

The
Broadmead Journal
of Poetry and Prose SPRING 2024



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of Poetry and Prose

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A Writer's Magazine

Table of Contents

spurring the track of a wild animal through a January wood Maggie Babb.....	1
From Beyond the Grave Doug Fambrough.....	2
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOT MUCH.... Anne Fogg.....	3
THE SWANAnne Fogg.....	4
Innocence Hillary Barry.....	5
The Singers. Hillary Barry.....	6
Song Of The Winter Wind. Hillary Barry.....	7
Waiting. Hillary Barry.....	8
The Promise.Hillary Barry.....	9
Starfall.Hillary Barry.....	10
PSYCHOPATHS DRINK BLACK COFFEE. Dorian Borsella.....	10
TELLING TIME. Dorian Borsella.....	12
The Fall.Sumner Clarren.....	13
What do you see? Mari Quint.....	14
Fall Planting. Paula Scheye.....	15
Junco? A Sparrow? Paula Scheye.....	16
The Joke. Paula Scheye.....	17
"Key" Bridge.Gwen Marable.....	18

Southern Magnolia	Hillary Barry.....	19
Grandma's Funeral	Gwen Marable.....	20
Riding up to Harlem.	Gwen Marable.....	22
Hello, Taylor, Hello.	Lily Kouo.....	24
Goodbye, Taylor, Goodbye.	Lily Kouo.....	25
fun facts about English language!.....		26
Contranym.....		26
Tales from Social Security.	Joe Nietubicz.....	27
Triple A Batteries	Elizabeth Elliott.....	28
VOYAGE OF THE CACHALOTE	Sue Baker.....	31
April Fools At Broadmead.	Stan Dorman.....	35
Boris Yeltsin.	Ross Jones.....	37
Camellia Tree.	Anne Allen Boyce Dandy.....	39

spurring the track of a wild animal through a January wood Maggie Babb

this frost bound wood, burnt toast brown
with ice cascades shearing down
bubbled glisk, the frozen foam
fox tracks caught away from home

winter's snagged fell fairy woods
glistens and glides as frozen it stood
over and under seeming the same
mycelium waits for the spring to flame

deer bramble down the slippery choke
ice glinting dim all along the oaks
barred owl launches off a snag
to glide and swoop over arctic crag

rising glass moon blinters and burrs
as goldfoil slashes and all blurs
all around the shepherd's lamp
boarlight fades in the settling damp

welcome to wildness glincy and peart
welcome to paths with moss inert
like shepherd's flock, let the snow fall
invite winter in, icy wind and all

From Beyond the Grave Doug Fambrough



Houdini vowed he'd let his wife Bess know
If there was, on the far side of the grave,
Some other life. But not one sign did show
That gave her any reason hope to save.

She lit a candle every year that he
Might somehow stir the wind to blow it out
At séances each Halloween 'til she
At last swapped shattered hope for solid doubt.

In the eleventh year she said "No more.
Ten years is surely long enough to wait
For any man!" The hope she'd tested for
Was put to rest. Alas, what cruel fate!

The 'leventh year Houdini's spirit came
But crossed back over when it found no flame.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOT MUCH.... Anne Fogg

(A completely ridiculous story in rhyme)

“Oh what is this?” Miss Adams said.
“Red brick’s the surface I would tread.
But this stuff’s black and so depressing.
Another hue would be a blessing!
Go call the contractor at once!
He must be scolded. What a dunce!
My garden pathway should be bricked.
This surface isn’t what I picked.”

“Yes, Ma’am, of course.” Her servant bowed.

But what he did not say aloud
Was something impolite to say.
He left the garden to obey
And saw the contractor afar
Stirring a great vat of tar.

“Good sir,” he said, “I must confess
my mistress is in great distress.”

“What’s it about? I need to stay
so this stuff don’t boil away.”
The contractor spoke without a stammer
Despite his rotten use of grammar.

“Sorry, Sir, but come you ought.
Miss Adams, she is quite distraught!”

“Oh very well. I’m coming now.”
The servant smiled, he gave a bow,
Then swifter than a flying swallow
He ran and urged the man to follow.

They soon arrived, their lungs afire.
Miss Adam, in her grand attire,
Stood rigidly upon the path

And then launched forth in all her wrath.
“Why is this pathway black and slick?
I said I wanted nice red brick!”

The contractor quickly doffed his hat.
(He couldn’t bow. He was too fat)

“ Dear Miss Adams , I must say
that brick has now become passé.

I’m sure your friends will tell you so
And everybody in the know
Builds with materials that last.
The time for brick has long since
passed.”

