



# The Senior Scene



THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF  
THE SENIORS of the GROVE

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## Message From Kris

Spring-time. After our dreadful, seemingly unending winter it is delightful to be thinking about spring, and all that it holds for us. Usually fall is my favorite season, but I think in 2014 it will be spring. I am so anticipating the melting of the snow, the greening of the grass, the budding of the trees and the opportunity to dig in dirt and plant my flowers. I won't have my big gardens to tend to this year, but will enjoy my many pots, and am even planning on doing some herbs and tomatoes in pots this year. Warm sunshine, spring.

Renewal, revitalization, restoration, rebirth. I just re-read the poem "If I Had My Life to Live Over" by Nadine Stair, you know the poem, "I'd dare to make more mistakes next time. I'd relax, I would limber up. I would be sillier than I've been this trip. ... If I had my life to live over, I would start barefoot earlier in the spring and stay that way later in the fall. I would go to more dances. I would ride more merry-go-rounds. I would pick more daisies" I think that many of us look back and question what might have we done differently. Spring-time gives us permission to "start over". It is a time to think about, imagine, and do things that give you joy and restoration. We've been cooped up and snowed in for so long, it is now time to get out and stretch, move and renew. Whether it is stretching your muscles or your brainpower, starting a new project or digging out of one that you've had for a long time.

I'm not sure yet what this spring holds for me, but I feel energized right now to grow and stretch. I can't wait to experience the outdoors and see all the discoveries with my one-year-old grandson. I know we will have great adventures and learning opportunities. I also know I'm anxious to get my bike out and explore new trails and paths, see how far I can go, and maybe even load it up and explore other parts of Minnesota. I am excited to see

what plants I can use and pots I can create to decorate my "new" yard and landscape. I'm at the what's next stage, I want to keep reaching and learning and growing and renewing.

How about you? What does spring-time hold for you? Is there a class you want to start, or a program you've always been curious about, but never attended? Maybe you want to start moving more, seeing more of Maple Grove, or even take an exotic trip? How can you renew, grow, and "pick more daisies"?

Here is hoping you can find fun & joy in the warming, growing days of spring-time.

*Kris*



*My face in the mirror  
Isn't wrinkled or drawn.  
My house isn't dusty  
The cobwebs are gone.  
My garden looks lovely  
And so does my lawn.  
I think I might never  
Put my glasses back on!*

# It's Now Officially Spring

## Spring Tips for Lawn Care

It's been a long, cold winter, and spring, is welcomed with a big HURRAH!. We have some tips from a Maple Grove Master Gardener to help us with our spring and summer lawn care and gardening chores.

### Early June

1. Crabgrass, along with other warm season annual grasses are, or soon will be, germinating in lawns. Once crabgrass has emerged from the ground, control strategies have to be considered.
2. Select products that are specific to visible, actively growing crabgrass plants only.
3. Products labeled as grass killers are usually designed to kill all kinds of grasses, including lawn grasses, not just crabgrass. Read the label carefully as to whether or not it is a product that is safe for use on lawn grasses.
4. Be sure that the lawn grasses are not under any kind of heat or drought stress; permanent injury can occur.
5. Treating weeds while they are small and tender is more effective than trying to control larger, more mature plants.



Grass clippings should be returned to the lawn whenever possible. Because grass clippings easily decompose once they are in contact with the soil, they do not contribute to thatch buildup.

Grass clippings are a valuable organic source of nutrients, especially nitrogen.

Shallow and infrequent watering will only weaken the roots of your grass, which will allow crabgrass to thrive and take over. Water lawns deeply and less frequently. When you water, wet the soil to a depth of four to six inches. This usually requires the equivalent of one-half to one inch of rainfall.

Water early in the morning when temperatures are cool and winds are light. This puts more water into the lawn for grass plants to use and less lost to evaporation.

## Pruning:

First, an important warning. Do not prune any oak tree during the months of April, May, or June. To do so leaves them more vulnerable to the deadly oak wilt fungus. Wait until late summer or have them pruned in winter. Avoid pruning elms too. The scent of freshly cut wood is thought to attract elm bark beetles that spread Dutch elm disease. Once temperatures are routinely above freezing in the daytime, trees are at serious risk of disease introduced through open wounds, so all tree pruning should be done by the first week of March.

