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*North Hero News and World Review ….*

 *……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Saturday, April 19, 2008 c:/wklylt8.8wc25 (2008 NHN&WR Letter/story/poem/card #7)

**River Walk, Spring ‘08**

 Friday, April 18th, it’s a beautiful morning, temperature 18 degrees C and the paths along the Ottawa River are clear. Didn’t think all that snow would ever melt, hooray, walk time … let’s go Bailey. Dog and Master start out.

 Sticking to ‘No Bike’ paths, progress is slow, way too many interesting over-winter smells to investigate. At the last bench going north towards the Champlain Bridge, Master decides to sit and rest a bit. The sun is shinning and the river is noisily rushing by, just past a big tree about 20 feet away. Whoops! A squirrel! Same dashes across the path and makes the tree two seconds ahead of Bailey. With two front paws on the tree trunk, Bailey scans upward. Bench-sitter follows dog’s scan.

 For goodness sakes, look at that, there is a fairly new athletic shoe tied by laces to a branch about 4 feet above ground level. Just one. Gray & Black, hardly worn. One lonely shoe. One shoe?. Lost shoes? Hmmmn, … mind begins to wander.

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 1947, Harvard, German EA, final exam. One question on test: Read following short story and write a fifty word report about it. Story: Tired salesman checks into Inn, eats and retires to room. Shortly after, another guest plods up stairs into the next room. Heard but not seen fellow guest takes off one shoe and drops it on the floor There is a long wait. No second shoe.

Salesman now has trouble getting to sleep, thinking to himself.

*“Wann lassen sie die anderer schue gefallen?”*

After staying awake half the night the salesman is having breakfast the next morning. Clomping down the stairs comes fellow guest. He has a crutch. He has one leg.

 1985, Columbus, Ohio, Ken & Lucile consulting. Couple stayed in motel like quarters. After return to Atlanta, Ken realizes he has left his tennis shoes behind. Good Grief! 1986, consulting, same city, same Company, same quarters. Ken looks under the bed. Same tennis shoes! (Does anyone ever look under motel beds?)

 2008, Google. What do people who only need one shoe do? Can they go on Google? *“Right shoe size 10C needs left shoe partner”*

Other one shoe survivors:

 1942: Ken, sandlot football casualty when supposed to be bedridden with cold. Right shoe never found.

 1971: Marc, downhill skiing. Brother Gerry reported, *“I just saw Marc getting a ride down the hill on a sled.”*  Ski boot returned.

 2008: Teresa, icy Ottawa sidewalk (sober). Shoe status unknown.

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Heavens sakes, enough mind wandering.

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*“Come on Bailey, time to start back.”*

Half way back we see a mature couple coming towards us with a white Toy Poodle. Gent has the Poodle and Lady has, …. has … yes, a gray and black athletic shoe.

*“My goodness, you’ve got THE OTHER SHOE!”*

*“Yes, we just found it up river a ways. We’re going to hang it with the other one till they dry. If no one takes them, we’ll take them to the Value Market. They are in very good condition.”*

*“Good for you. I thought I might be the only one ever noticing that lonely shoe hanging in that tree.”*

 Next morning Ken & Bailey retrace their steps. There are no shoes on the tree. How differently two fairly intelligent creatures can size up a situation.

Ken stands a while gazing at, … the shoeless squirrel tree.

*“Wonder if there is an old football shoe hanging on a tree in the Hempstead, N.Y. State Park.”*

Bailey keeps him company gazing at, … the squirrel less shoe tree.

*“Darn, almost had that little guy yesterday.”*

Lucile, Ken & Bailey, Ottawa.

Reg. Dist.: 94 readers, 38 homes.

(Little early this month. Busy, busy relocation week coming up. Next letter emanates from main North Hero office*.*)