



## Tall Tales from the Editor

# Paper Maché or Rabid gophers

My bride Sioux and I flew back to Avon, Indiana this past June, for my 40th high school class reunion. Sioux had never seen this part of the country and I thought it was time she learned the habits of the Indiana state insect "chiggers" or is it the Indiana mosquito? The ones here in Applegate, Oregon can't hold a can of DDT compared to those skeeters.

As we were landing at the airport in Indianapolis, Indiana, between evening thunder storms, I got to thinking about a tale that took place at that very same airport back when crop dusters still filled the hangars and Rolling Stone magazine was still a new publication.

Long before the non election of President Gerald Ford and long, long before Homeland Security, but after the marketing of the astronauts' breakfast drink, "Tang," I was in a rock band called "Paper Maché." All this useless information is just to give you a time line reference.

Paper Maché's line up at that time consisted of Boyd Uselton, vocals, Rodney Beck, whom we called "Little Beck," because there were two Rodney Becks who were both musicians from Avon High. Can you imagine, a rumored non-accredited high school with two great musicians both with the same name? Dave Fischer on guitar, Mike Harper on drums and yours truly on guitar and vocals. We were all young fools then, dreaming of "rock and roll fame." But at seventeen we were mostly dreaming about chicks and the parties after the shows, or at least I was.

We had just finished band rehearsal on a typical hot, sticky, humid Indiana summer night. It was a night you could hear the corn growing, be blinded by lightning bugs and go deaf from the maddening sounds of the crickets. We all decided to go over to the Indianapolis Weir Cook airport. I don't remember why and neither did Boyd, last I checked in with him. Well, maybe we wanted to pretend we were rock stars who had just flown into town to play at the coliseum at the Indiana State Fair grounds or maybe the House of Sound, the Scene Club, Westlake Beach Club or Sherwood Country Club, all the places where I longed to play.

We were duded up in capes with long fringe, Tom Jones shirts, fluorescent striped pants that looked like a beautiful rainbow, knee-high Paul Revere boots with two-inch heels and at least twenty five pounds of medallions and beads hanging from our necks. Actually that is what Boyd and I looked like. The other guys had better fashion sense; they looked "normal," if in dress only.

On a weekday around 9 pm, the airport had about as much action as an old folks' home at the same hour. Airport security was a lot different in those days. We just wandered out onto the tarmac where the baggage would be sent into the terminal. One of my "brighter" band mates picked up a phone receiver and started pushing buttons that were flashing. When a voice came on he would say something rather intelligent like, "Eat it." Meanwhile the rest of us were outside viewing the parked jets. When we saw what the "bright one" had done, we ran off laughing leaving the phone receiver dangling in the air. We retraced our steps

back into the baggage terminal, where we came across some filled mail carts that seemed just the thing with which to play a game of demolition derby. My, we were so easily entertained back then.

You can see how times have changed. We didn't have security following us around until we were back in the passengers' section of the terminal. It was then that we saw two security guards rapidly moving towards us while talking on their rather large, by today's standards, two-way radios. We all bolted up a flight of stairs in front of us and ducked into the men's room. After a few minutes and no one having followed us into our hide out, we decided it might be time to put some cornfields between the airport and us.

Boyd thought we should look a little more respectable at this point, so he bought a newspaper from a news stand. We made our way back to the stairs we had run up earlier. Boyd must have decided that carrying a newspaper didn't change our image to "respectable," so he chucked the newspaper over the railing as we got to the stairs. We all looked down over the railing as a security guard looked up and the newspaper whacked him in the head, knocking his hat off. Now that we had severely ticked off security, we became long distance runners fleeing in all directions. Harper, Little Beck and I made it out of the airport terminal to the parking lot where Beck's hopped-up 1964 Chevy Impala was parked. After a while when Boyd and Fischer didn't show up, we decided we needed to venture back into the terminal and find them.

