

## Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

### Three Red Marbles

I was at the corner grocery store in our little Idaho town buying some new potatoes. I noticed a small boy, ragged but clean, hungrily eyeing a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller, the store owner, and the ragged boy next to me.



"Hello Barry, how are you today?"

"H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good."

"They are good, Barry.. How's your Ma?"

"Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time."

"Good. Anything I can help you with?"

"No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas."

"Would you like to take some home?" asked Mr. Miller.

"No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"

"All I got's my prize marble here."

"Is that right? Let me see it." said Miller.

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

"I can see that. Hmm mmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?" the store owner asked.

"Not zackley but almost."

"Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble," Mr. Miller told the boy.

"Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me.

With a smile she said, "There are two other just boys like him in our town, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain

*(Continued on page 2)*

### Creative Job Descriptions

I recently called an old retired engineering buddy of mine and asked him what he was working on these days. He always had some interesting project going to keep him busy.

After a thoughtful pause he replied that he was working on "Aqua-thermal treatment of ceramics, aluminum and steel under a constrained environment."

I was impressed until, upon further inquiry, I learned he was washing dishes in hot water under his wife's supervision.

### Saving for College

During the summer before college, I worked at the only job I could find: cleaning out horse stalls.

My dad told his friends I was an "equestrian emissions expediter."



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## Hate has 4 Letters, so does Love

**Enemies** has 7 letters,  
so does **Friends**.

**Lying** has 5 letters,  
so does **Truth**.

**Negative** has 8 letters,  
so does **Positive**.

**Under** has 5 letters,  
so does **Above**.

**Cry** has 3 letters,  
so does **Joy**.

**Anger** has 5 letters,  
so does **Happy**.

**Wrong** has 5 letters,  
so does **Right**.

**Hurt** has 4 letters,  
so does **Heal**.

It means life is like a double-edged sword, so transform every negative attitude into a positive. Always choose the better side of life.



For example, the other day I fell down the stairs. Instead of getting upset, I just thought, "Wow, that's the fastest I've moved in years!"

## Honest Answer

One of my students was always late turning in his work. I recently asked him where his homework was.

He replied, "It's still in my pencil."

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## Three Red Marbles (Continued from page 1)

with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store."

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could.

Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two had nice haircuts, wore dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket.

Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes...

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

"Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size...they came to pay their debt.

"We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho."

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

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There are friends, and then there are REAL friends!



Friends: Will knock on the door.
REAL Friends: Will walk right in and say, 'I'm here!'

Friends: Will say 'hello.'
REAL friends: Will give you a big hug.

Friends: Enjoy coming for dinner.
REAL friends: Always bring the food.

Friends: Will eat at your dinner table and leave.
REAL Friends: Will spend hours helping you clean up.

Friends: Call your parents 'Mr. and Mrs.'
REAL friends: Call your parents 'Mom and Dad.'

Friends: Hate to see you cry.
REAL Friends: Cry with you.

Friends: Know a few things about you.
REAL Friends: Could write a book about you with quotes.

Friends: Get mad when you don't stay in contact.
REAL Friends: Years can go by and you pick up like yesterday.

Friends: Come and go.
REAL Friends: Are family.

Not My Teacher's Pet

Our teacher asked us what our favorite animal was. When it was my turn, I said, 'Fried chicken.'

She said I wasn't funny, but she must have been wrong because all the other kids laughed.

My parents told me to always tell the truth, so I did. Fried chicken is my favorite animal!

Anyway, my teacher sent me to the principal's office. I told him what happened and he laughed, too. Then he told me not to do it again.

I told my dad what happened and he said my teacher was probably a member of PETA. He said they love animals very much. I do too. Especially chicken, pork and beef.

The next day in class my teacher asked my what my favorite LIVE animal was. I told her it was chicken. She asked me why, so I told her it was because you could make them into fried chicken! She sent me back to the principal's office. He laughed and told me not to do it again.

I don't understand. My parents taught me to be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it when I am. Today, my teacher asked me to tell her which famous person I admired most.

I told her, 'Colonel Sanders.'



Guess where I am now.

Soft and Fluffy

When her child's towel was stolen during a school swimming trip, an irate parent demanded of me, 'What kind of juvenile delinquents are in class with my child?!'

'I'm sure it was taken accidentally,' I said. 'What does it look like?'

'It's white,' said the parent. 'And it says Holiday Inn on it.'



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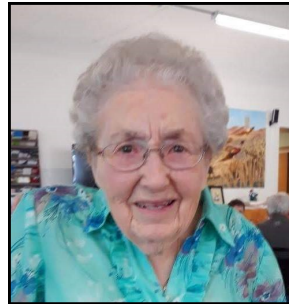
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## First Grade Perspective

First graders were given the beginning of these cliches, and asked to provide their own endings. The results are often better than the original! Take a look...

1. If at first you don't succeed  
*...go play.*
2. Eat, drink, and...*go to the bathroom.*
3. All's fair in...*hockey.*
4. He who laughs last...*didn't understand the joke.*
5. People in glass houses...  
*better not take off their clothes*
6. All work and no play...*is disgusting.*
7. Don't put all your eggs...*in the microwave.*
8. Better to be safe than...  
*punch a 5th grader.*
9. Strike while the...*bug is close.*
10. It's always darkest before  
*...Daylight Savings Time.*
11. Never underestimate the  
power of...*termites.*
12. Don't bite the hand that  
*...looks dirty.*
13. You can't teach an old dog  
new...*math.*

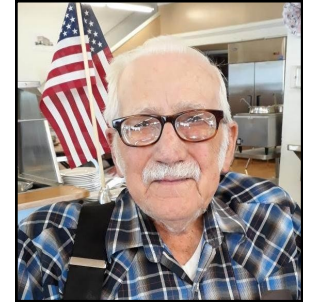
## Milestones



Marietta Salyards  
July 31, 1921—98 years  
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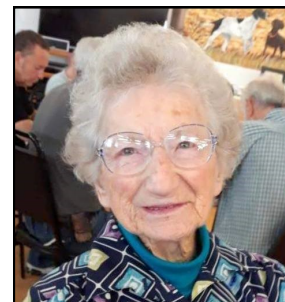
Bob McMillan  
August 5, 1925—94 years  
New Plymouth



Bobby Vanderpool  
Aug 30, 1926—93 years  
Payette



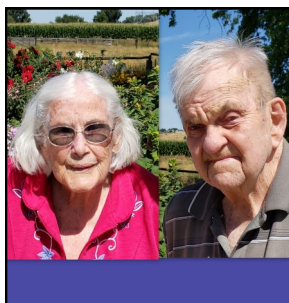
Betty Solterbeck  
Sept 28, 1926—93 years  
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Jean Stephan  
August 10, 1928—91 years  
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Norma Clapp  
Sept 1, 1944—75 years  
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Allen & Betty Solterbeck  
Sept 1, 1945—74 years  
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## School Daze

During snack time, a kindergartner asked why some raisins were yellow while others were black. I didn't know the answer, so I asked my friend, a first-grade teacher, if she knew.

"Yellow raisins are made from green grapes, and black raisins are made from red grapes," she explained.

One little boy suggested, "Maybe that's why she teaches first grade, because she's just a little bit smarter than you."