

Sign on.....

As we get older, we start losing our friends and acquaintances. Many of those I have lost, have been customers of the stores I worked in- some who I knew better than others, some who were real friends. It's hard to distinguish the difference some times. I have been a "people" person all my life, and consider customers friends. Sometimes, how you meet them is rather strange. Take my friends Walt and Jan, for instance. My wife and kids and I had gone to Trinity lake to go boating one summer, but we had no observer. I don't know what I was thinking. So, we were sitting around the first evening, moaning about our (my) stupidity, after having been pulled over by a deputy calling my attention to the fact that we had to have at least a twelve year-old observer on board. I pointed out to him that one of the kids was five and one was seven, making twelve, but he said that wouldn't work. I knew it wouldn't, but it was worth a try! So, that evening, when the seven year old from across the way ^{CAMP} and said they had made too much popcorn, and would we like to share it, we jumped at the chance. Turns out they had come North from Alameda and wanted to go fishing, but had no boat! So, we made a deal-I would take them fishing, if they would observe for us! We have been friends ever since, and Walt just passed away from Lung cancer.*You never know just what's the thing that makes a friendship work. Every time we went to the Bay Area, we got together and had a good time. Another boating story

was when we met at Clear Lake- spent the day in the sun-
The kids got burned, and we stopped in Garberville for
supper- ~~BRICK~~ stayed in the back of the truck we told
him we would bring him supper. About half-way through
the meal, he stumbled into the cafe, bright red, "Daddy,
can I have something to eat?", wrapped in a blanket, and
if looks would kill, I'd have been a dead man! We tried to
explain the situation, but I don't know if they believed me
or not! */I've been having some trouble with my right
leg .As many of you might know, my license plate that was
stolen read 6knees and my new one reads 7/knees. It
takes some time to get new plates,especially
personallized ones. I'm trying to be patient, but I'm not
good at that. It's not anybody's fault, except ^{FOR} the guys that
stole them. The guys that stole them are jerks and there is
nothing I can do about it.* I want to thank the crew at St.
Joe's Radiation/Ocology for their good, caring concern for
their patients. Dr. Harmon, Angela, ^{TAY} Joe, John, Bob and all
the others are the BEST! Kathy too.

*YOU GET A BIT OF A BOND
WITH OMETRS IN THE WAITING ROOM AS YOU WAIT YOUR TURN FOR
YOUR TREATMENT SOME JUST STARTING, SOME IN THE MIDDLE AND
SOME JUST FINISHING, AS I JUST DID. IT'S A PAINLESS PROCEDURE,
AND PERHAPS A LIFESAVING ONE. AGAIN, THANKS ~~FOR~~ ALL THE CREW
AT ST. JOE'S RADIATION-ONCOLOGY.
SIGN OFF!!!*