

Meadowood Anthology



A publication by and for the residents
of Meadowood Retirement Community

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From the Editors

Enjoy these Autumn poems by two favorite poets:

Autumn
by Emily Dickinson

The morns are meeker than
they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.



Nothing Gold Can Stay
by Robert Frost

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold,
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.



Faulkner Before "Faulkner"

By Walter Taylor

In 1948 I arrived fresh out of the Army at the University of Mississippi. I was aware that the town of Oxford, home of the university, was also the home of a writer named William Faulkner. I knew little about Faulkner except that he was somebody I ought to know about. I had my own axe to grind, getting a long-delayed degree.

At that point Faulkner was just turning fifty. The period of his great works, which had gone largely unrecognized by the public, had ended with *Go Down Moses* in 1942. What I saw and heard of Faulkner in 1948 was from a time before he became famous. Before, that is to say, he became "Faulkner."

I knew that he was roundly hated in Mississippi. Much of that dislike came from the publication of *Sanctuary*, a novel about a Mississippi judge's daughter who is kidnapped by a voyeur, forced to live in a Memphis brothel and comes to like it. Jackson editor Fred Sullens called him "a purveyor of filth." The publication in 1948 of *Intruder in the Dust*, a novel about a Mississippi town so prejudiced that only a boy and an old lady can stop a lynching, did little to change that. The Ole Miss campus was segregated. A student editor who wrote that the South should be integrated was brutally beaten.

Knowledge of Faulkner came to me slowly. Among the things I did not know was that he was the grandson of the political boss of the county, and that his father was purser of the university. William's photos from the era show a remarkably handsome young man with the broken nose he got as a five-foot, four-inch high school quarterback. He was crazy about his high school sweetheart Estelle, who left him for a wealthy young man. In World War I he dropped out of school and joined the Canadian Air Force. Several years later Estelle divorced her wealthy young man and married Faulkner.

Back in Oxford, Faulkner enrolled at Ole Miss, then dropped out. He had a series of odd jobs, including an appointment as university postmaster. He was a disaster in this job, and he was more interested in reading books than filing mail, much of which he tossed into a waste can. He took to wearing spats and a monocle. Locals began referring to him as "Count No-Account." Moving on to the French Quarter in New Orleans, he posed as a combat veteran (he was not), walking with a limp and claiming that he had a silver plate in his head.

None of which was known to me in 1948. I would see him around town, driving his Jeep station wagon – a standing joke because he could barely see over the dashboard and worked the big steering wheel underhanded. He could be seen Sunday evenings joining his friends for dinner at a local restaurant, a rather quiet man with a graying mustache. And there were the tales of his drinking. It should be

obvious, however, that no drunk could write the novels he had written.

Nor, for that matter, could anybody else.

During my senior year an incident occurred that could have been a career-changer for me.

Looking for extra money, I answered an ad for a student to help care for an elderly person. I knocked on the door of a modest, old-fashioned house. It opened and I could see no one. Then I looked down and there was a delicate, dark-haired lady who appeared to be in her seventies. She was one of the smallest women I had ever seen. In a sweet drawl, she identified herself as Mrs. Maude Faulkner.

Faulkner's mother! I know people who would have given an arm and a leg for that opportunity. I did not take the job. I wanted to graduate, and taking care of anybody, especially Faulkner's mother, was going to be a distraction. Or so I told myself.

Less than a year after my arrival at Ole Miss word spread that *Intruder in the Dust* was going to be made into a movie and filmed in Oxford. It was, to say the least, a strange situation. The town in the novel was fiercely prejudiced, and yet the town of Oxford and the Ole Miss campus seemed somehow flattered. Students and locals lined up as extras to play the lynch mob. The University's all-conference linebacker was cast as a mob leader. It was a bizarre

mixture of pride and prejudice. I was not sure about their feelings for Faulkner at that point, and I suspect they were not either.

In 1950 news came that the Nobel Prize committee had awarded Faulkner its prize for literature. It was a pivotal moment in Faulkner's public career. His acceptance speech would be quoted around the world: "I believe that man will not merely endure, he will prevail." The speech caught the spirit of those Cold War times as none of his novels had. He toured the world as a spokesman for the State Department. His works, many of which had been out of print, were back on the market.

He had become "Faulkner." ▼

If Fish Could Talk

By Bob Webb

"Why are you called O Great Walleye of Gull Rock?" asked one of the younger fingerlings in the school.

"It is the name given me by the walleye hunters from the south who want me for a trophy to hang on their wall," replied the older, wiser lunker. "I will tell you a little about them so you can be more wary and not be caught.

"I have learned much about the hunter by observing a group from Bloomington, Indiana; Curry, Moore, Martin, and McDaniel appear to be the regulars and

McDonald, Chitwood, Lynch and Webb make the trip every other year or so. About the first of June each year a shiny station wagon pulling a trailer laden with gear crests the hill at the J & J Resort to signal two weeks of the hunt. They always travel in a wagon marked BUICK because the one called Curry sells this make of car back in Bloomington. I'm told the entire crew drives Buicks sold to them by Curry."

