

Meadowood Anthology



A publication by and for the residents
of Meadowood Retirement Community

Vol. III, No. 4 **v** Summer 2008

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The *Meadowood Anthology* is a quarterly publication by and for the residents of Meadowood Retirement Community in Bloomington, Indiana, and is made possible by the Meadowood Memorial Fund.

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From the Editor

We know you're out there! Closet poets. Secret story tellers. Unsung artists. Quietly creative souls.

I'm talking to those of you who have NEVER contributed to the *Meadowood Anthology*. Those of you who have special hiding places for your writings and drawings... Those of you who are hiding your light under a bushel.

Give the world a chance to see what you have done. Join your friends and fellow residents who have shared their creative gifts in the *Meadowood Anthology*.

Submissions may be made by e-mail attachment to: jan.skinner@meadowood.rc.com. Or hard copies may be brought to the front desk.

The Editorial Board and I encourage you to lift up that bushel and let your light shine ... in the *Meadowood Anthology*.

See you soon!
Sandy Lynch
Editor

The Tomato: A Reverie

By Miriam Rosenzweig

I have a flower bed in which no flowers grow. I've tried annuals and perennials of many kinds, but soon after they are planted, they turn a sickly color and die. Suspecting my soil might be deficient, I tested it and found that it is too alkaline. Over time, I began applying peat and other acidifiers, but nothing helped. One year, I gave up, deciding to leave the bed fallow. But as I was leaving the greenhouse, loaded with plants for my more cooperative flower areas, I saw some vibrant young tomato plants, and, on an impulse, purchased one.

I planted it in the offending flower bed, fully expecting it to keel over and die, as all the other plants had done. But within a week it looked as though this plant intended to defy my expectations. After two weeks it had grown into a healthy, deep-green plant, and as time passed, it grew upward and outward, soon occupying the entire bed. It began sprouting blossoms, some turning into tiny fruit.

I watered and fertilized my young charge and checked on it upon waking every morning. Without my willing it, the tomato became this summer's

major focus (not to say obsession). When a painter came to paint a fence near the tomato bed, I impressed upon him the importance of not spraying paint or trampling my plant. I think I drove him crazy, but he did his job without doing harm. So did another workman, whom I drove equally crazy. The tomatoes grew large and round, and, as luck had it, the first fruit turned fully ripe on the day my two daughters came for a visit. It was placed on the menu for that evening's dinner.

The Hebrew prayer book contains many blessings for all occasions and every vicissitude of life. One of the blessings is to be recited upon seeing or doing something for the first time, including the consumption of the year's first harvest. Although my family is not given to religious observance, I suggested that we recite the "first fruit" blessing, just because it seemed appropriate. The girls went along with it, and together we gave a full-throated rendition of the blessing. Roughly translated, it says:

Praised be thou Lord,
King of the Universe,
Who has given us life,
Sustained us and allowed us
to reach this day.

Then we shared the fruit, which was juicy and rich with flavor.

That's the story – hardly worth telling. While others spent the summer traversing the world, deepening their insight and broadening their horizon – I grew a tomato. But I don't want to drop the matter without pondering the meaning of my experience. What unrecognized need did the tomato fill? What was it that resonated so strongly with my inner self?

All of us are living with the consequences of life accelerated by technology. Computers govern the speed at which offices strive to operate. In order to comply, humans must do several tasks at the same time, a phenomenon for which we invented the term “multi-tasking.” But human evolution has not kept pace, and we are not, in fact, capable of multi-tasking – witness the many glitches that accompany our interactions with organizations of every kind from gas companies to banks. Just a few days ago, the Lehrer News Hour carried a segment devoted to the vanishing verb. Governed by the “sound byte,” another recently coined term, newscasters can't afford to speak in whole sentences, and often drop the verbs, the analyst observed.

