

Tower Lakes in the Seventies

As seen through the eyes of Ray Spiess *and others*

A neighbor who had moved into Tower Lakes recently – for me anyone who has moved in within the last 10 maybe 20 years is recent – was lamenting that Tower Lakes was losing – indeed may have lost – its sense of community. The man and his wife, to their credit, had jumped right into the Tower Lakes scene with an active spirit of volunteering, thus giving, him, to my thinking, a right to make the assertion.

Was our exceptional village losing its unique spirit of community? I could see his point. But then, I have to caution myself that I am now a so-called senior citizen, and as such am given to a normal criticism of the young. Valid or not, the comment prompted me to reminisce on my family's forty year history in Tower Lakes.

Gloria and I were married in October, 1962. Prior to our marriage we had acquired a dog – a male schnouzer we named Pfeffer – and a house – a kind of bungalow located in Pistaqua Heights, on Meyers Bay, Pistakee Lake, a hold-over from the glory days prior to the 1929 crash when the Chain of Lakes was Chicago's second home resort area. Gloria, Pfeffer and I moved right in.

We lived there seven years. Sometime in the sixth year Gloria announced that the house was too small -- was too far out, out from everything -- we were the only young people living in our community . . . In other words, it was time to move. I said, "OK. Go find the house you want."

Not long after she burst in upon me; she found the house. She thereupon dragged me to what would be our home for the next forty years and counting. I looked around and agreed that it was a nice house, about ten years old at the time, but that the yard was awfully big. She said, "Don't worry about the yard. I'll handle it." I said, "OK." We made an accepted offer through Eloise Gouch to its owner, Tom Cain, an American Airline pilot. He accepted. Easy. Nothing to it.

On a beautiful, sunny day in April, 1969, I departed our too-small, too-far-away-from-everything, house in Pistaqua Heights, where no other young people lived, for my Wednesday golf game at the McHenry Country Club – where I had joined during our first summer – to return to my/our new house in Tower Lakes, Gloria and the boys having made a good, first effort at moving in. Our immediate neighbors, Judy and John Probsting, their two sons, Michael and David, were in the kitchen with Gloria, Randy and Ray. John at once accosted me: "Would I buy Tom Cain's portion of a shared riding lawn mower?" I said, "Talk to Gloria. She's in charge of the lawn." Regarding me curiously, he went to Gloria. Gloria bought into it.

Thus began our famous lawnmower saga. John would use the lawnmower to mow his lawn, Gloria using it to mow ours. At the time I was operating Comdyna, which I started in Pistaqua Heights in the spring of 1968, entirely out of our house – not as yet having rented a bay in the Pepper Road building. I was thus around all the time, all the time watching John mow his lawn, Gloria ours. More to the point, watching John cart the thing off to the repair shop following its frequent break-downs. (Keeping it going was a mystery to John, he obviously having depended on Cain for its operation.) One day I happened to be outside -- John nearby in his yard, Gloria on the mower, -- when the stupid thing again stopped. As John bent over examining it, as usual not having a clue to what could be wrong, I made a comment to the effect that "I shouldn't be here," mowing the lawn was something I didn't do. He looked up – I'll never forget – irritated, having had me up to his eyeballs, and asked, "Just what do you do?!"

Not long after, Gloria recruited, for nominal pay, one of the young, neighbor lads who had access to the family's, brand new multi-thousand dollar mower and eager to get on it and drive it around. Gloria never rode John's mower again. Eventually he sold a third to Dick Landa, who I believe never used it. Some time after, he sold it outright, not bothering to seek Gloria's or Dick's permission or share the proceeds with either. Which was OK with Gloria, definitely OK with me.

A summer day, I was stretched out on our bed reading, when bounded on it a rat-size puppy. Gloria and the boys had acquired another schnouzer. The boys named it Nibby as it liked to nibble on slippers, furniture, that sort of thing.

Roaming freely throughout the neighborhood at the time were packs of Tower Lake dogs, maybe five or six – no leash law then. In my analysis, Tower Lakes, pecking order was dogs, kids, adults. The pack grew to twenty

or more when Nibby went into heat. They were all neighborhood pets, friendly enough except for a collie-like mixed breed who lived down the street, who snarled me back into my yard and resulted in me arming myself with a baseball bat whenever I went out for the mail.

When not in heat Nibby blended right in, venturing out when she wanted to and accompanying Gloria on her walk across Landa's yard to the tennis court to spend the lovely summer mornings barking at the players.

