

# "Tips and Tales"

February, 2013

Volume 5, Issue 1

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!!

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

## POEM

I like ice cream  
Ice cream that's smooth  
    or grainy  
Soft or hard, anytime  
Strawberry  
Raspberry  
Orange pineapple  
French vanilla  
In a cake cone  
A poor kid's treat  
    or a grown man's indulgence.  
    >Richard "Dick Williams"

## MY INITIATION AS A SCOUTMASTER

We were living on the corner of Harvard Avenue and East 177th Street in Cleveland, Ohio about eighteen months after my return from Germany at the end of World War II. On a Sunday afternoon as I was gazing out the front window, I noticed two men turning onto the walk to our front door. I recognized one as Mr. Joseph Ludwig, the assistant minister of our church, Plymouth Church of Shaker Heights. The other was a complete stranger whom Joe introduced as Mr. Kenneth Cozier, a church member.

After five or ten minutes of pleasantries and questions about my army experiences, Mr. Cozier explained that the church's Boy Scout Troop 15, in which he had two sons, was in need of a scoutmaster. It was his and Joe's hope that I might consider taking the position, which I did. Arrangements were made for me to attend a

forthcoming scout meeting where I would be introduced to the boys and meet the retiring scoutmaster. That would be on the second Tuesday following the current visit.

As planned, a ride was provided to take me to the church about ten minutes before meeting time. I walked in and found only three boys there. The scoutmaster had not arrived. When I inquired where the rest of the boys were, I was told "some are sliding in the fire escape and some are in the belfry." (The fire escape was built as a tube from the second floor to the ground in the rear of the church. To escape, one simply kicked open the door, jumped in, slid down feet first, kicking open the lower door to exit and land on one's feet in the parking lot-great sport for teenage boys.) By this time I already knew where the others were because the bell was tolling lustily. I immediately dispatched a boy to the fire escape and one to the belfry, each to tell the boys at his location that they had just five minutes to get to the meeting room. When everyone was assembled there were sixteen of them. I lined them up and addressed them. "What is the first element of the Scout Law? A Scout is Trustworthy. When I arrived only three of you appeared to be Trustworthy. I am dismissing the meeting. Those who will promise to abide by the Scout Oath and Law may return next Tuesday.

"I will stay tonight until everyone has a ride home. At next week's meeting we will spend most of the evening planning a camp out. Troop dismissed. You may use the phone in the kitchen to call home."

At one point over the next five years, the troop grew to eighty-two boys and three assistant-

scoutmasters. Thus began my service to the Boy Scouts of America in various capacities that lasted from 1947 to the early 1970's.

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**T'WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING**  
(unrhymed Iambic hexameter)

Lass Mim and Frank were reared in churches  
near at hand.

And she sang in the choir for youth on  
Christmas Eve.

They sang to ancient friends, who could not  
venture out.

Lad Frank was in his church youth group  
where Lynn (Mim's sis)  
taught him to dance. Also in Frank's church  
was her "dear,  
dear friend", called "Dee" They soon would  
happy wedded be.

A boy in Mimi's choir played horn in high s  
school band  
and formed a brass quartet to play the organ  
part.

A friend, Camille, played alto sax in high  
school band.

Camille asked Frank if he would like Lynn's  
sister Mim  
to hold the flashlight on the music just for  
him,  
while he played baritone. "That is a joyful  
way

to spend the Yuletide Eve." And that is just  
the way  
we have spent holy Eve for three score years  
and eight.

>Frank Barch (with assists from Miriam)

**WHO WE ARE**

**EDITOR'S NOTE: In this article, Ann Oldman (AL) shares about her life as a Presbyterian Woman over the years).**

This month we will detail the PW life of a faith-rooted member of Massanutten circle #4, Ann Oldman. When I asked Ann if she would be willing to talk to me about PW, she related "I've been a member of PW since infancy." I learned that she is indeed a "child of the manse," whose father was a Presbyterian minister. He first served a church in Pennsylvania where she grew up. Ann continues unfolding her story, in her own words, as one reads further.

