

"Tips and Tales"

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CORRECTION

. . .to my article about a favorite teacher

When I got back from our trip to Hawaii, I was bombarded by family and friends because I somehow called the name of the school I went to incorrectly. The name of the school was John Randolph. Please get me out of the doghouse by printing a correction.

>Jean Watlington

AN INTRODUCTION TO ESTHER MARY WALKER'S "BEATITUDES FOR FRIENDS OF THE AGED"

By Robert Charles Burnham

Friends, when I was born my parents were well into their forties. My numerous aunts and uncles were either in their forties or fifties. My Aunt Ida was in her sixties, or pretty darn close. My parents are gone now as are my aunts and uncles with just two exceptions; Uncle Lewis in New York and my Aunt Ida in Maine and both are exceptional. My Uncle Lewis was once told to get his affairs in order because his cancer was going to promote him to the next life within six months - that was in 1976! My Aunt Ida still lives in her own house and shovels her own snow and she crossed the 100 years threshold a couple of years back.

I have no doubt that being raised by a family of elderly has had an impact on how I feel for the elderly and why Streaker and I still visit nursing homes today. Many times I have visited elderly folks who have been neglected or outright forgotten by even their own families, and that

shakes me to my very soul. The memories that these older folks invoke in me bring up the rawest emotions in me.

I remember my dad's palsied hands or the way he would bang his head on the fifth-wheel hitch of his RV over and over again. I remember him telling me a tale in the morning and the same tale in the evening. I remember my mother losing her strength every day to the cancer eating at her bones, her diminishing eyesight and her worrying over what we all would do after she passed. I remember my Uncle Perley's Alzheimers and how he got on a bus in Rumford, Maine one day thinking he was going on an hour's ride to Lewiston but wound up in Daytona, Florida. I remember my older cousin's embarrassment as their mother, my aunt, forgot who they were.

>shared by Pat Armstrong

BEATITUDES FOR FRIENDS OF THE AGED Esther Mary Walker

Blessed are they who understand
My faltering step and palsied hand

Blessed are they who know that my ears today
Must strain to catch the things they say

Blessed are they who seem to know
That my eyes are dim and my wits are slow

Blessed are they who looked away
When coffee was spilled at table today

Blessed are they with a cheery smile
Who stopped to chat with me a while

Blessed are they who never say
"You've told that story twice today"

Blessed are they who know the ways
To bring back memories of yesterdays

Blessed are they who make it known
That I'm loved, respected and not alone

Blessed are they who know I'm at a loss
To find the strength to carry my cross

Blessed are they who ease the days
On my going home in loving ways.

>shared by Donna Williams

GRANDMOTHER REMEMBERS

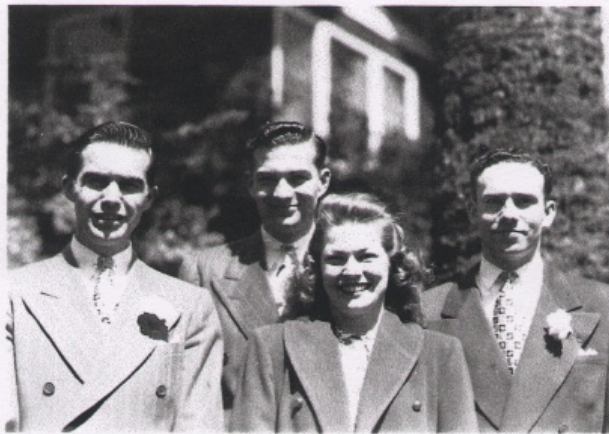
Our Theme this year has been Memories: Heritage of our state of Ohio, the 100th Anniversary of Flight, a local columnist remembering her days at the Dayton Daily News, Scrapbooking, wedding pictures, Hawaiian quilting memories, and now I close our year with GRANDMOTHER REMEMBERS.

I have always been one to remember the wonderful days of my youth and I guess it started with my first scrapbook at the age of

nine, of movie and radio stars. The book used was certainly not like the ones in use today . . . mine was a brown, lined school notebook. Since going to a one room mountain school, 25 miles from the nearest town of Oroville, our supplies were limited, and why I put a squirrel on the front cover I'll never know, because it was a book of favorite radio and movie people.

