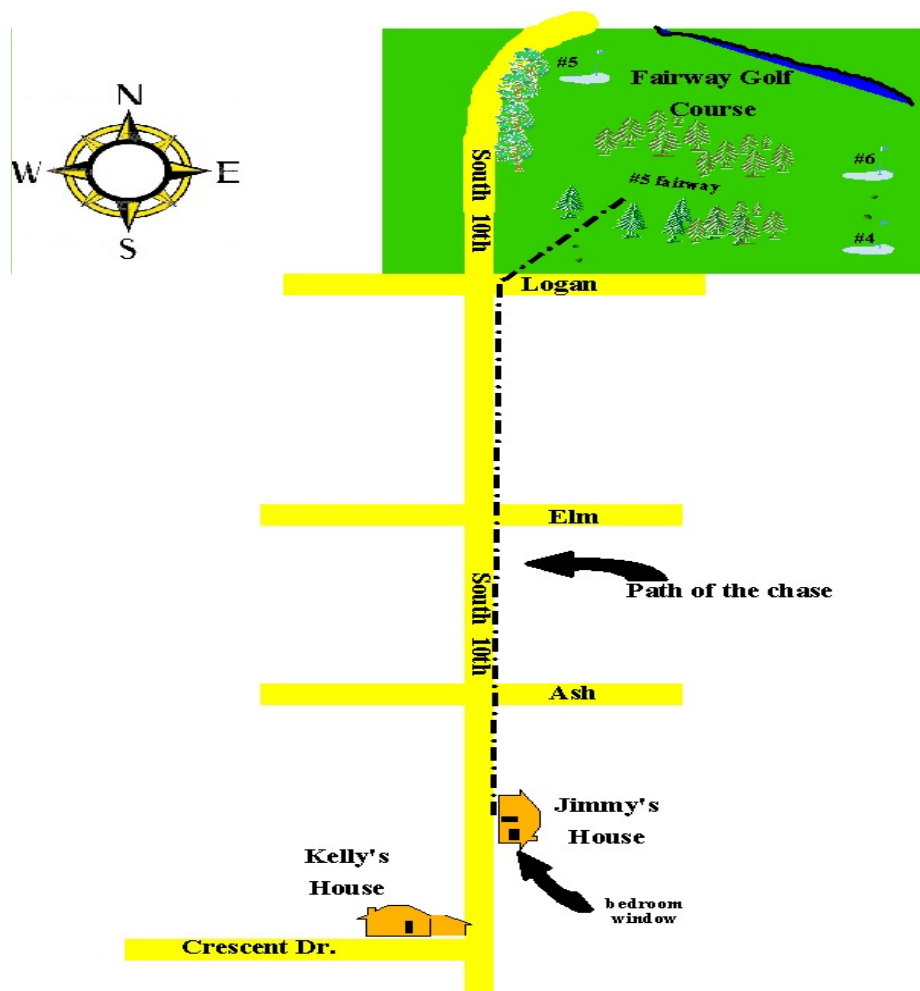


CHS Stories

The Greatest Prank

(a short, short, anecdotal true story)

by **Jerry Bates**



The participants:

(Names have not been changed – we were rarely innocent.)

Jim Klahr

Tim Van Slyke

Rick Coles

Jerry Bates

Brent Kelly

The Greatest Prank

I don't know who actually came up with the idea and I can't recall much of the preliminary details, but my mind is very clear on the sequence of events to which we will always refer as the "greatest prank of all time," or more simply, "the night that we **got** Kelly." Although the details of that night may have been lost over time and the dialogue that took place is obviously not verbatim, this is a true story--not just based on a true story or merely inspired by a true story, but honest-to-goodness--I'm-dyin'-if-I'm-lyin' factual. And this is just the way it happened. I should know . . . my name is Jerry and I was there!

We were gathered at Jim Klahr's house that night, which wasn't unusual, as there was a group of seven or eight guys from which a few could usually be found there on any given night. Jim's mom owned a small tavern in downtown Caldwell that required her to work nights and often into the early morning. I think his mother—we often called her "George" because Jim thought she looked like George Washington after one of her visits to the beauty parlor--encouraged him to have friends over when she was working so he wouldn't be alone all night. It was a no-brainer as to why we hung around Jim's house--teenage freedom. Now, this happened nearly forty years ago, so forgive me if I'm not exact on the dates . . . I think it was the fall of 1966, or the spring of 1967, or maybe even earlier than that. I suppose that really doesn't matter--we were teenagers, four 14-15 year-old teenagers--and we were always dreaming up something to do. I arrived at Jim's house on South 10th to find that Tim was already there, along with Jim and his cousin Rick Coles. We'd never met Rick before; he was from Vallivue, which wasn't a town, but a separate school district just outside of Caldwell. The fact that Rick was virtually unknown might have been the one key ingredient (besides our great acting skills) that allowed us to successfully pull off "The Prank."

As I mentioned before I'm not sure how we came up with the idea to do what we did, but it might have gone something like this:

"Hey, what are we gonna do?" asked Tim. "I'm not just gonna sit around here and listen to you guys fart all night. If we don't do something soon I'm outta here. And, no Jimmy, I don't wanna call up Beth and play eerie music on the organ."

Jim and Tim were two members of a local rock 'n roll band that called themselves the Henchmen, formerly the Banshees. Tim sang and played guitar while Jim sat himself down behind the organ. Jim (a.k.a. James, Jimmy, and more recently, Madfingers) was very dedicated to his music and was often using the organ to play telephone pranks. He'd like to play spooky, haunting melodies similar to what might be heard on one of more popular television shows of the time, such as "The Twilight Zone," or "The Outer Limits." A favorite recipient of those calls was a fellow classmate, Beth, who everyone agreed was one of the cutest and nicest girls in our class.

"Hey, let's go get a chase?" I volunteered.

"Or, we could fake a fight," suggested Tim.

Having never hung out with the rest of us, Rick probably didn't feel comfortable offering any ideas during this meeting of the minds. And even though he was Jim's cousin, I assume that he wasn't aware that pulling pranks was a major part of our collective friendship. Getting chased by high school students was one of our favorite nighttime activities. It was really easy. The best location from which to get chased was in front of the College of Idaho on Cleveland Avenue. We'd gather down there on the sidewalk by the "Hat", usually three or four us, and yell something totally harmless at a passing vehicle that we thought might have some high school guys in it. (The "Hat" was a small roofed structure that was made of cement and stone if I remember right. I suppose it was built as a place to get out of the weather while waiting for a bus . . . I never really knew.) We'd yell, "Shot!" or "Eat Shoes!" or "Hey, your back wheels are going forward!" in hopes that it would offend someone enough for them to stop their car and get out and chase us. Then we'd all scatter and find a place to hide until it appeared to be safe, at which time we would come out of hiding and regroup at a predetermined location. It probably didn't matter what we yelled because I imagine that anyone inside the car just saw a bunch of punk kids yelling and gesturing and probably only heard, "Heyyyy!" I know this

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isn't a story about getting chases, but I do have to mention one time in particular--the Tempest. I think there must have been at least five of us--we were standing by "The Hat" on Cleveland trying to entice a chase but with no apparent luck. We had no way of knowing that one of our prior targets had circled the "loop" (Cleveland and Blaine were parallel one-way streets running in opposite directions that comprised part of the "loop.") A Pontiac Tempest came to a screeching halt directly in front of us . . . and seven guys piled out. It was a major adrenaline rush and in Tim's case it caused a rush of a different nature, as I remember him retelling it later, "Man! That scared the shit out of me . . . literally!"

I know you want me to get on with the story, because after all, it was **THE GREATEST** prank; but I want you to have a greater understanding of the atmosphere that often existed when a bunch of us gathered at Jim's. Included in our collection of "night time games" was faking a fight. We often pulled this off at the spur of the moment and if my recollections serve me well, it was best acted with only three players--two attackers and one victim. We'd simply wait along the side of a street until we saw an approaching car, and then two of us would pretend to attack the third by throwing fake punches until our victim would crumble to the ground. Then we'd continue by kicking, as our poor, innocent victim would inevitably resort to the fetal position with his arms and hands covering his head for protection. Of course we never really made serious contact, but in the dark and from a distance our performance was very convincing. If we were convincing enough to cause our intended audience to stop, then we'd run--all of us. It was all about getting a rush by creating a reaction from a total stranger.

I remember another time when we were at Jimmy's and we constructed a life size dummy by stuffing newspapers into his spare clothes--pants, long sleeved shirt, socks, shoes, cap--the whole works. Then we proceeded to the nearby well-lit intersection of Ash and Ray Streets where Ash Street suddenly became a short, but fairly sharp downhill slope. The length of the slope was only about sixty to seventy-five yards, but the drop was drastic enough so that the driver of the car couldn't see the entire road ahead until he had actually started downhill. The Ash Street hill was fairly narrow with no sidewalks, only dirt shoulders, and we positioned the dummy along side the road--half on, half off--a little more than half way down the slope in such a way that it would easily and readily be identified as a human body. Then -- we hid behind the bushes and waited for our victims. We had several cars slow down, brake, or even slightly swerve as we just hid and giggled.

I suppose that while we were all sitting around BS-ing it was Jim who was quietly concocting the idea for the prank that followed. It must have been Jim who triggered the idea, for it was vintage "Jimmy." After all, this was the guy who used to collect his farts in a jar in an attempt to preserve or recreate the sound at a later date. This was the guy who, from a complete inert position, would jump up and start bounding and spinning around like a possessed pogo stick while shouting, "Bork! Bork! Bork! Jimmy is the guy that claims to have greeted his mother at the back door one evening after midnight by lying in a home made coffin wearing a tuxedo with a single red rose clasped in his hands and held over his chest. So, even though I don't actually remember who suggested it, I'm thinking it had to have been Jim.

This is what happened. In the tradition of faking a fight we decided to fake an attempted robbery/murder . . . with a knife. Instead of *waiting* for an unsuspecting victim to just happen by, this time we would go get him -- and it was quickly decided that that victim had to be Brent Kelly. Why Kelly? Well he was as good as anyone -- we all knew him and he was already a victim of location. Location, location, location! Jim's house faced west on South 10th and

Kelly lived across the street and two doors down -- on the corner of 10th and Crescent Drive, facing south. It was perfect. We couldn't see the front of Kelly's house and he couldn't see Jim's house unless he was outside at the corner of his garage. This allowed a perfect opportunity for us to cue "action" before he would actually see anything.

In preparation, we broke the plastic handle off a steak knife and taped it to a small, thin piece of cardboard. Then we taped the cardboard onto Jimmy's back, right between his shoulder blades and carefully

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poured adequate amounts of ketchup (Heinz I think) around the area to create the perfect illusion. (Ketchup? Yeah, I know – sounds kinda lame, but it really worked.) Then we put a blade size slit in Jimmy's shirt to allow the knife handle to stick out. Choosing just the right kind of shirt was crucial. It had to be loose and thick enough so as not to reveal the tape and cardboard . . . but it still had to allow the blood/catsup to show. Now that Jimmy was all set we had to arrange the furniture so that it gave the appearance that a struggle had taken place. We repositioned the sofa so that it was obviously out of place, tipped over a small chair and end table and made sure the throw rug was slightly bunched up and twisted sideways.

The most important part of this charade was to make Kelly instantly believe that this was a robbery gone bad. Tim and I were chosen to play the parts of the frantic friends looking for help, while Rick was the perfect choice for the attacker since Kelly had never met him. Jim was, of course, the victim. In addition to a believable performance from Tim and me, we had to create the visual illusion of Jim being physically attacked; and Kelly had to see it for himself.

Jim's mother's bedroom was in the front of the house on the southwest corner, making it closest in proximity to Kelly's house – it would be the first thing he would see when he came around the corner of his garage. We experimented with the lighting in "George's" room by moving her table lamp to several locations – trying the overhead light on vs. off; adjusting the curtains from slightly open to wide open to just the sheers. Jim and Rick would practice their struggle scene, complete with overhead stabbing while Tim and I would view the rehearsal from outside - across the street – near Kelly's house to see what it looked like – to see what he would see. After several "cuts" we had it nearly perfect. If we could get Kelly to initially take the bait, then this silhouetted performance through the shades would set the hook.

Now that the props were all in place, the four of us sat down and reviewed just how we were going to pull it off – (very similar, I'm sure, to the step by step rehearsal scene from the movie, "The Dirty Dozen," (but without Donald Duck.) The two key timing moments would be when Tim signaled that we were coming and when Rick should run out the front door.

With Rick and Jimmy positioned in the bedroom Tim and I left the house and crossed the street toward Kelly's house. We were both visibly nervous.

I posed the question, "Do you wanna do the talkin'?"

"Are you kiddin' me? No way I can keep a straight face," he fired back.

"Ok. I'll start, but you gotta help out," I insisted.

We agreed that we'd both go to the door and after I got things started, he would yell a few words to add credibility to the story. Then, after we were sure that Kelly was coming, Tim would leave a few seconds early so that he could rush to the corner of the garage first. When Tim came around the corner by himself and then went back, that was the signal to Rick and Jimmy that everything was GO.

We were there – at the front door. We just had to ring the bell to put everything in motion. . .

Ding Dong. (Is that really what a doorbell sounds like?) Maybe he wasn't home. Then we could stop this without backing out . . . the door opened.

"Hey guys! What's going on?" Brent asked with a bit of a surprise in his voice. I'm sure that we were the last guys that he might have expected to show up at his door step since we never had before.

I started with my best serious/concerned face by screaming, "Man, you gotta help us!

It's Klahr! Somebody just broke into Klahr's house and he's fighting Jim?" And Tim kept his promise by blurting, "And he's got a knife!"

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We could easily see from the look on his face that Kelly's mind had immediately jumped to that middle-of-the-road place where he shouldn't and didn't want to believe us, but we were so convincing that maybe what he was hearing was really true. After a few more convincing shouts of "you gotta help us" and "man, we aren't kidding" from Tim and me – Kelly was convinced.

We knew he had totally taken the bait when he responded, "Ok, I'll go get my gun!"

Both Tim and I, simultaneously, reacted, "NO – there's no time! We gotta go now!" Whoa! We hadn't anticipated that. But quick thinking on our feet had preserved the plan and the Prank had reached the point of no return. Tim quickly sprinted to the corner of Kelly's garage to give the signal to Jim and Rick, then retraced a few steps to meet us as Kelly and I came running down the steps of his front door.

As the three of us rounded the corner of Kelly's garage we immediately witnessed the silhouetted assault taking place in the corner bedroom of Klahr's house. It was a masterpiece scene that would have made Hitchcock proud. Jim had his arms up in a defensive manner as Rick repeatedly thrust his hand and arm in a downward motion. As the scuffle continued to play out for the few seconds that it took us to cross the street we could tell that Jimmy had made a break for the bedroom door, turning his back on his assailant. They both disappeared from our view through the window for a moment and just as we reached the front yard the front door screen flew open (I was surprised the hinges held tight) and Rick sprinted through the door, leaped off the cement porch bypassing the two steps to ground level and continued running on the sidewalk – heading north on South 10th like a scared jackrabbit.

The first and immediate reaction came from Kelly, "Let's get him!" This reaction totally satisfied any doubts that we may have had about the success of our efforts to "sell" the situation to Kelly. Besides his anonymity, the other reason Rick had been chosen as the stabber – he was fast. Rick was an athlete, football and track – a sprinter – so that was our insurance that he wouldn't be caught from behind. Especially by Kelly – who was not a sprinter; he was a lineman. Tim was also a track man – mostly long distance – but he could always muster a decent Jim Ryun kick when needed; while I was an average sprinter and an adequate distance man. The point I'm making here is that we were all faster than Kelly. But as the chase continued for a few blocks and we were getting closer to the golf course, Kelly was beginning to pass us all and was actually gaining on Rick – another factor we hadn't considered: adrenaline.

As Tim and I started to slow we yelled out to Kelly, "We're never gonna catch him. We'd better go back and check on Jim." But Kelly continued the chase until Rick crossed Logan Street and veered right onto the Fairway golf course, heading into the darkness toward the creek and the safety of the trees beyond the number five fairway. It had taken over a quarter mile, but Rick had finally started to pull away.

I really don't remember much of the walk back to Jim's house. I suppose we didn't say too much as we were undoubtedly out of breath, but I'm sure our thoughts were racing – Kelly obviously thinking and wondering about who he had just chased (and nearly caught), and Tim and I anticipating the scene in Jimmy's living room and how it was going to play out.

One by one we walked up the steps to Jimmy's front door and entered the living room – stopped and stared – Kelly being the last to see the dramatic scene before us. The furniture and rug were still in the pre-arranged positions and Jimmy was spread-eagled, face down, flat on the floor, with his left arm stretched out above his head. The knife handle was standing erect, smack dab between his shoulder blades – centered within the irregular circle of red seeping through his shirt. Clutched within his outstretched hand was the handset of the green Princess phone, while the phone's cradle lay tipped on its side on the floor next to the overturned end table.

No one spoke a word for what seemed to be an eternity. Tim kept looking at me and I at him – then both of us at Kelly. Kelly just continued to stare in shock at the body as his face turned ashen – like the Procol Harum song, his "face at first just ghostly, turned a whiter shade of pale." The room was deathly still even though we could hear the faint, annoying, high-pitched beep, beep, beep, beeping that came from the

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off-the-hook phone.

