

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

### A Safe Harbor — and a Decent Haircut

The call came during second period—calm, but with an edge. “Can you come down to Room 12? One of the eighth graders is refusing to remove his cap.”

When I got to my office, there he was. Jaden. Usually soft-spoken, respectful. But today... he sat curled in the chair like he wanted to vanish. Cap pulled low. He muttered so quietly I almost missed it: “They laughed at me.”

He told me kids in the cafeteria had made fun of his botched haircut. He slowly lifted his cap. His hair was butchered—lines jagged, patches bald. I could’ve written him up for wearing a hat. But rules aren’t always what kids need.

I stood and walked over to my cabinet and pulled out my old barber kit. Before I became a principal, I cut hair to pay for college. “Let me help, yeah?” I asked.



He nodded. I draped a towel over his shoulders and started shaping him up. As the first smooth line buzzed into place, he exhaled—like someone finally let him breathe again. And then he started talking. About how laughter hurts worse when it follows you all the way home.

As I adjusted the angle for a final fade, I noticed something. Scars. Tiny, raised lines etched into the back of his scalp. I froze for half a second. “These... from something recent?” I asked softly.

He didn’t answer right away. Then he whispered: “That’s where they hit me. Last year. When we were still at our old place.”

I turned the clippers off. “Who’s ‘they’?” I asked.

He didn’t look at me. And then he said something that

made my blood run cold—

“My mom’s ex-boyfriend,” he whispered, his voice so small it was almost swallowed by the quiet hum of the office. “He... he used to get mad. At her. At me. He’d throw things. The last time, it was a coffee mug.”

The clippers in my hand suddenly felt impossibly heavy. The botched haircut, the hat, the fear—it wasn’t just about shame. It was about hiding. It was about survival.

“Jaden,” I said, my voice steady despite the rage coiling in my gut. “Is he still around? Is your mom okay?”

*(Continued on page 2)*

### Those Summers are Over

- Running through sprinklers and drinking from a hose
- Chasing down the ice cream truck when we heard the music
- Riding bikes with friends through the neighborhood with playing cards in the spokes



- Swinging so high that the poles of the swing set lifted off the ground
- Catching fireflies and putting them in a jar
- Playing Red Rover, Kick the Can, and “Annie, Annie, Over”
- Picking and eating raspberries until our stomach hurt
- Building a fort in the woods
- Swinging on a tree rope and dropping into the creek
- Heading home when the streetlights came on
- No cell phones, no internet and no social media

Those summers of my childhood are over and gone. How lucky we were!



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A peanut butter and jelly sandwich wrapped in wax paper, an apple, and sometimes a cookie, placed in a brown paper bag with my name written in crayon, with a nickel to buy a carton of milk. That was my school lunch in the good old days.

### Sales Demonstration Gone Bad

One day, a little old lady heard a knock at her door. When she opened it, there stood a sharply dressed young man holding a shiny vacuum cleaner, a big grin plastered on his face.



"Good morning, ma'am!" he said enthusiastically. "If you could spare just a few minutes, I'd love to demonstrate the latest high-powered vacuum cleaner."

"Not interested!" the old lady snapped. "I'm broke and can't afford a thing!" She began to shut the door.

But the young man was quick—he wedged his foot in the door and pushed it open just a bit. "Please, don't be so hasty!" he pleaded. "You really need to see what this vacuum can do."

Before she could protest, the young man reached into a bucket he was carrying and dumped a pile of horse manure right onto her carpet. "If this vacuum doesn't pick up every last bit of this mess," he declared dramatically, "I'll eat whatever's left!"

The old lady paused, looking at the mess on her carpet, then back at the young man. "Well, let me grab you a fork," she said with a sly smile. "They cut off my electricity this morning."

### *(A Safe Harbor and a Decent Haircut—Continued from Page 1)*

He finally looked at me in the mirror, his eyes wide and haunted. "We left. A few months ago. We have a new apartment now. It's supposed to be better." He paused. "But he found us."

My blood ran cold. "When, Jaden?"

"Last night," he choked out, a single tear tracing a path through the tiny, clipped hairs on his cheek. "He was waiting outside. He told my mom he was sorry. He said he'd changed. She... she let him in."

I put the clippers down. The haircut was over. My real job was just beginning.

