

Dick Duey

When I think of my Dad these days, instead of feeling sad, a smile comes over my face. The first thing that enters my mind is the voices of the “twins” (Bob and Dick Duey were two peas in a pod) bantering back and forth quite loudly. It doesn't matter what the subject was or what they were talking or arguing about, the sentences always started with a resounding "hey Bob-eee, hey Dick-eee" with an emphasis on the "E" as if it went on forever! I sit there and ruminate about it for a few minutes and wish I could hear them together again in the same room. It was just one of those things, out of many, that was so endearing about them. When speaking about my father, it's pretty hard to do without speaking about my Uncle Bob as well.

Since Bob-eee was older than Dick-eee, I think that always made my Dad try harder to impress his older brother. I don't know if many people knew that about my Dad. No matter what he put his mind to, he wasn't a quitter. This applied to his Cancer as well. He worked right to the very end with stage 4 Cancer. He even traveled with stage 4 Cancer across the world. He never truly got to enjoy all those years of working so hard. One thing is for sure, he loved what he did for work as a top salesman for QS-1. He loved his customers, and treated them like team mates. He was never short on jokes, even if he forgot the punchlines. He had a ham-like personality and a huge goofy laugh made people love him all the more. Boy, could he really screw up a joke! I'm sure some of you here tonight heard the Bill dinger winger joke many times, with a different punchline each time.

I wish I could be there tonight to see my uncle accept this prestigious award for my father. He was an amazing athlete in football and baseball. By the time it was my turn to go to SLHS, I was told that I had some big shoes to fill. Not only did The Duey Twins excel in sports, they were scholars as well. I was lucky that I inherited the Duey genes when it came to sports. I was quite the athlete and ended up lettering in track, basketball, softball, and swimming. I too had that never quit attitude when it came to sports, and ended up swimming for California State University, Chico.

However, when it came to the inheriting the Duey Twins scholastic abilities, I was definitely shorted there. I clearly remember sitting in my first day of Algebra at SLHS. The teachers name was Marty Marquart, and he glared down at me and said "I hope you're not going to disappoint me by not getting straight A's like your Dad did"?

I can honestly say, my Dad is so deserving of being inducted into the first group of Hall of Famers, along with his brother. If my Dad were alive to hear his name along with his brothers winning this award, the only noise I think I'd hear is "Hey Bob-eee, Hey Dick-eee", and a big goofy laugh. I know my Dad will be looking down from heaven with such pride, and love for his brother. If you listen real close you may even hear "Way to go Bob-eee" somewhere off in the distance!

Congratulations, and all of my love to my Dad and my Uncle Bob,

Janay

