

# Meadowood Anthology



A publication by and for the residents  
of Meadowood Retirement Community

Vol. III, No. 2        Winter 2008

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## Meadowood Anthology

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 are so very lucky to have at hand this rich resource:  
YOU!

The collective talents, experience, knowledge and spirit of the individuals residing in Meadowood are, in a word: Awesome!

The *Meadowood Anthology* provides a unique opportunity for the writers, poets and artists among you. You have a great place to share your special talents with a friendly and responsive audience.

There are so many of you we haven't heard from. New contributors to the *Anthology* are warmly welcome. Won't you consider sending your work our way?

It's easy and painless! You can e-mail your work to Jan Skinner:  
[jan.skinner@meadowoodrc.com](mailto:jan.skinner@meadowoodrc.com) or stop by the Administrative Office. The deadline for the Spring issue is April 18<sup>th</sup>.

See you in print!

*Sandy Lynch*  
Editor

# The “Luck” of Herman Wells

*By Howard Gest*

In 1966 I came to I.U. as chairman of the Department of Microbiology. In this capacity, I had several kinds of interactions with Dr. Herman B Wells and quickly realized why he had such a legendary reputation. Example: Many years ago, while walking in Greenwich, England, one day at about 1 p.m., I ran into Dr. Wells unexpectedly. He was just leaving, and on his way to Paris. I asked him to recommend an eating place. At least eight months later, I passed him on campus, and he immediately asked me how I had enjoyed the lunch.

Over the course of many years, we often had sequential appointments at the small shop of “retired” barber John Plew, who had managed the I.U. Memorial Union barber shop. This afforded opportunities for chit-chat and reminiscences. As Wells approached his 85<sup>th</sup> birthday, I decided to give him a small personal gift: namely, a specially printed and framed quotation from Cicero’s famous essay “On Old Age.” Here is the excerpt I chose:

“So people who declare that there are no activities for old age are speaking beside the point. It is like saying that the pilot has nothing to do with sailing a ship because he leaves others to climb the masts and run along the gangways and work the pumps, while he himself sits quietly in the stern

holding the rudder. He may not be doing what the younger men are doing, but his contribution is much more significant and valuable than theirs. Great deeds are not done by strength or speed or physique; they are the products of thought, and character, and judgment. And far from diminishing, such qualities actually increase with age.”

Recently, in shuffling through some treasures I had saved, I came across Dr. Wells’ acknowledgement dated July 24, 1987:

Dear Howard: You’ve proven that your memory is just as good as ever. I appreciate the pages from Cicero’s essay and the paragraph which you are using is indeed a good choice. I note that Cicero was 62 at the time he was speaking these brave words about Cato at 84, and I’m inclined to accept them. However, I think it’s worth noting the difference between 62 and 85 or 86 is considerable.

We will indeed get the entire essay, and I’m sure to enjoy it thoroughly. Thank you for remembering. With warm good wishes, I am Sincerely, Herman

Herman Wells’ autobiography was titled “Being Lucky.” Yes, being lucky helps, but Wells had unique gifts that built an academic institution that reached around the world. He was a man of great character. ✓

# The Metronome of Time

*By Luise David*

The metronome of time keeps ticking;  
It is not heard by child or youth.  
But in middle years' stressful moments  
We notice its ever-present beat.

Anguish, sickness, death – remind us – and  
We listen, let its click come through  
                                  the dissonance of sorrow;  
A loved one dies – mortality, a word no more, is real.

We must go on, shut out the ticking.  
Fading – it is inaudible again.  
In moments brief did it command attention,  
Forcing withdrawal from this world's reality –  
And we heard, glimpsed –  
                                  thought we understood  
The eternal cycle – life and death  
                                  doing their dance.

Old age approaches, the beat is steady – audible now  
Sounding a welcome accompaniment  
                                  to the music of life.  
It comforts, warns – bidding old age:  
Consider what lies ahead –  
                                  what must be left behind.

▼

# George Gaber

*By Ledford Carter*

Meadowood resident, George Gaber, who died in 2007, was arguably the most accomplished performer and teacher of percussion the musical world has ever known. He has been acclaimed by the most renowned symphony orchestra conductors for his performances on five continents. "I have played everywhere - from a Chinese restaurant to the NBC Symphony," he told Olympia Barbera and me when we recorded his memoirs. He played with the Pittsburgh, NBC, ABC, CBS, and other symphony orchestras.