Shrubs can be pruned now, but remember that pruning spring-flowering shrubs at this time will reduce flowering. This includes lilacs, forsythia, magnolia, rhododendron, azaleas, weigela, and some varieties of spiraea. If in doubt, wait until flowering is done before pruning. Pruning sooner will remove this spring's bloom buds.



## Perennials:

If you didn't divide perennials in the fall, it can easily be done before new growth appears. Once the new growth appears, you can still divide, but it just won't be as tidy. This is a good time to move plants that may not have been well placed last season.

. Marilyn Arlund, Master Gardener and  
Maple Grove Deputy Fire Marshall

*Summer afternoon, summer afternoon,  
summer afternoon; to me those  
have always been the two most beautiful  
words in the English language.*

... Henry James

# Happenings in the Grove

## Senior Book Club

Energize your reading with new and different book selections followed by stimulating discussions! Books are selected from the Book Kits offered by the Hennepin County library system. One book is read each month, and copies of the books are available from Kris. Meetings are monthly on the first Wednesday of every month from 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. New members are welcome anytime! Come join us.

## Reading List for the next few months

### May's discussion:

*All Over but the Shoutin'*

By Rick Bragg

Rick Bragg seemed destined for either the cotton mills or the penitentiary. Instead he became a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for the New York Times. This is the first volume in a trilogy.

### June's discussion:

*Lake Wobegon Days*

By Garrison Keillor

Garrison Keillor paints a vivid word picture of the fictional small town of Lake Wobegon, Minnesota, "where all the women are strong, all the men are good-looking, and all the children are above average."

### August's discussion:

*The Pilot's Wife*

By Anita Shreve

Kathryn Lyons has just lost her husband, Trans-Atlantic pilot Jack Lyons, in a terrible plane crash. As she grieves for the man she loved and thought she knew so well, Kathryn rapidly comes to discover that she may not have known him at all.

## Maple Grove Fire-Rescue Program

The Maple Grove Fire Department (MGFD) has a program to help Maple Grove seniors ensure they have working smoke alarms in their homes. MGFD will change out alarm batteries free of charge, thanks to a grant from Energizer. Smoke alarms must be less than ten years old.

If your smoke alarms are ten years old or older, MGFD will provide information and guidance on purchasing new smoke alarms. Once you have purchased new smoke alarms, MGFD will install them for you free of charge.

MGFD also has funds available to purchase new smoke alarms for Maple Grove seniors or mobility impaired citizens who are on fixed or limited incomes. To qualify, at least one person in the household must be age 60 or older, or disabled. Net income for a one-person household must be under \$23,075.00. For a two-person household, net income must be \$26,375.00. Funds are limited under. For more information, or to schedule an appointment, please contact Deputy Fire Marshal Marilyn Arnlund at 763-494-6091 or email her at

[Arnlund@MapleGroveMN.gov](mailto:Arnlund@MapleGroveMN.gov)

## Maple Grove History Center

With the weather changing to spring sooner or later, our thoughts are turning to changing our current display. We are considering bridal gowns. Do you have a gown you would be willing to loan to the History Center along with a short story? We have four or five offers, but would like more.

We want to begin setting up this display in April so everything will be ready for our Open House on July 13. If you are interested in showing your gown – it will likely be on display for six months – please let us know by calling Joyce at 763-420-5745



# How's Your Sense of Humor Today?

A man wanted a boat more than anything, but his wife kept saying no. He bought one anyway, but he told her that in the spirit of compromise, he would let her name the boat. Being a good sport, she accepted.



When her husband went to the dock for the boat's maiden voyage, he saw painted on the side, "For Sale."

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"When I was a kid," the old man said, "my mother could send me to the store, and I'd get a salami, two pints of milk, six oranges, two loaves of bread, a magazine and a pair of blue jeans, all for a dollar! But you can't do that anymore. They've got those darn video cameras everywhere you look."

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Seeing the rough crashing waves at the beach, a scared bather asked the lifeguard, "Do people drown here often?" "Nope," replied the lifeguard. "No one ever drowns here more than once."

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An eight-year-old girl decided she could make brownies all by herself and asked her mother for permission. She was given the okay but cautioned to read the instructions very carefully.

Some ten minutes later, the mother looked in the kitchen. There was her daughter with her hands in a bowl, and they were covered with chocolate mix.

"What are you doing?" the mother asked.

The girl calmly replied, "It said to mix by hand"

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A local bartender believed he was the strongest man around. To prove it, the bar had a standing \$1,000 offer: the bartender would squeeze a lemon until all the juice ran into a glass and then give the lemon to a patron. Anyone who could squeeze out one more drop would win the money.

