



Zarrow News & Views

August 2017

An Ode to Twin Cities Elementary School

I was born at 327 S. 65th W. Avenue and attended Twin Cities School from 1932 to 1937. Today, May 10th, 2003, the newspaper reported that it would close after this year. Twin Cities was located in a community called Bruner Station—Bruner for an old Indian named Billy Bruner who always wore a black 10-gallon hat with a long plume; cowboy boots; and carried a cane—Station because it was a station on the Sand Springs to Tulsa trolley line. Most folks didn't have a car so they walked down Bruner hill to take the trolley to work in town. It cost five cents to ride either to Sand Springs or Tulsa; if you went to Tulsa, you could get a transfer to the Tulsa trolley system and go anywhere in town for no additional cost.

There were three neighborhood groceries; Hopkins grocery behind the school where Mr. Hopkins would make a baloney, mayonnaise and cheese sandwich lunch for a nickel; Sanders Grocery at the bottom of Bruner hill; and the Bruner Grocery near the trolley station where people often stopped off on the way home from work and did their grocery shopping (my family later owned and operated this store during the war). Most charged their groceries and paid on the 1st of each month. For the children there was a gratuitous small sack of candy as a reward for prompt payment of the grocery bill. A sales tax was enacted and that made everyone mad—it was one tenth of a cent on the dollar. Special coins were made for the tax; an aluminum coin with a hole in the middle was called a mil (one thousandth of a dollar); and there was also a five-mil coin made of brass. Radios were new but most families could afford a small Brunswick model on the mantle. Walking down the heavily oiled dirt road in summer could be tricky as you tried to avoid any puddles of oil that would cling to your bare feet and burn for a long time. Jumping from one cool clump of grass to another beside the road could also be hazardous because of the lurking sand burrs and "goat-head" stickers that could penetrate even our tough feet. As you walked down the road on a hot summer day you would not miss a bit of "Ma Perkins" because every housewife was tuned in and the sound seemed to hang in the hot air. At night, we listened to Jimmie Allen, Jack Armstrong (the All American Boy), Little Orphan Annie (remember to get your decoder pin!), The Shadow, The Green Hornet, Amos & Andy, Bob Burns and others. Boys usually wore bib overalls with no shirt and no shoes from spring until fall. Girls wore home made flowered "feed sack" dresses after "ole Bossy" the family cow had finished off the contents. Continue to back...

Resident of The Month

Rita Shisler is an unforgettable woman who has set out to live each and every day to the fullest. She was born in Toronto, Canada and soon after moved to Buffalo, New York. Rita grew up next to a baseball park where she watched many games and gained a love for the sport which she still loves to this day. After her father passed, Rita's mother packed up and moved all the way to California, taking Route 66. After finishing high school the war started and she had to begin work in a factory. Rita felt she was a proud American and wanted to serve in the war. After trying to get into every branch of the military she was declined due to being born in Canada.

Through mutual friends, she met her husband Myron Shisler. After dating four years they married on April 1, 1944, since that was the last day of Myron's schooling. Myron was a Navy Pilot and they moved all over the States. Soon after marrying they had two girls, Lollie and Jake. When the time came for them to both be in school Rita began working for Social Services. Almost every two years she was promoted. Rita started as a clerk and after fourteen years she ended up as a special investigator. At age 30 she obtained her US citizenship. Rita feels like her greatest accomplishments are her two amazing daughters who have blessed her with three grandchildren and four great grandchildren. Rita has spent her whole life volunteering whenever she could. Rita spent a lot of time with: Literacy Volunteers, Habitat for Humanity, Garden Club, and Jenks Aquarium. She marched many times with the National Organization for Women and was on the Chamber of Commerce in Jenks. Rita collects bridges; wherever she travels she walks across every bridge, takes a photo on it, and claims it as her own. She also collects stones and would do whatever it took to get one. She once climbed over a roped off area with a sign saying "Danger. Keep Out" to get a rock ten feet from the edge of Niagara Falls while the water normally plunges.

After Rita retired, she spent many years traveling all over the world. Ireland was by far her favorite since she has deep family roots there. Rita is always up for an adventure. She has climbed the pyramid in Mexico, went to the top of the Eifel tower, kissed the Blarney Stone in Ireland, and fed a wild bear in Allegany State Park. Rita, now ninety-five years young, feels the secret to a long life is having the right attitude, finding what makes you happy and most importantly finding what makes others happy so that you stop thinking about yourself. Rita sets a goal each day to do something for someone else. She says it doesn't matter how small or big the act of kindness is, but that you should put others first. Rita felt at home the moment she stepped into the lobby of Zarrow Pointe sixteen years ago. She has always made physical activity a priority by swimming, hiking and playing tennis after she retired. She is truly a blessing to the Zarrow Pointe community. Congrats Rita Shisler!



