

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

### “Woody” and “Boots” - A Wartime Romance

In the fall of 1941, a small college campus in a small town in Idaho seemed like a good place to be for a young man from the Midwest. Woody had hitchhiked all the way from his home in Minnesota the year before to attend school and train to be a pastor.

Across campus, a young lady from a small town in Oregon was wondering if she was in the right place. The student body of several hundred students seemed huge compared to the tiny high school Dorothy had attended. She would soon learn why she was there.

Since the first day he spotted her in the campus coffee shop – the “Bean” – Woody was smitten. Dorothy, on the other hand, saw him as a popular ladies’ man on campus. Not to be discouraged, Woody turned on the charm with her every chance he could, with little result.

Then came December 7, 1941. Pearl Harbor changed everything.

Woody, along with dozens of other men in his class, enlisted.

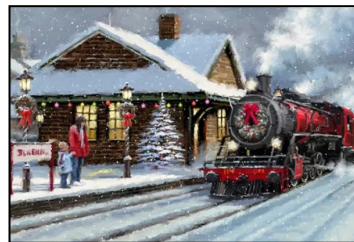
When it came time to catch the bus that would take him to Naval Training, he invited Dorothy to see him and the other boys off at the depot. A fairly sizable crowd had gathered to wish them well. Cries of “God bless you, boys!” and “Good luck!” filled the air as they boarded.

Woody looked out the bus window and saw Dorothy standing there in her warm coat and cute winter boots and knew he had to act fast. Opening the window, he hollered out to her, “I need your address!” He knew she would be headed home for Christmas and wouldn’t be coming back to school after the holiday. She quickly jotted down her home address and handed it to him through the window just before the bus pulled away.



*(Continued on page 2)*

### To Our Children:



### Are you going home for Christmas?

Have you written you'll be there?

Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care?

Going home to greet the father in a way to make him glad?

If you're not I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had.

Just sit down and write a letter -- it will make their heart strings hum.

With a tune of perfect gladness -- if you'll tell them that you'll come.

*- Edgar A. Guest*



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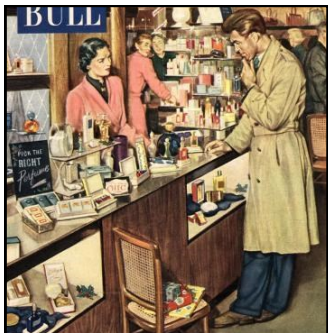
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**Late Christmas Shopping**



On Christmas Eve, Ned was desperate to find a gift for his wife. Always short of money, he thought long and hard about what that present might be.

Unable to decide, Ned went to Target and in the cosmetics section he asked the lady, "I'd like to see some perfume." She showed him a bottle costing \$150.

"Too expensive," muttered Ned. The young lady returned with a smaller bottle for \$50.

"Oh, no," he complained. "Still far too much."

Growing rather annoyed at Ned's attitude, the sales girl brought out a tiny \$10 bottle and offered it to him.

Ned became really agitated, "What I mean," he whined, "I'd like to see something really cheap."

So the sales girl handed him a mirror.

**"Woody" and "Boots"** *Continued from Page 1*

Weeks later, the first letter from Woody arrived from Basic Training. "Dear Boots,..." it began. And so began a "courtship by mail." While there had been a few sparks while they were on campus, something really special took place as those letters flew back and forth over the next many months between Woody, the handsome sailor, and Boots, the cute small-town coed.

While those love letters remain private, a letter from Woody to his mother gives a hint about what happened:

*16 June 1944* – "I sent Boots the ring set last Friday. I'd had it for some time, but thought I might save it until I came home. If the Lord is willing, I'd like to send for her and have her come down and we'd be married."

And from Boots to Woody's mother:

*22 June 1944* – "I suppose you have heard by now from Elwood. I received my engagement ring last week. It is the most gorgeous thing! I just love it!!"



And so, while on short leave from his naval station on San Clemente Island, Woody met Boots in Bellflower, California, where they were married on 30 September, 1944.