The tomato, in contrast, operates at its own pace. Its visible progress is measured in weeks, not nanoseconds. I can't push a key to accelerate or delay its growth. If I wish to live in harmony with my tomato, I must fall in with its leisurely tempos. And when

I complied, the process turned out to be calming and serene. Others achieve serenity through meditation, yoga or jogging – I grow a tomato.

While tending to my plant this summer, I thought of my paternal grandmother for the first time in many decades. She died before I was of school age, and I have only one recollection of her. My mother and I took a train from Munich to Berlin, where she lived in an apartment. I remember it was enveloped in bleak darkness, accentuated by her black, ankle-length dress. This atmosphere of gloom was offset by several red tomatoes, which grew in boxes on her balcony. My sturdy tomato, thriving where nothing else grows, unexpectedly connected me to my forbearers.

We are often told that we are fouling our earthly nest at ever-accelerating speed. Perhaps the tomato will be around to nourish humanity when other, less hardy, plants have vanished.

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How the Meadowood Library Began

By Julia Carter

From *Meadowood Messenger*
September 1984

When the dream of Meadowood was barely off the drawing board, the library was being planned and a library committee set up. The committee, chaired by Elizabeth Egan, retired head of the Indiana University Optometry Library, consisted at that time (1980) of Russell Noyes, Josephine Piercy (both retired IU English professors), and Ted Stier, retired professor of physiology.

Regular library shelving and furniture were originally planned for, but were later cut out of the budget, and the committee, by necessity, worked with a bare room 15 ½ by 28 feet – or rather with the *plan* for such a room since the room itself did not materialize until 1983 when the community building was completed.

Since there was no budget for furnishings or books, the library became a reality solely through donations from residents. For more than two years, the committee was handicapped by having no way to either receive or store book donations.

Lists of books were requested from donors, and choices were made from them to the best of the committee's ability.

Considering this haphazard beginning, the Meadowood Library, as it is now, four years after the original committee was set up, is a surprisingly useful facility. The committee was reconstituted in 1982, with members Julia Carter, chair, Henry Bent, Margaret Coffin, Elizabeth Egan, Ruth Laves and Josephine Piercy.

In the late spring and early summer of 1983, the building was complete and the library was finally set up. A desk for library work was donated by Cecile Waldron, three five-by-seven antique cherry bookcases by Chancellor Wells, a library table and four Spanish chairs, an atlas and atlas stand by Dorothy and Mildred Donald, a typewriter and a lounge chair and footstool by Cornelia Christensen. Later, a number of bookcases were given by Norma Albaugh.

It was decided to have the Meadowood Library open and available to residents at all hours, with a simple honor checkout system, since staffing by volunteers would limit the scheduled hours. The system seems to work well. Very few books have been misplaced, and the circulation has risen to 30 or 40 books checked out at a time.

The principal problem has been a lack of bookshelves. With added donations of books, it has been necessary to stack them wherever there was space. Then, Dottie Collins gave the library 14 bookcases, each four feet high, which fit together uniformly for continuous shelving around the room.

Newer residents who have not explored the library should make a trip to the lower floor of the community building. Just off the lower lounge next to the arts and crafts room, the library is a bright, pleasant room filled with fabulous books: fiction, biography, history, poetry, short stories, drama, reference, medicine, music, religion, philosophy. There are art books, travel books, gardening books (near the greenhouse), and cookbooks.

Although the library has been under-equipped, under-funded, and under-organized, the collection is unusually varied for such a small facility. It should provide a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction to Meadowood residents through the years, as it continues to grow modestly within the confines of available space, rounded out by the donations of incoming residents with different interests and literary tastes.

▼

Grandfather's Knee

By Robert Bayer

Securely on my grandfather's knee
I fingered the gold fobs he wore
From Odd Fellows, the Masons, the
Moose, and the Elks.
I searched for the Juicy Fruit
Always buried in his left vest pocket.
With his thick white hair and apple
cheeks
He always seemed surprised at my
discovery.

