

## *Tales Of The Undaunted Collector*

**The late Carl Cushing, NM:** Bea and I had done some profitable collecting in downtown Las Vegas and were planning to spend the night in Flagstaff on the way home. Flagstaff had a foot of snow on the ground, and it was snowing heavily, so we finally holed up in Holbrook. After checking into a motel, we set off walking to a recommended restaurant seeking matches on the way. We ate and started back on the other side of the street. We stopped off at a Best Western, but it only had Nationals. A man was checking in, but we paid no attention. A block down the street, a police car with flashing lights pulled up in front of us. The officer got out and told us to step in front of the headlights. He also wanted our wallets.

I asked what we were supposed to have done. He said, "You stole a hundred dollar bill." Meanwhile, going through our wallets, of course he found no such bill. "Get into the car. We'll go back to the Best Western," he said. The clerk told the officer we couldn't possibly have stolen anything. It was the man checking in who had said we'd taken his money.

We sat in the police car for about half an hour while the officer found our accuser and tried to get some kind of coherent statement from him. The man had a large wad of \$100 bills and was very belligerent. He finally conceded that he might have counted wrong. The officer took us to where he had picked us up and apologized, saying that the man seemed a bit mentally deficient. I didn't feel that was an adequate explanation for the fiasco, but I wasn't about to argue. For all that, we didn't get any matches of any significance.

*Have a favorite story that highlights your determination? Send it in, by all means. If you can e-mail it in to me, all the better, because I won't have to retype it....The Ed.*