During our last California trip together, Harry (center), Tom (right), Stinger, the Golden Retriever, and I spent our days enjoying the sun, sand and laid-back life of Hermosa Beach.

on A TANGEN

So long, good buddy

Usually he'd call after midnight and we'd talk for hours.

About anything. Our next tangent. Our lest tangents.

About anything. Our next tangent. Our last tangents.
Women. Work. Newspapers. Goals.
Our California trips.
And photography. . . . his life.
He was always excited about something
But I'll never answer those calls again.
I lost one of my best friends last weekend.

end.

Harry Grant Mauthe Jr., of Farmington drowned Saturday in Des Moines, Iowa, far from his family, friends and the things he

But I'll always remember him as being off on some picture assignment. Off trying to capture the best damn photograph that could possibly tell the whole story in one picture.

HARRY WAS 28 - blond, witty, intelli-

HARRY WAS 28 — blond, witty, intelligent, intense.

He was a news photographer, on the staff of the Observer & Eccentric Newspapers for the past 13 years.

He left the O&E a couple months ago and pursued freelancing jobs which took him around the country. He thrived on each one. Harry and I met in 1974, when I first came to work for the O&E Newspapers. I left to return to school and then to become an editor on a daily newspaper.

More than a year later, I was invited to a party at the home of Tom Donoghue, former sports editor of the Observer Newspapers.

mer sports editor of the Observer Newspa-pers.
Harry was at that party, too.
When I told him I wasn't satisfied work-ing on a daily, he picked up the phone and called Farmington Editor Steve Barnaby to tell him I was available.
Harry believed in me. He is the person I credit with bringing me back to a commu-nity newspaper.
He was proud of that.

FROM THAT day on, we became close

friends.

Harry and I shared scores of tangents together.

We ventured out on countless feature patrols.

We spent a month driving cross-country to attend the Rose and Super Bowls in California. Tom had moved there to become a photographer in Los Angles.

We walked the Mackinac Bridge and meandered the state together.

We were always off doing things I'd probably never do with other friends.

I guess that's why I enjoyed Harry so much. We shared a desire to just pack up our gear and take off . . . we shared a love of spontaneity.

of spontaneity.

AND WE shared it in pictures, too. He'd always have that extra print made to show me standing by a roaring apartment fire, with the president, at the Rose Bowl, walking across the Mackinac Bridge me here, me there, and then often us together.

We shared what only good friends could on personal and professional levels — our joys, tears and loves.

He was always there when I needed something done, He helped me cope with some difficult times in my life. And I helped him.

That's what made those late night calls important. They helped me cope with my frustrations and gave me a chance to help him face up to his.

It's going to be tough now, without Harry.

nim race up to his.

It's going to be tough now, without Harry,
to pick up the pieces and just move out on
to my next tangent whenever I feel the

to price year tangent whenever to my next tangent whenever the graph of us who worked with Harry over the years. It's a loss, too, for the readers of newspanions and the graph of the grap

pers.

Harry was a damn fine photographer.

He was even a better friend. . one of the best I had.

w . Typically Harry — examining a day's work was sure to delight readers of the Observer & Eccentric. \

Remembering Harry

His pictures were his life



Harry's favorite kinds of pictures are exemplified in these three photographs taken by him over the years. He never could resist a good shot of an elderly face. Children were even more intriguing to his camera-

man's eye. And of course, he never missed an oppor-tunity to be in on the action as is exemplified by this



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