He took me blue gill fishing every
summer.
In Fall, we'd explore his sweet
smelling orchard,
And go to farmer's market
Where he'd talk with Joe, the Market
Master.
We ate pickled herring and Limburger
cheese
And he'd let me share a sip of his beer.

I can still smell his bay rum fragrance
When I sat securely on his knee
And watched the rings of smoke
He'd blow, floating gentle,
Like his smile.

▼

How I Became an Oil Expert

By Scott Gordon

No, it's not what you think. I wasn't an expert on petroleum. I once was an expert on fish oil!

It happened this way. After I graduated from Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, my home town, I was offered a job in Ottawa by a former professor of mine who had become Deputy Minister of Fisheries in the Federal government.

I worked in the Department of Fisheries for a year and then went back to school to do graduate work in economics. After I finished my Ph.D. work at McGill University, I got a job at a new college starting up in Ottawa – Carleton College, now Carleton University. I was the college's first economics professor, and for a few years the only one. Department meetings were beautifully harmonious—all proposals passed unanimously!

My beginning salary was \$3,500. I was married and our first child had arrived. I needed to make some money during the summer vacations, and I asked the Director of the Economics Division in the Department of Fisheries if he could use my services. For a number of years thereafter I did economic research studies for the department during the summers.

One summer, the Director of the Economics Division asked me to delay working on my summer project to look into the market for fisheries by-products. These were fish meal, oil, and fat, which were produced from the waste of fish filleting, and non- marketable species.

The products were used for a variety of things: fertilizer, soaps, pharmaceuticals, margarine, etc.

I knew absolutely nothing about the matter so I asked around and found a chemist at the National Research Council in Ottawa who told me a lot about how the products were made and what they were used for. He recommended that I should talk with a man in Toronto at the Proctor and Gamble Company, a major soap producer. I went to see him and he proved to be a mine of information, economic as well as technological.

I had my report done in about two weeks and went on to do the larger project that had been on my schedule.

But in that two weeks I had become the Department's "expert" on the economics of fish oil and related products. For some years afterwards, after I had stopped doing summer work for the Department, I would receive occasional calls from the Economics Division asking me if I might be able to explain something that was happening in the markets for fish oil, fat, and meal. They never offered to pay me for my expertise!

A postscript: When I started studying the market for fisheries by-products, I wanted to visit some of the plants where they were produced, but I was strongly advised not to do so. If I did go, my chemist informant told me, I would have to burn all my clothes and shower for at least sixty minutes get rid of the smell. I did not go. ✓

My Favorite Sin

By Robin Black-Schaffer

OK – we’ve got a choice:
(According to my Spiritual Guide,
St. Thomas Aquinas in the *Summa Theologica*)

Vainglory (Pride)
Covetousness (Avarice, Greed)
Lust
Envy
Gluttony
Acedia (Spiritual sloth and indifference)

No competition....Lust has it!
All the others are mean, negative, niggling
traits, that you wouldn’t want to be seen dead with...
(Literally, according to Church Doctrine!)

Ah, but LUST:
“Pleasure, delight, appetite...
To be eager, playful, sportive....”
“Lusts of the flesh” (1 John, 2:16)

A desire to satisfy the senses.
Bodily appetite.
Sexual desire (excessive ditto).
Overmastering desire.
Intense enthusiasm.
Zest.”
(Oxford Complete Dictionary)

This is a sin?
This is a blessing, a virtue!
This is life lived to its fullest!
Give me lust anytime!

∨

Memories of a Mountain

By Ledford Carter

The first mountain I ever saw was Stone Mountain, but the earliest maps showed it as “Rock Mountain.” This granite dome which scientists call a *monadnock* and a *monolith* rises over 800 feet above its seven-mile border with Atlanta’s fast-growing urban sprawl. However, when I first saw it in my eighth year (1924), the village, also known as Stone Mountain, at the end of the mountain’s gradual south slope, defined the limit of Atlanta’s urban growth. Surrounding the remainder of the mountain were farms and undeveloped land.