"When I was a young child I went with my mother to the "Missionary Meetings" (those were "PW" meetings in those days). They had Bible studies, shared information about mission projects of the church involving local, national and foreign, and Christian Education. It was exciting to hear of all the places where the church was and is. I had dreams of how exciting it was and wonderful it would be to become such a person and to be so active in the church world.

During the Depression, the church was the social and educational center of the community—the church was where we went to learn to live together and grow in our Christian life.

I graduated from College of Wooster as a chemistry major. After college, I worked in the lab at Celanese Corporation in Cumberland, Maryland. My father had moved to Lonaconing, Maryland, so I lived at home while I worked at Celanese. I was an active member of PW. The women of that church made quilts to sell to support their mission projects. I helped to quilt.

Several years later I attended ATS (now called Union Seminary Christian Education, Richmond, VA). Later I received a call to Westminster Presbyterian Church, Alexandria, Virginia, as a DCE (Director of Christian Education). I was asked to act as a consultant with Bible studies for PW and was to include other christian education responsibilities.

In 1952 I married John Oldman who was a Presbyterian minister in Wilmington, Delaware.

Part of his marriage proposal was for me to “assist PW in study and to help that group of women.” I held to the agreement. Two children arrived: John, who became a Presbyterian minister, and LuAnn, who became a teacher and later worked with computers.

In 1959 our family moved to Jerome, Idaho. The PW was quite active in that church, especially in ministry to Japanese-American migrants and conversion of Mormons to Christianity.

From there we went to upstate New York. The church that we joined was very small and had no PW. One of the older women (it was an older congregation membership) wanted a PW, but she felt the need of someone to help for the leadership and Bible studies. She asked me, and stated that I would help, but needed a babysitter for meetings. She offered her husband as the babysitter. My children came to love their “grandfather.”

Later John was Presbytery Executive, Newcastle Presbytery. There are several biracial churches in that Presbytery. Many PW were involved in nursery care and after-school programs in the neighborhoods of these churches. I helped three days a week in nursery care of one church.

John later moved to Pittsburgh Presbytery and I became a D.C.E. part-time for a cluster of churches. In one of those churches, the PW helped me to organize a day care program for children in a low-income neighborhood.

In 1977, my husband John died. I moved to Massanetta Springs and worked in the dining room and eventually helped in administration. While at Massanetta, I was recognized with the National Church PW Award. When Massanetta closed in 1989-90, I volunteered with the Board of National Missions (UPUSA). I was assigned to the Charles Cook Theological School for American Indians in Phoenix, Arizona. I volunteered as conference cook and dining supervisor for the center. I served from December to June for two terms at that school.

PW has given me many opportunities to serve the church locally and nationally. God gives us so many opportunities to serve and He gives

courage, strength and guidance with love to serve Him.”

I bid Ann farewell as she departed to play the piano for the residents of Sunnyside. She learned to play when she was a five year old, and often sat on an old, round stool to substitute when the regular pianist was unavailable. Ann mused that she may not see very well now, but she will “always play the hymns by heart!”

>Reporter: Marta Armstrong  
for Ann Oldman, Eiland Assisted Living 253

## REFLECTIONS

It's the time of year to celebrate  
Those graduations of long ago  
Fifty years, sixty years; how they have flown.  
Where have all those years gone? Happy  
years, busy years of failure

and success, good times, bad times;  
sometimes more, sometimes less. As we  
look back now,

all that matters is fruitfulness. Have we  
shared our blessings? Are our lives a job well  
done?

Only God's yardstick can measure that. It's up to  
us to continue on our way,

looking forward to each day.

>Richard "Dick Williams"  
1096 Hickory Cove

## HOW JIM AND GRETCHEN BECAME THE ARRINGTONS

Jim and I met in the year 2002 and married in  
2004. We moved to Sunnyside in 2008.

Both of our spouses had died a little earlier that  
year. Jim had kept busy as a beginning viola  
player, a beginning flying student, and running  
around looking for interesting things to do with  
friends from church in Northern Virginia. I was  
living at home, out in the country in Amissville,  
VA, occupied in my quiet life of church,  
neighborhood, running the house and yard and  
reading a lot.