The three of us pulled up seats in the coffee shop, thinking this was a good spot to watch for our MIA buddies. Boyd and Fischer had been apprehended and were now sitting with security, being interrogated. While security was running an ID check on these two depraved desperados, they also wanted to know the names of the other three idiots they were running around with. Fischer threw out his cousin's name, "Jackson," and Boyd said "Marco Polo."

It was at this point that the head security bruiser came out of his chair yelling, "What are you, some sort of smart a--?"

Boyd interjected, "That is his name. Look at my name on my driver's license in your hand. It says Boyd Xavier Uselton. Anyone can have an unusual name. Maybe Marco's parents had a sense of humor. I don't know. I didn't name him."

The security boss man said, "So who is the other guy?"

Boyd grinned, didn't miss a beat and said, "Oh that's Mardy Wilson."

Mardy was another drummer from Avon High who was probably at home fast asleep, not realizing his name had just been added, yet again, to a law-enforcement bad-boy list that would follow him forever. What are buddies for?

Meanwhile back at the airport coffee shop, we could hear the crackle of the security guard's radio, as he watched us from behind some airport artificial plants. I think he wanted to star in a Pink Panther movie as Inspector Clouseau as he appeared to whisper to the large artificial leaves.

"I have a visual of Jackson, Wilson

and Polo," he said.

A phone check with the Indianapolis police turned up nothing on the five of us. The head security guard told Uselton and Fisher to gather up their idiot friends and get the hell out of the airport. He never wanted to see our faces there again.

Boyd said, "Does that mean you're not going to buy our record?"

"Get the hell out of here" said the guard. "I mean it. I don't want to see you guys around here ever again!"

My, my, my, profiles and so-called security have certainly changed. Our wearing "super goofy garb" was not in the profile manual, but misusing the airport phone and demolition derby with the mail carts was. Today, national airport security alert is always "orange", DANGER, DANGER! If you have an eight-ounce tube of hemorrhoid cream in your pocket, you may get pulled into a little cubicle and strip-searched. You will definitely forfeit your hemorrhoid cream. Today, if my old buddies and I were to have the same airport adventure, Homeland Security's Transportation Security Administration (TSA) would shoot us dead, like rabid gophers. At the very least we would have been sent to a federal penitentiary for decades, in an unnamed location. Under that scenario, none of us would have grown

up to become the good little taxpayers that we are now.

Today we have gone overboard in all aspects of security/safety. For example, cameras at stoplights that don't cut back on the number of accidents and are just money generators for government and big business. I, personally, have never experienced this shake-down. By the way, how did prisons wind up in the clutches of big business? Prisons only generate revenue when the cells are filled. Hummm, what do you think those prison businesses lobby about when schmoozing with the politicians? Don't get me wrong; I know there are people who should never see the light of day and many who should be made into bone meal. My big gripe is there are so many laws to protect us from ourselves. What ever happened to common sense?

I think Benjamin Franklin said it best: "Those who would give up essential Liberty, to purchase a little temporary Safety, deserve neither Liberty nor Safety."

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JACKSON COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER		
PETS OF THE MONTH		
 <p><b>Emmy</b> - #K1915 a young, colorful cat with a cute bob tail.</p>	 <p><b>Phillip</b> - #K2226 a gentle 2-year-old Doberman mix.</p>	 <p><b>Bruiser</b> - #K1256 a real cool cat with a great personality.</p>
 <p><b>Ginny</b> - #K2262 an angel. Loving, sweet &amp; well-trained.</p>	 <p><b>Kasha</b> - #K1726 an 8-year-old girl with amazingly intense eyes.</p>	 <p><b>Bruno</b> - #K1582 a strong and quite handsome Husky mix.</p>
 <b>fotas</b> friends of the animal shelter adopt • volunteer • donate <a href="http://WWW.FOTAS.ORG">WWW.FOTAS.ORG</a> • 774.6654 The Jackson County Animal Shelter is located at 5595 S. Pacific Hwy. 99, between Talent & Phoenix. Adoption Hours: 11-4 weekdays, Noon-4 weekends.		
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