Little Wally Walleye interrupted at this point. "You mean they all live together, sleep together, hunt together for years and years and Curry the Car Man takes money from the other hunters just to drive his cars?"

"I'm afraid so, Wally," replied OGW. "And to think they call us fish!" The rocks echoed with their laughter.

"How have you learned so much about these hunters, O Wise One?" gurgled Wally.

"I have talked to many cast-offs who have traveled all over Gull Rock with the hunters only to be rejected because they were not 'tender as Moore's heart' or big enough to take back to Indiana – dead –frozen – whose stories have told me much about these hunters.

"Let me warn you they are very serious about the hunt. Months before the trip, meetings are held where they boast of previous years' catches, show slides of Gull Rock, drink beer, tell jokes and develop a plan for the next trip. Do you realize it is harder to crack this little society of walleye

hunters than to join a church? And no wonder -- just listen to some of the requirements:

1. Buick ownership.
2. Skill at filleting a walleye, or
3. Ability at KP (subject to scrutiny of Martin) or
4. Some culinary talent.

Since 2 and 4 are usually assigned long before the trip, any newcomers (less than eight-year members) had better be good at 3.

5. Ability to tell a joke or to laugh at a joke even if you've heard it before.
6. Willingness to endure stress during the 28-hour ride to and from Gull Rock.
7. Be able to see humor in adversity.
8. And last, but most importantly, be able to take advice on whatever you're doing, from all the others. On fire building, for example:
Martin, get the pliers, the coffee's perkin',
Spread it out more - we've got enough coals,
Here, try this stuff we used in the army – works every time,
Better move the coffee pot.

"You see, my children, the ways of the hunter are strange indeed. How can I prepare you to defend yourselves against creatures who will sit all day in a boat in the rain, sleet, snow, fighting the wind and waves, suffering from chapped lips, sore butts, aching backs, and bruised kidneys,

contending with a malfunctioning motor – usually the one called Old Red Rooster -- and then come in at the end of the day and say ‘Isn't this a great life?’

“I well remember the 1975 invasion of Gull Rock. For two weeks a group of your elders followed the hunters to study their behavior patterns and hunting techniques. Pay attention for you are big enough to be the prey of these men.

“The one called McDaniel employs scientific methods in search and capture. He studies charts, reads books, checks the moon, the water temperature, the color of the rocks, the thickness of the moss on the trees, the wind direction, the barometric pressure, then uses this vast storehouse of knowledge to hunt at the same time, same place with the same bait as all of the others.

“You will have no problem recognizing the mild-mannered easygoing Chitwood. But don't be fooled by demeanor for he is a hustler, long on experience; he will swoop you right into the boat. Now, if you want to have some fun, wait till he is told to get a beer for this partner and when he lays down his pole, just tug on his line. You'll get rig, line, pole, and reel . . . splat, down it goes in front of your nose to the bottom of Gull Rock Lake . . . score one for the walleye! This causes a commotion topside and you will end up with a trophy to hang on your favorite rock.

“Do watch out for the one called McDonald, the mouthpiece for the mob. If

you aren't careful he will talk you right into the net. He even talks in his sleep – so say those who should know. His method for the hunt is simple; he goes early, stays late and throws everything he has at us. You just watch his line – I don't mean that lawyer talk – I mean the end of his fishing line.

“Among the hunters is a high ranking U.S. Army officer, Lt. Col. H.M. Lynch, who has served with distinction. In tribute to such a distinguished career the hunters demonstrate their great esteem by assigning Lynch to kitchen cleaning detail. Lynch is best known for being prepared for almost any eventuality during the hunt. If it rains during shore lunch, he has a protective cover for the fire (and seven companions to tell him how to string it up). His most popular contribution to the welfare of the group is his boat coffee. Lynch claims his special brew will cure frostbite, snake bite, low flying crop duster duck disease, athletes' foot and a host of maladies yet unproven. Lynch is the one who caught Fat Agnes several years ago, your Northern cousin who weighed in at 17 pounds.

“Which brings us to the Great Hunter himself, the Godfather of the Bloomington mob, Bob the Butcher Moore.” Hearing the name, all the walleyes gathered around and began to hiss and boo. It is no small task for a walleye to hiss. The water erupted with bubbles all around. “You see, Moore has an uncanny sense of detecting our feeding and hiding places. Once there he gives full concentration to catching walleye,

mainly me. I can't relax for a second while he is on the water because he doesn't relax for a second. He works at it, changing speed, direction, hook size, sharpening his hook, changing leader length, busy, busy, busy. Moore, the relentless hunter. Don't try to suck a minnow off his hook or you are his dinner. This guy can feel where your mouth is in relation to that enormous hook. We must not judge him too harshly. He only keeps enough for eating, the legal limit for take-home, some for the camp hostess and a few for strangers on the lake down on their luck.