My daughter in Northern Virginia urged me to attend a class for bereaved people at her church, even walking me in to the classroom, (sort of like her first day of kindergarten, only the reverse). Well, I loved the class, all the instruction, the videos and the homework. A couple of weeks later Jim arrived at the class and we struck up a conversation. Since he also liked the course, including the homework, we talked a good bit about that, as well as our own experiences. We cried some on each other's shoulder about our stunning losses. We quietly got acquainted, enjoying routine things together.

We liked each other from the start. We then realized we loved each other, thanked God for His fine provision, and went out to select a beautiful set of diamond rings. Our middle-age kids and grandchildren thought it was a lovely idea for us to get married.

We had a very pretty wedding in a small chapel with about 25 guests and about 1,000 roses and other beauties. The reception was held in my eldest daughter's beautiful home, with delicious and special finger foods. The young men of the family carried all those gorgeous bouquets of flowers, candles, and ribbons from the chapel over to the reception. Our old friends and new ones, along with the relatives, and even the children (who were all under 13), danced in the family room, laughing and singing. Jim and I recall just mainly standing hand in hand smiling at the happy goings on.

The date was February 20. With Valentine's Day and a birthday the same month, Jim and I thought that throughout our future maybe we'd celebrate all three at the same time each February, and just maybe we could go on some romantic trips to tropical destinations.

From our experiences of losing our former spouses, we knew the importance of becoming settled in a retirement community at that point in our lives. So, as a part of our honeymoon we drove around Virginia looking at retirement communities. We like to have serious fun. Later, we did get to Bermuda and enjoyed the rest of our honeymoon there.

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*"The secret to staying young is to live honestly, eat slowly, and lie about your age."* - Lucille Ball

### WHEN SYNTAX STRIKES!

While working as a curriculum supervisor in a large Maryland school system, I helped teachers with curriculum problems and with materials and ideas to enhance their teaching. This also included evaluating them for granting tenure.

One morning as I walked into a principal's office I discovered the principal laughing so hard that he had trouble talking. When he was finally able to talk he related this incident about a second grade teacher who was large of stature and a formidable woman in sensible walking shoes. She was a firm but not unfriendly veteran teacher.

"Mrs. Muller burst into my office a few minutes ago and explained her obvious anger. She had just sent her class out for bathroom break when she looked into the boy's bathroom, (as teachers could and did in those days) because it was getting quite noisy in there when she discovered that the boys were trying to see how high they could pee."

Mrs. Muller was quite incensed by their behavior and after getting the students settled back in her classroom came steaming into the principal's office demanding that he talk to the boys. He agreed and as she turned to return to her classroom the principal asked, "And what did you do when you saw the boys misbehaving, Ms Edna?" She replied in a very convincing tone, "**I hit the ceiling**" as she stormed out of the office.

Then we both had a good laugh.

>Richard J. (Dick) Williams

**HOW NANCY MET JOHN**

I was a student at Assembly' Training School in Richmond. In the middle of the semester after being released from the US Army, John enrolled at Union Theological Seminary, across the street. I had fieldwork at First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, and had a regular ride in a small car with Strad Snively, a seminary student who had fieldwork in the same general area. This particular day, Strad had picked up John before he picked me up, and I had to climb over John to get into the back seat. I don't remember the words that were said or how I formed this opinion, but very quickly I thought, "He is my type".

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*"We don't stop playing because we grow old; we grow old because we stop playing."* - George Bernard Shaw

### HOW BETTY AND BUD BECAME THE LONGS

I started in Nursing at RMH in 1949. My roommate was local and had graduated from a local high school. In her graduating class was a good looking young man by the name of Bud, one of their star baseball players. She had dated him during high school but they were not dating at the time.

We walked downtown one Saturday night, the usual entertainment as all the stores were open, and ran into Bud. She introduced me to him, but I don't remember it making a great impression on me. Later I saw him at a 10-cent store across the aisle and he winked at me. That did something as we started dating soon after that.

