

The
Broadmead Journal
of Poetry and Prose



FALL 2023

Broadmead Journal

of Poetry and Prose

16th Edition

Fall 2023

A Writer's Magazine

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King Richard Lily Kouo



Jim was excited with a sense of real adventure.
Climate researchers once named a man as “King”.
They thought that he could see the future.
And saw research as key to understanding.

“King Richard” worked on atmospheres of planets
and the Earth.
His work was known and honored in many a land.
But Wilderness for him had also worth.
High peaks, deep canyons all occupied his mind.

Jim, please tell me who this man is? If I could
know
him I would have an anchor.
But, Lily, you already know him. You are his
only student now.

You study how to walk in darkness, philosophy, poetry, literature, the rest.

He is not a “King” by any wild conjecture.
He is a scientist and friend who helped me grow.
And Richard Goody is the name that he likes best.

STRANGE WORDS*Anne Fogg*

Miss Cleary, an ailurophite*,
Had twenty cats. How they did fight!
Their off key yowls did not abate.
The neighbors were in quite a state,
wishing to absquatulate.**
But they had nowhere else to go
to escape the dreadful row.
Miss Cleary was a dandiprat.***
“Why not have a single cat?”
The neighbors asked. “We pay good rent.
Why be so desipient?****
Would you do it if we paid ya?
Your pets bring on encephalagia.” *****
“But no”, she said, “one’s not enough.
If you don’t like it, that’s just tough.
My home’s my own, and since it’s mine
If my cats numbered ninety nine
That’s my choice. I’ve said my piece.”
A neighbor’s call to the police
Soon put an end to caterwauling.
The cops took in the sounds appalling.
Soon after, the SPCA
Arrived and drove the cats away.

Then to conclude this tragic tale
Miss Cleary ended up in jail.
And the prison where she went
Served meals, just barely esculent.*****

THE MORAL

Being an ailurophite
is not an inalienable right.
We must repress, when we are smitten,
perverse desire for cat or kitten
Numbering more than one or two.

Definitions:

- * ailurophite: someone with an abnormal fondness for cats
- ** absquatulate: to leave in a hurry
- *** dandiprat : a foolish person
- ****disipient : foolish
- ***** encephalagia: headache
- *****esculent fit to be eaten

LAUNDROPHOBIA.....

. *Anne Fogg*

The washer speaks when cleaning clothes.

Thrum, rumble, swish and rattle!

Its language is a mystery that no one knows:

It's not French or Russian...it makes a mindless prattle

when it prepares itself for battle.

Rat tat tat! I hear machine gun sounds, as a whirlpool whips and squeezes.

The washer twists itself around making gasping noises, asthmatic wheezes and whining, loud as a pneumatic drill.

Then with a sudden clank, it goes completely still.

A respite? Some moments of tranquility?

Will there be a little time to regain my stability?

But no, alas, the cycle's not complete.

The spin dry starts up with a shriek and the machine begins to rock, wringing water from each sock, and every garment that I've put in there.

My shirts and pants, my underwear are being beaten with undue violence.

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Oh, how I long for blessed silence.

I listen for the ending clunk

when the washer's finally drunk and sucked out every drop .

Then I'll lift the lid, which makes a pop, and put the clothes, all lumped and stuck together,

in the drier which seems to spin around forever

and has a language all its own:

thunks and clinks and then repeated groans,

as though the clothes within are crying in their last throes before the moment of their dying.

Such macabre thoughts the laundry always brings to mind.

Perhaps I really ought to find an affordable, efficient laundry service, to improve my mental health so I'd unwind.

Doing laundry always makes me very nervous.

A brain scan of my frontal lobe Would probably show that I'm a laundrophobe.

The Water and I *Donna Mollenkopf*

Water.
Invisible.
Clear through
I see the depths
of the bottom of the pool,
And know I am held in
a substantive weight of buoyancy.

I slip in,
glide through,
three feet to six.
Dangling in the deep,
moving freely,
never touching bottom.

Remembering
being held by another depth.
Moving freely,
a substantive connection
to life,
friends,
family,
a subtle Spirit.
Invisible,
I am held,
buoyant.

Never touching bottom
of the depth that holds me.

Is it possible the water and I are one?

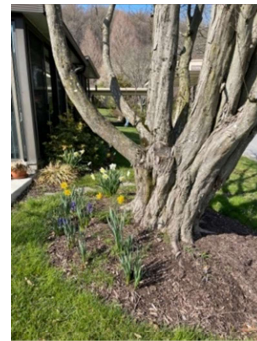
written to the prompt: What is holding you now?

Ironwood.....*Mari Quint*

I am the guardian, being present
before the home's beginning.
There are many kinds of angels.
How shoots sprang from roots,
how my multi-columned trunk came together, formed
by saplings fusing over years.

Some trees are open,
like the branches of a stately oak
fanning feathers about a single trunk.
Then there are Bradford pears like jewelers' gems
in a row on city streets—white guardians of the way
and come whatever wind, they dance,
angels heralding spring
then falling like a winter snow.
Some trees live only in old memories
like catalpas guarding our front door. Others grow alone
soaking sun in Broadmead's meadows
to shelter birds and squirrels
like guardian angels calling wildlife home.
Some trees
swaddle me.

