Yesterday’s stunning romp-along with Ludwig was sent to me by Pat Healy, a longtime friend who lives in Pebble Beach. I had first met Pat at a summer camp in Arizona in 1949 (I think), and then far later (1960) at MCAS Cherry Point where we were both young Marine Corps aviators, he flying the Douglas F-4D Skyray and I in the Douglas A-4D-2 Skyhawk. As happens in the military, we both went our separate ways, reestablishing contact in 1973 after we were both civilians. After working with Pan Am Business Jet Division selling Dassault Falcon 20s, he started a company at San Francisco International Airport providing a wide range of services to private jet operators around the world…a severely successful venture.

Today we stay in contact principally by email, promising to get together soon. We will accomplish that one day I have no doubt, but it is amazing how our paths have criss-crossed over the years.

As for the Linerider exercise, truly hope some ambitious soul will undertake to produce a William Tell Overture version, allowing Brace Beemer, the ‘real’ Lone Ranger of radio days (not one of cthese overstuffed wannabes of celluloid fame) to ride again from out of the past in a cloud of dust with a hardy “Hi’yo Silver, away.”

Today’s handbag of Coronavirus cartoons is the gift of Leonard Keith, my oldest living friend. Our families were friends from the early 1940s and we spent weekends at each-others’ houses, romped in the surf during the summers near Oceanside, CA, suffered through interminable bouts of dancing school at the Wishire Ebell Theater in midtown Los Angeles, and braved the acres of poison oak and tribulations of snipe hunting at a summer camp in the nearby San Gabriel Mountains.

After a couple of years of junior high school, Leonard and I lost touch for nearly 50 years, until a lady who had done all the layout and design on MSW Management Magazine when I first became its editor emailed me out of the blue to ask if I knew ‘a Leonard Keith.’ Soon after, they were married and disappeared to Hawaii, but then returned to the mainland. Another fine example of crisscrossing lives.