

LIFE LESSONS

I've learned- that you can do something in an instant that will give you heartache for life.

I've learned- that it's taking me a long time to become the person I want to be.

I've learned- that you should always leave loved ones with loving words. It may be the last time you see them.

I've learned- that you can keep going long after you think you can't.

I've learned- that we are responsible for what we do, no matter how we feel.

I've learned- that either you control your attitude or it controls you.

I've learned- that regardless of how hot and steamy a relationship is at first, the passion fades and there had better be something else to take its place.



*Ham radio is a friendly joining of great people,
enabling lasting friendships to be cherished.*

She was the air under my wings...

By now most people know that I lost my Jeannie on Monday, March 27. Her obituary on March 31st in Fridays Oregonian gave "just the facts, ma'am." Of course it couldn't begin to describe the fantastic life we enjoyed together.

The obit made it sound like she moved to Riverside, but actually, after her graduation from Oregon State in 1943, she and her sister, Mickey, flew down to Hemet, CA where I was at primary flight school. Because it was a civilian flying school (Ryan) there wasn't a chaplain. We had to go to March Army Airfield, in Riverside and were married on June 11th, 1943.

The memories from that beginning flow like fine wine from a bottle. An example: She was pregnant and about to deliver. We attended the base movie theater in Marfa, Texas showing the "Canterville Ghost" when her labor pains started. She would not leave until the movie was over! She presented me with twin boys on her birthday.

The highlight of our life was our trip to France in 1972. We had been there two years earlier to visit my daughter, Gayle, who was studying at the University of London, and Jeannie worked in a five day trip to Paris! I went nuts! Despite the fact that flunking French 3 three times kept me from earning a high school diploma I wanted to return!

I came home determined to learn the language. In 1972 an opportunity came so that we could spend six weeks in France! Some time I will tell you about the time we tried to interview Jean Patou, the most famous perfumer in France. (Joy) Besides Paris, we followed a trail from my French lessons...the cathedral at Chartes, Mt. San Michelle, St. Malo, the beach at the mouth of the Loire, The



My Jeannie 1921 – 2000

chateaux of the Loire, (Castles) the wine country of Bordeaux, the Cognac region, the Dorgonne, home of fois gras, cassollet and truffles, and their Cchateaux, the double walled city of Carconsonne, La Lavendoux, and Nice. There also were lots of fortified mills, bridges and churches along the way.

It would be impossible to describe all the wines, breads and the foods of each region. Believe me when I tell you, they were...superb!

Other great memories were annual trips to Ashland for the Shakspeare Festival & Peter Britt concerts in Jacksonville with good friends. The Dipsea Net adventures, and watching the grandkids develop.

If any of you are just half as happy as we were through almost 57 years of marriage, you'll know what a great life it was.



THE POOREST GUY

I've learned- that heroes are the people who do what has to be done when it needs to be done, regardless of the consequences.

I've learned- that money is a lousy way of keeping score.

I've learned- that my best friend and I can do anything or nothing and have the best time.

I've learned- that sometimes the people you expect to kick you when you're down will be the ones to help you get back up.

I've learned- that sometimes when I'm angry I have the right to be angry, but that doesn't give me the right to be cruel.

I've learned- that true friendship continues to grow, even over the longest distance. Same goes for true love.

I've learned- that just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have.



Lake Simtustus Spring Opener

*by Vivian & Bill Watters
photos by Vivian & Dick McGraw*

Once again the Dipsea Netters enjoyed the sunny Madras area to start spring camping off with sunshine and flowers. Some of us went a little early and took advantage of the hospitality at the McCool Compound. Jerry arranged for sunshine and herds of deer browsing in the open fields every day. We also got to meet the kids, grandkids and greatgrands. What a nice family Jerry and Dorothy have.

One day we piled in the van and toured the Ochoco area and visited Ochoco Reservoir,

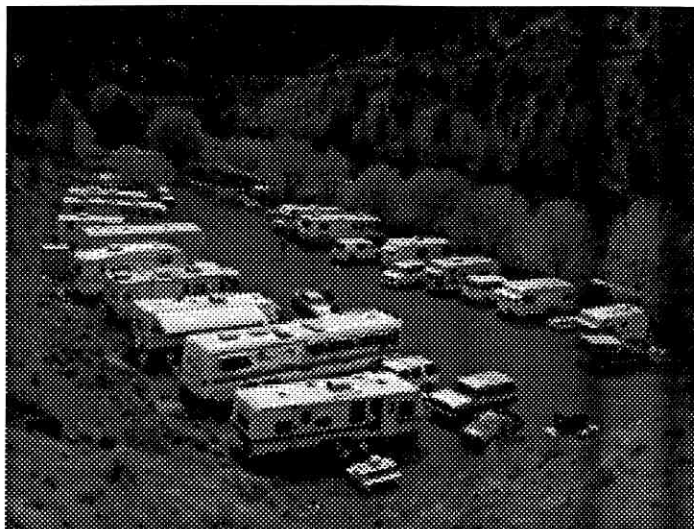
Painted Hills, lunch at Fossil and home via Antelope, Clarno and Madras. Another day we drove to Sisters via Cove-Palisades,



Our gang at the Balancing Rocks.

Grandview, Metolius River campgrounds, cross country over hill and dale until stopped by snow, backtracked to a lower road and eventually got to Sisters where we had a nice lunch. On the way home we took the back roads again and came out past the Bentonite mines and Crooked River Ranch. Sorry many of you missed out on these adventures. Better come next time.

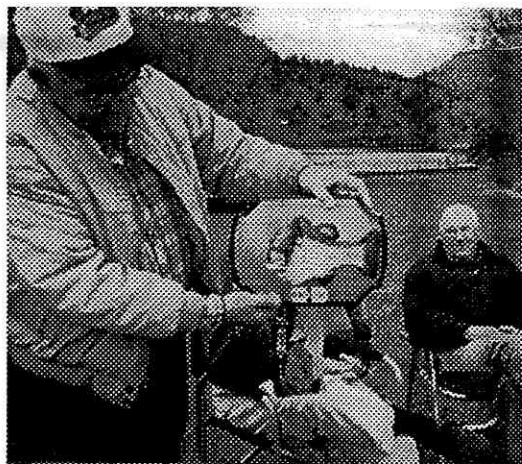
Back to camp, Jerry & Dorothy brought their speedboat for water skiing. All who wanted had a nice conducted tour of Lake Simtustus up to Round Butte Dam. Sites along the way included many waterfalls from springs, ducks, deer, geese, swallows, cormorants, and other birds we couldn't identify. Since it was a week before fishing



15 Dipsea Net rigs parked on the edge of the reservoir.

season her we had the lake almost all to ourselves. Jerry forgot the water-skis so nobody got wet.

We had 15 RV rigs in camp and some local visitors, namely Carol Bailey and Roger N7RFV. Carol brought the camp scones and



Gerry showing off the bass that sings.

muffins a couple mornings. Roger mans the local 2M so he is very helpful on directions to and fro. Also brought the gals garlic to use all year. Carol is her happy self and very busy



Sunday Breakfast at 6:00 am in Madras.