Love is a word, another kind of angel—
as a branch attracts the resting bird,
I am here because the lichen-covered Ironwood
tugged me to its ordered yet disordered hug.



Letter to Squam Lake*Maggie Babb*

I wish I could write to you
from somewhere deep
in my heart where pain

cannot reach to slip into
your glimmery layers upon
buoyant layers to enter your cobalt

world viridian images swim in and out
of focus every cell sings weightless
comfort only dreamed of

my hearing shifts floating
to a deeper tone thrumming
beyond routine a rhythm of Pan

you were formed
by a glacier before this land
was a country on a map

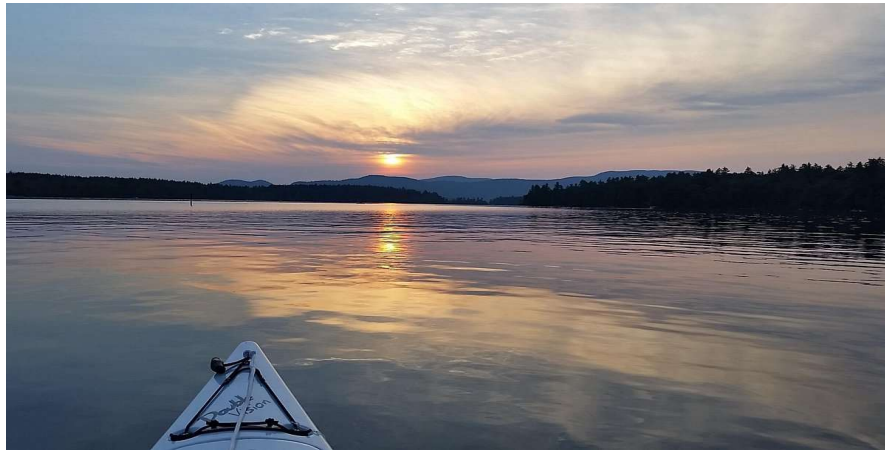
a loon floats nearby they
can dive over two hundred
feet deep and stay submerged

for over five minutes what
if we could live
in such a realm beyond

judgement and assumption with
no need to temper and pace and
pretend

this morning away from you
my heart bounces off the early
morning birdsong the day looms

uphill I need to lace into
my hiking boots, pick up
my trekking poles and step
out onto stony paths past wolf trees into
the inky day.



Kat Walk*Maggie Babb*

when ever I see the morning sun
alight among the trees that crest the hill
I sigh and wait and wonder where you are
and what might be the scene that greets your eye
for beauty doesn't live on hills alone
sometimes it walks down sterile, empty halls
that echo with the moans of pain and loss
where hope plays hide and seek among the ill
sometimes it enters rooms and makes demands
that challenge the defeat and status quo
for beauty such as this is made of grit
and optimism forged by hard earned years
so come the day I find myself in need
it's you I'd want to have stride in my room

ritual*Maggie Babb*

the trowel slides gritty into the earth
dig and lift, dig and lift
I could do this for hours

or used to, the pleasure so
palpable my fingers greedy
to break the clods into fine

crumbly chocolately stuff
here the bacterium have done
their work with last year's trimmings

the muckings of the barn
thirty carbon to one nitrogen
kept oxygenated, moist

here is a year in review
discarded stems of basil
broccoli, kale, zucchini

chewed into bits by my parrot
oak and maple leaves I raked into
mounds for my dog to play in

grounds of how many
cups of coffee meticulously
pressed, savored to the drop

what if we could sit and watch
the workings of the fungi
their feverish rendering the raw

materials into dark brown gold
letting the used-up make
way for the yet-to-be

Today I press tiny wrinkled peas
fat beans down cover them gently
the ritual continues, over and over

when the time comes
may I turn into rich loam
may the microbes dance
with my surrendered body

Purgation *Dorian Borsella*

Suddenly darkening clouds.
Scurrying to slam windows shut,
Hurrying the Peke home from his walk.
Lightning, thunder, deluge.

When I was a child,
My grandmother would burn church palm
As protection from such storms as these.

Wonder she didn't set the house ablaze.

Sunshine has long dried me up
Thunderstorms excite from some secret place
Inside. Deep.

The rain is my teardrops,
For I am far too parched to cry.
The lightning is my hope for an inner flame.
The thunder, my rage
Which I am far too civilized to vent.
That sweet pungent earth smell
Is my judgment:

None, saint enough for heaven,
Nor yet deserving hell. "*There rises the hidden laughter*"

*"There rises the hidden laughter
Of children in the foliage
Quick now, here, now, always--
Ridiculous the waste sad time"* TS Eliot

Leaving London Early*Dorian Borsella*

I have no cause to feel on guard,
Stealing out of the small hotel
Long before daybreak
Long before the toast-and-bacon smell
Wafts up the curving stairwell.

No need saying
That no one
leaves without
paying.
They've already
swiped
the credit card.

Ghosts float
along Woburn
Way,

Some ending their night's carouse,
Others trudging toward Euston Station
Commuting to their daily occupation.
And always the click-clack-clacks
Of tourists dragging Pullmans behind
backs.

Homeless dozens line the walkway.
A few pick up what passes for their
bed.
Ghosts also, since invisible
To those who will not look. Already
dead.
The footsteps of the morning end their
night.
They slowly straggle eastward toward
Kings Cross

To find black coffee, benches in the
park.

