatingly appealing stories full of blood and thunder, set in exotic places with heroes whose wondrous exploits left a boy wide-eyed with awe and envy. A young fellow’s fancy would be thrilled at the stupendous feats, hidden treasures, lost civilizations and dastardly villains encountered on every page. Reading about knights and pirates and deep forests and lost islands and poring over the accompanying illustrations was a powerful formative experience that significantly defines who I have become. Wordsworth said the child is the father of the man.

So ... between 1920 and 1930, the great N. C. Wyeth painted hundreds of full-page color illustrations for gift editions of the greatest classic stories. I was as captivated by Wyeth’s visions as by the stories themselves. He was able to project the heroic essences of the literature with rich colors, vivid depictions of character and scene, and matchless interpretations of the spirit of each novel. His characters were rugged, square-jawed and thickly muscled, perfectly representing the intrepid men of action populating the literature. His romantic settings were vigorous and dramatic. The paintings so convincingly portrayed the elements of the text that they became, for me, inseparable from the literature itself.

The Wyeth books were beautiful marriages of literature and visual art, both of which I treasure. I believe that N. C. Wyeth’s great images have profoundly shaped what I dream of and who I have become. My love of literature led me to be an English teacher. Wyeth’s illustrations contributed to my lifelong love of painting. It pleases me that the spirit of N. C. Wyeth has been an inspiration, guide and companion all my life. How I have been enriched by him and by the authors he illustrated. I am deeply grateful for their gifts of imagination, devotion to excellence and timeless ideals.

D. Alexander Wieland



Autumn Wildflowers



- 1 Thistle
 2 Mullein
 3 Joe-Pye Weed
 4 Queen Anne's Lace
 5-6 Goldenrods-many kinds
 7 Chicory
 8 Black-eyed Susan 9 Asters-many kinds
 10 Purple Loosestrife 11 Clovers-many kinds

A. Schmalz '15



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

Looking to the Future

The Carleton Willard Library continues to thrive. As I write this article, the members of the Library Committee are in the throes of our annual weeding of the collection, making room on the shelves for the books we will order in the next twelve months.

As we review and reorganize our collection, we have the opportunity to analyze our methods and procedures and to predict the library needs of our future resident population.

TECHNOLOGY

More and more of our new residents are moving to Carleton-Willard with their own computers. We feel that it is time to consider replacing our library card catalog with a computer based catalog, one that will be easy for all of our residents to use, regardless of the level of their computer expertise.

The conversion to a computer based catalog will take time, thought and a lot of work. When the new system is up and running I am sure that we will all say, “Why didn’t we do this sooner?”

BOOK CIRCULATION

Our present system for signing books in and out and tracking circulation seems to work well and give us the desired results, but it is quite cumbersome. Some residents have difficulty following the instructions and this causes clerical errors that take time to correct. We plan to begin the search for an alternate circulation system that will be easier for everyone.

OTHER ISSUES

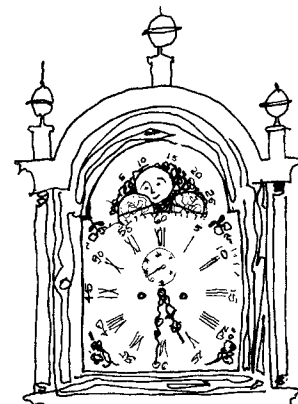
At the present time, all audio-visual materials (CD’s, DVD’s, books on tape, etc.) are kept in the multi-media library in the flower shop and they have their own catalog. This collection consists of donations from residents and purchases made by the Learning in Retirement Office.

The use of tablets is not widespread at the moment but this will change in the fairly near future. As more and more residents use a tablet for reading, will this have an effect on the use of the library?

A recent article in the *Boston Globe*, written by Jeff Jacoby, gives us food for thought. He states, “I can’t imagine life without libraries. And by ‘libraries’ I mean actual books.” Many of us agree with him wholeheartedly.

Our aim, here at Carleton-Willard, is to provide a library experience that is alive and responsive to the needs of our residents. Reading is the spice of life!

*Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair*





Among the Newest

A Lucky Life Interrupted by Tom Brokaw
The famous newsman writes movingly of his battle with cancer and how it has changed his life.

The Little Paris Bookshop by Nina George
Bookseller Monsieur Perdu mends broken hearts and souls, providing powerful stories that change people's lives.

How I Shed My Skin by Jim Grimsley
The author has had to unlearn the racist lessons of his southern childhood as well as sexual stereotypes.

The Truth According to Us by Annie Barrows
A novel about a West Virginia town and a mysterious fire which deeply affects its residents.

Capital Dames by Cokie Roberts
A group biography of fourteen prominent women of Washington between 1848 and 1868 and their impact on our national life.

The Door by Magda Szabo
A bright young writer and her mysterious housekeeper have a lingering love-hate relationship.

Skyfaring by Mark Vanhoenacker
In the cockpit of a 747, the author has the mind of a scientist and the heart of a poet.

The Wright Brothers by David McCullough
An inspiring, educational biography of these seminal innovators, their work ethic and the dreams they fulfilled.

Death and the Maiden by Frank Tallis
An inspector and a psychoanalyst, pianist and baritone, make music together and solve crimes in 1900 Vienna.