Kelly broke the silence, “Oh gawd! Oh my gawd! What are we gonna do? What are we gonna do?” He kept repeating this over and over until Tim interrupted, “We’ve gotta call the cops, or an ambulance. (This was before 9-1-1) Who wants to do it?”

Like a reflex knee jerk reaction, we all three turned our eyes to the phone.

“I’m not touching that phone!” snapped Kelly.

Tim countered, “Well we have to do something!” as he started to move around the body and toward the phone. He stopped! There was movement. Very slight at first but gradually gaining speed and intensity – Jimmy’s body was shaking.

Tim tried to stifle his snickers as he watched Jimmy’s shaking escalate toward the equivalence of a grand mal seizure. Meanwhile Kelly was still in the shock-like trance caused by believing it all to be true and he exploded in disbelief, “This isn’t funny! What are we gonna do? What are we gonna do?” As the hint of a smile started to overtake my composure, Kelly must have thought that we were sardonic, sinister beings – the fact that we were both laughing in the face of the macabre.

Laughing is contagious and impossible to suppress under certain circumstances. I could no longer control myself as I started laughing out loud when Jimmy accompanied his histrionic convulsions with his signature sound, “Bork, bork . . . bork, bork, bork . . .” Then he rolled over, sat up and nonchalantly greeted his neighbor, “Hi Brent.” . . . and then Rick walked in the front door . . .

For several minutes Kelly was totally speechless! Extremely confused by our continuing laughter! Emotionally drained – he lacked the tools to process what had just happened. After we encouraged him to sit down, it took the better part of an hour to completely calm him down and assure him that everything was fine and that it had all been an elaborate hoax.

There you have it – that was “The Greatest Prank of All-Time” – “The Night that We Got Kelly,” and it’s all true. Ask any of the participants and they’ll tell you the same thing – that’s just the way it happened. Or you can just believe me, for I should know . . . my name is Jerry and I was there!

Old Quotes



The biggest lie I tell myself is "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it"



People born in the 50's have lived in 7 decades, 2 centuries & 2 millenniums. We had the best music, fastest cars, Drive-in theaters, soda fountains & happy days. And we are not even that old yet, we're just that cool.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

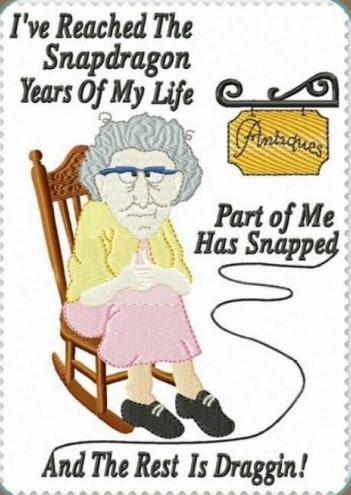
SEE HEAR SPEAK
NO NO NO
EVIL... EVIL... EVIL...



BECAUSE YOU FORGOT YOUR GLASSES, AGAIN...

BECAUSE YOU FORGOT YOUR HEARING AIDS, AGAIN...

BECAUSE YOU FORGOT TO PUT YOUR TEETH IN, AGAIN...



I've Reached The Snapdragon Years Of My Life

Part of Me Has Snapped

And The Rest Is Draggin!

Old age used to be all in my head, Now it's in my joints too.



"Growing old is mandatory, but growing up is optional."

- Walt Disney

At my age, getting lucky is finding the car in the parking lot!



Getting older has some benefits... Call it a "Senior Moment" and you can get away with pretty much anything!

Exclaim! Incredible

I DON'T DO DRUGS AND I DON'T DRINK. AT MY AGE, I GET THE SAME EFFECTS BY STANDING UP TOO FAST.

via LoveThisPic.com



James Con by Jerry Bates

If memory serves me (and that's a BIG if) – I'm pretty sure it was the summer of 1967, just prior to our sophomore year in high school. Jim had just returned from a trip to Brazil with his parents and the two of us decided to check out the local carnival that had just come to town. It seems that a carnival always accompanied the Caldwell Night Rodeo (*Where the Cowboys are the Stars*) in late August and it would have been a crime not to attend one or the other. It was kind of like an unofficial end-of-the-summer-get-ready-to-go-back-to-school rite of passage. Always a great place to check out the girls who have had all summer to develop their natural golden tans and sun streaked hair; and a perfect chance to blow some money on the rides and the nearly-impossible-to-win games of chance along the midway. As much as my mind was usually mesmerized by the former (girls-girls-girls), this episode in *My Life with Jim* addresses the latter. This is the night that James conned the con men – or Jimmy cracked carn. Again – like all of the entries in this collection of *My Life with Jim* – this is a true story – and is as close to pure truth as my recollections will allow. However, if I happen to tweak it with an occasional embellishment here or there, who cares? As my friend, Mike, from *The Night of the Toronado*, told me, "It's your story, you were there! Tell it like you want to!"

Jim was the type of prankster who, unless he needed an accomplice, would rarely tell you what he was planning – he preferred to just do it (he was years ahead of Nike), and then let you enjoy the ride as an innocent onlooker. This is one of those times. I still don't know to this day if he planned this earlier in the day, the week, or maybe even when he was still in Brazil – or if it just came to him on the spot, like spontaneous combustion. One thing of which I **am** sure – Jim's mind worked in mysterious ways.

Back in the 60's the carnival was located in the field area generally used for Simplot Stadium parking between Caldwell's two one-way streets, Blaine and Cleveland.

We meandered our way from ride to ride - satisfied to watch others scream their heads off as they flew around - upside down, and spun around and around. Then, after unsuccessfully trying our luck at a few of the games: milk bottle/baseball toss, dart toss/pop a balloon, and the horse races with the water guns, Jim asked, "You thirsty? Wanna get a Coke?"

"Yeah, sure," I replied. "There's a hamburger stand right over there."

But Jim had a plan, "Naaa. I got a better idea. Watch this!"

He took off walking – and I followed. "What" and "where" were the obvious questions for the moment . . . but I just followed. He stopped at another game – the ring toss. Toss the ring into a large display of maybe 50-75 quart size pop bottles and if the ring encircles the top of the bottle and settles around the neck – you win the bottle of pop. Three rings for fifty cents.

"Jim? Are you kidding me? We could just buy a bottle of pop for a lot less than it's gonna cost us to win one," I argued.

"Just watch!" was all he said.

The kid operating the ring toss couldn't have been more than 2 or 3 years older than we were – maybe 19 at best. Jim was banking on two premises: he was young – so he was inexperienced; and he was a young carnie – so he wasn't too bright.

"I'll toss three," Jim announced as he reached into his front pocket and pulled out a bill.

The young, inexperienced, not too bright kid handed him three rings and took the bill from Jim's

Jame's Con

outstretched hand. Then he looked puzzled.

“Hey, wait!” said the kid. “Whas thiz? Thiz ain’t reel. I can’t take thiz fake money!”

Jim responded with the calm of veteran bank teller, “No, it’s okay. It’s Brazilian money. It’s 500 Cruzeiros. It’s worth five dollars American money.”

As I watch and listen to the beginning of this debate, I’m convinced that there is no way that this kid is going to accept this money. Granted, the kid appears to be a few colors short of a box of eight, but even an idiot knows better than to accept unknown currency.

But, like I said, Jim had a plan.

“No! Really. It’s okay,” Jim continued. “You can just go to the bank tomorrow and exchange it for U.S. dollars. I just got back from a trip to Brazil and I must have missed this one when I changed my money back.” Then – he brought me into the fray, “Right, Jerry?”

“O-h-h, yeah,” I offered, hoping the kid didn’t catch my slight stutter or the hesitation in my reply. “I was with him at the bank earlier today. A 500 Brazilian bill is worth five dollars!” I continued the lie with a little more conviction – actually a very strong performance considering my lack of preparation. But, I was still very skeptical about our chances of convincing this rube to accept the money as I noticed the carnie kid just shake his head and mutter, “Nooo – I kin’t – I be in trouble – I kin’t.”

Jim obviously shares my feeling of impending failure, but rather than just quit and walk away – no harm, no foul – he changes tactics.

“Who should I talk to? Who would you believe?” Jim blurts out.

The kid is still shaking his head and muttering, “No – what?”

Jim repeats, “Who would you believe? Who do I need to talk to so you will believe me that this money is okay?”

“How about that guy?” Jim asks as he turns and points in the direction from where we had come earlier.

“Wha guy? Who ya pontin’ at?” asked the kid.

Jim wasn’t actually pointing at anyone specifically, but more in the general direction of more games – those games that we had just visited – those that were run by the older and wiser carnies . . . hoping that the kid would bite. He took the bait, “You mean Cal – at the milk bottles?” Even though I still couldn’t see the steps to the end of this scam, I recognized it as pure genius.

“Yeah, that guy,” Jim confirmed. “Will you take the money if he says it’s okay?”

“Oh, shore. Thaz Cal. Hiz ma boss,” said the kid. Bingo!

So, Jim and I headed back to the baseball toss to talk to Cal. It was a good fifty yards, maybe sixty, from the ring toss game – so an intelligible conversation between Cal and the kid was not going to happen. Jim marched up to the counter and sounded irritated right from the git-go, “Your name Cal?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“Well, that kid down there at the ring toss game – (Jim turned and pointed) – won’t believe me?”

“Bout what?” asked Cal, showing little interest.

Jame's Con

I still didn't know where this scheme was going – but I didn't think that Jim would attempt the same “just believe me – you can take it to the bank” strategy. And he didn't.

“See! What did I tell you?” Jim turned and said to me as he was now pointing to the sign hanging from the counter in front of us. The sign read, “3 tosses for \$1.”

Jim turned back to Cal, “That kid is stupid. He wouldn't believe me that your game was 3 tosses for a dollar. He kept saying that it was only 2 tosses for a dollar.”

Now, Cal was interested. It seemed that this was another chance for Cal to demonstrate his dominance over one of his subordinates. “He said that? Nah, you're right, it's 3 tosses – just like the sign says. Damn, that kid is so stupid!”

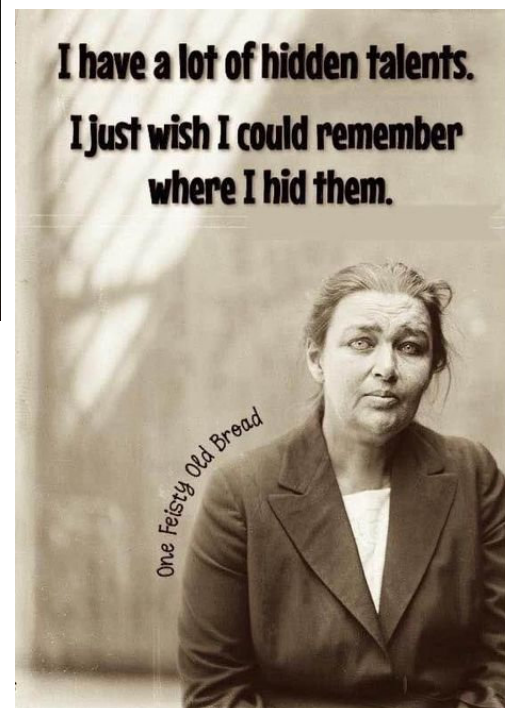
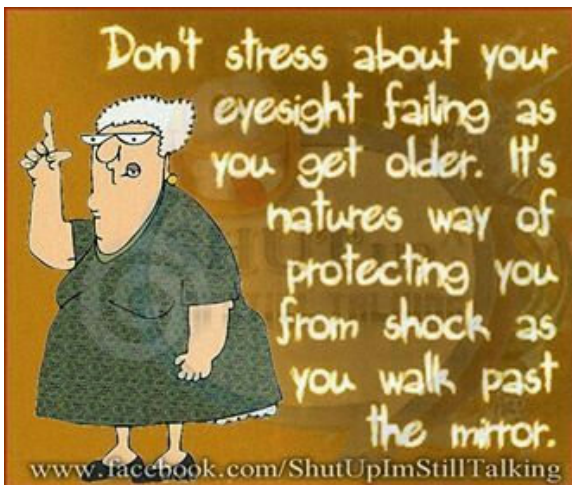
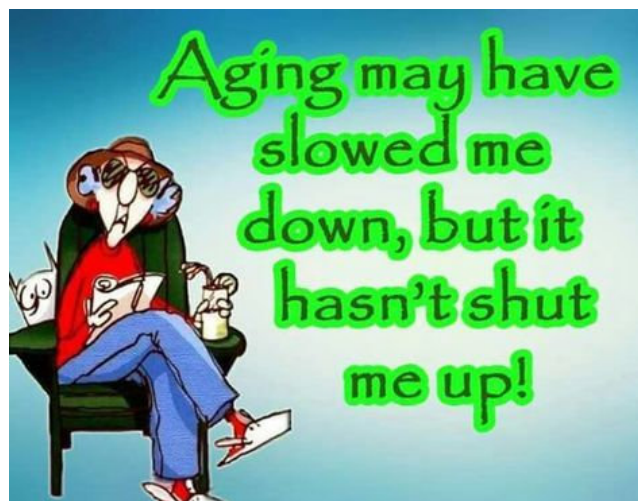
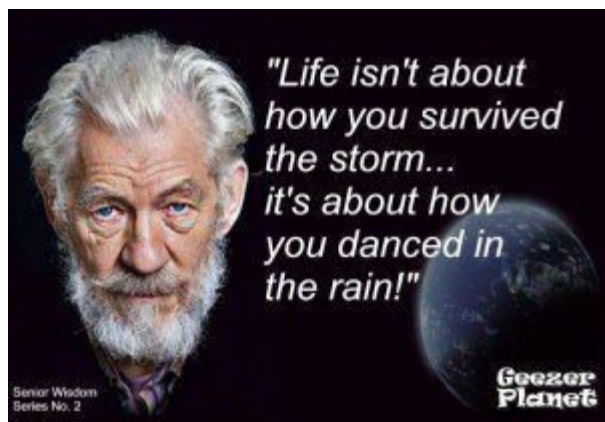
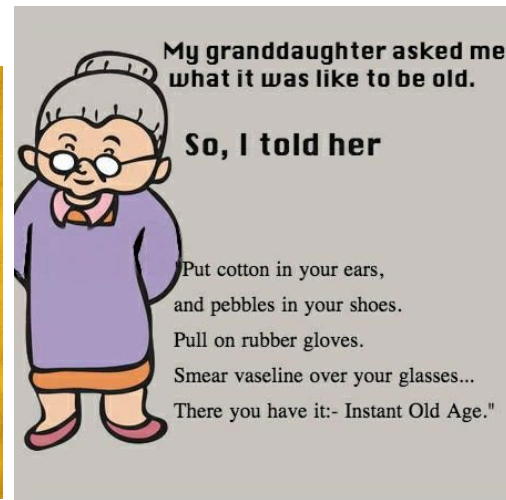
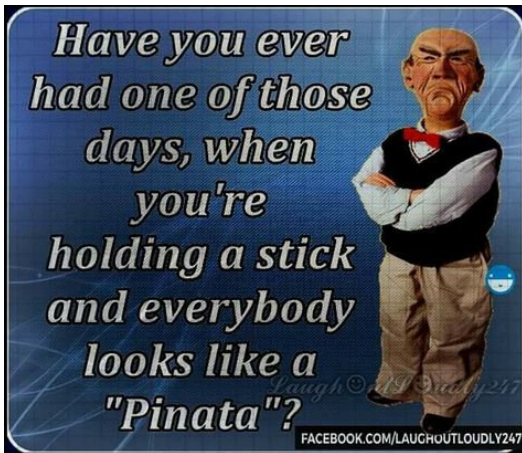
“Well, he wouldn't believe me,” Jim continued. “So, would you tell him that I'm right?” All three of us turned our heads and were now looking in the direction of the kid at the ring toss game – and he in turn was very interested in watching us.

Cal explained that he wasn't able to leave his booth, so Jimmy convinced him that it wasn't necessary – just signal. So, Cal leaned over the counter of the booth and started waving his hands, giving the two thumbs up, and yelling in the direction of the kid, “He's right! It's three, not two. He's right!” But because of the distance and the noise (it was a carnival remember) – the kid didn't hear a word, but he did see the thumbs up, and two-thumbs-up means okay in almost any language or country – even Brazil.

We thanked Cal and strolled back over to the ring toss. The kid willfully accepted the 500 Cruzeiro bill and Jimmy tossed the three rings. Got lucky on the second toss. We walked away with \$4.50 change and a bottle of Dr. Pepper – it was Jimmy's favorite. Oh, and by the way – 500 Cruzeiros was worth about fifty cents in American money.

- Jerry Bates

Old Quotes



Night of the Toronado

(a short true story)

by Jerry Bates

Night of the Toronado

or

(the time I spent the night in jail)

It started out as a typical night – not unlike any other November night in Caldwell – 1969. The high school football season was over; basketball was yet to start; and I had just turned 18 four days earlier. Friday night with nothing to do and nowhere to go. In an effort to overcome the impending boredom, I walked the short distance down to the R & B market on the corner of Kimball and Ash to hang out with my friend, Mike, thinking that maybe we could do something later. Mike worked at the store and always encouraged friends to drop in to “shoot the shit.” I’m sure his father didn’t appreciate the non-shopping visitors to his store, but Mike didn’t exactly love working there and always insisted that it would be OK anytime. After an hour or so of hanging around I decided it was probably wise to leave before Mike’s dad showed up. As I was opening the door to leave, up pulled the Toronado. The night was about to change, and it would be anything but typical.

