

# Recollections Of A Friend

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Because Lucy's mother worked, Lucy did most of the housework, Miss Lopus said. She must have spent a lot of time washing dishes and looking out the window.

One day there was an accident at that same Jackson Street crossing. A well-to-do lady of the day and her friend were injured and taken to the hospital. Lucy happened to see the accident. She saw a wristwatch and picked it up. Later, when the lady was well again, Lucy took the watch to her. It was a cherished keepsake. The woman gave Lucy a watch of her own.

"Lucy was always doing that," Miss Lopus said. "She was always taking care of someone, or some animal."

Lucy kept in touch with her friend over the years, sending cards or calling on birthdays and holidays.

When Lucy was in *Wildcat* on Broadway in the 1950s, local fans went to the show in a group.

"Lucy said 'I know some of my friends from Jamestown are here,' and we all stood up and the audience applauded for us," Miss Lopus said.

The next day, Lucy invited Miss Lopus up to her apartment.

"It was a beautiful, beautiful place," she said. "The mayor of New York and his wife were there, and we had a nice little chat with Lucille."

The last time Miss Lopus talked with Lucy was about a year ago.

"It was my birthday. We talked about general things," Miss Lopus said. "She always wanted to know what I was doing and asked about the kids we went to school with and so forth."

Lucy was a loyal friend, she said. And she was a very frank person.

"I think she was my truest friend of all in school," Miss Lopus said. "So many people will flatter you. 'How do you like my hair?' And they say it's lovely. Lucille would say, 'No, that isn't you. That isn't the way you should wear it.' But she said it in such a way that you might be hurt for an instant, but you would say 'Well, maybe Lucille is right.'"

# An Editorial

## Thanks, Lucy

Shocked and saddened.

The refrain was spoken over and over when word went out that Lucille Ball had died. Such was her fame and following that as the day went on, the refrain was taken up by voices speaking in dozens of languages around the world.

Then it gave way to a chorus praising her talent, her humor, her accomplishments, as if affirming them outloud would enable us to hold onto her one more day.

There is something about laughter that bridges differences between people. Laughter unites for a moment people of widely, and sometimes wildly, diverse cultures. When we laugh together, we share for a moment an intimacy that needs no common language nor ethic nor religion nor experience nor age nor anything else that separates us, for it centers on the supreme common bond: our humanness.

We all love Lucy. She made us laugh. Through her marvelous humor, she touched us in that place inside where smiles come from.

Now Lucy is gone.

The world seems less fun today.

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