

Sign on.....

I have some rather sad goodbyes to talk about today. First will be Ken Johnson, a long time friend and member of my church. Ken worked for Eureka Newspapers for many years and was deeply involved in the running of the church. We all said that Ken had forgotten more about the building than most of us knew. Due to failing health, he and Beth had moved to Albany, Oregon, to be near their daughter Loraine. A memorial service will be held at Calvary Lutheran Church, South and Prospect Streets, at 11:00 this coming Saturday, with a potluck lunch to follow. Next comes Madge-or "Auntie Madgie" Davi. I've known Madge for many years also. She was the daughter of Muriel and Kenny Buck,. Kenny was quite a prankster- he and The late Walt Kubala playing tricks on each other on a regular basis. Madge was a great supporter of local youth sports- attending most games. She could be found at the end of the Logger's bench at basketball games, cheering them on. She took a particular liking to my grandson, Nathan Madsen, as well as many others. Last, but not least, we have Herb Wall-the eulogy given by Tom Cookman in his last comment being a real nice one. I, too, have known Herb for many years, as he worked across the street from where I worked at Norris Market, now Myrtle Avenue Market. I remember when he lost his two sons, and how difficult it was for Herb and Agnes, but they pulled through it, with God's help. We would always see Herb and his

wife at the memorial services for our servicemen, wearing his original Navy uniform. Goodbye to all of you, and condolences to your families.// In the same vein, I was invited to the 90th birthday celebration of Jerry Partain's life at the Alder Bay retirement facility. The joint was packed, so I didn't stay long, but read him a poem I had written about our days at the then Humboldt State College and as Community Commenters.

*Happy Birthday Jerry, and many more.//I'm not sure how I feel about the recent lowering of speed limits by the City of Eureka on many of the main streets. I got stopped on my way home from work one night doing a little over what I thought was a 35 mile an hour speed limit on Harris street-quite a while ago.

Turns out it was a 30 mile an hour zone, but the officer, one who was known for writing borderline tickets, didn't cite me-possibly thanks to my friend the late Roger Carey, the chaplain, who was riding with him that night. Since then, I try to stay right close to, or under the limits. I've already seen speeders on

H and I streets. but it's early.//The recent booting out of families from the MAC, or Multiple Assistance Center seems a little heartless. I've never been without a home, but I have

been down to my last dime a few times in my younger life, ^{BUT} ~~so~~ I don't know what it's like to be homeless. According to the Times-Standard, they are trying to find home for the^s families, but why not find homes for the single men, and leave the

families alone? Now, I guess ~~they~~ ^{THEY} I'll have to call it the Single

ASSISTANCE CENTER.

Sign off...