It was Klahr – James, Jimmy, Jim. He rolled down the window of the 1966 white Oldsmobile Toronado and said, “Come on, hop in – help me celebrate my birthday.” It was an invitation stated more like a plea. I can’t remember if that night was his actual birthday – but I think it was. He had a bottle of Coors precariously positioned between his legs and we both quickly understood what he had in mind in the way of celebration. I was definitely in, and Mike confirmed his intentions with, “I got an hour.” Apparently he was serving family detention and had to report to the lady warden at 11:00. He claims to this date that he was grounded for his entire high school years. I quickly scooted around to the passenger’s side of the car as Mike promised that he would join us after he closed the store. We told him we’d be back.

As we pulled away from the parking lot onto Ash Street with the Doors, *Touch Me*, blasting from the radio, I asked Jim, “OK, where’s the beer?” as I was searching the floor and back seat.

Jim nonchalantly replied, “Oh, sorry – this is the last one.”

“You ass!” seemed like the only appropriate reply considering the situation.

Over the sound of Jim’s laughter, actually more of a cackle, I suggested (again the obvious and most appropriate), “OK, where do we get some more? – if you want me to help you celebrate?” To this, he had no suggestions. So we continued to drive around and just filled the time by listening to tunes and making idle small talk until it was time to pick up Mike.

Mike was just locking the front door to the market and signaled for us to meet him at the rear entrance, at the delivery doors. Jimmy backed up the beast and turned into the small area designated for delivery trucks just as Mike was coming through the large steel doors. I opened the door for him to climb into the back seat and as he was just about to step up, stopped him with the obvious question, “Hey Mike? Know where we can get some beer?” He didn’t say a word, but turned, walked around the back of the car and unlocked the store’s delivery door.

I turned my head to look at Jim as he was turning his head in my direction – seeing his furrowed brow puzzled expression was like looking in the mirror. Nothing was said, but our faces both screamed, “What the . . .?” Less than a minute later Mike was crawling into the back of the car carrying a large paper grocery bag.

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He sat the bag on the floor behind the driver's seat, settled back with a smirk on his face and said, "Drive!" *Come Together* started up on the car radio.

Within seconds three uncapped bottles found their way to three anxiously awaiting hands and three bottle caps were cleverly launched from the back seat to the empty space of the oversized dashboard beneath the rearview mirror. Among Mike's many talents was the ability to send a bottle cap soaring through the air like a Frisbee with the simple snap of his fingers. Try as I might, I never was able to master that skill, but the night was on!

Aimlessly driving the residential streets of Caldwell we eventually ended up where all teenagers of driving age eventually ended up – at the Curb. The Curb was a fast food drive-in joint that was very popular with high school students in the 50's and 60's – a place to hang out, hook up, sober up, and kill some time. The Curb was actually the Reed and Bell, and there was another drive-in on the other side of Cleveland Street called the Cougar. (Rock 'n Roll history footnote: The Reed & Bell was originally owned and operated by Paul Revere of Paul Revere and the Raiders; and eventual lead singer, Mark Lindsay, had worked at McCluskey's bakery located across the street.) The Cougar had changed ownership a few years earlier when it was called the Quickie Curb – so, the two collectively were known as the Curbs and the name lived on in the lingo of the loyal teenage clientele. Before Cleveland and Blaine Streets became one-ways (in opposite directions) teens would buzz the Curbs in their muscle cars, pickup trucks and parents' station wagons by entering the Reed & Bell from Cleveland, continuing around the horseshoe shaped lot and exiting only to cross the street to the Quickie Curb, circle it and then return to the Reed & Bell in a figure eight pattern. This would block traffic on Cleveland for blocks and blocks. But since those streets had become one-ways the traffic flow had changed to a loop. Driving the loop required entering the Reed & Bell traveling south on Cleveland – circumnavigate the drive-in - exit and cross the street to the Cougar – go around it and back on to Cleveland continuing south for a few blocks until the street did a u-turn loop to the left and merged into Blaine Street, the parallel one-way heading north. Continue traveling north for five to six blocks on Blaine and then take a left for a short block and reenter Cleveland – and back to the Curb to continue the loop.

A quick pass through and around the parking lot didn't offer any great promise, so we continued to drive the loop. After passing the Curb for the second or third time, Jimmy turned right onto Oak Street, just past the Cougar Drive-In and traveled the short block to the intersection at Indiana Street and came to a stop.

He shoved the car into park, opened the door and yelled, "I gotta take a leak," as he sprinted around the front of the car and headed for the bushes at the side of the house on the corner. Mike and I had finished our beers and were just about to pop the top on another when. . .

I suppose this would be a good time to explain a little about the design of the 1966 2-door Toronado. To allow easier entry into the back seat, the Toronado featured elongated doors. The car itself seemed to be longer than any other car on the road, and the doors were definitely the longest of any door on any car. The doors themselves were probably as long as a VW bug. If you were to leave both doors open, the Toronado would easily resemble a Learjet. Let's pause here to get a good picture of this – parked at a stop sign (not even pulled over to the curb) on a rather narrow residential street with the extra long driver's side door left wide open – and nobody behind the wheel . . . well, at least there wasn't any traffic, because the door would have served as a partial roadblock to any vehicle trying to pass from either direction.

. . . Then the cop car turned onto Indiana Street. Here is where the explanation gets a bit tricky without the help of visual-aids. (Please refer to the map on the last page)

The Toronado is facing west on Oak at the Indiana St. intersection. The cop car just turned off of Ash St., which is about 60 yards north of Oak, and is now traveling south on Indiana and will soon be right in front of us.

"Oh shit, Mike! There's a cop! Gawd, I hope he doesn't turn this way," I said as I was leaning

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stretched out over the console reaching for the driver's side door handle. Just as the door shut, the cop car turned left on to Oak Street.

"Damn, where's Klahr," blurted Mike.

"I dunno, I don't see him . . . but I know this didn't look good," I answered. "I think we should at least move the car out of the street."

"Good idea."

As I quickly slid over into the driver's seat I was still searching the bushes alongside the house for any sign of Jim. "Damn it, Klahr!" I muttered, as I shifted the car into gear and asked Mike, "What's the cop doing?"

"He's turning around."

I gave it some gas, turned right and pulled out on to Indiana Street – hoping against all logical thought that he wouldn't follow us. Signaled left and headed west on Ash St., and although my thoughts were racing and the adrenaline was pumping I resisted the temptation to floor it and create the ultimate chase. I just kept hoping . . .

"Shit, he just turned on his lights," Mike shouted. And then a quick blast of the siren and I knew things were going to get real interesting. So, I pulled over to the right in a small parking area not more than 30 yards from the corner. The cop pulled in beside us.

As the officer approached us, I quickly rolled down the window and offered, "I thought I'd better move the car out of the middle of the street." I was taking the good citizen approach.

"Why were you parked at the stop sign with the door open?" was the first question.

"Our friend, the driver, got out to take a leak in the bushes of that house," I replied as I twisted my body in an effort to point to the house behind us.

"I didn't see anyone. May I see your driver's license and registration, please?"

"What? You're kidding me; you didn't see a person in the bushes or in the yard of that house on the corner?" I was shocked. Damn that Klahr.

"No, there wasn't anybody. License and registration, please."

"Uhm, I don't have my driver's license with me," I mumbled.

"You're driving without a license?"

"No. I'm not driving . . . well, yeah I drove around the corner to get the car out of the street, but I'm not the driver of this car – he was in the bushes taking a leak."

"What's your name?" he asked. For the fleetest of moments, I thought about giving him a fake name, since he wouldn't be able to disprove it – after all, I didn't have my license.

"Jerry Bates," I answered.

"The vehicle's registration, please!" It wasn't a question this time.

"Uh, I'm not sure where it is," I answered while leaning over to open the glove compartment. "It's not my car."

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“Who does the car belong to?” asked the cop. A logical question for sure, but I knew the answer wasn’t going to help my defense.

“It belongs to the driver, er, well, actually it’s his parents’ car,” I explained.

During this exchange of stupid questions and insufficient answers, I didn’t hear anything coming from the back seat, so I stole a quick glance back at Mike to make sure he was still with me. He was – sitting very still - stone faced.

The officer reiterated, “So, you are driving without a license – in a car that doesn’t belong to you and you have no proof of registration.”

“I wasn’t driving – when I left my house tonight I was walking and didn’t think I would need my driver’s license,” I plead. Out of frustration the tone of my voice had turned to begging.

The officer then leaned over, aimed his flashlight into the back seat and said, “What’s your name?”

“Mike Collins.”

“Do you have a driver’s license?”

“I wasn’t driving either,” Mike answered while reaching into his back pocket for his wallet and driver’s license.

The officer accepted his license; took a quick glance at it and continued to shine his flashlight around in the back seat. Then he saw the sack. With the light steadily fixed on the paper grocery bag sitting on the floor behind me, he asked, “What’s this?”

Neither of us answered until he shined the light directly into Mike’s face.

“Looks like a paper bag, I reckon,” was Mike’s reply.

After Mike opened the bag upon request, the cop returned the flashlight to that area of the floor and asked another stupid question, “What’s that?”

A man of few words, but eloquent as ever, “Looks like beer, I reckon,” Mike replied.

It was obvious that the police officer didn’t share Mike’s dry sense of humor, for the next thing he said was anything but funny. “We have orders to stop anyone driving this car. I’m going to have to take you down to the police station. Please step out of the car and place your hands on top of the car – one at a time. You first!” He shined the flashlight in my face. My head was spinning . . . I don’t remember much of anything that happened in the next few minutes – until we were both handcuffed and sitting in the back of his patrol car. I’d never imagined how uncomfortable it was to sit in car seat with my hands tied behind me. Mike and I were silent, dumfounded – how the hell did we get here. Damn that Klahr!

Just as we thought we would be taking a ride downtown, squawking noise came over the police radio and we were soon privy to one-side of the conversation, “Yes. . . Beer. . . Stolen?. . 18 & 17. . . Okay. . . Now? – Got it” Then, he turned to us, and said, “I’ve been called to another situation, so I’m going to have to let you go.

“Hallelujah!” we thought as we each snapped our heads a quarter turn and did a quick look at each other. We couldn’t believe that we were going to get out of this. Talk about a reversal of misfortune. Then he said, “I will meet you both at the police station in 30 minutes. If you aren’t there I will issue a warrant for your arrest. . . Both of you!”

If there was any thought in either of our minds not to comply with the 30 minute order, it was quickly

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squelched when he added, “I have your license Mr. Collins.”

Nothing further was said until the cop pulled away in his patrol car and Mike and I got back into the Toronado. Mike said it and I was thinking it, “Sure could use a beer right now!”

But as incompetent as our “Barney Fife” may have appeared, he was smart enough to take the beer with him.

After we exchanged numerous verbal assaults on the absent Mr. Klahr, we agreed that we had to find him before we went to the police station. Our first thought was that he was hiding in the bushes where he had gone to relieve himself and that he had probably been watching the whole situation unfold before him. But, after a thorough search of the yard we came up empty.

Where did he go? Where could he be? We really had nothing to go on. If he had run when he saw the police car; what do I mean, if – that’s exactly what he had done – but where? We drove up and down Ash Street for several blocks and zigzagged back and forth on the cross streets as well. Nothing! Perhaps he was hiding on the College of Idaho campus, or maybe he returned to the Curb to look for a ride. Time was running out and we had no clues, so we decided that if we couldn’t find him then maybe somebody else could. We drove back to the Curb, parked in an open stall and both of us got out and began going car to car – broadcasting information and soliciting help.

“Have you seen Klahr?”

“If you see him, tell him to go to the police station as soon as he can!”

“We’ve been arrested.”

“They think we stole this car.”

“We have to be there in less than 30 minutes or there will be a warrant.”

We continued to share our present dilemma with anyone and everyone, and begged them all to pass the word. If we could just find Jim we could clear up this whole mess, but time was running out. And time did run out. We gave up our search and drove to the police station in downtown Caldwell, hoping that someone would find Jim for us.

Much of what happened next is still a bit of a blur, most likely because it was then also.

I do remember what happened, but I’m not completely sure of the correct order; although by now I suppose the chronology is of minor concern. Sometime within the next 15-20 minutes we were told that someone had called in reporting their 1968 Toronado stolen . . . we were going to be booked for car theft and illegal possession of alcohol . . . Unbelievable! It seemed that nobody believed that Jim Klahr existed, that he really was the driver of the car; that he really did stop to take a leak. Having never been involved with anything remotely similar to this type of situation before, Mike and I were completely speechless . . . now what the hell do we do? Because Mike was 17 years old, his parents would have to be called. As Mike was pleading with the officer not to call his parents, Jim walked in the door. Holy cow – finally! So, after a few minutes of explanation, we were no longer on the hook for grand theft auto, but the alcohol charge wasn’t going to be easily dismissed. Jim tried to convince the cops that the beer was his and that we didn’t have anything to do with that, either – they didn’t buy it. When Mr. Collins showed up, he was fuming – and several officers had to physically restrain him so that he didn’t kill Mike. After they could be fairly certain that he wasn’t going to die at the hands of his father, the cops released Mike amid his pleas, “Don’t make me go with him! Put me in jail! Please let me stay here, I’m guilty!” As Jim and I watched this scene unfold I know that we were thinking the same thing – given a choice between the two, jail looked pretty good.

As soon as Mike and his dad left the police station and the door shut, the reality of our own situation hit us smack-upside-the-head. We were spending the night in jail. I was allowed my one phone call (I knew my

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rights!)

“Hi, Mom. You know how you have always told me that if I ever get myself into trouble then I’d have to face the music and deal with it? Well, I won’t be coming home tonight. I have to spend the night in jail for illegal possession of alcohol. Don’t worry, I’ll be fine.” I know she was shocked; and as I didn’t give her time to process the whole thing all she said was a feeble half question, half acknowledgement, “Oookay?”

Next we were escorted to the drunk tank. Drunk tank? One beer and I’m in the drunk tank? Maybe six-pack Jimmy, but even he wasn’t stumbling or incoherent any more than usual.

Thinking back on it, perhaps this allowed them time to get our cell ready. Hah! It was cold and dark – a small room with a cement floor and a drain. No benches, no chairs, and a very foul stench – a mixture of stale beer, vomit and urine. I really don’t remember how long we spent in the tank, but any amount of time was too long. But, we did have enough time for Jim to explain to me what had happened. He had seen the cop coming down the street and panicked. Then he ran – all the way to his house – over a mile. He knew that he would be in major trouble because of the amount of beer that he had consumed and that he had recently had some other minor skirmishes with the men in blue. When he had gotten home he had called the police station to explain that the two guys in the Toronado that were pulled over by one of their officers had his permission to drive the car and that they had not stolen it. However, the lady who took the call misunderstood and thought that he was actually reporting a stolen car. Add-in the fact that his parents (who were out of town for the weekend) had previously notified the police that they would be gone, and to please stop anyone who was driving that car (they had told Jim that he did not have permission to use it) and it equaled the mess in which we now found ourselves. Knee deep!

Then came the official booking – illegal possession of alcohol. We had to remove our belts, our shoelaces, and everything from our pockets. As we submitted our personal effects to the lady in charge another lady verbalized and recorded in writing a description of each item, one by one. “One brown, leather belt. Two white shoe laces. \$1.56 in change – one dollar bill, one quarter, two dimes, one nickel, and six pennies. One crumpled receipt from the Reed and Bell Drive-in and lastly, one bluish-white piece of lint. (Seriously – that is absolutely true.) All of our personal items, having been accurately recorded were then placed into separate manila folders and sealed. We then had to sign our names to the folders to verify that the description of the contents was accurate.

We were then escorted to our cell, possibly 8 X 10, with two steel bunks situated one on top of the other against the side wall each with a paper thin mattress. At the end of the cell was a disgusting toilet and sink, both brown with age and hard water chemical stains. Next to the sink was a small metal table with two plastic bowls, two tin cups and a box of stale cornflakes. No thanks.

I know that Jim wasn’t enamored with our accommodations or the situation in general, but in a way that only Jimmy can do, he tried to lighten the mood by pretending this was a very cool, unique experience.

“This is amazing!” he laughed, “Can you believe we’re in jail?”

I didn’t respond.

“Damn, I wish I had a camera to get a picture. We could submit it to the yearbook staff for the annual ‘Student Body Vice-President (that was me) Spends Night in the Slammer!’”

“Shut up, Jim!” was all I could come up with.

We had been told that we would be facing the judge in the morning shortly after his scheduled eight o’clock arrival. We had about eight hours to endure our current state of affairs; and since time flies faster under two conditions – when you’re having fun or when you are sleeping – I announced, “I’m going to bed,” as I slid into the bottom bunk and assumed the fetal position. I had never been on anything so hard in my life. The mattress offered no comfort at all and only served as a poor barrier from the cold steel. Sleep might

Night of the Toronado

come, but I was sure it wouldn't be soon and it wouldn't be sustained.