We had an off and on relationship, dating others, but always finding our way back to each other. He left for service during the Korean War. He soon decided he really missed me, as I did him. We wrote letters daily and when he came home after basic training he gave me a ring. I had finished my nursing training before this.

He unexpectedly got two weeks leave that Christmas and we decided to get married on January first. He was stationed in Reno, Nevada and I went there with him. After an 18 month stint overseas and another year in North Carolina, we settled in Harrisonburg.

We had our 60th wedding anniversary this year. We have raised two wonderful children and feel really blessed. Bud likes to kiddingly remind me that I was one of the luckiest girls in Page County. Maybe I could say the same about him and Rockingham County!

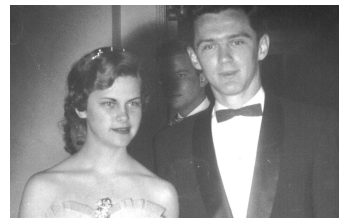
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### HOW PAT AND JIM BECAME THE KELLETTS

Ours is a pretty simple story - Pat Dowling was from Charleston, and started at the University of South Carolina in 1955. I was a sophomore there, in Pharmacy school, after having grown up in Spartanburg.

I was in the Kappa Sigma Fraternity and my little brother, Bucky Stackhouse (then a pledge) arranged a blind date for us to one of the fraternity dances. At the time, I was notoriously naive and timid, quite inexperienced in how to deal with women, so having a blind date set up with a beautiful woman was quite a welcome step!

Pat admits to being a bit - ahem - underwhelmed by my social (and dancing) graces, but did agree for a future date. Over a few months we managed to get quite comfortable with each other. It got so far as for her to be my honored escort at one of the university's more prestigious balls, the German Club Ball, in 1956.



By then, we were already serious and I'd proposed a 1957 wedding as soon as I graduated. She went

on to become the Kappa Sigma Sweetheart of the Year, displayed in the yearbook as one of the dozen or so most beautiful women on campus! (I was truly humbled.)

>Richard Thomas  
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We were married in June 1957 in Charleston (then her home) and had a great TWO DAY honeymoon! That fall, we moved to Indiana, where I began graduate school at Purdue. Our three kids (a daughter and twin boys) were born in Indiana, but as soon as I finished my thesis we moved to North Carolina where I joined the faculty at UNC.

Life ensued. . . . . four years teaching at the University of North Carolina, and then 31 years with various Federal and state agencies (Washington, DC, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Virginia) before retiring in 1996. We began "Waiting for God" here at Sunnyside in 2007. Fifty years later, here we still are, wondering where all the good looks went.

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### **HOW LILLIAN AND RICHARD BECAME THE THOMASES**

We met on January 17, 1943, on a blind date.

I was a sophomore at Case (now CWRU) and an older cousin (a student nurse at St. Luke's hospital) and I had a reunion date at the Cleveland Playhouse. At the last moment, she called to say she had a conflict and had to cancel. She offered an alternative. Her roommate's younger sister (also a student nurse) could substitute. I agreed.

It "took". We were married and began a lifetime of theatre-goers - - - thoroughly enjoying all the Broadway musicals. When we moved to Waynesboro, we became subscribers to local playhouses up and down the valley.

We raised three boys. We will celebrate our 68th anniversary in March, and have all those wonderful memories to show for it.

### **HOW PAT AND RICH BECAME THE ARMSTRONGS**

We always comment that cycling is good--that is how we met. Rich had served as President of the Tidewater Bicycle Club and I was a very active member of the Richmond Club. We had a state meet at a campground in Ashland (time of Strawberry Festival). I rode some of the rides with Rich and got to know him a little. Tidewater was having a 100 mile ride (called a Century ride) in a couple of weeks and Rich invited some of us from Richmond to come down and join in the ride. A girlfriend and I and another couple took him up on the invitation.



