



A WALK THROUGH THE PARK

Mayflower has a front-row seat to the hub of summer in Grinnell. Central Park, located directly north (over the railroad tracks) from the Mayflower campus, is the center of city festivities as well as a place of recreation and relaxation for everyone in town.



Summertime in Central Park is a great time for a concert or just relaxing.

Central Park dates back to the founding of Grinnell in 1854, when J.B. Grinnell donated part of his land holdings for park purposes. His own imposing home once stood directly east of the park. We can assume the park was originally a piece of open prairie, like the rest of the town. Trees were soon planted, and an 1880s photo shows the park filled with trees and crisscrossed with paths. Over the years, structures of various kinds were added, including an impressive fountain at the northwest corner and a brick bandstand at the northeast corner. The fountain, designed by noted architect Walter Burley Griffin (who also designed the prairie-style Ricker House at 1510 Broad Street) was installed in 1911 as a memorial to a beloved physician, Dr. E.W. Clark. The bandstand was built in 1924 to honor World War I veterans. Both structures were eventually removed. In 1990, a gazebo constructed by Dr. J.R. Paulson and Bill Vosburg was added to the center of the park.

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Walk Through the Park

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Central Park underwent a significant renovation starting in 2016. Major new features included a spacious shelter with restrooms, a performance stage, splash pad, and history walk that tells the story of early Grinnell and 10 of its best-known citizens, starting with J.B. Grinnell. In addition, the gazebo was moved to the south edge of the park, and decorative brick walkways and plazas were added.

The changes were not without controversy. Some people objected to the loss of trees, cost of the project, and change in general. But the plan prevailed, and the renovated park was dedicated in May 2018.

Mayflower residents Sandy and Betty Moffett and Tom and Dianne Latimer were co-chairs of fund-raising for the renovation. Sandy described the project as challenging. "The [planning] process was fascinating but complicated," he said. "I was very impressed with the generosity of the Mayflower community. That created an important momentum for what we did. It only takes a walk through the park on a warm evening to see that all the work was well worth it."

Today, Central Park and surrounding streets are used for myriad activities, including the twice-weekly Farmers Market, Music in the Park (outdoor concerts on Thursday evenings), Ag Day, Jingle Bell Holiday, car shows, and the start/finish of running and biking events. A variety of groups use the space for outdoor meetings, family gatherings, and special events.

Mary Schuchmann



Mayflower resident, Dorothy Noer, is sending her daughter in Taiwan a video of the concert in the park.

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Walk Through the Park

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The Central Park playground and splash pads are popular with youngsters, and are always busy on a warm summer day! (left and below)



The stylized Shelter House provides a convenient spot for picnics, meetings, and gatherings, complete with handy restrooms.



In the early 1900s, rail passengers were reminded of their location when they passed the large GRINNELL letters on the south side of Central Park. Photo from the Archives of Drake Community Library.

Welcome Nancy Baumgartner

First, full disclosure by the author of this bio: Nancy Baumgartner is my friend, my exercise buddy, and my co-madre, her daughter having married my son.



As a new resident in a first-floor Buckley apartment, she brings with her strong connections to the town and the College. Nancy has lived in Grinnell on and off for most of her life. One of eight children in the Eickelberg family, she moved to Grinnell originally when she was five years old. She learned to swim in the (then) Country Club pool, taught by long-time Grinnell coach and ardent conversationalist John Pfitsch. When she was struggling to complete a swim test, doing a few strokes and then dog-paddling furiously while saying “I can’t do it! I can’t do it!” John replied “Quit talking and start swimming!” Soon she joined the city swim team, eventually becoming a state champion diver.

Nancy still enjoys sports. She focuses on physical fitness: swimming, doing water aerobics, walking, and frequenting the weight room. She also enjoys watching sports on TV, especially soccer and most sports played by her favorites, the Iowa Hawkeyes.

During her career, she served as an administrative assistant in many offices at Grinnell College, including College Conference Operations, the Alumni Office, and, for the last 11 years of her working life, for the Athletic Department. In her work with athletics, she facilitated the move from the Physical Education Center (PEC) into the Bear (the current athletic facility).