Klahr was still muttering and laughing as he continued to find the humor in all of it.

“Shut up, Jim!”

Eight o'clock couldn't come soon enough and it didn't. I know that we both slipped in and out of sleep repeatedly, but never really lost consciousness of where we were . . . and finally it was 8:00. Then it was 8:05, and then 8:10 . . . 8:20, and no judge – and no report from anyone. Jim lost his sense of humor.

“Hey!” he yelled through the steel bars of the cell door to no one in particular. “You said we'd be outta hear at 8:00!” There was no reply. Then it was 8:30. Our extended confinement got to him. Jim grabbed one of the tin cups from the table and started beating it against the bars and running it back and forth horizontally, just like in the movies. It made a very loud, obnoxious sound that echoed throughout the building; and although I shared his frustration of being celled longer than we had expected I couldn't help but laugh at his antics. Now I wish that I had a camera. “Hardened Criminal Starts Riot over Perceived Injustice” was the caption in my version of the yearbook.

Jim continued to make noise until someone responded, the bailiff – 8:40. He didn't look happy, but he did maintain his composure after Jim explained the reason for his Hollywood actions. We were told that the judge was running late, but should be arriving by 9:00. Great – only 20 more minutes! We could manage that.

At 9:05 the bailiff approached our cell door with the keys in his hand. Finally!

“The judge is here and you two are first on his agenda. Follow me,” he said.

We entered the small courtroom and took our seats. The judge started with me. He explained the charges and I explained what happened from my point of view. Then it was Jimmy's turn.

“James Klahr,” began the judge; followed by a lengthy pause as he looked down at the sheet of paper in front of him before he continued, “I see that you have quite a history with us. Illegal use of a BB gun in the city limits, illegal use of water balloons, curfew violations, etc. What do you have to say for yourself?”

Rather than trying to plead his case, Jim simply agreed to everything the judge said; then very briefly and truthfully explained his involvement in the night before. And that was that. The judge agreed that he would pass a “no judgment” – meaning that officially and legally we weren't guilty or innocent. We were informed that we would have to pay for court costs and that we were expected to report to the police station for the next four Saturdays from 8:00 to 4:00 to work off our debts – or, as the judge put it, “clean the slate.”

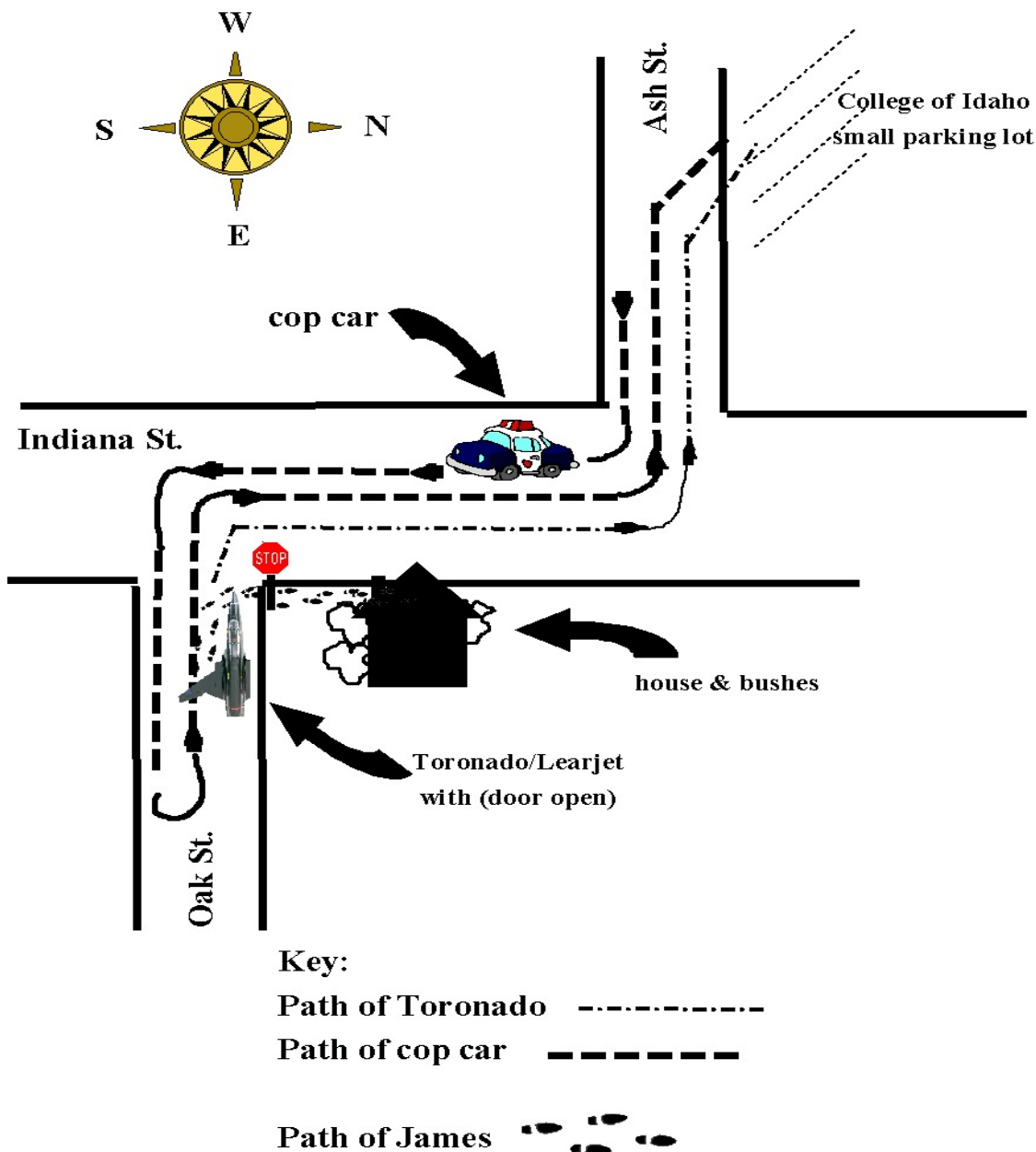
It was over – one of the longest and most miserable nights of my life! And to think that it all started as a simple celebration misdirected by a weak bladder. Damn you, Klahr!

Epilogue:

By Monday the story had circulated pretty well and I was somewhat dreading that first day at school. But, other than the expected teasing and occasional whisper behind my back (and the fact that my football coach broke into song, “I Ain't Nothin' but a Jailbird” while strumming an imaginary guitar) life went on as usual. Within a few weeks, it was all a thing of the past – done and forgotten . . . by most everyone but Jim, Mike, and me. The Night of the Toronado is one night that I will never forget, as evidenced by this story . . . 42 years later.

Night of the Toronado

Oh, and by the way . . . Jim and I did report for duty at the police station for the next four Saturdays. The first Saturday we spent the entire morning washing windows and cleaning police cars, but we were allowed to take it easy during the afternoon by shooting pool. The second visit was the worst. We spent the entire morning cleaning out the city dog pound, which by the looks of it hadn't been done for several months. Disgusting! The afternoon was spent washing police cars again. However, the final two Saturdays were nothing like the first. Although we were prepared to do any grunt work that they assigned, it seemed that the police on duty those days couldn't think of anything that needed to be done, so they fed us soda and doughnuts (stereotypical, I know – but true nonetheless) and insisted that we play game after game of pool on the coin-operated pool table located upstairs in the officers' recreation room. They even supplied us with the quarters. Sounds like a great gig, but playing pool for nearly eight hours straight didn't turn out to be as fun as we first anticipated. Still, better than the dog pound.




Old Quotes

HAPPINESS
IS WHEN YOU FEEL
GOOD ABOUT
YOURSELF
WITHOUT THE
NEED FOR ANYONE
ELSE'S APPROVAL.



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Old age is golden, or so I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder, as I crawl into bed,
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My glasses on the table until I get up.
As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself:
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
The reason I know my youth is all spent?
Is my get-up-and-go has got up and went!
But, in spite of it all, I'm able to grin
And think of the places my getup has been!

Old age sure comes
at a bad time.
Finally you know
everything just
in time to
forget it.



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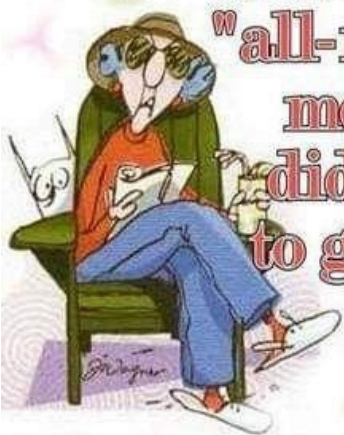
DEAR 2020
THANK YOU FOR MAKING
ME APPRECIATE
ALL THE THINGS
I USED TO TAKE
FOR GRANTED.



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I'm at the age
where an
"all-nighter"
means I
didn't have
to get up to
pee



© Raychel Backlund

My Age
Doesn't
bother
me...
it's the
**SIDE
EFFECTS.**



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Stories

On the Road

With Jim

“My Life with Jim” would not be complete without retelling the three memorable road trips I experienced with Jim and his mother. From a weekend trip to Zim’s Plunge to a three week journey to Pickle Crow and a cross country motorcycle ride to Mason City, Iowa. I find it difficult to recount these memories using the same detailed, short story format complete with dialogue that I used in the previous stories. My recollection of these events is a bit cloudy – many of the specifics have been squeezed from my memory and have completely disappeared through the years – perhaps because these events were spread over several days and weeks instead of minutes and hours. Therefore, I must resort to a simple narrative; nevertheless these were very significant chapters in my life.

Part I

The Henchmen

My first and only experience in the professional music business lasted one weekend in July. Zim’s Plunge is a natural hot springs resort located just north of New Meadows, Idaho along highway 95. It was the summer before our sophomore year, 1967. I suppose I was included mainly because I was a friend to all of the band members and had actually toyed with the notion of joining as a replacement bass player after Pete would leave the group. “The Henchmen” (previously known as the Banshees) consisted of Tom Cochrane – lead guitar, Tim VanSlyke on rhythm guitar, Pete Hunt on bass, Steve Brown on the drums, and Jim Klahr on the keyboards. Tom, Tim and Pete did most of the singing, sharing the lead, while Steve occasionally supplied some of the background harmony. Jim didn’t sing – ever. They were all dressed in thematic outfits: long sleeve, white dress shirts with black pants and a black vest; a white rope for a belt and a thin, black rope fashioned as a noose served as a tie. I don’t remember the entire playlist, but I do remember it was comprised mostly of current hits of the time with emphasis on The Beatles and The Rolling Stones but included “Light My Fire” by The Doors (definitely one of Jimmy’s favorites) and one great rendition of The Kingston Trio’s “Greenback Dollar.” Tim really liked that one – I think in part because he could yell, “And I don’t give a damn” . . . I also remember a fairly decent version of “Western Union” by the Five Americans. The Henchmen had been hired (arranged by Jim’s mom – Mrs. Libby, aka “Fritz,” aka “George” – I think her real name was Francis) to play for a teen dance to be held on two consecutive nights at Zim’s Plunge. I guess I was the band’s unofficial roadie, ticket taker, and sound man. After helping carry and set up equipment I would stand out in the middle of the room and tell them how it sounded. I actually did offer advice –who was too loud and who wasn’t loud enough – very technical stuff. Then I would sit at a table by the entrance and collect admission until half way through the night at which point admission was free. Of course, I continued to fulfill my duties as sound man while I was collecting money and even after when I was free to check out the girls and dance. I had to keep up the appearance of being important. It was a great job – I was paid a small amount for my duties, got to travel free with the band (my friends,) and had the opportunity to meet “people from out of town” (you can read this as “girls.”) I did meet a girl during this weekend, Barbara Hansen from Fruitland – nickname, “Mouse.” She was my original “Brown-Eyed Girl” (Van Morrison, 1967.) Our budding relationship lasted at least a month – through an occasional phone call (long distance), letters, and a few afternoon westbound I-84 excursions if I could convince one of my friends to drive. Even though Fruitland was less than thirty miles from Caldwell – in that day and age – that was a long distance relationship. The Henchmen didn’t last too much longer. I do remember a Battle of the Bands

On The Road With Jim

at the National Guard Armory at which they did very well. But most everyone except Jim gave up the dream of musical stardom. I do remember that Tim was given a Fender guitar from a guy called “Mooney” who used to be associated with Paul Revere and the Raiders. I think it might have been Robert “Mooney” White, the Raiders’ first guitar player. This guitar and his association with the Henchmen was the closest Tim ever came to musical fame. Pete eventually quit the band due to parental pressures. I know Tom continued to play with other bands after he moved to Oregon (Dennis Boatman and I hitchhiked to the Oregon Coast in the summer of ’71 and listened to Tom’s band at a county fair) and probably still plays today for his own pleasure. I’m not sure what became of Steve with regards to his musical aspirations, but I think I heard from someone years ago that he still plays drums and guitar. After the Henchmen, Jim eventually found himself in a group called “Salem Mass.” They actually recorded an album called “Witch Burning” in 1971 that features Madfingers Klahr on keyboards and Moog synthesizer. The album eventually earned a cult-like following somewhere Europe. “Witch Burning” is still available at CD Universe and Amazon. Jim continues to play with many different groups and has been associated with several oldies musical reunions featuring well-known artists from the musical era that gave birth to The Henchmen.

Part II

Pickle Crow

I’m guessing it was July or August of 1967 (summer before our sophomore year at Caldwell High School) when Jim asked if I wanted to go with him and his mother to Pickle Crow, Canada. Where? Pickle Crow (now a ghost town) is in Ontario, Canada on the shores of Pickle Lake - located about 300 miles west of Hudson Bay and 200 miles north of Thunder Bay. There was and still is only one road to Pickle Crow – Highway 599. I remember it being nearly 200 miles long through fairly dense forest area, of which the last 100+ was dirt and gravel. The only other way to Pickle Crow was by plane, landing on the lake. Why Pickle Crow? Jim’s father-in-law, Jim Libby (Jim called him *Tooter Turtle* because he reminded him of the cartoon character), was a fairly prominent architectural engineer, and he was hired to do some work in that area (might have had something to do with the gold mines in the area – Pickle Crow was established because of gold.) He was going to fly while Mrs. Libby, Jim, Steve Brown, and I were going to travel by car in their new 1966 Oldsmobile Toronado.

Tooter Turtle (sometimes spelled Tudor or Tutor) was a character from a popular cartoon in the early 60’s. Tooter would always get himself into trouble trying to be something he wasn’t and would have to count on the help of Mr. Wizard to bring him back to the safe reality of his own being. He always called out the same thing, the famous, "Help me, Mr. Wizard!" Mr. Wizard would rescue him with the incantation, "Twizzle, twazzle, twozzle, twome; time for this one to come home." Then, Mr. Wizard would always give Tooter the same advice: "Be just what you is, not what you is not. Folks what do zis are ze happiest lot."

By arranging a sheet of plywood covered with sheets and blankets and sleeping bags in the back seat of the Toronado, Mrs. Libby converted the area into a sleeper compartment, thinking that we would be more comfortable if we could stretch out. The three of us, Jim, Steve & I would take turns sitting in the front seat while the other two stayed in back, but often all three of us would be in the “sleeper compartment” leaving the passenger side front seat empty. The entire trip was about 3 weeks – a week to get there, stay a week, and a week to return. Although I don’t remember too many details of the trip, there are bits and pieces that I, thankfully, will never forget. The nearly 2,000 mile drive to Pickle Crow is a total haze – the only thing I remember is driving through Yellowstone Park and seeing dozens of bears as they came right up to the car (a sight that you don’t see any more), and the dozens if not hundreds of lakes in northern Minnesota and southern Ontario. It seemed like there was a different lake around every turn of the road.

After arriving in Pickle Crow and meeting up with “Tooter” it didn’t take long for us three punks to meet our first Canuck, a local teen (probably 18 or 19 years old) who seemed very “hip” to us. He smoked and drank

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beer in public and said “eh” a lot – very rebellious. He possessed two very peculiar and totally awesome talents that really captured our imagination. He would open beer bottles with his eye socket and he could blow cigarette smoke out of his tear duct. Wow! As much as we were intrigued by this “rebel without a cause,” we realized that it was in our best interest not to become too friendly with this guy. He had trouble written all over him.

I think it must have been the next day or maybe two days later that Mrs. Libby drove us, “The Three -----” (insert your own noun of reference – Amigos, Stooges, Musketeers, etc.) out into the wilds of Ontario, Canada (about ten miles out of town), where she dropped us. We had a tent, camp stove, sleeping bags, lanterns, hatchets, knives, fishing poles and all the food supplies that we could possibly want – we were ready for the total wilderness adventure. We set up camp alongside a small stream and started our week-long “mountain man” experience. Mrs. Libby would check in with us regularly (every other day) to make sure we hadn’t killed ourselves or run out of milk, but other than that we were on our own. The memories from this excursion that have stayed with me include cutting down several slender trees from which we built a table using rope and good old American ingenuity. While we were illegally chopping down trees we were introduced to the Canadian mosquito. Never before or since have I seen mosquitoes so big and so thick. I swear to this day that they were as big as houseflies and their swarm was as thick as smoke. You could even hear them approaching – sounded like B-52’s on a bombing mission. It was literally like the cartoons that show a swarm of mosquitoes forming together in the shape of an arrow or a needle and attacking some poor unsuspecting camper who has exposed his backside. They didn’t seem to be a problem during the daylight hours, but as soon as the sun went down it was time to take cover. I also fondly recall that our fishing success was limited to the capture of only one, not overly large trash fish. We blew it up with several strategically planted firecrackers. Ahh! – Great times! – Makin’ memories!