He premiered works of contemporary composers including Stravinsky, Bartok, and Milhaud, and he taught other composers of international stature at Aspen and Indiana University.

At Indiana, he created a comprehensive curriculum that has produced percussionists who play not only in major symphony orchestras of the world, but also with popular jazz and rock bands, including Bloomington's famed Kenny Aronoff.

Indiana University was prompt in recognizing Professor Gaber's achievements by making him the first musician in this country to achieve the rank of Full Professor. Before he retired in 1986, he had become a Distinguished Professor.

How did such an illustrious career begin?

George was introduced to music in his home where his brother and sisters played violin and piano, and his parents danced to recordings of foxtrots, waltzes and polkas. George spontaneously participated with them at the age of five by beating on pots and pans with wooden spoons. In recognition of his observed talent, and in keeping with the tradition of his European parents, George was taught to play violin and piano. He advanced to perform a violin sonata by Kreisler and some piano pieces of Chopin. He was glad he did for he learned elements of music other than rhythm. However, his love was drums, which his parents considered useful only for parades on holidays, continued to grow.

After much begging, when George turned 13, his father told him he would take his first drum lesson. "What! I was like Sputnik," he exclaimed. His family could not afford music lessons. Luckily for him, his older brother had jobs playing in New York theaters, so he asked one of the drummers to "take him under his wing." George said, "As it turned out, the first teacher I had was one of the greatest in the world and I didn't know it. He was number one in the number one theater in New York—the Capitol Theater—in the twenties."

This teacher bought him his first drum sticks, which George kept as long as he lived. His mother could not afford to pay for lessons, but she always sent his

teacher food she had prepared when George went for lessons. He was invited into the Gaber home where fast friendships were formed. Later, when he could afford it, George always returned from trips with gifts for his former teacher.

Professor Gaber's parents emigrated from Bukovina, a region on the eastern outskirts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire that is now in Romania. His father had been a cavalry officer, and he was permanently wounded. The only employment he could find in this country was making dresses in a factory. The family eventually obtained some financial relief when the older son became employed in a theater and a daughter became a stenographer in a lawyer's office.

As a child, George was also interested in drawing. In high school, he chose arts to be his career. After high school, he was accepted at Cooper Union to study architectural design. It was free as long as a student passed the exams. His father gave him 25 cents a day for expenses: five cents each way for the subway and 15 cents for lunch. On the side he was able to earn a little money playing with bands for dances and weddings. He completed the first course and applied for a second course, in graphic design, but failed to pass the exam. "That is life," George remarked.

Then he studied xylophone with another teacher and with the timpanist at the NBC Symphony. Before coming to

Indiana University, he had taught privately and at Columbia University, Juilliard, Hofstra and Manhattan School of Music.

While he was playing with dance bands he won a scholarship to Juilliard School of Music. "That changed my life...My big decision came when I was very successful in performing everything---jazz, orchestra, ballet, symphony...If I ever had the opportunity to go to a school, I would be a revolutionary. I would change the whole curriculum. I would change what they call percussion education: "just playing the instrument." So Gaber put together a curriculum that he proposed to Mannes and Juilliard. "They did not know what I was talking about."

Opportunity came with a phone call from Wilfred Bain, dean of the Indiana University School of Music. He signed the fourth contract offered him, but for only one trial year. He came to Bloomington at the apex of his success as a performer, as well as his financial stability.

During his faculty tenure, George was invited to teach and/or perform in Israel, China, Brazil and Fiji.

One of the most memorable moments of Professor Gaber's career was the international festival in Iran that he planned and conducted. The invitation resulted from contact with a Brazilian composer who had heard George

lecture at a Latin American Music Festival in Bloomington. The composer, also a diplomat, recommended him to his friend, the secretary of UNESCO, who in turn recommended him to the Iranian government. At the festival, percussionists from many countries demonstrated their musical cultures and instruments. When George met the queen at a reception at the palace, he asked her why she had chosen percussion to be the feature of the festival. She responded, "Isn't that the oldest instrument of mankind?" George said, "If she wasn't the queen, I would have kissed her."

