

# Meadowood Anthology



A publication by and for the residents  
of Meadowood Retirement Community

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**In this Issue:**

**Our Meadowood Story** by Bob Wheeler... 3  
**Meadowood’s Coldest Night** by Ledford Carter. ... 6  
**Xantippe** by Robin Black-Schaffer ..... 7  
**Italian Scene** by Dee Rockwood ..... 8  
**A Visit to Brown County and Beyond**  
. by Marjorie Clayton ..... 9  
**Question** by Miriam Rosenzweig ..... 10  
**The Wayward Apostrophe** by Julie King ..... 11  
**The Apostrophe** by Henry H. Gray ..... 12  
**Trouble in Paradise** by Bernard Clayton Jr. .... 12  
**My Last Long Trip** by Henry H. Gray. .... 13  
**More Funny Things That Happened**  
**Before the Concert** by Joseph Rezits ..... 14  
**Contributors..** ..... 16

# 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*

Response to our plea for submissions to the *Anthology* was good, so we present you with a lovely array of items by your friends and neighbors.

It’s good to pause now and again to appreciate the riches of our lives. The *Meadowood Anthology* is one of those riches. It is an act of faith for those submitting their work – faith that they will be understood and appreciated, that communication across the space between us will occur.

This issue is a fine example of what is offered by your peers: poetry, memories, wry observations, sparkling humor and art. All this is given voluntarily, eagerly, so that we all may enjoy and be enriched. It’s like one of those fabled country springs that keeps coming forth with the most delicious refreshment.

Take a sip, be refreshed and come back for more, again and again.

See you in the *Anthology*.

*Sandy Lynch*

# Our Meadowood Story

*By Bob Wheeler*

The 1990 acquisition of Meadowood created quite a stir in the Bloomington community. Headlines in the Bloomington newspaper the next morning read "New Jersey Bond Brokers Buy Meadowood." It appeared that strangers from New Jersey, and worse yet - bond brokers - had stumbled into town. However, unknown to the residents we had a deeper commitment to Meadowood than was obvious at first.

Don and I each had a previous history in the midwest. After completing undergraduate and Ph.D. degrees in Ohio, I took a teaching position at Earlham College, in Richmond, Indiana. Vicki and I were married in Columbus, Ohio (her hometown) in 1964, before venturing to Indiana together. Prior to coming to Meadowood I worked for 20 years in teaching, research and environmental positions (Exxon and FMC).

Don graduated in economics from Wooster College in Ohio, and acquired a law degree from Ohio State University in 1964. He worked in the financial field in New York City for over 20 years, and as a CEO in a successful municipal bond brokerage house for many of those years.

Tom Mathers, our partner for many years at Meadowood, held a law degree from

Indiana University. For many years Tom ran a mutual fund in Chicago, and remained a loyal silent partner during our first seven years at Meadowood.

Don and I first became knowledgeable about Meadowood in 1985. At that time Meadowood was unable to meet its debt service and ultimately defaulted on its bond payments. It was one of many such facilities during that time which were undercapitalized and which had to be foreclosed by the lenders (not too different from current events in the housing market.) Realizing that many of these operations had a long-term potential for growth without a significant investment, we began to explore the acquisition of these operations. This involved visiting numerous troubled facilities throughout the U.S. One of these visits was to Meadowood. In April of 1985, Dottie Collins devoted half a day to me to tour the campus and speak with residents. The stimulating residents, the physical plant, and the campus layout impressed me immensely and exceeded anything I had previously seen.

Unfortunately, due to a series of law suits involving Meadowood and its builder, little could be accomplished in its purchase before the legal actions were resolved. Finally in April 1989, after the legal settlement, it was announced by the bank that it would auction Meadowood off at a sheriff's sale at the courthouse in downtown Bloomington. Don and I decided to join forces with Tom

Mathers to become one of the many groups bidding on Meadowood. On the day of the sale the courthouse lobby was full of curious onlookers, residents of Meadowood and a number of hopeful entities bidding on Meadowood.

I recall one distinguished Meadowood resident seated in a rocking chair for the entire day amidst the commotion. She was Aline Robinson (mother of current resident Jean Peters). Aline appeared to be our only ally that day, and her encouragement and support were greatly appreciated. At the conclusion of a hectic day of bidding, the sale concluded at 6:30 pm and our bid of \$13.4 million dollars was the winning bid.