After our highly successful week-long commune with nature we left Pickle Crow and drove west through Canada all the way to the Pacific Ocean. Most of what I remember from this return trip was how amazing the scenery was and how fortunate I was to be able to experience it. This was a big deal for a 15 year old kid from Caldwell, Idaho. Wow! I will never forget seeing Lake Louise in Banff, Alberta for the first time. I was totally overwhelmed by the sheer majesty of it all. At that time I swore that I would return sometime to share this experience with someone else who would be seeing it for the first time. (I was true to my word. My wife and our three children included a two-night stay at Lake Louise in our family vacation in the early 1990’s.) The final lasting memory of this trip included going to a movie at The Orpheum Theater in Vancouver, British Columbia. The Orpheum was built early in the century and was originally home to vaudeville acts. I was very impressed by the architecture and the overall grandeur of such a plush palace.

It is a shame that I don’t remember more about such a great trip, but if nothing else, it strengthened my desire to travel and experience new places.

Part III

Cross Country Biking for the “The Bago”

Who leaves on a 1500 mile cross country motorcycle trip at 6:30 in the evening? Jim’s mom, Mrs. Libby, is the only person I know that would schedule it that way on purpose! (Of course this doesn’t include my own family nearly 30 years later when we left at ten o’clock at night for an extended road trip to Florida – we had planned to leave at four in the morning but we couldn’t sleep.) I couldn’t believe that my mother gave me permission to do this – and then I couldn’t believe we were leaving that late – that was crazy. It was Thursday, July 24, 1969 and Jim asked me if I wanted to ride motorcycles to Iowa with him and his mother. The three of us were going to ride motorcycles to someplace in northern Iowa so Mrs. Libby could pick up a Winnebago motor home from the factory in Forest City, Iowa. Then we would rent a trailer to haul the motorcycles behind “The Bago” back to Caldwell – should take about a week total. Yeah, right Jim! Like I’m gonna get permission to do that. He asked me around noon that day after I had finished coaching the little

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leaguers and we were actually on the road by 6:30 (thanks Mom). I really thought that because it had taken so long to get ready we would surely wait until the next morning, but (as I was soon to learn) that's not the way Mrs. Libby travels. Perhaps because she owned and operated a tavern in downtown Caldwell, Idaho, her work routine – “late to bed, late to rise” – had carried over to her travel routine. We were on the road and hoping to make it to Pocatello before we had to stop for the night. Both Jim and I were riding Honda 350's (I had borrowed Tim Van Slyke's) and “George” was sporting a Honda 175. It was a rather humorous sight – 4' 11”, 40-something Mrs. Libby astride a motorcycle. Of course Jim and I couldn't control our laughter, especially when she made us drive ahead of her as we approached an intersection so that we could forewarn her if there was any cross traffic approaching. She refused to come to a complete stop unless it was absolutely necessary because her feet didn't reach the ground without tilting the bike at an extreme angle. If she was forced to stop she had to dismount completely in order to keep the bike from falling. It was hoot to watch! Every time we laughed she would remind us that she could ride circles around us because she had grown up with lots of brothers and had been raised on Harleys. We reminded her that it wasn't the “riding” that was bringing tears to our eyes.

We didn't make it to Pocatello that night. Both Jim and I ran out of gas before we reached Bliss (about 120 miles – yeah, we were rookies). Had dinner at midnight in Bliss (now that's irony) and drove another 75 miles before we called it a day – just outside of Burley. Slept just off the roadside (I can't even remember if it was a rest stop) in what could easily be considered a “weed patch.” I woke up the next morning with a huge, fat lip where something had bitten me during the night – and I had lost my glasses. What a great trip this was turning out to be!

Day Two consisted of 325 miles to Rock Springs, Wyoming via Pocatello and Soda Springs, Idaho. Highlights of the day: Jim and I took off the helmets and slicked our hair back – totally greasy. We thought we were pretty cool. Keep in mind that this trip took place about a week after the movie “Easy Rider” was released. The swelling in my lip was completely gone by dinner time and I found my glasses (carefully stowed in my bag so I wouldn't lose them.)

Day Three: The day of natural and man-made disasters. Our 300 miles to Pine Bluffs, Wyoming (right on the border of Nebraska) was marked with one obstacle after another. Just riding along nice and steady somewhere in Wyoming and my chain guard broke. Then, we weren't at all prepared for the hailstorm that greeted us as we journeyed through Medicine Bow National Forest west of Cheyenne. Stones as big as marbles – I ain't kidding – and we about froze our you-know-whats off. It was good thing we weren't “greasing out” today – the helmets may have saved our lives. The storm left as quickly as it had come, but we were still forced to pull off to the side of the road to seek shelter as we tried to huddle behind some large boulders. Having survived Mother Nature we tried to find lodging in Cheyenne, but no luck. Instead we rode a little further to a rest area at Pine Bluffs, near the Nebraska border. Like the stupid teenagers we were, we tried to do some mild hill climbing at the rest area and I broke the clutch handle on Tim's bike. (Hill climbing with a 350 Honda road bike? – I said we were stupid.) No problem, right? I can get it fixed tomorrow. Remember the year is 1969, tomorrow was Sunday and we were at a rest stop on the border of Wyoming and Nebraska – no GPS, no smart phones. (I think road maps were just invented a few years earlier.) No cell phone and the nearest cycle shop is probably Boise or Chicago (but if we could find a pay phone and phone book where the pages hadn't been ripped out, a local call would only cost a dime.)

Day Four: Woke up to Mrs. Libby's internal alarm just in time for breakfast at noon. Taped the clutch handle so that it was somewhat functional and began the 400 miles trip to Lincoln with a dinner stop in Ogallala, Nebraska (home of one of the original Pony Express Stations.) Arrived in Lincoln and checked into our motel at 2:00 A.M.

Day Five: I'm beginning to get used to “George's” time schedule, so it didn't bother me too much that our departure from Lincoln wasn't until 3:00 in the afternoon. It gave me a little time to unsuccessfully find somewhere to fix the clutch handle. The final 300+ miles to Clear Lake, Iowa was not without drama. Riding single file, I was in the lead followed by Jim and then his mother. We were well spaced with probably 100

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yards between us. Jim described it later, “I thought your head exploded, and that was bits of scalp and brain!” I hadn’t seen it coming – and again, thank goodness I had my helmet on. I think it might have been a sparrow, but at 80 miles per hour, it felt like an eagle. Bam! Smack dab right in the middle of the forehead – feathers everywhere – Poof! – very much like smoke. From Jim’s point of view . . . Wow! Cool! Needless to say this earned us a small roadside time out. I was lucky that I had suffered only a slight headache and a bit of a sore neck. Not too long after we recovered from this excitement, we lost Jim’s mother. Somehow she was separated from us as we were coming in to Des Moines just around sunset. We eventually found her, but not before we had contacted the State Patrol. That was kind of scary – she had all the money (just kidding.) Riding a motorcycle after midnight in the summertime; playing giant slalom with the freshly painted white lines on the smooth blacktop of a gently rolling Iowa country road is something that should be on everyone’s bucket list. We pulled into Clear Lake at about 2:30 in the morning (that would be Tuesday, July 29.) Clear Lake is located about 10 miles west of Mason City and about 25 miles southeast of Forest City, home of Winnebago Industries.

Day Six: Jim and I rode to Mason City in search for a cycle shop. There wasn’t any – I told you ... Boise or Chicago. Mason City was a pretty dead town for a population of over 25,000. Back to Clear Lake to wait for Mrs. Libby to arrive with the Winnebago. We were pretty impressed when she drove up in the huge motor home. Then it took forever to get a trailer hooked up and twice that long to squeeze three motorcycles into a “two” cycle trailer. But we finally accomplished the impossible and headed west. Day’s end found us in Okoboji, Iowa (I know, we thought it was Florida, too.) Not to be confused with Okeechobee, (the “Speckled Perch Capital of the World” and gateway to Southern Florida), Okoboji is a summer resort area located within the Iowa Great Lakes Region in northwestern Iowa. We walked around a really cool amusement park, but since it was midnight and the park was closing, that’s all we were allowed to do – walk around. After a few hours of “walking around” we spent our first night in the “Bago.”

Day Seven: In keeping with the established routine, we awoke around 11:30, ate breakfast lunch and then went shopping for food to stock the Winnebago. Mrs. Libby gave us the day to enjoy the amusement park so we didn’t leave until nine o’clock that night. I have no idea if we stopped anywhere for the night or if “George” just drove straight through until morning.

Day Eight: Woke up somewhere outside of Omaha and other than a front tire blow out on the freeway somewhere in Nebraska the whole day was spent on the road. Jim and I spent many hours playing cards and dozing, although his mother did trust him to drive for a short time. We spent the night in Cheyenne – arriving at two in the morning.

Day Nine: Finally found a replacement clutch handle in Cheyenne (\$5.50) and we pulled out about 1:00 P.M. – an early start for us. Drove hard and long across Wyoming and into Idaho – dinner in Rock Springs – coffee at 1:00 A.M. in Montpelier, Idaho – breezed through Pocatello at 2:30 and finally pulled over and slept ten miles outside of Twin Falls.

Day Ten: (Saturday, August 2) – Woke up about 11:00 for the final leg of the trip. Ate lunch in Mountain Home and arrived in Boise about 3:00 in the afternoon. Jim and I rode the cycles home from Boise. It seemed only fitting and proper that we return the way we began. It felt good to be home . . . but it was a great adventure.

Note: Ok, Ok, I know what you must be thinking . . . and if you aren’t, you should be. After previously stating that “my recollection of these events is a bit cloudy – many of the specifics have been squeezed from my memory” how could I supply such detail about this trip to Iowa? I made it up – literary license – fictionalized embellishments. No! But I must confess I had help from a very “sketchy” journal that I had kept for the full year of 1969. Another friend and I had decided to keep a journal for the entire year with the intent of exchanging journals to “share” on New Year’s Eve. So, I did have a few previously recorded facts from which I could draw information to help dissipate the clouds. Did we exchange journals and share? NO

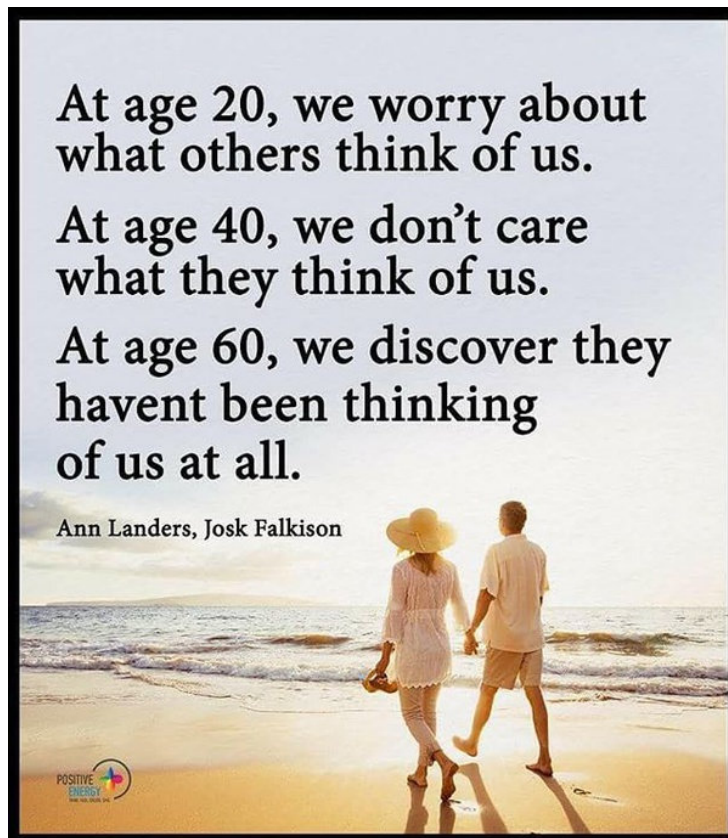
On The Road With Jim

WAY! Unlike the current trend of “sharing” via My Space, in your Face-book, Twitter, Tweeter, Blinkin’ Stinkin’ and Nod I guess we decided back then that there are some things that just don’t need to be shared – ever!

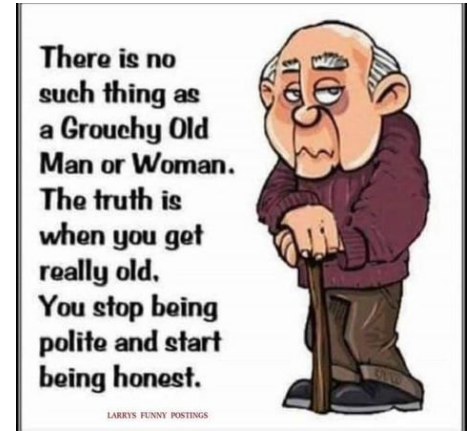
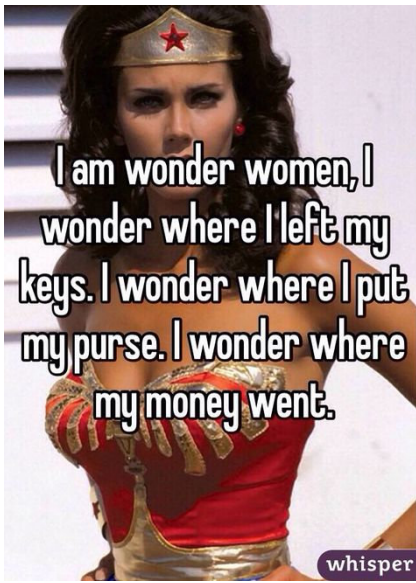
Afterword

We were good friends, Jim and I. Not best friends, but good friends. But just knowing Jim opened opportunities that led to lifetime memories. My life has been enriched because of my early association with Jim Klahr and I will always consider him a friend. Most everyone I know from my formative years in Caldwell can recall a story about Jim. I think he has enriched many lives. Thanks Jimmy!

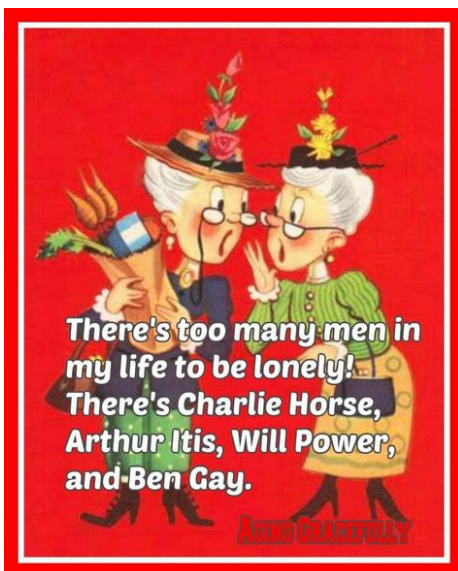
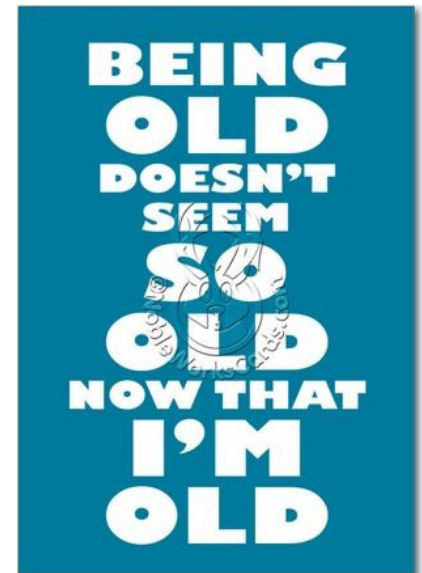
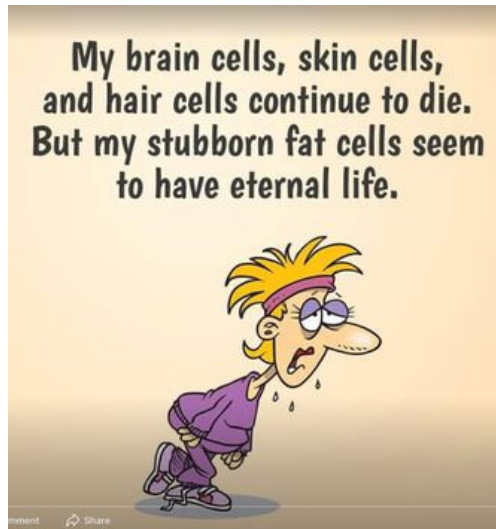
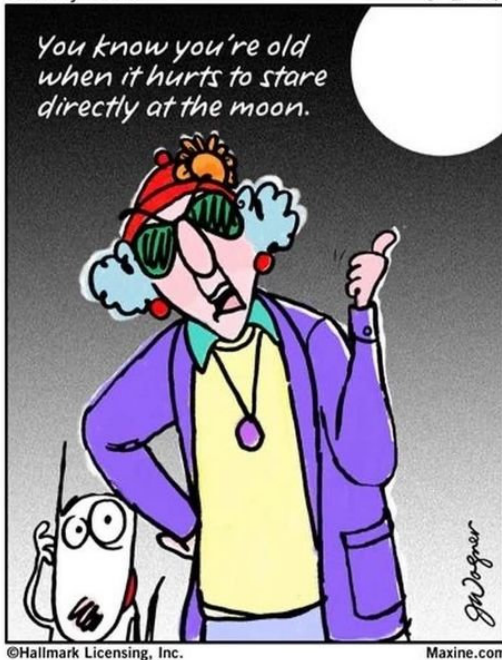
- Jerry Bates



Old Quotes



Crabby Road 5-2-07



Stories

Science Classes at CHS

By Steve Purcell

Mr. Broomhall

Up to College my experience with school was to do school work as fast as possible, do a better than average job to keep out of trouble, have everything done before it was due, and not to be noticed while getting As and Bs. I didn't study, I did all my assignments at school, and the only time I did something at home was to write a long report or to practice playing my saxophone. School to me interfered with what I really wanted to do, which was to be at Basketball (8th and 9th grade), High School Cross Country, and or Track practice, bowling, or working at the family business.