Buckley and Mailer by Kevin M. Schultz
Intellectuals William Buckley and Norman Mailer helped write the social and political history of their time.

The Novel Habits of Happiness by Alexander McCall Smith
Sleuth Isabel Dalhousie investigates a boy who remembers and talks about a previous life.

The Quartet by Joseph Ellis
A brilliant account of the six years in which four founding fathers set a new course for the American colonies.

Double Agent by Peter Duffy
How the FBI outwitted and destroyed the Nazi spy ring that was stealing Allied military secrets

God Help the Child by Toni Morrison
A fierce and provocative novel about the way the sufferings of childhood shape the life of adults.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Holtman, Mollie, ed. J. Paul Getty Museum:
Handbook of the
Collections

Mascheroni, Anne Monet
Marie, Ed.

Autobiography/Memoir

Addario, Lynsey It's What I Do
Alexander, Elizabeth The Light of the World
Bolick, Kate Spinster
Brokaw, Tom A Lucky Life Interrupted
Fuller, Alexandra Leaving Before the Rains
Come (*)
Grimsley, Jim How I Shed My Skin
Hsu, Huan The Porcelain Thief
Magrs, Paul The Story of the Fester
Cat (*)
Norris, Mary Between You and Me
Sacks, Oliver On the Move
Simon, Scott Unforgettable
Stuart, Sarah Payne Perfectly Miserable
Thomas, Abigail What Comes Next and How
to Like It (*)
Vanhoenacker, Mark Skyfaring

Biography

Begley, Adam Updike
McCullough, David The Wright Brothers
McCullough, David The Wright Brothers (*)

Current Affairs

Brooks, David The Road to Character
Brower, Kate The Residence
Andersen

Drama

Margulies, Donald July 7, 1994: Short Plays
and Monologues

Fiction

Atkinson, Kate A God in Ruins
Baldacci, David Memory Man
Banville, John The Sea
Barrows, Annie The Truth According to Us
Bergman, Meghan Almost Famous Women (*)
Blume, Judy In the Unlikely Event
Brandt, Harry The Whites (*)
Carter, M. J. The Strangler Vine (*)
Clancy, Tom Full Force and Effect
Doiron, Paul The Precipice
Enright, Anne The Green Road
Francis, Dick Driving Force
George, Nina The Little Paris Bookshop
Grisham, John Gray Mountain (*)
Hart, Carolyn Don't Go Home
Haruf, Kent Our Souls at Night
Harvey, Michael The Governor's Wife
Hooper, Emma Etta and Otto and Russell
and James (*)
Indridson, Arnaldur Reykjavik Nights
Kanon, Joseph Leaving Berlin
King, Stephen Finders Keepers (*)
Leon, Donna Falling in Love (*)
Maxwell, Edith 'Til Dirt Do Us Part
McLain, Paula Circling the Sun
Moran, Michelle Rebel Queen (*)
Morrell, David Inspector of the Dead (*)
Morrison, Toni God Help the Child
Morrison, Toni God Help the Child (*)
Nesbo, Jo The Redbreast
Packer, Ann The Children's Crusade



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Page, Katherine Hall	The Body in the Birches	King, Charles	Midnight at the Pera Palace
Patterson, James	Private L.A.	Manning, Molly	When Books Went to War (*)
Penny, Louise	The Long Way Home	Mezrich, Ben	Once Upon a Time in Russia (*)
Petterson, Per	I Refuse	Nimura, Janice P.	Daughters of the Samurai
Sanders, Neal	The Garden Club Gang	Reeves, Richard	Infamy
Sandford, John	Gathering Prey	Roberts, Cokie	Capital Dames
Shreve, Anita	Rescue	Schultz, Kevin M.	Buckley and Mailer
Slater, Susan	Hair of the Dog	Nature	
Smiley, Jane	Early Warning	Helfer, Ralph	Modoc
Smith, Alexander McCall	Emma: A Modern Retelling	Martin, Tovah	The Indestructible House Plant
Smith, Alexander McCall	The Novel Habits of Happiness	Silliker, Bill Jr.	Wild Maine
Szabo, Magda	The Door		
Tallis, Frank	Death and the Maiden		
Tallis, Frank	Fatal Lies		
Health and Wellness		Resident Authors	
Kozol, Jonathan	The Theft of Memory	Howard, Carl C.	Hibernian Fragments
McQuaid, John	Tasty (*)	Howard, Carl C.	A Sampler of Short Poems
Gawande, Atul	Being Mortal (*)	Howard, Carl C.	Suite Anapestical
		Howard, Carl C.	Wee Ginty
History		Travel	
Baumer, Christoph	The History of Central Asia, Vol. 2	Podell, Albert	Around the World in 50 Years
Duffy, Peter	Double Agent	Radigales, Carmen et al.	Guide to Madrid
Ellis, Joseph	The Quartet	Sloane, Susan et al.	Main Streets and Back Roads of New England
Ellis, Joseph	The Quartet (*)		
Fischer, Paul	A Kim Jong Il Production (*)		
Foner, Eric	Gateway to Freedom (*)		
Inskeep, Steve	Jacksonland		

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff



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