



## ...And It All Comes Together, Part #2

37 years ago I was a teaching assistant in grad school at UC Davis. A guy named Tom Minot saw me demonstrate drawing techniques in a freshman engineering class and we eventually got together to share a common interest in Danish vodka and the literary works of Hunter S. Thompson. When not in class or running lab sections or grading exams I was playing bass in three different bands on different nights of the week and repairing guitars and amps for my musician friends out of my studio apartment on D Street. It was a crazy time. One day Tom brought over his Takamine F360 acoustic guitar so I could replace the tuning machines on it. I had a set of nickel-plated Grover Rotomatics on hand and on they went, all for \$20- labor included, everybody happy.

A few years after that, Tom and I were finished with school and were spat out in opposite directions like a pair of polarized photons from an excited calcium atom. He took his guitar and went south and became a big shot in silicon valley; I took my basses and went north and went to work for HP. But like those photons, we retained identical polarization states throughout, even though we had no further contact with one another.

Fast-forward to 2013: the recession had croaked both our careers, and through a suspiciously circular set of circumstances, Minot wound up living in Corvallis, trying to pump air into a slowly-leaking startup enterprise. We met up and promptly went straight back to our old college ways again, as if nothing had happened (with the only exception being that Tom had given up drinking Danish vodka). He even had that same old Takamine in his possession after all those years, although he rarely played it anymore.

Early in 2013 I made a trip to visit my daughter in Germany and to see some of my relatives in Denmark, and after visiting the village where I had lived with my grandmother in 1960 I wrote a Facebook post about that experience. I soon discovered that the village (Over Jerstal) had its own Facebook page and through it I became re-acquainted with one of my old playmates from 1960 and with the woman who currently resides in Grandma's old house. And get this: her brother was a bass player, how good is that? But it gets better:

The bassist, Kim Skjønnemand, announced just a month ago that he and his family would be taking a motorhome vacation here in the western states- and would be driving through Oregon- and would like to stop in and see me! He also revealed that he was interested in buying a good acoustic guitar to take home with him to Over Jerstal, so I set up Tube Night for Thursday night last week so Kim could see the tubeheads in action, put out the word to them to bring any guitars they might be considering selling, and put on a full course traditional Danish dinner for Kim and his family upon their arrival. We all had a marvelous time, and when dinner was finished, we repaired to the Laboratory just as the tube guys began showing up.

Among them was Minot, with his Takamine in hand. Kim tried it and promptly fell in love. Meanwhile, the rest of us drank and yakked and laughed and fooled around with Mark Wilson's newly-refurbished Volu-Tone amp. The turnout was excellent, there was beer and scotch in quantity, and when it was time for Kim & family to head back to their campsite, some money discreetly changed hands and a certain Takamine went home with Kim.

That guitar- the ex-Minot Takamine that I had put Grovers on in 1977- is now on its way back to Over Jerstal, the little town in Denmark where I spent 6 months in 1960 living in the house that would many years later be home to Kim's sister.

And It All Comes Together, in ways that no one can predict. I tell you, it simply doesn't get any better than that.

That's Slim's story, and he's sticking to it.