“Indeed!?” Miss Adams felt great
consternation.

“ I did not know this information!
I am a woman au courrant.
A modern pathway I would flaunt!
For the message that this sends
is that I’m as modern as my friends.
and” (she wriggled her wide torso)
“I’d like to say I’m even more so!

But one final piece of information
Which should elevate my station
By showing a great depth of knowledge
As though I’d graduated college
and make my name most magisterial.

What is the name of this material?
I ought to know before I pay.”

The contractor had two words to say:

“MACADAM, MADAM

THE SWANAnne Fogg

The swan's a bird of raspy voice
And so for competitions
She has to make a careful choice
Of songs for her auditions.

It's not advisable to sing
Selections from Herr Wagner's
"Ring:
(especially she should be leery
Of arias from "Die Valkerie").

And swans have necks so very long
That it takes time for any song
To reach the opening at the beak.
By then the sound is just a squeak
Or else a buzzing sound like static,

Ill suited for the operatic.

Of course there's rock and pop and
folk
But these are sure to make her choke.
And so, her stage career is thwarted
Right before she's even started.

In a well- secluded nest
Is where a swan can sing her best.

And
though
h we
find
her
voice
appalli
ng



(The hoots and honks and
caterwauling)
The other swans don't mind a bit.
Of course, they're all quite used to it.

But out in public there's no call
For any swan to sing at all.

Innocence Hillary Barry

A graceful fawn
stands on spindly legs
another rests and watches
undercover in the shelter of a large white pine
two honey-colored sprites
silent, motionless



do they dream of her

wait for their mother's return
what do they know of her
the scent of her skin
the expression in her dark eyes
the shape of her tall quick body
the taste of her warm milk
do they know where to look for her
they listen for the familiar sound
light steps on dry leaves
they are too young
to know what leaving means

as they find their way
bleating through the woods

The Singers. Hillary Barry

Rising from a well of feeling
the singer's rich voice
tells Trevor's story and her own
her song enfolds us
in light and warmth
her young eyes shine with hope
how did these two lovely spirits grow
who were the women who nursed them
with the milk of faith and assurance
the songs of one young woman
and one wise man
call out to us with strength and beauty
my tears join theirs

Song Of The Winter Wind. Hillary Barry



I love the wild white winter wind
how it plays among the clouds
and silver branches of the trees
briefly it falls silent
then suddenly returns
with authority and abandon
a free spirit dancing
in the enclosure of the woods

swirling round and round
taking me by surprise
I love the wild white winter wind
as it rushes up into the clouds
moving them about
in the startled gray sky
leaving its lusty blustery notes behind

Waiting. Hillary Barry

In summer the linden and the redbud
have each other
their full green on green leaves
do the work summer requires
rain and wind determine
how their branches move about
the linden and the redbud
know in the way trees know
that summer lingers
in these early autumn days
the sky is bright cloudless
cardinals and finches sing
of coming change
each tree gestures to the other
the wind moves among their branches
they bow to nature's autumnal call

The Promise.Hillary Barry

Summer fades into
the stirring promise of autumn
every morning a chance
to look at a small graceful plant
full of miniature heart-shaped leaves
beside my front door
it grows slowly
in the dark moist soil
"Widow's Tears" is its name
violet stars cascade
onto the ground
in the rain its tiny flowers close
yellow buds delicate as a baby's tears
appear in the nest
of dark green leaves
wrapping their slender stems
around each other

Starfall.Hillary Barry



High above white wisps of cloud
in the night-black sky
stars are falling
their little gold lights sparkle
in the cold running stream
in my dream
I wander nowhere and everywhere
trying to catch one
and hold it in my hands

PSYCHOPATHS DRINK BLACK COFFEE.

Dorian Borsella

PSYCHOPATHS DRINK BLACK COFFEE. Dorian Borsella

The Fourth of July changes the pace at Mickey Dee's
Volume button on silent. Absent
The handful of crowing roosters from the senior center
Who jam the back booth , work out spites and slights
Of life over Egg McMuffins. Gone also
Grandmothers, arms yanked by nagging children
Making rude noises sipping drinks through straws.
No sighting of that hurried harried fellow
Using Wi-Fi. Gobbles fast food fast.

Today the patrons lone islands of one.
Men uninvited to family backyard picnics.
Faces that might be found on sex offender websites.
Burgers chewed mechanically.
Stubby fingers clutch styrofoam cups
Of coffee, black of course as studies verify.
Psychopaths drink black coffee.