My maternal grandfather, George Duren, first showed me this mountain spectacle after driving my mother and me almost 250 miles from our home in Thomas County which borders Florida. He knew the area well because his brief first business venture was in Stone Mountain.

The highway leading out of town followed the base of the mountain. We passed a cabin where two aged Duren cousins lived. We’d visit them later. Granddaddy said once when he was returning from climbing the mountain and feeling ill, he stopped at his cousins’ house and they cared for him until he recovered from typhoid fever.

There were numerous Duren relatives in the vicinity, all descendents of my grandfather’s grandfather, also named “George,” who had

settled in nearby Gwinett County by 1824, and he had 10 sons and one daughter there. This patriarch probably saw Stone Mountain earlier when he drove a stage coach between Augusta and the settlement that would, with the arrival of the railroad, become Atlanta. George’s son, William Nathaniel, who was my grandfather’s father, took refuge with his family in Thomas County after defending Atlanta in the Civil War and discovering his mill destroyed by General Sherman’s troops. My grandfather was born two years later.

As we continued around the mountain, its slope became steeper and higher. Granddaddy pointed up to a large boulder beside a trail that led up the mountain. “That rock is where one night your grandmother and I decided we could not live without each other,” he said. He was twenty-two and Arah Williams was sixteen.

About two miles past the sight of my grandparents’ betrothal, we arrived at our destination, the home of my grandfather’s brother-in-law, Virgil Williams. We stayed there for the celebration of the reunion of about 300 descendents of Uncle Virgil’s father by his two wives. He had 10 children by his first wife, and seven more by his second wife, a Native American. The second wife’s children had higher cheekbones, darker skins and brown eyes. My brown eyes came from a succession of female ancestors.

Uncle Virgil’s farmstead faced the north, cliff side of Stone Mountain. From this side of the mountain, an amount of rock larger than a football field had been removed. I studied the monument to Confederate leaders that

was being carved there. I recognized the image of General Robert E. Lee. I was close enough to hear the blowing of the steam work whistle.

In the evenings, I was forced to bathe my bare feet in chilly water drawn freshly from an open well that had been drilled into granite that spreads many miles from the base of Stone Mountain. However, I was gratified to have the opportunity to climb the mountain with male cousins my age accompanied by their father. A mile away, we found the top to be bare.

My aunt and uncle described the carving on the mountain. Many historical accounts have been published since then. The idea of a Confederate memorial on Stone Mountain was first promoted by Mrs. Helen Plane, a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Atlanta. After the owners of the mountain deeded the north face to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Gutzon Borglum was commissioned to carve seven central figures accompanied by an army of thousands. He was not able to begin until 1923 due to funding problems and World War I. He had completed the head of Lee by 1924 when I saw it.

The next year, after a dispute with the managing association, Borglum left, taking his sketches and models with him, and went on to carve the famous Mount Rushmore in South Dakota. Immediately, sculptor Augustus Lukeman used pneumatic drills to remove all of Borglum's work and carved three central figures on horseback. By 1928,

funds were depleted, the Venable family reclaimed their property, and the massive granite mountain remained untouched for 36 years.

Climbing Stone Mountain with future spouses became a tradition of Carter males. My parents showed me a photograph of them together on the mountain before their marriage. In 1940, I was a school principal in an Atlanta suburb, dating Julia Sewell, who three years later would become my wife. The location of our residences in relation to Stone Mountain formed an approximate 11-mile equilateral triangle. So it was inevitable that on a Sunday afternoon we would climb Stone Mountain together.

Although Stone Mountain was privately owned, it was not restricted. It became very much a public mountain. Ku Klux Klan used it for rallies and cross burnings from 1915 to 1972. Mr. Venable, the owner, sympathized with the Friends of Mary Fagan and the Ku Klux Klan in the prosecution and lynching of Leo Frank. The Klan and the UDC were the principal donors to the Confederate Memorial. An undetermined amount was raised for the mountain project through the issue of a 50-cent coin in 1924, showing the carved heads of Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson. Upon returning from Atlanta to my Athens home one afternoon in the late forties, I witnessed Klansmen in regalia directing traffic into a parking area at the foot of Stone Mountain.

