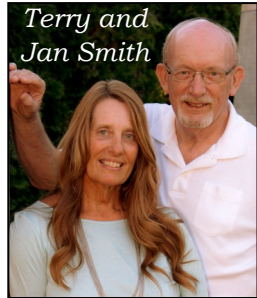


Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Ten Years of Senior Goldmine



Jan and I have lived in southwest Idaho for more than forty years. We created Senior Goldmine in 2010 out of a desire to honor and entertain the underappreciated seniors of the Treasure Valley.

What began as a small four-page newsletter in Canyon County has since grown to three editions covering five counties: Ada, Canyon, Payette, Washington and Malheur.

Today Senior Goldmine is distributed to more than 150 locations, including fifteen community senior centers and Meals-on-Wheels programs.

Now – 120 issues later – we are looking forward to many more years of putting smiles on the faces of our thousands of friends each month.

This month's special edition will include some of our favorite stories and jokes from the past 10 years. Enjoy!

A Love – and War – Story

(Editor's Note: This story from our February 2011 issue is an all-time favorite)

John Baker stood up from the bench, straightened his Navy uniform, and studied the crowd of people making their way through Grand Central Station. He looked for the girl whose heart he knew, but whose face he didn't, the girl with the rose. Miss Emily Morris.



The two had been pen pals for the last year and a half – she had been given his name at random by a military support group. He was stationed in Europe near the close of WWII – she was from a small town in Pennsylvania. For eighteen months the two grew to know each other through their letters. Emily's thoughtful words and caring spirit struck a chord with John. A romance began to bloom.

John requested a photograph, but she refused. She felt that if he really cared, it wouldn't matter what she looked like. When the day finally came for him to return from Europe, they eagerly scheduled their first meeting -

7:00 PM at the Grand Central Station in New York.

"Carry my letters so I'll know it's you. You'll recognize me," she wrote, "by the red rose I'll be wearing on my lapel."

So there he was in the station looking for a girl whose heart he loved, but whose face he'd never seen. I'll let John tell you what happened:

A young woman was coming toward me, looking as if she recognized me. She had a long, slim figure, soft blonde curls, and sky-blue eyes, wearing a pale-green suit. I started toward her, failing to notice she was not wearing a rose. "Welcome home, sailor," she said quietly.

As I took one step closer to her, I suddenly noticed a woman almost directly behind her – wearing a red rose on an old brown coat.

(Continued on page 2)



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Late to a Funeral

(from the October 2013 issue)

As a guitarist, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery in the back country. As I was not familiar with the back-woods, I got lost.

I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch.

I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late. I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play.

The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around.

I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I played like I've never played before.

And as I played "Amazing Grace," the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished, I packed up my guitar and started for my car. Though my head hung low, my heart was full.

As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."



A Love—and War—Story *(Continued from page 1)*

It must be Emily. But this was a woman well past 40, she had graying hair tucked under a worn hat. She was quite plump, to be honest, and looked rather tired and worn.



The slender blonde in the green suit was quickly walking away. I felt torn in two, wanting to follow her, and yet not wanting to let go of the love that had truly blossomed over the last months.

But I turned away from the young girl, toward the lady wearing the red rose. Her pale face was gentle and sensible; her gray eyes had a warm and kindly twinkle. I did not hesitate, my fingers tightly gripping the bundle of letters I carried.

Perhaps this would not be love, but it could be something even more precious, a friendship for which I would ever be grateful. I squared my shoulders and saluted, then held out the letters to the woman, trying to hide my disappointment. "I'm Lieutenant John Baker, and you must be Miss Emily Morris. I am so glad you could meet me; may I take you to dinner?"



The woman's face broadened into a smile. "I don't know what this is about, son," she answered, "but the young lady in the green suit who just went by, she begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said if you were to ask me out to dinner, I should tell you that she is waiting for you in the restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of test!"



I stammered a quick thanks to the kind lady, gave her a peck on the cheek, and hurried across the street. That was more than 60 years ago, and I am so happy I made the right choice that day.

And so is Mrs. Emily Baker.

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Don't Mess with Myra!

(From the March 2014 issue)

Myra, a little old lady living alone, answered a knock on the door one day. There stood a well-dressed young man carrying a vacuum cleaner.



“Good morning, Ma'am,” said the young man. “If I could take a couple minutes of your time, I would like to demonstrate the very latest in high-powered vacuum cleaners.”

“Go away!” said Myra brusquely. “I'm broke and haven't got any money,” and she proceeded to close the door.

Quick as a flash, the young man wedged his foot in the door and pushed it wide open. “Don't be too hasty,” he commanded. “Not until you have at least seen my demonstration.” And with that, he emptied a bucket of horse manure onto her entryway carpet.

“Now, if this vacuum cleaner does not remove all traces of this horse manure from your carpet, Madam, I will personally eat the remainder.”

