



## **The story of Norbert Wayne Fortner In his own words**

**Born: October 21, 1946 - Pomona, California**

**Died: May 22, 2016**

**Version # 9-1-2018**

# Letter From Lydia

Dear Roger,

I spent a week with Kim and Greg and the Grand Kids and Great Grand Kids at the coast. I love watching the waves and smelling the ocean air, my mind floods with memories of Norbie and me's summers at Newport Beach, watching our kids and their friends riding the waves, and the beautiful sunsets. Fishing till it was too dark to see, playing games and laughing till 2:00 A.M. in the morning.

I miss and love him so much, knowing I will see him soon, is what helps me thru each day. The day after we got back from the coast, Kim and Greg drove me to Spokane to spend a month with the boys and their families. I really enjoy my time with my kids and Grand Children. I brought Norbie's writing with me so I could get it in the mail.

I didn't have Daphne's new address, so could you please give this to her. I know Bryant has a computer, but I'm not sure about Carl, if he doesn't, could you please make a copy for him, and see that he gets it.

Next year we are having a family reunion at the coast, I can't wait to see Jenny and Lon and the boys. Me and Norbie would sometimes go to bed early, just so we could listen to their stories and hear them laughing. I pray everything is good for you guys, please give Rita a big hug for me!

Please put all 41 pages about Norbie in the computer, it is his legacy to his kids and ours to him.

May God Bless and Keep You! Love, Lydia

# Norbert Wayne Fortner

## In His Own Words

**Norbert Wayne Fortner, Born October 21<sup>st</sup> 1946 to Earl and Bernice Fortner.**

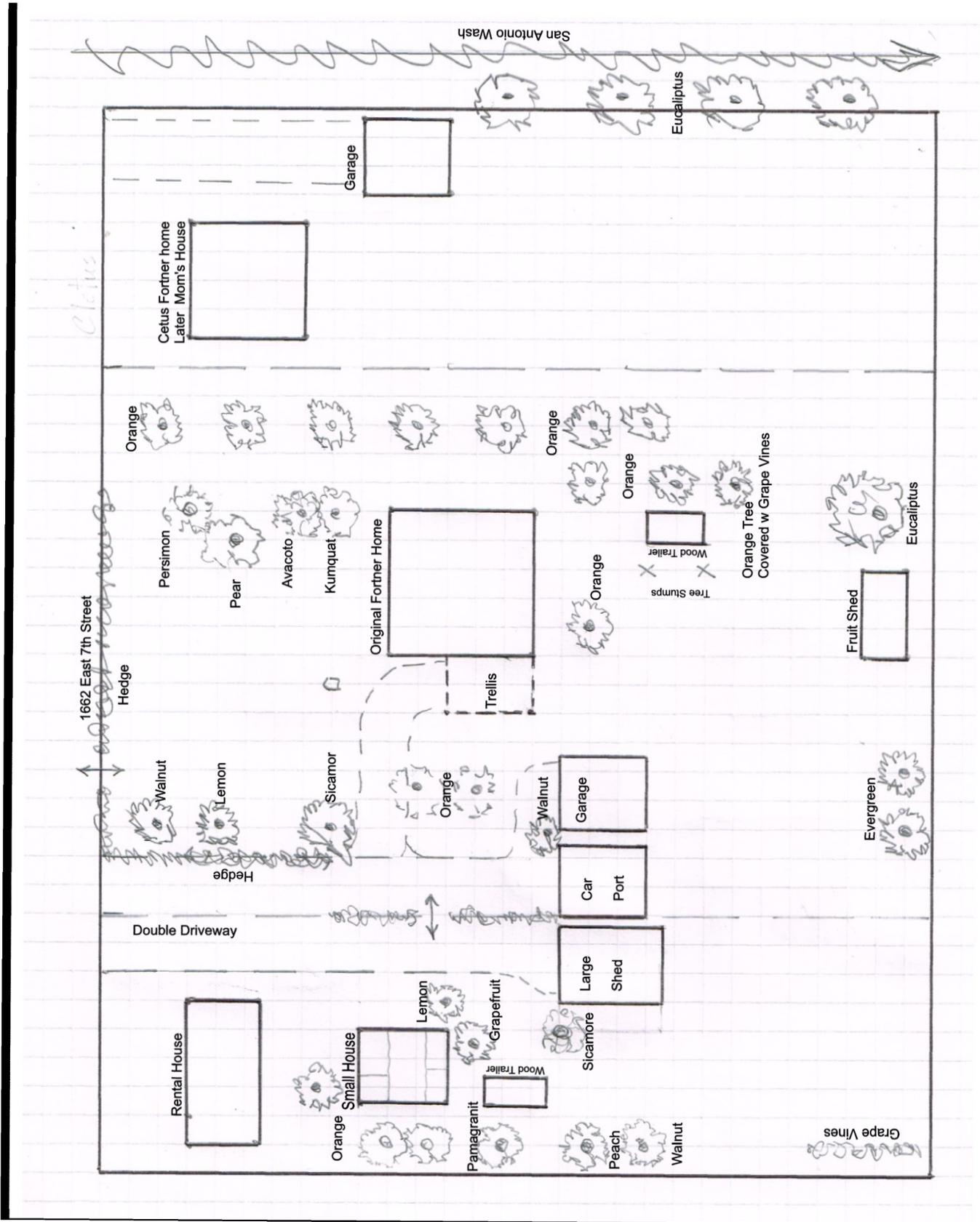
**Our family of seven lived in a one bedroom house on 7<sup>th</sup> Street in Pomona, California. Bryant and Carl lived in a wood trailer behind our house. Another bed was in the back enclosed porch. My memories of this house are few. I remember Roger being born just before moving next door in the original house my Grandfather built at 1662 East 7<sup>th</sup> Street. Daphne got her own bedroom here.**