Inside the station A voice as deep as a
collier's mine,

A voice as deep as
death
(But far from clearly
audible)
warns of serious delay
on the Northern Line.

But I'm bound for
Victoria.
I slide into my berth,
Thankful that the seats

are plenty.
None of the few well-mannered men
on earth
Need offer theirs,
Reminding me that I'm no longer
twenty.

The train goes clack-click-click.
I risk a furtive glance down the
carriage.
Careful to avoid the eyes
Of porters and postmen and hit-men,
the chars,
Those who stand by escalators
strumming guitars
The office cleaners, service workers
In an unclean world
Which offers little service.



Unforgotten.....Dorian Borsella

Sweet girl
You can not infer my fragility
When I open the door of my life
To you reluctantly
After scarcely a week of eye contact.

Student no longer I lack appetite
To set up real-life living.
My job, teacher, street-toughened
Eighth graders, I abhor.
Too hollow inside for the giving.

I choose frugal. Furnished third floor
Walk-up. Anonymous neighbors who
Disappear into walls after Hello.
Bus rider. It suits. I ride my days
Without a steering wheel.

We endure living upgrades.
Grad schools. Imperceptibly
I color in my pages. You lounge
In the corner of my existence.
Sixteen years. I am thirty-eight
When you leave. I mourn
For you. For Me.

I have never forgotten you, my first girl.
I buy a computer. Give your name as password.
Rejected. Too few letters. Solemnly I type
RATTHECAT

Apology to my bones*Jane Harrison*

Oh bones, poor old aching bones
You took a chance on me -
not knowing my lineage
reached far back to dark and humid
forests,
huge stretches of marshland
filled with cold mud

I've let you down -
You're embarrassed
by the clicking of my toes, like castanets
and when I dance
my loudly grinding knees

We limp in woods
and you remember
reproachfully
that I was once a hurdler
and could run for miles and miles and
miles

Your final humiliation -
(when I knew I had to speak)
came when hips and knee bones
were replaced:
smooth imposters
made from plastic and titanium

I've let you down -
I know your reverence
for all who bend with ease,
rise without grimace,
stand as straight as trees

Forgive me bones,
forgive the frailty of my cartilage
the weakening of the brittle webs
that vainly try to hold bones strong
Please see me through -
let me at least walk
until the end

Chincoteague Snow Geese migrating/November*Jane
Harrison*

Thick gray clouds
massing, layer on layer
lit at their edges by the sun

The wind has dropped
it's silent now
except for the slow in-breath
and silt-chorded out-breath
of the sea
hidden from the inland lake
by a thin strip of dunes

First we hear the snow geese:
ears tune to catch acrid reedy cries
distant, growing --
Eyes, alerted
now can track the magisterial birth
of teeming white
emerging from a sullen sky

A suggestion first,
a flash of their formation
as they
slowly, swiftly, melt, manifest
in arcs, mercurial bands and lines
lost, lit, lost, lit
by the setting sun

Cut Tulips, their Life & Death.....*Jane Harrison*

Nineteen blood red tulips in my earthenware pot

Yes, blood red, not jolly Dutch yellows

or spring-fed pastels

No, as red as startling beads of blood

that suddenly well when cut

And each blood red head

is sheathed with succulent green

sharp spears cupping brilliance

as startling as a shout in a library

the clash of symbols struck

Then , one day to the next

the tulip soul is dying

Succulence sighs, stalks faint

and shocking red drains and dries

slight crisping of curved petals

one drops

Then a storm of little deaths

Encounter On High.....Hillary Barry

Two fulsome, radiant clouds
wrapped their arms
around each other
and kissed deeply
in the bright blue sky.

Evening Splendor..... Hillary Barry

A train of clouds moved eastward,
rapidly merging with their cumulus sisters in the sky.
Changing, shimmering,
they filled the sky with color and light.
I saw their majesty.
I could not look away.
A single hawk appeared,
soaring, rising on the wind.
The clouds changed into hilltops.
One quickly flattened, drifted away,
trailing its luminous companions.
They were reimagined above me.
The hawk continued its search
well below the clouds,
lifted by the startling energy of the sky.
The wind returned,
pushing the clouds away.
The hawk disappeared.
Quietly, the evening drew near,..
I closed my eyes
and tried to remember.

Summer Dreamtime*Hillary Barry*

One summer morning
as the sun slipped quietly
across the sky,
I awakened from a dream.
I had come upon a field of Blue-eyed grass.
I knelt down, and touched one small flower.
Its graceful petals,
light as air, were joined together
by miniature anthers,
the color of daffodils.
Gazing out upon this field of blue
I wondered if in the dark of night
flowers had fallen from the sky
like stars

Out Of The Blue*Hillary Barry*

Distraught, seeking comfort
I envision beautiful things
with the eyes of my heart.
My memories are bright and blue.
Seen by my friends,
my wounded eye appears bright and blue.
Still, on the inside it is filled
with gray shadows, diminished light,
countless surging particles
like little black snowflakes
in an oncoming storm.
When I was a child,
I found blueness in the eyes of my mother and father,
and in summer gray-green, blueberry bushes
filled with sweet, plump fruit.
I remember gazing out of the large window
in our house at ocean waves rolling and calm,
slow moving curves of white-tipped blue.
Sometimes the water raced with the wind.
It was always blue, blue-black, blue-green, blue-gray.
My eyes are still drawn to blues in nature.
Now through a clouded view,
I see a blue-white sky above me,
a weaving of clouds and sunlight,
transparent ribbons held together
with threads of hope.