Weight lifters, longshoremen and others tried, but no one could do it. One night a scrawny man came into the bar and said, "I'd like to try the bet for that \$1,000." Everyone laughed as the bartender squeezed the lemon dry and handed it over.

But the bar went silent as the man squeezed out six more drops.

"What do you do for a living?" the stunned bartender asked, "lumberjack? Ninja? what?"

"IRS agent" the man calmly replied.



Income tax returns are the most imaginative fiction being written today.

*Herman Wouk,*

*Author of The Caine Mutiny and The Winds of War*

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On the first day of school, a kindergarten teacher told her class, "If anyone has to use the bathroom, hold up two fingers."

A small voice from the back of the room asked, "How will that help?"

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An old man visiting his family asked his granddaughter if he could borrow her newspaper.

"This is the 21st century," she replied. "We don't waste money on newspapers. Here, use my iPad. Grandfather did, and that fly never knew what hit him."



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Doctor: "I can't find the cause of your liver trouble, Henry, but offhand, I'd say it's due to heavy drinking."

Patient: "I understand, Doc. Why don't I just come back when you are sober."

~~~~~

When the driver stopped the bus to pick up Chris for nursery school, she noticed an older woman hugging him as he left the house.

"Is that your grandmother?"

"Yes, she came to visit us for the Fourth of July."

"How nice. Where does she live?"

"At the airport. Whenever we want her, we just go

# Where Were You Last Night?

## Being “Different” in Minnesota

Minnesotans are, in general, very polite people. They don't want to hurt anyone's feelings, so if they think something you say or do is a bit weird, they'll probably say, “*Well that's different,*” with strong emphasis on the *that's* – along with a raised eyebrow or two.

Now, suppose you are walking in your sleep. Your behavior could certainly generate that sort of comment, and in this case, it would be true. You are different. No one should be able to do that, or so the speaker at a sleep seminar I attended told us. He said that muscles are supposed to be temporarily paralyzed when you are dreaming in REM sleep. But for some of us, that just doesn't happen. We are perfectly capable of acting out whatever we are dreaming. So sleepwalkers are definitely *different*, but it's not their fault – and, believe me, it can be a problem.

I'll give you an example. One sunny afternoon recently, I was very sleepy and decided to take a nap, something I rarely do. The next thing I knew, my husband of 62 years, was saying loudly, “**wake up.**” I sort of halfway did, and realized I was standing with a lighted flashlight in my hand in broad daylight, surrounded by sheets, blankets, pillows, and even the mattress pad from my now naked bed.

That truly woke me up, and it did seem the situation required an explanation. So I had to tell him about the two beetles I had seen crawling toward me on the bed and then suddenly disappearing. I had to find them and get rid of them – kill them is more accurate – because otherwise I could never go back to that bed. I hate insects!

By then, though, even I knew I must have been dreaming and there were no beetles. My husband, who has been through this sort of thing many times, just shook his head and went back to reading his book. He didn't even help me put the bed back together, but I didn't think it would be a good idea to complain. Okay, this was a bit *different*, but it was also certainly not my fault.

And in my favor, I have to say most of my dream excursions are quite benign and I don't leave the house. Well, okay, there was the one time in San Diego when some woman asked me to meet her at the motel's ice machine, and my long-suffering husband caught me out in the hall in my pajamas and bare feet; but that was unusual and it was as far as I got – thanks to him, of course.

I suppose you could also count the time the paperboy came to our bedroom window and told me I had better get up and take the paper in because it was raining hard – we still lived in Minneapolis at the time. I did what he told me, and woke up abruptly when I stepped out into several inches of snow in my bare feet. It was the middle of the night and there was no paperboy in sight. But I don't really count that as leaving the house.

One drawback for sleepwalking mothers is that small children are frightened should they wake up in the night and see their mother standing over their bed, staring at them, never blinking, not answering their frantic cries of “mother, mother, mother” with each “mother” showing a bit more panic. I am sorry about that, but as adults my children do seem to be quite normal.

I'm told that if no one wakes you up, you can go back to bed and have no memory of even having been up or of what you did. Maybe it's true, but apparently my family is too vigilant for me to know firsthand.

I just want to say, if you meet any sleepwalkers and they do something “different,” I hope you will remember that it's probably not their fault and give them a little slack. They will appreciate it.

