

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

If I Were the Devil—Paul Harvey



In one of his daily broadcasts in 1965 - 58 years ago - beloved broadcaster Paul Harvey shared what he would do if he were "the devil," to destroy our culture and undermine our future. His message not only has proven to be prophetic but continues to serve as a warning to all of us today of where our society continues headed. His prophetic warning went like this:

"If I were the devil ... If I were the Prince of Darkness, I'd want to engulf the whole world in darkness. And I'd have a third of its real estate, and four-fifths of its population, but I wouldn't be happy until I had seized the ripest apple on the tree — America. So, I'd set about however necessary to take over the United States. I'd subvert the churches first — I'd begin with a campaign of whispers. With the wisdom of a serpent, I would whisper to you as I whispered to Eve: 'Do as you please.'

To the young, I would whisper that 'The Bible is a myth.' I would convince them that man created God instead of the other way around. I would confide that what's bad is good, and what's good is 'square.' And the old, I would teach to pray, after me, 'Our Father, which art in Washington...'

And then I'd get organized. I'd educate authors in how to make lurid literature exciting, so that anything else would appear dull and uninteresting. I'd bombard TV with dirtier movies. I'd pedal narcotics to whom I could. I'd sell alcohol to ladies and gentlemen of distinction. I'd tranquilize the rest with pills.

(Continued on Page 2)



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Fear By Khalil Gibran



It is said that before entering the sea a river trembles with fear.

She looks back at the path she has traveled, from the peaks of the mountains, the long winding road crossing forests and villages.

And in front of her she sees an ocean so vast, that to enter there seems nothing more than to disappear forever.

But there is no other way. The river cannot go back.

Nobody can go back. To go back is impossible in existence.

The river needs to take the risk of entering the ocean because only then will fear disappear, because that's what the river will know it's not about disappearing into the ocean, but of becoming the ocean.



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The Arrow and the Song

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth. I knew not where: For, so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For who has sight so keen and strong That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroke; And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

One day, you are going to hug your last hug, kiss your last kiss, and hear someone's voice for the last time.

But you never know when the last time will be, so live every day as if it were the last time you will be with the person you love!



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If I Were the Devil — Continued from Page 1

If I were the devil. I'd soon have families at war with themselves. churches at war with themselves, and nations at war with themselves; until each in its turn was consumed. And with promises of higher ratings, I'd have mesmerizing media fanning the flames.

If I were the devil, I would encourage schools to refine young intellects, but neglect to discipline emotions — just let those run wild, until before you knew it, you'd have to have drug sniffing dogs and metal detectors at every schoolhouse door.

Within a decade I'd have prisons overflowing, I'd have judges allowing pornography — soon I could evict God from the courthouse, then from the schoolhouse, and then from the houses of Congress. And in His own churches I would substitute psychology for religion and deify science. I would lure priests and pastors into misusing boys and girls, and church money. If I were the devil, I'd make the symbols of Easter an egg and the symbol of Christmas a dollar sign.

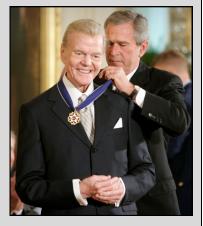
If I were the devil, I'd take from those who have and give to those who want until I had killed the incentive of the ambitious.

And what do you bet I could get whole states to promote gambling as the way to get rich?

I would convince the young that marriage is old-fashioned, that swinging is more fun, that what you see on the TV is the way to be.

I would caution against extremes and hard work in Patriotism, and in moral conduct.

In other words, if I were the devil. I'd just keep right on doing what he's doing."







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Feeling Just Fine

A farmer named Clyde had a tractor accident. In court, the trucking company's big city lawyer, was questioning Clyde. "Didn't you say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine,'?" asked the lawyer.



Clyde responded, "Well, I'll tell you what happened. I had just loaded my favorite cow, Bessie, into the..." "I didn't ask for any details," the

lawyer interrupted. "Just answer the question, please. Did you, or did you not say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine!'?"

Clyde said, "Well, I had just got Bessie into the trailer behind the tractor and I was driving down the road...."

The lawyer interrupted again and said, "Your Honor, I am trying to establish the fact that, at the scene of the accident, this man told the Highway Patrolman on the scene that he was just fine. Now several weeks after the accident he is trying to sue my client. I believe he is a fraud. Please tell him to simply answer the question."