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

TELLING TIME. Dorian Borsella



Before I learned how to tell time
“Big hand on the nine, little ten”
Four years old. I would call to my Mom
I knew the clock was no friend.
Clocks gave orders merely by sight.
Meal time, bed time. End
Of playtime thought I’d pitch a fight.
I remember the sound of a clock being wound.
They would die if you wound them too tight.

Today as the protesting earth
Rotates on its angular pole
I live in a house with uncountable clocks.
The Grandfather bangs out its toll.
Is life then all about time?
These times auger trouble the New York Times warns.
Time flies. Time is something we waste or we spend.
A constant but never constant
My digital watch will portend.
I knew at age four, now I’m close to four score
That clocks are not my friend.

The Fall. Sumner Clarren

Shade and evening
Set aside the book
Darkness among the trees
The fall is coming

Physicists lie in wait,
Stealthy as pirates, wreck conceits,
rip open a seam
in well-tailored thoughts
forcing the mind to walk the Planck¹

And fall, although with time
An illusion, never reach
The searing, timeless moment that
creates the gas cloud destined to
Be exploding stars in a billion years
Seeding planets with carbon and oxygen
Base of life we credited to God

Hold my hand, hidden-one,
Let us walk that Planck together.

¹ The Planck is the smallest distance that can theoretically be measured, 10^{-33} cm in size. It was the size of the entire universe at the moment of the Big Bang (although what is a moment when there is no time.) The temperature at that size would have been 10^{32} degrees.

What do you see?Mari Quint

inspired by Susan Magsamen, March 13, 2024

what do you see?

daffodils around my tree
small buds on the bush next door
blue sky through bare branches
white clouds moving slowly

what more do you see?

negative space around bare branches
whisps of white—
will they ever catch up
with their mother?

what more do you see?

variations of yellow from a 64 Crayola box
orange cups in the center
thistles sprouting green through heavy mulch

and one last time, what more do you see?

last fall's bulbs bulging
about to delight me
colors still mystery
lingering grey-brown leaves on my tree,
whose green ovals come late
after the yellow at their base is gone
three purple pansies
survivors, as am I.

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 its tender roots will survive
hungry mouths in the dark
that I plant it deep enough to winter over
but not too deep to wreck the clocks
and compass buried in its 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 this small explosion of hope
and I will not mistake
its tender shoots for weeds.

Junco? A Sparrow? Paula Scheye



I don't know what it was
As if in the heart of an opera
But the sound spilling through the leaves
And onto the sidewalk stopped me.
I had been in a hurry.
Now I was still but it seemed
The world was quivering with sound
Filling with the vibrations
Spilling from this tiny heart.

The Joke. Paula Scheye

A joke walks into a bar
Make it a rye, he says.
It's been a slow, dry day,
the barman's ready
for some action, a punch,
A fast jab of wit.
Joke wants oblivion, not laughs.
Life's hard, he says. *I know*

*A bloke—Bob's the name—
No arms, no legs. He begs
Out on the corner
When he's not at sea.*

*It's all too much. I'm tired
Of the wretched folk, the maimed,
The blind and deaf, dumb blonds,
Morons, even elephants,*

*And dead babies, their stink
Follows me everywhere
Like that shaggy goddamned dog.*
He kicks it viciously.

It slinks under the bar,
Curls up on Matt. Bob slides in.
Give us a beer. He spills
Loose change from a cup.

And put an egg in it.

Joke looks up, uneasy,
Guilty, not expecting
Kindness. It makes him

Surly, nasty, makes him
Want to poke Bob's eyes,
Pull out the rug
From under him.

Bob's oblivious, delighted
At the ale in front of him.
He licks the suds, then sinks
His teeth into the rim, and lifts.

The foam, the slimy egg
Slide down his chin.
What's a Joke--tired
Dispirited, even mean--

Supposed to do? *The yolk's
On you*, he cackles.
Dead silence. Then the room
Cracks open, lifts Joke and Bob

on a wave of table-thumping,
Gut spilling laughs. And
Joke—gasping,
Beer spewing out his nose,
Crows—*the last draft's on me!*

"Key" Bridge.Gwen Marable

Broken!

a giant erector set
in a puddle,
a boat full of colorful blocks
beneath it
not toys

the historic Potapsco River
South Baltimore
full of worries
watching
in slow motion
slowly
moving
in
to
the
wa
te
r

a bridge has died
lost
space
on the horizon
global connection
cargo containers
Dali Singapore Baltimore Sri

