GOD WILLING AND THE CREEK DON'T RISE

Ever wonder where this phrase came from? When someone says this, it means they're looking to achieve a goal, and that they *will* achieve it as long as there are no outside forces over which they have no control which would prevent them from doing just that.

The first time this phrase was known to be in print it was written by a man named Benjamin Hawkins in the late 18th century. Hawkins was a politician in the late 18th and early 19th century as well as an Indian diplomat. This was back in the day when American Indians and the white settlers were constantly fighting for the land in the United States. While in the south, Hawkins was requested by the President of the United States to return to Washington. In his response, he was said to write "God willing and the Creek don't rise".

Benjamin Hawkins capitalized the word "Creek". Therefore, it is deduced that what he as referring to was not a body of water at all, but instead the Creek Indian tribe. The Creek Indians were also known as the Muscogee tribe which was located in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Oklahoma. Since the Creek Indians were prevalent in the area where he was located, Hawkins knew that there was a risk of the Creek Indians attacking.

This figure of speech is not only still used today, but it is also in the lyrics of a 2008 song by the country music group Little Big Town. The song is called "Good Lord Willing", and the lyrics include "Good lord willing and the Creek don't rise" in stead of God willing and the creek don't rise."

Now you know "the rest of the story"!
>Sue Kahle

THE BUREAU

After graduating from high school, I was offered full-time employment by the owner of the china and gift shop where I had worked part-time my senior year. It was understood that the job was temporary. I was the stock clerk, window washer and delivery boy.

One day while working in the basement stockroom of the gift shop, I was approached by the owner who, in a very serious voice, asked me to come up to his office. He stated that an FBI agent was there and wished to speak with me. As I climbed the stairs to the office my mind was racing trying to figure what I, or maybe one of my friends, might have done that was a Federal Offense! I entered the office and a tall gentleman in a dark suit introduced himself as Special Agent Brenner with the FBI. He asked me to be seated.

Agent Brenner then informed me that the Bureau was recruiting recent high school graduates who did not plan to attend college. The job was in Washington at the Bureau's Identification Division. I would be trained to classify, search and match fingerprints sent in by various law enforcement agencies and the military with those on file at the Bureau. I agreed to accept the offer. Shortly thereafter, I

received a letter instructing me to come to Richmond for an interview with the agent in charge of that office.

I arrived at the FBI's downtown office at the appointed hour. A secretary escorted me to a small office where I was to await the interview with the Agent-in-charge. As I waited, my mind was going over all the possible questions I could be asked and formulating what I hoped would be adequate responses.

After what seemed like hours but in fact was only about ten minutes, the door opened and the Agent-in-Charge entered. I arose quickly, but he stopped well short of hand shake distance. In an authoritative voice, he stated," I just want to know one thing from you, young man. If the Bureau goes to the expense and trouble to conduct a security clearance investigation on you and decides to make you a job offer, you damn well better be planning to accept it." I stammered "Yes, yes sir, I do." He said," That is all I needed to hear." He turned and walked out of the office. The interview was over. Several months later, I received the job offer and instructions of where and when to report in Washington.

I arrive in Washington and reported to the Bureau's offices in the old Post Office Building – now the Trump International Hotel – on Pennsylvania Avenue. The main FBI office was next door in the Justice Department. This was well before the FBI's current J. Edgar Hoover Building was constructed further east on Pennsylvania Avenue. There were several other new Bureau employees reporting for the first time other than myself.

We all spent our first week in Washington going through job testing and orientation. We were housed at various tourist homes near Capitol hill. Later, after being assigned to the Bureau's Identification Division building -- a four story, one square block building in SW Washington -- the Bureau's Housing Unit placed us in an apartment complex named Congress Park in SE Washington. This was a large apartment complex with a small shopping mall at its center. I shared the apartment with two other FBI new hires, one from Vermont and the other from Alabama. Due to the quite different dialects spoken by these two, I served as interpreter for the first few weeks.

My first several months at the Identification Division were eight hours a day of classroom instruction on classification and matching fingerprints received by the Bureau with those on file. The classification system, developed by Edward Henry in the late 19th century, determined that there were three general types of fingerprints – loops, whirls and arches – that do not change over time. A complex system including type, location and ridge count produced a formula that could be compared to confirm a match. After completing my training, I began actual searches of incoming prints with those on file which was monitored by an experienced supervisor. After several weeks, I was allowed to perform the classification and search without direct supervision

Economist Joseph Schumpeter developed the theory of Creative Destruction that holds that over time new economic activities will be created that will destroy older system as they develop. The automobile is a good example. As new jobs were being created in production, fueling and supporting the automobile age, older jobs such as breeding horses, blacksmithing, etc. were being destroyed. I left the FBI long before computers destroyed the hundreds of fingerprint clerk jobs at the agency. This function is now done in seconds by computers at the Bureau's massive data center now located near Martinsburg, West Virginia.

