

"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

SUNNYSIDE-TIMES

We at Sunnyside are very fortunate to have among us one who has the expertise and interest to construct a website from scratch. Don Oxley has spent countless hours these last few months doing just that. Don is the Creator of Sunny-Times.com This website provides all of us with information about life at Sunnyside from trips, activities to menus at the Marketplace and Tartan Grill.

Don has not only created this website but has taught his team how to input information that we as Residents need to have at our fingertips. They have also learned how to remove information. This has taken scores of volunteer hours. We applaud Don and his team for the work they have done.

In order to maintain this website the team is requesting additional interested folks who will help them. This website is totally Resident run and is therefore broader in it's coverage than residentapps.com. Sunnyside-Times requires a password from Don since it does not show up on Google. We feel this is a very special website and we would like to see it maintained.

If you are interested in helping to maintain this website, please contact

Don Oxley: don@theoxleys.com or

Jim Kellett: jim@kellett.com or

Mary Yarnell: Yarnell@intelos.net.

<Louisa Painter

DEATH

The one true God to
whom I pray with hope
That to His kingdom someday
I may fly
My mind so thoughtful
sometimes cannot cope,
I must, to enter, suffer
this - to die.

The time which I inhabit
this His earth,
I question and I seek
an answer for
The wonders that have
plagued my mind since birth,
What reason has He death,
this I implore.

Can this suffering
death imposes on me
Allow my Father looking
from above
To bring forth my sins that
I may then see
That for my goodness He
does have great love.

I am now young, but
when my soul has age,
He who watches all things
will it uncape.

Man is a statue.
He is hewn from out
the finest granite,
But his sculptor has
found in this granite
a small fault,

And man is returned to
the dust.

>The late Loring Topp, ca. 1972

ANOTHER DEATH-DEFYING SUNNYSIDE AVIATOR

Last October 10, Don Oxley joined the ranks of the brave few who flew a glider with Jim Kellett! Here's Don, next to the glider in which he flew at the Skyline Soaring Club in Front Royal, VA. Chalk off another item on your bucket list!



THE TREE OF HEAVEN

I read Betty Smith's poignant novel --"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" when I was nine years old. It was my first adult book and the librarian called my mother to inquire if I should be allowed to check it out? In typical fashion, my artist mother replied: "let her read anything she wants." But it was only last week when I realized Smith's very real Tree of Heaven was in fact the scourge of Sunnyside's small forest behind Grattan Price Drive and my house .

When a retired forester dumped a load of good soil on my driveway last week, he named some of the native trees in the woods nearby -- the red oaks, black oaks, chestnut oaks, elms, gum trees, etc. I pointed to the towering Tree of Heaven and he chuckled. Most of the local people think it's a Sumac, he said, but it's the invasive Tree of Heaven in Betty Smith's novel. Sometimes it's called "Stinking Sumac" for its foul odor. (It also has a toxic leaf litter.)

Ailanthus Altissima is an exotic tree from China with a curious history. It was mistakenly brought

from China to France and England in 1751 by a missionary and later introduced in Philadelphia (1784) as a fast growing ornamental shade tree. It took off.

In those days, foreign plants were not viewed as being pest-like as they are now (think Kudzu, the multiflora rose and the winged Euonymous). The tree can reach a height of 80 feet and grows fast in a wide variety of soil and site conditions. Its wood is good for nothing: neither burning nor wood products. Its winged seeds and ability to aggressively sprout from roots require both active birth control measures and sabotage.

Over the past three months, I have pulled up over 300 heavenly seedlings . And over the past three months, I gave up being an organic gardener.

Spreading deeply into the thinning forest, wherever there is a patch of light, as well as coming up in the nearby grasslands and at forest edge, I see about 150 new trees around me, some 4 feet tall. This time, I am cutting them out of the ground with a heavy knife and squirting Round-up into the hole.

I've been advised that heavy industrial chemicals are necessary to bring down the mature trees which will then sap the strength of the spreading underground roots. But as an old, frail gardener I don't think in terms of gallons of acid. Nevertheless, I vow to pit myself against this underground conspiracy which will harm our beautiful native trees and small forest. It's not enough, but it's a start!

>Martha Merz

I'M FINE

There's nothing whatever the matter with me,
I'm just as healthy as I can be.

I have arthritis in both my knees
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

My teeth will eventually have to come out,
And my diet I hate to think about.
I'm over-weight and I can't get thin,
My appetite is such that it's sure to win.

But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet
Or I wouldn't be able to go on the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night
And every morning I am a sight.
My memory's failing, my head's in a spin;
I'm practically living on aspirin.
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral is as this tale we unfold
That for you and me who are growing old
It's better to say "I'm fine" with a grin
Than to let them know the shape we're in.