Nancy’s connection with Grinnell College includes many family members who attended the college: her father, her aunt, her niece, her two children, and her son-in-law.

Her son Art, a 2007 Grinnell College graduate, currently works as an architect in Des Moines and lives in Ames with wife Jennifer (nee O’Polka) and two children, Hendrix and Blaire. Nancy’s daughter Kate, a member of the Grinnell College

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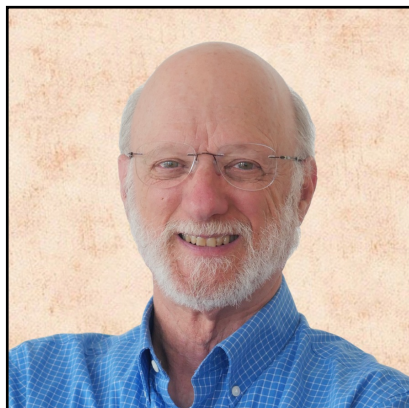
Nancy Baumgartner

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class of 2011, is the Assistant Director of Technical Theater at the college and lives in Grinnell with her husband Mike (nee Hunter).

Mayflower welcomes Nancy, who brings not only an enthusiasm for sports, but also a deep knowledge of the Grinnell community.

Judy Hunter

Meet Bob and Nancy Cadmus

In early May, Bob and Nancy Cadmus moved to 516 State Street from their long-time home near Merrill Park.

Bob and Nancy met during their first year at Swarthmore College and married during graduate school. Bob grew up in the university community of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, while Nancy came from semi-urban Union, New Jersey. They were friends through college, then reconnected at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where Bob studied physics and Nancy literature.

In 1977 the Cadmuses moved to Chapel Hill, where Bob pursued a postdoctoral fellowship in nuclear physics. Nancy edited manuscripts at the nearby Research Triangle Institute until their daughter, Sara, was born. In the summer of 1978, Bob accepted a position teaching physics at Grinnell College.

During his early years at Grinnell, Bob transitioned from nuclear physics to astronomy, in which he'd had a lifelong interest. Forces aligned to allow him to design and build an on-campus observatory in honor of his colleague, Grant

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Nancy & Bob Cadmus

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Gale. Since that time, Bob has conducted research there and made the observatory available for student projects and community outreach. He remembers with pleasure the many students and visitors he has and continues to interact with.

The Cadmuses' second daughter, Lisa, was born in Iowa. Through the girls' early years, Nancy was mostly at home with them, but also worked a variety of part-time jobs. She ran a home daycare for a year, mostly for friends' children (including Hunters and Barbers). Later, Nancy worked briefly in the college Writing Lab, as a substitute teacher, and at Marshalltown Community College. Finally, she landed at the Grinnell College Libraries in Serials Acquisitions, a job that she loved and kept for 22 years.

Nancy and Bob's daughters have both settled around Madison, Wisconsin, a few miles from each other. The Cadmuses have three grandsons and two granddaughters, ranging in age from eleven to one.

In his spare time, Bob enjoys playing in the Too Many String Band and attracting hummingbirds. Nancy loves to read and is active in several local organizations. Both love relaxing on their new porch and patio and watching wildlife.

Ode to R A G B R A I

Reveling in ribbons of roads, riding
 A-wheel, up and over acres abundant,
 Graced of verdant ground, row crop grids.
 Bicycling between her towns, the boundaries
 Rivers, from the Missouri to the Mississippi, riding
 Amidst America. Accommodating, the ever amicable
 Iowa, as individual and independent as those she invites.

A Poem by
 Mayflower Poet:
 WARREN REINECKE

*Published,
 Lyrical Iowa, 2011.*



RAGBRAI (*Des Moines*) Register's Annual Bike Ride Across Iowa



Say 'Hello' to Georgia Langerud

Georgia Langerud has lived in more towns and cities in Iowa than most of us have experienced. One of eight children in the Agan family, she was born near Knoxville, Iowa, in 1935. She moved from Mason City to Buckley #311 in March of this year.