Myra stepped back and said with a smile, “Well let me get you a spoon, young man, because they cut off my electricity this morning.”

Dust to Dust

(from the November 2016 issue)

Dust if you must,
but wouldn't it be better
To paint a picture
or write a letter,
Bake a cake or plant a seed,
Ponder the difference
between want and need?

Dust if you must,
but there's not much time,
With rivers to swim
and mountains to climb,
Music to hear
and books to read,
Friends to cherish
and life to lead.

Dust if you must,
but the world's out there,
With the sun in your eyes,
the wind in your hair,
A flutter of snow,
a shower of rain.
This day will not
come around again.

Dust if you must,
but bear in mind,
Old age will come
and it's not too kind.
And when you go
– and go you must-
You, yourself,
will make some dust.

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Buried in the Garden

(From the July 2013 issue)

An old Italian gentleman lived alone in New Jersey. He wanted to plant his annual tomato garden, but it was very difficult work, and the ground was hard.

His only son, Vincent, who used to help him, was in prison. The old man wrote his son a letter and described his predicament.



"Dear Vincent, I am feeling pretty sad because it looks like I won't be able to plant my tomatoes this year. I'm just getting too old to be digging up a garden plot. I know if you were here you would be happy to dig the plot for me like in the old days. Wish you were here. Love, Papa."

A few days later he received a letter from his son:
"Dear Papa. Don't dig up that garden. That's where the bodies are buried. Love, Vinnie."

At 6 a.m. the next morning, FBI agents and local police arrived and dug up the entire garden area without finding any bodies. They apologized to the old man and left.



The next day, the old man received another letter from his son:

"Dear Papa, Go ahead and plant the tomatoes now. That's the best I can do under the circumstances. Love, Vinnie."

Autumn Artistry

By Woody Smith, 1969

(From the November 2017 issue)

The time of year will soon be here
When nature dons her Autumn dress,
To splash the hills and paint the rills
With crimson blush of her caress.

The tangy smell I love so well
Of Juniper and giant Pine
Pervades the air like perfume rare
— An incense spread by Hand Divine.

The leaves embossed by nip of frost
Now dip and flutter from the willow,
Embracing earth for all they're worth
They seek at last their winter pillow.

My neighbor's hounds
with anguished sounds
Pursue their wild, elusive quarry,
Whose frantic flight through starlit night
Adds zest and thrill to Autumn story.

The hoot of owl and coyote's howl
My evening reverie disturb;
I feel a chill no act of will
Can ever quite completely curb.

Elk's bugling call
to challenge all
Wafts from the canyons of the river;
From peak to peak — a sound unique
That causes mortal man to shiver.

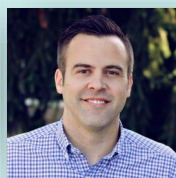
The smoky haze of Autumn days
Now muffles all earth's tinted glory;
But I, in awe, detect no flaw
Within God's great "continued story."



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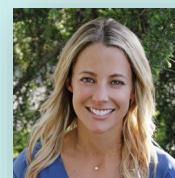
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Government Bull

(From the October 2013 issue)

A Federal drug agent stopped at a ranch in Texas and talked to an old rancher. He told the rancher, "I need to inspect your ranch for illegally grown drugs."

The rancher said, "Okay, but don't go into that field over there," as he pointed out the location.

The agent verbally exploded and said, "Look mister, I have the authority of the federal government with me!"

Reaching into his rear back pocket, the arrogant officer removed his badge and proudly displayed it to the rancher. "See this badge?! This badge means I can go wherever I want... on any land! No questions asked, no answers given! Do you understand old man?!"

The rancher nodded, apologized, and went about his chores.

Moments later the rancher heard loud screams, he looked up and saw the DEA agent running for his life, being chased by the rancher's huge Black Angus bull



With every step the big bull was gaining ground on the officer, and it was likely that he'd sure enough get gored before he reached safety. The officer was clearly terrified.

The old rancher threw down his tools, ran as fast as he could to the fence, and yelled at the top of his lungs.....

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Savings Plan *(From the October 2013 issue)*

Little Johnny walked in the door, a smile on his face.

"Hey, Dad, good news!"

"Oh?" said Dad, reading his newspaper.

"Remember you promised to pay me ten dollars if I passed in math?"

Johnny's dad looked up from his newspaper and nodded.

"Well," said Little Johnny brightly, "I just saved you ten bucks!"

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Esther Michaelis
October 7, 1914—106 years
Nampa Park Place



Norma Massey
Sept 12, 1921—99 years
Caldwell Lenity



Beverly Roscoe
Sept 2, 1925—95 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



George "Irl" Chansler
Oct 11, 1926—94 yrs
Nampa Park Place



Ralph Russu
October 3, 1927—93 yrs
Caldwell Senior Center



Jean Mattson
October 25, 1928—92 years
Nampa Sunnyridge

No License Needed

(From the February 2015 issue)



My neighbor was working in his yard when he was startled by an old Buick that came crashing through his hedge and ended up in his front yard.