"The heaventree of stars hung with nightblue fruit."
James Joyce, Ulysses, "Ithaka"

The Bluebird*Hillary Barry*

In the tall leafless oak
that stands erect
high above the cabin where I live,
I saw a deep blue and rust-colored bluebird,
puffed up, plump, unmoving,
perched above a congregation of sparrows
feeding noisily on seeds in the grass below.
His head was slightly
tilted toward the ground.
What did he know
as he watched the chirping,
feathered frenzy beneath.
Still silent, motionless and beautiful,
he sat on a bare, gray branch,
indifferent to the clamor.
Did he know I was watching him,
admiring his soft beauty?
I wonder, what does a bluebird know?

My Head is like a Pumpkin*Janice Dykacz*

With seeds splitting out
Only they are not seeds
But names of aides
During my stays at
Brothers of Mercy and
Suburban hospital
The therapists Dawn and
Ken, the zen man, and Michael
And Joyellen too
The speech therapist Marcelina
Whose Os sounds improved my
speech

As we read Robert Frost and Mary
Oliver.
The aide, par excellence, Estrella,
The star, as I watched her do
40 things before 10 am.
And Daniella and Amy and
Sasha and Tanasha and Shay,
Who had family in Baltimore.
The aide Page who was sage
so many names to remember
My head is splitting
But I feel good

POETRY*Janice Dykacz,*

Poetry is the breadth of life in the voice of the stillness.
It is from us, enveloping us in the words of the poem.
The unknown vowels and words come to us like painted signs
That have been sent from the miasma of the universe.

MULCH..... Diana C. Schramm

Now is the time
that leaves turned brown
and clinging in the gusts
go flying to the wet ground
smelling of dying.

Shoots furled green
and coiled in the ground
wait with the wet wind
of leaves dying
to know what comes
next?

Fall planting..... *Paula Scheye*

The ground is soft. Each shovelful
turns over fat white coils
grubs living for their next meal.
How much faith it takes to plant a bulb
to trust their tender roots will survive
hungry mouths in the dark
that I plant them deep enough to winter over
but not too deep to wreck the clocks
and compass buried in their DNA
that the germ of life inside this simple globe
will swell below in its own time
that the globe will still be turning
the sun still shining
the earth not shredded by bombs
that I will still be here in the spring
to greet these small explosions of hope
and I will not mistake
their tender shoots for weeds.

Vacations don't end..... *Paula Scheye*

When we return home. They're packed
Inside our brains and bodies
Like crammed suitcases. We could
Just stuff them in a closet,
Return to our normal routines.
Or we can slowly unpack them
Lifting out, one by one,
Smells, sounds, sights from another
World and time.
The briny smell of sea on sand,
The bark of gulls begging for French fries,
The squeal of children at the ocean's edge,
The streak of lightning across the sky,
The crack of electricity that follows,
The taste of salt on the lips
All still here to be savored.

Tongue Twisters

Selfish shellfish. (Repeat many times)

Thirty-three thousand feathers on a thrushes throat.

Linda-Lou Lambert loves lemon lollipop lipgloss.

Near an ear, a nearer ear, a nearly eerie ear.

Roberta ran rings around the Roman ruins.

He threw three free throws.

A happy hippo hopped and hiccupped.

Fun with the English Language

We Drive on a Parkway and Park on a Driveway and some folks live together in apartments

When you get close to the door, would you close it, please?

When it gets lighter outside, I'll get you a lighter lighter

I have reservations about making dinner reservations on Indian reservations.

LOOK OUT!!!! Cried the look-out

I read the red book yesterday. I don't wanna read it again today.

Metropolitan Diary*Francine Nietubicz*

The NY Times runs a column every Sunday called Metropolitan Diary. It contains submissions of short stories (less than 300 words) from readers that depict something that happened to or with them in Manhattan. Here is my submission:

I was a young woman, fresh out of college and working at my first job in downtown Manhattan. This was the early 60s, when women wore gloves while traveling on trains and subways. One day at lunch I strolled around and stopped into a glove store. As I tried on different pairs the saleswoman said “You should be a hand model, your hands are lovely.” I was pretty pleased.

When I spread my 80+ year-old wrinkled hands out in front of my face now, I think “I used to have such pretty hands.” It reminds me that my 80+ year-old mother once held her wrinkled hands in front of her face and said “Oh, I used to have such pretty hands.”



Reflections on Misty Hikes and LivingTrudy Pojman

What would a “perfect hike” look like to you? Do you prefer forests or deserts, still lakes, oceans, or rushing streams, isolated or well peopled trails? How would the



weather figure into your picture - perhaps a clear blue sky, low humidity, moderate temperatures or, if at night, a full moon? How about beautiful vistas? If you are a winter person, you might prefer hiking in snow shoes.