Lanka
immigrants filling pot holes
lost
mourning

tunnel
traffic
transportation

channel blocked
 emergency
 port closed
governor
mayor
 fire department
 Coast Guard
first responders

loss
city state federal
search and rescue
recovery
wreckage
steel
 concrete
 giant cranes

"May Day"!
"Close the bridge!"
shipping news

Southern MagnoliaHillary Barry

Ivory bells of silk
petals folded
like the soft wings
of a nesting swan
a mystical flower
pure fragrant
shining in the glory of spring



Grandma's FuneralGwen Marable

Touching the toe of my
sacred brown leather penny loafer
testing the forbidden ice on the tiny
bath tub size fish pond
frozen in February
stepping with my 12 yr old weight
onto
and into
the shock of my grandma's death
feeling the chilling wetness of water
filling my shoe
creeping up my beige knee socks ,
I stepped back
I stepped back
to the time of of watching her
as she removed hair pins
holding her silver hair hostage
watched as it freed itself to fall loose
watched her dip her comb in the the glass of water, heard the click of
the comb against the glass flicking extra drops onto the embroidered
doiley protecting her dresser top
watching her reflection in the mirror
as I lay safely snuggled deep
in her feather mattress
flies buzzing within the heat
of that faded wallpapered room
smelling citronella, tainted with the faint smell of
urine
the fragrance of sleeping roses beneath her
window
I waited for her to remove her teeth
place them in the waiting glass of water
plop

for her to climb into bed beside me

sit propped up against two pillows
her asthmatic breathing
a steady
lullabye
I wanted her to
NOT lay inside the casket
inside the small gray frame house
inside the small parlor reeking with the smell of lemon oil
and lilies
where the upright piano stood
silent sentry over her small body
wanted to hear her her sewing machine pedals
keeping time with the Methodist hymn she hummed
wanted to to keep smelling the summer
tomatoes as they boiled in big pots
on all the burners
till their skins burst and
peeled
could be canned in glass jars
to sit on shelves
their goodness waiting to be tasted
next winter
when she wouldn't be here.

Riding up to
Harlem.
. Gwen Marable

Maybe for the last time,
riding in the back seat
looking out the
window of an Uber
watching Harlem
come back into my life
leaving 410 CPW up
to circle around 110th
street lights whizzing us
through
the colored neon night
letting go of wanting to
say,
"Stop! Where am I
exactly?
Up in Harlem!"
Wanting to shout,
"Let me out"
Remembering sitting on
a barstool
at Small's listening to
Illinois Jaquet
"You must be a lady,
wearing white gloves".
Walking on 125th
window shopping
while my friend took a
dance class
from Olatungi
on the second floor
Driving up to visit my
aunt

across from City College
in the building where
Phillipa Schyler lived
up on the elevator to
open the door to the
smell
of cabbage and chicken

Remembering my first
trip
up to Harlem in a cab on
a rainy
gray day after riding a
crowded train
from Cincinnati
sailors sleeping in the
aisle
heads resting on white
duffle bags
My head resting on the
lap
of our friend Mrs
Whittaker
waking up in Penn
Station
taking a taxi to Harlem
where her brother a
Methodist Minister
lived an elevator ride
above the church
entering an elegant room
an Asian rug and plush
upholstered
chairs, settees and sofas,
softly lit fringed lamp
shades
Looking out the window

waiting for my aunt to
come get me.
Some think Harlem's a
scary place
where I felt safe
knowing I belonged there
returning maybe for the
last time
I could die there
Suddenly at the
Schomberg Library

surprisingly entering the
new
lobby lit brightly
darkly lit auditorium
blue lit stage
a piano, bass and drums
waiting for the sax to join
the low hum of audience
excitement
waiting for eighty year
old Nikki's poetry.
Up in Harlem, y'all!

Hello, Taylor, Hello. Lily Kouo

Hello Taylor, here I come, To this strange place,
Where I shall make my final home, In love, in friendship, and in peace.

In every corner I shall walk, And feel with my blind cane.
To match new people with their talk, And learn to live my life again.

Change is always hard to take, Needing strong will and conviction.
Taylor was my choice to make. And failure cannot be an option.

Goodbye, Taylor, Goodbye. Lily Kouo

Goodbye Taylor, it's so nice to know you.

You provided services I used.

You cooked the food I ate.

I sought for your love.

I tried your way to live.

You taught me the meaning of assisted living.

I experienced your style of caring.

We are not a good match.

I must go for a better catch.

I hear my daughter calling.

“Please come back home Mama!”

“Here I come my dear Theresa!”

I reply with delightful feeling.

