

A little story that may amuse you and JE: We lost all our tame fish to the rigors of a severe winter. The only local supplier of golden trout also had his problems. So I phoned the owner of a commercial fish hatchery between here and where we used to live. They breed and sell goldfish. He recognized my name from assassinations, not geese. He recommended for this pond 100 of a species he called Comet. I asked him if he ever had a truck coming to Frederick to save me the trip there. he said his brother lives in Frederick and he'd have his brother take them home. I said whenever it was convenient and gave him my phone. When I was late getting back from DC this evening I was late getting to the home of the brother. They phoned today. So we drove there, saw nobody was home, but also saw a large cardboard box by the front door. I went to get it, saw a bill sticking out of the corner, had the check already written out, so we put that through the mail slot and left with the fingerlings. can you imagine this outside a rural area? And is this not the spirit of trust with which you grew up? When we were home, about dusk, we phoned our neighbor, the retired vet, to ask if he'd like to see them. He was there by the time I was! he loved it, as did we. We watched the little rascals, at first afraid to move. Then nature took over and soon they were breaking water as they snaffled small surface bugs. ...The hatchery, long known as Lily Ponds, got a special postal address when Andre Kastelanez's wife became famous, Lily

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