... *an anonymous Maple Grove resident*



This is not me!

## *This Is Important!*

### **A NURSE'S HEART ATTACK EXPERIENCE**

As an ER nurse, I know that female heart attacks are different, but this is the best description of the event that I have ever heard.

Women rarely have the same dramatic symptoms men have—you know, the sudden stabbing pain in the chest, the cold sweat, grabbing the chest and dropping to the floor that we see in movies. Here is the first-person story of one woman's experience with a heart attack.

I had a heart attack at about 10:30 PM with NO prior exertion, NO prior emotional trauma one would suspect might have brought it on. I was sitting all snugly and warm on a cold evening, with my purring cat in my lap, reading an interesting story a friend had sent me, and actually thinking, A-A-h, this is the life, all cozy and warm in my soft, cushy Lazy Boy with my feet propped up.

A moment later, I felt that awful sensation of indigestion you get when you're in a hurry and grab a bite of sandwich and wash it down with a dash of water. That hurried bite feels like you've got a golf ball going down the esophagus in slow motion. It is most uncomfortable. You realize you shouldn't have gulped it down so fast and needed to chew it more thoroughly and this time drink a glass of water to hasten its progress down to the stomach. This was my initial sensation--the only trouble was I hadn't taken a bite of anything since about 5:00 p.m.

After it seemed to subside, the next sensation was little squeezing motions that seemed to be racing up my spine—in hind-sight, it was probably my aorta spasms gaining speed as they continued racing up and under my sternum (breast bone) where one presses rhythmically when administering CPR.

This continued on into my throat and branched out into both jaws. AHA!! NOW I stopped puzzling about what was happening—we all have read or heard about pain in the jaws being one of

the signals of a Myocardia Infarction (MI). I said aloud to myself and the cat, Dear God, I think I'm having a heart attack!

I lowered the foot rest dumping the cat from my lap, started to take a step, and fell on the floor instead. I thought to myself, If this is a heart attack, I shouldn't be walking into the next room where the phone is or anywhere else—on the other hand, if I don't, nobody will know I need help, and if I wait any longer I may not be able to get up.

I pulled myself up with the arms of the chair, walked slowly to the phone and dialed 911. I said I thought I was having a heart attack because of the pressure building under the sternum. Then I just stated the facts. She said she was sending the paramedics over immediately, asked if the front door was near to me, and if so, to un-bolt the door and then lie down on the floor or sit down where they could see me when they came in, and take an aspirin.

I unlocked the door and then I lay down on the floor as instructed and lost consciousness. I don't remember the medics coming in, their examination, lifting me onto a gurney or getting me into their ambulance, or hearing the call they made to St. Jude ER on the way. I did briefly awaken when we arrived and saw that someone was already there in surgical blues and cap, helping the medics pull my stretcher out of the ambulance. He was bending over me asking questions, probably something like "Have you taken any medications"? but I couldn't make my mind, interpret what he was saying or form an answer. I nodded off again, not waking up until the cardiologist and partner had already threaded the teeny angiogram balloon up my femoral artery into the aorta and into my heart where they installed two side by side stents to hold open my right coronary artery.

I know it sounds like all my thinking and actions at home must have taken at least 20-30 minutes before calling 911, but actually it took perhaps 4-5 minutes before the call, and both the fire station and St Jude are only minutes from my home, and my cardiologist was already in his scrubs ready to

*(Continued on page 7)*

# More Important Information

(Continued from page 6)

## Heart Attack

go to the OR and get going on restarting my heart – which had stopped somewhere between my arrival and the procedure – and installing the stents.

Why have I written all of this to you with so much detail? Because I want everyone to know what I learned first hand.

Be aware that something very different is happening in your body, not the usual men's symptoms but inexplicable things happening (until my sternum and jaws got into the act). It is said that many more women than men die of their first (and last) heart attack because they didn't know they were having one and commonly mistake it as indigestion, take some Maalox or other anti-heartburn preparation and go to bed, hoping they'll feel better in the morning – which doesn't happen.

Your symptoms might not be exactly like mine, so I advise you to call 911 if ANYTHING unpleasant that you've never felt before is happening. It's better to have a false alarm visitation than to risk your life guessing what it might be!

Note that I said Call 911. And, if you can, take an aspirin. TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!