Hiking in wet conditions means considering the increased likelihood of a fall, hypothermia, and decreased visibility leading to

missing a trail intersection and getting lost – challenges for which experienced hikers plan ahead. Appalachian Trail Thru-hikers passing through the Hudson River Valley have shared their daily ups and down; one which particularly stayed with me is that continuing on the trail means, “needing to get wet and dry out, and repeat ... and keep going. “ This isn’t my idea of a “perfect hike” and probably not yours either, but it’s endured to gain a long term goal – beginning at Springer Mt., Georgia and reaching Mt. Katahdin in Maine.

I’ve never been a back packer; when wet I could always return home or to a motel for a hot shower and dry clothes. Given this disclosure though, while hikes were sometimes modified I rarely canceled leading a day hike because of rain. Listening to the sound of rain drops pattering on leaves fills me with feelings of peacefulness and is even rather soporific. Speaking with others may temporarily halt as one listens to this unique music. Mist rises and falls as one climbs higher in our eastern mountains and one feels above the clouds. I call these hikes “Mystical hikes”.

Who are the people who walk in rain with me? Carolyn McDade wrote a song, “Come, Sing a Song With Me”. The first verse continues, “That I might

know your mind.” The refrain is, “And I’ll bring you hope when hope is hard to find, and I’ll bring a song of love and a rose in the winter time. The 3rd verse is “Come, walk in rain with me ...

I treasure those friends who have hiked in rain with me and shared the joy of Mystical hikes.

However, there is a deeper meaning when considering who walks in rain with me. I’m thinking of those times that we all experience, sometimes referred to as “rainy days”, days when Hope may indeed be very hard to find. We treasure the memories of those who supported us during our past “rainy days”, particularly the very stormy ones. Here at Broadmead, we aspire to “walk in rain” together not only during our most difficult days of loss or change but by listening to each other share the memories of past joys and sorrows that help us to sustain hope in our lives.

A Look at our Past*Steven J. Scheinin, Esq.*

Colonel Arnold was born on January 14, 1741, a British Subject, as everyone born at that time was, in Norwich, the colony of Connecticut. He served with distinction in the French and Indian War. During the early battles of the American Revolution, he was greatly admired by George Washington as a military man that could think outside the box and achieve a military victory where other's could not.

For that reason, Washington sent Colonel Arnold to Lake Champlain to build and assemble a fleet to engage the British Royal Navy, the largest and most powerful navy in the World, who were expected to come from Canada and attack the Colonies.

On October 1, 1776, Arnold received reliable intelligence indicating that the British had a force significantly more powerful than his. Because his force was inferior, he chose the narrow, rocky body of water between the western shore of Lake Champlain and Valcour Island, in upstate New York, where the British fleet would have difficulty bringing its superior firepower to bear, and where the inferior seamanship of his relatively unskilled sailors would have a minimal negative effect. Some of Arnold's captains wanted to fight in open waters, the traditional way to fight a naval battle at that time, and where they might be able to retreat to the shelter of Fort Crown Point, but Arnold argued that the primary purpose of the fleet was not survival but the delay of a British advance on Crown Point and Ticonderoga until the following spring.

On October 11, 1776, the British Fleet sailed down Lake Champlain. As they past Valcour Island Arnold sailed out and engaged them. Arnold lost to the superior British forces. However, the American defense of Lake Champlain stalled British plans to reach the upper Hudson River valley.

Although the British won the battle and now had control of the Lake, they abandoned the area and returned to Canada for the winter. This allowed the Colonial Army a year to prepare for the anticipated attack of the British which resulted in the Battle of Saratoga in New York, a battle won by the Colonists, which proved to be the turning point in the Revolutionary War. All because of Colonel Benedict Arnold.

A 1940'S EARLY MEMORYSuzanne Crowder

World War II is still a memorable time-frame. Radio news was turned on every evening after dinner and the announcement that Pearl Harbor had been bombed was very upsetting to my parents, particularly my father. He was in his early 30's and aware of possibly being drafted. (It turned out that his position as the assistant manager at The Delaware Trust Company deferred him, and that did not sit well with his close friends who were drafted.)

When the summer of 1943 came along, my maternal grandmother, Mom-mom, decided she and my step-grandfather, Dr. Jost, would take me & my brother, Jerry, to the cottage that she had had built because Dr. Jost liked to fish at Dewey Beach whenever possible. My parents dropped us off at their house on their way to work, and after about 30 minutes, 'Dr. Jost' shouted loudly for me to call my mother right away. I ran to the kitchen to see why, and my grandmother was lying on the floor with her hand stuffing a tea-towel into a small glass and she was not breathing. She had died drying our breakfast dishes.

That evening my parents met with Dr. Jost about him being alone in Mom-mom's house and asked him to pack up and come stay with us. He & Mom-mom had been married in 1935, the year before my birth. He had moved down from Nova Scotia where he practiced medicine and took a room in her house when he took over the position as the Director of the Board of Health for Delaware. For me he was a beloved person who tended to my skinned knees, fevers, etc., and patted my head for affirmation. His response to my mother's invitation to live with us was, "I want you to know that with very special regard for my first wife, 'Victoria', who died when my boys were toddlers, these years with your mother were seven of the happiest years of my life. I want to spend one more night in this house. He did just that and then moved into our finished attic for the duration of the war. Very sadly, his son Burt who was a pilot with The Royal Canadian Air Force was shot down over Holland just 2 weeks after my grandmother's death.

