licenses from different states so a lot of examiners have had a chance to tell me what I do wrong.

People are what I remember most. The world is full of wonderful people with kind hearts, loyalty, humor, individuality, and tragedies kept to themselves. To leave a good friend brought a heart ache, but your friend was still your friend, you could visit them at times, keep in touch by mail; while you moved to a new place and met other wonderful people whom you wouldn't have known, had you not moved.

And as the years and scenes passed, you found that the man you married was all and more than you dreamed of those thirty-nine years ago. Life has been good.

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THE FAILURE OF TWO STATES

by

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Once upon a time there were 2 states that ganged up on a dirt dobber. Texas could not stand this fellow any longer so they sent him to New York. Texas wanted a 'breather' so they called it a summer detail.

We don't know how they ever got this "desert rat" to go to New York. (Something to do with sending his pay check to Riverhead, Long Island, New York and he had to go there to get it.) Anyway, on July 1st he set out with high hopes from Dalhart, Texas. Of course, he did not have aerial photo coverage of the route and managed to get lost in Boise City, Oklahoma; Wichita, Kansas; St. Louis, Mo.; and Zanesville, Indiana. Then he got to New York City. This dirt dobber knew that Riverhead was only 80 miles away. Three or four days later he arrived. In the meantime, he discovered the World's Longest Parking Lot. The New Yorkers call it Long Island Expressway. This Texan insisted on using the initials--LIE.