

Generosity and Humor from Fred Thompson

David was the fourth person I met 33 years ago when we moved to Whidbey Island. And he and Louie became close friends since way back then. I had budgeted \$3500.00 to drill my well when we moved here. That was burned up in three days as the well drillers passed 280 ft. I told them to pull out and I would call them back when I got some more money. David heard of this as he was preparing to leave on a trip to Florida. He called me and said that he had left a signed blank check with my wife Sally and that he had just got paid on a landscaping job and had about \$6,000.00 in the account and I was welcome to use it if I needed to. He had known me only about 4 months then. Neither of us had money or credit back then but he was willing to share what he had. But that is the generous man that he was. I sold a year-old truck to continue, but his offer was truly moving to me. Our friendship continued till his passing.

The times we shared hunting and fishing are some of my fondest memories. David's sense of humor and mischievous mind always made the trips fun. Like the time he toilet papered Blair's car during an elk hunting trip down close to Castle Rock. When Blair discovered it, he became incensed and started yelling obscenities. He then got into his Subaru to the CB radio and started broadcasting, shouting obscenities to the coward that would do such a thing and to come back so they could settle! Meanwhile we are all laughing so hard and trying not to fall down from his outburst. That was David to do something like that.

We were thankful to our friend Steve Meluski to be the recipients of a guided moose hunting trip in Canada that he had won from the Holmes Harbor Rod and Gun Club. He wasn't interested in it as he didn't hunt. But he did know that David and I would love the opportunity. When the signup sheets came there were also some camp rules for the dining area, a cabin with a kitchen, dinning table, wood stove and a couple of couches. The rules forbid any swearing, spitting, smoking, alcohol, or loud voices. There also was to be no alcohol during the hunting day. Reasonable for most people. Hummm. What were we in for? we both thought. We both filled our tags by day four and left with the truck loaded

with many coolers of meat. We were to let ourselves out of the locked gate and lock it back as we left the hunting area. As we got to the gate David leans over and asks, "Would you come back here?" Without hesitation I said NO. Then he says "neither would I." When I drove through the gate he walked to the truck and reached in back for a full roll of gray duct tape and went back to the gate. He proceeded to duct tape the gate shut and wrap the combination lock. He used the whole roll. When he was done the lock looked about the size of a softball. Meanwhile I am splitting a side laughing. When he got back in the truck he said. "There, that will keep them in and slow down the next hunters and make them wonder, "What are we in for?"

Hundreds of stories and tales of our adventures. All with fondness and most, important humor. We shared so many things for most of our adult lives. I will miss you, David. Your longtime friend, Fred.

Fred Thompson #2

My son Tyler got married a few years ago in December. The Tuesday before the rehearsal dinner planned for 40 at our house we had a wind storm. I called David to get the name of a tree feller that could remove the two trees that had fallen on my roof. He got to my house with his chain saw before Jim Fox. We cleared what we could. And Jim cleared my steep roof creating a huge pile of cedar branches in the drive. He helped me hook up the chipper that I had bought a couple of months before to my tractor. All cleaned up by Thursday with his help.

Still no power. He asked "what are you going to do about the dinner?" Don't know was my reply. He returned a little later with one of his trains in tow. "Now at least you're covered. We can always do BBQ," he told me. Friday came and still no power. So Kabobs on his grill it became. And He cooked. Saving the powerless night. I never asked for anything. He just knew I had a need. That is how and what he was! A most remarkable and generous man.