Tennis

The seventies found tennis at a peak popularity. Large buildings of tennis courts were being constructed all over Chicagoland. Tower Lakes at the time had one court, a concrete slab with a buckled crack running through most of the north, add court. Not only instrumental to play – coining the notorious Tower Lakes *crack shot*, usually ruled a let on the serve but more like golf's *rub-of-the green* on all others – but hazardous as well. Lorrie Schneider, for one, suffered a severe ligament strain twisting her ankle on that damn crack.

Unsuitable as it was, the concrete tennis court was rarely without players. The feature event was the Fall Tournament. Beginning the first of August, the court hosted almost a continuous run of evening and weekend matches: men's singles; men's doubles; women's singles and doubles; mixed doubles; A and B, sometimes C brackets. Crowds would scan the bulletin board for the matches then gather to watch, usually with an ample supply of beer, wine, etc.

Tennis's popularity brought a clamor for better conditions. The building of two new courts became the first order of business for the newly TLIA sanctioned tennis committee. With pricing from contractors, we put together a meager \$6 assessment proposal for approval at the 1972 TLIA annual meeting. To assure passage, we tacked it on to a more major lake committee rip-rap assessment -- sort of like an earmark. At the annual meeting, only the tennis proposal encountered resistance. No matter, I was sitting in the back of the room with a stack of proxies that assured passage of both measures.

Funding turned out to be the least of our difficulties. The Village, under President and dictator, Sy Wagner, was far from cooperative. A permit first required a plat of survey, requested in March, 1973, and furnished in April. Dragging into July to which the Village Building Officer advised that certain variances were needed.



The Great Tennis Court Flood

Drainage at the tennis courts was a problem. One sunny afternoon, in the middle of a match, it began to rain. Contestants and spectators scurried to our house to have some drinks and wait it out. The rain kept pouring down so we all went to McFeely's for fish. This is what we found when we returned, except for a submerged Dick Reinhardt's car.



A few of the week day morning tennis ladies. From left to right: Betty Dugger; Tommie Landa (now Tommie Duke, a woman we well know but haven't yet recalled her name; Lea Van Houton; Gloria Spiess and Rosemary Passman.

The meeting of the Zoning Board of Appeals turned out to be like going through Alice's looking glass. Jim Pfiel, Association president and a Wagner disciple, had the week before assured me that the variance would sail through, no problem. Not so, Pfiel at the meeting brought up one nit-picking objection after another. "How do we know that the fence will indeed be only ten feet high?" was probably the most absurd. Leaving without the variance, we found out shortly thereafter that Sy Wagner had become miffed at the TLIA for building the beach boathouse higher than he believed it was supposed to be, and thus detracting from his view.

A variance was eventually approved and construction was completed before winter. Tower Lakes had two official-surface courts. They were terrific except for the south to north downward slope. The contractor had indeed skimped on the fill and our Tower Lakes resident architect had failed to hold him to task. The slope and reappearance of the crack (nowhere near as severe as before) remained a part of Tower Lakes tennis until the next restoration some years later.

Tennis remained in full flower for another ten years or so then declined to only Pat Covek promoting tennis parties at our courts in the summers and the Crystal Lake Racquet Club in the winters, then to virtually nothing. Those of us who lived through the Tower Lakes Tennis Golden Age, so to speak, acquired a long list of lasting friendships. I hate to think of our life in Tower Lakes without them.

Sail Boat Races

Tennis was not Tower Lakes' only social activity. Far from it. Sailing also ranked high in T.L participation.

Sailing centered around weekly Sunday races and the big race held on the Fourth of July. Jim Miller, along with Bob Swaine, were the prime movers in establishing the races. The participating boats were almost all Butterflies produced by the Barnant Boat Company. Jim was a good friend and sailing buddy of Bob Barnant – I believe Bob was his first name. Jim was also an accomplished sailor, taking his Butterfly to and participating in national events. I don't remember him ever losing a Tower Lake race. He'd start, go off on a tack, and that would be the last we'd see of him.

Sunday races would start with the men at 1:00 p.m. Next came the children then the women, or maybe it was the women then the children. I typically finished playing golf about noon, to hurry back the 17 minutes from the McHenry Country Club, rush to my Butterfly 2349, hoist the sail, push the boat out onto the lake and make my way just in time to the starting position, to just beat the starting horn, the race underway.