Good bye Taylor, may God always bless you.

fun facts about English language!

1. English actually originates from what is now called north west Germany and the Netherlands.
2. The original name for butterfly was flutterby.
3. The US doesn't have an official language.
4. The most common adjective used in English is "good".
5. The most commonly used noun is "time".
6. The word "set" has the highest number of definitions.
7. Month, orange, silver, and purple do not rhyme with any other word.
8. The English language contains a lot of contronyms – words that can have [contradictory meanings](#) depending on context.
9. [Shakespeare](#) invented many words, such as birthplace, blushing, undress, torture and many more.
10. Etymologically, Great Britain means "great land of the tattooed".

Contronyms— terms that, depending on context, can have opposite or contradictory meanings. When you use these words, be sure the context clearly identifies which meaning is intended:

1. **Apology:** A statement of contrition for an action, or a defense of one
2. **Aught:** All, or nothing
3. **Bill:** A payment, or an invoice for payment
4. **Bolt:** To secure, or to flee
5. **Bound:** Heading to a destination, or restrained from movement
6. **Buckle:** To connect, or to break or collapse
7. **Cleave:** To adhere, or to separate
8. **Clip:** To fasten, or detach
9. **Consult:** To offer advice, or to obtain it
10. **Continue:** To keep doing an action, or to suspend an action

Tales from Social Security. Joe Nietubicz

I retired from SSA after 20 years. This story is supposedly true. I have no first hand knowledge of it.

A man went into a Social Security Office in the deep South to apply for benefits. After filling out the paper work, he was denied. When asked why, the clerk replied that he listed his occupation as Moonshiner and we can't pay benefits for illegal operations. The man said, "but I paid taxes."

Doing some checking, they found that the man had indeed filed Federal, State, local taxes AND FICA (Social Security Tax) for the past 15/20 years, listing his occupation as Moonshiner with a substantial income.
Nobody ever said a word!

They were forced to give him his benefits and he became an instant news item bandied about in every hall, in every Social Security Facility in the World

Triple A Batteries Elizabeth Elliott

The storm was fierce. Lightening and thunder were the only light and sound, for the electricity in the whole area was off. Alone in the dark, dark like only an absence of all light can be, I snuggled in my bed bereft of all other activities in my electricity driven life.

I was almost asleep when there came a insistent knocking at the door. In normal times I don't answer knocks at the door, even in bright daylight, unless I expect a visitor. Surely I was not going to get out of bed in this darkness, at this hour, in this storm.

However, the urgent knocking persisted. I'm never going to sleep with that noise, I said as I headed downstairs. When I opened the door, a strange little creature, looking wet to the bone and quite distressed, said simply, "elp" and he started into the house.

What could I do but stand aside?

I'll call him, him, but I'm not really sure what to call this creature.

Lighting a candle, I saw more clearly.

I used a kitchen towel to dry him off although his silver suit seemed to be waterproof. He sat in my granddaughter's chair; he'd have been swallowed in any other.

He was shivering so I pulled the blanket from the sofa and wrapped it around him.

Putting on my hostess cap, I asked if he would like something to drink, "I have water, hot tea, milk...". "Vodka," he interrupted.

Luckily (I suppose), Herman had left a half bottle months ago, so I got a shot glass, filled it, and handed it to him. In one gulp, he downed that vodka. "More." ... He spread his hands in a way I read as "much more."

OoooK. I got a juice glass and filled it half way. "More," so I poured more. He disposed of this as quickly as before.

“Good, more.” OooooKkkk. Am I going to have a **drunk** creature now? Still, I emptied the bottle into the glass and he emptied this glass as quickly.

“Very good,” he said with a deep burp as he settled into the chair. “Elp! Need batteries.”

“Batteries. What do you need batteries for?”

“Ship. Lost power.”

What kind of batteries would I have for a ship? “What kind of batteries?” I asked.

“A3-3.”

“A 33? I only have triple As.”

“Good.”

Triple A batteries for a ship and what kind of ship? This fellow is **not** from this earth. A space ship? “How many do you need?”

“Three!”

I fetched my packet of triple A’s. Three A3’s for a space ship? Really?

“We go.”

“Let me get you a flashlight.”

“Don’t need.”

Ooookkk, but I took mine. I certainly was puzzled. Where were we going? WHY was I going? But I WAS going.

Fortunately, the fierce rain had stopped.

Without the least bit of drunken wobble, he led me around the house and down to my patio. There was the sweetest little space craft - with an opened crystal dome, both filled to the brim with rainwater.