The State of Georgia bought the mountain and surrounding land in 1958, and it has since developed a state park with entrance in

the vicinity of Uncle Virgil's farmstead. The sculpture was, with improved methods, finished in 1972. A spectacular laser light show was added in 1987 for evening viewing of the carving. A vintage train on a standard track circumnavigates the mountain, with stops for staged action. A paddleboat cruise is also available. Walking is no longer necessary to obtain a view of the summit, because a sky ride on the cliff side is optional. The summit has other installations now, including broadcast transmission facilities for TV stations in Atlanta and Athens. The park offers camping, lodging, shopping, festivals and concerts. It was used for archery, tennis, and cycling events of the Atlanta Olympic Games. Four million people each year visit Stone Mountain State Park.

My feelings about the phenomena I have described are mixed. The existence of the world's largest granite monolith fascinates me. I deplore its spoilage to celebrate the vanity of a minority group of Americans who defended slavery and attempted to deny civil rights of African and Jewish Americans. Yet, since the Confederate monument exists, I would preserve it to stimulate critical interest in American history and its unenlightened mistakes. I rejoice that this natural wonder is no longer private property, and that Georgia provides opportunity for citizens to connect with each other for healthful benefits. I accept the television transmission facilities atop the mountain so long as they serve public, not private interests.

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Memories of War: A Series

When the General Served Breakfast to the Private

By Marjorie Dogan

In the spring of 1971, Retired Major General Norman D. ("Dutch") Cota served breakfast to his overnight guests, former private Albert W. Dogan and his wife, Marjorie. It all started twenty-seven years earlier on the battlefield of a country thousands of miles away from Kansas, where the general lived.

Al Dogan had been a student at the Indiana University Bloomington campus in the early 40s when the U.S. entered World War II. Within a few years he volunteered for service, hoping to get an officer's position in the air corps. After getting his basic training in Texas, he was sent to Butler University in Indianapolis for flight training. No sooner had he passed his tests to fly solo, the army decided they didn't need any more pilots. Because his basic training had been in the infantry, he was thrust into the role of rifleman replacement, eventually connecting with the 28th Infantry Division in France.

Shortly after reporting for duty, Al and several other raw recruits were assigned "to go out and find General Cota who was missing."

In 1963 Charles B. MacDonald, “an historian and on-the-scene rifle commander” wrote “The Battle of Huertgen Forest.” The back cover states:

“The losses were high....From September to December 1944, 120,000 American soldiers advanced upon the Germans through the Huertgen Forest in what became one of the bitterest and most fruitless battles of World War II. Twenty-four thousand battle casualties plus 9,000 victims of weather equaled a twenty-five percent loss - in a war where ten percent was considered high. And this carnage was closely equaled by massive Nazi casualties.”

After wandering around for weeks, rarely under shelter, my husband became one of the 9,000 weather victims and was evacuated on Christmas Eve in 1944. He had trench foot because he had no opportunity to take off his boots and stockings for three weeks. He considered himself very lucky to be a survivor.

Twenty five years passed. Al got married, had children, but he never talked of his army experiences. Then a book came out written by David Eisenhower, grandson of the Supreme General of the Army in Europe, Dwight D. Eisenhower. The title of the book was “The Bitter Woods,” and it implied that the battle had been fought in the Ardennes Forest. My husband, a veteran of that battle, was confused by the subtitle of the book, which described the “battle of the Ardennes.” He wrote to David Eisenhower

that all of the soldiers who were fighting there called the area “the Huertgen Forest.”

Al soon received a friendly response to his letter from young Eisenhower. He suggested that Al get in touch with General Cota; he felt the general would like to talk to him. He gave Al the general’s address in Wichita, Kansas. Al wrote to General Cota, telling of his search for him in 1944. He responded with a cordial invitation for us to visit him and his wife, Alice. So that is why this former private in the 28th Infantry Division happened to be visiting in the home of his former General and was served breakfast there.