We had successfully outbid a tenacious consortium of IU financial alums from Indianapolis. Their unexpected loss and the support they received from the disgruntled citizens who read of our win, fueled a lawsuit against us. The IU consortium's position was that we were unfamiliar with Meadowood and its operations and that we had no experience running such a facility.

A trial was set for August 1989, in Boone County. Our lawyers felt the claims were baseless and were perplexed about why the hearing was set in Boone County rather than Monroe. It soon was to become clear to us. One week before our court hearing the Indianapolis newspaper came out with a large front page exposé about Judge Drury of Boone County.

Evidently he had made many questionable rulings in return for favors granted by various lawyers. Judge Drury was on the docket to hear our case, and the unscrupulous lawyer mentioned repeatedly in the exposé was the one hired to represent the IU group in their claims against us. This timely exposure sealed the fate of both the judge and the lawyer in what was perfect timing for us. Other than spending several hours in the basement of the Boone County courthouse during a tornado alert, the trial was uneventful and we prevailed.

The closing on the purchase of Meadowood was set for January 2, 1990. Prior to closing, in October 1989, Vicki and I took up residence in a unit on Linden Drive. This was an eye-opening experience because we witnessed the poor physical condition of the facility first hand. Through a lack of previous funding, the physical plant had little maintenance and the grounds were suffering from inattention. In many cases unoccupied units were trashed. Plumbing fixtures, countertops and even windows had been removed to supply parts for other units.

After closing on the sale we swung into immediate action and our energy was directed to the physical and economic survival of the facility. I became assistant administrator and Vicki coordinated activities for the residents. A rent increase and acceleration in occupancy (which stood at 64%) was our highest priority.

Rents had to go up 40-45% and by competitive standards the costs were still moderate. With a major marketing effort our occupancy climbed significantly. By our second year we had repaired most of the damaged units and we actually approached 100% occupancy. The summer of our second year, Vicki and I along with our daughter Jill, home from college, worked side by side, with little or no pay, to achieve full residency and reasonable financial stability.

Once we reached maximum occupancy Vicki and I had to reluctantly move off campus. Our own unit was required by a new resident. In subsequent years we concentrated our efforts to further improve the financial condition and make capital improvements to the facility. Two rounds of refinancing assured our fiscal stability and with yearly rental increases we have been able to make \$4-\$7 million dollars annually in capital improvements. Major construction projects such as the 22-bed health center expansion and the lounge enlargement were paid for out of operating revenues. Over the past 19 years nearly all roofs, siding and flooring have been replaced as well as heat pumps, windows and many doors.

In spite of the hard work, memories of our time at Meadowood reflect a very happy period for us. Our family enjoyed living at Meadowood and we will long recall the delicious meals, and excellent fellowship with staff and residents which made the hardships easier to bear. Our grown children who were attending colleges in Michigan and Tennessee

visited more often in Indiana than New Jersey. Our dogs adjusted to apartment living somewhat, after coming there from our farm in New Jersey. They found their way to Lake Griffy or to the IU campus after escaping our gaze and we became acquainted on a first-name basis with the local dog catcher.

Our philosophy relative to Meadowood has been to respect and honor our residents and staff by welcoming their input and viewpoints. We embrace Meadowood's propensity to accept and encourage individuality and independence. Easy access to intellectual pursuits ranks high in our priorities. We believe that personal achievement, both physical and mental, is an important ongoing process for the entire community. The happiness and success of our staff is paramount to the community as they are an integral part of the Meadowood family. These principles are not original but are a continuation of the philosophy we inherited from Meadowood when we arrived 19 years ago. Our hope is that these principles will survive as a foundation to the continued success of Meadowood.

Meadowood has given us enrichment in our personal lives, enduring friendships, and a high degree of satisfaction in working with staff and residents. We thank all of you for the opportunity, during the past 19 years, to have been part of such a first rate community.

▼

# Meadowood's Coldest Night

*By Ledford Carter*

It was January 18<sup>th</sup>, 1994. At about seven in the evening, the temperature outside was below zero. My wife was in bed with a fever. I sat comfortably reading when suddenly I was blinded by darkness. Such incidents had happened before, but had not lasted long, so I waited patiently.

An hour later I had become restless, had found a flashlight, and had examined the indoor thermometer to learn that it had dropped ten degrees from its usual setting. The power failure had shut out the source of heat. I put on more clothes and waited...and waited...and waited.

When the temperature reached 50 degrees at nine o'clock, I got under the bed covers.