Don't Miss This

- Tulsa Accordion Band TUE. 1
- Klezmer Band Practice WED. 2
- Open For Discussion w/Dr. Sharma THUR. 3
- "First Time at the Bible" w/ Yohai Gross TUE. 8
- Musical Monday MON. 21
- A Look At This Land We Call Oklahoma with Jenk Jones TUE. 29

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

- Del S. 8/8
- JoAnne S. 8/11
- Wendell Z. 8/13
- Lois R. 8/15
- Dottie B. 8/19
- Paula M. 8/22
- Irene S. 8/23
- Malcom M. 8/23
- Joan G. 8/28

Health Tip

A study by Treadmill Reviews has found that water bottles harbor huge levels of potentially harmful bacteria. In fact, researchers revealed that drinking from the average refillable bottle "can be many times worse than licking your dog's toy." Four different types of reusable bottle were tested after they were used by athletes for a week, and the results were shocking. The study found that the average athlete's water bottle had 313,499 CFU (colony-forming units of bacteria). In comparison the average dog toy has 2,937. But some types of water bottle came out worse than others. The slide-top water bottle may be handy to stop unwanted spillages while you pound it out on the treadmill or even while running for the morning bus, but it harbored the most germs. Be smart about your choice and — if you can — opt for a straw top bottle which contained the fewest germs, the majority of which were non-harmful and naturally occurring.



Must Read Books

A Gentleman In Moscow by Amor Towles. Sentenced to house arrest in Moscow's Metropol Hotel by a Bolshevik tribunal for writing a poem deemed to encourage revolt, Count Alexander Rostov nonetheless lives the fullest of lives, discovering the depths of his humanity.

The Immortal Irishman by Timothy Egan A biography of Thomas Meagher: Irish revolutionary, convict, and Civil War general. The book also offers a broad portrait of the experiences of the Irish during the period, both at home and abroad

Riddle Me This

First residents to tell Malyn Wiens the correct answer will win a free meal from the Nosh Café.

A boy was born in 1955, he just had his 18th birth day today, how did that happen?

June Riddle Answer:

Tool of thief, toy of queen. Always used to be unseen. Sign of joy, sign of sorrow. Giving all likeness borrowed. What am I?

A Mask

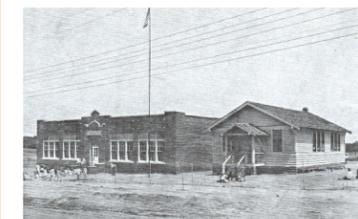
If you would like to receive the newsletter through email, or provide submissions for future issues please email Malyn Wiens at msaunders@zarrowpointe.org, by visiting her at our Aquatic Center or she may be reached at 918-496-8333, extension 311

An Ode to Twin Cities Elementary School Continued...

On hot summer nights, families laid on blankets on the lawn watching for the first star; for "shooting stars" (make a wish); and pointing out various formations in the heavens. Catching "lightening bugs" and putting them in fruit jars for a pretend lantern was also a fascinating pastime.

We did not lack for games. Girls played hopscotch, jacks, patty-cake, and skipped rope on the sidewalk in front of the school during recess and lunch. Boys always carried a slingshot in one hip pocket and a Prince Albert tobacco tin full of marbles in the other. All boys carried a pocket knife to play mumbly-peg with and many carried their favorite top or Duncan yo-yo to school—and you weren't dressed without your trusty hoop & wheel. The steel hoops that were used to hold wagon wheel hubs together were the best. All of the games—hopscotch, jacks, marbles, tops, mumbly-peg and hoops & wheels—had precise rules that were inviolate. If you didn't find a game you liked during recess you could always find a co-ed game of crack-the-whip or dodge ball. At home, we made rubber guns and played cowboys & Indians or played "Annie Over". Some climbed to the top of oil derricks to play "tag" but I never did because I was afraid of heights. I later decided to conquer that fear by becoming an Army Paratrooper during WW II.

Mrs. Snelson was our principal. Others that I remember were Mrs. Featherstone and Ms. Jones. Ms. Jones is best remembered for being young, strong and fast with the paddle. If you got caught whispering or passing a note (yes, I did it!) you went to the front of the class and grabbed your ankles and she could lift you off the floor with one resounding swat. As the sound of the first swat rang throughout the school, everyone became very quiet to count the strokes and each resolved to be exceptionally good thereafter. Sitting brought no comfort to the recipient of a paddling for the rest of that day! Most had a worse paddling with a razor strap when they got home. Our janitor was Mr. Bo Malone and when not sweeping and doing other janitorial chores, he whittled state-of-the-art paddles for all of the teachers.



Spring often brought a bit of excitement as a troupe of Gypsies moved into the triangle at the intersection of Bruner road and the North road between Sand Springs and Tulsa. They drove covered wagons and a few old flat bed trucks with covers on them and they camped out. It seemed that no one ever knew where they came from or went to when they left. Mothers always kept their children close when they camped there and children always kept their pets close because it was said that they would steal either. Some of the Gypsies married into our community when World War II began and, I suppose, in that manner they eventually disappeared as a culture. And our classmates at Twin Cities—what happened to them? Some died in WWII so the rest of us might enjoy the privilege of freedom while others went on to lead successful lives in the fields of energy, transportation, communications, aerospace, manufacturing, and performing services for others to make their lives more enjoyable. It is sad to realize that an era has come to a close. Yes, Twin Cities is closing....forever. — Col. Ray Bachlor

Never Stop Laughing

Last year, I replaced all the windows in my house with those expensive double pane energy efficient kind. But this week, I got a call from the contractor complaining that his work had been completed a whole year and I had yet to pay for them.

Boy, oh boy, did we go around! Just because I'm blonde doesn't mean that I am automatically stupid. So, I proceeded to tell him just what his fast-talking sales guy had told me last year. He said that in one year, the windows would pay for themselves. There was silence on the other end of the line, so I just hung up, and he hasn't called back. Guess he was embarrassed.



Our Mission

Provide vibrant and inclusive living, learning, and care throughout the progression of life.

Our Vision

To re-imagine senior living and instill passion in a life where dreams never retire.