“Webboe is no threat to our kind. He spends much of his time laboring over a hot stove preparing special recipes or apple pie. And when he is on the lake he is busy quarreling with Old Red Rooster, the outboard engine, or snagging sunken logs and big boulders, or netting other hunters' catches or fetching them a minnow or stringing their catch, or opening a beer for his buddy. In his way, I believe this hunter is a friend of the walleye. There is no cause to fear him. Chances are if caught by Webboe he will admire your beauty, maybe even hug you to his breast and then return you to your home in the black depths of Gull Rock.

“You have heard the story of how to avoid capture. I know my time will soon be up and this may be the year that you must carry on in my place. But then, I wouldn't mind being immortalized on a wall in Bloomington, Indiana.” ♡

Two Small Vignettes from Life in India

By Ella Wade Fox

Vignette #1

[Ondal, a tiny village in the province of Bengal, north of Calcutta, site of a large American Air Base]

One morning I heard music and wondering its source, I stepped outside my basha. Across the rice paddies I saw an Indian man approaching. He was dressed in his native garb, a bit ragged, however, and wearing the usual large turban on his head. Across his shoulder he carried a long pole with a shallow basket hanging from each end. As he approached, several other Americans gathered, also summoned by his playing on his pipe, a flute-like instrument.

When he reached our group, he squatted on the ground placing the baskets in front of him. He uncovered one basket and then resumed his music. As he played, a large cobra raised its head about 18 inches above the basket. The Indian swayed back and forth in tempo with his tune and the cobra, with its hood extended, followed this action perfectly.

Here we stood, watching the performance of a storied Indian Snake Charmer. Our group of Americans was transfixed - not really hypnotized but certainly enchanted.

Vignette #2

[Ranikhet, a Hill Station in northern India on the border of Tibet]

Our Red Cross Club for enlisted men was located in these beautiful foothills of the Himalayas. The G.I.'s would spend two weeks of R and R in Ranikhet and our club provided a great program of activity for them. We had an English girl, Molly Wagstaff, a resident of the town of Ranikhet on our staff. Her knowledge of the area was a great asset to us: the leper colony we visited, the local Swami, Panther's pool – a destination of horseback rides and picnics. One evening Molly invited two of us Red Cross girls to her home as her dinner guests. What a treat to spend an evening in a private home. After a delicious meal prepared by her Burmese chef, we sat on her front porch, enjoying the clear and cool mountain air and the peacefulness her home provided.

While we chatted, Molly's old dog, Chini, lay on the steps in front of us, apparently dozing. We looked out on a large lawn with many trees. They were nut trees of some sort and their fruit was on the ground everywhere. A whole "herd" of small monkeys covered the ground, enjoying a feast of these nuts. Suddenly Chini came to life and charged up through the lawn, sending the monkeys dashing up into the trees to safety. No damage was intended. It was a game. From their perch these little monkeys were shouting bad things at the old dog. Chini strolled back to resume his nap on the porch step. We could see,

however, that he "napped" with one eye slightly open. At last the monkeys descended from their treetop perches and very warily went back to their feasting on the nuts. Once they were engrossed in their meal, Chini suddenly came to life again and charged up the lawn – a repeat performance, with the monkeys dashing up into the trees, chattering furiously and scolding Chini. This little charade went on several times, giving us great entertainment. It was a novel sight for us Americans.

A small aside: these monkeys were so different from the ones we saw in Bengal, which were very large and rather intimidating; they never approached us and we never invited them to do so. These very small fellows here in the mountains were friendly to a fault and very mischievous. I have a wonderful picture of one youngster who had stolen a can of Planter's Peanuts from our cottage porch. He sat there on the porch roof holding the can and enjoying its contents. ✓

To submit your work to the *Meadowood Anthology*...

- > E-mail it as an attachment or copy it into the body of an e-mail to: meadowoodanthology@live.com or
- > Drop it by the Front Desk or
- > See a member of the Editorial Board. Assistance for authors is available.

Next submission deadline is January 9, 2010.

We look forward to seeing YOU in the *Anthology*!

Christmas 2008

By Sue Gingles

Editor's note: Sue's husband Carl died in March'08. Following is her Christmas letter of that year.

Christmas is full of memories. Today I am remembering Kilimanbogo, an hour's drive from Nairobi, Kenya, where Carl and I spent the month of April 1995. Carl was volunteer dentist with the Rotary Club, and the dental clinic consisted of one room in a 60-bed hospital, run by Nigerian nuns. Carl spent Mondays and Fridays at the clinic and traveled to other places during the rest of the week. I was his cook, cleaner, laundress and companion. I became an admirer of the giraffes we saw loping gracefully along the fields beyond our quarters.

The village children played in the lane next to our house, and I often played games with them. One day, I drew a giraffe's head for them.

Every other week, the dentist visited a hospital-convent at Karieta, dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. On the drive there, we could view The Rift, a luscious, beautiful area. The trip involved an overnight stay at the convent, and I came along on the first trip. We slept on small beds in separate rooms. The nuns were gracious, and the food was delicious. After leaving Kilimanbogo, we went on a week's safari with Joseph, our guide. Here again, were lots of giraffes as well as other

animals. This time, I was able to get close to them, which was a pleasure.