**After moving, Bryant and Mary, got married. They moved the wooden trailer from our small home next door for their first home. They had to use the restroom in the big house.**



**To describe the property set up is hard to do, but I will make a small sketch where the houses were to help.**





In writing these memories, they will not be in the order they happened, but as I remember them. In remembering, my most wonderful memory is meeting your mother, Lydia Louise Allen in 1962. I couldn't wait to write about this til later. When I saw her in the hall at Garey High School, I knew that I was in love. She is the most perfect lady and she changed me forever. More about her later.

My upbringing couldn't have been more perfect. I was born into a Christian home. We went to all the church services. It was an old time Pentecostal church. When I was 5 or 6 years old, I lived outside. Fruit to eat year round of some kind. Cold water out of some faucets even in the summer.

The riverbed was just East of my uncle's property next door. It only had water in it, if it rained pretty hard. When I was about 11 or 12, they built a flood channel down the middle of the river bed. I watched them build this for about a year along our property.

For several years I raised pigeons. I built pigeon cages from any wood I could get. I pulled used nails from old boards to use. It was so exciting when I had little squabs hatch. At one time I had 60 to 70 birds.

When I was 10 or 12 years old, I had a friend named Steve Logue. We played football and baseball in the front yard. One summer we dug a trench in the back yard and covered it with tin and dirt over that. This tunnel came up inside the fruit house at the very back of the property. My Grandpa sold fruit and flowers for extra money. We had a sign at the front of the property for a number of years. It read "FORTNER'S LITTLE OZARKS". My years on this home property were wonderful years. I lived here till I married your mother, about 13 or 14 years.

I went to Washington Elementary School. Carl, who went to Fremont Junior High, walked me to school each day. His school was just beyond my school. About the 4<sup>th</sup> grade, I was able to walk home alone. I got in trouble a few times doing things I shouldn't do. Like throwing rocks at a slow train, metal building where men worked. My best friend during this time was Johnny Thomas. He lived about halfway between school and my home. His father owned Thomas House Movers.

My next writings will be a lot of memories over my life while living on the old property. As you can tell by now my spelling and sentence structure is not very good, but I'm really enjoying writing about my childhood.

My mom and her best friend, Sarah Biggers, used to give each other permanents (hair). This was a very bad smell and I really remember it, done about once a month. They thought they looked so pretty. I really liked it when the ladies from church would make home made donuts at our house to sell after church on Friday nights. I always got the ones that got messed up.

I never considered us poor, but we never had a lot of extra money. We always had food on the table. There was ALWAYS fried potatoes, fried in bacon grease that mom kept in a coffee can on the stove and some kind of vegetable. We had round steak, chicken, liver that we got from the Hottinger Lockers, my uncles buisness. We also had a variety of meat that people left in the lockers that they didn't pay for. My Dad fixed most of the breakfasts. He was good at pancakes and oatmeal. We always had Cheerios and Wheaties.

Every Saturday I went with Dad to get fresh eggs at the egg ranch. A couple of times a month the ranch would give us old stewing hens that didn't lay enough eggs. After that visit, we went to Scott Brothers Dairy in Chino where we got our milk and half and half for the week. This milk came in glass bottles. Most weeks I got a nickel ice cream bar here. I don't remember if Roger went on any of these trips. This was a very big deal for me.

When the new school year started we got new shoes, Roger and me. Dad took us to J.C. Penny's. I don't remember getting any new shoes between the next year. I have vivid memories of putting cardboard inside my shoes after I wore holes in them. I went barefoot a lot while playing outside.

Another memory is of getting a half gallon of ice MILK and 2 quarts of soda. This was one root beer and one strawberry. We got this on Friday nights after church if they weren't selling food or deserts.

One thing to mention here is I loved to fly kites. There was a lot of room to fly these South of our property where the fruit house was. I also had a bow and arrow. I remember going to Kress's and picking out my 25 cent arrow. I then tried to get 10 cents out of Mom for the bulk candy. I had one close accident shooting an arrow straight up in the air, didn't do that again.

Disneyland opened in about 1955, Daphne told me and Roger to save our money (allowance). It seemed like it took forever. Daphne took us for a wonderful day. She really made it fun.

I was always looking for pop bottles to get their refund of 2 cents each. I would save till I had 20 to 30 cents worth. I would walk up the riverbed, which we all called the wash, then over the bridge to the feed store. They sold feed for all animals. They had a large selection of 1 cent candy, 5 cent candy bars and 10 cent bottles of every kind of soda. These were hard decisions.

When I was very young and playing outside, our street wine "O", whose name was Gus Lundholm, took me to the feed store to buy me candy. Mom couldn't find me for a long time and then saw me and Gus heading home. She told me that she screamed at him good.