The command and gathering location was Bob Himel,s house on the north point. There were three permanent buoys: one near Magro’s house; the second south of the island toward the swinging bridge; the third in the vicinity of Wade’s house. The finish line buoy was in front of Himels. How the race was conducted depended primarily on the wind. Around all buoys twice with high wind Once then down and back on calm days. Upwards to twelve to fifteen boats, for the men anyway, would participate.

A race completed, we’d park ourselves on the Himel lawn and cheer for the next race. Or, maybe bet on the participants. Ron Ginn and Tony Magro would infuriate some of the ladies by placing wagers on their favorites in the children’s races.



The ever present Butterfly no. 250, owned and sailed by Bob Swain. He no doubt is far ahead of all the boats in the back ground.

Our first summer in Tower Lakes, 1969, Gloria entered the Fourth of July race. Chris Wade and Myrtle Poole were the other two contestants. Gloria, before our marriage had owned a Sunfish and knew a little something about sailing, or so she claimed. It was a windy day. She held the lead into the final leg. Rounding the last buoy, she lost hold of the halliard, sailed the last leg, a straight run, and crossed the finish line and won the race with her boat essentially out of control.

The sailing rules caused numerous conflicts – nothing more serious than a few immediate angry shouts. Buoys were the problem sources. First, the boat was not allowed to touch the buoy. If a touch occurred, the sailor had to circle around it. Occasional cheats would not admit to touching one or another of the buoys. More of a problem was *buoy room*. A sailor overtaking a boat approaching a buoy would yell, “Buoy Room.” The lead boat, by order of the rules, would be obligated to yield room for the approaching boat. Well . . . the lead

boat sometimes failed to meet the request to the approaching sailor's satisfaction. Some collisions occurred with threats of disqualifications. Testy words, vigorous rebuttals at the very least.

Ah . . . but, looking back, much fun.

The sailors, a gregarious bunch, had their share of parties. Those of us who played tennis and sailed enjoyed the revelry of both.

Hockey

For a while, boys hockey dominated Tower Lakes winter activities. Dick Wade and others, Timberlake and Biltmore friends, had been playing pick-up game hockey on Tower and Honey Lakes. Around 1970, a Tower Lakes-Biltmore-Timberlake boys hockey league was formed. Full rink boards were built for Tower and Honey Lakes. The league included teams of Squirts (9 & 10) Pee Wees (11 & 12) and Bantams (13 & 14.) Mites (7 & 8) were added a year or two later.



The famous John Probsting Jeep called upon frequently by Tower Lakes volunteers. Only once did it break and sink into the ice.

The winters seemed colder then, and probably were. Cold enough, in most years, to put up the boards before Christmas. Chomping at the bit, tired of shooting rubber pucks on any concrete surface to be found, players of all ages were out skating in the rink the moment the last section was bolted into place.

I volunteered to help Hugh Davis coach the T.L. Squirts. His son, Will, was a first year Squirt, Randy was of second year age. Hugh was the league's only coach who didn't skate. Helping him, I laced up my pair of inadequate (subject to laughter) figure skates and floundered around the ice trying to make some sense out of what I was doing. Born and raised in Cincinnati, I had not before played hockey as Cincinnati's winters offered only a few days of ice thick enough to support skating – sometimes no days. (Seeing no reason for them, my father refused to buy me shoe skates, insisting I use clip-ons, which I wouldn't so much as be seen dead wearing.

Hugh had to brief me on the game, beginning with explaining the Blue Line. Fortunately, Bill Kimla, Brian's older brother, came to our aid to help with the fundamentals

The program was an instant success. Games were played concurrently in Tower and Honey Lakes on weekends beginning with dawn's early light and continuing until sunset. There were always spectators surrounding, hanging on the boards -- more than a few armed with hip flasks as it was always damn cold. Fathers would brave the sub-zero night temperatures to venture out in the early morning hours, drill holes in the ice and flood the rink in preparation for the coming games. Between periods, if snow was falling, fathers would man shovels and clear the ice. The season lasted until the spring thaw with water on the rink and holes in the ice where pucks would sometimes disappear. Tower Lakes was lucky in taking down the boards before they sank into the lake. Biltmore was not so fortunate, more than once having to fish them out of the icy Honey Lake water.



A Tower Lakes Pee Wee in the Tower Lakes Boston Bruin uniform passing the puck during a game held on the main lake rink.