As soon as the war was over, my parents decided to drive 'Pop-pop' Jost back

to Guysborough, Nova Scotia, for him to settle the estate of his older son, Bert, who was shot down over Holland 2 weeks after my grandmother's death in 1943. We drove in our 1941 Chevy for 3.5 days over mostly Route 1 in the U.S. and then eastward through New Brunswick into Nova Scotia.

On the morning of our third day on the road, I did not feel well at all. We stopped in a town in New Brunswick for breakfast and while walking along the main street, hesitated in front of a jewelry store. As a 9-year-old, my eyes were drawn to a wrist watch, and my father took me in to buy it for me. My feeling of illness disappeared promptly, and I wore that little watch until I was given a new watch upon my graduation from Northfield School for Girls in 1954!

Saved from the surf*Suzanne Crowder*



Very early in 1941, a call came to our Dover, DE, home from a Mrs. Van Sant who took in boarders, asking my mother if we could take a couple in for just the night, a Corporal Dick Cosman (and wife Sally) to be stationed at the new Dover Air Force Base. My mother said we could not because of lack of room to which Mrs. Van Sant replied, “Do you mean you can sleep tonight, knowing that this

couple will be sleeping in their car without heat all night?!” My mother relented, and I slept in the attic so the Cosmans could sleep in my bed. Sally & Dick became part of our family, bringing a niece for whom they were responsible, and stayed for over a year. Somehow, we managed to house us all with 3 bedrooms and one bathroom! The Cosmans left after about a year.

In 1944 the Cosmans returned to Dover, learned that we were at our cottage in Dewey Beach, and when seeing that we were not in the cottage walked a short distance, over the sand dune and saw that my family & I were in the ocean. Dick

saw that I was being taken out by a strong tide and the family could not reach me. He ran to the water, dove in, swam to find me, and towed me to shore where I remember choking sea-water & sand as he held me. Dick Cosman saved my 9-yr-old life!

In my later years I have attempted to find out what happened to Dick Cosman, and having a friend who is a retired Army Major General, I tried to trace him to no avail. He would be deceased by now. The story brings to mind my occasional thoughts about events that make a significant difference in what happens to us as life passes on. What rich gifts each day gives us as a result of the interventions of others in our lives!

Up and Away.....*Anne Allen B Dandy*

39 years ago, today Walter and Jenny were married on a Monkton hilltop. A Brown Memorial minister presided over the ceremony on a clear day. There was no wind, a necessary condition for the successful launching of the hot air balloon.



“What if it rains, and those 200 cars will be marooned,” admonished my husband Dr. Dandy while they argued two weeks earlier. “I know it will be fine weather,” responded 33-year-old son, with all the youthful total faith and exuberance.

The less worried Walter, proved to be right. They were landed in the cow pasture on Pocock Road next to my mother’s home. Earlier plans had arranged for their rendezvous outdoor wedding dinner. All the family and friends ranging in age from about 2 years old to about 80 years enjoyed their celebration. September 8, 1984 lived up to optimist bride groom’s expectations. Their twins,

Walter IV and Ellicott arrived on their 7th anniversary eve followed by Robert a few years later.

Colorado is their home of preference. The Rocky Mountains claim their alliance. Congratulations!!

First car.....*Ross Jones*

Do young people, especially the male variety, in their upper teens and early 20s, still yearn for having a car of their own? Back in the day having one's own "wheels" was a major achievement.

Over the years I have purchased many cars—not the large, expensive ones or the smaller sporty ones—usually models that are recommended by Consumer Reports Magazine: Decently designed with promises of low maintenance and longevity. I didn't have any particular affection for those cars except for my first one, a 1936



Chevrolet four-door sedan. It was totally black on the exterior and, inside, had some sort of beige material over horsehair-stuffed cushions. Its solid construction reminded me of an army tank: heavy steel frame and shiny steel bumpers, front and back, and "running boards," along the sides. The long-handled stick shift mounted between the two front seats was a challenge but, with practice, it handled the gears smoothly.

Johns Hopkins campus where I was completing my junior year. Dating girls whose homes or college dorms were some distance from the campus was a challenge. For example: To take a coed at Towson University (then State Teachers College) to the movies, this was the drill: Walk to Greenmount Avenue, ride the #8 streetcar to Towson, meet her at her dorm, get on the #8 again, ride back to 33rd St. to the Boulevard Theater, see the movie, go back out to Towson and, finally, back to Hopkins. Too much trolley time!

I had told my classmate, Charlie Conover, that I was looking for a car. One day he said he knew someone in his hometown of Westminster (MD) who had a car for sale for \$100. I could hardly wait!

So, on a sunny Saturday morning, the two of us found our way to Route 140 where we faced oncoming traffic, stuck out our thumbs and hitched a ride to Westminster, about 25 miles away. Charlie took me to his friend, a chicken farmer, outside of town, and that's where I met my first "wheels." To say I was thrilled is understatement. After paying Charlie's friend I drove back to Hopkins on Charles St. still overflowing with excitement. The euphoria was slightly dampened when I opened the trunk and was greeted with a torrent of chicken feathers

That car took me back and forth many times to my home in New Jersey. More importantly, it enabled me to make frequent visits to Lynn, the Goucher College student whom I would marry a few years later. The good times we had driving the '36 Chevy around Baltimore and out into the country were happy and not-to-be forgotten times in our lives.