When my Dad had his vacation week, He didn't do much but work around the property. Working on the irrigation lines and trimming bushes and trees. We always took one day to go to the beach at Long Beach. This was a very fun day for us all. Mom made lots of food and goodies. I caught my very first fish ever off of that pier with a drop line, I think Carl bought it.



I remember Dad patching the tubes in his car tires. Some of them had a lot of patches on them. He did this in our open garage. He collected license plates that he tacked up to the ceiling of the garage. It was full. Some Saturdays Dad would take his car for service at Anderson's flying "A" service station.

When I was about 10 years old, Carl bought me a B-B gun for Christmas. Our family didn't exchange gifts between brothers and sister and so on. I guess he just wanted me to have something Mom probably wouldn't buy. I shot anything that proved to be a target. I always seemed to be out of B-B's. In shooting, I shot oranges since we had so many trees. When I ran out of B-B's, I would find oranges I had shot. They had a brown spot on them where the B-B went in. I would cut them open and get the one B-B out. After a few years I progressed to a pump pellet gun. I'm not proud of it now, but I did shoot sparrows. We had a cat that would come running when I pumped that gun. He loved to follow me and eat some of the birds I shot. One day I decided to shoot some doves for Mom to cook up for me. After Mom cooked them, I couldn't eat them, but Mom thought they were delicious.

One year I got an electric train for Christmas. I played with trains for several years. Bryant and Mary had moved out of the wooden trailer, so I set up trains from end to end inside that trailer.

Steve Logue and I got in friendly rock fights with a couple boys across the river bed, we were up high on our side, so we could throw a lot farther. They were in the low river bed and had a hard time hitting us so high up. The problem with this, they had all the rocks. We had to run down the side and pick up the rocks they had thrown. They would really pelt us when we went to get rocks. We met these boys later and became friends.

One memory from our small first home. When Roger was born, I had to be 3 or 4 years old. I was so jealous when they brought him home. Mom was breast feeding him and I made such a fuss, that she picked me up and let me feed on the other one. Daphne thought that was so terrible. Just remembered this, when Mom wanted me while I was outside, she would holler real loud, NOR-B, with a loud high pitch on the "B". You could hear it all over the property.

Our entertainment was so different than today. We got our first T.V. when I was about 8 or 9 years old. Bryant was a T.V. repairman and got us a used T.V. It was a large box with a little screen about 10 inches. Its color was dark green to light green. We had seven chanel. It was always breaking down. My favorite program was the Little Rascals and Dragnet. Before the T.V. I remember so well sitting in the living room around the radio with Dad and Roger. We listened to the Lone Ranger, Dragnet and many others. I don't remember, I remember the radio being close to the fireplace, so I was always warm. One more thought on the T.V. To change channels we had to get up and turn channels on the set.

We had a telephone that just had a rototiller (roto dial) that you had to push around with your finger, you also didn't have your own line, we had party-lines. When you tried to use the phone, some one else could be on it. I remember Mom listening to some of their conversations.

Having a fireplace we needed wood. We didn't have logs. My job each Saturday was to fill it up with scrap lumber from our large wood pile in the back field. I had to jump on some of the boards to break them to the right size. The wood box filled on the outside, but it went through into the house. Our only heating was the fireplace and one free standing gas stove. The bathroom and back rooms were always cold. I remember how cold it was when I first got into bed.

Waiting for Santa Claus to come down the chimly.



I remember Mom doing ironing for several other families for like 10 cents per item. I remember this because it was in the large hall where my bed was located. We always had freshly ironed clothes hanging in the doorways till they were picked up.

When I was doing bad things, Mom would get small hedge limbs off our hedge. She would strip the leaves off of them. She would switch our little legs. It sure did sting. My Dad only spanked me ONE time. The fruit house, at the back of the property, had mason jars of all sizes and color. I'm sure there was over 100. The little house had a slanted roof. Me and Steve Logue lined those jars on the roof many times and proceeded to throw rocks at them until there was broken glass 6 to 8 inches deep. My Dad came out when we were just finishing. That's when I got my only spanking from him. He held one arm and used his belt to spank me all the way to the house. My father was a very hard man to get upset, so those jars must have been special to him, even though they had been there many years. Dad made me clean this up, Steve and I couldn't clean it all up, so we dug a trench next to the last of the broken glass. We shoved what was left into the trench and covered it up. I fooled my Dad on how well we cleaned it up.

Here I would like to say how wonderful my parents were, we were loved so much, when they had so little, we kids came first. When I was sick Mom would sit by me and pray for me, Hold my head when sick throwing up in the toilet. This reminds me of when I was sick I would ask Mom to call our pastor, Danny Drake, to come to our house to pray for me. Danny Drake was my pastor most of my childhood at Pomona Church of God.

I'll start here going into my school days at Washington Elementary School. Kindergarten was only half days. I remember getting orange juice each day and the horses head with a broomstick body. FIRST grade, I don't remember anything. Second grade, we went to the blackboard to write long hand instead of printing. Third grade, I remember this teacher well. We read books to see who could read the most. I got sick with kidney infection. I had to stay home for about a month. I read the most books in the class. Last day of school the teacher gave me a big eraser, I was so happy. Forth grade was my first man teacher. At recess this year I broke my left arm. This year I started to notice I could run a little faster, throw a ball farther, kick a ball farther and catch a ball better. Fifth grade the only thing I can remember well is having to learn our times tables. Sixth grade I remember several things. Having two girlfriends at the same time. Going on several field trips, even one to the ocean, one to the La Brea Tar Pits. I was very afraid this year I wouldn't pass into the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, but I did.

