

"Tips and Tales"

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the Residents of Sunnyside for Sharing News and Information About
and of Interest to them*

CHANGE OF SEASONS

The view is brighter
Buds are opening
Flowers of joy are blooming
I fertilize fresh ideas, find new purpose, and
growth
I feed and water my garden with thoughts of
happiness.

>Marlene Gillikin

NUTRITIONAL AND DIETARY BLURB

We are utilizing many sources--literary and food-
wise- for help in avoiding Rx for diabetes;
lowering carbs and sugar is our goal.. Medical
advice suggests that Truvia/Stevia is the best
sugar substitute. After purchasing a spiralizer
upon the advice of our granddaughter, a chef in a
vegan cafe, we are now preparing veggie pasta
from carrots, zucchini, etc. A recent experiment
was spaghetti sauce served over cooked cabbage--
not a bad substitute! Other advice from
professionals includes eliminating dairy; almond
milk is a wonderful choice. Costco's 3-container
package is a winner.

>Virginia and Dick Bethune

I'M HOME!

Sunnyside is my (our) Home. It's not just the
place I "hang my Hat". It is where I live with my
family. We are not only residents and staff, we
are FAMILY. We are a family of parents and
grandparents and some even great grandparents
living with a host of young'ns.

And we are a caring family. We take meals to sick
neighbors, make cookies and candy, "give a lift"

when the walking distance is too long, give a hand
when the load is too heavy, give a cheer when
another milestone is reached. We encourage the
dining room servers working their way through
college or nursing school. We are glad with
announced pregnancies and after watching the
growth, rejoice when we see the baby. We
sympathize with misfortunes and offer hope when
there is despair. We share the concerns of our
immigrant members for their relatives in the "old
country". We are grateful for the shoveled snow
and the mowed grass, for the emergency repairs at
night, and the "extra mile" help during the day.
It's what makes us a family and Sunnyside our
home. This is what Sam Shrum called, "The
Spirit of Sunnyside".

>Bob Woodworth

CRANBERRY COFFEE CAKE

½ c. butter (1 stick)
1 C. sugar
2 eggs
2 C. flour
1 c. sour cream
1 t. pure almond flavoring
1 t. baking powder
1 t. baking soda
½. T. salt
1 can whole berry cranberry sauce
½ c. walnuts

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy.
Add eggs, 1 at a time, beating well after each.
Add sour cream and almond flavoring.
Combine dry ingredients and add.

Spoon half the batter into an 8" or 9" tube pan. Arrange ½ can of cranberry in spoonfuls on the batter. Repeat.

Sprinkle with chopped walnuts.. (I stirred the nuts into the icing.)

Bake in 350 oven for 55 min.

Icing:

¾ c. powdered sugar

2T. water

½ t. almond flavoring

Drizzle over cake, letting topping run over sides.

Original recipe suggest lifting cake with spatulas from pan after cake cools. The first time I made this, the cake came out just beautifully turning it upside down as usual.

I now use a tube pan which comes apart.

> Virginia Bethune

SIGN OF THE TIMES?

Staunton National Cemetery

Dead End

WHO YOU CALLIN' A LADY? (A bit of 'Creative Non-Fiction')

I didn't know that when you marry a Marine officer you become a "Lady" by Congressional decree. Me? A Lady? That was never on my to-do list.

It was the early 1950s when I joined 2nd Lt. Walter Kiracofe at Camp Lejeune, N.C. to take up my multiple roles as bride, housewife, and Lady; all as foreign to me as French wine or oyster forks. In those days wives, excuse me, 'Ladies' were expected to further their husband's careers by being socially polished as well as decorative while remaining, like children, seen but not heard. How to do that became my singular if reluctant goal in life. I only occasionally eyed my beat-up

hiking boots languishing in the corner of the closet or heard the bird books and other Field Guides calling me from our bricks-and-boards book case in the living room.

First of course I had to memorize the pecking order defined by rank in the Corps: 2nd Lt., 1st Lt., Captain, Major, Lt. Colonel, Colonel, Brigadier General, Major General, Lt. General, General. "You will be familiar with these ranks and their insignia and you will show the proper respect to senior officers and their ladies." That from our handbook, *The Marine Corps Wife*.

Senior officers' wives helped indoctrinate those of us new to military life at countless but compulsory coffees, luncheons, and teas. The women were really strict about it. "White gloves are mandatory for all social occasions. A pretty hat is a must for luncheons and teas. And, please, practice making proper introductions."

I labored learning to do and say the right thing and to look the part of a Marine Corps "Lady", frilly hat and spotless white gloves at the ready.

Then there was Mrs. *Colonel* Wesley Prescott Jones. The very sight of her caused panic among the lieutenants' wives. She was old, probably 45, but well preserved, her hair beautifully coifed, her dress impeccable. Her nose could sniff out the slightest infraction, and her finger would point it out while she announced, "My dear, never, never use your saucer as an ashtray! And where are your gloves?"