"Okay," I said, my voice leaving no room for argument. I put my hands on his shoulders, turning him to face me. "Here is what's going to happen. You are not going home on that bus today. You are going to stay right here with me. We're going to call your mom, and we're going to call some people who can help. People who make sure men like that go away and never come back. Do you understand?"

He just nodded, a wave of relief so profound it seemed to uncurl his hunched shoulders.

For the next two hours, my office became a command center. I called Child Protective Services. I called the police. I spoke to Jaden's mother, who sobbed on the phone, admitting she was terrified but didn't know what to do.

When she arrived at the school, she wasn't alone. A police officer and a social worker were with her. They had a plan. An emergency protective order. A new place to go, a shelter with security, where he couldn't find them.

As Jaden got ready to leave with his mom, he stopped at my office door. His hair was perfect—a sharp, clean fade. But more than that, his eyes were clear. The fear was still there, but it wasn't hiding anymore.

"Thank you," he whispered.

"You're a good kid, Jaden," I said, my voice thick. "You deserve to feel safe."

He reached up and touched the back of his head, where the scars were now hidden beneath the clean lines of his new haircut. "You know," he said, a small, hesitant smile on his face. "You're a pretty good barber."

I just smiled back. "I'm a better principal."

That day, I broke a school rule. But I had followed a much more important one. I had listened. I had seen a child who was hiding, and instead of punishing him for the hat, I had asked him why he needed it. Sometimes, the most important thing a kid needs isn't a lesson. It's a safe harbor. And a decent haircut.



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I walked up to an attractive woman in the supermarket and said, “I lost my wife in here, can you talk to me for a few minutes?”  
 “Why do you want to talk to me?” She asked, puzzled.  
 “Because every time I talk to an attractive woman, my wife appears out of nowhere.”

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## If You Were Born Between 1930 and 1946... You're Part of Something Remarkable

Less than 1% of your generation is still with us today. You are now between 79 and 95 years old, and your lifetime is a living time capsule.

You were born into hardship — the world was still recovering from the Great Depression, and soon after, it was at war again. You grew up knowing the value of every crumb, every drop of milk, every scrap of foil. Nothing was wasted. Everything mattered.  
 You remember when discipline came from both home and school.  
 You entertained yourself without screens.  
 Your imagination built the adventures.



Families gathered around the radio — not just for news, but for togetherness.  
 Highways didn't yet stretch across the country.  
 Phones were shared with neighbors.  
 If you needed to calculate something, you did it by hand.  
 Typewriters clattered long before computers were imagined.  
 The morning paper was the window to the world.  
 Black-and-white TV was a marvel.

You witnessed the peace after war — a time when the future felt bright and promise was everywhere. No internet. No smartphones. No endless headlines. Just hard work, steady hope, and the quiet belief that tomorrow would be better. While your parents rebuilt the world brick by brick, you watched cities grow, innovation soar, and dreams take flight.

If you are over 79 today, pause for a moment. You have lived through something extraordinary. You carry memories of a world that shaped the one we live in now.

You are one in a hundred. And that is truly remarkable.

## The “Dumbest” Kid in Town

A boy walked into a barber shop. The barber leaned toward his customer and whispered:

“Watch this — this kid's the dumbest I've ever seen.”

He held out a shiny dollar bill in one hand and two quarters in the other.

“Which one do you want, son?” he asked.

The boy studied the options, grabbed the two quarters, and walked out.

The barber smirked. “See? He never learns.”

Later, the customer spotted the same boy enjoying an ice cream cone and asked, “Hey, why do you always take the quarters instead of the dollar?”

The boy smiled, licked his ice cream, and said:

“Because the day I take the dollar... the game's over.”



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**The last thing a guy wants to hear in church on the first Sunday of NFL football: "Illegal use of cell phone. Sermon will go an extra 15 minutes!"**

I love how Twix bars come in two, so you can eat one now and save one for when you're done with the first one!



## Squeeze Play

A local fitness club was so sure their owner was the strongest man in town that they offered a standing \$1,000 bet. The owner would squeeze a lemon until every drop of juice was gone, then challenge anyone to try and squeeze out even one more drop.

Weightlifters tried. Arm wrestlers tried. No one ever won.

Then one day, in walked this scrawny little guy — so skinny you'd miss him if he turned sideways — wearing scratched-up glasses and a ten-year-old polyester suit.

"I'd like to try the bet," he said.

The place erupted with laughter.

The owner said, "Sure, go ahead," and crushed a lemon until not a drop remained. Then he handed the wrinkled rind to the little man.