Also memorable was the surprise concert at Auer Hall to celebrate Professor Gaber's 85<sup>th</sup> birthday. Former students from Germany, Mexico, Canada, and Hawaii were among the celebrants. Each of them gave a solo. His students invited George to join them assembled to perform a specially arranged Brazilian number. Janos Starker spoke of having told a student audience in New York of having performed with George Gaber. Afterward, one of them came to him and exclaimed, "You performed with George Gaber! That's cool!" Starker then said, "George, thank you for making me cool."

▼

W a n t e d :  
N e w  
C o n t r i b u t o r s

If you've never  
contributed to  
*Meadowood Anthology...*

...we want Y O U !

Submissions are welcome by  
e-mail to:

[jan.skinner@meadowoodrc.com](mailto:jan.skinner@meadowoodrc.com)

Or stop by the Administrative  
Office...by April 18<sup>th</sup>.

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

# Tilling

*By Edgar DeJean*

Today, as I was tilling our garden with  
Our bright red, Troy-Bilt 6.5 hp Super Bronco Tiller,  
I heard the angry twang of tine against rock, and  
Immediately a sharp ping that meant  
"A stone in the starboard dirt."

I released the safety handle, the machine stopped  
And I stooped to search out the intruder of my loam.  
As I wiped the dirt from the flat stone, slightly smaller  
Than my hand, a wave of desecration swept over me.  
I held the tool of a Native American polished by  
Years of use and the oil and sweat of his/her hand.  
It was perfect but for two ugly gouges along one side.  
In two milliseconds tine one and tine two had spoiled  
What years of shaping arrow points or cracking nuts, and  
Centuries of soil entombment, had failed to harm.

For 50 years I've gardened this spot on our two-acre lot,  
Cleared from a primeval forest almost 200 years ago,  
Later carved from a cow pasture to be our homestead.  
As rains fell on the tilled earth, chips of flint,  
Not indigenous to the area, would surface and find  
Their way to my garden collection that contains  
Chips and some imperfect arrow points. It also contains  
A mate to this stone-age tool, perfectly polished and  
Free from the ugly scars gouged by a 6.5 hp modern tiller.  
Hence my guilt upon desecrating what was precious,  
Yes, even life-giving, to a former steward of our garden.

Time to time I shared the secret of our garden,  
And when a young man, courting the girl next door,  
Went away to State University to study archeology,  
He reported our garden to the Archeological Powers

Where it was registered as Indiana Site 12 Ws 43.  
This meant that it was the forty-third site recorded  
In Washington County, Indiana.

Often as I struggle with the insignificant problems  
Of my garden, which is a hobby backed up by the  
Security of the supermarket two auto miles away,  
I think of the hardships of my Patch of Earth,  
Native American, Spirit-Mate. I think how fragile  
Was his/her existence in the same spot where we hold  
Freedom from fear and want and where our power tiller  
Can scar the beauty of her/his hand-polished, vital tool.

As I contemplate the hereafter, would that it be one  
in which  
We might meet and I could say, "I'm sorry I scarred your  
hand tool.  
We regret immeasurably that our people scarred  
your people."

✓

**Write only what you alone can write.**

**- Elie Wiesel**

.... Then submit your stories, poetry, and art  
to the *Meadowood Anthology*, the showcase of  
talent in our community. New contributors are  
especially welcome!

Contact Jan Skinner, Administrative Office. Submit items by  
e-mail to [jan.skinner@meadowoodrc.com](mailto:jan.skinner@meadowoodrc.com) or bring them to  
the office. Next deadline: April 18.

*Memories of War:*  
*A Series*

## Music, Maestro, Please!

A love story steeped in music.

*By Helen Salisbury-Gross*

The year was 1938 when Jim followed the strains of big band music across College Avenue in Bloomington, Indiana, to find a group of teenagers dancing on a big front porch. This is where Jim met Helen. They were attracted to each other as they danced to their favorite music. Neither of them could foresee the events that were to happen 56 years later.

They danced their way through a courtship until Jim responded to the beckoning of the military cadence. He enlisted in 1939. After some training, he was stationed at Hickam Field on the balmy shores of Hawaii. Pearl Harbor was just across a chain link fence. Before he left the States, he gave Helen his high school ring and she gave him her picture. Their song was “Music, Maestro, Please!” Equipped with memorabilia, Jim started his military career.