“Oooo,” he sighed unhappily as he peered in.

“Let me see what I can do.” The ship was so light I was able to tilt it to drain the water. I dried the interiors with the blanket he’d been wearing around his shoulders.

He seemed pleased as he hopped into a craft just the right size for him.

Then he pointed to a notched panel on the side, one like you and I often see on our electric-gadget battery-compartments. I struggled to open it (aren’t they often hard?) and, indeed, there were 3 cylinders the size of triple A batteries.

I pulled out the black, soggy tubes, dried the compartment with the blanket, and inserted the batteries. Immediately the crystal cover started to close. Just before it snapped shut, I thought I heard “hanks.”

“Click,” and the ship was gone. It didn’t fly away, it just disappeared.

Completely mystified and groggy tired, I went back inside, blew out the candle, and headed back to bed.

Bright sunshine wakened me the next morning. “What a dream,” I thought as I went downstairs for breakfast. There in the living room were a candle and an empty vodka bottle. No wonder I slept so well if I drank all that, but did I? I seriously don’t like vodka.

Somewhat reluctantly I went outside and around to the patio where I found my blanket and three soggy, blackened cylinders, exactly the size of triple A batteries.

VOYAGE OF THE CACHALOTE Sue Baker



Galapagos Islands January 6-13, 1993

Day 1

Baltra Island

A young sea lion lolls beneath the ramp as we board the panga that will take us out to the Cachalote. He peers out, twisting to view us....A pelican turns his incredible head 180 degrees, runs the long beak through his back feathers, settles beak and head onto the center of his back, then lifts wings to cover his backward-beak...

North Shore, Santa Cruz

Exhausted female tortoises crump on the sand, having escaped the clutches of assorted males who hook onto their shoulders, where whitened patches testify to years of spouse abuse. Tonite some of the females will wearily push themselves the last 100 feet up the beach to scoop out great sandy bowls and lay scores of eggs. The tracks made by last night's females look as if treaded vehicles like ATVs had been scooting up and down the dunes Hundreds of brilliant scarlet Sally Lightfoot crabs deck the lava...Marine iguanas, large and small, duck out from behind a rock or laze at water's edge, camouflaged on the black lava...

In the late afternoon, great gray herons pose silhouetted against glassy waters of the mangrove swamp, where mating sea turtles roil the waters and spotted rays glide

below the surface...Oysters encrust mangrove trunks...Deep in the mangrove swamp we find a crab Variety never known to Pablo, our naturalist guide. These are red/orange with white claw- ends....

Frigate birds wheel near the moon, their long double tails scissoring behind them. Orion, above them, is tired and lying on his side.

Day 2

South Plaza Island

A bull sea lion barks as we approach his territory to land at a slippery pier, where black calves tumble in and out of the water, sleek cows loll around or slither in for some fishing. Some stand on their heads in the sea...Spiny cactus accent the skyline, their thorns a contrast to the smoothness of the sea lions...

On the shore the lava is black. Inland, where the cleansing waves cannot reach, the years of sea lion dung whiten it forever - except for some favorite places where sea lion feet and fur have rubbed it to a polished marble...

Santa Fe Island

We snorkel from the panga at a lovely bay, keeping our distance from the rocky shore where sea lion bulls remind us of their domain..A moray eel skims under our boat, and bright small fishes color the rocks as we swim closer to shore...Sea lions startle us as they slip by, then a great fish about 5 feet long glides beneath me..A school of hundreds of spectacular surgeon fish, purple with golden fan-tails, they stretch on and on both vertically and horizontally; an incredible sight.

After snorkeling comes the day's most ludicrous sight: I tumble back in the panga, overcome with my own laughter - rolling over the panga's edge because I didn't take off my flippers, a veritable fish out of water who couldn't manage the ladder.

On shore, the cactus makes trees 20 feet or taller. The same family as our prickly pear, they form straight columnar trunks with round pads that look like kindergartners' attempts to draw trees...Portulaca clumps cover much of this tiny island, their red and yellow hues adding to the rich colors of sky, water, and lava...Land iguanas munch on fallen cactus pads, oblivious to our stares...On the beach a bull rolls over and encrusts himself with a sandy batter...

The sails, hoisted as we leave this enchanted place, smooth our passage through the sea, which seemed rough with only the motor...

Day 3

Academy Bay, Santa Cruz

Arrived last evening and anchored among lots of cruise boats. At dinner, Mary Sinister (Dollman, not to be confused with Wright) had a narrow escape when she choked. Thank heaven for Heimlich!