By this time, the Judge was fairly interested in Clyde's answer and said to the lawyer, "I'd like to hear what he has to say about his favorite cow, Bessie".

Clyde thanked the Judge and proceeded. "Well, as I was saying, I had just loaded Bessie, my favorite cow, into the trailer and was driving her down the highway when this huge semitruck ran the stop sign and smacked my John Deere tractor right in the side. I was thrown into one ditch and Bessie was thrown into the other. I was hurting real bad and didn't want to move. However, I could hear old Bessie moaning and groaning. I knew she was in terrible shape just by her groans.

"Shortly after the accident a Highway Patrolman came on the scene. He could hear Bessie moaning and groaning, so he went over to her. After he looked at her, and saw her fatal condition, he took out his gun and shot her between the eyes. Then the Patrolman came across the road, gun still in hand, looked at me, and said, "How are you feeling?"



My first job was in an orange juice factory,

but I got canned. I couldn't concentrate.

Two-Door Sedan

When my wife and I arrived at a car dealership to pick up our car after a service, we were told the keys had been locked in it.

We went to the service department and found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver's side door.

As I watched from the passenger side, I instinctively tried the door handle and discovered that it was unlocked.

"Hey," I announced to the technician, "it's open!" His reply, "I know. I already

did that side."



We recently had a new neighbor call the local city council office to request the removal of the DEER CROSSING sign on our road.

The reason: "Too many deers are being hit by cars out here! I don't think this is a good place for them to be crossing anymore. Can we move the sign to a safer place?"



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Adverbial Puns (Look it up)

"I can't believe I ate the whole pineapple!" Tom said dolefully.
"I dropped the toothpaste," Tom said, crestfallen.
"That's the last time I pet a lion," Tom said offhandedly.
"Our team doesn't have a home run hitter," Tom said ruthlessly.
"I'll dig another ditch around the castle," Tom said remotely.
"I keep shocking myself," said Tom, revolted.
"I shouldn't sleep on railroad tracks," said Tom, beside himself.
"My steering wheel won't turn!" cried Tom, straightforwardly.
"I've lost a lot of weight," Tom expounded.
"I keep banging my head on things," Tom said bashfully.
"I'll have to telegraph him again," said Tom remorsefully.
"I can't get down off this mountain," said Tom allegedly.
"Let's play a C, E, and G," Tom said to his band in accord.
"Let's make this fire hotter!" Tom bellowed.

"I want my money back and then some," said Tom with interest.

"I love hot dogs," said Tom with relish.

"If you want me, I'll be in the attic," Tom said loftily. "There's a ghost in the cemetery," said Tom gravely. "Don't run with scissors," Tom told his children sharply. "I love lightning storms!" Tom thundered.



WANTED:

GOOD WOMAN Must be able to clean, cook, sew, dig worms and clean fish. Must have Boat and Motor. PLEASE SEND PICTURE OF BOAT AND MOTOR.

Second-Hand Thoughts



Tommy wanted to sell his old car, so his friend Abe told him to wind the odometer back a bit so he could get a better price for it.

Abe saw Tommy a few days later and asked if he had sold it yet.

Tommy told him that by the time he finished winding back the odometer the car only had 5000 miles on it, so he decided to keep it.





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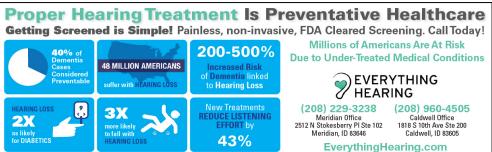
My wife took up gardening, but won't tell me what she is going to plant.

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The Height of Anxiety

Passengers traveling First Class on a redesigned British Airways 747 were worried that some of the lavatories have windows.



A woman travelling to New York complained that the windows have no blinds.

A stewardess told her, "Ma'am, I don't think you need to be worried about some pervert clinging to the side of this aircraft at 35,000 feet!"

My husband asked if he had any annoying habits, then got all offended during my Powerpoint presentation.



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Robert Pirosh's letter to Hollywood executives, 1934



A New York copywriter by the name of Robert Pirosh quit his wellpaid job and headed for Hollywood in 1934, determined to begin the career of his dreams as a screenwriter. When he arrived, he gathered the names and addresses of as many directors, producers and studio executives as he could find and sent them what is surely one of the greatest, most effective cover letters ever to be written; a letter which secured him three interviews, one of which led to his job as a junior writer at MGM.