In the summer of 1941, things were going well for Jim and he wrote to Helen to come to Hawaii to make his paradise complete. By this time Helen had entered

Indiana University and was enthusiastically engaged in college life. Helen’s mother discouraged the move by saying “You are too young, war is imminent, and you should finish your education.” Helen realized the wisdom in her advice, and wrote a difficult letter.

On December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor was attacked and the United States entered World War II. Lives were changed and the entire society changed. No longer were we comforted by the protection of the two great oceans. Isolationism became a thing of the past. The nation was at war and the young people heard the call to action to protect the homeland. Jim and Helen were part of “the greatest generation.” College men and women put aside education to join in the war effort. Helen decided to marry Jack Salisbury, the college man in her life, before he went to war. Helen helped the war effort as a plating chemist for Curtis Wright Aviation.

In September 1942, Jim was on his way to Officers Candidate School and stopped in Bloomington to see his family. He also got to visit with Helen and Jack, and they enjoyed socializing together while playing big band music – a common bond. By 1945, Jack had been wounded overseas and was home on disability leave. Jim happened to be in Bloomington at the same time and the three enjoyed another visit. That was the last time Jim and Helen would see each other for 45 years.

The music they each heard took them in very different directions. Jim heard a military march and was busy with a distinguished career in the Air Force. He earned a degree in economics from the University of Iowa, and eventually married another hometown girl – Helen Myers – in 1953. He retired from the Air Force as a major in 1962. He joined the Federal Service System in 1967 and retired in 1982. He kept himself busy with track and field events, volunteer work for service organizations, and continuing his life-long study and appreciation of big band music.

Helen’s music, meanwhile, was all pomp and circumstance. She made education a life-long pursuit. After receiving her bachelor’s degree from Indiana University, she earned a master’s degree from the University of Virginia, and a doctorate from Temple University. She was chairman of the education division at Harcum College in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, taught at Temple University, and even taught one summer in Nigeria. She has published in her field and founded Salisbury Infant Development Program, which she owned and directed until she retired. She lost her husband, Jack, in 1987.

In 1990, Bloomington and University High Schools held a 50-year reunion for the class of 1940. This was a special event holding much interest and nostalgic appeal to Helen – so she attended. She received a phone call in her room at Hampton Inn – the voice was singing “Music, Maestro, Please!” It was a voice and a song from the past. They met, they

danced, they reminisced – and a pleasant evening ended.

Time passed – spouses passed – and Helen’s phone rang. It was Jim. Both were still interested in Indiana basketball and Bob Knight. Jim proposed watching IU basketball on national TV – he in Texas and she in Pennsylvania. If Indiana won, he would call Helen. If Indiana lost, Helen would call Jim. The long distance TV dates were fun.

In 1994, Jim invited Helen to attend a Pearl Harbor Survivor reunion with him in Virginia. Sounds great, she replied. However, when she called for reservations, there were none made in her name. “Sorry, I can’t come there is no room in the inn” was her message to Jim. He gallantly offered to share his room with her, even offered to hang a sheet in the middle of the room *a la* Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night*. When that failed to meet approval, Jim said, “I have a solution – why don’t we get married?” Helen laughed. The next time they were on the phone she said, “That was an interesting proposition you made.” Jim said, “It was not a proposition, it was a proposal.”

After Jim’s reunion in Virginia, he visited Helen in Pennsylvania and they began to take the idea seriously. They found that time had changed many things, but not their life-long respect and affection for each other. Helen had kept Jim’s high school ring all these years. Jim carried Helen’s picture with him, not in his wallet, but in his mind.

The wedding that took place on July 1, 1994, seemed to have a will of its own. Jim and Helen have followed the music together to this day. ♡

## Memories of War:

### A Series

# Tour of Duty, Part 2

*By Bob Hart*

After completing my master's degree program and teaching for two years, I heard from my friend and fellow officer, Joe Fletcher. He wanted to visit in order to convince me that I should return to active duty. He described the interesting work he was doing at Cambridge Geophysical Research Station in Ohio. He offered to hand-carry my application through Washington to assure that I would be assigned to work there. After his departure, Shirley and I talked it over and decided that this was the thing we should do. I completed my application and sent it to Fletcher.