Radio was really our main source of entertainment back in the 1930s. Listening to the weekly radio shows and music from the Hit Parade. There were magazines with all the latest lyrics and pictures of popular stars. I got my pictures from those magazines, and also sent away for special ones. Do you remember Tyrone Power, Richard Green, Kathryn Grayson, Carole Lombard and Robert Taylor? They were beautiful people and in fact we named our daughter, Carole, spelled with an "E" after Carole Lombard.

Living in a lumber town in Northern California for part of my life and in Oroville with grandparents for part, I lived in two different worlds. My family owned a lumber company, FEATHER RIVER PINE MILLS, INC. and Grandad was President and Chairman of the Board. His eight children, including my Dad, were all involved and were partners in the



Lulu and her cousins —
Jack, Bob and Dick Everett*

* These are the cousins I grew up with in the mountains and they are like Mothers to me.



"Lulu" ... showing a friend our lumber mill - Feather Falls, CA

company, though all did not live at Feather Falls. Dad was also the postmaster of the little 4th class post office. My schooling up through 7th grade was in a one room school; from 8th grade thru High school and even early college, I lived most of the time in Oroville with my grandparents.

My life in the mountains consisted of my parents, an Aunt and Uncle, my brother, three boy cousins, my horse and dog, and our summer cabin that Dad built us at "Fall River", which was 15 miles upstream on the Middle Fork of the Feather River. There were three other cabins owned by people from Sacramento and Colusa who also spent every summer there. We rode horses, played work-up baseball (not enough for a team) and swam every day in our beautiful GRANITE POOL. There were always 10 or 12 kids around, plus the people from San Francisco and other places who would come up for a week or two and camp in tents. There was always a campfire every night and picnics, hide and go seek, kick the can, Spin the bottle and hikes. As an added note, one of the families who owned a cabin at Fall River was the Stabenaw family from Sacramento. Their daughter, Phyllis, married Andy D'Arrigo, of the D'Arrigo Brothers Produce Co., Salinas, California. Andy is the boy named and pictured on the ANDY BOY broccoli which is available at Meijer (also available at COSTCO) and we think is the best broccoli available. In Oroville, my grandparents' home was a formal and huge, white Southern home with magnolia and crepe myrtle trees, a cook, a housekeeper, a gardener and afternoon tea. So I really did live in two different worlds. I wanted my children and grandchildren to know about these things, so that is when I started on the GRANDMOTHER REMEMBERS books for all six of our grandchildren. Things like, where did your name come from? What pets did you have? What was your family like? What songs did you like? Where did you vacation? Tell me about your life as a young girl? Your boyfriends? How did you meet Grandad? Where were you when I was born? Etc.

WHAT WAS HAPPENING IN 1935 when I was nine years old: With one out of every four households on relief and over 750,000 farms foreclosed within the last five years, 1935 is a year heavily influenced by the Great Depression, and by the efforts to alleviate it. I didn't feel we were in a Depression, however, my Dad took care of many other people; he was a very generous man. We did have U.X.A., W.P.A., and C.C.C. camps around which put lots of out-of-work men on work projects.

People turned to games and inexpensive forms of entertainment. A MONOPOLY craze sweeps the nation and a reported 20 million sets are sold in one week. I still have the set with which we grew up.

Three "O" games - bingo, beano and keno - were big. Bingo begins in the movies and soon moves to charitable organizations. The rumba became popular. New bands led by Bob Crosby, Russ Morgan and Count Basie debut this year.

Beer in cans, instead of bottles, made its first appearance; Kodak introduced Kodachrome, the first color film for 10 mm cameras. The DC-3 becomes the first reliable passenger plane to provide nonstop cross-country service between New York and California. The trip took 15 hours.

