



Editorial

The March of Time

One of the saddest aspects of life, if one lives long enough, is having to watch our friends and loved ones eventually disappear from our lives. Sometimes they're claimed by death; sometimes it's simply time to move on to other things or other places. They leave a void in any event.

The older I get, the more often I run into it at work, for example. With the end of each school year, now, I see more and more of my peers retire and fade away from my professional life...people with whom I've worked side by side for literally decades.

It's the same in the hobby. Over the years, one establishes a number of wonderful relationships with other collectors, near and far. But, as more and more years go by, more and more of those collectors peel away from your life. And, it is just such a situation, in fact, that got me started thinking about all this in the first place.

Bob Woelfle, MO, at 86, is leaving the hobby. Bob joined RMS in 1970, when I was still in college and just about to go overseas in the army. In 1987, he joined Sierra-Diablo. I don't know that I ever actually met Bob, but he and I have been corresponding and trading covers for twenty-two years, since 1988. In that time, we must have exchanged hundreds of letters and thousands of covers. He's certainly helped my collections immeasurably, but, much more than that, he's always seemed to me to embody one of the greatest sides of the hobby...its members. Steady, reliable, helpful...always there...for me, Bob was always a plus for the hobby.

Now, after 30 years, Bob is moving on, as we all do, one way or the other. I thank him for his years of friendship and assistance, and I wish him the best. We all have our Bob's, of course, and one day, when I move on, myself, I hope someone will be able to say that *I* was his or her Bob Woelfle.