I am thankful for these memories and the fact that Carl was an adventurous type; and he seemed glad to have me tag along.

May you and your family have a blessed Christmas time. ▼



The Huckster

By Nevin W. Raber

When I was about fourteen, I had a high school buddy named Billy Smith. His uncle, Joe Smith, owned the village general store in Santa Fe, Miami County, in Indiana. Among the hundreds of items for sale at his store were canned fruit and vegetables, bread, crackers and cookies from large boxes with glass lids, pickles from a barrel, tobacco products of all types, denim overalls, gasoline and coal-oil.

The store's pine board floor had a deep, dark brown patina acquired from regular applications of oil, and the floor was swept daily. Near the middle of the store was a big, pot-bellied stove which heated the entire store during the cold winters. Around the stove were several chairs that had seen better days, and a nail keg surmounted by a hand-drawn checker-board. Almost daily, especially in cold weather, a few old-timers from the nearby farms and the village gathered to play checkers, swap tales, chew tobacco and spit in a box filled with sawdust.

Eldon, Joe's 35 year-old son, was the huckster. Joe owned an old ton and a half truck with a large box bed. Below a door in the back, some swing-down steps were attached that could be slid under the bed when not in use. Inside, along each side wall, were shelves with slats nailed to the front edge. These were designed to keep the contents from sliding off while the truck

bounced along over the gravel roads. Slatted chicken crates were attached on each side under the truck bed. A swinging arm for hanging a spring scale was attached to the back near the door. The truck was black; the box bed was painted green with SMITH GROCERY painted white in an arc on both sides.

On the morning when Eldon was scheduled to run his weekly route, he would stock the truck with items which were most desired by the farm wives. Most of these were staples not produced on the farm. Among them were canned fruits and vegetables; pins, needles and threads; flour, sugar, coffee; baloney rings, bacon slabs; fly-swatters; brooms and often a bolt of blue gingham with small white flowers. The total contents often exceeded a hundred different items.

Eldon would gas up the old truck and drive about a mile to my home which was in the living quarters of the near-by railroad station. Eldon always needed help, and we had agreed that I would work for my lunch. I would climb into the cab and we would start down Route 21 to begin our long day. I don't think Eldon had a set route, but he knew where his customers lived and just headed for the nearest one.

Eldon stopped near the front gate and honked the horn. The family dog began to bark, and the farm wife, who was waiting for us, came out carrying a basket with 3 dozen large, brown eggs to trade for her purchases. Eldon always had an empty 24-

dozen egg crate in the truck. I would take the basket and put the eggs in the crate. Then I would return the basket, write a sales check and enter the amount of credit due based on the market value of the eggs. The cost of the wife's purchases, which I wrote on the check, usually did not exceed the amount of credit, and I would return a little change. This was the middle of the Great Depression, and money was very scarce in this area.

We had a favorite spot for lunch which we always managed to reach about noon. This was in a customer's yard whose house stood on a small hill and was surrounded by great old oak trees which produced deep shade. About half way down the hill was a spring house. This small structure was built over a fast flowing spring which was encircled by a brick liner about five feet in diameter. This spring house was where the family kept their butter, milk and other perishables, for the water was cool and had a good flow the year around. The spring water was carried up to the house in buckets and was used for drinking, bathing and washing. The overflow went into a nearby tank for the animals. Eldon and I would take our lunch – usually cheddar cheese and crackers – down to the spring house and eat in the shade of those mighty oaks. We used the family's tin dipper to get a cool drink of water to wash down the cheese and crackers.

After lunch we continued on our route. The next farm wife we met carried out three plump, Rhode Island Red hens which she had caught and penned up earlier in the

day. She handed them to Eldon, and I hung the scales on the hook arm near the back door. Eldon strapped a hen's legs together and hung her on the scales. I wrote down the weight for each hen, totaled it, multiplied by the daily purchase price and wrote the credited amount on the sales check. The lady bought some thread; I totaled her bill and gave her the change. Eldon took each hen and stuffed her in one of the chicken crates attached to the bottom of the truck bed.

It had been a good day. The egg crate and the chicken crates were filled and our inventory was depleted. Eldon headed the old truck back toward the station and dropped me off. He then drove back to the store, unloaded his eggs and chickens, removed any perishables from his cargo and parked the old truck until next week.

The huckster had run his route. ✓

How I Discovered Mt. Fuji One Morning

By Luise David

After thirty years of working in the textile business in New York City, I retired; that was the year Edith Frank and I made a memorable trip to Japan where I came face to face with Mt. Fujiyama, the holy mountain. This was truly a high point of all the wonderful trips we took together.

Edith and I met, seemingly, by chance. I had become a widow, and in 1962 my

daughter Susan and I moved from Brooklyn to 382 Central Park West in Manhattan to begin a new life. Susan and I lived in apartment 6J and, although Edith's apartment, 5B, was across from us, I had no opportunity to meet her because our work schedules were so different. Edith taught chemistry at Bronx High School of Science; her classes started at 8:00 am and she was finished with work by three in the afternoon. I left later in the morning and came home after 6:00 pm.