One night late in June, 1948, Fletcher called. He had just received orders and felt I would not want to work with him on his new assignment. He said that my application had been approved and I was to be ordered back to active duty. In discussing assignments, he said there was an opening in the All-Weather Flying Division in the office from which I was

separated two and a half years earlier. We agreed on this assignment. The All-Weather Flying Division had moved to Clinton County Air Force Base near Wilmington, Ohio. I returned to duty in July of 1948.

After our first son, Jon, was born and Shirley got her strength back, she came to Ohio and we rented an apartment in Sabina, Ohio. Later, we bought a small house in Wilmington from one of my fellow officers, Daniel Boone, who was being transferred.

Two interesting projects at Clinton County Air Base were the "Thunderstorm Project" and the "Lightning Strike Project." In the first of these, a grid of automatic weather stations was positioned over a large enough area to collect information from a whole thunderstorm system. The stations were placed close enough together that variations in thunderstorm characteristics could be detected. At the same time that data was being collected on the ground, F-15 aircraft were used to fly missions penetrating the thunderstorms to collect data within the storm. Flying aircraft into storms resulted in severe structural strains, and the fleet of F-15s was never flown again. The planes were sent to salvage at Wright-Patterson AFB to recoup anything usable.

The Lightning Strike Project was pretty much an exercise in futility. This, again, consisted of flight penetrations of the storms to study the effects of being struck by lightning. Reports from pilots whose

planes had been struck by lightning prompted this project to study what happened when a lightning strike occurred. Our pilots actually had difficulty attracting a lightning strike. At one time, they were even flying with a 200 foot trailing wire antenna in an attempt to get a lightning strike. Of all the flights made during this project, a plane was struck by lightning only once, on the nose of the plane, which then traveled along the metal surface and exited near the tip of the starboard wing. The pilot was blinded for a short period and the aircraft instruments became erratic for a short period of time until they resumed their proper operation.

The All-Weather Flying Division made another move, this time to Patterson Field. My assignment was also changed at this time and I transferred from the Navigation and Weather Branch to the Measurements and Analysis Branch. There were two projects run through this branch which I consider significant. One was the All-Weather Airline. We were convinced that the big delays experienced by airlines were not necessary and set up a project to fly round trip from our base in Ohio to Washington, D.C. five days per week. This airline operated for many months with an "off-schedule" average of 1 minute. There were occasions when a landing could not be completed due to weather or other circumstances and in this case the time used was "the time over touchdown." The plane used was usually a C-54 or a B-17. I could understand their good record after making one of the Ohio to Washington flights in a B-17. I rode in the nose of the aircraft with the navigator. As we were coming in to land

and actually over the runway, the navigator was on the intercom to the pilot and looking at his watch while saying, "Hold it off!, hold it off!" And then, "Put it down." This was one of the flights when the "off schedule" time could not have been more than a few seconds.

Another project of interest was one involving airport traffic control and landing. In this one, we used a V-Beam radar located near Jamestown, OH, a CPN-18 radar located just off-base and a GCA (Ground Controlled Approach) radar which was located on the field and near the runway. The V-Beam was about 25 miles away and the pilot in the aircraft wishing to land would radio the radar when he was over a standard marker beacon. The radar operator would give the pilot directions to fly in order to vector him into the desired location with respect to the CPN-18 radar and turn over control to the CPN-18. This operator would direct the pilot on to final approach for the designated runway and turn him over to the GCA operator who would give him instructions to put him over touchdown.

After developing and fine-tuning this system, we gave a demonstration for some important Air Force personnel from Washington. The demonstration was conducted with the pilots "under the hood" meaning the pilot could not see out of the airplane. In this demonstration we averaged a plane over touchdown every 30 seconds. Some of the pilots remarked later that they could feel the prop wash from the plane ahead of them.

▼

# Birds! You Can Have 'Em

*By Ozzie Ragatz*

There must be some secret underground among birds, letting generation after generation know: here is a man who periodically must get his come-uppance. This may have been prompted by my childhood task of catching a dozen or so chickens, chopping off their heads and preparing them for my mother to “dress” prior to delivery to town every Saturday. Chickens are birds, after all, so I can hardly fault avian animosity. Word got around, and periodically I was called to task by the avian world.

While at the University of Southern California, my wife and I were substitute organists at various churches. One spring morning we both had services to play, but at churches far apart. Mary had taken me to my church and gone on to her job in our car. I finished my duties, the church emptied and the doors locked. While waiting under an arbor, I was spotted by some avian sleuth who received orders to attack NOW. Splat! right on my face, with residue on my shirt. My handkerchief did not begin to clean up the mess.