The end of this year I joined Little League baseball as an eleven year old. Playing against older boys, I only done fair. My highlight of this whole season was hitting two home runs. I played 3<sup>rd</sup> base and I pitched. I thought I was neat in my uniform. Mom and Dad bought me baseball shoes they couldn't afford. An important memory is them driving up the driveway and stopping, calling me over and giving me that shoe box. I put them on right there. I just know they made me run faster. I'm getting tears in my eyes right now thinking of this event that I will never forget. I thanked my Mom again for the shoes when I saw her lying dead in the hospital. This is how important this event was to my life.

**FREMONT JUNIOR HIGH, 7<sup>th</sup> - 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> grade, I don't remember much about the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> grades. My favorite class was, of course, P.E. I started to develop at being better in sports. 7<sup>th</sup> grade I was still 12 years old. I was still in little league. Hit 10 home runs and was the starting pitcher for the All Star team that year. In 8<sup>th</sup> grade I played football. We only played one game against the 9<sup>th</sup> grade. I made a lot of tackles. My 9<sup>th</sup> grade year was when I shined in sports. In football we played several schools. We came in second in League play. I scored the most points for our team, the Fremont Bulldogs. Baseball that year I hit almost 400, my first and last year I hit that good. From then on I was a better pitcher than a hitter.**

**My 10<sup>th</sup> grade and half my 11<sup>th</sup> grade years, I went to West Coast Bible School. They didn't have organized sports. All we played was basketball from makeup teams. This school was in Fresno, California. I lived on campus. This must have been a financial burden on my parents. My aunt Mabel Maddeford helped them pay for this, I found out in later years. Being away from home was a very new experience. We had 8 classes a day. They fed us very good. We had four boys to a room.**

**Mom sent home made cookies and candy about once a month. She also sent 2 or 3 dollars for our small snack store and coke machine. I also had to do laundry, which cost a dime. Candy bars were still a nickel and we had 2 cent candy. That money was never enough.**

**When about half of my first year was over, our 7<sup>th</sup> Street Wine-O, Gus Lundholm started writing me letters. He used to address them to "Future Big League Pitcher Norbie Fortner". Mail call they would read this real loud. All the families, that lived on my home street in Pomona didn't like Gus. He didn't dress well and wasn't clean most of the time. From a small boy I always liked him. I would go to his house and talk with him. I remember him using a wood burning kitchen stove. Gus, about once a month, would put a 5 dollar bill in his letters. I thought I was rich. I lived at the snack bar. Gus done this till he passed away in my 11<sup>th</sup> grade year. I think about him often. He had no family. He enjoyed reading about me in the newspaper. I wish Dad would have invited him to go to one of my games. He had no car. With about 2 or 3 months of school left at West Coast, I was KINDLY asked to leave.**

**Leaving West Coast was the best thing for me. I hadn't played baseball till going back to Pomona schools. I went to Garey High School for the last of my 11<sup>th</sup> grade year. I didn't write about my Pony League or Colt League years. Not a lot I can remember about these, but I did do well hitting and I developed as a pitcher.**

**When I went back to Pomona schools, It was a lot of fun. Everybody remembered me. I'm going to get off baseball for a short time. After a few days at Garey High, I saw your mother down the hall talking to some other girls. Like now she was dressed and her hair was perfect. I can't explain it, but she just stood out so much. I don't remember how I met her, but it wasn't long. I dated her girlfriend a couple of times, then we started talking. We finally started going out and the rest is history. I never thought about anyone else.**

I knew in a short time I was in love. We were never apart for very long. It seems like I should be able to say so much more about your mother, but it was just a wonderful and fantastic time. She changed me forever, my parents thought so much about her.

Getting back to baseball. I had a good 11<sup>th</sup> grade year in baseball. I pitched two NO-HITTERS that season and we won the league Championship. I made the All League Team. For our team I won the most valuable player and coaches award. That summer I played American Legion baseball. This was boys 16 - 18 years old. My hitting was not real good, but I did very well pitching. My 12<sup>th</sup> grade year I didn't do quite as well because your Mom and I did everything there was to do. I never got enough sleep. My 12<sup>th</sup> grade summer, I worked at Hottinger Meat Lockers, Mom and me waited for that paycheck. We ate well and went to the drive-in movies until we were broke. I still made the All League baseball team that summer. I played another year of American League baseball as a 17 year old. I had graduated from high school. This team was the best team I ever played on. We had four boys sign major league contracts, It really destroyed our team. Our center fielder, shortstop, catcher and 1<sup>st</sup> baseman. I was asked by the Dodgers to sign a contract. They offered me \$5,000.00 as a signing bonus, 90 dollars per month, and a college education as long as I was in the system. This was the year 1964. I talked to the New York Mets and Cincinnati Reds, but they offered me nothing.