In our apartment building, neighbors on their way to work or school often became familiar with one another while waiting for the elevator to stop on our floor. One chatted about the weather or gossiped a bit about other tenants. That is how I learned the woman in 5B seemed to have the same interests as I. My neighbors kept urging me to get to know her, but our paths never crossed.

Then one spring, when I was home from the hospital recovering from an operation, I happened to return from a walk in Central Park around 3:30 pm and stopped to admire our building's new outdoor plantings. A lady I did not know also stopped. When I went into the building to pick up my mail, the lady followed and opened her mailbox, as well. She turned to me and said, "You must be the lady in 6J who everybody tells me I should meet." It was Edith Frank.

Our friendship started with plants. Edith and I got into a lively discussion about the

new outdoor plantings, and this led to indoor plants, which we both enjoyed cultivating. She invited me into her apartment, and when I admired her thriving Swiss Ivy, Edith immediately gave me a cutting. I reciprocated by giving her a cutting from one of my plants. From plants we branched out into other mutual interests. Soon we were sharing dinners, going out together to concerts, plays and museums.

When summer rolled around, we began to travel together. Over the years, we planned our trips with great care, even visiting Israel four times by combining various tours. One year, with the assistance of a midtown Manhattan travel agency, we worked out an ambitious Japanese tour, which would end with a visit to Mt. Fuji.

The trip began memorably. Edith had been to Japan a few times before; however, the route we took was new to both of us. On Japan Airlines we flew non-stop to Tokyo, via the northern route, which meant flying over the North Pole and skipping a day – a concept that sounded quite unreal to me.

Once in Japan, we traveled from place to place on the famous bullet train. One can write a letter on this train while it is in motion – it is such a perfectly calm and quiet way to travel. Passengers do not feel the tremendous speed with which they are being transported.

The travel agent had planned our tour to include Hiroshima, Hong Kong and several

other cities. Near the end of our tour we were in Tokyo, looking forward to spending the last few days of our journey in a hotel at the base of Mt. Fuji. It was afternoon before we found a taxi and driver who motioned a 'Yes' when we gave him the name and address of the hotel. After our bags were placed in the trunk, Edith and I felt we could sit back and relax. Little did we know what we were in for.

Afternoon turned into night. It was pitch dark as we drove through several small villages in what seemed a hilly terrain. I felt we were going up and down on serpentine roads. There were valleys and high rising mountains that seemed taller than the ones we had just left. A bright full moon appeared. Now we saw the moon on one side of the taxi, and then on the other side. We were both too exhausted to talk. But suddenly Edith started to shout at the driver that he was taking us the wrong way. I tried frantically to calm her down and explain why she was seeing the moon changing sides, but she was adamant and kept shouting. The driver paid no attention – just ignored her and kept on driving because he did not understand English.

Finally, we came to a clearing and saw our hotel in the moonlight. By this time Edith had quieted down. I paid the driver from both our wallets; this ride cost \$160. After I registered, a bus boy picked up our luggage and led us to our room, where the blinds were drawn closed. The beds were a welcome sight, and I tipped the young fellow. As soon as he left, we slipped out of

our clothes and sank gratefully into our beds.

The next sound we heard was a knock on the door; a waiter entered and opened the door to the balcony, where he set up our breakfast. When I stepped out on the balcony, I saw a breathtaking view: Mt. Fujiyama was straight before me in brilliant sunshine with not a cloud in sight, its snowcap sparkling doubly bright.

We had been told in Tokyo not to feel bad if we could not see the entire sacred mountain because most of it is usually hidden behind clouds. Visitors travel to this park from all over the world, but rarely get to see the beauty of Mt. Fuji as we were seeing it. Edith, too, was speechless. We took in the exquisite view for a day or two until we had to journey back to Narita Airport and home. ✓

Let's Go to the Antiques Roadshow *By RuthAnn Schneider*

Come on along, we're going to the Antiques Roadshow in Denver, Colorado! You've seen it on TV; people bring in old things for experts to appraise. Hang on to your ticket, because they're hard to come by. Months ago the Roadshow advertised locally, and over 20,000 people entered the drawing for 5,000 free tickets. Other tickets were available by making a contribution to Rocky Mountain PBS.

Here we are at the Denver Convention Center, which houses several auditoriums. But wait! Four big, burly policemen! Have we walked into a trap? No – they're making sure all antique firearms are unloaded. Don't want any accidental shootings here today.

Through this door...Wow! There's a sea of people. The first huge auditorium is marked into lanes, and 1,200 people are inching along in one big, long line, doubling back and forth many times. And where are the appraisers? Well, they're not even in this room. The set that is visible to the TV audience is in an adjoining auditorium.

What will we do? We'll wait, that's what. People are chatting, sharing what they brought. The only size limit is that items must fit through a standard door and you must be able to carry or maneuver them yourself. Look at the ingenuity: trolleys and dollies, baby strollers, grocery carts, wheelchairs, walkers, wagons, even a wheelbarrow.