That began to change when I took an early morning Biology class. Many of you will remember Paul Broomhall as the Advanced Biology teacher at CHS. If you didn't take his class you missed something special. You also missed dissecting a fetal pig and breathing formaldehyde. I sat at the back of the class sharing a desk with Doug Henry. I know Sam Summers, Newell Lavoy, and at least one and maybe both of the Birnbaum twins were there. We learned the names of all the bones, arteries and veins, some muscles, all the organs, and how to hold your breath when needing to get real close to dissect or examine the pig. My memory is fuzzy on who were also in the class with me. But I was thankful for what I learned when I had to dissect another fetal pig in college. I am thankful for this class as we took around 16 weeks to do the dissection at CHS whereas in college we did it in one week.

At times Mr. Broomhall would talk about his experiences in school and other classes he taught while we were dissecting the pig. He would point out different things and did his best to get us excited about learning. It worked as many who had him as a teacher went on to becoming doctors. He was a big influence on me, although nothing changed for me about school until I started college. In my first class in college, I realized I knew very little about everything. Suddenly I wanted to learn as much as I could about everything that had to do with science.

Back to CHS. After we were finished dissecting the fetal pigs Mr. Broomhall stated we need to do something else to finish the year. This prompted a conversation, which I don't remember. Getting old is not fun. Knowing things now I think it should have been a class to have better studying habits and to gain a better memory. Mr. Broomhall was enjoying the conversation and was mostly just listening. He knew what we would be doing next but wanted us to think we had a say in the class.

Most everyone was talking about different topics when the room became suddenly silent when Paige stood up. Paige faced Sam and Newell, and announced rather loudly that she and Holly had only one belly button between them. It sounded like she was bragging and wanted someone to guess who didn't have a belly button. We knew Paige and Holly were twins, but would that mean only one of them had a belly button? This provoked both Newell and Sam to say "What!" at the same time. If you don't remember, both Newell and Sam were great students but both of them were fairly naïve.

Could that be right? No, having one belly button would mean you had to be Siamese twins. Or maybe not. This didn't sound right. Paige continued the conversation and perhaps Holly joined in trying to convince both Newell and Sam one of them did not have a belly button. Others were mostly listening and did not join the conversation perhaps proving they didn't want to be a fool by having an

Science Classes at CHS

cotton and did not burn very fast. When the flames starting going up the tie several of us in the class made a gasping sound and wondered what to do. We were all in stunned silence and could hardly believe what was happening. The flaming tie finally caught Mr. Gruver's attention. That was good, but we still didn't know what to do. Would he jump up and scream and rush to get a fire extinguisher? No, he calmly sat down and reached into a drawer and pulled out a pair of scissors. Just as calmly he stepped over to the stainless-steel sink and cut off his flaming tie. And just as calmly went back to his experiment.

At this point everyone was very awake and didn't know if we should shout, to clap, or just continue to watch. We ended up being silent but waiting to see what else may happen. I looked around the class as everyone else was also looking around. All the eyes I met seemed to say "what just happened" or "did you see that"? But, no one said a thing and Mr. Gruver didn't act as if anything happend and didn't comment on his burning tie.

I heard Mr. Gruver had a "heart condition" and that it is why he didn't get excited about anything. I don't know if it was true and I don't think I will every know.

Second Experiment

- Paper Missiles

A second time I remembered was when Mr. Gruver was again doing an experiment in front of the class. He was concentrating and mostly ignored the classroom. As a result, we were all getting very bored as the Bunsen burner was off. For some reason, Mr. Gruver was mumbling and we couldn't hear him comment on the experiment he was doing, which added to the boredom.

This is where Jon, George, and Paige come into the story. Let me first set up the classroom. There were five columns of desks in the room, which were between Mr. Gruver's desk and his experiment table and the student's experiment tables in the back of the room. I remember there were about 6 rows of desks in each column of desks. Paige was in the second row on the far-left column of the classroom next to the windows. I was in the middle of the classroom in the second row. George was behind me in the same column of desks. I think Jon was one column of desks to my right and in the third row of desks which would put Jon next to George. The class was not making a lot of noise but we were not really watching what Mr. Gruver was doing.

Much to every male's delight Paige and Holly would at times come to school wearing a low-cut dress. This day was one of those times. Puberty is a bad time for everyone and at that time I thought I was the only one who was changing and starting to have strange thoughts going through my head. I still have strange thoughts, but they are different strange thoughts than 50 years ago. Girls wearing reveling clothing was very noticeable. I didn't understand the reason it was exciting or why I was growing hair in places that never had hair before. Nevertheless, pretty girls were very noticeable.

As the boring experiment was going on and on and on, a wadded-up piece of paper or missile could be seen thrown across the classroom. The paper was perhaps a fourth the size of a whole piece of paper and was wadded up very tightly so it was fairly small. I don't know who started the paper throwing and Mr. Gruver didn't notice. It wasn't an all-out paper war but was more like one piece thrown every two to three minutes.

Science Classes at CHS

I heard some talking behind me and wondered who was going to be the next target. Then it happened. A wadded-up ballistic missile headed toward the ceiling in a high arc. Jon launched the missile but who was the target? Seconds seemed like minutes as I watched the missile going where? A split second later I decided the target was Paige. She was sitting straight up, looking straight ahead, and may have been close to going to sleep. Where was the missile heading? Perhaps it was destined to hit her back, side of her head, miss her entirely and go between her and the desktop, or hit the desktop? As I watched I thought the missile was going to miss her back and it looked like it might hit her right ear or just miss her entirely. The missile went over her shoulder, missed her ear and face, but then disappeared. There was no sign of it on the floor. Where did it go?

I second or two later Paige made a little sound and turned very red. I knew where it landed. And so, did George. George stood up and raised his right arm and extended two fingers. Then, in his best basketball two point shot impression George dropped his right arm down to the floor and almost shouted, “two.” With that outburst, Paige got even redder and Mr. Gruver missed everything.

I don't think most of our classmates knew what happened and I am sure Paige was not going to volunteer the information. The paper toss was a one in a million shot. It was definitely worth more than two points.

- Steve Purcell

“A Look Behind”

-Randy Gerdes

Caldwell High School Class of 1970 Reunion, July 8, 2000

Joni Mitchell wrote “The Circle Game,” in which she sang...

“We can’t go back, we can only look behind from where we came, and go ‘round and ‘round and ‘round in the circle game.”

Tonight, I want t you look behind with me for a few minutes at what experienced together. I may take a few liberties here...a few for effect and a lot more because my memory is going! I hope you’ll all sit back and think, “Wow, I remember that!” I want you to remember what happened, how it felt, how it changed you, and why you came back tonight.

We started out together, and most of us made it through together. We had a time of stability then that our own kids don’t enjoy.

We conquered our fears together — what was in the basement at Lincoln School? — and we discovered our talents, our insecurities...

We learned how to speak our feelings...and how to conceal them...

- We learned to compete, to win, and to lose...
- We learned how much we had in common, and how different we were...
- We learned to speak out, make enemies, and discovered how to disagree and still be friends.
- We learned the value of a best friend...
- And the cost of losing our only one...

Our strengths and weaknesses were sharpened against each other daily, when we battled for first chair (**Deborah Whitman** and **Bruce Rankin**), made the varsity team (**Sam Summers**, **Steve Vis**), or eliminated some kid from the other team in sham battle (that was usually me!).

We ran away to each others’ houses, discovered deoderant and shaving, and we beat each other up after school.

We flashed the PEACE sign, and **Guy Santiago** had those little round sunglasses that were so cool! Say it with me...GIIIII! Skirts had to be below the knee, hair above the ears, and those of us who could grow sideburns (Blaisdell) couldn’t have them below our earlobes.

And our cars! **Paul Lodge** had the Superbird, and **Sandy McLeod** had the Barracuda.

For many of us here, our first kiss was with someone in this room (and I have that list here!!). We first fell in love, or thought we did, with each other...and it was real.

We saw our leaders and heroes slain onscreen, and in our living rooms, man walked on the moon and we learned to see the future—and got brave enough together to believe we could create one ourselves and find

Stories

our places in it.

We didn't know so many joys and sorrows awaited us — the student loan, the first new car, marrying the most special person in the world, traveling to exotic places. Having a child, taking out a mortgage, getting a big promotion or owning a business...losing a job...losing a marriage...losing a parent, spouse or child. Losing our faith...or finding it. Learning how to make a difference, getting gray, having grand kids, paying off that student loan!! Teaching a son or daughter to drive...did I say getting gray?

I couldn't think of what I'd say to you when I was asked to give these comments. I don't remember high school as the best time of my life, and I didn't even like some of you and I'm sure some of you didn't like me!

But, one rainy Sunday morning when I was stuck in St. Paul on business over the weekend, I started thinking (and writing) about what we went through together...what bonds us still. And, I began to remember the strangest stuff...so here are some highlights from my long-term memory:

The year was 1958, Eisenhower was President, Elvis joined the Army, and the radio was playing “One-eyed, one-horned, flyin’ Purple People Eater.” Remember?

We held hands together and marched into Lincoln Elementary for our first day. Remember the banister railings with wooden pegs in them so you couldn't slide down? Remember your plastic pencil box? Mine was red and had the capitols of all 50 states (I'm still unclear about Austin being the capitol of Texas!). Remember Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mrs. Murphy with that gray and red phonograph and the Mexican Hat Dance? Our playground went on forever, and we had big-time serious marble tournaments where we played for “Keepsies” with cat-eyes, steelies and bumble-bees.

There was a giant lunch room where I first had to choose between spinach and sauerkraut...ah, but they had chocolate milk and popcorn on Fridays...and **Beth Adams** lived close by.

There was the thrill of being noticed by someone important, and the heartbreak of finding out who was popular and who wasn't. We spent our first four years together at Lincoln...a school still in use, and much the same...I visited with my niece, Megan, a few years ago...the wooden pegs still secure in the stairwell railings.

Then it was 1962, and we were off to Washington school. Studebaker released the Avanti, the Honda 50 stormed the US, and Walter Cronkite took the desk at the CBS evening news. John Glenn orbited the earth, and Gregory Peck won an Oscar for “To Kill a Mockingbird.” The Germans were building the Berlin Wall and Russia put nuclear missiles in Cuba. The first black student enrolled at Mississippi, and Wilt Chamberlain scored 100 points in a single game. Bob Dylan sang “Blowin’ in the Wind.”

As I recall, we were all equipped with a demonic little device called a Flutaphone, and Mr. Schink began his reign of terror as the commandant of music. What a guy...he taught us standards.

Washington is a blur to me...we only had one year there (well, at least most of us were only there one year). Mrs. MacDonald had surgery on her arm, and we had a substitute for most of the year. Brian Moore and I swapped the model cars we raced down the huge hill out back...we tied so many races we just finally traded cars. Oh, and **Beth Adams** lived close by.

The year was 1963, and we went from Washington to Wilson. Alfred Hitchcock brought us “The Birds,” and Zip Codes were first introduced. Race riots broke out in Alabama, and President Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas. The radio was playing “Puff, the Magic Dragon,” and we had a brand new school to go to.

I remember speed-reading projectors, Mr. Teichert, our smoke-jumper science teacher, the fold up lunch tables in the gym where **Dennis Boatman** laughed so hard at a joke that milk came out his nose! And, Coach Thomas used to see how many floor tiles he could move us with swats from his paddle that looked like a sawed-off canoe oar (which it was!).

Stories

Bonnie Burns and **Holly Franklin** had matching broken legs and pink dresses that year...who could forget. And later, in the parking lot, **Nancy Sanders** and **Tina Alexanderson** had an incident that almost got them kicked out of driver's training!

In 1965, US troops increased in Vietnam from 20,000 to 190,000...a Soviet Cosmonaut was the first man to walk in space, Cassius Clay knocked out Sonny Liston and Floyd Patterson, and the Beatles sang "A Hard Day's Night." That year's big movie was The Sound of Music, and Roger Miller wrote "King of the Road" while staying at the Hotel Boise after a concert one night. Bread was 21 cents a loaf, gas was 31 cents a gallon.

We were headed to Jefferson Junior High (the former CHS), and this is much more memorable to me...I remember **Frank Skogsberg** and the noon movie...the Incredible Shrinking Man...shown in installments for 5 cents each, and timed to end just when he was fighting off the giant spider with a straight pin!

We can't forget the infamous Pigeon Alley...where local legend told that Paul Revere threw the typewriter that got him kicked out of CHS and started his ride to fame as a national star. Minnie McClure taught us in the room by the furnace...always hot in there, but we were occupied shooting spitwads at the silverfish that came out of the walls. We made little darts from straight pins and matchsticks (**Krause**) in Mr. Diede's TEEN TOPICS class.

There was a dungeon below the auditorium called the band room, and there were bats in the auditorium. We went to the Arctic Circle for fries and fry sauce for lunch, and there was a little burger hut across the street that sold malted milk balls...right next to the alley where **Sue Love** kicked the crap out of Mike Crew, who had the bad judgment to hang out with some high school punks and cruise by Jefferson at lunch time to yell insults.

I remember our Principle, Ray Link (OK so I spent some time in his office with **Krause** and **Rankin** for those little darts, but I digress...). Mr. Link opened a locked door at noon for **Randy Ekanger** after Randy clocked this high school boxer kid Ron-somebody, who had the bad judgment to challenge him. The guy didn't stand a chance. We were united in a circle around their car...but Ekanger (he was Sergeant at Arms after all) took the shot...I still remember the guy's head hitting the roof of his car after Randy popped him. Oh, yeah, say it with me: "and...**Beth Adams**...lived...close...by."

By the time 1967 rolled around, we were ready for CHS. Israel stunned the world with their victory in the 6-day war, Dustin Hoffman starred in the Graduate, and US troops now numbered over 450,000 in Vietnam. The US population passed 200 million, Elvis married Priscilla in Las Vegas, and Green Bay won the Super Bowl. The Dow was at 943.

The Cartwrights rode the Ponderosa each week, and the Beatles told us "All You Need is Love." We went from upperclassmen at Jefferson to scum-of-the-earth-sophomores at CHS overnight! That was humbling!

Teresa Roberts and **Jane Buettgenbach** faked a bloody nose to get out of German Class with Herr Buzzard...what a bad rug he had! Nobody ever snuck out on Frau Rader! Remember **Doug Henry's** speech on how to give a speech? Our Advanced Algebra teacher, Glenda, who fortunately had looks that could kill, but unfortunately had breath that could do the same? Mr. Doerr, our geometry teacher, who had once run for governor on the pro-gambling ticket...clearly ahead of his time.

Who could forget the Senior Sergeants...much more fun as seniors than as sophs! This is when we chopped down Colonel Lee's precious golf club to an overall 14 inches! This is when **Steve Vis** and **Dave Hayman** mooned the entire Pendleton High Band, their dates, chaperones and ours at a dance they sponsored for our visiting band. This is when **Sue Clapier**, **Karen Vertrees** and yours truly all had knee surgeries at Caldwell Memorial...and all got mono after our stays.

And who could forget Kentucky Long Bingo...scribed so tenderly in so many textbooks by **Chuck Krause** and **Walter Gipson**. Mr. Schink, Mr. Fordyce, the music nazis...and Coach Garcia, Mr. Gerhauser, Mrs.

Stories

Boles...

I remember the furor over making Nampa/Caldwell Blvd a one way street...changing forever how we would Drag the Curb to a figure eight. **Bob Driscoll** and I dragged the curb at 10,000 feet in his dad's plane, while below us **Paul Christiansen** and his brother were probably beating people up, as was their hobby then.

I remember Mrs. Howard's English class (WHAT?) and getting into trouble with **Brian Attebery** for counting "Whats." **George Webb** started the 43-man Mongolian Polo Team for those of us with highly specialized athletic skills. We went from a beautiful German Teacher to Gary Gabbard who was fired for shoplifting beer, and from rejoicing at the State Basketball Tournament as Juniors to sweating the Vietnam Lottery as Seniors, and we were growing up fast by then.