Do NOT try to drive yourself to the ER – you are a hazard to others on the road.

Do NOT have your panicked husband drive. He will be speeding and looking anxiously at what's happening with you instead of the road.

Do NOT call your doctor -- he doesn't know where you live and if it's at night you won't reach him anyway, and if it's daytime, his assistants (or answering service) will tell you to call 911. He doesn't carry the equipment in his car that you need to be saved! The paramedics do: principally the OXYGEN you need ASAP. Your doctor will be notified later.

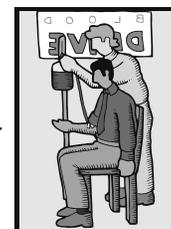
Don't assume it couldn't be a heart attack because

you have a normal cholesterol count. Research has discovered that an elevated cholesterol reading is rarely the cause of an MI (unless it's unbelievably high and/or accompanied by high blood pressure). MIs are usually caused by long-term stress and inflammation in the body, which dumps all sorts of deadly hormones into your system to sludge things up in there. Pain in the jaw can wake you from a sound sleep. Be careful and be aware. The more you know, the better chance you could survive.

*Note: Judy Granahan, a cardiac nurse had this article checked by two major cardiology groups in Minneapolis.*

## Surprising Fact

After needing thirteen liters of blood for a surgery at the age of thirteen, a man named James Harrison pledged to donate blood once he turned eighteen. It was discovered that his blood contained a rare antigen which cured Rhesus disease, a form of severe anemia in babies. He has donated blood a record thousand times and saved two million lives.



## Another Surprising Fact

During the Siege of Leningrad in WWII, nine Soviet scientists died of starvation while protecting the world's largest seed bank, refusing to eat what they saw as their country's future.



# A Time Before Us

## We Pause to Remember

The following is an excerpt from a Memorial Day speech prepared by Lt. Kasey Pipes in 2007.

*When he dedicated the battlefield at Gettysburg in 1863, Lincoln spoke of the inadequacy of words on occasions such as these. "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.*

And so it is with us today. The eloquence of words cannot match the power of the sacrifices made by so many. We honor them. We praise them. We remember them, but we do something else also; we acknowledge that their struggle – the ancient struggle to be free – goes on today. Like rivers flowing to the sea, so, too, all the battles in our history are connected to the larger struggle for freedom.



### *Taps*

*Day is done...gone the sun  
From the lake...from the hills...*

*From the sky  
All is well...safely rest  
God is nigh.*

*Fading light, dims the sight,  
And a star gems the sky,  
gleaming bright.  
From afar, drawing nigh,  
falls the night.*

## The Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg

When the Gettysburg battle was fought 150 years ago, there were no national military cemeteries. Often soldiers were buried by their comrades right where they fell.

On July 4, 1863, the bodies of 8,900 soldiers who were killed on that one day had to be buried. The Provost Marshall asked for volunteers from among the local farmers and townspeople to help with the burials. At first, only the Union soldiers were buried. Confederate soldiers were left where they had fallen until it was decided that the honorable thing to do was to bury all the fallen.

Some bodies were buried in a local cemetery, some in shallow graves on the battlefield, others on scattered pieces of government land, and still others wherever a place in the countryside could be found. In late July of 1863, Pennsylvanians decided to create a state-funded cemetery for the war-dead at Gettysburg, and they asked the states whose soldiers had fought there to help fund the purchase of land and to aid in designing a cemetery. All contributed, and Soldiers' Cemetery was born.

By October of 1863, bodies were being exhumed and reinterred in the new cemetery, and by the time President Lincoln spoke at the Consecration Ceremony on November 29 of that year, 1,188 bodies had been interred there. In 1872, the cemetery was ceded to the Department of War, and it became a National Military Cemetery



*This urn in the Minnesota section of Gettysburg Cemetery was dedicated to the 1st Minnesota Infantry in 1869 by their comrades who had survived the battle.*

# If These Walls Could Talk...

## They Would Be A Buzzin'



Last fall the farmhouse in Dayton that witnessed my own birth as well as the births of my mother, Bernadine Trombley, and my brother, Jerry Scherber, was torn

down. As I watched the glass windows shatter and the sturdy walls cave in, I found myself reflecting on all the events that occurred in this little house since it was constructed before 1900.

If these walls could talk, they would tell of life's great sorrows and joys. My mother's brother, Gordon Trombley, six years old, died at home from pneumonia. Later this humble Dayton homestead served as a reception hall when my parents got married. The wedding dinner was served in the kitchen.