We've been in line over an hour. Eight more laps to go. Everyone's looking weary. No wonder we were encouraged to bring a small, portable chair. I'm going to get a drink from that water station.

At last, we're approaching the first check-in table. Time to stash all food and drink, put away cameras and cell phones, and unwrap our treasures. Each ticket holder must bring at least one object for appraisal (maximum 2). A "Roadie" gives us a category ticket for

each item, and one of 110 PBS volunteers leads us into the appraisal auditorium.

The Roadshow set is laid out in a big circle with tall panels forming an outside "wall." Inside this enclosure, appraisers sit at tables, and all ticket holders get a chance to have an expert look at what they brought. If appraisers agree that an object is especially interesting, its owner will be interviewed in the center of the circle where there are bright lights and video cameras. Look, there's one of the Keno brothers interviewing someone on camera! Which twin is he? I can never tell them apart.

We'll have to wait in line again, but most of these lines are short: one for each of the twenty categories. Let's decide where to start. How about glassware? I'm curious about this blue milk glass table lamp I brought. I got it from an elderly neighbor who said it was her mother's. What if it's worth a lot? That will make our trip exciting!

This lamp already caused some excitement at the airport. Remember all those security guards scurrying over when they spotted it in the X-ray of my luggage? The base of this lamp is filled with sand, which must have shown up on film as something sinister. What a hoot! But when they saw what it was, they wished me luck at the Roadshow.

Only \$40 to \$50 for my lamp? It can't be! A similar one was appraised on TV for \$1,500. That was Sandwich Glass, mine is

only Westmoreland. Oh well, what shall we try next?

More bad luck. The Russian souvenir bear from the 1980 Olympics, which the US boycotted, has no real value. "Keep it for 20 years and try again."

Better luck at the jewelry table. My granddaughter will be astonished to learn that the ring she's been wearing every day (inherited from her other, wealthier, grandmother) has a large natural ruby and is worth \$1,200. Her aquamarine pieces appraise for \$2,500. The brochures we received warned us not to disclose any personal identifying information to strangers. Tuck that jewelry deep down in your purse.

One item to go: an Indian doll. Tribal Arts has a long line with really interesting items. Hey. What's that commotion? It's Mark Walberg, the TV host, being filmed saying, "Welcome to the Antiques Roadshow from Denver." Will we see today's Roadshow next Monday night? No, not that soon. The programs they're taping this summer will air beginning January 2010.

What's up over there? People are whispering and pointing to where the lucky ones are waiting their turn to be filmed. See that guy with the really big painting of a woman reclining in a seductive pose? You stay in line; I'm going over to talk with him.

What a story! The fellow says his family has owned a historic saloon in a mining town for 180 years. In the 1930s, somebody who had lost a fortune traded that painting to his

father, who hung it over the bar. Today he learned it was painted in 1673, but he won't find out how much it's worth until he's on camera. He plans to sell it later because, if the painting is shown on TV, he doesn't want to risk damage to the historic saloon by thieves.

Don't stare, but sneak a peek at his white shirt – it's got black smudges from handling that old picture frame, so he sent someone to fetch his sport coat and cowboy hat. He's waiting to be escorted to the make-up room over at the side of the auditorium where he will be spiffed up and asked to sign a release before his video. I'm sure that segment will be chosen for TV.

Isn't this a surprise? The Tribal Arts experts say our doll wasn't made by North American Indians. It turns out to be Guatemalan and is worth \$80 to \$100. Of course, there's no guarantee we will actually find someone willing to pay us that much. And since solicitation, buying or selling at the Roadshow is strictly forbidden, we might as well call it a day.

Look back through that door. We've been here over four hours, and the waiting line still has 1,200 people. On our way out, let's have our picture taken with the Mark Walberg cutout. And look, there's the Feedback Booth. You can record your thoughts, and maybe they'll include you when this episode is shown on TV. Personally, I'm so tired I can't think of any clever feedback to give right now. Oh sure, I'll come up with lots of witty one-liners after we get past the exit sign. ✓

A Good Yokefellow, Please

By Beth Van Vorst Gray

It's the story of oxen, you know. Oxen are destined to be a lifelong team that pulls a cart. In preparation for this, a pair is roped together almost from birth so the long horns of each grow in a direction away from their yoke mate. Raised in this manner, they do not poke into each other as they move the weight of their burden forward.

Upon hearing this revelatory news, I decided that it was *my* horns, though barely visible, that are getting in the way of developing a lasting, satisfying lifetime relationship. Although, biologically, I can't be an ox since I am female, I relate to the "horns" problem. I wasn't yoked early enough or perhaps it just didn't take and I have charted my own course for too many years. My horns weave this way and that splaying about in every direction as I search for my spiritual center, a vocation (I've had three separate and distinct ones), and some pleasures along the way. This has been altogether satisfactory until now, but, as my thoughts turn towards forming a lifelong commitment, I see that this has not prepared me very well for a yoking.