It was the 60's, and society was in turmoil. Draft dodgers, the war, hippies, the Black Panthers, drugs. Wrenching social changes. We dealt with our own wrenching changes in Caldwell, too:

From Madras plaid to paisley, from pegged pants with zippers to bellbottoms, from tennis shoes to Wingtips...from dresses to miniskirts and wide belts. It was tough!

And, through our years together, we had our share of controversies:

Who gets to push **Holly** and **Bonnie** in their wheelchairs?

- Should **Larry Beitia** be sent home if he keeps his hair tucked behind his ears?
- Should **Christy Cooper** get to wear culottes to school...aren't those shorts?
- Should **Mark Haygood** have to pay for the hole he punched in the gym ceiling at Jefferson while climbing the rope in PE?
- How did the kids on the Bogus ski bus get even with **Larry Ross** for stealing their candy bars from their lunch sacks? (I remember **Dave Hayman's** older sister, Reese's Peanut Butter Cups and some EX-LAX).
- Who will ask me to the Sadie Hawkins dance?
- How do you spell **Vitoon's** last name? (Armornvirantanaskul)
- Will **Mike Love** hit me when I am just walking down the hall to my next class?
- Can the Senior Sergeants really give me a ticket for that? And a 50 cent fine?
- Who was the real money behind Adolph's Angels?

And, there were unsolved mysteries for all these 30 years.

I figured after this long you might give up some secrets, so I took a survey to solve these vitally important yet unanswered questions...and here are the results:

Should I have a nick-name? Colin McLeod had the winning answer: "Jeez, mom, what were you thinking?"

Do I have too much body hair? Randy "Bush" Marshall had the winning answer: "Let's take a look."

How old was Junior Gomez in the 8th grade? John Gulley had the winning answer: "Which year?"

Who was your favorite CHS Quarterback? Mike Ferney's winning answer was: "Mike Ferney."

Who wrecked his dad's jeep backing out of Marshall's driveway? John Blaisdell had the winning answer: "Randy was talking and distracted me."

Who won the annual 10th Street Christmas Lite contest? Dick Baranco had the winning answer:

Stories

“Duh, no contest.”

Were there really narcs following Debbie Buekelman around town? The Colonel, Gordon Lees had the winning answer: “I told them they should.”

And, finally, the greatest mystery of our years together:

Who is **Harriet Grossenbach????!???** Enrolled in every class on the first day roll was called each year...we never saw her...but she signed **Rod Aguilar's** yearbook on the last day...a master stroke of someone's genius.

I remember much more...

Playing summer baseball with **John Gulley, Rex Rodwell, Joe Vermass, Rod Aguilar, Jerry Bates, Dave Randall, Jerry Thompson...** Jerry, Rex and I played for the B.P.O.E....but we never knew why it's always 11:00pm in Elkdom!

I remember the grocery store...**Brent Kelly, Mike Collins, Sheldon Morgan, Jon Hawes** (I was up in Washington yesterday and asked them if I could have an apple...)

George Jackson's dad's watch shop...

Randall Plaisted lived on my street...

Summer bowling...**Tony Tewell, Steve Purcell, Karl Kaprowski, Barry Harrison...**

Getting school shoes from **Chris Cooper's** dad's store...

Racing go-karts at Wilson School and the Caldwell Armory...did you ever go in that Army Tank before they welded the lid shut?

George's Gyp Joint..and the folks in Caldwell who did business with George...a courageous role model...

Debbie Morford's brother Sam, beating up that same Ron kid after school at Jefferson!

My first dance...Jefferson Junior High with **Jackie Girard...**

Hal Dotson and **Lewis Otto** in 6th Grade Band...we all wanted to play drums and ended up with trombones!

So many others float past in my memories: **Joe Baumer, Ken Gordy, Brenda Ford, Roy Hardy, Greg Clopton, Brent Andre, Becky Batt, Jerry Harness, Tom Miles, Kathie Marmon, Gertrude Comeau, Judy Schaffer, Pat Romey, Nick Stradley, Becky Vargason, George Webb, Monte Gamble, Gary Vance, Rod Vance, Tim Wiczorek, Becky Yamamoto, Kathy Ferro, Jim Beatty, Rod Astleford, Donna Huizinga, Pete Hunt...**

Cindy Putnam, Janis Ogawa, Patty Pederson, Karen Neilson, Newell LaVoy, Lorraine Lott, Steve Larsen, Alan Chamness, Dave Cotton, Debbie Davis, John Haney, Sharon Glenn, Steve Fouts, Mike Felt, Cheryl Brown, Kathy Fragapane, Gerry Motichka, Tom Iverson, Jeff Jensen, Kathy Parks, Kay O'Connor, Cindy Vasser, Sharon Porter, Lee Gepford, Linda Askren, Steve Roberts, Dana Devlin, Janet Anderson...

The Rankin family and their exchange students...never without one...

Taking **Barbara Romey** to see the Beach Boys and the Raiders *together* in concert...

My car burning up on the driveway and **Lewis Otto** on crutches trying to find the garden hose while I called

Stories

the fire department...

Swimming lessons at **Sam Summer's** house, **Rory Hackworth** playing the tuba,

Starting every day with the Pledge of Allegiance...

Flat worms and fetal pigs in Mr. Broomhall's biology class...

The **Gulley's** very own slot car track in their basement...

Playing flag football against **Joel Ozuna** in PE and getting bruised from his boney elbows...

Wondering why we had the same school song as Notre Dame...

Seeing a UFO on the 4th of July fireworks with 3,000 other people...

Mr. Gruver setting his tie on fire in Chemistry class...

Seeing Yellow Submarine with **Kathy Frost**...

Randy Marshall and I eating chicken fried steaks with our prom dates at Milo's Torch Cafe...they ordered the cheapest thing on the menu (but we wanted finger steaks!!!).

Hitting a police car with a snowball at my cousin Tony's house...

Oh, and, **Beth Adams**...lived...near...by.

The **Birnbaum** twins' matching outfits, the **Johnson** sisters, the **Johannessen** brothers who looked so much alike, and the **Andrews** twins who fortunately didn't look alike (sorry **Craig!**).

Tom Cochran's guitar playing...**Jim Klahr's band**...**Steve Van Slyke**...G.L.O.R.I.A. **Steve Brown** playing "Wipe Out." **George Shrader**.

Chris Crowley and **Mary Cannon**...God Bless them.

And, then, it was 1970...George C. Scott as Patton, Nixon sending troops to Cambodia...the Kent State Shootings...the Plymouth Duster...we were torn between thoughts of going to war or watching Barnabas on Dark Shadows every afternoon. What a time!

A new Toyota Corolla was \$1,726.00. Gas was 36 cents a gallon, bread was 24 cents a loaf. The average income was just over \$9,300.00 and the average home was at \$24,000.00. The voting age was lowered to 18, the radio was playing "Close to You" and "Bridge Over Troubled Waters." The Beatles called it a wrap with "Let It Be." ...And so did we.

It was over, and time to move on...so we held hands one more time (right across the street at the Stadium), threw our little hats in the air (careful to get them back so we could swap them for our "real" diplomas) and off we went to make our mark in the world.

Some went to work...some to school...some to war...and some just went and we never saw them again.

So, you fast forward (and it really has been *fast forward*) and here we are, thirty years later — those of us who could come — back I hope this time, past our curiosity at how "bald he is" — "how thin she looks" — how many times we've been married and who has the coolest ring, spouse, job...fill in the blank.

I came back to say the years have been kind. As I've gotten older, I remember the good stuff and I've forgotten most everything else — and I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Stories

Every ten years or so, I think of you — more fondly each decade, and with more appreciation for the impact we all had on each other — and with more nostalgia for the good times we had and all we discovered and became together...still our bond.

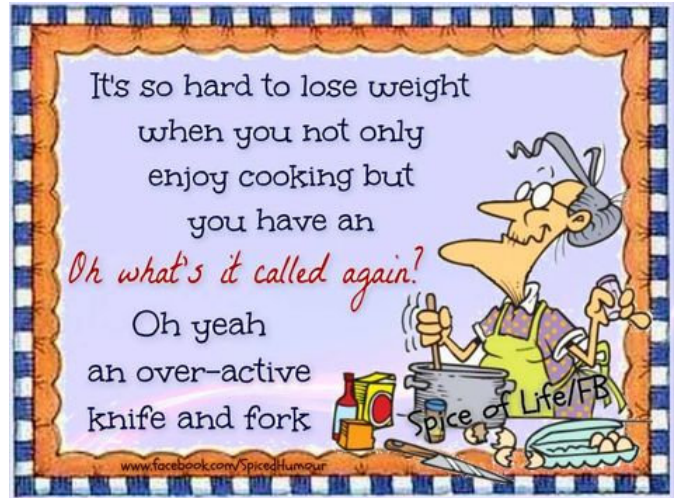
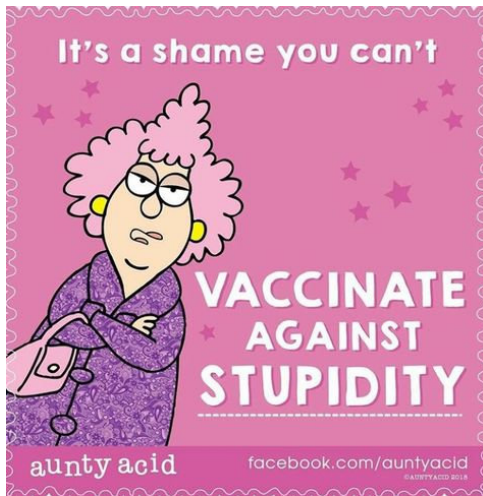
“We can’t go back, we can only look behind from where we came...”

I’ve enjoyed our look back, and I hope to see you tomorrow, and in 2010 for the next one.

-Randy Gerdes

Presentation give in 2000 for 1970 CHS 30th Reunion

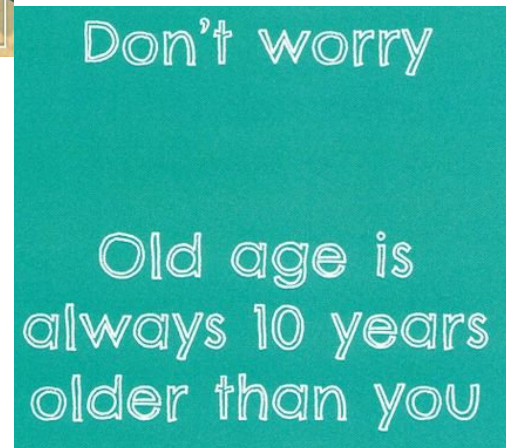
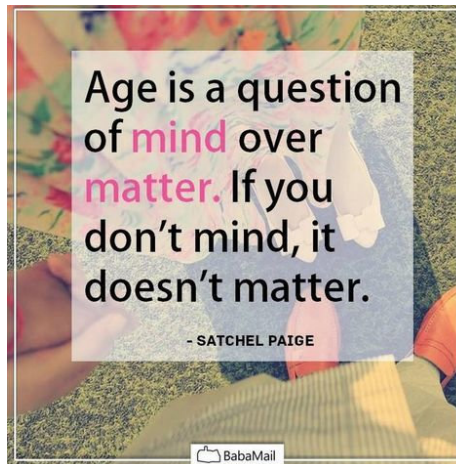
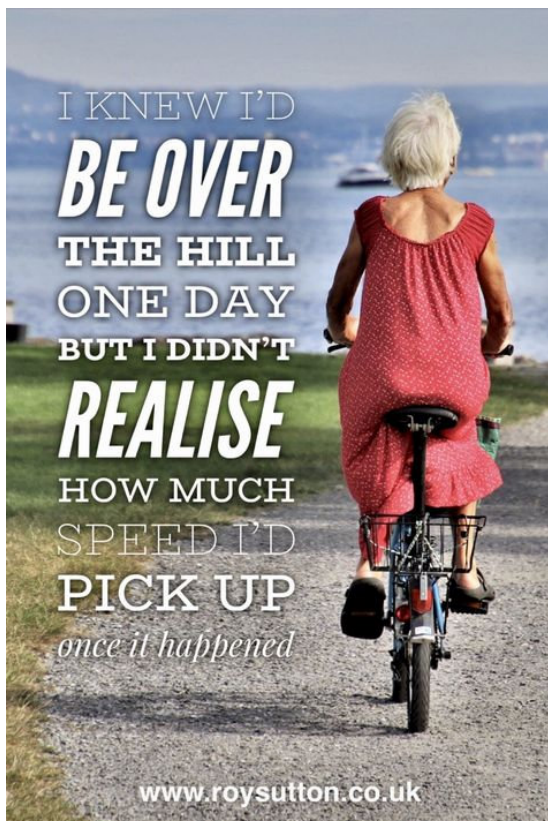
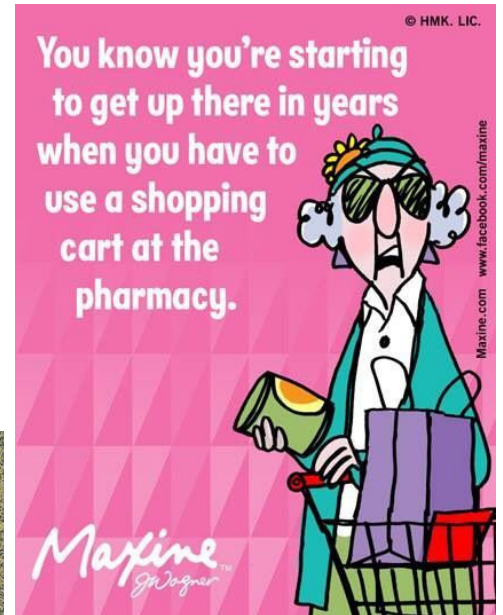
Old Quotes