Although it seemed longer, to those of us who enjoyed the experience, the outdoor program lasted only three years, ending with the availability of the new Pepper Road indoor rink. The Tower Lakes teams, along with Biltmore, Barrington and Crystal Lake, moved the program indoors to hold together essentially until the outdoor team players passed through the age groups. Thereafter, teams lost their community identity.

The Lake Barrington rink also brought a league of adult no-check hockey to the area. Four teams, two from Crystal Lake, one each from McHenry and Barrington, skated Monday nights from 10:00 - 12:00 p.m. Crystal Lake and McHenry included players who knew the game, Canadian pilots who had played Junior A & B in

Canada and for northern colleges. The Barrington team had quantity, many fathers (ankle benders as referred to by the Canadians) eager to try this game their sons were playing, but little quality -- perhaps the worst team ever put on the ice. After game after game of relentless slaughter, who showed up to play on the Barrington team? The redoubtable Regie Fleming, pot gut, red nose and all. The whole perspective changed with Regie on the ice. He'd take possession of the puck somewhere around center ice, dare anyone to take it away, maneuvering it under his legs, around him: nobody could jar it loose. Eventually bored with the exercise, he'd fire a snap shot (he never had a slap shot, so it was said) that sizzled toward the net, all players dodging the hell out of the way.

Although I was terrible, taking up the game way too late in life, I enjoyed playing. Unable to compete on the ice, I more than held up my own in the beer drinking department. (No small feat in that Canadians, especially Canadian hockey players, are some of the best beer drinkers in the world.) The games over at 11:00 or midnight, players would head over to Gizmos, a Fox River Grove bar with a four o'clock license. Few left before the four o'clock closing.

The rink opened for rat ice on Friday mornings. Teams were made up from whomever showed up, divided by whether a player was wearing a home or away jersey -- not unlike a shirts and skins pick-up basketball game. Sometimes there were goaltenders; if no goal tenders showed, then goaltending boards took their place. Afterward, the players would meet for lunch, sometimes lasting into the afternoon and evening, every so often, for a consistent few, through the week end. My winter participation began by first seeking out the lunch gathering, assuring that play had started, then showing up the next Friday.

The rat ice lasted for a few years then petered out.

Other Activities

When Steve Burgoon moved into what some of us knew as the Rodgers house, kitty-corner to the soccer field, he brought with him a bag of bats and 12" softballs, and, in so doing, Sunday games. For a few years, until, Steve moved away, T.L. men would bring their mits to show up for Sunday afternoon games. It wasn't uncommon to have enough players for full teams, although right-field-out was more common. The major pitching battle featured Bill Fitzpatrick and yours truly, both of us trying, without success, to prevent the sluggers -- in the likes of Jeff Lencioni, Pat McKillen, Craig Scully -- from launching our pitches across Devonshire Road into Cliff and Billie's front yard.

For a few years, the baseball season's end linked into the opening of touch football. During the first pleasant days of Indian Summer, a full two teams of players would show up. From game one on, the attrition was dramatic as one after another would pull up lame. I can remember Dick Reinhardt and Joe Caines being among the early casualties. Our regulars -- Phil Ertel, Dave Detrick, Dick Landa and I -- plugged on into the cold weather. Phil had acquired a less than full size ball that allowed us to pass like a Jonny Unitas. With a few exceptions, the games were dodge-blocker-no-contact affairs. Sometimes this unwritten rule had to be stated. When Ron Ginn's first rush on the passer barreled by me, I took him aside. "Look, Ron," I said "If that's the way you're going to play, I'll be forced to do my best to stop you. One of us will probably end up injured." Well, he changed his tactics to the typical dance-around rush.

Wes Maynard was one of the every week players. A former guard for Bud Wilkinson's Oklahoma Sooners, he claimed to weigh 235 lbs, but he was 275 if an ounce. We were on opposing sides one Sunday mid-way into the season. He seemed a little testy for some reason, but nothing to cause alarm. I was going out for a pass, looked around, caught the ball when wham! A freight train type hit, I was at once flat on my back, my chest feeling like it had been reduced to about an inch and a half. Wes claimed he never saw me, a dubious claim to my mind. Everyone rushed to my side, no one paying attention to Wes who was also on the ground. We both resumed play. The next morning, of course, I hurt like hell -- three bruised ribs and no prospect for golf for weeks. In the morning Wes called. I went into a fairly long spiel on how my ribs hurt but I would be OK, etc., etc. He listened patiently then revealed that his leg was in a full cast. My knee hitting his had broken his kneecap. I had been responsible for his first injury ever, high school through college ball. The morale of the story: don't mess with me.

