

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

### Granny Holloway and World History

When I was a high school sophomore – decades ago! – my World History teacher was Mrs. Holloway, but we all called her Granny Holloway. She was a slight woman, scarcely 5 feet tall, seemingly fragile, but full of vim and vinegar - you know the type.

She could speak for hours about the Fall of the Roman Empire, the Inquisition, the Industrial Revolution, and the World Wars. She never sat while she lectured, never stood at a lectern, but moved around the room making eye contact with all of her students.

She was demanding too, and I can't remember how many papers were sent back to me because she would note, "You can do better than this, Miss Schaal."

One day during class, an office aide interrupted her lecture to hand her a note. She read it silently, apologized, and said she needed to leave the room. We knew it had to be important because Granny Holloway stopped lectures for no one.

We sat in the room talking to one another when the door opened, and in walked Mrs. Abels, another teacher in our high school. She explained to us that Granny had been faced with an emergency, a serious one, and it was questionable if she would even be returning to finish out the semester.

We were stunned. Would we get a chance to tell her goodbye? Would we get updates, so we would know she was ok?

Mrs. Abels assured us that we need not worry, that Granny was safe but needed time away, and that the best thing we could do for her was to be cooperative with her replacement.



*(Continued on page 2)*

### Helicopter Ride

Walter took his wife Ethel to the state fair every year, and every time he would say to her, "Ethel, you know that I'd love to go for a ride in that helicopter." But Ethel would always reply, "I know that Walter, but that helicopter ride is 50 dollars, and 50 dollars is 50 dollars."

Finally, they went to the fair, and Walter said to Ethel, "Ethel, you know I'm 87 years old now. If I don't ride that helicopter this year, I may never get another chance." Once again Ethel replied, "Walter, you know that helicopter is 50 dollars, and 50 dollars is 50 dollars."

This time the helicopter pilot overheard the couple's conversation and said, "Listen folks, I'll make a deal with you. I'll take both of you for a ride; if you can both stay quiet for the entire ride and not say a word I won't charge you! But if you say just one word, it's 50 dollars."

Walter and Ethel agreed and up they went in the helicopter.



The pilot performed all kinds of fancy moves and tricks, but not a word was said by either Walter or Ethel.

The pilot did his death-defying tricks over and over again, but still there wasn't so much as one word said.

When they finally landed, the pilot turned to Walter and said, "Wow! I've got to hand it to you. I did everything I could to get you to scream or shout out, but you didn't. I'm really impressed!"

Walter replied, "Well to be honest I almost said something when Ethel fell out, but, you know, 50 dollars is 50 dollars!"



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**Preach It, Brother!**

A pastor went to the dentist and got a new set of false teeth.

The first Sunday after he got his new teeth, he preached for only eight minutes.

The second Sunday, the spoke for only ten minutes.

But the following Sunday he went on for 2 hours and 48 minutes!

Two church elders finally had to go up and escort him from the pulpit to end the service.

As the tired crowd filed out of the church, the elders asked him what happened.

The pastor explained that the first Sunday his gums hurt so bad he couldn't talk for more than 8 minutes. And on the second Sunday his gums hurt too much to talk for more than 10 minutes.

But the third Sunday he put his wife's teeth in by mistake, and he couldn't quit talking!

**Granny Holloway and World History** *Continued from Page 1*

Mrs. Abels confirmed that she had been asked and had agreed to step in as Granny's replacement. Cheer up, she told us, this could be a good thing. Other teachers still believed in endless homework and projects with deadlines and hard work. She would not bring that into our class.

Instead, she believed in clean slates. If there were grades that we did not like, she could give us a chance to bring them up. She asked us what suggestions we had to make the semester a better learning experience.

Someone mentioned that lectures were boring, and we wanted more films. Done, she said. Someone else mentioned that a free day now and then would help us if we needed to catch up on work in other classes. She didn't see a problem with that.

She asked us how we felt about an end-of-semester party. Um, yeah, sounded very good to us. And on and on.

Mrs. Abels listened intently and agreed to all of our suggestions, continually emphasizing that her concern was that we have a good learning experience and enjoy the semester.

She also reminded us that we were lucky to not be sent out to other classes where we would be working to catch up, and that of course this was all for Granny.