Raise a goat on a garbage pile and he will call it homeJoe

Nietubicz

In our tradition, the godparents named the child at baptism, with some collusion with the parent one would hope. So, my birth certificate said "boy" which was a problem when it came time to get a passport. Also, part of our tradition is that the entire family worked in the family business. Fast forward some 8 years, by this time, pop owned a bar with a hotel on the second floor, on Thames Street at the foot of Broadway in Fells Point, The Waterfront Hotel, catered mostly to seamen. My brother was twelve; I was eight. Our job, besides chores, was to take care of the seamen, put em to bed when they got drunk, run errands for em and make sure they stayed outa trouble and nobody scammed em.

Chapter 4 - women

"Ever see any women on the second floor?"

"No, why do you ask?"



Advice to the seamen: Stay away from that one. Whoever takes her out, usually wakes up in the alley with empty pockets.



Typical late afternoon, conversation, laughing, carrying on, suddenly the bar got quiet, deathly quiet. Every bodies' attention became focused on the open door. There stood one of the bar maids with no clothes on and covered with grease, grim and garbage. "WHAT IN THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU?!" "A couple of seamen said they'd give me \$50 if I'd take off my clothes and jump in the harbor" "so I did and they grabbed my clothes and ran off!!!"

DUMB! DUMB! DUMB! I thought she would know better than that!



One slow afternoon, a woman sat at the end of the bar, nursing a high-ball (whiskey and soda). Pop had things to do in the back room and went back to finish up. He came back in; the cash register was open and all the bills was missing. The woman said someone ran in and cleaned out the register and ran out. Pop telephoned a bar maid; she came in and searched the women; she found the bills rolled up in a condom and stuffed away in a certain place.

"WHAT'S A CONDOM?" - - - - - "YOU GUYS DON'T TELL ME NOTHIN!"



Some seamen got my brother to take them up to the BLOCK. They said I was too young to go,.

"I AINT TOO YOUNG!" - - - "I AINT TOO LITTLE" - - - "WHAT'S A STRIP SHOW?"

Note: "The BLOCK" is two/two and half blocks long with side-by-side strip joints on both sides of East Baltimore St, just west of Police Headquarters, ended by a burlesque theater, a block or so from Charles St. Probably the safest two blocks in the City. The word was that the east coast mafia had their meetings on the second floor of one of the clubs and they didn't want to attract any attention. Yea, there were pickpockets and bar fights, but you learned to handle that (keep your wallet and money in a front pocket). The BLOCK being safe = matter of police record - Mafia meeting house = aint got no clue!



As I said Mom and Pop never told us anything. When they talked, they talked Polish, which us kids gave up years ago. One day, out of the blue, they took a train ride to Mississippi to visit relatives (I didn't know we have relative in Mississippi!); all of a sudden they take a vacation!? I had to listen to my sisters, yukkk! When they came back and before the year was out Pop sold the bar and

bought a corner grocery store on Wolfe and Lanvale. I was now a grocery store clerk and stock boy and delivery boy!!!

Talking amongst ourselves, our sisters included, we guessed that either Mom thought pop was running around OR she felt that the bar was no place for us boys either. In any event, I went from sweeping and mopping floors, washing glasses, running beer to stocking shelves, delivering orders and sweeping floors. I even got to handle money and make change and stuff like that. AND I had to be nice to people!

Thus begins another chapter in my fetching's up!
THE END!

Miss Betty Tunes In*Susan Saunders*

My beloved Mother-in Law, Catherine Elizabeth Ocheltree Saunders, affectionately called Miss Betty, began to lose her hearing in her sixties. Even as she denied that loss, she developed ways to compensate for it. Walking into a room with more than one person she made sure she knew the topic of conversation by introducing it herself. "WELL", she would declare loudly as she walked through the door. Then she would continue with whatever it was she wanted to discuss. As long as she announced the topic, she had a fighting chance to stay with the conversation.

This continued for some time, until Mother's Day in the mid 1980's. When my husband Larry called her, she told him she had a pain in her jaw and had taken a couple of Advil and was going to bed. The next day Larry called her to see how she was. She told him "I can't hear any sound out of my right ear."

My in-laws came to stay with us the next week. Betty seemed exhausted. A normally vigorous woman, I convinced her to see our Dr., who determined that she had very recently had some cardiac event. That day I learned that women often experience pain in the jaw, rather than the arm or chest, when this happens. The event had also taken the hearing in her right ear.

Betty followed all of the Dr's instructions except for being examined by an audiologist. She was certain she could hear well enough...until. We went out on my brother-in-law Dan's boat. Betty said "What?" once too often for Dan and he replied with impatience "Never Mind!" I am grateful that he did that because Miss Betty immediately turned to me and said "Please make me an appointment with an audiologist."

Off we went to GBMC. Betty learned that while she could hear sound when someone spoke, she could only distinguish about 15% of the words they were saying. So, she said "Yes!" to hearing aids. Most of us confuse hearing sound with distinguishing speech. They are not the same thing.