At ten o'clock and 40 degrees, I realized if heat were not restored by morning, we could freeze to death. So I jumped out of bed, and with the aid of the flashlight found the telephone number for Robert Wheeler, Meadowood's co-owner who had recently moved his residence from Linden Drive to Northern Monroe County. I gave him the situation report. Then I called the Hampton Inn to learn that power there had just been restored and a vacant room was available.

Before I could dress my wife in the dark, Vicki Wheeler, Bob's wife, was at the door of my garden unit.

The next morning when I left the Hampton Inn to take Julia to the doctor - it was the flu - the outside temperature read thirty-two degrees below zero. That morning, Indiana's coldest temperature ever recorded, -36 degrees, was at New Whiteland, only 34 air miles distant. Later I learned the power had been restored to Meadowood about eleven o'clock when Bob Wheeler had begun to ask for assistance of the city to evacuate Meadowood's residents.

The cause of the four-hour outage was extreme cold having compressed the metal power line, causing it to snap.

Technology is nature's slave.

✓

# Xantippe

*By Robin Black-Schaffer*

(Wife of Socrates...399 B.C. "An ill-tempered female; a shrew")

Oh, spare some pity  
For poor Xantippe!  
She wasn't wise  
And she wasn't witty;

The neighbors envied  
Her life of ease  
As the wife of the famous  
Socrates ----

Who'd come home for dinner  
Five hours late,  
And push the cold food  
Around on his plate,

Saying: "What must a famous  
Philosopher do,  
To get a warm supper  
Out of you?"

Then to the agora  
To chat with his cronies.  
Said she: "Since you're going  
Bring home some bolognas."

Two days late he returned  
Empty-handed and -purséd  
The neighbors were shocked  
At how Xantippe curséd.

Oh, reader, have pity  
On poor old Xantippe,  
Who was – as aforesaid  
Not wise and not witty...

But many a wife  
From that day to the present  
Understands why Xantippe  
Was sometimes unpleasant!

▼



Italian Scene  
*By Dee Rockwood*

# A Visit to Brown County and Beyond

*By Marjorie Clayton*

It was a fine early October day and we had driven out to find a new restaurant in Brown County.

Directions: Drive three miles east of Bean Blossom, turn left and then perhaps another turn – we were lost and ready to give up when I saw the sign nailed to a fence post – The Herb Farm and Restaurant.

The restaurant in an old farm house, set amongst herb gardens, was rustic and cozy. Four or five small tables were around the outer walls with one long family-style table down the center.

A couple invited us to join them at the long table for the only seats not taken in the busy room.

Introductions followed. He was Bill Robertson, just-retired president of the Idaho Falls community college. She was Shirlee who had left her job in Idaho Falls as a special education teacher to come to Indiana with her husband.

They had come to Bloomington on a serious and worrisome mission. For him it was ten weeks of treatment at the Midwest Proton Radiology Institute (MPRI).

They had determined to make Bloomington an adventure and not a dismal experience. Ten weeks later they returned to Idaho with spirits uplifted thanks to the treatment and the high degree of professionalism they encountered at MPRI. Equally impressive was the warmth and hospitality they found in our town and environs.

Bill's treatment took but one hour a day so the rest of their time was spent doing the things that Bloomington offered that so many of us don't have the time or take the time to do.

Shirlee centered her search at the Visitors Bureau, the Monroe County Library (which gave her a card), and the Thursday edition of the *Herald Times* with its full page of community activities for the week ahead.

They filled their days with lectures, musical events, yoga classes, basketball for Bill at the YMCA and tennis at the Tennis Pavilion at IU, a tour of Amish country near Washington with a senior citizens group, the Louisville art gallery, French Lick, Columbus (for its architecture), the many museums in the area, and shopping at stores for decorations for their apartment. (Jill's House was completely booked so they had to live elsewhere.) Another delight was finding restaurants which brought us together at the Herb Farm and Restaurant in Brown County.

They joined us at Meadowood for Thanksgiving and were impressed with the beauty of the campus in all of its holiday glory and by the people who live here.

The funny thing is that it took two visitors from Idaho to show us a new and appealing side of our community.

We look forward to their return in six months for an evaluation at MPRI.

▼

### *You're Invited...*

You are cordially invited to share your writing, art, photography and poetry in the *Meadowood Anthology*.