The Agan family battled through the Depression as tenant farmers in Southern Iowa. Georgia attended country schools and graduated from Indianola High School in 1953. She then studied at the University of Northern Iowa, where she graduated with a degree in elementary education. At UNI she met her husband, Charles Langerud, who was just back from the Marine Corps. A blind date at the famous Surf Ballroom in Clear Lake started it all, and they were married within a year. They had three children, all boys, of which the eldest is our Executive Director, Steve Langerud. When Georgia suggested moving to Mayflower, Steve said it was hers to decide. He also pointed out that many friendly and interesting people lived here, and Georgia has found that to be true.

During Georgia's first teaching job at Lake Mills, Iowa, Charles pursued his education at Waldorf Junior College and then at Simpson College with a basketball scholarship. When Charles graduated, with certifications to teach history and to coach, each of them served in several schools in Iowa. As their family grew, Georgia embarked on a pioneering effort to start up preschools. Happy Time Preschool was her brand, and they were among the earliest in small towns in Iowa. Georgia has other active interests, as well. They include horticultural and vegetable gardening. She proudly displays a wedding photograph of Steve and Karen Langerud, taken in her garden in Mason City. Her interests in genealogy led to her profile by Ancestry.com, which showed that she is endowed from several parts of the British Isles. The Norwegian side of her children owes to Charles, whose original family name was Olson. To gain some distinctiveness upon emigration, the family adopted the name of their farm in Norway, namely, Langerud.

Starting in the 1980s, Georgia served as foster parent to children from Iowa. In 1987 she was asked to expand her work to adult Vietnam refugees. She did this and served many from Vietnam. One of her charges, who first showed up at

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Georgia Langerud

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age 19, now has a thriving large family of well-educated children, and is still in touch at age 55. Georgia is also interested in writing. An example is a book of her written responses to 52 weekly questions that Steve originated for a project with the publisher, Story Worth. The collection of her responses is titled, *Georgia Agan*, and it is a wonderful autobiography.

Gene Wubbels

Welcome New Neighbors Gene and Gail Smith



Gail and Gene Smith are living temporarily in Buckley #201, waiting for their apartment at Edwards #8 to be remodeled. They lived previously in Port Byron, Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi.

They decided to move to the Mayflower to be closer to one part of their family. Their son Dustin works in Grinnell at Cirks Financial Services, besides serving on the Grinnell-Newburg Board of Education. Their daughter-in-law, Dustin's wife Sarah (nee Pohlson), works for Grinnell College and is currently a candidate for a seat in the Iowa House of Representatives.

Both before and after moving to Grinnell, Gene and Gail have attended events involving Dustin and Sarah's two children. They've attended grandson Alex's baseball, tennis, football and swim meets. When Alex begins his college career next year at Luther, the Smiths may travel to Decorah to catch some of his

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Gene & Gail Smith

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games. They also enjoy their granddaughter Josie's dance concerts, swim meets, softball and soccer games, and anticipate cheering her on during her remaining three years at Grinnell High School.

Gene and Gail also visit events for their other grandchildren; Gene has two children from a previous marriage, as well as six grandkids and five great-grandkids. In addition, Gene and Gail's daughter Allison has three boys, Nate (18), Jake (14), and Josh (12); their daughter Lindsey has two children adopted from Ethiopia, Abi (11) and Yenework (10.)

Gail, who grew up on a farm with five sisters and did farm work, later spent years as a dental assistant, both before and after her time as a homemaker. Gene, who grew up in Peoria, Illinois, attended Bradley University in Peoria, and then taught broadcasting at night school for six years. After serving as general manager for advertising for two TV stations, he went on to establish his own private agency. For 20 years his agency provided clients with products for advertising in radio and TV.

Gail and Gene are enjoying their transition to the Mayflower. They eat in the dining hall, where, they point out, the food is great and very inexpensive. Gene, a lifelong golf enthusiast, likes to hit some balls with Dustin and Alex on the golf course. Gail enjoys gardening. Both enjoy doing jigsaw puzzles.

Mayflower is pleased to welcome these new members of our community!

Judy Hunter

**Greet Phil and Dorothy Palmer**

Dorothy and Phil Palmer moved from their residence in Grinnell at 3 Hobart Place to Montgomery #4 in early June. The Palmers raised their family in Grinnell and have served significant roles at Grinnell College and the town of Grinnell.

