

"Tips and Tales"

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An Irregularly Published Independent Screech Produced by and for the Residents of Sunnyside for Sharing News and Information About and of Interest to them

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Material for this publication is produced by the residents of Sunnyside's Campus. Everyone is invited to contribute material for consideration for publication. Please send your suggestions, notes, and letters to either of the above residents or to any of the Volunteer Staff (see last page).

THE OLD PHONE ON THE WALL

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "**Information Please**" and there was nothing she did not know.

Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy.

I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway. The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up,

I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear.

"Information, please" I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

After a click or two, a small, clear voice spoke into my ear. "Information."

"I hurt my finger...", I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding?" the voice asked.

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open the icebox?" she asked.

I said I could.

"Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "**Information Please**" for everything. I asked her for help with my

geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math.

She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before would eat fruit and nuts.

Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called, "**Information Please**," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in."

Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, "**Information Please**."

"Information," said in the now familiar voice.

"How do I spell 'fix'?" I asked.

All of this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much.

"**Information Please**" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me.

Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on

the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "**Information Please**."

Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well. "Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell 'fix'?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft-spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"

I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls."

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

"Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered, "Information." I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said. "Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago." Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you." The note said, "Tell Wayne there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean."

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

Never underestimate the impression you may make on others.

>Jean Forbes

MY CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH OF '48

Yes, it was exactly 100 years after gold was discovered in California when I took my first teaching job in the Folsom City Schools, about 20 miles from Sacramento. Folsom also houses the prison where Johnny Cash spent some time.

Times were tough and salaries were skimpy, so with a new family, I took whatever job paid a few dollars to make ends meet. I drove a school bus, for the princely sum of \$60 a month, taught night school and in the summer took a laborer's job at the Natomas Company which mined gold.

At Natomas there was a large dredge which scooped up soil and gravel. It moved along, slowly, but steadily, leaving a long narrow body of water with a mound of gravel on either side. The soil and gravel were placed on a long incline board, called a riffle. The water was forced over it, the soil was washed away, and the gold, being heavier, remained. Smaller amounts of silver and platinum were also retrieved in this way.

I expressed an interest in the room where they made the end product, gold bars. We were taken on a tour and allowed to hold a finished bar which was stamped and eventually made its way to the U.S. Treasury. That was in the days when gold was \$35 an ounce, not the \$1300 plus it brings today. At the end of each day the room was vacuumed, including the pants cuffs of the workers, and the whole lot was run back through the refining process.

The operator told us that one dishonest worker had stolen enough to cast into a part for an airplane. It was not as strong as the plane part it replaced and failed on take-off. An urban legend?

We were told that the Treasury could tell the source area and the method of its origin – whether old jewelry, tooth filling or mining of some sort.

Folsom was an easy drive to the site of the original gold rush at Sutter's Mill in Coloma, to Placerville, known as Hangtown, and to Lake Tahoe.

So, when the Wellness Center urges us to sign up for the Gold Rush, I just smile and say, "Been there; done that."

>Ed Yarnell

A DAY TO REMEMBER Julian Quarles, 36th Division, United States Army

CAUTION! The following article describes war experiences that, while true, may be disturbing to some - .Ed

Prologue

I joined Co. "F" 143rd Infantry at Camp Blanding as a second lieutenant in late winter 1942. A large number of officers were sent to the 36th from Ft. McClellan, Alabama. When we arrived, the only officers in the 2nd Battalion were the company commanders in each company. By summer maneuvers in North and South Carolina, we had a full complement of officers. The 143rd was in division reserve when the landing took place at Paestum, Italy. German artillery was landing on the beach. Co "F" lost Lt Hauck and Platoon Sgt. Napper KIA. Three days later, at night, the 2nd Battalion, by order of the corps commander, took the place of the 179th Infantry 45th Division in a wide gap between the British and the Americans. The German armor enveloped the left side of the Battalion where Co. "F" was located. Twenty-two of Company "F" were killed. Many were grievously wounded or captured. I had a man on each side of me killed.

13 September 1943

My remembrance of this date and the events leading up to it has never been fully put down on paper except in the notebook hereinafter mentioned. On the afternoon of September 12, 1943, a Sunday, the 2nd Battalion, 143rd Inf. was

in Division reserve in a middle position behind all of the regiments of the 36th Division when we were ordered to take a position behind where the 179th Infantry of the 45th Division was located. Why this took place is best described in the book written by Captain Clarence Ferguson, the S-3 of the battalion, who accompanied Lt. Col. Charles H. Jones, the battalion commander, to regimental headquarters to receive his orders.

Suffice it to say, the corps commander had decided to replace the regiment of the 45th Division, which had taken a beating by the Germans, with our battalion. Lt. Col. Jones immediately took the company commanders by motor transport to an area behind the 179th in order to view the location in daylight and thus be able to direct their companies in the dark to where they were to set up their positions.

