

"Tips and Tales"

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

SAY "HI" TO OUR NEW TIPS & TALES EDITOR!

Pat Armstrong recently retired from the post after serving with distinction for four years! Fortunately, Coni Dudley has stepped into the breach as our new Managing Editor. Coni will be our new spark plug for getting content and helping residents prepare articles if they need help. Coni can be reached at 8604, or via email to condudley@aol.com.

A FAMOUS STRANGER IN THE BAR

In 1958, my buddy Win Reither and myself worked at Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, New York.

Win had a plush job, which actually was a satellite Post Office for the track where all the horsemen at this huge facility had their mail delivered. My position was the in executive post office and responsible for daily horseman passes. The both of us were 18 at the time. Most days we would go to lunch at a place in town owned by an ex-bootlegger by the name of "Monkey Face Joe". This was the Greentree Inn. Most of the patrons of this nice looking place, with extremely beautiful, hand-carved woodwork, were from the track. Anyone from multi-millionaires (the Phibbs, Garvans, Bostwicks) would be sharing the bar with grooms and all types of horsemen; drivers, trainers, owners, polo players, jockeys, and some hangers-on.

All were drawn to the Greentree Inn by good food and a camaraderie interconnected by horses.

Among the hangers-on was a short, somewhat pudgy man who sat at the same stool at the bar every day. One day I sat next to him, and he introduced himself as "Earl. You know me, I am an opera singer". With that he started to warble out a song. After he finished, I clapped and told him that was very nice.

From that time each time I went in for lunch he would call me over and I would sit with him. He never had more than a half empty glass of beer in front of him, so I knew he was not drunk. After a while, the old bartender told me that he was like that for the last ten years. He was a jockey, and he hung out at the Greentree where Monkey-Face made sure he had food, and kept an eye on him. At night, he had a room at Nino's, which Nino did for nothing. It turned out that Earl the singer was really Earle Sande who rode Gallant Fox to the Triple Crown in 1930 and both Citation and Man of War in other Kentucky Derbys. As a matter of fact, he was as popular a sports figure as Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey.

In total, Earl won a staggering 26% of all his mounts in the 1930s. In the later part of the '30s his wife died in childbirth. He quit riding and totally disappeared, surfacing in Westbury. Earl died in 1968 at the age of 69.

Damon Runyon wrote:

"Say, have they turned the pages back to the past once more?

Ain't that the same ol' grin? Why it's that handy guy named

Sande, bootin' a winner in!"

>John J. Traber
AL 249

PADDOCK TO BACKSTRETCH

The sweet smells of the barn area at
Morning mingled by the sounds of the
Inhabitants of these prized stables hold
Court to all other members of the horse
World.
Dawn is yet to bring forth another day.

Finally, the old rooster lets go with a lusty, throaty
Cock-a-doodle-doo that is not his best, at least
The kicking at the barn doors, and gentle neighing
Comes from the barns as a sign that his job
Was accomplished.

The stillness of night was broken by that simple
Crow, which created life to start at the horse barn
On the backstretch. Grooms react to the
Demands made by their charges with a symphonic
Sound of squeaking water valves releasing
Water hoses, to refill bucket upon bucket for each
stall.

Steaming buckets of hot mash with steam rising
And the sweet smells of oats and molasses make
All the horses reaching their long necks as far out
Of their stalls with each movement by a groom
Inducing a reaction from each one as different, as
The individual personality of every horse.
Some look out and nod their heads, others walk in
circles
Looking out every few items and whining.

As grooms go about the feeding process this is the
Time that keeps the horse distracted so the
Stall is mucked,
Yes, I miss this part of my life. Manure and all.

For pure joy there is nothing like working with the
Standard breed harness horse.

>John J. Taber
AL 249

THE REMARKABLE QUETZAL: A TALE OF A TAIL

In the early April issue of "Tips and Tales" Gail
Kiracofe told us of her adventures in Costa Rica
where she took three tumbles, but she made up for

her difficulties when she saw a Resplendent
Quetzal. I too have been to Costa Rica.
Fortunately I did not fall, though I came close
once in a downpour. Like most visitors to that
beautiful country, I especially longed to see
Quetzals. And if you will forgive me for saying
so, "thereby hangs a tail."