>Charlie Lotts

ON A COLD WINTER'S DAY

KerSploosh!!!! GASP!!!! I grabbed the boathook extended to me, many hands helped me up the ladder to the dock, then whisked me to a hot shower. In no time I was warm and presentable in my Aviation Green winter

working uniform. The activity just past was a 'Wetting Down', a Navy tradition marking a promotion. I had been warned to wear khakis under the Greens and was given a few minutes to shed same.

I was Aviation Midshipman First Class, USN assigned to a seaplane patrol squadron based at NAF Oppama, Japan, as a Patrol Plane Second Pilot. I now was officially Ensign, USN, marked as such by the black stripe on each cuff, the gold bar on each collar point and on the fore and aft cap. Later that evening I was feted at dinner, but that's another story we'll save for later.

Next day I presented myself to the disbursing officer to register my new pay grade and collect my pay. After fussing about a bit he slapped some bills and change on the counter. I guess my eyes bugged, 'Relax Ensign, that's three days pay!' The commissioning date? 28 February, the Navy pays on a 30 day month!

I might note that February is NOT a warm month in Japan.

>Bob Johnson

TIPS FROM NEIGHBORS
Rental Car option

Recently we were very pleased to learn that Steven Toyota rents cars- sometimes brand-new ones- for only $35 per day-total. We've taken advantage of this for two trips lately and couldn't be more pleased.

>Virginia Bethune

ROCK-A-BYE BABY

Years ago, Edward Yarnell put his skill in carpentry to work by making doll cradles for the Salvation Army Christmas Program. The program provides baby dolls to girls who might not be able to have one otherwise. The Salvation Army buys the dolls, but relies on the community to provide clothing and blankets for them. The cradles were Ed's special touch. Moving to Sunnyside did not diminish his

commitment to that project. He brought all the information and patterns with him. Soon he had members of the Veterans' Club working with him.
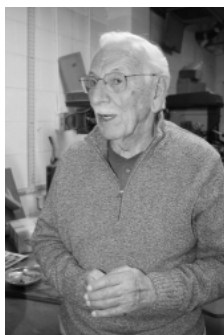

Bob Kauffman took over from Ed about four years ago and has been the guiding light for the program since then. He had been a woodworker prior to coming to Sunnyside. He has expanded to taking care of the woodshop here.

Bill Bedall has been working on the project for two years, since his arrival at Sunnyside. Bill recalled following his dad as a little boy, asking questions. His dad had "the patience of Job" and would always answer Bill's questions. Among his father's skills was woodworking.

Bill started fixing things that were broken and that led to other projects. He became an excellent carpenter and woodworker and has made some beautiful pieces.

He was friends with George Gibbs and knew George was an excellent woodworker. He immediately recruited George!

George began working with the cradles in 2014. He recalled learning woodworking as a "lad at my father's knee." George's specialty is making clocks, and he has made some beautiful ones, including some grandfather clocks.

Other excellent woodworkers have made their way down to the "hole" where the woodshop is located to participate in creating the cradles. Stan Gray, Ben Cocker, Don Oxley, and Len Tulio have added their time and skills. The whole gang pitched in. This wonderful group also repairs items for some of the residents here. However, there is a lot of work to go around, and new comers are always welcome!

>Kat Marlowe
>Photos by Mary Rouse

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN
(All Over Sunnyside . . .)

Well, the lights go off occasionally, don't they? And Sunnyside's backup generators don't reach EVERYONE in Sunnyside. So recently, when the lights in the Glen went out for 43 minutes, it set some folks scrambling for flashlights, candles, and kerosene lanterns (yes, we still have one!).

Here's a safer or more convenient alternative - a solar lantern, designed for campers. (That's why it's "inflatable", so it can be flattened enough to fit into a large pocket or your backpack.) It can be charged by sitting in the sun for a few hours, and then provide up to 12 hours of light. It can be set on a flat surface, or hung overhead.

We leave one sitting on the headboard of our bed, easily reached before even having to get up.

Available from several sources, including Amazon.

>Jim Kellett

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The Rev. James E. "Jim" Atwood has been named the recipient of the 2018 David Steele Distinguished Writer Award by the Presbyterian Writers Guild. (Jim and his wife Roxana live at 1236 Glenside Drive.) Atwood will receive the prestigious award at the Presbyterian Writers Guild's General Assembly luncheon on June 21 in St. Louis.