I was blessed with a good brain, body, and a work ethic that has given me the means to take care of my family and meet my own needs. There have been wonderful

companions to share this journey with me and help me learn the lessons of life. My heart is telling me now that partnership is the way to go. In a good pairing, trouble is halved and joy is tripled. Since it is much too late in life to re-invent me, perhaps I should submit a personal ad, reading:

"Lady ox whose horns lean mostly to the right, who has carried life's baggage over treacherous trails in a cart drawn by one, is seeking a yokefellow whose horns are slightly left-leaning, has secure footing, and whose meter and stride are flexible – a bit of the blues, some lively jazz, and a little night music once in a while."

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Scars of Time

By Nancy Taylor

I tried to bandage time
But the gauze kept slipping
Leaving only a scar

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My Little Red Purse

By June Miller

I carried my little red purse when my Mother and I boarded a bus that would take us from Indianapolis to Los Angeles. The time was the beginning of the Great Depression 1929 and I was seven years old. Mother and I were following my Daddy and spending as little money as possible, and that meant traveling by bus and not by train. I had no idea what it was going to be like traveling on a bus for a long journey.

At the bus station we boarded our big bus, and found that the large windows had no screens, which meant they could not be opened. It was a close situation with no storage for luggage inside the bus. The only place for my little red purse was in my lap. Before we left home, Grandma had given me twenty-five pennies for an emergency. The driver put all our bags in the bottom of the bus. Just before we left, the driver passed out some candy to us, then sat down in his seat, honked the horn and at last Mother and I began our adventure. In a short time I also found out there were no bathroom facilities on the bus and learned I had to wait for the next stop in our journey. I also found out there was no food available until we got to the next stop. If I remember correctly, the only food available for those six days of traveling was hotdogs.

Now remember, the bus traveled all night. And the seats did not have the capability of placing us in a reclining position. Mother and I learned to sleep while sitting upright. The main topic of conversation was who was going to see the mountains first. I do remember that before we arrived in Denver we caught a glimpse of Pikes Peak. By that time we had been traveling three days and three nights and eating only hotdogs. At Denver, the driver told us we would be sleeping in a hotel. He probably thought we would all need a bath, and so did we. Up to Denver we had only traveled on gravel roads and this was also true all the way to Los Angeles. This was Route 66 in 1929!

For the next three days, until reaching Los Angeles, we only stopped for food and bathroom stops and refueling of the bus. We passed through Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Raton Pass, Oatman Pass and into Needles, California on the border with Arizona. Just as the sun was setting over the mountains, we arrived at the bus station in Los Angeles to be greeted by my father's smiling face. And, of course, I had not spent any of my twenty-five pennies in my little red purse.

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Something about Angels

By Robin Black-Schaffer

Some people have Angels; I know at least two who do. One, I think, is an Angel, although she may not know it. Maybe she never will, but I do.

How can it feel to have an Angel of one's own? Would it be like having a sibling? As an only child, I've often wondered about that; but it seems most people have siblings, and rather take them for granted. I don't think one could take one's Angel for granted.

Could it be like one's imaginary playmate? I had one of those for awhile. Whatever became of him? Anyway, in retrospect, he was really an echo of me; I always had to take the initiative.

My imaginary, yearned-for identical twin, maybe? I did so want to have someone entirely close, entirely mine, entirely Me. But I'm no angel, so my identical twin surely wouldn't qualify.

An Angel must be so different: standing outside of oneself, and yet more inward than one's deepest thoughts. Does it guide? Protect? Comfort? Warn? Make secret miracles?

Do some Angel-ed people want to get away from their Angels sometimes – like a bad conscience?

Perhaps all my friends have Angels: perhaps I'm the only Angel-less person that I know.

Think of it: an Angel who knows one's inmost thoughts, one's secret heart!

How do I get an Angel?

BUT – WAIT A MINUTE...

Think about it: this Angel knows my inmost thoughts, my secret heart!?!

Do I really want an Angel?



Help! Anyone? Help!

By Libby Buck

The day started out as just another day of multi-tasking. I shopped for groceries and carried my bags to my Toyota and placed them in the passenger seat. My next stop was a doctor's appointment. I parked the car in the Internal Medicine Associates (IMA) parking lot and after a consultation with my doctor, returned to my car and found it impossible to open the door on the driver's side. A large Cadillac had parked so close to my car, even a size six woman would have had to struggle to squeeze into my car.

I considered all options available to me and knew that returning to IMA and finding the owner of the Cadillac was not one to pursue. I took all the grocery bags out of the front seat and placed them in the back seat. I climbed into the passenger seat with some difficulty, slowly moved myself over the gear shift separating the driver's seat from the passenger seat. The move was not successful. I landed on my back in the driver's seat with one leg trapped under the gearshift. My head was wedged against the driver's side door and soon my neck began to cramp. I lay in this awkward position for several minutes, again considering my options. I decided that I must open the door to ease the pressure on my neck and found that I could open the door with my right hand, the left one wedged under my body. The door quickly swung open as far as it could and hit the door of the Cadillac. My head dropped out the door, leaving me in a far more awkward position than before. With my leg totally trapped under the gearshift, my head hanging out the door, one arm trapped under my body, I was now incapacitated. I only had one option left to me. I yelled: "Help! Will someone help me?"

