

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Memories Next to the Radio

By Jim Pantaleno



As a very young boy around 1950, the radio was my Land of Oz.

We had a big console radio that sat in the living room like a golden idol. It was a Zenith the size of a Buick, made of mahogany with big knobs for tuning and volume control.

My favorite shows revolved around cowboys - Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, and especially The Lone Ranger. The latter appealed to me because of his modesty. He never stuck around for the credit, just handed out silver bullets to remember him by and rode out of town, Tonto by his side.

I would sit in front of that thing and imagine I was riding with Gene and The Thunder Riders or volunteering when Roy was rounding up a posse. I had my cowboy hat, my two cap guns strapped to my hip, and of course my Lone Ranger mask.

I was so cowboy crazy that my Aunt Anna, who was an incredible seamstress, made me a horse out of an old trestle table covered with a shag rug. She fashioned a head of cardboard and even sewed on a "saddle." Inspired by my radio cowboy heroes, I would play in our cellar for hours with my trusty steed.

One favorite plot was to tear off thin strips of newspaper, stick them into the whitewashed cellar walls, and pretend they were dynamite fuses. I would light the fuses, and then run like crazy, vaulting onto my horse to make my getaway before the explosion. (That might explain my high-pitched voice today.)

(Continued on page 2)

The Wisdom of Will Rogers



Will Rogers, who died in a 1935 plane crash in Alaska with bush pilot Wiley Post, was one of the greatest political country/cowboy sages this country has ever

known. Some of his sayings:

1. Never slap a man who's chewing tobacco.
2. Never kick a cow chip on a hot day.
3. There are two theories to arguing with a woman. Neither works.
4. Never miss a good chance to shut up.
5. Always drink upstream from the herd.
6. If you find yourself in a hole, stop digging.
7. The quickest way to double your money is to fold it and put it back into your pocket.
8. Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgment.
9. If you're riding ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still there.
10. After eating an entire bull, a mountain lion felt so good he started roaring. He kept it up until a hunter came along and shot him.

The moral: When you're full of bull, keep your mouth shut!



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ABOUT GROWING OLDER...

- Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.
- The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.
- Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me; I want people to know 'why' I look this way. I've traveled a long way, and some of the roads weren't paved.
- When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to youth, think of Algebra.
- You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.
- I don't know how I got over the hill without ever getting to the top.
- One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.
- Being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable and relaxed.
- Long ago, when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today it's called golf.
- And, finally ~ If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you're old.

Memories Next to the Radio *Continued from Page 1*


Usually if I was quiet, mom left me alone, but one day she got a whiff of the burning “fuse” and went ballistic.

“Are you trying to burn down the house,” she hollered. “Do you know what your father keeps down here?”

“Tony Boots,” my dad, had an old wooden dresser full of turpentine, paint thinner and other flammables. Needless to say, my dynamiting days were over.

Few people today remember the magic of radio. I think it fired up kids’ imaginations more than all the electronic toys today because there were no images, just words. Your mind had to fill in the blanks.

“Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear... the Lone Ranger rides again.”



The Lone Ranger is a radio series that first premiered on Detroit, Michigan’s radio station WXYZ on January 30 or 31, 1933. The character was the brainchild George W. Trendle and Fran Striker, and the tales of his tragic origins, partnership with Tonto, and selfless heroism to defend the innocents of the American frontier led him to become an enduring icon of American culture.

Even though the radio show was aimed at children, adults made up at least half of its audience, and it was eventually picked up by the Mutual Broadcasting System, and eventually NBC’s Blue Network, which would become ABC. The show ran for 2,956 episodes.

Queue (noun): “a line or sequence of people or vehicles awaiting their turn to be attended to or to proceed”

That’s ironic! The word is just the letter “Q” followed by a bunch of silent letters waiting in a line!

There are three kinds of men:
 The ones that learn by reading.
 The few who learn by observation.
 The rest of them have to grab the electric fence
 and find out for themselves.

- Will Rogers

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Shhhhhh...

