



## Words are never enough

We lost a member of our *Reader* editorial family three weeks ago. Howie Stillman was an intern here from the University of Wisconsin in the summer of 1984. In addition to writing his colorful prose, Howie was fighting

cancer.

In our eyes, Howie was the very soul of a seasoned raconteur. He'd return from an assignment and stand before us, arms gesturing, eyes wide open, describing a battle royale between astronomer and astrologer, his first nude beach, or the ecstasy of the winners at Little Six Bingo.

His lunches were legendary. He'd warm up at Arby's, Leeann Chin or Zantigo, and then tear through the skyways to visit DQ. Cookies migrated to his desk and pop cans formed great pyramids against the wall.

Howie wrote good notes. Short ones, long ones, notes that encouraged, invited, questioned, supported. Notes that were read and reread, then folded into our memories.

He gave cancer a serious run. In the end, his body was just plain worn out — though his spirit never flagged. There is nothing fair about someone as precious as Howie leaving us so quickly. So bye for now, Howie, come back and free the inmates sometime.

—Janet Dann