

Weston Library Page

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September 2026 Volume 20 Issue 9

Potato Show Friends Of Weston Library Book Sale Cancelled.

After much consideration of scheduling conflicts and staffing issues, FOWL has made the difficult decision to cancel the annual book sale this year.

What's Happening?

September Calendar:

9/4 Monica Reads Storytime 10:30 am (Library)

9/7 Closed for Labor Day

Wednesdays at 3:30 pm Crafternoons

Fridays at 10:30 am Preschool Storytime

OBOB Lists

We own the full list of books chosen for the 2026-2027 Oregon Battle of the Books, for both the 3rd-5th grades

Caterpillar Summer by Gillian McDunn
Connect the Stars by Marisa de los Santos
Dogtown by Katherine Applegate
Esperanza Rising by Pam Munoz Ryan
Frindle by Andrew Clements
The Grace of Wild Things by Heather Fawcett
The Guardian Test by Christina Soonornvat
It's the End of the World and I'm In My Bathing Suit by Justin A. Reynolds
A Kind of a Spark by Elle McNicoll
Light and Air by Mindy Nichols Wendell
The Lightning Thief by Rick Riordan
The Magic Misfits by Neil Patrick Harris
The Misadventures of the Family Fletcher by Dana Alison Levy
Murder at the Museum by Alasdair Beckett-King
Snow and Rose by Emily Winfield Martin
The Witch Boy by Lee Knox Ostertag



Nancy Sly Bruce Ross Judy Thompson Richard Conner



Douglas Mitchell Sharon Clark Lee Dayla Marlene Morgan



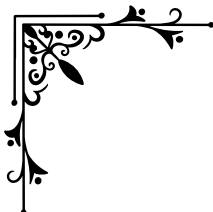
Tarry Clifton Robert Culloy Silene Ray

**WESTON
HIGH SCHOOL**
Kennell-Ellis

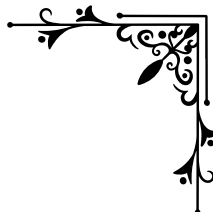
Weston High School Graduating
Class of 1958

Featuring the Library's Uncle
Robert Culley
Hold That Tiger





Beautiful Doll



I am afraid of clowns and masks and ventriloquists. All those skills and trappings that in the dim distant past brought a convincing realism to strange rituals and religious occasions. I have met many clowns in person, many puppeteers and ventriloquists, and must admit them to be kindly, charming, personable people. It is not the person performing I fear, I think it must be the basic essence of trickery. I have made and worn masks and costumes, operated the puppets, mouthed the lines of mummery, and I still am uncomfortable in the presence of even the most benign masked individuals. Show me a clown and I faint dead away. Hint that a voice is being thrown and I will exit the seen expeditiously. But you know what doesn't frighten me? Dolls.

Those child-sized bisque porcelain ones even, with real hair and German glass paperweight eyes. You see, my grandma used to make them. Her mother before her did, too. I grew up surrounded by fussily dressed little girls with frozen knees and no heart in their bodies. They weren't for playing, they were for admiring, so there was little opportunity for building a relationship. They were admirable, Grandma painted their facial details with a sure and delicate hand. She made their wigs, and sewed their clothes. One slender and delicate little antique one had a body made of kid leather and a wig made of angora goat hair, though she didn't make that one, or even dress her. She just stood on Grandma's bureau in a doll stand, next to her bedroom tv. I have made dolls and their wigs myself, disassembling full size human hair wigs and stitching the strands to a nylon stocking for stretching over the doll's cranium. I know dolls, and they are just lifeless toys. That is not the case for many of you, however. Many of you fear the lifelike creepiness of dolls.

Many people feel that an empty shell that looks like a little girl is probably just waiting to be haunted. Look at this list of books about haunted dolls I found on Good Reads:

- *The Doll in the Garden*, by Mary Downing Hahn
- *Behind the Attic Wall*, by Sylvia Cassedy
- *Dolly: a Ghost Story*, by Susan Hill
- *Among the Dolls*, by William Sleator
- *Annabelle*, by Ruby Jean Jensen (this isn't even that doll from those movies)
- *Doll Bones*, by Holly Black
- *Frozen Charlotte*, by Alex Bell

Just because the majority of dolls don't give me the creeps doesn't mean none of them do. Grandma had a valuable old bisque porcelain doll with a soft and gentle expression and tiny porcelain teeth that made us all want to faint. Grandma claimed our fear hurt the doll's feelings, which is worse. I'm a little afraid she's still waiting, somewhere, to settle the score.

