



# Tall Tales from the Editor

## How embarrassing or Butter Boy

Recently I was asked, "JD, did you ever have an embarrassing moment when you played in your rock bands?"

Hello...that is like asking me, do codling moths really destroy your apple crop? Or, did that hard freeze we had this past May really kill off most of your apple blossoms? Or, do you really think that gopher hides would make nice men's boxer shorts for winter wear?

Yes, I've had more embarrassing moments playing in bands than I can list here. What follows are a couple of those moments that are printable.

I was playing at the Indiana State Fair with the fabled rock band "The Hand-me-Downs." Drummer, Marty "Chick Slayer" Wilson was beating his skins so hard that I couldn't hear my guitar or my other bandmates Boyd Uselton, vocalist, Carl Allen, lead guitar and Richard Honey, bass guitar. I'd run from the front of the stage back to my amplifier, turn the volume up, then back to the front of the stage where I would be dancing in the stage lights and smiling at all the pretty girls in the audience. Of course, all the girls were only interested in "Chick Slayer," not yours truly.

After several of these runs back to my amplifier to crank up the volume (everything was on ten at that point), I was sprinting back to my microphone for my next harmony part; someone's got to sing, "ooh-ooh" or "ya-ya". Like a flash of lightning, I was half-way across the stage, when I felt my legs go out from under me. Holy electric stars, I had wrapped my guitar cord around my feet. That's not a good thing. With a crash, I was lying face down on top of my guitar. There was a loud, ear shattering pop, followed by a nuclear brain-melting feed back, coming from my amplifier. Struggling to untangle my feet from my guitar cord was very challenging because the two-foot-long fringe on my black and gold cape was tangled up in my guitar strings.

Looking over to "Chick Slayer," he was shaking his head, giving me a look, "What the ----Rogers, I don't remember rehearsing that acrobatic move!" Be assured the whoops and hollers from the crowd were not because the girls were impressed by my great stage performance. How embarrassing is that?!!

On another occasion I was playing with the greatest band to ever come out of Castleton, Utah, "Shalako." We were playing at a club called the "Popular Place."

Our first forty-five minutes was the set from hell! For what ever reason, guitar-

ist Tim Hoffman and I couldn't get our guitars tuned together. They would sound like they were in tune, until we started a song. Utah's renowned bass player, J. Michael Pearce, formally of the J. Michael Pearce band, would tune his bass to one of our guitars, only to be out of tune with the other one. Our mouth harp player, Steve Olschewski, desperately tried to find a harmonica to fit the unknown key we were playing in. Drummer, Dave Fitzsimmons, was hollering, "Let's get it together guys." This was maddening. I considered jumping out of the second story window at the back of the stage. Unfortunately or perhaps luckily there was some iron work installed over the window keeping my emaciated rock n' roll body from squeezing through.

By our second set, the mystery of guitar tuning had been solved. We were rocking now. Come the third and forth set, "Shalako" had never sounded better. The club was filled to capacity, the dance floor was shaking up and down with all the sweaty dancers, which made us play even harder. We rocked on past closing time, until the club owner said if we didn't

shut down, we'd all be dealing with the police.

The next day, J. Michael Pearce and I were at a local gas station filling up my 1959 GMC pick-up. We were standing in line to pay for our gas. (I'm sure glad Oregon has never stooped to self-service gas stations. Thank God for the voter initiative system.) The guy who was standing in front of us asked the cute cashier what there was to do in this town at night. She said she didn't know of any keg parties or anything happening, this town is so boring.

I boldly stepped forward and said, "Why there's a band over at the "Popular Place" on main street tonight. His response, which I can still hear echoing in my ears, "Oh God, I heard them last night. I had to leave before they finished their first set. They are the worst band I've ever heard in my life!" I said, "Oh wow, ah, hum, well I've not heard them myself. Thanks for the heads-up." How embarrassing is that?!!

Of course, some people rarely or never get embarrassed. Take punk rocker Ricky Lee Costanza and The Plutoniums, for example. You might remember some of Ricky's songs, "Squeeze my Glow Stick" or the one that topped the charts in Cisco, Utah, "I Want to be Your Butter Boy." Anyway, Ricky Lee was at a Christmas party with his management team. Did I

say he's the one that put the capital "P" in the word "Party." He had excused himself from the table and gone to the restroom. On his return, he was standing by his table next to his manager's wife, when he starts to tell a story. That's when he felt a draft. Looking down he realized he'd more than forgot to close his barn door. All around the table, and indeed most of the room, all eyes were trying not to gawk at him. As he restored himself to proper order, he never missed a beat in the story he was telling. How embarrassing is that?!! Not for Ricky Lee Costanza.

There are some things that you think everyone would find embarrassing.

What do you think about the 8,000-square-mile area in the Gulf of Mexico that is a dead zone? Nothing lives there, all killed off from pesticides, herbicides, and industry waste washed in from the Mississippi River. It's the largest dead zone on the planet. A government sanctioned toxic waste dumping area. It's just business, we're told. How embarrassing is that?!!

How about the politicians who tell us what financial dire straits our country, our state, or our county is in, then maniacally continue their spending spree. Unlike the rest of us who have to

dramatically tighten our financial belts, politicians never ever consider cutting the budget that feeds their paychecks, their expense account, their medical or their retirement fund? Then, we continuously re-elect these velvet-tongued lizards. How embarrassing is that?!!

These same politicians keep telling us how great the imaginary concept of "free trade" is for the working folks. We are supposed to enjoy trickle-down poverty! Yes, "free trade," much like the term "The Golden Years" is a misnomer. It has worked so well that as a country we don't manufacture much of anything anymore. In fact, we've voluntarily given the keys to our destiny to Communist Red China who will replace us at the top of the heap in the very near future. Washington D.C. and Wall Street (one and the same) just gave it away! How embarrassing is that?!! Actually it's worse than embarrassing... it's pathetic!!!

*"If a nation expects to be ignorant and free...it expects what never was and never will be."*  
Thomas Jefferson



The Editor, J.D. Rogers  
541-846-7736

### JACKSON COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER

## PETS OF THE MONTH



**Kasee - #K1744**  
Kasee is a sweet 2-year-old female Tabby cat.



**Puppies!** Rose and her many siblings are 8-week-old Pit pups.



**Jazzy - #K1363**  
Jazzy is a cutie with long grey & white fur.



**Harley - #K1875**  
A loving young mix who's quiet & clean.



**Pepper - #K0810**  
A darling 2-year-old girl with soft black fur.



**Angel - #K2086**  
A spunky 6-year-old Terrier mix girl.

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