How do I know my youth has been spent?
Because my get up and go got up and went.
But in spite of all that I'm able to grin
When I think of where my got up and go has been

Old age is golden I've heard it said
But sometimes I wonder as I go to bed;
My ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eye on the table until I get up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes I say to myself
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
But I'm happy to say as I close my eyes
My friends are the same as in days or yore.

When I was young my slippers were red;
I could kick my heels right over my head
When I grew older my slippers were blue
But I still could dance the whole night thru.

Now I'm old, my slippers are black;
I walk to the corner and puff my way back
The reason I know my youth has been spent
My get up and go got up and went.
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin
Of all the places my get up has been.

I get up each morning, dust off my wits
Pick up the papers and read the obits.
If my name is missing I know I'm not dead
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

>The late Martin L. Brown

(maternal Grandfather to Erik Topp)

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER AND OTHER MATTERS

Thanks to Sunnyside residents for attending/supporting MUSAIC on October 2. All projections for the event were exceeded: approximately 300 in attendance and over \$5600 (incl. \$300 in CD sales) contributed to the work of Pleasant View, Inc., a ministry providing residential and day care for adults with disabilities.

>Virginia and Dick Bethune

About eight years ago, my husband and I attended a play at Arena Stage called "R. Buckminster Fuller; The History (and Mystery) of the Universe." It was a play about Fuller's scientific and metaphysical ideas, and his questions were ancient, showing up in all cultures that have a written language. Who are we? Where do we come from? Where are we going?

I used to associate Buckminster Fuller with his creation of the geodesic dome - and not much else. That was enough, of course, for any life's accomplishment, but his ideas, many inventions and inspirational philosophy seem especially pertinent to our time and to the future.

Buckminster Fuller was born in 1895 in Massachusetts to a family which expected him to excel at Harvard; he flunked out twice. It seemed he didn't care. Even though he later became a Doctor of Arts, Design And Humanities, he was an anti-Academician. Even though he was a scientist and mathematician, engineer and architect, he was a maverick genius and caught the attention of Albert Einstein (who approved of Fuller's simple explanation of Einstein's theory - $E=mc^2$.)

In 1927, when he was 32, Fuller experienced "a dark night of the soul" and began what he called "a 50-year experiment" to discover what the little man could do on behalf all humanity. Within his "dark night", he felt he had been and was an utter failure. One day, while walking aimlessly in Chicago, feeling at his lowest ebb, he had a mystical experience: he felt lifted out of himself and seemed to be walking above the sidewalk on air, and a void in his mind commanded: "*Think for yourself.*" This experience would change the way he lived for the rest of his long life.

"Bucky", as he was called by his friends, believed that each individual was an "integral function of

the universe". The human being possessed not only the knowledge necessary to "make the world work for all humanity" but also the ability to act. His favorite question was . . . *"If success or failure of this planet and of human beings depended on how I am and what I do . . . how would I be? What would I do?"*

>Martha Merz

A CAT'S-EYE VIEW OF CHRISTMAS

It's Christmas at Sunnyside and everything's nice
There are cookies and cocktails — but not any mice!

Everyone's going to parties galore
But we have to stay here guarding the door!

We hear about all of the cheer and the glow —
The parties sound great but we don't get to go!
We have a big tree but it's out on the deck
'Cause everyone thinks that we'll make it a wreck.

When company comes we don't get to stay
Just 'cause we jump on the table to play!
We kitties will just have to start a revolt
And give all you "sensible" people a jolt!

We might act funny — make everyone tense,
But you guys do things that don't make any sense!

You wrap pretty boxes and won't let us play,
Then you tear them apart and throw them away!

You sit in the parlor around a dead tree
And wait for a fat man no one can see!
But if anything's weirder than wrapping a box,
It's eating candy out of your socks!

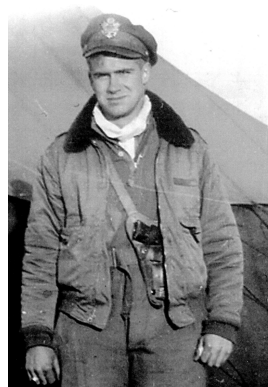
>As told to Audrey Calomino

WALLACE SANDERS

At the beginning of the year, there were just under 700,000 veterans of World War II still alive, from the more than 16,000,000 men and women who served. And they're dying at the rate of about 400 a year. Our ability to learn, first hand, of the experiences of this wonderful cohort of our society is slipping away from us. It is good to remember, and learn.

Sunnyside has been home to several of these heroes. (One, Bill Claytor, was the person who introduced me to Sunnyside!) All too few left records to illuminate the lives of the rest of us, but there are some.