The four companies were to leave immediately on foot, led by their executive officers to the area and, upon arrival in the middle of the night, set up. As the companies were not close to each other, they each proceeded by compass by the most direct route. I led company "F" in a column of twos across country, cutting wire fences as we went. In one field water buffalo attacked us. I had riflemen shoot them. I well remember, after darkness had fallen, passing through a small village. Not a single light was seen nor sound heard. It was not until long after midnight that we met Captain Bayne and he guided us to where each platoon was to set up. Unfortunately, there was a dead German who had begun to decompose close to where we wanted to locate the company CP. I had him covered with dirt as soon as possible. The ground was so hard it was difficult to do.

The 179th, in a column of twos, soon passed through the Company as we straddled the main road, which was no more than a narrow dirt road. Years later, in talking to my son-in-law's father, a member of a Heavy Weapons Company of the 179th, we realized that he must have passed right by me. Company "E" was on the right, Company "F" was on the left. Company "G" was across the front as a shielding force. Company "H" had machine gun positions between "E" and "F". The

81 MM mortars were behind the battalion position. There were no friendly troops on our right or our left. No artillery support.



They had just received these parkas. Imagine trying to dig a foxhole in that rocky ground. The Germans always had the high ground and were well entrenched.

The Battalion position was on a plain between two rivers, the Calore and the Sele, that flow west but come together to form one stream to the sea. The Italians had an army post called Persano with many buildings some distance behind us. The Post covered the entire plain extending for a few miles East of our position. The Battalion anti-tank section had two 57 mm guns facing East behind "F" to cover the road. We now know the Germans not only were in front of us but had a column on the North side of the river on our left side and came in behind us through the post proper.

It was a busy time seeing that everybody was prepared. Of course artillery or mortar fire fell on us. It was not until after I fired my carbine did I realize that Bryan Brittain who was on the right side of the road and five feet from me was dead. Brittain was the much beloved mail orderly and barber for the company. I could hear a tank coming from the rear, then three Germans came

by me and I fired with my carbine, knocking all three down. Immediately more Germans were there and recognizing the inevitable I dropped my carbine and stood up.

I saw then that John Espenshade, a runner, who was on the opposite side of the road and by the culvert that we had designated the CP was also dead. A large German Sergeant with a US 45 in his right hand stood in front of me and was obviously very upset over the three dead Germans. At that point I was excited and upset also. We had a shouting match when Lt. Bill Swanson, a platoon leader, stepped between us. Later, when I asked Swanson how he kept the German from shooting me, he said that he pointed to a machine gun position in the field near us as the culprit.

In a few minutes the Germans shot into bodies to make sure the Americans were not playing possum. Just a few years ago Bob Nowell, our capable Mess Sergeant, told me that he was in charge of the detail that was designated to retrieve the bodies of the 22 men of "F" Company that were killed in that brief engagement. T/5 Brittain had told him that he had over \$300 that he had won shooting dice and if he got killed to be sure to take the money and send it to his mother. Nowell said that removing the money from the breast pocket of the badly decomposed body of his friend was the worst job he ever had to do.

That night the enlisted men were placed in a stone horse barn and the officers were guarded outside. It was cool and we were attired in wool shirt and trousers. We lay down in two lines, stomach to back, to get the warmth from each other. Before we lay down I asked a guard to take me back to the Company CP that was nearby so I could obtain my toilet articles. On the way I asked him why he did not take my wrist watch. He replied that he would be subject to court martial if he took it. The guard spoke good English as did many of the Germans.

I had been struck in the buttocks by small fragments. In all the excitement I paid no attention to the seat of my pants and a doctor did not remove the fragments until several days later

when we were held for a day in a machine shop enclosure. The doctor had a kit with him and sat on an overturned bucket while he probed the inflamed area. No Purple Heart. It was established later that none were to be awarded to our outfit unless there was a hospital stay.

This area had been an Italian army post known as Persano since Italy had unified and become a country in the 1860s. It was primarily a cavalry post and although I did not see them, I heard that horses had been struck by artillery and were charging around with intestines hanging down uttering screams that only a wounded horse could give.

Each officer and non commissioned officer had been issued a small notebook before we left N. Africa. It would fit in your breast pocket. In some manner I listed all 68 names of the Company "F" men that were captured with their army serial numbers. I have no idea how I did the listing because the officers and men were kept apart. Unfortunately, I have misplaced that little book. I made a sort of diary of it and Capt. Bayne and I wrote Italian phrases in it while we were behind the German lines.

