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I said last comment that I would tell a couple of stories about Dr. Wittwer. I still haven't officially heard whether he has passed away or not, but I can tell the stories anyway. One day, my friend and co-worker, Donnie Wahlund and I were talking about finding places to cut firewood, and Snooks Edsall, a Kneeland rancher, came into the store and said a huge windstorm had blown down several big pepperwoods in his corrals. Donnie and I said "we'll help clean it up!". So, along with some other guys, we helped clean up the mess. That started a long tradition of cutting down unwanted trees and cleaning up windfalls on the ranch. So, one day, in January, Donnie and I were cleaning up some windfalls and I managed to get pinned between two trees. You know how they say when you are in a life-taking situation, your life passes before your eyes? Well, my future went before me with only one leg. Donnie was working below me and his saw was running, so he couldn't hear me yelling (as a side note-never go wood cutting alone). He finally shut it off and came up and got a big bar and I had a little wedge-shaped rock, and as he pried, we shoved the rock down between the logs to ease the pressure. He finally ended up cutting me out. As we headed home over the mountain, we stopped and packed the knee in snow and when we got home, I called Dr. Wittwer, and he had me come in and he drew some fluid off the knee. He said "that's about Burgundy-When it gets to Vin Rose, we won't need to draw any more." Doc was into wine-making, which he did full-time, along with growing orchids after he retired. The other story involves my son, who had a wart on his hand that covered his whole

finger, including the nail. It also stood up and tore when he put his hand in his pocket. I talked to the Doc about it at work, and he said that warts were caused by a virus, which was controlled by your brain, and that is why, when you tell someone, especially a kid, to bury a quarter or some other item under a board in the garden, the wart will go away. This was on a Friday, and I told my son he was going in on Tuesday to have the wart worked on. Tuesday morning, he came to us, showed us his hand, and the wart was gone!* You have to believe for it to work!//I have to say goodbye to a couple more friends-first, my son-in-law Jim's friend Larry Nord, and then my friend Pat Daly, who was a customer and I also saw her a lot at St. Joe's when we were there at the same time for cancer treatment. Pat and her family used to live next door to my aunt and uncle, and she was very active in civic and church affairs. I was really saddened by reading her obit in Sunday's Times-Standard. My condolences to Agatha Nord and her family, and to the Daly family//As I read about this Balke guy in the paper who had been arrested 40 times, I wondered "what does it take to get career criminals put away for good?" The guy had a wild eyed look about him, and I wouldn't want to meet him in an alley, or anywhere else, for that matter!

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