The first night baseball game in the major leagues is played on May 24 in Cincinnati. MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, with Charles Laughton, was named year's best picture. Top box office stars: Shirley Temple, Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, James Cagney, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

New Radio Shows: Your Hit Parade, Backstage Wife, Dick Tracy, Cavalcade of America, Helen Hayes Theater, Fibber McGee and Molly.

Social Security Act was passed in August 1935---every working person had a number and from then on a portion of wages was taken out of paychecks for retirement.

One of my fondest memories living up in the mountains was ordering from the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues. We lived 25 miles up a winding mountain road from Oroville, so going to town was not an every day event. Mother ordered lots of stuff from the catalogues and my brother and I spent hours going over the pages that interested us and we would circle the things we liked. A new set of flowered dishes was ordered and came in a huge box and it was such fun opening each piece. My biggest disappointment was once when another HUGE, HUGE box arrived in the mail. I imagined all sort of things inside....but was crushed when the box contained boxes of KOTEX! As I said, Mother ordered almost everything.

It is hard for my children to even imagine what it was like living "way back thenway up there in the mountains" and impossible for my grandchildren to understand conditions then.

And so, just for fun, close your eyes for a moment and go back with me . . .way back.. .

Before the Internet or the MAC, semi automatics and crack, Before Nintendo, Gameboy, TV, Cell Phones, DVD or CD's.

Way back.I'm talking about hide and go seek at dusk, sitting on the porch, Penny candy in a paper bag, hopscotch , double dutch, acks, kickball. Mother may I?, Red Rover, spin the bottle

Banana splits, running thru the sprinkler...

Wait...let's go back further. Listening to Superman, Tom Mix, Ma Perkins, Lights Out, My Gal Sunday or One Man's Family on the radio...we would sit and stare at the radio.

When around the corner seemed far away, and going down town seemed like going somewhere -

Climbing trees, a cherry or lemon Coke from the fountain at the corner drug store down town.

A million mosquito bites and sticky fingers eating a ripe peach

Cops and robbers. Cowboys and Indians . . jumping down the steps, jumping on the bed, pillow fights . . .running til you were out of breath. . .laughing so hard that your stomach hurt, being tired from playing . . . how well I remember.

And Remember when there were two types of sneakers for girls and boys (Keds and PF Flyers) and the only time you wore them at school was for gym?

When nobody owned a purebred dog
When your male teachers wore a necktie?
When your Mom's nylons came in two pieces?
When laundry detergent had free glasses, dishes or towels hidden in the box?

Didn't that feel good? Just to go back and say "Yeah, I remember that!" I certainly remember those days and my wonderful life back then, and now I wish to pass on this REMEMBRANCE to my children and grandchildren.

NY FAVORITE TEACHER Mrs. Asbury - Geography

This was Taylor High School, 1945, in a little town on the Ohio River called Cleves, Ohio, in the south west corner of the state. The closest big city, about 10 -15 miles to the east was the beautiful city of Cincinnati, also on the Ohio River.

Mrs. Asbury taught geography. She made it all so interesting since she had traveled quite a bit and knew her subject so well that she knew many extraneous bits of information that weren't in the text books.

I can still picture in my mind all of the United States and name them all from east to west or

west to east. I also, at one time, knew all of the capitals, but have gotten a bit rusty on some of them.

Some of the countries of the world have changed their names, such as Burma, Ceylon, etc, but I do know on which continents, countries are located.

Gene and I have been fortunate enough to have traveled to all 50 States, most of the Provinces of Canada, several trips to Mexico when it was safe. Now the State Department advises Americans NOT to travel there, so we don't. We have also visited some countries across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and to South America.

I doubt the school systems even teach geography as well, but I am still grateful to dear Mrs. Asbury.

>Helen Drifmeyer

Foot Note: The little town of Cleves, Ohio is the burial place of our 9th President William Henry Harrison. It was cold and bitter on Mr. Harrison's Inauguration Day. Unfortunately his speech was so long that he caught pneumonia and died after serving only 30 days as President of the United States - March 4, 1841 - April 4, 1841

HONEY

Editor's Note: This article was written by Lou Gardner. Kathleen is Lou's daughter and Skip is her son-in-law. Skip is the son of Myra Wissinger who lives in the Highlands. Lou lives in Village Court Apartments.