In the harbor, two or three noddy terns sit atop each pelican, waiting for small fish to shoot out the sides of the great beaks as their hosts expel water and retain the larger fish... The streets in town are decorated with flamboyant acacia trees, red, orange, and yellow...

At the National Park, we wander among incubators, baby tortoise pens, and the giant land tortoises themselves. Lonesome George, last survivor of his species, is penned with two females of another (why so important that his DNA be perpetuated, when it requires miscegenation and really doesn't put us back to the original species?)

A lava tube provides a spooky walk as we imagine the fiery flow that created the great underground tunnel. Elsewhere our surroundings are lush; the daisy family really went wild here, forming forests of trees 20-30 feet high.

Vermillion flycatchers are a brilliant treat; they flutter like butterflies as they mark their territory and dive like our New Mexico nighthawks. From the top of our climb, we see tiny Daphne and lots of larger islands beyond the broken, vegetated caldera.

A later walk through grassy surrounds takes us to lumbering, free-roaming tortoises. Some stretch their long necks, enticing the Darwin finches to come peck off their parasites. A dozen mammoth shapes back and churn in a great mud bath. Their turds, each about 5" across and 9" long, convey an idea of tortoise size. Refreshments in a hillside teahouse; the distant sea blends with sky and only the islands tell us we are looking at sea.

As night falls we dine in the treetops in a lovely open restaurant, at two tables of five each, a pleasant change from the ship.

Back aboard ship, Pablo and all the senior crew members have gone to town. Dorothea says, "Let's be bad." The only naughtiness we can think of is to turn on the tiny Christmas tree lights strung along the lines to the mast.

Day 4 Floreana

Day begins at 3 a.m. as the engines come to life and the anchors are hauled, their chains clanking and shrieking through pipes in the forward cabins, one pipe a foot or so from our heads. Brilliant lights on the mast shine through our skylight. We hear the captain going in and out of the engine room — actually, what we hear is the roar of engine as the door is opened and closed. The 'head' is between engine room and our cabin and we know when a crew member pumps the toilet...

Fitful sleep until roused by a shout at 6:15 - whales sighted as we approach Floreana. Dolphins desert the Cataloche to frolic around the whales, which disappear and then reappear, spouting and 'porpoising.' The dolphins then swim in the bow wave as we pick up speed. Amazing to see them keeping pace with our boat... Floreana's myriad volcanos form a distinctive background to the great bunch of bananas swinging from the rigging near the ship's bow.

Wet landing on a sandy beach guarded by sea lions and graced with green-sparkling sand of peridot...A young male sea lion humps a female; overhead perches a young hawk who politely ignores them...

Pink and coral flamingos stand single-legged, swishing the other foot free of sand before using it to scratch or tucking it under the belly. Necks curve along their backs or snake into the water. Baby flamingos are gray-white and fluffy.

Crossing the island, we get a closer look at another group of flamingos before the path cuts through fine white sand dunes. Palo verde, with its yellow flowers, and another type of tree from the daisy family grow abundantly.

There are lots of sea turtles here but the blue-footed boobies steal the show as they sky-dive, folding their wings just in time, then emerge, give a few flaps, take off and raise their 'landing gear.' We snorkel outside and within the remains of a giant crater, the Devil's

Crown, where coral grows and sharks come. Must have seen 50 different kinds of fish, of incredible hues and all sizes. The crew dives too, after great red tulip conches for tonight's dinner.

At Post Office Bay, we walk a short way to the barrel, remnant of the days when the only way to get a letter off was to put it in the barrel and hope that someone on another ship would be able to deliver it. Now the custom is to put on no postage and hope for the best. (Iveagh's card to Vince reached him four days later at his Hopkins office, via a medical school applicant.)

Sea lions play with panga and swimmers, and especially with pelicans who hop away from their exuberant attempts; one sea-lion teased and pursued a pelican onto the rocks and back into the water.

April Fools At Broadmead. Stan Dorman

Inspired by the fact that ice cream is the most popular desert in America and that less than 25% of diners order desert, a creative group of seniors at the Broadmead retirement community in Maryland, created a product that would enable restaurants to easily provide tableside ice cream and sundaes to their customers from an attractive cart any waitperson can operate. The hugely successful “Cool Cart” has swept the country and been so financially successful that the groups share of its profits has funded a new Broadmead Endowment Fund which is projected to



provide sufficient income to cover half Broadmead’s annual expenses and reduce resident’s payments by half. The resident group that was formed to design, secure the required patents, and present the invention on the TV show Sharktank, included two patent attorneys, two draftsmen, three engineers, two product designers and two well-connected retired financiers.