As part of our 50th wedding anniversary
celebration, Nancy Lu and I (and our good friends
Mark and Kay Davis, seasoned travelers and
former members of Massanutten Presbyterian
Church) signed on for a tour of Costa Rica. Tour
guides there are required to have a college degree,
and ours certainly was quite knowledgeable in
many fields. Our tour was designed so that it
would end at a lodge high in the mountains, which
would put us in quetzal country. Our group had
much hopeful conversation about this bird, as it is
not always seen on these tours.

The Resplendent Quetzal is a member of the
Trogon family, which are native to tropical forests
in various parts of the world and contains 34
wondrously colorful species. A few trogons come
into Arizona, but not the quetzal, which ranges
from the highlands of southern Mexico down into
Panama. Insect eaters, they are generally found
above 9,000 feet in the rain forest. Quetzals are
largely a metallic green or blue-green on the head,
upper breast, wings and back. They are brilliant
red on the lower breast and under the tail.
Females are similar except for a dull charcoal
gray on the head and chest. During breeding
season the 14-inch-long males grow four very
long green-blue feathers, which add two more feet
to the bird's length. These feathers hang down
with a slight curve, forward at the bottom.

These super-feathers played an important part in
Aztec and Mayan ceremonial life; indeed, those

native Americans worshipped the quetzal as a sky-god. It was not easy to acquire those long feathers because quetzal feathers are especially fragile. The birds nest in woodpecker holes in trees and both sexes enter the nest chamber with insects to feed their young. You can imagine how a male quetzal would pull part of his long feathers with him into the nest, and after feeding his young, turn around and come out pulling these display feathers behind him, often broken or stripped, and thus useless for ceremonial headgear. These feathers are so beautiful they were in high demand. In ancient days the natives managed to trap the bird, pull out those long feathers, and then release the bird to grow another set. After Europeans colonized central America, the birds were shot, and feathers were shipped to Europe, leaving behind dead birds instead of live ones. Today it is protected and it is honored as the national bird of Guatemala.

What follows here may sound like a digression, but it's not, as you will see. Transfer your attention for a moment to the peacock, a much larger bird, a ground-dweller. It too has an iridescent green feathering. If you have seen one displaying, you realize there is a massive structure of feathers with "eyes" that form a huge fan and make an amazing display of color. You would think that bird had a massive tail. You'd be wrong. That fan is not the tail at all. If the peahen who is the object of his courtship moves away from you, and the peacock follows her with his fan of feathers spread out and up, you can see (from behind) the actual tail feathers. These true tail feathers form a radiating circle of very stiff, strong feathers that spread out underneath the heavy "eye" feathers. These true tail feathers serve to provide the support necessary to hold up and spread widely the fan that is the "main show." The fan feathers grow from the feather patch known to scientists as the "upper tail coverts" and are able to support the huge structure that leads to successful courtship for the peacock.

It's the same way with those four two-foot-long quetzal feathers. They are referred to as the tail, but they are not the tail feathers. They are upper tail covert feathers. The actual tail feathers, that support the long ones, are a bright white in color.

So if you stand under the canopy of the forest and look up and are fortunate enough to see a quetzal sitting high above you, you will not have the very best view, because their green feathers merge well with the green of the leaves. Even the brilliant red feathering underneath does not explode on you if the foliage is dense. But white, now, is an aid to help you locate the bird, and especially help the birds locate each other. So green, red, and white work together to make up one of the world's most spectacular birds.

On the last full day of our tour we were in the high mountains. That morning our tour guide helped us locate a pair of the birds, up overhead, but the light was not the best. In the afternoon we were standing on the dirt road that went by our cabins and we saw something I never expected. A family of quetzals--including a breeding male with the long feathers--suddenly flew down through an open area beside the road not far in front of us. We were almost at eye level with them and the light was ideal. Their destination was a shrub in which they lit and looked for insects around it. As the male flew across this open space, he held his upper body somewhat erect, and the long feathers bounced along under him, but not touching the ground. The strong effect was that he was dancing across space, using his long feathers as a spring. Then he landed on the edge of the shrub, continuing to give us a good view. Our trip was made; even our tour guide was impressed and told us how lucky we were to have such a view, despite its brevity.

When is a tail not a tale? When quetzals dance in flight.

>John Irvine
1730 Glenside Drive
jmirv4@gmail.com

WE'RE FROM THE RESIDENT COUNCIL AND WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU!

No, really! We ARE here to help you and we want to know what you think!

