DEAR EDITOR:

On Thursday, I called my parents, Ike and Jo Bandelier, to chat as we usually do. The conversation this time was very much different. My Dad informed me that Bob Arnzen had passed away.

The response from the loss of this man will be, “Coach Arnzen, the Legend,” “Arnzen Set Records Not Yet Beaten” and hopefully, “The Gentleman Coach From Delphos Has Passed.” These are things that Bob accomplished. Bob Arnzen, The Man, Friend and Mentor is what I experienced with this kindest of men. From the time I can remember, Bob kept an eye on me in summers at the park. He must have had eyes from top to bottom because he kept the same eye on every other kid within eyesight.

I took my driver’s training course at Delphos Jefferson in 1962. Apparently I wasn’t an apt pupil as I failed miserably. I flunked my driver’s license test twice in a row. If I flunked the next time, I would not be able to take the test for another year. My mother called Bob and explained the situation.

Our car was a 19-foot-long 1962 Mercury Station Wagon. Parking spaces back then were 21 feet in length. The vehicle could be no more than 10 inches from the curb and between the lines front and rear. Bob worked with me every night after school for two weeks during sports season for one hour. I took the test. I made the perfect three moves with kudos’ from the man who would say whether or not I was to receive my license.

That was many years ago. As life goes, I say goodbye to my friend who got me my driver’s license. I became a road salesman for a large company for 25 years parallel parking in cities hundreds of years old with extremely small parking spaces.

Thanks, Bob, and may you have a fine forever.

Mike Bandelier
Gallatin, Tenn.