

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Paul Harvey's Letter to His Grandchildren

We tried so hard to make things better for our kids that we made them worse. For my grandchildren, I'd like better.

I'd really like for them to know about hand-me-down clothes and homemade ice cream and leftover meat loaf sandwiches - I really would.

I hope you learn humility by being humiliated, and that you learn honesty by being cheated.

I hope you learn to make your own bed and mow the lawn and wash the car. And I really hope nobody gives you a brand-new car when you are sixteen.

It will be good if at least one time you can see puppies born and your old dog put to sleep.

I hope you get a black eye fighting for something you believe in.

I hope you have to share a bedroom with your younger brother or sister. And it's all right if you have to draw a line down the middle of the room, but when he wants to crawl under the covers with you because he's scared, I hope you let him.

When you want to see a movie and your little brother or sister wants to tag along, I hope you'll let them.

I hope you have to walk uphill to school with your friends and that you live in a town where you can do it safely.

On rainy days when you have to catch a ride, I hope you don't ask your driver to drop you two blocks away so you won't be seen riding with someone as uncool as your Mom.



(Continued on page 2)

Playing Alone?

A lady was walking through the park when she saw a group of kids running around having fun kicking a ball.



But then she noticed a boy standing at the edge of the field all alone.

She felt sorry for him so she walked over and spoke to him.

"Are you ok?" she asked him.

"Yes," he said.

"You know, you can go and play with the other kids," she said.

"I better stay here," he said.

"I'm sure the other kids would let you play with them," she insisted.

"No, I think I'd better stay right here," he said firmly.

"Why is that?" she asked.

The boy looked at her in amazement.

"Because I'm the goalie!"



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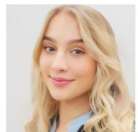
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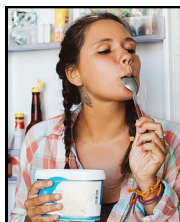
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“Cleared out some space in the freezer” sounds more productive than “Just polished off another pint of ice cream.”

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Riddle Me This!

(Answers below)

1. Spelled forward I'm what you do every day. Spelled backward I'm something you hate. What am I?
2. The person who makes it has no need for it. The person who buys has no use for it. The person who uses it can neither see nor feel it. What am I?
3. No matter how much or how little you use it, you change me every month. What am I?
4. What belongs to you, but everyone else uses it whenever they see you. What am I?
5. If two's company, and three's a crowd, what is four and five?



- ANSWERS:**
1. Live/evil
 2. A coffin
 3. A calendar
 4. Your name
 5. Nine

Paul Harvey's Letter to His Grnadchildren *Continued from Page 1*

If you want a slingshot, I hope your dad teaches you how to make one instead of buying one.

I hope you learn to dig in the dirt and read books.

When you learn to use computers, I hope you also learn to add and subtract in your head.

I hope you get teased by your friends when you have your first crush on a boy or girl.

When you talk back to your mother I hope you learn what ivory soap tastes like.

May you skin your knee climbing a mountain, burn your hand on a stove and stick your tongue on a frozen flagpole.

I don't care if you try a beer once, but I hope you don't like it, and if a friend offers you dope or a joint, I hope you realize he or she is not your friend.

I sure hope you make time to sit on a porch with your grandma or grandpa and go fishing with your uncle.

May you feel sorrow at a funeral and joy during the holidays.

I hope your mother punishes you when you throw a baseball through your

neighbor's window and that she hugs you and kisses you at Christmas time when you give her a plaster mold of your hand.

These things I wish for you - tough times and disappointment, hard work and happiness. To me, it's the only way to appreciate life.



Someone made a hole in the nudist-camp fence. The police are looking into it.



I made this delicious omelet this morning. I seasoned the eggs with sugar, oil, and chocolate, and threw in a little flour for texture.



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BREAKING NEWS:

A rubber-band pistol was confiscated from a local algebra class, because it was a weapon of math disruption.



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She said “Yes!”

Louie and Rose lived in a senior retirement community, he a widower and she a widow. They had known each other for a number of years.

One evening there was a community supper in the big activity center. The two were at the same table, across from one another.

As the meal went on, Louie took a few admiring glances at Rose and finally gathered the courage to ask her: “Will you marry me?”

After about six seconds of careful consideration, she answered “Yes. Yes, I will.”

The meal ended and, with a few more pleasant exchanges, they went to their respective places.

The next morning, Louie was troubled. “Did she say ‘yes’ or did she say ‘no’?” He couldn’t remember. Try as he might, he just could not recall. Not even a faint memory.

With trepidation, he went to the telephone and called Rose. First, he explained that he didn’t remember as well as he used to. Then he reviewed the lovely evening past. As he gained a little more courage, he inquired, “When I asked if you would marry me, did you say ‘Yes’ or did you say ‘No’?”

He was delighted to hear Rose say, “Why, I said, ‘Yes, yes I will’ and I meant it with all my heart.”

Then she continued, “I am so glad that you called, because I couldn’t remember who had asked me.”



Gas Thief Tastes Bitter Failure

An elderly couple camping at a state park in an RV were awakened in the middle of the night by a noise outside.



The man pulled on his pants, flung open the door and saw a man running away in the dark who seemed to be throwing up as he ran.

Flashlight in hand, he checked the outside of the RV. He discovered that the potential thief got more than he bargained for.

On the ground lay a syphon hose and a cap—not from the RV’s fuel tank, but the cap from the RV’s sewage holding tank.

The offender has not been found, but the police believe the punishment perfectly fit the crime.

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I just sold my homing pigeon on eBay for the 22nd time.

Bear Alert!

The Department of Fish and Game has advised all hikers, hunters, and fishermen to take extra precautions and keep alert for bears while in the forest.



“We advise that outdoorsmen wear noisy little bells on their clothing so as not to startle bears that aren't expecting them. We also advise outdoorsmen to carry pepper spray with them in case of an encounter with a bear.

“It is also a good idea to watch out for fresh signs of bear activity. Outdoorsmen should recognize the difference between black bear and grizzly bear poop. Black bear poop is smaller and contains lots of berries and squirrel fur. On the other hand, Grizzly bear poop has little bells and smells like pepper.”

Milestones



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 May 22, 1922—100 years
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Tom Pierce
 July 27, 1924—98 years
 Ontario



Wanda Haines
 March 26, 1937—85 years
 New Plymouth



Mary Jane Raymond
 July 19, 1937—85 years
 Fruitland



Benita Pattee
 April 3, 1942—80 years
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Kathlyne Beus
 June 12, 1942—80 years
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Cherry Povey
 May 6, 1947—75 years
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