Never have we had a more gracious host and hostess. We were not aware of the fact until later that they were newly married, and that the new Mrs. Cota had never had any connection with the army until her marriage to a retired officer. While I visited with Mrs. Cota, Al spent several hours talking with the general. He showed him military papers he had collected while serving as assistant division commander in Normandy, as well as Major General of the 28th Division in the Battle of the Bulge. I will always remember that he treated my husband as a military hero, a survivor of that frightful battle.

About six months later, Al received notice from Mrs. Cota that the general had died at the age of 78. He was a West Point graduate and had served his country for many years. Al believed that a biography should be written; if no one else would do it, he would.

But first Al wrote Mrs. Cota to tell her that the general's papers should be put in a military museum. He suggested the new Eisenhower Museum in Abilene, Kansas. Mrs. Cota wrote back to ask Al's help in doing this. For a second time we journeyed to the Cota home. With Al's help, officials at the museum came to the house to pick up the papers.

Our association with Mrs. Cota was not over yet. A few years later all of the veterans of the European battlefield from D-Day on were invited to visit the places the 28th had fought to free the French civilians from their conquerors. This trip was planned for 1979.

Al asked our daughter, Gail, to accompany us and take pictures where the battles had taken place. Then I got in touch with Mrs. Cota to see if she would be interested in joining us. With a little encouragement, she happily joined the group.

What a wonderful trip that turned out to be. The veterans were given royal treatment everywhere they went—especially in Luxemburg where in every municipality they were toasted with Rhine wine. All of the officials expressed their thanks to the soldiers who had given them back their homeland. It was a very heart-felt reunion.

After we got home, Al learned that Robert A. Miller was interested in writing a biography of General Cota. He invited anyone who had information about Cota to contact him. Al happily did so and passed on all he knew, including the name of Cota's son in Florida, whom we had met.

What a relief it was to have someone else write up the story of this great man's life. As soon as the book was out, we bought a copy and were pleased to see Al's name mentioned in the acknowledgment. So that is the story of the General and the Private. The moral is that people of high status are often very human and "down-to-earth."

A postscript is in order to answer the question that burned in the mind of the former private in the infantry: Where was General Cota in November 1944 when my husband and his group were looking for him?

Reading MacDonald's book, one learns of the carnage, and the bravery of the men who fought in the "bitter woods" with rain, mist and fog hanging over them constantly. Confusion reigned among the officers as well as among the soldiers. Orders to attack were given only to be later withdrawn because of the weather. This was the situation early in November 1944 when the 28th Division was sent out. Bad weather delayed the main drive until November 16th. During that time, General Cota was out of communication. No one had arranged to back-up his forces, and Al's group did not know where to look for him. According to MacDonald, "Nobody intended it, but the 28th Division was, in effect, to be thrown to the wolves." It was miracle that anyone survived.

▼

A Frequent Visitor

By Jane Layman

There are so many perks living in a retirement community it seems only fair to acknowledge that there are also a few challenges.

In a community of retired people, age constitutes a huge everyday factor. Our preconceived ideas on when “old age” sets in disappear as we accustom ourselves to life among the so-called elderly. Some thrive, some falter, some hover between these extremes like athletes with a renewable contract—have a good season and you’re renewed for another year.

Being reasonable people and well educated, we all concede that death is an inevitable ending to our story. I often wonder, listening to dinner table conversations, if we dwell on our earlier years to encourage us to keep going. Or is it only natural to look back on those times with pleasure when we were vigorous, involved with our family, traveling, a vital part of our community?

We have the experience of seeing a fellow resident in the hall and greeting him or her in our usual offhand way only to hear the next day that person has died. How can that happen so fast—here today and gone tomorrow? How can friends know when someone’s time is about to run out and take more care in our contacts with him?