I didn't sign because I was scared and I didn't want to leave your mother. Remember I was only 17 years old and I knew I had another year of American Legion left as an 18 year old. I did well my 17 year old season, but our team finished 3<sup>rd</sup> place. We would have done great if we hadn't lost our four boys to the baseball draft. Two boys I played with ended up going all the way to the major leagues. They were Joe Keogh and Rollie Fingers. Rollie Fingers, from Upland, was selected into the Hall of Fame. If I would have signed for the Dodgers, I would have been assigned to their team in Ogden, Utah. I just knew I had another year of American Legion as an 18 year old. After baseball season as a 17 year old I got a job with Stater Brothers as a meat cutter, to me the money was great. Not playing any baseball while working, I had lost my good pitching edge. I had trouble making the team practices, so I didn't play my last American Legion team as an 18 year old. I thought after this season I could sign a baseball contract. I just continued to work for Stater Brothers, and got married to your Mom August 7, 1965. I am so glad I didn't continue baseball. Things would have turned out different. I wouldn't want anything different. A wonderful wife and four wonderful perfect kids.

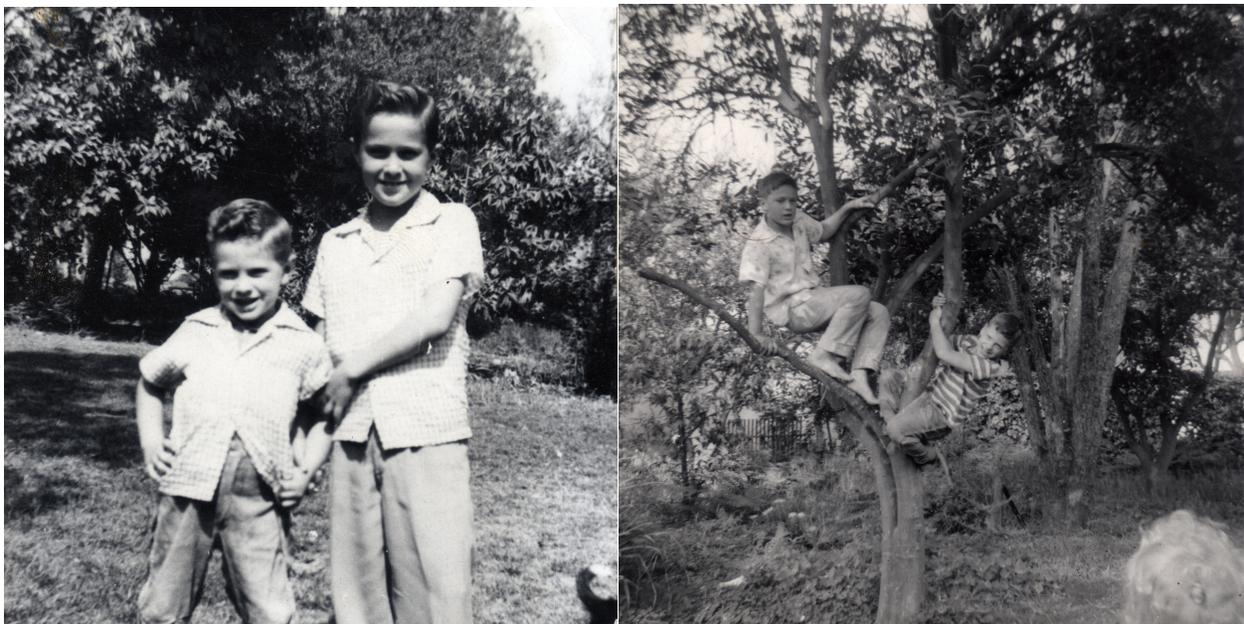
I have written this to my kids and their kids. There is still things I could write about and I might do it even if it is out of order. Your Mom and I had so much fun setting up our first house which I believe rent was \$75.00 a month. I think everything was green and orange. Roger bought us lamps. They went perfect with our furniture.

When Roger and I were very young, we each picked an orange tree that had been cut down to a stump. They had been cut down to move the wooden trailer that Mary and

**Bryant lived in. The trees started to grow suckers (limbs), mine was growing real big ones and Roger's were about half the size of mine. I was showing and bragging to Mary about it. Laughing, Mary got clippers and cut all of my suckers off. I was so upset and cried all the way to Mom.**

**At this point in writing this, I read it all. It isn't what I thought it would be, but you still know the things I remember the most. I'll write more that comes to mind, but it will be out of order.**

**When I was 7 or 8, I got in trouble with my uncle Cletus Fortner, who lived next door, for climbing in his big old barn. They tore the barn down a few years later. He built a duplex where it used to be. Your Mom and me lived in one of them for a while.**



## **Playing at “The Little Ozarks”**

**I see I haven't wrote about my few memories of my Grandparents, Dora and Amon Fortner. I remember going with my mother next door often to take care of Dora, who was bed ridden with cancer. She must have done this for a while, because the family gave her property that was in the back for caring for her until her death. I can only remember Mom being at the bed Dora was in.**

**Amon Fortner, I remember a little more. He was a big man who I still can see with a shovel in his hands. He always was chasing me out of the water on irrigation day. We irrigated once a week most of the year, I can still remember Amon spanking me one time**

when he caught me again in the water. Even though he died after Dora, I don't remember it. This is when Dad bought the original house from his brothers and sisters. This was a large house after living in the little one bedroom home. Amon had a refrigeration business his working years. He also wrote a weekly column for Progress Bulliton paper. It, I believe was called Back to the Ozarks.