In March, you received a flyer explaining what the Resident Council is and what it does. On the

reverse side was a directory of Resident Council members including the names of your representatives from the various Sunnyside entities: Village, Highlands and Eiland Center. Since then, a representative from the Pannill Center was also appointed.

There isn't enough space here to repeat all of the information in that flyer, but you can still get a copy from the reception desks in the Highlands and Corson Lobby.

To give you a capsule view, the Resident Council is charged with promoting the "Spirit of Sunnyside" as a loving, caring community, and with serving as a liaison among residents, staff, and the governing board.

"Resident Concerns" is a major agenda item at every meeting of the Council. If you have ideas on making our community better, concerns about happenings, ideas for social or cultural events, etc., your representative will bring them to the Council.

The most recent Council meeting was held on May 17. Minutes of that meeting are now available at the two reception desks. Pick up a copy, read about what's being discussed, and let us know your thoughts.

Sunnyside is a great place to live and together we can enjoy the present and ensure the future!

*>Audrey Calomino
for The Resident Council*

MIDDY

Middy Raynal died on May 21, 2012. He was a Presbyterian minister who served five pastorates in Virginia and North Carolina until his retirement in 1999. During those years he had some special interests that may have complemented his work with his congregations.

His first love, I think, was Massanetta Springs. Beginning with the time of Miss Ruth Campbell in the late 1940s Middy volunteered as counselor at summer "Pioneer" camps. After the first one he wrote Miss Campbell a letter in which, with

youthful courage, he offered his opinion on what was wrong with the program, and his suggestions as to how it might be improved. Miss Campbell replied graciously, and perhaps seeing some value in his remarks, offered him a staff job for the following summer. This began the era of "Uncle Middy". Under the overall direction of Phil Roberts, he supervised the counselors and worked with these 7th and 8th graders as activities director. Having experienced summer stock acting in previous years, he was a "natural" at singing, joking, and general clowning to entertain the kids. When in the late 1950s the new junior camp was built on the hill behind the hotel, Middy became its first director and continued in that capacity for several years. Since he and I were married in 1954, I had shared his interest and, with our children when possible had participated in the program. For our vacations in August, we would come for a week to Bible Conference - the best place ever for families to enjoy a wholesome and inspiring environment - swimming, crafts, etc., for youth, and sermons by renowned speakers for their parents as well as reunions with old friends. Until moving to North Carolina made it less easy to make the trip, we continued to spend part of our summers in this way. From its beginning, and until his illness, Middy actively supported the "Friends of Massanetta".

Another special concern of Middy's was the problem of alcoholism and drug abuse. In almost every congregation there would be some families having problems due to drinking. As soon as he realized this in a community, he sought the local Alcoholics Anonymous organization and began attending open meetings regularly. Getting to know these men and women led to an invitation to attend closed meetings, where he got a grass roots education and a deeper understanding of the situations without being seen as a preacher looking to pass judgment. Almost always there were one or two members whose families were from his congregation, and he became their friend as well as their pastor. Alcoholism is a chronic disease for which there is no cure, and even keeping it under control can be very discouraging since that ultimately depends on will power. With its simple, encouraging program and supporting fellowship, AA may be the most helpful way of

strengthening this will power. Relying on a Higher Power for help to stay sober is basic to most programs. Middy was able to help sometimes with job applications or straightening out and dealing with records of unpaid bills - showing how to write letters to creditors, asking for time, etc.

Middy himself was not a total abstainer. One evening we had a baby sitter whose father was an elder in our church.. She found beer in our refrigerator and told her mother, who told her husband, who brought it up at a Session meeting. There was a silence - and then one of the elders said, "Well, I prefer the hard stuff myself." And they moved on to the next item on the agenda.

But the largest, most important, and most difficult concern worked its way gradually into our lives: race and racism. For some time, after the U. S. Supreme Court declared that public schools must be integrated "with all deliberate speed", nothing happened. No, something did happen: our U. S. Presbyterian Church declared support for the Court's decision. It is to their credit that many Presbyterian, and other Christian ministers, felt that, in good conscience, they had to say that not only should we obey the law as laid down by the Supreme Court, but also that their decision was right. Middy was one of these, with the result that members were lost, friends looked away, the congregation's giving dwindled, and prospective pastorates disappeared. It was a turbulent time from about 1962 until 1974, when we were called to our last pastorate, where the folks had already come to terms with integration and, I think, were proud that they had. One last word about those difficult years: We made some wonderful, close friends who still keep in touch.