You all know how much Grandad and I love honey and especially the honey from the Wissingers. Every time we go to LONGWALK (Kathleen and Skip's home in McGaheysville, Virginia) we come home with a new supply of honey. There is such an abundance that we are delighted to share it with our friends. Skip has many hives and when son Noah was eight, he designed the label for their jars.



So, in year

the 2000,

DISCOVER CARD had a promotion and we were to pick several magazines out of the long list. Actually, there wasn't anything that we needed or really wanted, but since this was a FREE offer, we scanned the list and finally came up with a few.

DOLLS AMERICAN HERITAGE SMITHSONIAN HONEY

We thought Carole would like DOLLS, and HONEY was for Skip, our favorite bee keeper.

When the first issue of HONEY arrived, we were stunned!! It was an explicit PLAYBOY-type (almost porn) magazine! We did give a couple to Skip as a joke then pitched the rest of the year's subscription. So much for our love of HONEY!!!!

We did enjoy the other subscriptions and were able to share them with our family.

>Lou Gardner

DRILLING THROUGH THE SNOW

Every once in a while I get to thinking about some of the experiences I had during 20 years in the Army. I was in the Corps of Engineers and was also a helicopter and fixed wing aviator. I was lucky to be sent to many unusual and satisfying assignments. One that proved to be extremely interesting was my assignment to the Army Arctic Research and Development Center from Nov 1962 to Nov 65 during which I spent 15 months in Greenland. Our aircraft were hangared on Thule Air Force Base and the headquarters of the Arctic R&D Center was up about 20 miles on the edge of the icecap at Camp Toto. Most research was done

at Camp Century which was about 150 miles east at an elevation of about 6000 feet.

Camp Century was about 50 feet below the surface, had about 1500 ft.², housed about 35 support and research personnel, snow maintenance equipment and was powered by a nuclear power plant. The only things outside were communication and directional facilities and a snow runway. (The measurements are my guess. The reason I went to so much detail is to give you an idea of the environment of a very interesting research project.)

I remember being told that there was no official record of the elevation of the landmass under the snow in Greenland. A project was developed to drill down until reaching land and to determine the yearly difference between the density of summer and winter snow. The original drilling tool was designed to capture a cylinder of snow/ice about 3 feet long and 8 inches in diameter and bring each cylinder back to the surface.

After drilling about 30 feet down it was discovered that the walls created by the drill on the way down was reducing the diameter of the hole and the drill could not be pulled back to the surface. The drill was redesigned so it could cover the cylinder of snow and a drill was added to the top so it could cut its way up. Although there was a delay in the project the new mechanism worked well.

The drilling continued and each cylinder was sent to a special laboratory for analysis. Our aviation section was responsible for moving all the cylinders to Thule Air Base and help loading them on C-130s. Everyone was very interested in hearing the results. Each time we had a trip to

Camp Century to pick up the cylinders we would try to run down to the project site and talk to the project researchers.

The reports that came in were absolutely fascinating. It was determined that the amount of snow accumulation could be identified as to the specific summer, winter and year. This information helped determine temperature changes, wind direction and velocity over time. The analysis of the content of the snow identified chemical particles which then identified where the particles came from. It was amazing to think that particles could be moved around the earth for hundreds and even thousands of miles and many of them landed in the Arctic snow.

The scientists told us they had identified volcano particles from the Mount Vesuvius volcano eruption, the beginning of the accumulation of lead from vehicle exhaust and nuclear dust from Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Scientists insisted that this project and its continuation has and will provide a vast amount of historical information for our earth which we have never collected before. They explained that the Arctic snow is a wonderful preserver of anything that is captured by the snow because most of these particles don't disappear, all you have to do is to dig deeper to learn about earth's history.

I understand that this research was instrumental in reducing the amount of lead in gasoline.

Although I had to get used to 70° below zero, I thought this was a wonderful assignment. You should hear the rest of the story.

>Whit Scully

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