"Jim Atwood started out writing books to encourage preaching with humor," wrote the Rev. Jan Orr-Harter, Aledo, Texas, chair of the Presbyterian Peace Fellowship Endowment Fund, in nominating him for the honor.

"He ended up as the primary voice of the Christian church in sounding the alarm about the gun violence epidemic that killed 36,000 Americans in 2016," Orr-Harter said. "This recognition by the Presbyterian Writers Guild not only honors the urgent work of Jim Atwood, but speaks well of the whole Presbyterian Church for its focus on gun violence prevention." Atwood, pastor emeritus of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Arlington, Virginia, is the author of *Gundamentalism and Where it is Taking America* (Cascade Books, 2017), *America and its Guns: A Theological Exposé* (Cascade Books, 2012), *The Leaven of Laughter for Advent & Christmas* (Trafford Publishing, 2006), *The Leaven of Laughter for Lent & Easter* (Trafford, 2006), among other works.

ON NICKNAMES

When I was a child, I knew boys called Skippy or Skipper, Butch and Buddy, Chip and Buster. Girls, on the other hand, were more likely to have a nickname that was a contraction of their own: Ellie, Liz, Gene, Vicky, or Pam. It was not always like that.

Those who do genealogy are aware than certain names were once nicknames and familiar nicknames of today were not necessarily the same centuries ago. In searching old documents one must keep in mind that Patty was really Martha, that Polly was Mary, and Peg or Peggy was Margaret. Why it was that names beginning with "M" shold have nicknames that started with "P" is now hidden in mists of time, just as it was with the letter "E". Edward was Ned; Eleanor was Nelly. In the 16th century names commencing with R were undergoing strange changes too: Robert was Hob, Richard was Hickard or Hick, Roger was Hodge. These must have dated even farther back to about the 14th century, the time when patronyms were beginning, for certainly we have the surnames Hobson and Hodges as well as Dickson.

Nancy was the nickname for Ann and Sally for Sarah. By the 19th century those latter two, Sally and Nancy, were names in their own right, not merely a nickname. Harriet, which had been the nickname for Henrietta, became itself a name, and developed still another nickname, Hattie! Elizabeth was more likely to be Betty or Betsy or Bess in the 18th century, but by the latter part of the 19th, there were Lizzies.

Jean and Jane in the 17th Century and lapping over into the 18th ere the same name. At that time the "ea" in Jean was pronounced with a long a sound as in Ronald Reagan's surname. James was not pronounced the same as it is today. It rhymed with the river Thames, so Jemz. Jemmy as its nickname; it is not a hard leap of imagination to see how Jemmy became Jimmy. For "William" the nickname "Will" was favored. In 1688 William of Orange, a Dutchman, with wife Mary became joint

monarchs in England. He was approved by some and disliked by others. The latter called him "Billy". That nickname, Billy or Bill, was tarnished. Bill was considered not quite genteel; Will was. In America's 19th century Billy the Kid and Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody continued to make the name not quite proper, but by the early 20th century, "Bill" became just as popular, or even more so, than Will.

What is generally not known is that in George Washington's time names and for that matter, words with "er" in them were pronounced like "ar". So no wonder mountaineers said, "Whar's the varmin?" Clerk was clark; derby was darby; and sergeant was sargeant"! That last word is a spelling hangover of the old pronunciation. George Washington would have talked about being in the "marchant sarvice". Thus, names like Bertram or Herman and Mercy gave rise to Bartram, Harma,n and March. In our own area, German surnames such as Ergenbright and Ermentrout have alternative spellings.

"H" was often silent. We know that from Thomas and Esther. Judging from its nicknames, "Tad" and "Ted", Theodore may have had a silent "h" too. And Abraham was juste who syllables: Abram. "W" was often then silent. Consequently, a surname like "Burwell" was pronounced "Burl."

At some point in the 19th century, Martha's nickname of Patty more often was Mattie. Margaret gained Meg, Greta and Maggie although Peggy nevertheless, remained a popular nickname for Margaret. Mary's Polly dirfted to Molly, and Polly seems to have become short for Pauline. The Patties I knew in the 20th century were Patricias, and

Margaret often was shortened to Margie, with either a soft or hard g. The vast majority of nicknames I knew as a child were merely endearments, and "ie" or a "y" added - such as Tommy, Annie, ore Georgie. Or the nicknames were just the first syllable: Len rather than Leonard, Dave rather than David, Wes rather than Wesley.

In Shakespeare's time, Henry's nickname was Hal. Much earlier than that, John already had Jack. I don't know when or how Charles became Chuck or Henry became Hank. Maybe you can tell ME!

>Carroll Lisle