During the ride, we were riding a pace line. Rich's bike veered a little and our wheels clipped. With my toes in clips on pedals, I went down. The helmet saved a head injury. We were 85 miles into the ride but I was able to finish. Rich was so concerned and called me after I returned to Richmond. I invited him to ride in Richmond and within 3 months, we were engaged! It was now Sept. and we were married the following April during my Spring Break from teaching. I was teaching in Henrico County (Richmond) and Rich was working at the Naval Base so from April until June, we only saw each other on weekends--no fun leaving at 4 AM on Mon. to get to school in time for bus duty or for Rich leaving at 4 AM to get back to the Base to start work at 7 AM.

When school was out, I moved to Virginia Beach and got a position teaching in Virginia Beach Public Schools where I taught until I retired. We went on our honeymoon in June of that year--two

week cycling and tent camping trip to Vermont. It was heavenly.

>Pat Armstrong

### THE PENCIL INCIDENT

He stood in front of the high school assembly, nervously giving his speech for the American Legion's annual contest. He had removed a pencil from behind his ear and twisted it between two hands – until it broke in half. Startled, he paused, looked at the pieces, and then tossed them out into the audience. While the crowd roared with laughter he finished his speech and retired from the stage.

I don't remember what he said in his speech, nor who won the contest, but most folks in the auditorium that day will recall Walt Kiracofe as the guy who broke his pencil in half then threw it into the crowd while competing for the American Legion's speech award.

I didn't actually meet him until after the war, while we were both attending Indiana University extension classes in South Bend. We car-pooled to class, and, as they say, one thing led to another. He did many more memorable things in his life, but none sticks in my mind quite as vividly as that pencil incident at the high school assembly.

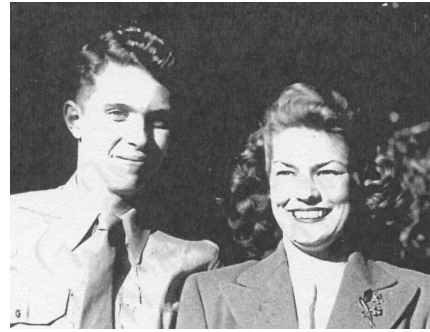
>Gail Kiracofe

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### HOW MARY "LOU" AND GEORGE BECAME THE GARDNERS

I lived in Oroville, California, 25 miles from Marysville where Camp Beale was located. It was toward the end of World War II, in 1945-46, and soldiers from all over the country were sent to this army camp to be deployed to the South Pacific. Dances were held many Friday nights at the Camp Beale Service Club and girls from a 25-30 mile radius were bussed to the camp (heavily chaperoned) and were lectured, "We could not refuse any soldier who asked us to dance." The bands were the Big Bands...Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, etc. We all loved to dance with

those boys from New York, New Jersey and the East....as they could really dance!



When Cpl. George Ausker Gardner, Jr. from Pittsburgh, PA asked me to dance—Wow!!! Was he ever a super dancer and a great guy! He was shocked to learn my name, Mary Lou Land...for his Mother's maiden name was Land, too. We found no connection...but danced on and on for several weeks. His Signal Corp Unit was NEVER deployed. Then, the atom bomb dropped, the war ended and he didn't have to go to Japan! He returned home to finish his Electrical Engineering degree and some additional studies and we corresponded by letter, phone calls and some trips back and forth across the country. We were married August 5, 1951 and were blessed to have 59 wonderful years together.

>Mary "Lou" Gardner

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### LIFE AT SUNNYSIDE

I'm so blessed to be at Sunnyside,  
It's the best of the best;  
The care is good, the service too  
A great place for to rest.

No beds to make, no dishes to wash  
Except my coffee cup  
No floors to clean or rooms to dust,  
It's all done for us.

A mountain of pills we get each day,  
The nurses see to that  
I've no idea what they're for  
As long as they go down the hatch.

So do I sit and rest all day?

Oh no! I couldn't do that.  
I get too much pleasure scrapbooking,  
I wear a busy hat.

But when I do sit down to rest  
The poetry I do write  
of anything and everything  
Whatever I might like.

The programs and events we have  
Are planned with us in mind,  
We have a choice to go or not;  
I attend if it's my kind.