Well, word got back to bird headquarters and it was decided this had been great fun and how can we top it? It took several years, but never underestimate the ingenuity and tenacity of the bird brigade.

We were now back in Bloomington, and my 88-year-old father was living with us. As the family sat down to a dinner of pork chops on our unscreened porch, red alert went out from bird headquarters. An ace flyer was dispatched. The target, stuffy Professor Ragatz. With unerring skill, the bomber bird took aim, and Splat!, a direct hit on the succulent bite of pork chop en route to the professor's mouth. Oh, there was rejoicing at bird headquarters, I am sure! But I doubt the mirth matched that at 1309 Longview Drive. My father laughed so hard his dentures left their moorings. My roar of outrage was drowned out by the unbridled laughter of four kids and my wife. Not to be left out, our cat pursued the bird into the living room, where it took full advantage of the 18-foot ceilings. After the bird escaped and returned to bird headquarters, I'm sure it was awarded an avian *croix de guerre* for bravery in battle.

Further encounters with our feathered friends were avoided until a camping trip. Notice of an “Owl Prowl” was posted in the campground's office. Aha, I thought. We would meet an owl socially and all antagonism would fade in an orgy of featherly love. Then maybe I would be erased from the bird hate list. So, along with a dozen or so tourists, we met the nature guide who instructed us to move stealthily and follow him into the woods. As we slunk along, we were entertained by owl-like hoots periodically emitted by our fearless leader. After a half hour in the Indiana veldt, we were enthralled to

hear a distant owl answering our guide. It shortly became obvious that this must be pretty hot stuff, since our ersatz owl and the answering bird proceed to carry on a pretty deep conversation, getting louder and more animated as they approached each other. I was beginning to feel sorry for answering owl who would shortly be frustrated to find he had been deceived. We entered a small clearing and there encountered another nature guide followed by a phalanx of gaping tourists. This guide was a very good looking young lady, which prompted me to ponder just what these two guides had been hooting at each other. So much for my hopes of a peace accord with the bird world.

Now it was time for a mass bird assault. When son Steve was in college, it became apparent that he was spending more time at girlfriend Lisa's apartment than in his dorm room. We suggested they live in our condo while we took an extended trip. Little did we know that Lisa was a Bird Lover or that her mother was about to give her an African gray parrot. The parrot soon resided in a large cage in our unfinished lower level where, between trips, I was fashioning four more rooms. But nature abhors a vacuum, and shortly all this space was filled with more birds, first a pair of love birds from Steve to Lisa, then another pair of love birds from Lisa to Steve, and then, with no help from anyone, love birds doing what they do naturally and *voila!* the enemy had moved in. Talk about a fifth column takeover! I'll not go into details about the care of 39 birds – it was birdlam.

This went on for a semester or two before I had had it. Soon I owned a 1920's house that I proceeded to rehab – like moving the bathroom to what had been a second bedroom, replacing the old bathroom and a porch with – you guessed it, a Bird Room! It took the Cirque du Soleil and the arrival of grandson Andrew to rid us of birds. The local pet stores absorbed an influx of Ragatz-raised love birds.

Reinforced with Meadowood's rules and two intrepid cats, I feel safe from further bird assaults. Just don't intrude on my dinner hour with conversations about fledglings or architectural innovation to bluebird houses. And don't wear a feather boa to my soiree, if I ever give one. Do, and I'll go screaming right into the pond.

▼

## Christmas Tree Adventure

*By Chuck Rockwood*

When Christmas approaches, I am reminded, as we all may be, of Christmases past. In the early 60s, the cost of getting a tree for the family struck me as ridiculous and I decided that someone was making big bucks in the process. I figured you planted them, cut them and sold them at a huge profit. Accordingly, I ventured into the business.

I bought seventy-plus acres on Birdie Galyan Road for eight dollars an acre – a sizeable investment for an Army major

stationed at Fort Knox. With the help of the local soil conservation agent, I proceeded to plant ten thousand scotch pine seedlings each year for the next seven years. All was well and good, and I visualized profits sprouting with each tree until the moment reality set in and I realized one must mow to eliminate weed competition, and, worst of all, each and every tree must be pruned to ensure proper size and shape. This whole operation took care of all my spare time and energy!