The day I took her to get the hearing aids she was told this. "Wearing hearing aids is not like wearing glasses. Everything does not suddenly become clear when you put them in. Quite the contrary. You will now hear sounds you have not heard in some time. You will hear lots of sounds all at once. Your brain won't immediately remember what the sounds are or what they mean. Your brain has forgotten how to tune out the background noise from what you are trying to hear. This is the point where you will be tempted to put the hearing aids away and never use them again. Don't Do That! Have patience. Wear them for a brief time the first few days and extend your use over the coming weeks. It is a process. If you feel like giving up come back to us and we will help you stay with it."

Miss Betty nodded and we left the office with her new hearing aids in place. A few steps down the hall she stopped suddenly and said "Susan, what is that click, click, click?" I said, "That is the sound of your heels on the tile floor." In the car Betty rolled down the passenger side window. We got underway. "Susan," she said, "What is that whoosh, whoosh, whoosh?" "That is the sound of the wind when we pass other cars." "Oh", she replied. "I thought cars had been engineered to be quieter over time."

We arrived at home and I got us some tea. Betty sat down at the table and made a gesture I had seen her do quite often. She raked her fingers through the hair over her right ear as if to push her hair behind her ear. But when she did it, she jumped and gave a startled "OH!" "What's wrong?" I asked. Betty said "I Heard That!"

When I touched my hair, I Heard a Sound and I Felt the Touch! I thought my head had become numb.”

I warned my two young sons that their dear Grandma was coming home with hearing aids and it would be kind of them not to make any sudden or loud noises. They took that very seriously. But none of us thought of the consequence when one of my boys disposed of some small pebbles in the empty kitchen trash can. When they hit the bottom of the can Miss Betty lifted off of her seat in surprise. “What Was That?!?!” I took her into the kitchen and showed her. She looked at me in amazement. “I have forgotten how many things make noise.”

After a few hours of these constant surprises Miss Betty removed her hearing aids and breathed a sigh of relief. But she had heard the words her grandsons, her son, and I, spoke at the dinner table, even though she could not quite recall what every word meant. So, the next day those aids were back in her ears. And she wore them faithfully after that.

Miss Betty had patience. She asked when she did not understand what she was hearing. We had patience too. We learned to look for the quietest part of any dining room when we went out to eat with her. And if there was piped in music, we asked either that it be turned down or turned off. Most places were happy to oblige. Miss Betty adjusted to those aids and eventually wore them all the time she was awake. She still announced a topic when she entered a room, but we understood the value of that. I hope, when she greets me one day in the next place we go, she will start out with “WELL”.

They didn't speak English and we didn't speak

Spanish.....J. Nietubicz

We wanted to go to Galapagos. It is owned by Ecuador and we had to go through Ecuador to get there. So, we decided to spend a couple of weeks in Ecuador while we are there. We flew into Quito, highest capital city in the world. It is at 9,350 ft. (2,850m). Yes, that's pretty high indeed, almost 3km up in the clouds! To put that into perspective, compare Mexico City at 2240m above sea level, Denver at 1609m and Switzerland's famous Alpen ski town Saint Moritz at 1822m. We spent a day or two there waiting for altitude sickness – didn't happen.

We decided to go to Tinalandia. A golf course, in the jungle, in the Andes, about 100 miles from nowhere. Yep, you heard me right! It was built by an Old Russian Lady who claimed to be part of the Russian Royal Family and escaped Russia during the coup. I don't pretend to understand it or try to explain it – a golf course in the Andean Jungle, a 100 miles from any civilization. We are going there because of all the open space, we could see the birds more better.

Some 70 miles or so from Quito, we came up on a traffic back up in the jungle, in the Andes, some 10/15 cars in line – on the side of the road – waiting. Our driver got nowhere in trying to find out what's going on. Nothing! We got in line.

Being who we were, we all got out of the van and started looking at birds. Soon some of the local kids got out of their cars and started being nosey. Our driver did his best to interpret but everybody was talking at once and it became impossible.

We showed them the bird books and pointed out the ones we were looking at and pointed up in the trees. The kids got the idea and started looking for birds for us. They would see a bird, grab the book, find the bird and point it out to us. Then, they spotted the binoculars. Trying to explain the bins to them was a little more of a challenge. Once we got em to look into the proper end, we showed them how to adjust the image. When they finally saw something enlarged, the look on their faces was priceless.

Soon the parents joined in. we did the whole routine all over again. They were a little more adept at picking things up, more or less (the kids were more open and curious). Their astonishment at looking through the binoculars was no less amusing than the kids. Anyway, we were all standing around, talking (nobody understood anything). We all nod and laugh. A kid ran up to me, grabbed my shirttail, and drug me down the road, jabbering and pointing. I saw what he wanted me to see and did my best to say “good job!” Showed him a “high-five”. He thought that was great. Did a “thumbs up”. Laughed a lot. Laughed a whole lot!!

Things got quiet and everybody settled down. Some dozed under a tree. Some more cars had settled in behind us. After some three hours (or more) we heard sirens coming out of the jungle ahead of us. Three policemen on motorcycles emerged from the jungle and said that we can go on now, THE PAINT IS DRY!!!!

WE SPENT THREE HOURS WAITING FOR THE STRIPE IN THE ROAD TO DRY!!!