Barbara Kauffman (né Sanders) is not only married to one of these veterans, but her brother Wallace (1922 - 2005), a B-17 pilot in 1944-1945, left personal notes and pictures from many of his missions over Germany and Barbara was kind enough to share these with me.



Wallace was the recipient of the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with four Oak leaf clusters, and seven battle ribbons for his service. Wallace completed an amazing fifty missions with the Air Force 463 Bomb Group, flying from Africa and Italy to targets in Germany.

Wallace's crew was called the "Terrible Ten" (yes, it took ten men to man a B-17!). One, the belly turret gunner had to be quite small to fit into the ball turret!



The Terrible Ten

Standing, left to right: Lewis Hollmeyer, Navigator; Wayne Rensch, Copilot; Dick Nautsch, Bombardier; Wallace Sanders, Pilot. Kneeling, left to right: McClellan, Waist Gunner; Halan Byrd, Ball Turret gunner; "Poppy" Popovich*, Waist Gunner; Rex Hargrave, Tail Gunner; George Tammraz, Engineer/Top Turret Gunner; Al Marlo, Radio.

All but one of Sanders' crew completed the 50 mission tour of duty. The unlucky crewmember, Dick Nautsch, was one of six crewmembers killed when a special 12-man crew gunnery mission in another ship struck high-tension powerlines on approach on October 11, 1944. (*"Poppy" Popovich, we believe, is still with us!*)

Sanders recorded some harrowing events during his tour of duty, making brief personal notes on each mission. Watching other bombers go down, some but not all chutes observed; landings with two or three engines out; flak holes in his plane. He noted that on one mission, the target was weathered over so that they could not release their bombs, and he could not safely land with a full load of ordnance. Often it was possible on such missions to be flying over water, so that the bombs could be released without risk of injuring innocent civilians. However, this mission was entirely over land, so Sanders found an isolated mountain top where he got rid of the bomb load, hoping that no one was there.

After the war, Sanders, occasionally accompanied by his sister, revisited many of the sites that had been his targets. We cannot know if such visits were the result of curiosity or contrition or a mixture or something else entirely.



Sanders continued to fly in a series of personal airplanes after leaving military service. He also bought and restored a P-51 Mustang, "Nervous Energy", and engaged a famous pilot, Jeff Ethel,

to fly it in many airshows between 1999 and 2002.

>Barbara Kauffman, as told to Jim Kellett

MORE PHYSICS AND RELIGION

I have continued to work on Flatland and the Fourth Dimension and the article has grown to several pages including a full page color graphic.....a bit much for n issue of Tips and Tales. So if you would like a copy just email me at cmaday@lumos.net.

>Clare Maday

CHRISTMAS LOVE

Did you hear that? The angels sang,
Two thousand years ago.
They sang about our dear Lord's birth
In a stable low.

Did you see that? The shepherds came,
An angel told them to.
They left their flocks with a little boy
And came to worship him.

Did you know that the wise men came?
They ventured from afar,
From other lands they traveled here;
Kings they're sometimes called.

Did you feel that? It's in the air!
The feeling is called "LOVE".
Love came down among us
On Christmas, from above.

>By Helen Miller
December 23, 2015

EILAND CENTER LIBRARY - BEST BOOKS OF 2016

Many publications are coming out at the end of the year with their lists of the Best Books of the Year. We are delighted that so many of the books on those lists are now found on our shelves. Listed below are titles that have appeared on the Best Books lists from the New York Times, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, People, USA Today and Amazon. If you have missed any

of these titles, this is a perfect time to catch up on some great reading experiences. Enjoy!

The Underground Railroad by Colson Whitehead
Before the Fall by Noah Hawley
A Gentleman in Moscow by Amor Towles
Small Great Things by Jodi Picoult
News of the World by Paulette Jiles
Everybody's Fool by Richard Russo
The Whistler by John Grisham
Home by Harlan Coben
The Last Days of Night by Graham Moore
The Black Widow by Daniel Silva
The Matthews Men by William Geroux
Commonwealth by Ann Patchett
My Name is Lucy Barton by Elizabeth Strout
The Summer before the War by Helen Simonson
The Wonder by Emma Donoghue
The Road to Little Dribbling by Bill Bryson
A Hero of France by Alan Furst
And coming soon to our shelves:
Moonglow by Michael Chabon
The Geography of Genius by Eric Weiner
The Wrong Side of Goodbye by Michael
Connelly
Heat and Light by Jennifer Haigh

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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. There is also a need for several "contributing editors" to write regular columns.*

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Stop by the Eiland Center Library and pick up a good book to read – Oh, and all of the above titles are in large print format for your reading convenience.

>Pat Harkins