I remember my grandma cooking dinners for the threshing crew of neighbors who helped to harvest the crops. Over the years many loaves of freshly baked bread – baked in the iron cook stove – adorned the kitchen table. And the pantry was home to the little blue granite can with its tight cover where Grandma kept her brown sugar.

As a child I remember the house held countless treasures, like the buffalo skin hide on the day bed. It was originally used for warmth by my Grandpa when he transported Bernadine and the teachers who boarded upstairs to school in the cutter sled. On laundry day, my grandmother rolled out a gasoline-powered washing machine to clean the family's clothes.

The living room was furnished with a piano, a mohair sofa and chair and, in later years, a space heater. Holidays at the farm were especially magi-

cal. Our anticipation of Thanksgiving dinner was topped only by our eagerness to slide down the big snow-covered hill toward the creek on our sleds. Each Christmas a freshly cut tree was placed inside, but no presents would appear until the children were nestled snug in their beds. Then Santa would arrive.

The attic held a mystery all its own, with the odd piece of furniture and the long discarded trunk. Best of all was the wonderful Victrola complete with old-time records. Both Jerry and I remember escaping into the attic's solitude, cranking the Victrola's handle and listening to Al Jolson.

Eventually my grandma left her Dayton home and came to live with us in Osseo, but the house continued to provide shelter for many renters throughout the next decades before it was abandoned. For the past several years, it stood empty – or at least we thought it was.



Last fall, as the old farmhouse was being demolished, the last guests made their departure. We heard the unmistakable buzzing of bees, and several local beekeepers were called in. Clad in their beekeeping gear of masks and suits, they removed siding from the house. Each time they carefully extracted chunks of honeycomb from the house – with a swarm of bees following. For two nights in a row, they pursued the queen bee and prepared to transport the colony.

When their work was done, they had uncovered three places where the bees had lived: by the chimney, in the roof and in the living room ceiling. Three queen bees and their respective drones were transported from the site in their new hives.

And now, for the first time in its 100-plus year history, the house is silent and its walls are no more.

*Joyce Deane,  
now a Maple Grove resident*

# Rightin' Well

## Corrections, If You Please

I might as well admit right off the bat that my family considers me a grammar-Nazi. In fact, one of them – I'm not sure which one – gave me a tee shirt with huge letters across the front saying, "I am the grammarian about whom your mother warned you."

That mite be why a friend recently sent me a publication witch is entirely devoted to grammar and the use, and misuse, of the English language. One article that caught the interest of the newsletter committee sighted numerous examples of miscues from various newsletters, newspapers, etc.

Now that's something we really worry about in printing the *Senior Scene*. Despite awl our proofreading, we sometimes find typos and other problems only after the newsletter has bin printed. Very frustrating, so it's nice to know other far more prestigious publications have the same problems.

One example sighted in the publication was taken from the *Pittsburg Times*, and it went something like this:

"Many of you called to razz us about an embarrassing typo concerning a San Diego where-house." The paper's editors – who obviously have a sense of humor – went on to say they could have blamed it on a werewolf loose in the newsroom, but they didn't think of that excuse at the time. They said they could even have blamed it on too-tight underwhere, but, as they went on to say, wear would that get them? They decided it would be best just to admit that their mental hard-where was on the fritz when they let that typo an-yware near print."

And this from our own *Minneapolis Star Tribune*, 3/7/14

It college worth it?

So far, the worst goof we have made in the *Senior Scene* occurred quite awhile ago when a serious article set in WW II went to the printer bearing a sentence that read "Iowa Jima" instead of "Iwo

Jima." Honestly, we do know the difference. Now, we have nothing against Iowa, but as far as we no it was not involved in the story we were trying to tell.

Unfortunately, this wasn't our only goof over the years, but it certainly did stand out. We wish we could tell you it snot our fault when these miscues happen, but we doubt you'd believe us, so it seems we might as well just follow the example of a much more prestigious publication that has the same problems and just blame our mental hard-where. We are quite sure our gentle readers will understand.

...*The Newsletter Committee*

Check your proofreading skills. See how many errors (not the underlined words) you can find in this article. If you are one of the sharp-eyed winners who find them all, we will give you a free subscription four the *Senior Scene*.