Submit by:

1. Dropping a copy of your work by the Front Desk  
OR
2. E-mailing an attachment to:

[meadowoodanthology@live.com](mailto:meadowoodanthology@live.com)

**See You in the Anthology!**

**Next Deadline: April 15<sup>th</sup>!**

QUESTION

### *By Miriam Rosenzweig*

We all know that there are villains amidst us:

Crooks  
Scoundrels  
Tyrants  
Traitors  
Liars  
Lechers  
Embezzlers  
Imposters  
Robbers  
Rapists  
Renegades  
Slanderers and  
Philanderers ---

All live, and some flourish among us.

Now turn to the obituaries to note who is departing:

Loving Mother  
Inspired Teacher  
Distinguished Mentor  
Loyal Friend  
Devoted Father  
Dear Brother  
Talented  
Warm  
Caring  
Committed  
Dedicated and  
Generous ---

Not a villain in sight.

It follows that Heaven must be filled to overflowing, Hell empty.

But who inhabits the earth? ▼

# The Wayward Apostrophe

by Julie King

By now when there are daily misspellings in *The New York Times*, it's tempting to give up Grammatical Wars. It seems as though only one's spouse, also an English major, will exclaim over another malapropism or misplaced punctuation mark. And so it was heartening to discover websites like "Apostrophe Catastrophe" or "The Apostrophe Protection Society" whose purpose is: "Preserving the correct use of this currently much abused punctuation mark in all forms of text written in the English language."

"Apostrophe Catastrophe" celebrates National Punctuation Day (Sept.24) with really awful examples, like a sign for "*Overstock Panty Hoe's*." Lately I've noticed similar atrocities on TV captions, but the people writing them have to work fast so they are forgiven.

Among long-forgotten rules cited by The Apostrophe Protection Society is the following:

Apostrophes are NEVER ever used to denote plurals! Common examples of such abuse (all seen in real life) are:

**Banana's for sale** or  
**Menu's printed to order.**

This rule is seldom obeyed in the countryside where residents post signs by their driveways.

In our area of northern Wisconsin, there seems to be no awareness that the sign saying **Smith's** signifies that only one Smith lives at that address. Which is it? Husband or wife? I vote for wife!

My preoccupation with apostrophes once caused me to send copies of a certain cartoon to errant editors. Two bums are sitting on a park bench with a wine bottle between them. One bum says: "I'll drink no wine before its time." (Remember that old Gallo Wine ad?) The other bum responds: "It's *time!*" I no longer send this cartoon to newspaper editors, as I've come to believe they don't read their own publications. Nor do proofreaders, once an ancient honorable profession.

The simple third grade rule is if you can substitute "it is," an apostrophe is needed. But when possession is the meaning, omit. Problems arise when a word is plural or ends in "s". "*The dress came from Kansas's fine shop.*" "*The Willises' car was stolen by the valet parking attendant, but the cops' attitude was surly.*"

But is an apostrophe always needed to denote possession? What about the words "it", "our", "your", or "her" as in "**The fault was her's**"? This faulty application of the possessive rule is commonplace. Only "his" escapes a similar fate.

Who would have predicted that *Eats, Shoots & Leaves: The Zero Tolerance Approach to Punctuation* would become a bestseller? This British book sold over three million copies before going into paperback editions. Author Lynn Truss, dedicated her book:

To the memory of the striking Bolshevik printers of St. Petersburg who, in 1905, demanded to be paid the same rate for punctuation marks as for letters and thereby directly precipitated the first Russian Revolution.

There's an "Eats, Shoots & Leaves Punctuation Game" where you can try out your own apostrophe awareness. Go to <http://eatsshootsandleaves.com/ESLquiz.html>. Lynn Truss has also co-authored a kids' book, *The Girl's Like Spaghetti: Why You Can't Manage Without Apostrophes*.

Looking at my pre-teen granddaughter makes me appreciate the above placement of the apostrophe.

Primary-grade education these days is dedicated to "Whole Language": meaning-based word recognition with less emphasis on other skills such as grammar, spelling and punctuation. It's time to put our spears aside. Lynn Truss and her allies may carry on, but most of us have become guardians at the gates of a deserted city.

▼

## The Apostrophe

*By Henry H. Gray*

Its never placed right, the apostrophe  
. Nor is it's friend, the only.  
If only I'm the one to see  
This, believe me, its quite lonely.

## Trouble in Paradise

An excerpt from a journal

*By Bernard Clayton Jr.*

Monday Honolulu received its first liquor ration since the war with the announcement that civil rights had been restored. In a 24-hour period ending at 7 a.m. the police had arrested 30 drunks, 5 drunk drivers, 5 disorderly conducts besides investigating 20 major fights and 14 traffic accidents.