“Tsunami” - T is silent
“Psychology” - P is silent
“Honest” - H is silent
“Knife” - K is silent
“Wife” - Husband is silent



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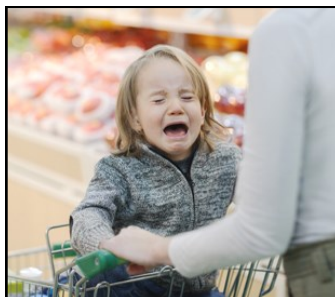
We're Almost Done!

A man was watching a woman in the grocery store with a small toddler-aged girl in the shopping cart she pushed just ahead of him.

As they passed the cookie section, the little girl asked for cookies and her mother told her no. The little girl immediately began to whine and fuss, and the mother said quietly: “Now Monica, we just have half of the aisles left to go through – don’t be upset. It won’t be long.”

Soon, they came to the candy aisle and the little girl began to shout for chocolate. When told she couldn’t have any, she began to cry loudly.

The mother said softly: “There, there, Monica, don’t cry – only two more aisles to go and then we’ll be checking out.”



When they got to the checkout stand, the little girl immediately began to beg for bubble gum and burst into a terrible tantrum when her mother told her she couldn’t have any.

The mother patiently said: “Monica, we’ll be through this checkout stand in five minutes and then you can go home and have a nice nap.”

The man was very impressed with the woman’s handling of the situation and followed them out to the parking lot and stopped to compliment her, “I couldn’t help noticing how patient you were with little Monica,” he began.

The mother sighed and replied: “Oh, no. My little girl’s name is Bonnie... I’m Monica.”

Passing the Test

A teenage boy had just passed his driving test and asked his father when he could start using the car.

His father said he would make a deal with his son, “You bring your grades up from a C to a B average, study your Bible more, and get your hair cut. Then we’ll talk about using the car.”



The boy thought about it for a moment, then agreed to his dad’s offer.

After about six weeks his father said, “Son, I see you’ve brought your grades up and I’ve observed that you have been studying your Bible, but I’m disappointed that you haven’t cut your hair yet.”

The boy said, “You know, Dad, I’ve noticed in my studies of the Bible that Moses, Samson, and John the Baptist had long hair, and there’s strong evidence that Jesus had long hair, too!”

His dad replied, “And did you notice they walked everywhere they went?”

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How to Install an Inexpensive Southern-style Home Security System

1. Go to the Thrift Store and buy a pair of size 14-16 men's work boots.
2. Place them on your front porch, along with a copy of Guns & Ammo magazine.
3. Put four giant dog dishes next to the boots.
4. Leave a note on your door that reads:

*Bubba,
Me and Joe Bob and Jimmy
Ray went to get more ammo
and beer.*

*Don't mess with the pit
bulls—they got the mailman
this morning and messed him
up pretty bad.*

*I don't think Killer took part,
but it was hard to tell from all
the blood.*

*Anyway, I locked all four of
'em in the house. Better wait
outside.*

Be right back.

Cooter

Milestones



Gene Clinton
April 18, 1928—94 years
New Plymouth



Lois Royston
April 28, 1930—92 years
Payette



Rudolph Trenkel
April 4, 1937—85 years
New Plymouth

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Christine Hartman Walker
April 5, 1942—80 years
New Plymouth

Teamwork!

A man from the city was out for a country drive when he missed a curve and went into a ditch.

Luckily, the farmer just up the hill saw his plight and came to help with his big strong horse.



"This here's Buddy," the farmer said. "We'll get you out."

He hitched Buddy up to the car and hollered, "Pull, Nellie, pull!" Buddy didn't move.

Then the farmer yelled, "Pull, Hondo, pull!" Again, Buddy didn't move.

Once more the farmer yelled, "Pull,

Sammy, pull!" Buddy never moved a muscle.

Finally, the farmer says calmly, "Pull, Buddy, pull!" And Buddy easily pulled the car from the ditch.

The city fella was very appreciative, but curious. "Why did you call him the wrong name three times?" he asked the farmer.

The farmer replied, "Oh, Buddy is blind. If he thought he was the only one pulling, he wouldn't even try!"

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