



Life

JUNE 2022

At The Points

AN EXCLUSIVE SOCIAL MAGAZINE FOR THE RESIDENTS OF BROWNS POINT & DASH POINT

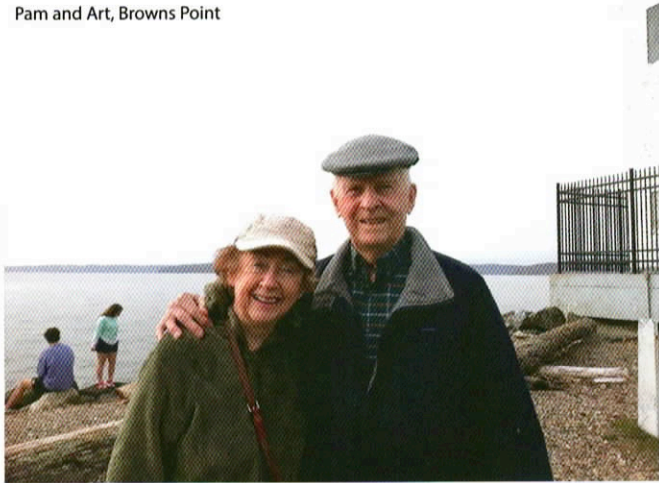


meet
Arthur Ladley, Jr.

Your Stories. Your Photos. Our Community.

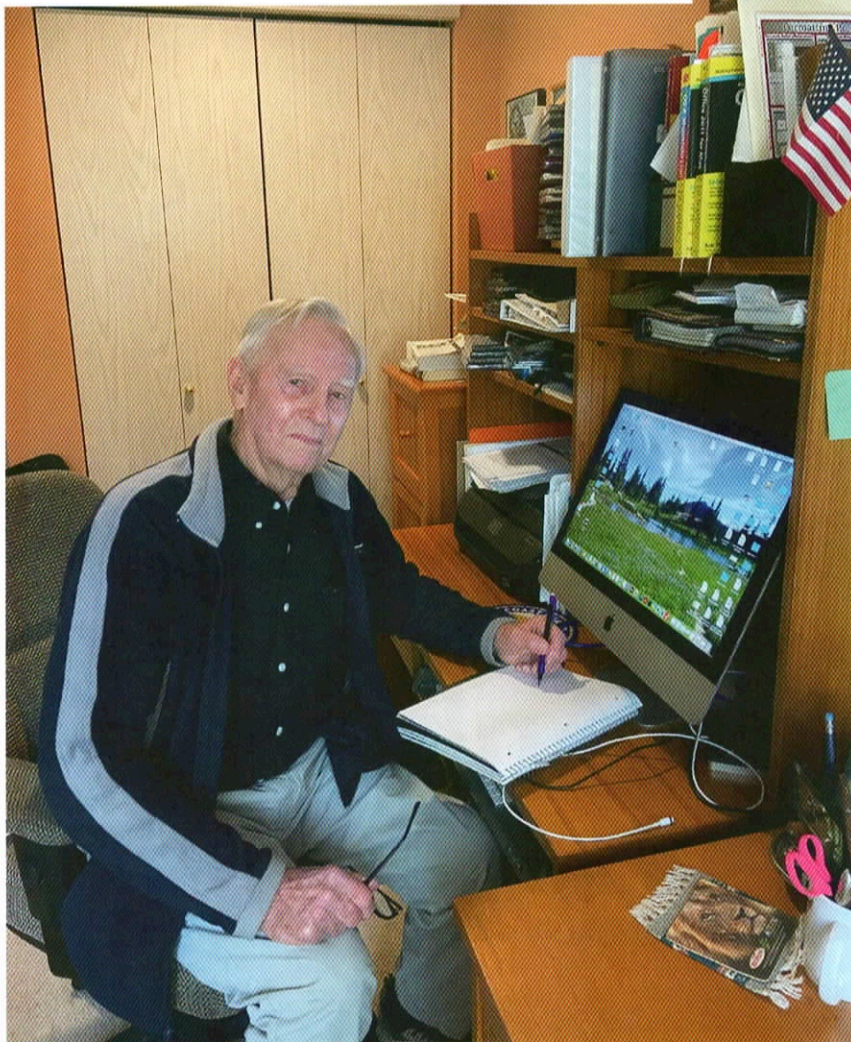
Art Ladley, Jr.

Pam and Art, Browns Point



"A poet is, before anything else, a person who is passionately in love with language." – W. H. Auden

meet your neighbor



Art and his wife, Pam, live in upper Browns Point. Originally from Staten Island, NY, he spent a large majority of his professional career serving our country as a Coast Guard aviator flying fixed and rotary-wing aircraft. During his first week at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, CT, he learned the Coast Guard song which includes the verse, "From Aztec Shore to Arctic Zone to Europe and the Far East" never dreaming that he would actually go to all those places. Upon retirement from the Coast Guard, he worked for Boeing Marine Systems and Boeing Commercial Aircraft in various engineering assignments culminating in the position of Manager, 737 Avionics Training Group. Today Art spends his spare time in his garden, reading, and writing, watching British mysteries or enjoying his monthly wine group meetings, and occasionally traveling to some of the many Washington or Oregon wineries for a tasting. For many years, he and Pam were board members of the Points Northeast Historical Society and continue to enjoy the camaraderie of that group as well as their North Tacoma and Browns Point friends and neighbors. The Ladleys' children include son Russ and daughter in law, Janette, who live nearby in Tuscany, and their daughter Robin and her husband, Peter Maille, who live in La Grande, OR. One grandson Simon currently attends college in La Grande (EOU); their other grandson Nathan lives and works in Bozeman, MT.