Near the end of the period, shortly before the bell rang, the door opened and Granny sauntered in with her usual Granny Holloway attitude.

"How did they do?" she asked.

"Marvelous," said Mrs. Abels. "They were completely in my hands."

Granny then faced us and said "And that, my students, is how a dictator takes over a nation. Not with guns or tanks or laws or mandates. They do it using promises and gifts and anything that makes life 'easier.' Tomorrow we'll begin our study of the War to End All Wars."

I can't remember a lesson all through 12 years of public school that made such an impression on me and has stayed with me all these years. Don't be fooled, there are still wolves in sheep's clothing among us today.

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**The rule has always been "i before e..."**

**Except when your feisty foreign neighbor Keith leisurely receives eight counterfeit beige sleighs from caffeinated atheist weightlifters.**

**Weird.**

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## Milestones



Marietta Salyards  
July 31, 1921—100 years  
Payette



Robert McMillan  
Aug 5, 1925—96 years  
New Plymouth



Stan Olson  
Sept 4, 1936—85 years  
Weiser

## Wedded Bliss



On a stroll one day in London, Clementine, Sir Winston Churchill's wife, was talking to a street sweeper for a while.

“What did you talk about for so long?” asked Sir Winston.

She smiled, “Many years ago he was madly in love with me.”

Churchill smiled ironically, “So you could have been the wife of a street sweeper today.”

“Oh no, my love,” Clementine replied, “If I had married him, he would have been the prime minister

## Graveyard Surprise

A man's car broke down in the middle of the night. He knew the area well and realized that the quickest way to the nearest service station was through an old graveyard.

He was walking along the headstones when in the distance he heard a faint tapping noise. As he got deeper into the graveyard, the eerie tapping got louder and louder. He very anxiously turned a corner and saw the source of the tapping was an old man with a hammer and chisel, hunched over a headstone.

Relief washed over him and he said, “I was beginning to freak out because of that noise. I thought this place might have been haunted. What on earth are you doing here so late at night anyway?”

The old man merely continued chiseling and said, “They spelled my name wrong.”



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### Think...then Talk



Getting angry with somebody?  
*Think before you you talk.*

If the person is junior to you...  
*count to 10 and then talk.*

If the person is equal to you...  
*count to 30 and then talk.*

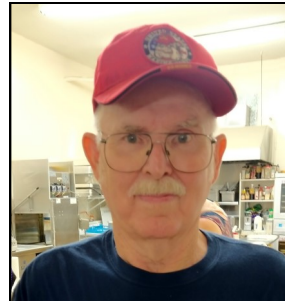
If the person is your senior...  
*count to 50 and the talk.*

If the person is your wife...  
*keep counting...don't talk!*

## Milestones



Bill Perry  
Oct 1, 1936—85 years  
Weiser



Ron Hart  
Aug 11, 1941—80 years  
New Plymouth



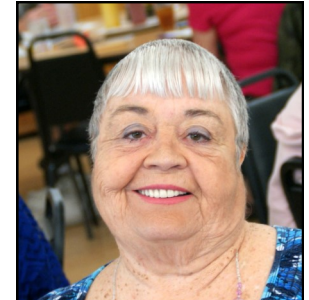
Wayne Gifford  
Aug 22, 1941—80 years  
New Plymouth



Donna Garner  
Sept 9, 1941—80 years  
Fruitland



Jan Jackson  
Oct 1, 1941—80 years  
New Plymouth



Sue Tilman  
Oct 25, 1946—75 years  
Fruitland

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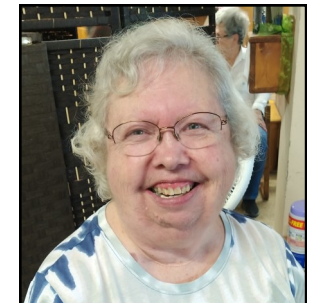
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John Seeba  
Aug 16, 1951—70 years  
Weiser



Rhonda Bogle  
Aug 11, 1951—70 years  
Payette



Mary Ziegler  
Aug 24, 1951—70 years  
New Plymouth

**You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachute to skydive twice.**

**Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, but when they lit a fire in the craft, it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it, too.**