A highlight of one season was a mixed, man-woman game. (A Crystal Lake friend had introduced Gloria and me to this novelty.) The main rule was two hand touch for men, tackle for woman. This set up a strategy of

women run plays. A woman running with the ball, a man would bring her down with a nice, soft bear hug tackle. Not so with women, it was all new to them. Sometimes a woman would head-on tackle the woman with the ball. Both would shake from the collision, neither knowing what hit them. We men would just wince when this occurred, chuckle if both were OK.

A pleasure of growing old in Tower Lakes is watching the younger generations recycle our good times. (Although I'm not so sure I see the evidence from the current generation -- but that could be the old fart in me coming out.) After the touch football games had died what seemed like a permanent death, one nice autumn Sunday, sitting on my deck, I heard familiar sounds from the soccer field. Touch football had been resurrected.

That winter, at a Gillettes New Years party, a roster of revelers scheduled a New Years day game, the next day obviously. Decent weather, not offensively cold, a little melting snow here and there, I entered the game. After a few plays of *blocking* for the passers I talked whoever it was to throw me one. I went deep, caught the ball and scored a touchdown. I looked to the sidelines. Bob Ernst was standing, wanting to come in. I waved him to take my place, happy that I had escaped without injury, knowing that my caught pass/touchdown was the last touch football play I would ever make. My career, like most of my contemporaries, had officially ended.

The Tower Lakes annual golf championship (such as it was) began a few years before I moved in. The trophy (where it came from I have no idea) bore the name of Dick Steiner repeatedly. (Dick didn't exactly look the athlete but he was, an exceptional tennis player -- always winning the Labor Day singles event -- a good golfer and basketball player.) My first summer, 1969, I was about to play my normal Saturday game at McHenry when our pro mentioned that a group from Tower Lakes was playing. I introduced myself and learned later of Steiner winning. It was the last TLIA event until it was resurrected maybe five years later, renewed with the first Men's Day. The new event was played at the old Chalet course built and owned by the farmer who owned the property. Originally 13 holes, he had only recently added 5 more. (A strange layout as anyone who played it will remember.) Somewhere the trophy was found. Mike Rolfes name appears either two or three times, mine once, Ray Barnhart once. Chalet then being renovated, Men's Day shifted to other courses in the area.

There's much, much more to write. I could go on about the bibulous parties, if I could only remember them. A few stand out. Wade's Polynesian party, their Navy Groggs. I lost a fair percentage of my share on Burton Bridge the next morning on the way to the golf course. On the fifth hole, one of my foursome handed me a Binaca breath freshener.

Political Upheaval

Politics and the fish kill (not related) occupied the center stage events the year before we moved to Tower Lakes. The fish kill resulted reportedly in a massive amount of carp stinking up the place before removal. The result was clear water that amazed me during my first visit to the lake my first April. Walking the shores and across the bridges, I could clearly see the lake bottom. The lakes were as clear as a Rocky Mountain stream.

Success was short lived. By early summer, the sun, unencumbered by colloidal silt produced lily pads of gigantic proportions. Sailing, so good early, became impossible.

What to do? Well, nothing. The next summer, the carp returned and the lakes were as muddy as ever.

Regarding politics, we found we had moved into a spirited controversy. The previous year Tower Lakes had incorporated as a village, essentially dividing the community into the Association and Village, two separate bodies with separate areas of responsibility -- the same as today. As Association president, Sy Wagner single-handedly (so I was told) led the forces for incorporation to become Village president, anointing Jim Pfiel to be president of the Association. Wagner was a humorless man with Daley-like jowls who presided over his office more as a no-nonsense dictator than a fellow neighbor. An eight or more inch legal-type loose leaf notebook always on the desk in front of him, he conducted meetings strictly by the book, that book we presumed. Clearly, all agenda issues were settled before hand. Nothing was allowed to be brought up that was not previously submitted.