In Loving Memory
>Florence Raynal
Highlands 214
mfcraynal@ntelos.net

SCOTLAND , MAY 2013

Virginia and Dick Bethune spent 2 weeks in Scotland in May, joining local cellist Edward Gant, Jr. and his wife Lori. Dr. Gant, JMU professor of music, enjoyed a recital/concert tour

in and around Edinburgh, soloing twice in Haydn's *Cello Concerto in C Major* with the Edinburgh Chamber Orchestra under the direction of Maestro Alberto Massimo. Virginia joined Ed in a Celtic set in a recital, the proceeds of which benefitted the renovation of St. Mark's Unitarian Church. Leon Coates, retired instructor at Edinburgh University, provided piano accompaniment for Brahms and Schumann repertoire. Mr. Coates also directed the ECO 1965-75; he and Virginia exchanged organist positions for a month in the late 90s. The Bethunes were then residents of Blacksburg, where Virginia was organist @ Blacksburg United Methodist for 14 years before moving to Sunnyside.

While shopping for groceries in the city on foot, we discovered a glorified 7-11 about 4 blocks away and found that ferrying groceries carried in each of our 4 backpacks up 3 flights of stairs was efficient and sufficient! We were glad to have been prepared for this activity by walking/playing the course @ Lakeview!

The Bethunes and Gants spent the second week in the Highlands in Bankfoot, Perth, in a home stay* with 2 nights @ The Picture House on the Isle of Skye. Other activities of the trip included attending opening worship of the Church of Scotland General Assembly, visiting the Scottish Parliament, Edinburgh Castle, a picnic @ St. Andrews Golf Course, the home of golf, visiting the Culloden Battlefield, and hiking in the Hermitage Douglas fir forest.

*Virginia and Dick have enjoyed a number of housing exchanges negotiated by Allan Thomson of Leven, Fife. HomeExchange Scotland: hescotland@talk.talk.net

>Virginia Bethune
4336 Locust Ct.
8366

VAfrom VA@live.com

PS: Ed, Elizabeth McBride, and Virginia will present an evening of cello/harp/keyboard music with dessert and wine in the Bethesda Theatre on August 15.

SUNNYSIDE AVIATOR HONORED

USAF Maj. General (ret.) William "Bill" Patillo was honored at the June luncheon of the Sunnyside Buzzards* with the presentation, by Tammy Steele, of a framed photograph of the Air Force Thunderbirds aerobatic team, inscribed with Gen. Patillo's name and autographed by all of the current Thunderbird team members.



>Photo by Linda McMillen

Bill and his identical twin brother were both P-51 pilots in WWII, and Bill was credited with one of the *very* rare "kills" of a German ME-262, a twin-jet fighter. Bill and his brother both completed careers as USAF aviators.

After the war, Bill was one of a small group of aerobatic display pilots flying Air Force planes, and the group was later officially recognized as the Air Force Thunderbirds. Bill and his brother Buck both flew in the very first public exhibition of the Thunderbirds in 1953, flying the F-84G Thunderjet.

You can read a good bit more about Bill's aviation career at <http://tinyurl.com/kxx6vsb>.

>Shared by Jim Kellett

*The Sunnyside Buzzards was formed a couple of years ago by residents who were or are pilots, mechanics, flight attendants, flight controllers, or just people who loved aviation. There are about a dozen current members who enjoy a monthly luncheon to chat about flight. If you are (or were) an aviator or aviation enthusiast, contact Richard Williams (email <donric7@hotmail.com>) or Jim Kellett (email <Jim@Kellett.com>) to be put on the mailing list.

ARE YOU NEW??

It's been a while since we had some "Meet Your Neighbor" articles in Tips & Tales. Are you new to our family? Please write up a short (400 words or so) and tell us a little about yourselves!! Send your copy via email to Jim Kellett (<Jim@Kellett.com>) or drop hard copy in his mailbox in the Eiland Center.

Oh, by the way. . . have you been here for a while? That is, "not new", but still haven't 'introduced' yourself in writing? Now's the time!

Manager and Editor:

Coni Dudley

Phone 8694

email: condudley@aol.com

Layout and Printing:

Jim Kellett

Phone: 664-4798 (or 8911)

e-Mail: Jim@Kellett.com

*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.*