My parents bought the original home by paying on a rotating payment to each brother or sister monthly. I believe there was four brothers and two sisters. I can still remember how happy my parents were when this was paid off.

I was a young boy when our church decided to build a new church. We moved from our Sixth and Linden church in Pomona to a two story large church in Pomona. I got in the way most of the time, but they let me help some, the men of the church built it. The main day was Saturdays. The men worked and the lady's would fix a big lunch. This was always an exciting day for me. This church was on Reservoir Street, it was where your Mom and me got married in 1965. I still remember that day clear.

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**This is a beautiful sentiment about the passing of a love one.**

Death is nothing at all. It does not count. I have only slipped away into the next room. Nothing has happened. Everything remains exactly as it was. I am I, and you are you, and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged. Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by the old familiar name. Speak of me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was. There is absolute and unbroken continuity. What is this death but Eternal Life. Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just round the corner. All is well, Nothing is hurt, nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

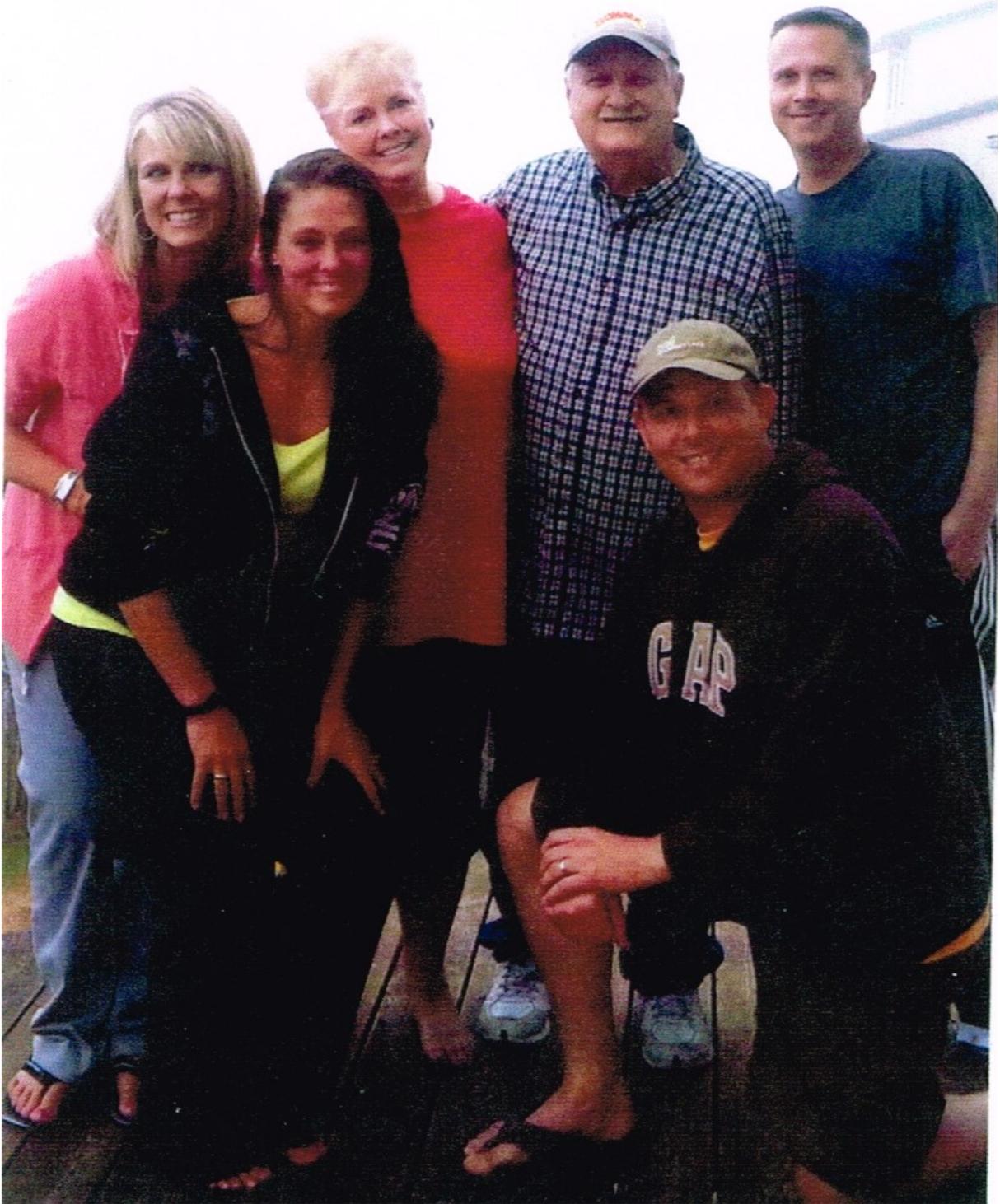
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**When I am gone, release me, let me go.  
I have so many things to do and see.  
You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears,  
be happy that we had so many years.  
I gave you my love, you can only guess -  
how much you gave me in happiness.  
I thank you for the love you have shown.  
But now it's time I travel on alone.  
So grieve awhile, for grieve you must.  
Then let your grief be comforted by trust,  
it's only for awhile that we must part -  
so bless the memories within your heart.  
I won't be far away, for life goes on.  
So, if you need me, call and I will come.  
Though you can't see or touch me -  
I'll be near and if you listen with your heart,  
you'll hear all my love around you soft and clear.  
And then, when you must come this way alone,  
I'll greet you with a smile, and say -**