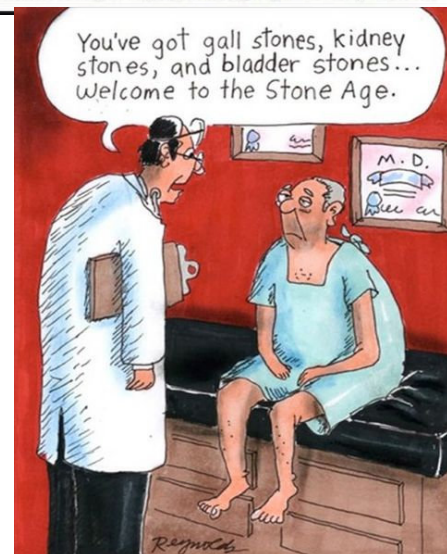
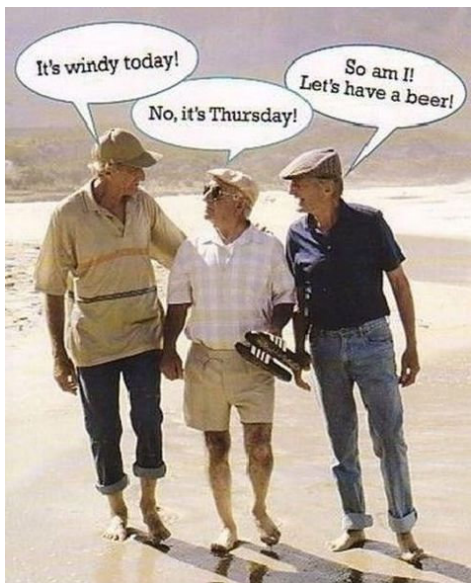
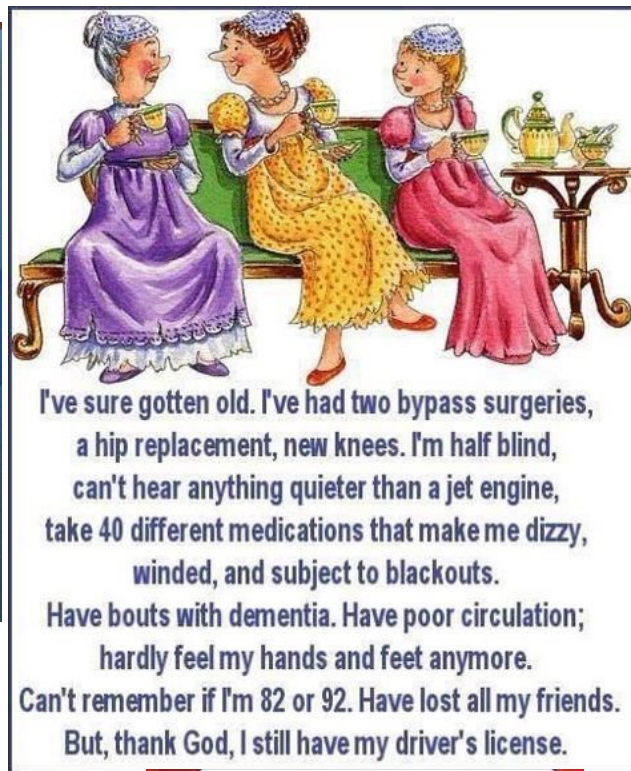
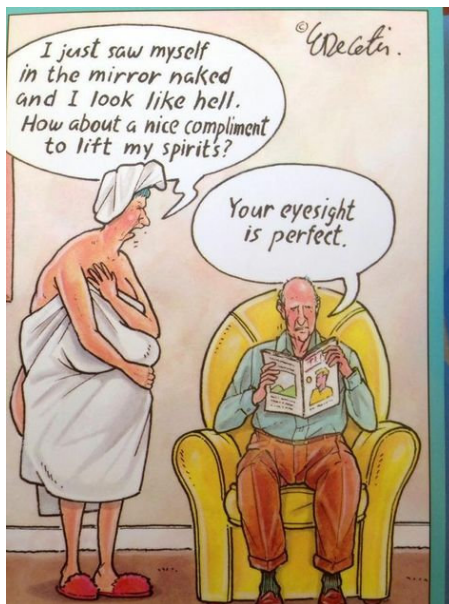
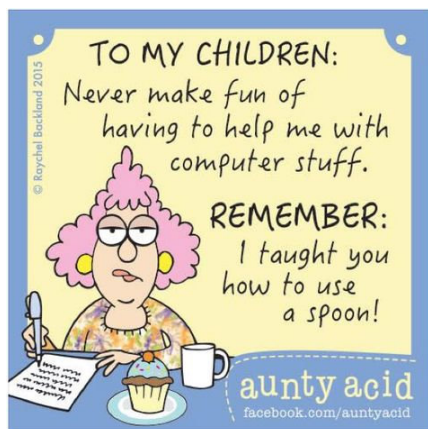
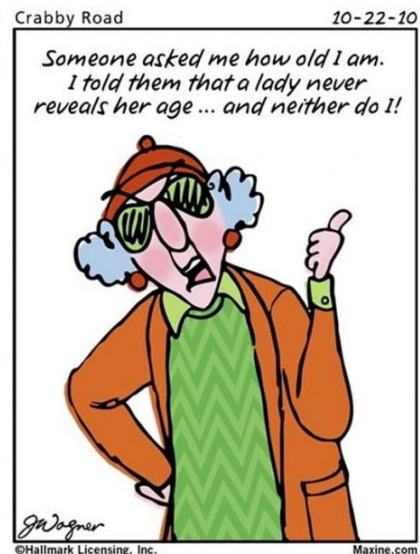
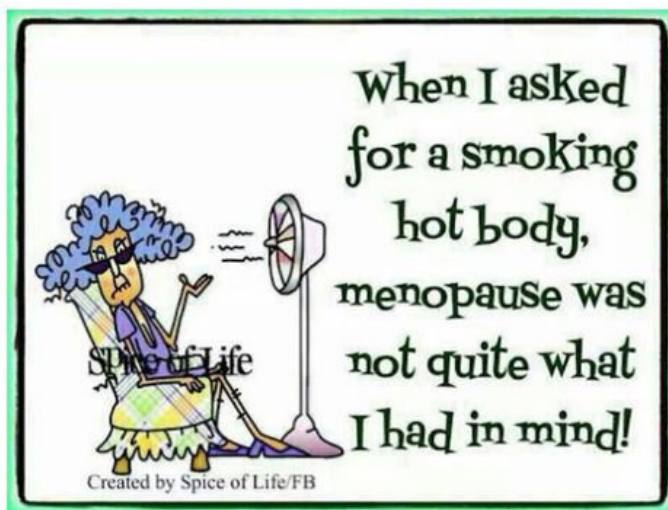
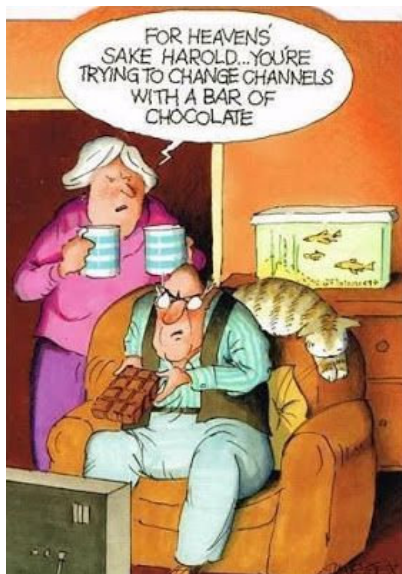
PEOPLE WHO SAY "GOOD MORNING" SHOULD BE FORCED TO PROVE IT



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Senior Humor



A Golf Poem

In My Hand I Hold A Ball,
White And Dimpled, Rather Small.
Oh, How Bland It Does Appear,
This Harmless Looking Little Sphere.

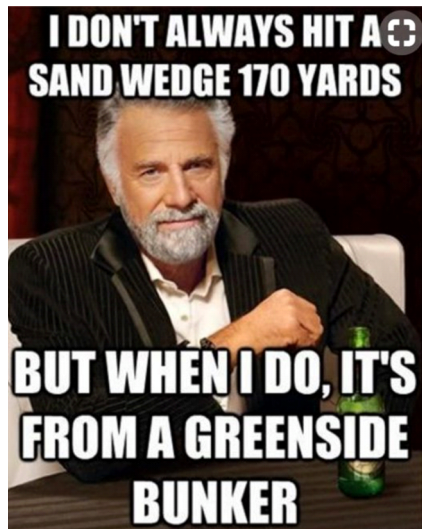
By It's Size I Could Not Guess,
The Awesome Strength It Does Possess.
But Since I Fell Beneath Its Spell,
I've Wandered Through The Fires Of Hell.

My Life Has Not Been Quite The Same,
Since I Chose To Play This Stupid Game.
It Rules My Mind For Hours On End,
A Fortune It Has Made Me Spend.

It Has Made Me Yell, Curse And Cry,
I Hate Myself And Want To Die.
It Promises A Thing Called Par,
If I Can Hit It Straight And Far.

To Master Such A Tiny Ball,
Should Not Be Very Hard At All.
But My Desires The Ball Refuses,
And Does Exactly As It Chooses.

It Hooks And Slices, Dribbles And Dies,
And Even Disappears Before My Eyes.
Often It Will Have A Whim,
To Hit A Tree Or Take A Swim.



With Miles Of Grass On Which To Land,
It Finds A Tiny Patch Of Sand.
Then Has Me Offering Up My Soul,
If Only It Would Find The Hole.

It's Made Me Whimper Like A Pup,
And Swear That I Will Give It Up.
And Take To Drink To Ease My Sorrow,
But The Ball Knows ... I'll Be Back Tomorrow.

Grandparents

WHAT IS A GRANDPARENT?

(Taken from papers written by a class of 8-year-olds)

Grandparents are a lady and a man who have no little children of their own. They like other people's.

A grandfather is a man, & a grandmother is a lady!

Grandparents don't have to do anything except be there when we come to see them... They are so old they shouldn't play hard or run. It is good if they drive us to the shops and give us money.

When they take us for walks, they slow down past things like pretty leaves and caterpillars.

They show us and talk to us about the colors of the flowers and also why we shouldn't step on 'cracks.'

They don't say, 'Hurry up.'

Usually grandmothers are fat but not too fat to tie your shoes. They wear glasses and funny underwear.

They can take their teeth and gums out.

Grandparents don't have to be smart.

They have to answer questions like 'Why isn't God married?' and 'How come dogs chase cats?'

When they read to us, they don't skip. They don't mind if we ask for the same story over again.

Everybody should try to have a grandmother, especially if you don't have television because they are the only grownups who like to spend time with us.

They know we should have a snack time before bed time, and they say prayers with us and kiss us even when we've acted bad.

GRANDPA IS THE SMARTEST MAN ON EARTH! HE TEACHES ME GOOD THINGS, BUT I DON'T GET TO SEE HIM ENOUGH TO GET AS SMART AS HIM!

It's funny when they bend over; you hear gas leaks, and they blame their dog.

A 6-year-old talks about his grandmother.

"Oh," he said, "she lives at the airport, and when we want her, we just go get her. Then, when we're done having her visit, we take her back to the airport."

A second grader came home from school and said to her grandmother,

"Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today."

The grandmother, more than a little surprised, tried to keep her cool.

"That's interesting," she said, "how do you make babies?"

"It's simple," replied the girl. "You just change 'y' to 'i' and add 'es'."

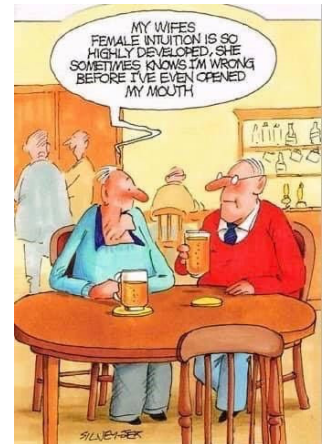
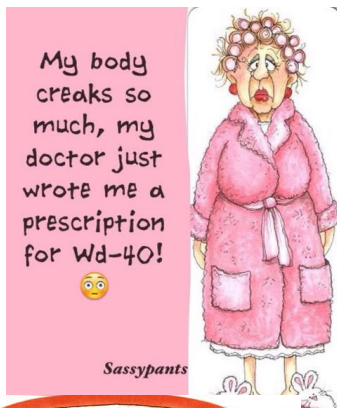
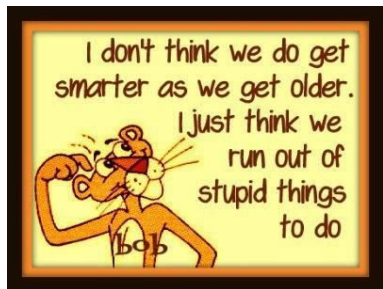
Grandparents

Grandchildren don't make a man feel old; it's the knowledge that he's married to a grandmother.

It's amazing how grandparents seem so young once you become one.

If your baby is "beautiful and perfect, never cries or fusses, sleeps on schedule and burps on demand, an angel all the time," you're the grandma.

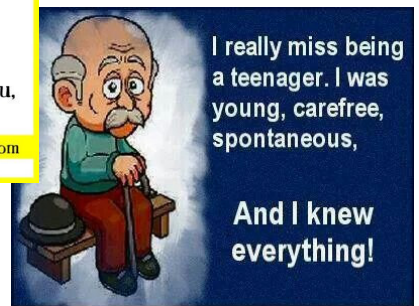
An hour with your grandchildren can make you feel young again. Anything longer than that, and you start to age quickly.



A quick way to tell if you're old or not.

- Fall down in front of a lot of people.
- If they laugh, you're still young.
- If they panic and start running to you, you're old.

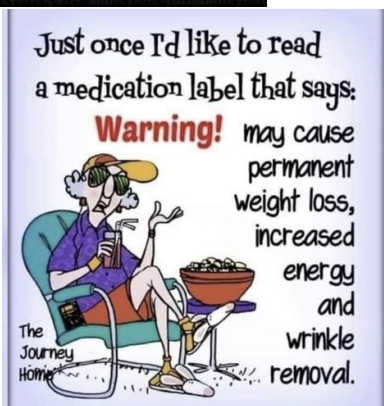
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I hate it when I see some old person and then realize we went to high school together.

They say 50 is the new 40, 60 is the new 50, and 70 is the new 60. You would think that 80 is the new 70 but it isn't. 80 is still old.

All I know is the older I get the more 9 pm is the new Midnight.





The 23 Fairway

The Lord is my Starter, my Golf Pro, and my caddie.

I shall not miss my tee times. I shall not whiff or worry.

He leadeth me one hole at a time over still waters in the
paths of truthfulness and maketh me to drive straight
down green fairways for the game's sake.

He restoreth my swing, my short game, and guides my putts to the cup.

Yea, though I golf through a valley of the shadow of the woods and
deep roughs, I will fear no bunkers or bogeys for thou art with me.

Thy putter and wedges they comfort me.

Thou preparest the Greens before me in the presence
of my competitors and many hazards.

Thou anointest my stroke with confidence;
my trophy case runneth over.

Surely birdies and eagles shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the clubhouse of the Lord forever.

-Steve Purcell

Buying a Computer

Abbott and Costello Buying a Computer

Abbott: Fly by Night Computer store. How can I help you?

Costello: Oh! I'm setting up an office in my den and I'm thinking about buying a computer.

Abbott: Mac?

Costello: No, the name's Lou.

Abbott: Your computer? Mac?

Costello: I just said my name is Lou.

Abbott: Ok Lou, your computer is a Mac or PC?

Costello: I don't have a computer. I want to own one.

Abbott: What about Windows?

Costello: What about Windows? Is it getting stuffy in here?

Abbott: Do you want a computer with Windows?

Costello: I don't know. What will I see when I look at the windows?

Abbott: Just about anything you want.

Costello: There are some things I would like to see, but I thought I was limited by what is outside my window.

Abbott: No, you can see almost anything and anything you can imagine. You just have to install it.

Costello: Well, I'm not much of a carpenter. My den already has some windows. Will I need more?

Abbott: If you want Windows you will just have to install only one Windows.

Costello: How do I install just one windows? That sounds like more than one.

Abbott: No, just one, if you want Windows.

Costello: Well, I like looking out the windows so I guess I better get Windows.

Abbott: That's good. Now what version of Windows do you want?

Costello: Version? How can a window have a version? Don't you mean what color of window do I want?

Abbott: No, you can change the colors anytime you want.

Costello: That sounds like a lot of painting.

Buying a Computer

Abbott: No. No painting is involved.

Costello: So I can change the colors without painting?

Abbott: Of course.

Costello: Well then I guess any color will do. When the windows come, what will I see?

Abbott: Wallpaper.

Costello: Let me see if I understand you. I can change the colors anytime I want without painting. And when I look at the windows I will see wallpaper.

Abbott: Exactly.

Costello: Never mind the windows. I need a computer and software.

Abbott: Software for Windows?

Costello: Forget the windows. On the computer I need something I can use to write proposals, track expenses and run my business. So I think I need some software. What do you have?

Abbott: Office.

Costello: Yeah, for my office. Can you recommend something.

Abbott: I just did.

Costello: You just did what?

Abbott: Recommend something.

Costello: You just recommended something?

Abbott: Yes.

Costello: Like what?

Abbott: Office.

Costello: YES, FOR MY OFFICE!

Abbott: There's no need to shout, my good man.

Costello: Sorry. I just want some software for my computer.

Abbott: Office.

Costello: Ok, I give up. Yes. Anything.

Buying a Computer

Abbott: Then I recommend Office with Windows.

Costello: But I already have an office with windows. Ok..... let's just say I'm sitting at my computer and I want to type a proposal. What do I need?

Abbott: Word.

Costello: What word?

Abbott: Word in Office.

Costello: I can see two words in office, not one. Three words if you count office.

Abbott: No sir, I mean Word in Office for Windows.

Costello: Which word in office for windows? I want lots of words, not just one.

Abbott: You only need one Word.

Costello: How can I write a proposal with one word.

Abbott: That's right. You only need one Word.

Costello: So, are you saying I need one word for my office and windows?

Abbott: You got it, sir.

Costello: How did I get it? I don't even know what I'm talking about. I still don't know what word to use.

Abbott: All you have to do is click in the blue "W."

Costello: I'm going to click your big "w" if I don't get some straight answers. What about financial bookkeeping? Do you have anything I can tack my money with?

Abbott: Oh yes, the best software around.

Costello: Ok, what is it?

Abbott: Money.

Costello: Yes, I want to track my money.

Abbott: No, I mean you will need Money.

Costello: Yes, I know it will cost me to get some software. What do you recommend?

Abbott: Money.

Costello: (long pause) I came here to spend money and now I want to also track my money.

Abbott: Exactly.

Buying a Computer

Costello: And that is money?

Abbott: Yes.

Costello: I need money to track my money?

Abbott: We do it all the time.

Costello: (another long pause) It sounds like it is going to take a lot of money.

Abbott: Not really. Money comes bundled with the computer.

Costello: Money comes with my computer?

Abbott: Yes. No extra charge.

Costello: I get a bundle of money with my computer! How much?

Abbott: One copy.

Costello: Isn't it illegal to copy money?

Abbott: No. Microsoft gave us a license to copy Money?

Costello: I know Microsoft is powerful, but I didn't think they could give licenses to copy money.

Abbott: Why not. They own it.

Costello: Does the government know about this.

Abbott: Yes. They don't care.

Costello: They don't care if people can copy money?

Abbott: Not when you have a license.

----- Many days later -----

Abbott: Fly by Night Computer store. How can I help you?

Costello: I'm having a little trouble with my computer.

Abbott: Is this Lou?

Costello: Yes, how did you know.

Abbott: I recognized your voice. This is your sixth call this morning. You booted the computer up?

Costello: Yes, I have been booting it all over my den. It still will not start.

Buying a Computer

Abbott: Ok, let's double check. You turned the power supply switch on at the back of the computer?

Costello: Yes.

Abbott: You pressed the power button on the front of the computer?

Costello: Yes.

Abbott: And nothing happened?

Costello: That's right.

Abbott: Well, did you plug the power cord into the AC wall outlet in your den?

Costello: What power cord?

Abbott: The black cord with a funny end on it that plugs into the back of your computer.

Costello: I thought you said this computer was wireless?

Abbott: It is wireless.

Costello: Then why do I need a wire to plug it in.

Abbott: Just plug it in and call me back if you have any other questions, tomorrow.

- - - - - A couple of days later - - - - -

Abbott: Fly by Night Computer store. How can I help you?

Costello: I got my computer running but now I don't know how to turn it off. What do I do?

Abbott: Click on "START"

Stories

We need more stories from our 1970 CHS Classmates.
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