To everyone's shock, the little guy clenched his tiny fist, squeezed hard — and out came one drop... then another... and then a third drop fell into the glass.



Total silence in the gym. You could hear a pin drop.

As the owner handed over the \$1,000, he asked, "What do you do for a living? Are you a lumberjack? A metalworker? A weightlifter?"

The little man smiled and said quietly: "I work for the IRS."

## The Crusty Trucker and the Witty Waitress

One sunny morning, a rugged trucker walked into a busy truck stop café. His boots thudded against the tiled floor as he headed for the counter, where a cheerful blonde waitress stood, pen in hand.

With a grin, he said, "I'll have three flat tires, a pair of headlights, and a couple of running boards."

The waitress froze. Three flat tires? Headlights? Running boards? Was he serious... or in the wrong place?

Masking her confusion, she smiled politely.

"Coming right up!" she chirped, and headed into the kitchen.

Inside, she found the cook flipping pancakes like a pro.

"Hey," she said, "there's a guy out there ordering car parts. Did we change our menu?"

The cook burst into laughter.

"Relax, sweetheart. That's trucker lingo. Three flat tires are pancakes, headlights are sunny-side eggs, and running boards are strips of bacon."

The waitress laughed. "Got it. Truck-stop slang."

She plated the pancakes, eggs, and bacon... but before heading out, a mischievous idea struck. She grabbed a small bowl, filled it with baked beans, and added it to the tray.



When she served the trucker, he eyed the beans and asked, "What's this?"

With a smirk, she replied, "Well, while you're waiting for your flat tires, headlights, and running boards... I thought you might want to gas up."

*The correct way to fold a fitted sheet!*



**Do you know why some of us old folks drive as fast as we do?  
Because we've got to get there before we forget where we're going!**





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## Nap Time in the 50s

In the 1950s, nap time wasn't just a break in the school day — it was a ritual. Early childhood educators believed rest was as important as reading or arithmetic, and every kindergarten schedule made room for it.



After lunch, the classroom transformed. Mats or small cots — sometimes brought from home, sometimes provided by the school — were neatly spaced across the floor. The lights dimmed. The cheerful chatter of the morning faded into a hush.

Teachers moved softly, their footsteps barely a whisper.

Music often set the tone. Gentle classics like Debussy's *Clair de Lune* or Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* floated through the air. Traditional lullabies — Brahms' *Lullaby* or *Hush, Little Baby* — carried the comfort of home. Sometimes, recordings of rustling leaves or a babbling brook played quietly in the background. And every now and then, a familiar voice like Nat King Cole crooned *Mona Lisa*, or Bing Crosby sang *Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral*, turning the room into a cocoon of calm.

Some children were asleep in minutes, their breathing slow and steady. Others simply lay still, staring at the ceiling, letting the music wash over them. Teachers would walk between the rows, pausing to gently pat a restless back or whisper a word of comfort.

For those children, nap time wasn't just about sleep — it was a reset button. By the time the lights came back on, they were refreshed, ready to tackle the rest of the day's adventures with new energy. In those quiet moments, between the hum of music and the rhythm of tiny breaths, the kindergarten classroom became more than a place of learning. It became a place of care.

## A Perm and Zero Remorse

An 85-year-old woman was taken into custody after leading Tennessee police on a high-speed chase down U.S. Route 11, reaching speeds up to 87 mph in her mint-green, 1995 Buick LeSabre.



Officers say the woman, identified as Ethel Mae Connely, refused to pull over for nearly 15 minutes, instead waving out the window while blasting Kenny Loggins' "Danger Zone" on her radio.

"She had a fresh perm and zero remorse," said Officer Brent Fields. "I've never seen a turn signal used so aggressively."

Ethel claims she got confused after taking new medication and mistook the flashing lights for a parade in her honor.

No one was injured but several drivers reported being passed by a "blur of white hair in an old car."

Ethel was released shortly after, reportedly warning officers, "Next time I'm bringing the Oldsmobile!"



A lot of people ask me why  
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produce its own ice cream,  
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*The younger generation can't  
tell you what this word is:*

*minimum*

I watched in  
amusement as my wife  
panicked in desperation  
as she broke a nail  
while opening a can of  
coke—



unlike  
yesterday  
when she  
she hit a  
curb in our  
new car  
and said,  
“oops!”

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during bad times



To tell you none of  
this would have  
happened if you  
had listened to her  
in the first place

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