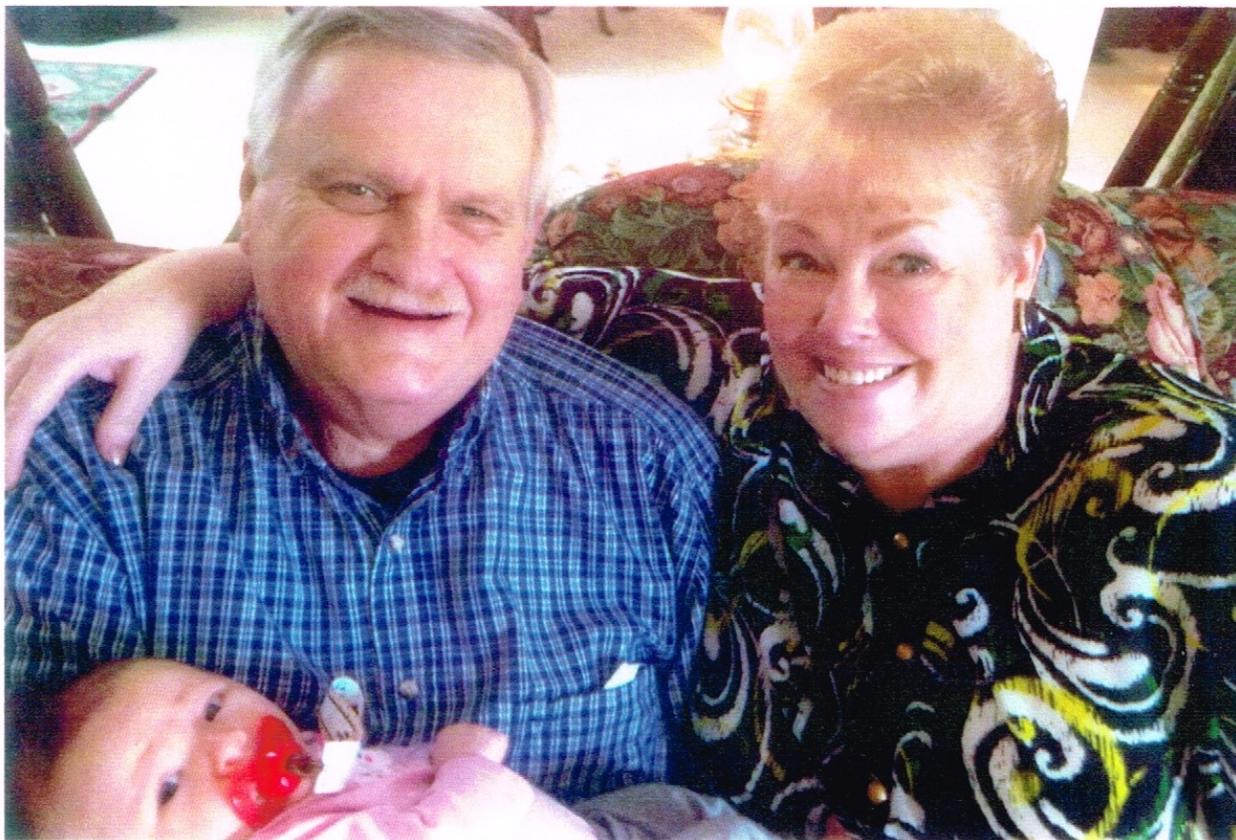
**“Welcome Home!”**

**Author Unknown**





**Kim, Jenny, Mom, Dad, Jeff, Matt**



**Norbie and Lydia**

**Norbie,**

**You are the love of my life, always have been, always will be. You gave me four incredible children and each of them share your heart. They are the first to say they've had a great life and the best DAD ever!**

**We laugh a lot when we share your stories and sometimes we cry, but we always remember that how great or small our problems seemed, you were always there to listen and let us know everything would work out OK!**

**“We Love” you more than words can say, but you know that. It's only a matter of time before we will all be together again!**

**See you in Heaven, Lydia**

**P.S. Tell everyone we said HI!**

## **Note from Roger Fortner**

**I want to thank Lydia and her family for sharing Norberts letter to his family. I had many memories of our childhood come back while reading through it. We did have a great childhood, and I will say it, we were poor. Our parents struggled to provide for our family, but they were great Christians that made life good for us children.**