People on the sidewalks held up bottles of booze and invited one and all to have a drink.

The police entitled the day's blotter report: "Hell Breaks Loose on the Third Watch or Liquor is Back in Town."

One man was arrested for stabbing his wife because she forgot to renew her liquor permit. A taro farmer whose old water buffalo with a broken nose was stolen, a man found a dead horse in his yard the morning after, and a lady complained to the police that "a short, dark man stole my pink panties from my clothesline." One drunk was arrested for "Disturbing the Quiet of the Night."

The police say it won't last long because there is only enough liquor for the next five days. It will be months before space aboard a freighter is allocated for a new shipment.

▼

# My Last Long Trip

*By Henry H. Gray*

I don't believe in bodily resurrection and I don't want to continue to take up even a small space on this overcrowded planet after my death, so I plan on my mortal remains being cremated when I die. My ashes are to be scattered on a hillside in nearby Brown County, near the place where Alice and I started our married life together. Thus I shall start immediately on my last long trip, or trips, if you will.

My body consists mainly of water, a much-needed commodity, and it pleases me that my molecules of H<sub>2</sub>O will quickly exit via the stack in the crematorium and will thus begin an endless journey around the world, where they will fall as rain, nourishing crops and exchanging with the water molecules in the rivers, lakes, oceans, and bodies of every living thing. Also beginning their journey at this time will be other volatile or combustible parts of me, much of which will unfortunately add to the carbon dioxide load in the atmosphere. Also unfortunately, the small amount of mercury that is included in the fillings of my teeth will add to the mercury load somewhere, widely disseminated, I hope.

After this, not much will be left of me – mostly a few scraps of bone and small droplets of gold, silver, and platinum, also from my teeth, and bits of some other metal from the stitches in my sternum. These are my non-volatile non-combustible parts. After being spread on the hillside, their progress will be much slower. Small bits and pieces will be slowly carried to the nearest intermittent stream, where some of them may reside for quite a while. Sooner or later, by fits and starts, these materials will return to earth – ashes to ashes, you know – to be incorporated in soils or sediments or eventually rocks. In this way bits of me, mostly as calcium or phosphate ions, will also be widely spread, but at a truly geological pace. If I could, I would chortle “That’s me all over,” but of course I won’t be able to do that. I wouldn’t even want that on my tombstone, as I don’t want a tombstone.

This is all as it should be, inasmuch as every part of me has been around since shortly after the big bang and was only assembled *ad hoc* under the direction of genes inherited from my ancestors. And none of me is original, as I’ve been replaced piecemeal many times. So again, what goes around continues to go around. In the end, and at the end, it gives me pleasure to envisage this disseminated journey. I will again become part of the earth and life on it! I’m not in a hurry to get there (though some day I may be), but this is indeed a sort of eternity about which I feel quite comfortable. And I think you should also. ✓

# More Funny Things That Happened Before the Concert

*By Joseph Rezits*

Shortly after my graduation from the Curtis Institute of Music in 1948, I was invited by one of our most renowned graduates—violinist Aaron Rosand—to accompany him in a forthcoming recital at the Greenbrier, located in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Prior to this invitation, I had never heard of this famous resort and was totally unprepared for the opulence, sheer luxury, incredible food and elaborate entertainment agenda of this extraordinary place. The recital was to take place in the main dining room of the hotel. We were served a sumptuous dinner of such proportions that I was beginning to doubt my ability to get up from the table, not to mention going to the piano and performing. We had rehearsed previously in this setting and were satisfied with the acoustic properties as well as the general ambience: consequently we felt confident that all would go well, despite our headiness from all that delicious food.

Apparently the staff wanted the program to be attractive visually as well as aurally; consequently, the piano had been coated with a film of glossy furniture polish, giving the instrument an attractive sheen. As this was accomplished after we had rehearsed, there was no way for me to realize that, in the zeal of attainment, the polish had also been

applied to the fall board--the vertical wooden structure that is situated just in front of the keyboard. I knew immediately the problem that would arise: if my fingers were to touch the fall board (which is inevitable at times) the oil would then be transferred to the keyboard, making piano playing akin to ice skating. On such an occasion, of course, we pianists have to be quick thinkers and act in true haste when necessary. I took out my handkerchief as Aaron was taking his first bow and removed as much of the surface oil as possible. Subsequently, I re-used the handkerchief discreetly whenever possible -- during cadenzas and during the first stages of any applause.