Does the person who dies ever have any idea that this particular day will be his last? And if he does, what would he do differently?

Now the churchgoers will say that the unpredictability of life is the reason we go to church—to remind ourselves weekly or daily that we can be sure of nothing except that it will happen to us (me!) someday, a time we immediately consign to a comfortably distant, murky future. Sermon after sermon warns us we need to be ready. So shape up now we are told.

As I see it, one can take either of two approaches while waiting for the frequent visitor. One can consciously keep “our house in order” so a surprise ending will not leave a lot of deeds undone or kind words unsaid. The other way is to ignore the whole idea that some day we will no longer be and live each day with confidence and acceptance. We cannot change our estimated time of departure, so we might as well put our boarding pass in a convenient pocket, pull out our cell phone, and like ET, phone home.

▼

Midnight Musings

By Henry H. Gray

I dreamt I heard a herd of words
And then I whirled a whirlybird --
Whirlybird, herd of words,
Herd of birds, whirly words --
That is my problem!

And then I saw a sea of saws,
Or did I see a sea of c's?
I seized a saw to saw the seas
But all I saw were a's and b's---
Now that's a problem!

I thought I peeled a pair of pears.
That pair of pears had no appeal.
A peeling pair, appalling pears,
To pare the pair, prepare the pears.
That ends that problem!

For naught I rowed a three-toed toad
Along a long and dusty road --
Beside the road the cattle lowed,
The corn was rowed, but not the toad
He's such a problem!

I sought to sue a Sioux named Sue.
It then ensued Sue'd not a sou --
I've come to rue I sued that Sioux.
I'll send Sue soon a billet-doux --
She's been a problem!

I picked a Pict to pick a peck.
The Pict was piqued but said he'd
pick.
The piqued Pict peeked down from
his peak,
But as he picked he kept his pique.
Now he's a problem!

Words and birds and saws and seas
And peeling pears and suing Sioux
And rowing toads and piqued Picts
I wonder what will vex me next
To wake me on some slim pretext --
Oh, what a problem!

▼

Thank You to Our Contributors

Robert (Bob) Bayer has enjoyed reading poetry since he was in high school. Since retiring from United Technologies, he has spent wonderful hours attempting to convert his favorite memories to verse.

Robin Black-Schaffer was an emergency room physician and a professor in IU Bloomington's Medical Sciences Department. She and her husband, Bernard Black-Schaffer, IU professor emeritus of pathology, have lived in the Meadowood Health Pavilion for 19 months.

Julia Carter, and her husband, Ledford, have lived at Meadowood the longest of all current residents. They moved to Meadowood in 1982, the same year Julia retired as head of the I.U. Medical Sciences Library. She supervised Meadowood's Library operations for nearly a decade. She is now a resident of the Meadowood Health Pavilion.

Ledford Carter is a retired Indiana University professor, filmmaker, and Army officer. During his 24-year residency at Meadowood, he has been a board director and Residents Council president, and he has served on numerous Meadowood committees.

Marjorie Dogan has a dignity that springs from her life-long experience helping others, first as a social worker with children in Lake county, Indiana. Later while raising five children, she volunteered for many years in the Mental Health Association of Porter County, Psi Iota Xi, and AAUW. She returned to Bloomington for 35 of the 39 sessions of Mini-University.

Scott Gordon was born and raised in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He came to Indiana University in 1966 where he was distinguished professor in Economics and professor of History and Philosophy of Science.

Henry H. Gray, PhD, was a Geologist with the U.S. Geological Survey and with the Ohio and Indiana Geological Surveys. He is noted for his restoration of Franklin antique automobiles.

Jane Layman has been at Meadowood since 2005. As a volunteer, she leads children in literature appreciation at the Arlington Heights School. Jane is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

Miriam Rosenzweig spent her early childhood in Munich and Vienna. Her family fled Hitler's Austria in 1938 and settled in New York, where she went to high school. She is retired as associate editor of the *Indiana Alumni Magazine*.