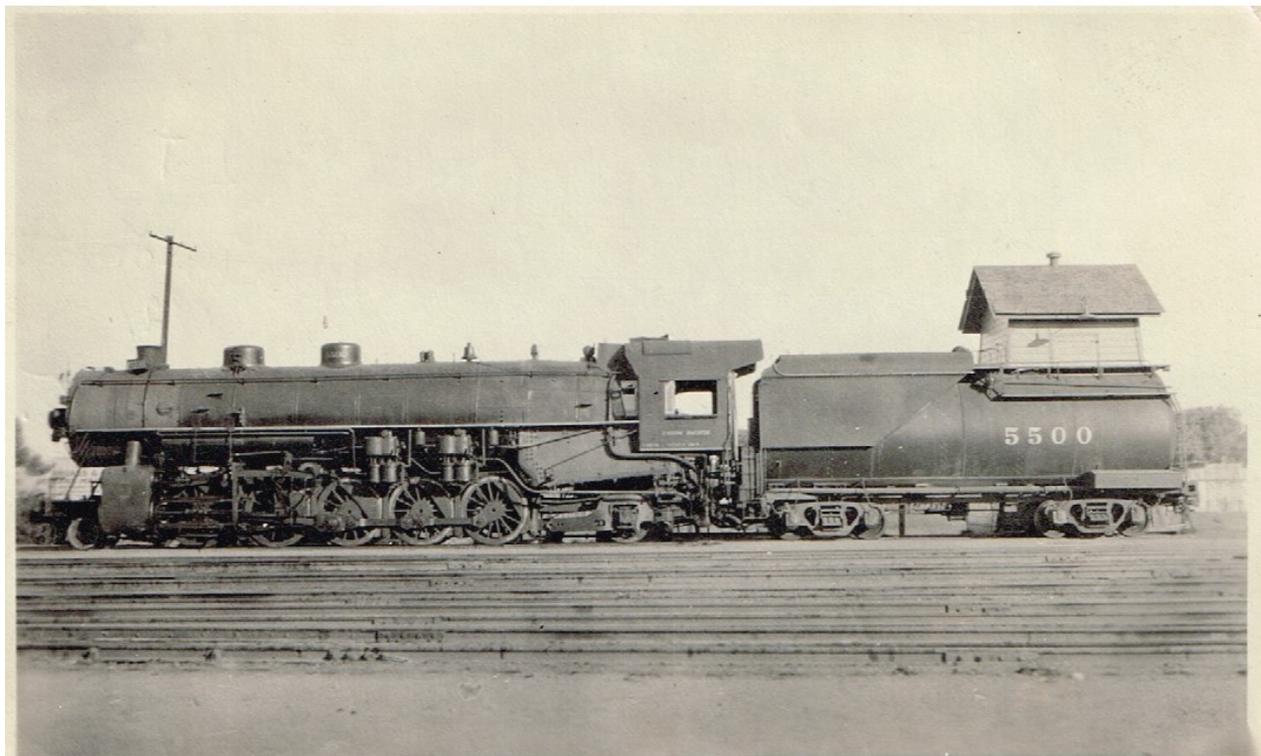
**Looking at the layout that Norbie made, I decided to add what I remember and make another one. It was amazing to see what we really had. Norbie talked about some of his friends playing at our home place, “The Little Ozarks”. That was the same experience that I had with my friends, they all wanted to come to our house to play in what some kids called the jungle.**

**His family will understand that Bert always wanted to play jokes on people and he was doing it to me all the time. While reading, I remembered several that he played on me. One time his friend Steve was over and we all were playing in the yard. Norbie decided that we needed to play hide and seek, and he decided that I would be the seeker. He told me to close my eyes and count to 100 and then try to find them. When I was done counting I started hunting for the two older boys. I looked and looked and could not find them, I looked everywhere. I went out by the wash and climbed one of the tall tree’s along the river bank, thinking I would be able to see from above. I was able to see them coming from the feed store with their candy and soda. I was not happy.**

**One time I was hit in the head by a rock from the “Friendly Rock Fight” across the wash and Norbie didn’t want Mom to know, so he took me to one of our neibors and asked for a band aid. I was hit on top of my head and blood was dripping off my chin. I could go on, but just thought that I would share this.**

## **Gus “Swede” Lunderholm**

**Gus was a big part of our life when we were growing up. He lived alone in an old house on 7<sup>th</sup> Street and I think he considered us kids to be family. Norbie told some about him, but I think it is important to tell some of his story. He really affected our lives. He was one of the original property owners on 7<sup>th</sup> Street and Dad knew him most of his life. I am showing a photo of the Steam Engine that Gus worked as fireman on. Dad kept this photo all of his life. Dad told me the reason he thought that Gus started drinking. It was because the train he was working on had killed several people over the years at road crossings. People would try to beat the train across the intersection and would be hit, killing the ocupants, nothing the train crew could do to stop. At these wrecks he and his crew were the first to see the dead and dying. Now days they would probably call his condition “Post Traumatic Disorder”.**



**He started drinking and was eventually fired for drinking on the job. Over the years we always had a Union Pacific Railroad calender hanging on the wall in our kitchen. I think Gus would give it to us one every Christmas. When we were young, Norbert and I would go over to visit. He was a collector in the past and shared his matchbooks from all over the U.S. and also part of his stamp collection.**

**I remember later when Norbie was doing so good in baseball, Gus was so proud of him. One day Dad and I was driving by his house and we were stoped by Gus. He told Dad that he knew a baseball scout and he would tell him about Norbie. I think it was the very next game that a scout from the Dodgers showed up at the game watching Norbie pitch. After a while, there was always at least one scout at his games.**

**Because of growing up around Gus, I really have a heart for the homeless. You never know what someone has gone through. I remember When Gus died, Dad was very upset about his friend died.**

**I really miss my brother, several times while reading this, I would stop and want to talk with him one more time.**

**Roger**