Fifteen years later, Pirosh won an Oscar for best original screenplay for his work on the war film BATTLEGROUND. A few months after that, he also won a Golden Globe.

Dear Sir:

I like words. I like fat buttery words, such as ooze, turpitude, glutinous, toady. I like solemn, angular, creaky words, such as straitlaced, cantankerous, pecunious, valedictory. I like spurious, black-is-white words, such as mortician, liquidate, tonsorial, demi-monde. I like suave "v" words, such as Svengali, svelte, bravura, verve. I like crunchy, brittle, crackly words, such as splinter, grapple, jostle, crusty. I like sullen, crabbed, scowling words, such as skulk, glower, scabby, churl. I like Oh-Heavens, my-gracious, land's-sake words, such as tricksy, tucker, genteel, horrid. I like elegant, flowery words, such as estivate, peregrinate, elysium, halcyon. I like wormy, squirmy, mealy words, such as crawl, blubber, squeal, drip. I like sniggly, chuckling words, such as cowlick, gurgle, bubble and burp.

I like the word screenwriter better than copywriter, so I decided to quit my job in a New York advertising agency and try my luck in Hollywood, but before taking the plunge I went to Europe for a year of study, contemplation and horsing around.

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I Walked a Mile

by Robert Browning Hamilton



I walked a mile with Pleasure; She chattered all the way, But left me none the wiser For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow And ne'er a word said she; But oh, the things I learned from her When Sorrow walked with me!

We make a living from what we earn, We make a life from what we give.



What we do for ourselves dies with us, But what we do for others lives forever.

- Winston Churchill





The New Guide to Cousins Since so many people seem to be having babies, a lot more cousins are being made every single day. Here's a handy guide you can consult if you want to keep your cousins straight:

• First Cousin: Your aunt and uncle's child

• Second Cousin: Your aunt and uncle's pet

• Third Cousin: Always last in line at the family potluck

• Half Cousin: Your aunt and uncle's really short kid

• Whole Cousin: Two half cousins standing near each other

• Craisin: Cousin named Craig

• Grandparent: Cousin who just looks really old

• Cousin Once Removed: Cousin who was ordered to never again attend family functions but then later appealed the ruling and was reinstated by a judge who understood just how important family is in today's fast-paced society.

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WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS

Adventures at Ten

1 met a dragon face to face the year when I was ten. I took a trip to outer space I braved a pirate's den.

I wrestled with a wicked troll. and fought a Great White Shark. I trailed a rabbit down a hole, I hunted for a snark.

I stowed aboard a submarine. I opened magic doors,

I traveled in a time machine. And searched for dinosaurs.

I climbed atop a Giant's head, I found a pot of gold.

1 did this all in books 1 read

when I was ten years old.

- Jack Prelutsky



For further information or to view or download recent issues, go to www.seniorgoldmine.com - Page 7

If I had a dollar for every woman who found me unattractive...

they would eventually find me attractive!

GRANDMOTHERS

by an 8-year-old

A grandmother is a lady who has no children of her own, so she likes other people's little girls.



A grandfather is a man grandmother. He goes on walks with the boys and they talk about fishing, tractors and things like that.

Grandmothers don't have to do anything but be there. They are old, so they shouldn't play hard or run. It is enough if they drive us to the store where the pretend horse is and has lots of quarters ready.

They are often fat, but not too fat to tie kid's shoes. They wear funny glasses and funny underwear and they can take their teeth out.

Everyone should try to have one, because grandmothers are the only grownups who have got time.

I accidentally used my mother's fabric scissors to cut coupons out of the newspaper and now the cops are here.



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Carmen Avila July 18, 1943 —80 years Caldwell Senior Center



Terry Zink July 4, 1948—75 years Nampa Senior Center



Richard Talanca July 24, 1953—70 years Parma Senior Center



Milestones

Dan Brown July 20, 1943 —80 years Nampa Senior Center



Louise Lough July 25, 1948—75 years Nampa Senior Center

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Lois Van Hooser June 13, 1948—75 years Nampa Senior Center



Kathy Oman July 18, 1953—70 years Caldwell Senior Center



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