Once this group designed the functional components of the Cart, they created a sparkling prototype – the final design you’ve seen featured in the New York Times Business section and already in many restaurants – the cart rolls on two large wagon wheels and two small steering wheels situated under the operator platform at the rear of the cart. Easy movement across the floor of the restaurant is facilitated through the two bike-styled steering handles the waitstaff can manipulate from the rear of the cart. The design team’s choice to have the cart shaped like an antique street vendor’s push cart has, along with the funky lettering and coloring, been a huge success. The prototype was built in the wood and metal shops at Broadmead. The flavors of the recessed row of two-gallon ice cream containers, six in all, are: French Vanilla,

Chocolate, Chocolate Chip, Cherry Mint Choc, Almond Butter, and B.M. Berry (a unique berry flavor developed by the Broadmead chefs. The ice cream containers sit side by side in the table-high side of the cart. On a shelf just behind and above the Ice cream are fudge, caramel, marshmallow, wet chopped walnuts, and a few other flavored toppings. The Shark Tank investors who have financed bringing the cart to market were most impressed with the use of the marine/camper refrigeration unit which uses the usually wasted refrigeration heat to blow through the toppings trough and warms several of the toppings, while using the refrigeration to keep the ice cream at the perfect five degree temperature. The refrigeration unit is powered by an on-board twelve volt battery. The battery is kept charged by steering the cart into specially designed stainless steel wall frame and plugs automatically into the electrical contacts near the bottom of the wall frame. The group's original speculation that Shark Tank couldn't resist showing a really clever invention created by group of imaginative seniors, residents of a Maryland retirement community proved key to the ultimate financing and production of the restaurant cart which is now sweeping the country.

The agreement with Amazon to deliver the Ben and Jerry's ice cream and the other necessary supplies has eliminated most of the logistical problems.

Boris Yeltsin. Ross Jones

He stood there at the doorway to the main dining room of The Johns Hopkins Club, the stately Georgian style building on the Johns Hopkins Homewood Campus. It was September, 1989.

He was tall, about 6’-2” with broad shoulders and a great shock of silver hair. His large, smiling face, rosy cheeks and glint in his eye created a carefree demeanor.

But his enormous hands are what got my attention. When he grasped my hand in his, mine seemed to disappear momentarily. I felt like I had inserted it into a huge chunk of ham.

He was greeting me and others in Russian—saying Good Morning, I assumed. And he was bobbing and swaying a bit. I found out why later.

He was Boris Yeltsin, then a somewhat radical member of the Supreme Soviet who, in 1991, would become President of Russia, the first popularly elected head of state in Russian history.

Yeltsin was on a whirlwind tour of major cities and universities in the United States.

Originally a supporter of his predecessor, Mikhail Gorbachev, Yeltsin had begun to pull away from him, asserting his own leadership in the halls of Soviet power and saying to Soviet officials and the Russian people, “Here I am. I can do a better job than Gorbachev.” He had the same message for Americans on his U.S. tour.

He arrived at BWI airport from New York around midnight. Hopkins President Steven Muller greeted him and escorted him to



Nichols House, formerly a home for Hopkins presidents but, at that time, it was serving as a guest house.

Muller could not have known that Yeltsin and his entourage of eight would look for, and find, the house's liquor supply in a small room under the main stairway.

Long story short: With Yeltsin leading the way, the group consumed almost every alcoholic beverage stored in that little room.

No wonder then that Yeltsin could not make it to the Johns Hopkins Club by 7:30 the next morning to speak to a gathering of Baltimore's top business and political leaders. One of his group pleaded that Yeltsin was tired from his heavy travel schedule. He finally made a brief appearance, noticeably unsteady on his feet.

At 9 AM he was taken to Shriver Hall, the large auditorium on the campus. Every one of its 1,100 seats was filled.

President Muller rose to introduce Yeltsin. But Yeltsin also stood up and arrived at the podium before Muller. Yeltsin grabbed Muller's notes and, smiling, returned to his seat on stage. The audience seemed astonished and there was a nervous twitter in the hall. But Muller chuckled, gathered himself and presented a reasonable introduction without notes.

I recall Yeltsin's remarks were disjointed and rambling. They came to a sudden conclusion when Muller interrupted him to say that President George H.W. Bush had made time to see Yeltsin and that he must depart immediately.

With a wave of his giant hands, he was off to the White House. Never before, or after, had the Shriver Hall stage witnessed a performance like that.

End

Camellia Tree.Anne Allen Boyce Dandy

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