After serving in the South Pacific until the end of the war, Woody and Boots returned to the campus of Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa, where he would be elected Student Body President. In November 1946, their first son was born on the campus in Samaritan Hospital. After graduation, Woody and Boots moved

to Washington State where they pastored in several communities. They added three more boys and a baby sister to the family.

Elwood "Woody" Smith passed away from brain cancer in 1973 at the age of 49. Dorothy "Boots" Wilde Smith, died at the age of 97 on November 15<sup>th</sup>, 2021 - her firstborn son's 75<sup>th</sup> birthday.

I was their second son. - *Terry Smith, Editor, Senior Goldmine*

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## How “Middle-Aged” Are You?

(Score 1 point for each statement that fits)

1. You can't sleep past 9:00 a.m.
2. You can't start a movie or listen to a radio program past 9:00 p.m.
3. You call your children or grandchildren for tech support on your phone or computer.
4. You used to fix typos with Wite-Out.
5. You've called a 30-year-old a “kid.”
6. You swap ailment stories with your friends.
7. You're on Facebook just to check on your friends but never post yourself.
8. You write appointments on a paper calendar.
9. You're not quite sure how you got that bruise.
10. You gain weight just by being near food.
11. You go into the bank to make a deposit or to get cash.
12. You know how to dial a rotary phone.
13. You still have a landline.
14. You can remember your childhood phone number and it has letters or less than 8 digits.
15. You often can't find your glasses, and lost them at least once on top of your head.

## No Parking

My wife and I went into town to do some Christmas shopping. When we came out, there was a cop writing out a parking ticket.

We went up to him and I said, “Come on man, how about giving a senior citizen a break?”

He just ignored us and continued writing the ticket.

Then I called him a heartless public servant.

He glared at me and started writing another ticket for having worn-out tires.

So my wife told him his mother would be ashamed of him.



He finished the second ticket and put it on the windshield with the first. Then he started writing more tickets.

This went on for about 20 minutes. The more we scolded him, the more tickets he wrote. He finally finished, sneered at us and walked away.

Then our bus arrived, and we got on it and went home.

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## Time is Relative

- The older I get, the earlier it gets late!
- Age 60 may be the new 40, but 9 pm is the new midnight!
- When I say, "the other day," I could be referring to any time between yesterday and 30 years ago.
- When you ask me what I am doing today, and I say "nothing," it does not mean I am free. It means I am doing nothing.
- I finally got eight hours of sleep. It took me three days, but whatever it takes.
- When someone asks what I did over the weekend, I squint and ask, "Why, what did you hear?"

## Caught 'Ya!

On Christmas Eve I saw an old man with a fishing rod outside my local coffee shop fishing in a puddle. He looked so cold!

So I said to him, "Come on inside and get warm and I'll buy you a hot drink." So we went inside and we sipped on a couple of fancy and expensive coffees.

Thinking I would humor him, I asked him, "How many have you caught today?"

He replied, "You're the eighth."

## Milestones



Ralph & Phyllis Wilson  
Nov 21, 1951—70 years  
Weiser

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To submit Milestone information, call Leanne at (208) 249-0827 or email her at [leanne@seniorgoldmine.com](mailto:leanne@seniorgoldmine.com)



Mary Caldwell  
Dec 20, 1941—80 years  
Payette

## The Mail Came Late

I pass by this old mailbox every day on my way to work. The old rusty box is nailed to an oak that has to be 150 years old.

After years of passing it by, I decided to open the box to see if anything was inside. After all, there isn't even a house nearby anyway. Any home it serviced long ago is torn down, I'm sure.

I found an old letter inside. I looked at the postmark date, and it said July 7, 1903!

The envelope was pretty faded and dusty. Due to age and moisture, the addressee on the envelope was not readable, so I opened up the envelope hoping to find some local history and a good story I could share with you.

The handwriting was quite elaborate, like someone had practiced their cursive writing at length. With great anticipation I read these words:

*"We have been trying to reach you about your vehicle's extended warranty."*



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