There was a lieutenant in another company of the battalion who was on the same orders with me that sent a number of junior officers from Fort McClellan to join the 36th Division in early 1942. The two of us walked together at the end of the column of prisoners and kept looking for some way to get away. The Germans kept a close watch. They had made us discard our helmets so any bareheaded man could be distinguished. It was not until we were aboard a box car seven days later and I found a door that had not been latched did we see a chance. We waited until late that night when the train was going up a grade to get off. Capt. Carl Bayne, my company commander, overheard us and when my friend said he was not going, the Captain wanted to go with me. Then came some weeks of an interesting time.

Visiting Persano after the War, I was impressed by the architecture, and the many buildings that we did not see in 1943.



This picture was taken after Capt. Baynes (left) and Lt. Quarles (center) escaped from the German POW train



HQ at the Rapido River as company commander of Co. H

>Julian Quarles



Here he is receiving a medal from the beloved General Walker in Italy March of 1944. He looks like a very squared away and tough fellow.

Most regretfully, Captain Bayne was killed at the Rapido River crossing in January, 1944 while serving as Battalion S-3 and I took his place. The night before the crossing we had a long conversation in the battalion command post where I was stationed as commander of the Heavy Weapons Company. He had just received a letter

from his wife who had been in communication with my mother. We had become very close in the weeks after our escape.

BE THE CHANGE by Martha Bolton

Ever wish you could do something to change the world but you get discouraged because there's only one of you and you don't know where to begin? Well, chances are you can't change the world all by yourself, at least not all at once. But you can change it, one act of kindness at a time.

Consider these 11 ways you can change the world. It only takes...

1. one compliment to make someone feel appreciated.
2. one visit or call to end someone's loneliness.
3. one show of trust to make someone feel trustworthy.
4. one offer of hope to end someone's hopelessness.
5. one request for help to make someone feel needed.
6. one person listening to make someone feel important.

7. one burst of laughter to make others want to join in.
8. one outstretched hand to pull someone to safety.
9. one person caring to make someone feel valuable.
10. one act of forgiveness to erase someone's guilt.
11. one hug to make someone feel huggable.

It only takes one person to change the world...one act of kindness at a time. Begin today and make a difference!

>Shared by Eugenia Parker

MIRIAM'S JOYS

Ballad - pentameter

She gardens all day without care or stay;
To skip lunch or dinner will always pay.
She know the names of the plants, moss and
weeds;
She nurtures each one and tends to their needs.

The garden is full of backbreaking rocks;
They slow her a bit, but she never stops.
The children all come to watch and admire;
Harder it makes it for her to retire.

Her garden is beauty, fragrance divine,
of lilies, roses and sweet columbine.
She shows Frank the garden, a loving stroll,
To hint that the set backs were by a troll.

She orders new plants by color and size;
Each strives to be her most beautiful prize
This makes her work harder down to the
bones.
Would it be better if she planted stones?

Blossoms array in happy profusion;
Chipmunks add to the final confusion.
Dear little fellows, they don't mean to harm;
Out of the garden they do have much charm.

Her labels tell plants where they are to grow.
One of the few things that she does not know;
That these wonder plants have not learned to
read;

They think that their sole job is to breed
bre-e-e-ed.

Her gardens expand, now there are seven;
It's the right count, its favored in heaven.
The way that she knows the day is at end
Is when her tired back refuses to bend.

>Frank Barch

A SAD PASSING

Please join me in remembering a great icon of
the entertainment community.

The Pillsbury Doughboy died yesterday of a
yeast infection and trauma complications from
repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71.

Doughboy was buried in a lightly greased
coffin. Dozens of celebrities turned out to pay
their respects, including Mrs. Butterworth,
Hungry Jack, the California Raisins, Betty
Crocker, the Hostess Twinkies, and Captain
Crunch. The grave site was piled high with
flours.

Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy and lovingly
described Doughboy as a man who never knew
how much he was kneaded. Born and bread in
Minnesota, Doughboy rose quickly in show
business, but his later life was filled with
turnovers. He was not considered a very smart
cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-
baked schemes. Despite being a little flaky at
times, he still was a crusty old man and was
considered a positive role model for millions.

Doughboy is survived by his wife Play Dough;
three children, Jane Dough, John Dough, and
Dosey Dough; plus they had one in the oven.
He is also survived by his elderly father, Pop
Tart.

The funeral was held at 3:50 for about 20
minutes.

Please rise to the occasion and take the time to
pass this notice on and share that smile with

someone else that may be having a crumby day and kneads a lift.

>Mae Guthrie

A SHOPPING TRIP

One of these days I must go shopping. I am completely out of self respect. I want to exchange some self-righteousness I picked up the other day for some humility which they say is less expensive and wears longer.

I want to look at some tolerance that is being used for wraps this season.

Someone showed me some pretty samples of peace we are a little low on and that no one can every have too much of.

And by the way, I must try to match some patience that my neighbor wears. It is very becoming on her and I think it might look well on me.

I might try on that little garment of long-suffering they are displaying. I never thought I wanted to wear it, but I feel myself coming to it.