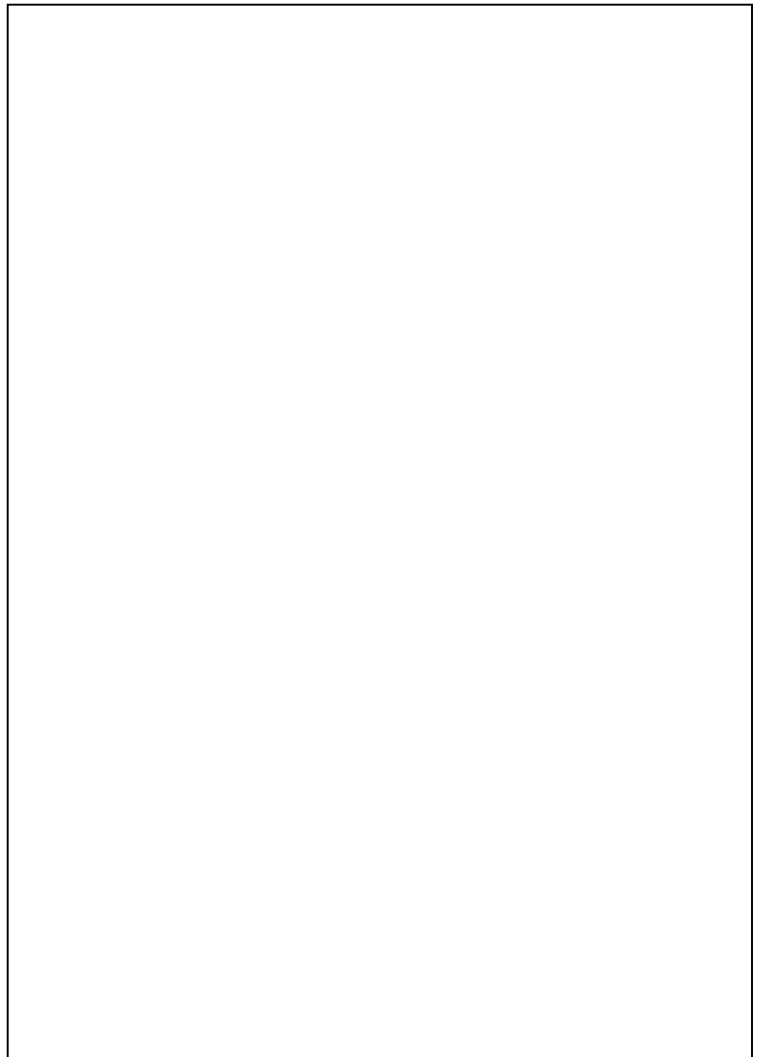
The first season, I had some trees ready for market, I cut three hundred of the best ones and shipped them to Fort Knox by hiring out-of-season limestone haulers with flatbed trucks.. They were well received and sold like hotcakes.

Encouraged by this success I decided to branch out and expand my market to Florida. So the following year, I sent two truckloads to selected Publix grocery stores in Florida, and once again they sold instantly. I was on a roll. Publix was so happy, they gave me an order for three thousand trees to be delivered next year to selected stores around the state.

I won't bore the reader with the agonizing details, but will only report on the disastrous results! Truckload after truckload *en route* to Florida encountered ice and snow with tons of salt – salt that got thrown up on the trees and immediately turned them brown. Needless to say, you do not fight Publix super markets, and I think for the whole agonizing experience I netted some six or

seven hundred dollars! The only thing that saved me was Lady Bird Johnson and her highway beautification program – but that can be a subject of a later tale.

▼



Deer, a linoleum block continuous print on silk by Martha Jo Sparlin

# My Indian Initiation

*By Ella Wade Fox*

July 1944  
Red Cross Hostel  
Park Street  
Calcutta, India

I am vaguely aware of lying in a pool of perspiration, burning with fever, my entire body hurting so that it is impossible to move. Am I dying? The last occupant of this bed was also a Red Cross girl. She died. In fact, her clothes are in the armoire. I had to push them aside so I could hang up my things when I unpacked.

