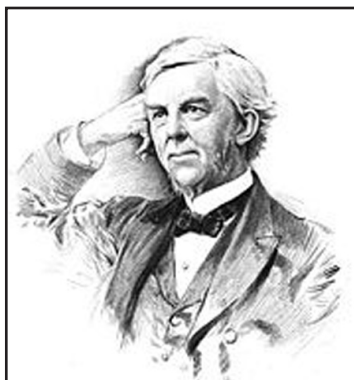




Poets and Sages

Oliver Wendell Holmes, physician and author, is often mistaken for his son of the same name, the Supreme Court Justice. He received his M.D degree from Harvard Medical School in 1836 and later taught anatomy and physiology there.



Oliver Wendell Holmes

His most celebrated literary work is the series of urbane conversation pieces called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and his best-known poem is "The Chambered Nautilus."

For the poet this is a metaphor for the journey of the human soul, moving from one stage to another ("Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul"), until finally reaching the spiritual freedom of the afterlife ("till thou at length art free)."

The nautilus is a mollusk that lives in a shell. As it grows, it makes new and larger chambers into which it moves. The resulting spiral shell with its pearly interior is the beautiful "ship of pearl" referred to in the poem.

—Gene Horan

The Chambered Nautilus

by Oliver Wendell Holmes

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main, --  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed, --  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

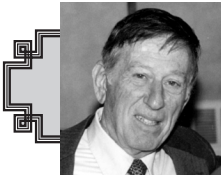


The chambered nautilus - a cutway view

\*This Wikipedia and Wikimedia Commons nautilus image is from the user Chris 73 and is freely available at <http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:NautilusCutaway-LogarithmicSpiral.jpg> under the creative commons cc-by-sa 2.5 license.



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Sam's Eye View

For years I've had a love/hate relationship with exercise. I hate being on a treadmill for 30 minutes, 15 minutes, anytime at all. I love when it's over.

Years ago my doctor advised 30 minutes of exercise four or five times a week. He said my vital organs were fine but because of my age I needed to maintain his suggested regimen. The following day I went off to the physical fitness room. At the same time, my doctor went down to the shore to lie on the beach.

Although I wasn't looking forward to visiting the gym several times a week, I thought it might have some benefit. I remembered the before-and-after ads I had seen of exercise enthusiasts. I pictured myself looking like an Adonis after a few months in the gym. I thought if I turned out to look like one of those "after" photos, I would live the rest of my life bare chested no matter the temperature. It hasn't happened yet, nor is it likely to.

Though my affiliation with exercise is ambiguous, I do enjoy the camaraderie in my daily visits. There are, in particular, a couple of fellows who shall remain nameless not in order to protect their innocence, but to keep me from being murdered. First of all, let

me say that the gym assemblers engage in so much verbal intercourse it is small wonder anyone exercises at all.

The two gentlemen I referred to are quick to give their opinions, advice, and recommendations to anyone, whether asked for or not. They will also tell anyone who will listen how to fix the unemployment situation and exactly how to decide which plan should be put into place for health care reform. All this, without either one being able to decide what to have for lunch.

They also will tell you what to do about Afghanistan and Pakistan, although they have no clue whatsoever of where in the world they're located. As a matter of fact they're not sure where Stop 'n Shop is located. Nevertheless, they are harmless and regardless of how nonsensical they sound I do enjoy their company.

On the other hand, the ladies I run across avoid any talk regarding world situations and in most cases will confine their contributions to such things as what they made for dinner the night before. They also like to boast about the clever remarks their four-year-old grandson made on his last visit. But the most popular topic of conversation is the adorable new baby, and it so

happens they have about two hundred photos to prove it.

To my male chauvinist friends who believe women are the weaker sex, I suggest they frequent the physical fitness room. They'll witness the women not only keeping up with the men but many surpassing them. (Note: this should put me in good stead with the women.) The truth is that many times I've been on a treadmill next to a woman who was going at a much greater speed than I. When that happens, I get off immediately. The last thing I need is a blow to my ego.

People who read on a treadmill fascinate me. How in the world they are able to keep focused on a line is beyond my comprehension. It seems it would be akin to reading on horseback. I cannot picture John Wayne reading while galloping along.

I trust I haven't offended any of my good friends with whom I spend a most enjoyable hour or two each day. They are as nice a group of people as you are likely to find anywhere, and if they want to tell me what's wrong with the world and how to fix it, it's perfectly okay with me.

—Sam Newman

Looking Back

Five years ago  
November 2004

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Ten years ago  
November 1999

The Rossmoor News took a look at what might have been on the table at the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving. The earliest account, written in 1621, specified wheat, Indian corn, and barley. But no turkey! The guests, who included about 90 Native Americans, did bring five deer. A second description of the dinner, written some 20 years later, does refer to "a great store of wild turkeys." But not a word about cranberry sauce or pumpkin pie!

Several Rossmoorites and World War II veterans visited the recently dedicated National World War II Memorial in Washington, D.C.. Edmund Paige wore his uniform, and schoolchildren and tourists took pictures of him. Ralph Messineo, who was a soldier with the Second Armored Division, met his nephew Kevin Geraghty in Washington. For both, the memorial was a fitting tribute to the generation that fought and won World War II.

"Bungee jumping from Meeting House steeple not permitted on Sundays" was the headline of the first in a series of eye-catching advertisements designed to attract new residents to Rossmoor. The ads were part of a promotion campaign by the Resale/Marketing Committee.

Other headlines included, "No waterskiing permitted on golf course pond," "Bicyclists

Looking Back  
continued on page 11