Also, I must not forget to have my sense of appreciation mended and look around for some inexpensive every day goodness. It is surprising how quickly one's own stock of goodness is depleted!

>Anonymous

DID YOU KNOW?

The Clinic on the first floor of the Pannill Health Care Center provides health services for approximately 357 Sunnyside independent residents in conjunction with the Highland's Clinic.

The clinics are the major interface between the resident and the resident's primary physician and provide important medical services. The clinics conduct designated tests, forward samples to the appropriate laboratory, receive results, order and receive prescription orders for the pharmacy,

applies dressings and keeps the physician informed.

Coordination between physicians, patients, support facilities and maintenance of medical records is the most time consuming activity. Communications come by e-mail, fax, phone, and regular mail.

A complete medical record, containing their health condition when they first became a resident and all health issues noted since becoming a resident, is maintained on each resident. Medications, personal information, and TB screening are reviewed by the resident in January for updates.

The clinics are responsible for responding to off-the-hook phone alerts and will send medical help to a residence when necessary.

A medical record on each staff member is maintained in the Human Resources office. Annual flu shots and attention to on-the-job injuries are provided by the Pannill Clinic.

Visiting physicians periodically provide services to residents at the Pannill Clinic. There are three examination rooms in the clinic for dental, eye, hearing, physicals and other exams. Clinic nurses support these physicians when necessary.

Foot care is provided to approximately 14,400 toes a year and not one toe has been lost! The toenails are trimmed perfectly, the foot massage is absolutely wonderful and the conversation is terrific. The foot care rooms are probably the most active social centers in Sunnyside.

It is very helpful when the residents remember their appointments and also understand when unusual circumstances require schedule changes.

The professional and dedicated clinic staff is made up of the following:

Judy Morris, RN, BSN, Director
Pannill Clinic:

Francesca Comer, RN
Marie Zaylor, RN

Deborah McMullan, LPN
Dreamia Botkin, Admin. Asst.

Highlands Clinic:

Marie Zaylor, RN, Clinic Nurse
Lisa Garber, Clinic Services Asst.
Caroll Atwell, Clinic Services Asst.
John Maraferlo, Clinic Services Asst.

The next time you visit the clinic, let them know how much you appreciate them.

>Whit Scully

THINGS TO DO

April 2-30–Luray.

The BB&T Center for the Performing Arts, One East Main Street presents Open Stage with Raggedy Dan on the 2nd; JMU Opera Scenes and Show Tunes on the 9th; Hod O'Brian and Royce Campbell Recording Live on the 16th; An Evening of Improv with Scott Craig Jones on the 30th. 540-743-3311.

April 9-10–Harrisonburg.

Rockingham County Fair Grounds will host the AKC Dog Show. Show will feature about 1,000 dogs competing in AKC conformation and obedience events. Vendors will be selling pet related items and food. Admission fee is \$3.00 per day or \$5.00 for both days. 540-434-0005.

April 15–Harrisonburg.

“Spring Fest” on the front lawn of Eastern Mennonite University. Come enjoy inflatable obstacle courses, cotton candy, popcorn, snow cones, games, a dunking booth, horse drawn wagon rides and an outdoor dinner. Start time is 3p.m. 540-432-4133.

April 16–Staunton.

S.V.H.O.G. Chili Cook-Off and Classic Car Cruise-In at Shenandoah Harley Davidson/Buell. Chili cook-off open for public sampling from 11a.m. til gone. A \$5 donation to our H.O.G. Chapter gets you unlimited sampling of chili and

bread. Participants are also asked to vote for their favorite chili. This is a family oriented event. Proceeds will be used to benefit underprivileged children. 540-946-9992 or 540-213-8021.

April 20-23–Staunton.

“Wool Days” at the Frontier Culture Museum. Come watch our staff as they shear the sheep, then demonstrate wool carding and spinning. 540-332-7850.

April 30–Waynesboro.

Riverfest–“Year of the Bull Frog” at Constitution Park from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Highlights are the road/river relay, reptile world show, stream electro fishing, Wildlife Center of Virginia’s “meet the animals” event and “The Great South River Duck Race” caps off this event. All day events include nature exhibits, food, musical entertainment, and Native American demonstrations/exhibits. 540-949-7738.

>Pat Armstrong

IS THERE A "MARKET" FOR DRIVER SAFETY TRAINING AT SUNNYSIDE??

I've conducted a few eight hour (over two days) AARP driver safety classes at Sunnyside since we moved here in 2007. It deals with topics aimed at the older driver, and also results in a discount on the attendee's auto insurance for three years. The course is also available online.

Recently, too few people have indicated an interest in the program for it to be offered, and I'm thinking about dropping my participation as an instructor. As few as ten people comprise a class, so if anyone thinks we can assemble a class this summer, let me know.

.>Jim Kellett

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