I was progressing pretty well in the polish department when one day Maudie Millhouse and I attended a tea together. Maudie was a new bride fresh from her job as a waitress at the BarNone out on the highway. Our husbands were friends and Walt assured Albert I would take good care of Maudie. I died a little inside when she appeared. Her bright red hair bushed from under a battered straw hat and unpolished nails peeked from the split fingertips of her stained white gloves. I knew that Albert would murder anyone who mistreated his Maudie, so I muffled my misgivings, and together we invaded the tea party, pausing at the door to get our bearings.

Sensing fresh meat Mrs. Jones bore down on us like a hawk on field mice. Wishing I were anywhere else, with anyone else, I hastened to make the introductions.

“Mrs. Jones, this is Maudie Millhouse, my new neighbor. Maudie, Mrs. Jones’ husband is the Regimental Commander.”

Frowning at me and looking down her nose at Maudie Mrs. Jones intoned, “My husband is a full Colonel!”

After a slight pause Maudie replied. “How nice, ma’am. Uh, mine is twenty-five.”

Mrs. Colonel Wesley Prescott Jones rolled her eyes then snorted, “Oh, well ...” and turned away muttering something that sounded like “poor white trash”.

Suddenly I felt proud to stand at Maudie’s side. “How would you like to go hiking with me some day?” I asked.

>Gail Kiracofe

FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS, PLEASE!



ANOTHER DINING OPTION

Help to support an area patron by visiting Braithwaite Glass Studio and Coffee Shop in Dayton, housed in a former Dunkard church. Take along friends and either read your poetry, share

family history, or just gaze at the lovely etched glass hangings. Wonderful for a spring brunch, lunch, or early supper. Homemade soups, scones, muffins, sandwiches, lattes, smoothies, etc.

Call Jane at 879-2110, 415 Mason St. (Rt 257 toward Montezuma from Rt. 42.) for dining hours.

>Virginia Bethune

MACHU PICCHU SUNRISE

The peaks surrounding the ancient fortress began to be touched with sunlight which gradually crept down the walls and terraces to the central plaza below as we entered the ruins. What had happened hundreds of years ago to make the people abandon this sacred, peaceful place? Now only a few llamas rested in the plaza as I approached them and touched them. It was a very personal moment that belonged to me alone.

We returned to the turista hotel and asked to be taken back down the thirteen switch backs to meet the train to Quillabamba. The desk clerk would not believe the gringos Spanish. Consequently, we watched the first class train come and go. Finally we were taken down to the train track to get on a second or third class train. I sat on a wooden bench under which were baskets of fresh garlic and onions. Nearby were chickens on their way to market. The windows were open and dust and soot blew in. I couldn’t talk to the Indian woman next to me as she spoke no Spanish. Her clothing was colorful woven wool.

When we arrived at the end of the line we were on our own as our hosts had come and gone. People were scrambling for rides in the back of pickups. We were headed toward a truck when we were offered space in the cab. A couple of miles along the jungle road we came to a Guardia Civil outpost where we were greeted by our very apologetic hosts.

We were taken to a picturesque two store hotel around a lush courtyard. The room had rough

cement floor, two iron cots and a bathroom one step up from the room. Around the drain pipe were a toilet, sink and over all a shower. All was clean.

We met our hosts at a thatched roofed patio for supper. We got to know each other over beers. I opted for a ginger ale as I didn't feel great after inhaling garlic and onions on the train. I had to skip supper as I became quite nauseas. Seems the concrete floor had been cleaned with kerosene to discourage insects.

The next day while my husband went into the jungle to inspect the local Guardia Civil unit I roamed the village or relaxed and read in the courtyard.

The train back to Cusco was uneventful. However on our return we learned that the oxygen tank that was left in the car was almost empty. We presumed the mechanics had tried it.

Before starting back to Lima we visited a small church known for a pulpit that took a worker 40 years to carve. In his honor his skull is mounted on the top of the pulpit.

Our plan was to return to Lima by way of Arequipa, but we learned that the road was open one way each day. We missed the day south and had to return to Lima the way we had come. The trip was uneventful except that I got soroche. I had stopped taking the pills to prevent altitude sickness because I felt great! I had a headache I will never forget and of course intestinal problems.

No one seems to know why soroche hits some people and not others. The 26 year old sixth grade teach at the American School, and former UCLA basketball player who coached the Peruvian Basketball Team, got so sick after getting off the plane in Cusco he had to be sent back to Lima. However an 80 year old grandmother had not a symptom.

Our trip from Lima, Peru to Quillabamba by way of Cusco and Machu Piccha in the 1960s was unforgettable and could not be repeated today. The roads are paved, there are first class hotels at the foot of Machu Piccha and Quillabamba is a destination for Ecotourists.

>Coni Dudley

FOOD MAXX INTERNATIONAL FOODS

A Review

FOOD MAXX is in Waterman Square, about a mile west of Court Square on US 33. It is just beyond Westover Park. It is housed in a former Food Lion building and has a huge selection of foods from around the world. There is a wide variety of unusual produce, frozen foods, herbs and spices, fresh meat and seafood and aisle after aisle of canned and packaged foods.

Food Maxx has foods that represent many countries and cultures. It's an interesting experience to browse through the store. The staff is helpful and quick to find specific things the shopper needs for preparing Oriental, African, Mid-Eastern, Indian, South American and other foods. Check it out!

>Sally Meeth

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