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Phil & Dorothy Palmer

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After graduating from high school in suburban Chicago, Dorothy entered Grinnell College, where she graduated with a major in political science in 1962. She met Phil in Grinnell while he was in the anhydrous ammonia business. Phil went to high school in Cedar Falls and graduated from UNI with a teaching certification in industrial arts. He taught high school in Burlington and at the Aberdeen Proving Ground Ordinance School. After graduation, Dorothy taught in an Episcopal mission school in Africa in what became the country of Malawi; she and Phil were married there in 1963.

The Palmers settled in Grinnell where they started their family. They have two daughters and now six grandchildren. Along the way, Dorothy acquired a master's degree in counseling at the University of Iowa. She worked for six years in the Grinnell College Alumni Office in the 1970's. Then she was invited by the college leaders to start a program to increase the enrollment of Iowa students. Initial success led to expanding the program, which Dorothy led until 1994. Meanwhile, Phil started a construction company focused on housing, commercial, and farm structures. It later extended into real estate development. Country Club Estates, at the former drive-in movie site at West Street and 16th Avenue, provided early townhouse condos in Grinnell. Phil also led the development and construction of the seven gracious houses at Hobart Place. In 1992 Phil and a business partner started a modular housing company in Kellogg that has now sold over 350 homes.

As to interests and hobbies, the Palmers have enjoyed travel in the U.S. and abroad. Dorothy is involved in several clubs, is a serious gardener, and is a founding member of the Jewel Box Quilt Guild. Phil has enjoyed building furniture and has contributed many years of civic service. This includes two terms on the Grinnell City Council and long service on the Board of Adjustment. Phil is also serving, at the request of the court, as a voluntary trustee of the Campbell Fund, a trust to benefit people in need in Grinnell. We are pleased to welcome Dorothy and Phil as neighbors.



Gene Wubbels

SIGHTINGS

**A Poem by
Mayflower Poet:
SANDY MOFFETT**
Revised 2022



I saw Walter one evening last week.

He was sitting about six rows in front of me at a lecture in Haines Hall. The speaker's topic had to do with the methods of slowing the accumulation of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. He was very dramatic. I was not completely awake.

The speaker had excellent credentials — MIT, PhD, books. I found his talk unconvincing. I wanted to talk with Walter afterwards — to ask for his critique.

Of course, I knew that Walter died almost ten years ago. So, I didn't go up to talk to him. I had sat with him for a while the week before he died.

Walter didn't say anything that day.

I passed Jerry in McNally's, just yesterday.

He smiled and said OK when I asked how he was doing. Not as warmly, however, as I had expected. He looked to be about thirty-five.

But Jerry lost his sight back in twenty fifteen. He didn't live long after that.

He died of being unable to read.

The strangest thing happened. I was watching the Yankees play the Twins on ESPN and damned if Carl wasn't playing at first base for the Bronx team. They said he had just been called up from triple A — the regular first baseman, Greg Bird, was on the injured list. Carl went two for three with a walk. The Yankees lost.

The announcer didn't call him Carl — said his name was Garrett Cooper, or something like that. But it was Carl all right. I hadn't seen Carl since a year before he died.

I didn't even know he played baseball.

Is this OK, seeing old friends like this? Does it help me miss them less?

Do I hope, time hence, someone I know will see me? In the crowd on campus between classes? In a quiet bar? In a dim theatre?



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Photos by Bill Pollak

Gossamer Wings

I've never seen gossamer wings --
I'm not actually sure what they are --
but your wings probably qualify:
transparent, veined with thin dark lines,
flickering in the wind and sun.

You were squatting on the hassock,
warming in the sun,
preening yourself despite the wind,
each wing shifting to and fro,
keeping you upright and unruffled.

I watched you closely, marveling,
trying not to startle you,
wondering how you stayed put:
My sparse hair was flying all about,
while you sat completely still.

**A Poem by
Mayflower Poet:
CHRIS HUNTER**
October, 2021



Even though you are long and black
and carefully lick your claws clean,
it's a stretch to call you a dragonfly.
But you do have those four
magnificent gossamer wings.

Too soon, you took off, straight up,
each twisting glistening wing
swimming its own way through the air,
and left me sitting in my chair,
alone, in the sun, in the wind.