Fortunately, not very much oil was actually transferred to the playing surface -- and I had long ago learned to cope with perspiring hands on sticky keyboards. So, the concert went well, as I recall. Or -- was I sufficiently numbed by the large amount of food and the *tiny* bit of alcohol to dull the sensation of apprehension? I'll never know.

The Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout program of the 50's was a popular show with an interesting format. A self-appointed "talent scout" would appear on the program with his "discovery"-- a musician or entertainer who, it was hoped, would please the audience and go on to achieve fame in the entertainment world. As I recall, the winners were determined by the length and intensity of audience applause--much as it had been done by its predecessor, the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour. The means by which one would be eligible to appear was, as I also

recall, somewhat nebulous. As in so many professional occasions, "connections" were of paramount importance. Marvin Schofer, my close friend who served as my talent scout, knew someone in his residence building who was the wife of the cousin of the producer's assistant, or something like that--and voila!--we were scheduled to appear on the program. In the early 50's, when the event took place, television was still in a relatively primitive state compared to the sophisticated level of today; the stage was small and it seemed that much activity was going on at all times. A rehearsal was scheduled just before the show, and while awaiting my turn I sat in the audience. I thought about the rather stringent requirements for my selection: something "flashy," brief (no more than three minutes) and written for piano and orchestra. I considered a substantially abridged version of Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasy* to be the most suitable work.

I was quietly watching the rehearsal and noted with some uneasiness how rapidly the small grand piano had to be moved on and off the stage. In order for this to take place, it was necessary to use a dolly with very large wheels. I looked at the piano as it was being played for another "act," and realized with horror that the instrument was swaying from side to side like the proverbial drunken sailor. Flashing through my mind was Seymour Lipkin's tale of his experience with a piano which kept moving backwards as he was performing, necessitating his reaching out to the sides and periodically pulling it back to playing position. I became almost panicky and visualized my planning to come down on

an E major chord but landing on A major as the piano kept modifying its location. Finally, it was my turn and I sat down in front of the peripatetic keyboard. As I started to play, I soon realized that despite my apprehension, the movement of the piano, which was really quite obvious, seemed to pose no hazard whatsoever. Somehow, the eye and the body became one with the instrument and it was possible to control it without mishap.

There is a myriad of other potential problems: What does one do when a piano leg of a 9-foot concert grand piano wobbles dangerously? What can be done when half the keys on the piano will not go down...and the keys that do go down may not come up? What happens when you play on a piano that has unusually wide black keys...and your finger cannot reach bottom when sandwiched between two stout, unyielding ebony keys? In such instances, three notes would sound instead of the intended single note. What can one do and still preserve the integrity of the music? That is yet another story!

▼

# Contributors

**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 two years.

**Ledford Carter** is a retired Indiana University professor, filmmaker, and Army officer. During his 27-year residency at Meadowood, he has been a board director and Residents Council president, and he has served on numerous Meadowood committees.

**Bernard Clayton Jr.** was a war correspondent for Time-Life Magazines in the Pacific theater for most of World War II. He is best known as the author of best-selling cookbooks.

**Marjorie Clayton**, earned her B.S. from Indiana University and is the wife of author-journalist Bernard Clayton. The Claytons gave up residences in California and Hawaii to move here in 1964. They have been Meadowood residents since 2000.

**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.

**Julie King** received her B.A. from Wellesley College. She worked for Public Radio and Alban Institute in Washington, D.C. She and her husband Jack moved to Meadowood in 1993.

**Joseph Rezits** is professor emeritus, Indiana University Jacobs School of Music. His performance career has embraced solo and duo piano, chamber music, and recordings. Piano teachers worldwide have known him through his lectures, published articles, and six books on pianist art.

**Dolores (Dee) Rockwood** began painting again in the art class at Meadowood, after not painting since high school and college. A native of Huntington, West Virginia, graduate of Central Connecticut College and Indiana University, she taught elementary school in Bloomington. Dee and her husband Chuck have lived at Meadowood for two years. Their combined family consists of 8 children and 14 grandchildren.

**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*.

**Robert Wheeler** graduated from Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Ohio State University, Ph.D. in soil chemistry (Agronomy). He taught at Ohio State University and Earlham College, held a number of environmental and technical positions with Esso and as research director with FMC. Bob also worked at Wheeler Municipal prior to joining Meadowood. His brother, Donald, who was a co-owner of Meadowood, died recently.