The controversy we moved into concerned annexation of Country Club Estates. Village residents, all Association members at the time, overwhelmingly opposed it. Residents signed petitions brought to an ad-hoc meeting then submitted by vote to the Village declaring seventy-some percent opposition and calling for a public referendum; Supposedly there were seven means to annex a property where six required a referendum and one a simple board of directors vote. Wagner ignored the resident wishes and chose the board means of annexation thus angering the community and created a bitter division that lasted for a number of years.

I had no trouble siding with the opposition. In my view, politicians, especially local ones, should represent the people's will even if differing from their own. Wagner was reelected unopposed. But, then an opposition formed to organize a slate of candidates for the next election. George Simmons volunteered to run against Sy Wagner. Tony Magro, Holly Fairchild and I took it upon ourselves to promote George. We wrote a letter, negative to Wagner, sent to all Village voters. To our delight, Jim Pfiel answered it. We had them! Another letter brought another Pfiel rebuttal. Meantime, opposition nominees and volunteers canvassed every Tower Lakes house. The result: all opposition nominees were elected and Sy Wager was defeated.

We had come to believe that Sy Wagner was using his position to enhance his position in regional politics rather than a devotion to Tower Lakes. The supposition was borne out when he moved from Tower Lakes shortly after he was deposed.

To this day, Tony Magro and I (Holly Fairchild no longer in Tower Lakes) revel in our victory and the good that came from it.

The Police

No Tower Lakes, seventies history would be complete without mention of our police chief, Gunner Nelson. Gunner was our part time/full time police force. Described by one resident as an old retired combination of Barney Fife and the Sheriff of Mayberry, driving an ancient Nash Rambler as his squad car, his sometimes over-the-top handling of police matters produced some ribald anecdotes. Our car parked in our driveway was vandalized one night; a windshield wiper had been ripped off. I called Gunner (actually his wife who manned the switchboard. He said he'd stop by after work and that I should cover the wiper with a plastic bag to preserve any fingerprints. He showed up with a Lake Zurich officer who had a finger print kit. (No such luxuries were at that time afforded the Tower Lakes force.) The dusting proved unsuccessful. I had not applied the plastic bag correctly, apparently.

Not long afterward, Gloria and I came home one night to find someone in our house and escaping through our living room window. Money Gloria had on her dresser was gone. I again called Gunner. He came to our house. Pondering the situation, he said some night he'd stake out our house. We should expect a car to be parked in the driveway across from our house and that he would be wearing a wig so as not to be identified. Also, he would be armed with a sawed off shot-gun.

I said, "Wait a minute, Gunner. Let's think this over." I could see him blowing a hole in our living room ceiling.

The suspect was a teen age boy who lived nearby. He had some other problems which resulted in him leaving us alone after that incident.

Gunner had a good heart, would do anything for Tower Lakes. He was grandfather to the Szalkiewicz boys, hockey players Toby and Gary, and at least one sister. No matter the pranks our high school boys pulled on him -- supposedly a la *American Graffiti*, hooking a chain from his rear bumper to a tree the provoking him to chase them; painting black the headlights of his car as he was about to take off after some perpetrators; starting fires in the middle of Roberts Road to see how fast he would respond -- Gunner looked out for all his kids, treated transgressions kindly. So one day he took off on Roberts Road with his headlights out and hit a cow, he was our Gunner. We knew we could count on him.

One act of local dedication: Gunner organized a football team for for Tower Lakes boys aged 12-15, complete with uniforms, helmets, pads. Looking around for an opponent, he arranged for his team to play a team from Wauconda. Probably a couple of years older, it seemed they couldn't wait to trounce the rich T.L. boys, It was the beginning and end of Tower Lakes football.

Probably his most famous episode: A North Lake neighbor called him to complained of a couple frolicking nude in the lake after dark. Gunner responded, chased the naked couple out of the lake, caught the girl (name withheld) and directed her to his car. A girl friend threw her a towel. As Gunner was putting her in the car, the towel came off and the girl escaped buck naked. He supposedly knew the girl, but true to his form, he did not report the incident to her family.

It was Gunner who established the Tower Lakes reputation as a zero crime community. It in itself, it is an example of how complex our world has become since those seventies days. Today the Village of Tower Lakes requires two full time officers, three well equipped squad cars and who knows how many part time officers to maintain Gunner's record.

Yes, thinking about it, I have to conclude that our current police force is as good an example as any of the contrast between then and now.

p.s. These anecdotes have, with some assistance, been taken from memories. If anyone has seventies and early eighty episodes they would like to share, I can easily add them. . . . *Ray Spiess*

