Aimless Musings

By
Lad Moore

Ahh, the innocence of childhood, and how it still draws a smile. Sometimes I wish life had stayed that way.

***

When I was a kid I called the cowboy character “The Long Ranger”--- I suppose because he was a full ‘hat and boots’ taller than my Uncle S.B. I must have been five years old before I learned it was "Lone." It made me question why if ‘lone,’ he kept that Indian guy with him.

That spurred me to my Tonto mystery, and why he hung around with a white cowboy, since they were supposed to be mortal enemies. Maybe it should have worried Tonto why his old buddy Kimosabe was always hiding behind a mask, but stuck him out in the open to be recognized.

I fretted about Lash Larue, and why he insisted on using a bullwhip when his enemies were popping him with six shooters. It was a miracle he made the next serial. And another thing bothered me about Lash. Why didn’t someone come out and tell him that good guys wore white hats, not black. Was it an ‘emperor’s clothes’ thing, where his buddies were so afraid of his whip that they let him dress politically wrong?

I wondered a lot about Roy Rogers’ world. How was it that he rode a horse, and so did Dale Evans and all the crooks, but his pal rode around in a Military Jeep named Nellybelle? It was even more confusing in that they hadn’t invented gasoline yet.
Back to Dale for a second. Why wasn’t she named Dale Rogers? Were they in fact unmarried and was there some sort of tumbleweedy going on?

Meanwhile, Superman had even less of a claim to truth. I could easily recognize his facial features regardless of whichever clothes he had on. I also noticed that when he changed his attire in the phone booth, he didn’t fold up his business suit and take it with him on his flights. But when he landed someplace, it was always there for him to change back into. And that deadly-if-ingested Kryptonite thing. Didn’t you like Popeye’s spinach-energy idea better?

Okay. It bothered me a lot how Sky King was afforded a twin-engine airplane but all the train-robbing crooks had to stick with horses. If you’re going to chase bad guys from the air in the cowboy days, do it right. Sky could have done more damage had he flown a P-40 Mustang with its six 50-caliber wing turrets. Wouldn’t we have enjoyed seeing the bandits’ sudden panic as Sky and niece Penny strafed the old line shack?

Were we expected to accept that Lassie was somehow smarter than all the adults in the family? Or that Lassie’s master Timmy was constantly being rescued from the paws of bears and mountain lions, being swept into raging rivers, suffering high falls from trees, and surviving rattlesnake bites? Over the course of the run, Timmy fell down the same well six times. A smart dog would have taught him to watched where he stepped. But the broader indictment goes to Timmy’s parents. Surely any responsible family would have moved away from a hell like that, valedictorian dog or not.

Another perplexing mystery: I never understood how the cartoon character Goofy was a dog, but he had his own dog, Pluto. What peculiar sort of genetics is that about?

PS: Did they fight over the bone?
And why did Mickey Mouse have a thumb but only 3 fingers? (Count ‘em.) And why, if a mouse or rat is considered to be filthy diseased-ridden vermin, did Mickey bother to wear white gloves?

Even in later years, I pondered inconsistencies. I couldn’t figure out how Perry Mason’s arch-enemy District Attorney Hamilton Burger lost every single case but kept his job. It’s unfair. Just one teeny-weeny victory and Burger could have run for Mayor.

And what about Murder She Wrote? There were more slayings in Cabot Cove than there was census population. With her perfect crime-solving record, makes one wonder if Angela Lansbury was actually doing the killing and pinning it on others.

But back to innocence. Here’s my favorite of the many childhood curiosities and misunderstandings--I wrote about this in one of my Tailwind stories: When I was a young kid...maybe four or five, I would sometimes be present when my grandmother got dressed for church. One day I noticed her adjusting her bra straps and asked about her breasts. I pointed right at them and said, "What are those, Mommie?" She answered, "Those are dinners. They are for nourishment of newborn babies. But it is not polite to talk about such things in public."

My grandparents’ founded and attended a neighborhood Mission church on Mildred Lee Street in Marshall. They held services on Sunday afternoons and again on Thursday nights. (I was always required to go.) As part of the proceedings, the little congregation always recited the Lords Prayer in unison. In the older common version of that prayer, one line reads "...and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." (The wording today is different, and reads “…forgive us our trespasses as we.. ”)

Anyway, I thought, as the group recited that verse, they were saying, “as we forgive our dinners.” So when we got to that line, I just shut up, because my grandmother told me not to say that word in public.
“Aimless Musings” essay © Copyright 2012 by the author, Lad Moore. All rights reserved. Images are from the public domain.