Soon I heard the voice of a man ask, "Is there something I can do for you?" Under the circumstance I thought the question was not appropriate or necessary. He was an older man of small stature and I wasn't sure he was strong enough to do the job of extricating my leg from under the gear shift. However, I answered him, "Please try to free my leg. Then I think I can manage to sit up."

He said, "Give me the keys so I can turn on the engine and so I can change gears and then you can get your leg loose."

The keys were in the pocket I was lying on. There was no way anyone could reach them. When the man learned of this, the only option was to call out 'Help' several times as loud as he could in all directions of the IMA parking lot. Soon another older man, with a more robust build, appeared and told the first helper to lift and hold up my head while he pushed and then lifted my leg from under the gear shift.

Gratefully, I could now sit up. I said, "Thank you very much. The two of you working together helped me out of a truly awkward position. Again I thank you."

I got the keys out of my pocket and started the engine, ready to leave, when I heard the second man call out, "Wait for your husband. He isn't in the car yet." The first helper announced with an affirmative tone, "This woman is not my wife." I heard the second helper reply, "For the sake of our own safety, let's wait until she is out of the IMA parking lot." ▼

Contributors

Robin Black-Schaffer was an emergency room physician and a professor in IU Bloomington's Medical Sciences Department. She has lived in the Meadowood Health Pavilion for two years.

Libby Buck earned a BA in 1946 from the University of Minnesota and a MS in 1956 from Duke University in Counseling. For several years Lib and her husband, Professor Roger Buck, lived in Oxford, England and Ghana where he taught philosophy. Lib is on the Committee of Ministry and Counsel of the Society of Friends, which has pastoral duties. Lib is one of the founding members of New Leaf, New Life for jail improvement.

Luise David was born in Bavaria. Luise, her husband and son migrated to America where Luise worked as a claims adjuster in New York City. Her book, "How We Survived" may be found in the Meadowood Library. Her daughter, Susan Gubar, is an IU Distinguished Professor.

Ella Wade Fox is a native of Howe, Indiana and a graduate of the University of Michigan. During World War II, she spent 19 months with the American Red Cross in India. Here she met her husband, John, who also is a native Hoosier. John's career took them to San Francisco, New York and Chicago. After retirement to Beaufort, S.C. where they lived for 26 years, they came to Meadowood in 2006.

Sue Gingles received a Bachelor's degree from Centre College and in 1944 she earned a Master's degree in history from Indiana University. She and her husband, Dr. Carl Gingles, lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan for 60 years. She moved to Meadowood in August 2009.

As a child, **June Miller** and her parents lived in Los Angeles where she had several small movie parts as an actress and tap dancer. Later in life she had her own TV show in Indianapolis and Toledo. She has also worked as a realtor and inspirational speaker. June and Dusty have lived at Meadowood for seven years.

Nevin Raber, a native Hoosier, was a Major in the US Army, graduated from Purdue with a BS, and from IU with a MA in History and a MA in Library Science. At one time he worked as a railroad telegrapher. He was an

IU School of Business Librarian, and acted as consultant with the library's design and operations. He is an IU Business Librarian Emeritus. He and his wife Dottie have lived at Meadowood for seven years.

Ruth Ann Schneider earned her law degree at Indiana University, specialized in international tax law, and worked at the Treasury Department in Washington, D.C. as well as on Wall Street in New York City. After retiring, she fled the big cities and moved to a small town at the edge of the mountains in South Carolina. In January 2009 she returned to Bloomington, where she continues research and writing (a novel in progress). Her hobbies include collecting Depression Era glassware, and her home is furnished with antiques such as would be found in a 1930s bungalow.

Nancy Seward Taylor's maternal and paternal ancestors settled in Bloomington, Indiana in 1821. Nancy is a graduate of Indiana University and majored in Speech and Theater. She was a professional actress and worked as a communications disorder therapist. She is married to Professor Walter Taylor.

Walter Taylor is Professor Emeritus of American Literature at the University of Texas at El Paso. His book, *Faulkner's Search for a South*, is a career study of Faulkner's fiction. He and his wife, Nancy Seward, came to Meadowood in 2006.

Beth Van Vorst Gray resides at 787 Tamarack Trail. She and her husband, Ralph D. Gray, Professor Emeritus of History, Indiana University Purdue University Indianapolis, are both writers. She was born in Harvey, Illinois ('next door' to Indiana), moved to Evansville, Indiana during her high school years and raised her family and established a career in Indianapolis.

Bob Webb was born in Kokomo, Indiana. His first two years of college were at the IU Regional Campus in Kokomo and his junior year at the Bloomington campus. In his senior year he studied Radiological Health at the IU Medical Center in Indianapolis, studying the effects of radiation on the human body. He graduated in 1952 with a BS degree. Bob was a graduate student at Taft Engineering Center in Cincinnati, Ohio. During the 1970s he developed procedures to ship low level radioactive waste as well as hazardous chemicals.