Am I already dead? Am I in a casket? Are these the walls of a wooden casket I am looking at? The fear brings me to full consciousness. Whew. The “walls” are only the brown mosquito netting draped on the four sides of my bed. I slip once more into blessed unconsciousness.

Next I waken to listen for some sign of human life in this dormitory room. Everyone has left to go to work. The only sounds come in strange wails from the music school next door. This is music? I hear the soft pad of our sweet little ayah’s bare feet as she crosses the room to bring me a cup of tea. “Chia, Memsahib?” Oh no. The very thought of having to

swallow something makes me nauseated. Again I slip into unconsciousness.

And then I feel myself being lifted by strong arms and laid on a gurney. Now into an ambulance and on to the army hospital. Here the two doctors agree: a classic case of Dengue Fever ...the raging fever and aching. And oh, do I hurt! It’s no wonder the British call it “break-bone fever”!

Ten days earlier in Bombay, when I stepped ashore from the troopship George M. Randall, I evidently tangled with a mosquito. Why did he pick on me? Leaving the ship, there were 6,000 troops, 30 other Red Cross girls and 20 nurses. The nasty insect could have feasted on them.

This was not the type of “experience” I’d anticipated when I joined the Red Cross...and it certainly would not be included in my letters home. (Don’t worry my mother! Home...far-off Indiana. Half way around the world.)

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# Contributors

**Ledford Carter** is a retired Indiana University professor, filmmaker and Army officer. During his 25-year residency at Meadowood, he has been a board director and Resident Council president, and he has served on numerous Meadowood committees.

**Luise David** was born in Bavaria. After immigrating to America with her husband and son, she worked as a claims adjuster in New York City's garment district. She is the author of a memoir, "How We Survived."

**Edgar DeJean** and wife Elinor moved to Meadowood from Salem, Indiana, in 2006. He practiced dentistry and oral surgery in the US Army and in Salem for 50 years. Dr. and Mrs. DeJean and their six children are all Indiana University graduates.

**Ella Wade Fox** is a native of Howe, Indiana, and a graduate of the University of Michigan. In India in 1944, for Ella and other Red Cross workers, the enemy was disease. But it was there she met John, her future husband. They had once lived 50 miles apart in Indiana. John's career took them to Chicago, Washington, DC, and Beaufort, South Carolina, before they came to Bloomington in 2006.

**Howard Gest** After a career in teaching and research, microbiologist Howard Gest now writes the history of science, especially in the seventeenth century. He keeps up with today's news in the New York Times and many science journals. He is devoted to fine music.

In 1963, **Virginia Gest** studied writing poetry with Samuel Yellen of the I.U. English department. With small children at home, this course was her "dessert." "Writing a poem is hard work," she says. Her inspiration is usually nature.

**Bob Hart** is a retired science teacher and U.S. Air Force meteorologist who was engaged in Research and Development for US Air Force.

After 41 years as Chairman of the Organ Department at Indiana University's School of Music, **Oswald Ragatz** has enjoyed 24 years of retirement, traveling, and writing mystery novels.

**Charles A. (Chuck) Rockwood** was graduated from Indiana University, and the U.S. Army Command General Staff College. His Army career spanned 20 years - in Europe during WWII, and later in Panama, Thailand, Vietnam, and the United States. He then worked at Indiana University for 15 years in Administrative Staff.

Significant events in the life of **Helen Salisbury-Gross** are revealed in her submission for this issue. Her many interests are widely varied. She produces the *Golden Age* program for WFHB Radio, and she is a deacon of the First Christian Church. Helen's father was D.J. Holland, M.D., of Bloomington.

**Martha Jo Nix Sparlin** moved to Meadowood in January 2004. She retired after 22 years from the Noblesville Daily Ledger as a proof-reader. This art work was completed as a college project.

# Far North

*By Virginia Gest*

The mirror lake breathes peace upon the evening air.

I drift in solitary calm.

Dark pines crowd the shore where mist obscures

A noisy family of ducks about to settle for the night.

The sun is gone.

Silently a fish pricks the perfect plane of water.

Circles widen. Blue deepens to purple.

In the day's last light an otter pushes a wedge

of ripples to the farthest shore.

His rhythmic wake subsides.

The first breeze of night brings a lonely chill

From the opaque depths beneath, teeming with silent movement.

In the vastness of the skies above, a few timid stars

Announce the mysterious equilibrium of night.

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