Somehow Art developed a passion for writing poetry. He actually had a great dislike for writing in high school but always loved to read. He remembers book reports being a very painful exercise. Like most students, his teachers exposed him to many of the great English poets like Wordsworth and Keats. Of course, most of their poems were carefully constructed as to rhyme and meter. When the Ladleys were living in Kodiak, Alaska, there was a cold, wintry afternoon when Art said he was mesmerized by the clouds that were hurtling across the sky. That moment caused him to write a short poem about what he was seeing. Many years later, after retiring from the Coast Guard, he wrote some poems about missions he'd piloted which had some drama to them. One was even published in a couple of military magazines. Over the years that he's been taking Spanish, his teacher has occasionally tasked his class to write short poems. On another occasion, they were discussing dreams. That discussion was the impetus for "Shadows of the Mind," which focuses on the adventures that often occur in dreams.

Art, what inspires you to write and express yourself through this art form?

"I think it has to do with wanting to remember important events in my life. I was fortunate for the opportunity to experience lots of adventures and places through my flying and on trips overseas with Pam. And there is the challenge to see if the words you choose bring your remembrances to life. It's a great way to keep your brain active." Art goes on to say, "I seem to



Pam, son Russ,
daughter Robin

dream in spurts. Because we have traveled a lot, many of my dreams seem to occur in a European type of city where buildings and streets seem so real. And I am trying to get to an airport or can't seem to locate my luggage or my wife. I'm also worried about getting to my destination on time. These can be frustrating, but fortunately, I wake up! Some dreams have me traveling high above distorted and colorful landscapes. The landscapes seem like versions of islands or continents. I wish I could have a video of them. Other dreams revolve around houses and nearby surroundings that perhaps are an amalgam of places we or I have lived. On occasion, I go back to these places in which the interiors and neighboring scenery are always changing. The people in these houses are a combination of friends and relatives. They are very vivid. I love my flying dreams but can't seem to get very high off the ground. I wish they'd occur more often. Other than the frustration of trying to find my wife, our luggage, or getting to the airport on time my dreams are enjoyable. It was these kinds of dreams that formed the basis of *Shadows of the Mind*."

What advice would you give to others who want to write poetry?

"Give it a try, and remember that rhyming is not a requirement. It seems like all the poetry I read in English or Latin class had very strict rules for rhyme and meter – forget the rules and just start writing. As a start for writing a poem, try to break it up into segments that seem to have a lyrical flow. If you're just sitting at your desk, think about your surroundings, the world, events, things you've done, emotions, or a memory, and just translate them into short phrases. Soon you'll have a poem! And if you get a sudden inspiration, make sure you make a note of them – you can figure out their placement later."

Shadows of the Mind

*Once again I am lost or late
The streets and the city are
somewhat familiar
But the people are few
Their faces unknown
I recognize buildings and shops
Why am I here? Where am I going?*

*I am with friends, I am with my love
We have to catch a flight
But our tickets, our baggage
Are somewhere else
At the hotel? Maybe!*

*I go back to the hotel
I thought it was in Copenhagen
But now it looks like Waikiki
My room has completely changed
Our bags and clothes are gone!*

*These journeys of the night
They are always somewhat different
Rarely with an ending
I am going somewhere
Sometimes to get home
Sometimes on an adventure*

*People, places, adventures, a book from
the past
Suddenly burst from a recess of my mind
They mostly mix and rarely match
Sometimes in color
Sometimes in misty gray*

*Once I traversed a long
high road
With small and colorful towns
Along the way
It seemed I could see unending
Distant mountains and
churning seas
The sky an incredible blue
All so amazingly real*

*Once I was flying over a series
of islands
The green mountains, blue
water and sandy beaches
Are crystal clear and go
on forever
Shades of Hawaii!*

*Sometimes I'm flying
Just a few feet off the ground
Using only my arms
It's easy to land or takeoff
I can't seem to get very high
Maybe only twenty feet
I want people to see me
To wonder at this
astonishing feat*

*Sometimes I remember great
details of houses where
I've lived
I continue to visit them
They and the people there
change a little with each visit
And then I realize
They are only fabrics of
my imagination
There never was such a place
But the people are real*

*Many journeys over the years
Many wonderful stories read
All lurk somewhere in my mind
And when I sleep
they wake
To create their own new tales
But then again they are just
Shadows of the mind*

A. E. Ladley Jr
Tacoma, WA