He rushed to help an elderly lady driver out of the car and sat her down on his front steps.

"My goodness," he said with excitement. "Are you OK?"

"Oh, I'm fine," she said. "Nothing like this has ever happened to me before."

"Well, ma'am," he said, "if you don't mind me saying so, are you sure you should be driving at your age?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am 97 years old, and I'm old enough where I don't even need a driver's license anymore!"

The man was taken aback by that bold statement. "What do you mean, you don't need a license anymore?" he asked.

"Well," she replied proudly. "The last time I went to my doctor's, he examined me and checked my reflexes and my eyes. They must have been fine, because he asked me if I had a driver's license.

"I told him, yes, and handed it to him. Then he took scissors out of the drawer, cut my license into pieces and threw it in the wastebasket."

'You won't need this anymore,' he said, so I thanked him and left."

Short season *(From the November 2017 issue)*



On the first day of the deer hunting season, a hunter fell out of a tree stand and broke his leg.

"Why couldn't this happen on my last day of hunting?!" the hunter cried to the doctor who was setting a cast on his leg.

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So You Think You Know Everything!

(from the March 2015 issue)

- ◆ It's impossible to sneeze with your eyes open.
- ◆ Leonardo Da Vinci invented the scissors.
- ◆ Maine is the only state whose name is just one syllable.
- ◆ No word in the English language rhymes with month, orange, silver, or purple.
- ◆ On a Canadian two dollar bill, the flag flying over the Parliament building is an American flag.
- ◆ Our eyes are always the same size from birth, but our nose and ears never stop growing.
- ◆ Peanuts are one of the ingredients of dynamite.
- ◆ Rubber bands last longer when refrigerated.
- ◆ "Stewardesses" is the longest word typed with only the left hand and "lollipop" with your right.

WRONG E-MAIL ADDRESS *(from the January 2012 issue)*

A Minneapolis couple decided to go to Florida last January to thaw out during a particularly icy winter. They planned to stay at the same hotel where they spent their honeymoon 20 years earlier.

Because of hectic schedules, it was difficult to coordinate their travel schedules. So, the husband left Minnesota and flew to Florida on Thursday, with his wife flying down the following day.

The husband checked into the hotel. There was a computer in his room, so he decided to send an email to his wife. However, he accidentally left out one letter in her email address, and without realizing his error, sent the email.

Meanwhile, somewhere in Houston, a widow had just returned home from her husband's funeral. He was a minister who was called home to glory following a sudden heart attack.

The widow decided to check her emails expecting messages with condolences from relatives and friends. After reading the first message, she screamed and fainted.

The widow's son rushed into the room, found his mother on the floor, and saw the computer screen which read:

To: My Loving Wife
Subject: I've Arrived
Date: January 16, 2012

I know you're surprised to hear from me, honey. They have computers here now and you are allowed to send emails to your loved ones. I've just arrived and have been checked in.

I've seen that everything has been prepared for your arrival tomorrow. Looking forward to seeing you then!!!! Hope your journey is as uneventful as mine was.



P. S. Sure is terribly hot down here!!!!

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- CALVIN TRILLIN



(From our May 2012 issue)



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Thanks for the Peanuts!

(from the March 2014 issue)

The minister was visiting with an elderly woman from his congregation.

As he sat on the couch, he noticed a large bowl of peanuts on the coffee table.



"Do you mind if I have a few?" he asked.

"No, not at all, help yourself," says the little old lady.

They chat away for an hour or so, and as the minister stands up to leave, he notices to his horror that instead of eating just a few peanuts as he had intended, he has emptied the entire bowl while they were talking.

"I'm so terribly sorry for eating all of your peanuts," he apologizes.

"Oh, that's all right," says the little old lady. "I'm glad you can still enjoy them. Ever since I lost my teeth, all I can do is suck the chocolate off of them."

I accidentally played Dad instead of dead when I encountered a bear in the woods. Now it can ride a bike without training wheels.

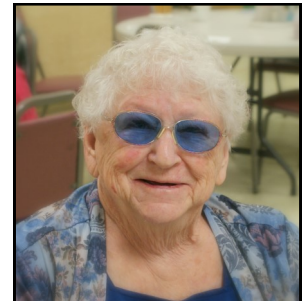
Milestones



Lois Daynes
October 9, 1929—91 years
Nampa Park Place



Patricia Reisig
October 18, 1930—90 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



Ila Bowman
October 28, 1930—90 years
Caldwell Senior Center



Sarah Darah
October 29, 1930—90 years
Nampa Sunnyridge

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Barbara Nordquist
October 17, 1940—80 years
Nampa Senior Center