So Sunnyside is the place for me,  
Good friends I've made, you see,  
And all the people---oh so good;  
I'm as fortunate as can be!!

A wonderful place is Sunnyside!  
>Helen Miller (AL)

### **MATCHMAKER'S ONE SUCCESS**

It was Oct. 1974 when June Welch, my library assistant, started telling me about her friend who had been divorced for 6 or 7 years, had wined and dined most every eligible lady in the then small town of Herndon, VA. I didn't want her to give him my phone number. She decided to have cocktails at her house before the annual New Years Eve party at the local dance studio. She invited me and Lane Dudley and we both turned her down. Then fate stepped in when we both changed our minds and accepted.

Lane was a really good dancer. We got along well. Breakfast at June and Glen's ended about 2:30 AM so Lane followed me to make sure I got home safely. He walked me to the door and announced, " I am going to marry you!" Well, I pushed him out the door.

Our first date was to a Super Bowl party at the home of Lane's best friend. Shortly after that Lane gave me a birthday present, a hat with CDs on it (Christian Dior) because those were

going to be my initials! It took me until March to decide he was right.

I later learned that in October Lane went to buy his biweekly box of cigars only to learn the price had gone up a dollar. He left the box on the counter and quit smoking. I told him, "It was the good Lord getting him ready to meet me, because I would never had gone out with him if he smoked."

> Coni Dudley  
4058 Woodside Dr., No. 15

### **THE COURTSHIP OF SHIRLEY AND FRANK**

Shirley attended nursing school at a hospital, just around the corner from the White House in Washington, DC. One of her classmates there, Jane, was the sister of one of Frank's roommates at the US Naval Academy, Art Moreau. Art's family lived in Cheverly, MD, a suburb of DC., just a trolley ride from the hospital. During the summer of 1950, several of Art's friends, including Frank, were invited to Jane's 21st birthday party at their home in Cheverly. Jane, of course, had invited several of her classmates, including Shirley. This was their first acquaintance meeting.

Another brief meeting occurred when Frank and several other Naval Academy Midshipmen were at Art's home when Jane and Shirley had dates with two of the other Midshipmen, off to a formal hospital.

A third meeting: in 1953, Shirley had graduated and had started her nursing career, working at Presbyterian Hospital in New York City; meanwhile, Frank had been asked to be "best man" at Art's wedding coming up the afternoon after graduation from the Academy in June 1953. Shirley was one of the attending bridesmaids.

Well, as divine providence would have it, Art had asked Frank if he would escort Shirley to the "Farewell Ball" the evening before graduation. After all, Frank was obligated to do the bidding of the groom! The next day, June 5, 1953, graduation and the wedding at the Naval



Academy Chapel, down that loooong (about 500 feet) aisle provided another sharing event.

After several visits between New York and Dewey Beach, Delaware, where Shirley was introduced to Frank's Mom, a three month US Navy deployment to the Mediterranean Sea, and making the decision to be together permanently, Shirley relocated to Medical College of Virginia Hospital in Richmond which, coincidentally, was closer to Norfolk where Frank's ship was home ported when in the US. Then at 3 PM on April 3, 1954, Shirley took that same trek down that loooong (about 500 feet) aisle at the Naval Academy Chapel while Frank awaited his bride .

Since moving here to Sunnyside Shirley keeps telling Frank, "You took a small town, back street girl from Stephens City, VA, showed her the world and brought her back to ole Virginny, all in God's plan!"

>Shirley and Frank Shakespeare  
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### **HOW JEAN AND KEN BECAME THE BEARDS**

Ken graduated from Spotswood High School in Augusta County and I graduated from Fairfield High School in Rockbridge County. Both of us were from the same area but did not meet until we were away. We both decided to enlist in the Air Force and in 1951 were both stationed in the San Antonio, Texas, area. I was at Lackland AFB and Ken was stationed at Randolph AFB which was located 40 miles away.

