

7/30/03

Susie,

Since Dad's death, I've been thinking that some of the stories about him and the family ought to be written down. Here is my recollection of an incident that happened when we were kids. Please have Walt read it to see if he remembers it differently, or has anything to add.

This happened when Walter and I were both still going to South Haven High School and he was on crutches either as a result of getting shot in the ankle or because of subsequent surgery to freeze the ankle. A couple of the Forest boys rode the bus to school also, and we were expected to wait together half way between our houses so the bus only had to stop once. One morning, we all waited in front of our house so that Walt wouldn't have to travel that extra 50 yards on crutches. When the bus came, it went right by us and stopped half way between. The bus driver didn't like to stop at our driveway because it was it was at the edge of the ravine. We headed up the road toward the bus, probably moving slower than we really had to for Walt to keep up, and before we got to it, the bus took off.

Next thing we heard was tires throwing gravel. We looked back and saw Dad come tearing out the driveway in the car. He stopped and told us to get in, then took off after the bus. He caught up about a mile down the road. He went around it and stopped, forcing it to a stop. He got out and went to the bus door and said to the driver, "You are in a bit of a hurry this morning, aren't you?" The driver said, "Now Pete, they know they are supposed to wait up the road a ways." Dad motioned us into the bus, got into the car, and went home.

Steve