## Epic Discovery

We had an outage at my place this morning and my PC, laptop, TV, DVD, iPad, and my new surround sound music system were all shut down.

Then I discovered that my Smart Phone battery was down and, to top it off, it was snowing heavily outside so I couldn't go anywhere.

I went into the kitchen to make coffee and then I remembered that this also needs power, so I talked with my wife for a few hours.

She seems like a nice person.

... *Contributed by Robert Abraham and his very nice wife. P.S. He's nice, too.*



# UPS Humor

## Just in Case You Need A Laugh

As you read this, remember it takes a college degree to fly a plane but only a high school diploma to fix one. That's reassurance to those of us who fly routinely.



After every flight, UPS pilots fill out a form, called a gripe sheet, which tells mechanics about problems they had with the aircraft. The mechanics correct the problems, document their repairs on the form, and then pilots review the gripe sheets before the next flight.

Never let it be said that the ground crews lack a sense of humor. Here are some *actual* maintenance complaints submitted by UPS pilots (marked with a P) and the solutions recorded (marked with an S) by maintenance engineers:

**P:** Left inside main tire almost needs replacement.

**S:** Almost replaced left inside main tire.



**P:** Test flight OK except auto-land very rough.

**S:** Auto-land not installed on this aircraft.

**P:** Something loose in cockpit.

**S:** Something tightened in cockpit.

**P:** Dead bugs on windshield.

**S:** Live bugs on back-order.

**P:** Autopilot on altitude-hold mode produces a 200 feet per minute descent.

**S:** Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

**P:** Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

**S:** Evidence removed.

**P:** DME volume unbelievably loud.

**S:** DME volume set to more believable level.

**P:** Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

**S:** That's what friction locks are for.

**P:** IFF inoperative in OFF mode.

**S:** IFF always inoperative in OFF mode.

**P:** Suspected crack in windshield.

**S:** Suspect you're right.

**P:** Number 3 engine missing.

**S:** Engine found on right wing after brief search.

**P:** Aircraft handles funny. (I love this one.)

**S:** Aircraft warned to straighten up, fly right, and be serious.

**P:** Target radar hums.

**S:** Reprogrammed target radar with lyrics.

**P:** Mouse in cockpit.

**S:** Cat installed.



A lawyer and a senior citizen are sitting next to each other on a long flight. The lawyer is thinking that seniors are so dumb that he could get one over on them easily. So, the lawyer asks if the senior would like to play a fun game. The senior is tired and just wants to take a nap, so he politely declines and tries to catch a few winks.

The lawyer persists, saying that the game is a lot of fun... "I ask you a question and if you don't know the answer, you pay me only \$5.00. Then you ask me one and, if I don't know the answer, I will pay you \$500.00," he says. This catches the senior's attention and, to keep the lawyer quiet, he agrees to play the game. The lawyer asks the first question. "What's the distance from the earth to the moon?" The senior doesn't say a word, but reaches into his pocket, pulls out a five-dollar bill, and hands it to the lawyer.

Now, it's the senior's turn. He asks the lawyer, "What goes up a hill with three legs and comes down with four?" The lawyer uses his laptop to search all references he can find on the Net. He sends e-mails to all the smart friends he knows; all to no avail. After an hour of searching, he finally gives up. He wakes the senior and hands him \$500.00. The senior pockets the \$500.00 and goes right back to sleep.

The lawyer is going nuts not knowing the answer. He wakes the senior up and asks, "Well, so what goes up a hill with three legs and comes down with four?"

The senior reaches into his pocket, hands the lawyer \$5.00, and goes back to sleep.



Seniors of the Grove  
Maple Grove Parks & Rec Dept  
12951 Weaver Lake Road  
Maple Grove, MN 55369

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## *Bits 'n Pieces*

### **An explanation for this winter of our discontent...read on**

On the sixth day God turned to the Archangel Gabriel and said, "Today I am going to create a land called Minnesota.

"It will be a land of outstanding natural beauty, a land of 10,000 beautiful lakes, each one full of fish.

"It will have tall majestic pines, peacefully flowing rivers, landscapes full of buffalo, tall grass and eagles, beautiful blue skies, forests full of elk and moose and rich farmland."

God continued, "I shall make the land rich in resources so as to make the inhabitants prosper, and they shall be known as a most friendly people, people who will practice being Minnesota Nice every day."

"But Lord," asked Gabriel, "don't you think you are being too generous to these Minnesotans?"

"Not really," replied God. "Just wait and see the winters I am going to give them."

**And now you know!**



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## *Next Issue*

The next Newsletter will be published in June. Please submit items for the next issue by May 1, 2014. Please send or bring your stories, jokes, tidbits.