My older sister lived in Brownsburg and Ken had a maiden aunt, Miss Mary Beard, who also lived there. Mary felt sorry for "Little Kenny" and sent him my address and phone number. He called; we met and continued to see each other whenever we could arrange it. Sometimes Ken would spend the night in the nurses' office when I had a night duty. One night we had him locked in when I had duty in a secure ward but as I said we met whenever we could.

At Randolph, they were forming airplane crews in preparation for going to Korea. We decided we would marry before he left the area. Since we were both Presbyterians, we found a local Presbyterian minister to marry us. He was the Rev. Mauze, whose father had been at Timber Ridge Presbyterian Church in 1900 and he had been born in the manse.

Our wedding was almost 62 years ago.

> Jean Beard  
1044 Hickory Cove

### **FIRE ENGINES (1918 ?)**

There has always been a fascination with fire engines or trucks or whatever they are called. Children love them on parades - thousands of adults volunteer in fire companies. Millions are spent on equipment.

As a child in Middletown, New York, I saw a change in the fire fighting companies. I saw the day of "out with the old and in with the new". During that time they put in use the first motor driven fire truck, others still used horses.

One of the last was Phoenix Hose Co #4 drawn by a beautiful pair of black horses. For a while they boasted they would beat the new fire trucks to the scene of the fire. The showpiece used only in parades and large fires was a large pressure boiler drawn boiler drawn by three large grey and white horses. I still can picture it pumping water at the State Hospital Fire. It was later kept as a museum piece.

Of interest in every parade and most every fire was the long (30') Hook and Ladder Wagon. It was pulled by three large brown horses. School children going home from school often stopped and petted them. The name of the favorite was Mel. At one response the Hook and Ladder came down a small hill too fast to make a right turn - Mel the outside horse, hit a building and was killed. There was great sorrow in the city for Mel. Mel was never replaced but the Hook and Ladder Wagon was.

>John Earl  
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**DID YOU KNOW...**

...that after several meetings early in 2009 the Communications Committee of the Resident Council agreed to try and establish a Resident Newsletter. The first issue was distributed in June 2009. It contained five articles and requested suggestions for a name. There were over 24 suggestions submitted. Resident Lee Morrison suggested "Tips and Tales" which was enthusiastically accepted and announced in the August 2009 issue.

Tips and Tales has been published bimonthly or quarterly since June 2009 and varied in length, depending on the number of articles/stories submitted. During the last three years, a great deal has been learned about developing and distributing Tips and Tales to over 500 residents. On-the-job experience and questions and suggestions from our residents has led to the improvement of guidelines for Tips and Tales contributors as follows:

**ARTICLES/STORIES FOR TIPS and TALES SHOULD MEET THE FOLLOWING GUIDELINES:**

1. Submitted by Sunnyside residents. (Materials written by staff are generally more appropriate for Funside, although in rare cases, exceptions may be made.)
2. Reflect personal and/or family experiences.
3. Share craft and/or artistic talents. (Crafts and artistic items may be offered for sale, trade or gift if a resident produces it.)
4. Share information and/or personal

possessions of residents for sale, trade or give away if such item is not receivable by Sunny Treasures.

5. Contain no commercial advertisements from non-residents.
6. Avoid partisan political topics.
7. Be of a reasonable length for a short newsletter.
8. Graphics which can be reduced in size and printed in grayscale can be accommodated
9. Author must be identified.
10. Presented in electronic format (preferred if possible), hard copy, typed or handwritten. (In some cases, a volunteer may be available to transcribe orally presented material.)
11. Submitted to and be approved by the Manager/Editor according to the following schedule:

No later than the 20th of the month prior to the month of publication. 2013 issues are planned for February, April, June, August, October, and December.

Thanks to the following residents for preparing Tips and Tales: Pat Armstrong, Manager and Editor. Jim Kellett, layout and printing. Proofreaders Richard Thomas and Joan Smith.

Thanks to the following staff members for support of Tips and Tales: John Dwyer, proofreader. Katheryn Bennett, publication and distribution.

Please direct suggestions and questions to Pat Armstrong (8813) or Jim Kellett (8911).

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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.*

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