

Smoke

As far as I could tell, I was the only smoker among my shipmates at the Branson reunion, and Yoshi was the only smoker among the wives. Bill McIver caught me grabbing a smoke in the parking lot behind the Hampton Inn where the 2006 reunion was headquartered. Behind me, sufficiently safe from my pollution, were LaNell Keeton, George's wife, and Deanie Sutherland, Terry's wife. I can't believe how my hair, nowadays, blends to invisibility against the white stucco background. Well, I've got some hair at least, at age 75 next month, which is more than Terry can say. I don't know what Terry and I were doing in our *tête-à-tête* below, also captured by Bill. Whatever it was, Terry is making note of it. He pays more attention to me now than he did aboard the *Colahan* fifty years ago. The three of us – Terry, Bill and me – constituted the *Yu-Yu-Jiteki* contingent at the reunion, and we welcomed the opportunity to spend some special time together, including a private afternoon lunch-and-wine party hosted by the McIvers. Bill and Sandra are the handsome couple at lower right. I snapped the picture aboard the *Branson Belle*, where we ate a lousy dinner and watched a good show.



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