

## Howard Krueger Memorial Service

11 am Wednesday June 18, 2003  
First Congregational Church of Flagstaff



In place of a casket or urn, the front of the church was adorned with objects associated with Howard: his custom electric guitar, favorite hat, bicycling clothes & helmet, his blue day pack for hiking.

Some of Howard's favorite songs were played before and after the service:

**Harry Belafonte - Day-Oh** – Howard & I used to sing songs while paddling along in our canoe; Day-Oh (Banana Boat Song) was one of Howard's favorites.

**Astrud Gilberto – The Girl from Ipanema** – one of Howard's favorite jazz tunes

**Dire Straits – Money for Nothing** – representing Howard's teen-age dream to become a rock and roll star

**Scott Johnson – John Somebody** – this spoken tape loop was a private joke with Howard & me; every once in awhile, out of the blue, one of us would say to the other "You know that guy, John Somebody?"

**Connie Evingson – I've Grown Accustomed to His Face** – Connie was a guest at the Inn many years ago and left us a copy of her CD, which quickly became a favorite jazz CD of both Howard & myself. This song from "My Fair Lady" says so much about my feelings towards Howard.

**Bachman Turner Overdrive – Takin' Care of Business** – Howard had recently told me that this was one of his favorite rock and roll songs. Of course, anyone who knew Howard knew that he did indeed, "take care of business."

Favorite photographs of Howard were mounted on poster board and displayed at the back of the church along with some of the awards the Inn had won under Howard's detail-oriented management.



## Tributes read or spoken at the Memorial Service

For Howard, my husband - **Sally Krueger**

Howard Krueger and I met in September of 1978 while attending the University of Michigan. At that time, I was interested in attaining a Master of Music degree, not in finding my life partner. But I managed to do both. After all, who here was foolish enough to tell Howard Krueger something wasn't possible? Howard was not a man who lived by "can't" or won't." He was a man who believed he could accomplish anything with enough willpower and determination – and a little bit of finesse and diplomacy.

Of course I fell in love with him and believed that I had truly found the man with whom God intended me to spend the rest of my life.

One day, about 5 years after we were married, Howard returned home from a business retreat eager to share his newly prioritized goals with me. I assumed he meant business and career goals. No, Howard informed me, his #1 Priority in life was to stay happily married to me for the rest of his life. He taught me the true meaning of commitment. We believed we would grow old together and celebrate 50 years of marriage.

We were good for each other. I showed him how to lighten up and laugh and he showed me how to be a better person than I believed I could ever become. He was gifted at offering words of advice and wisdom, not only to me but to just about everyone he met. He instilled others with the courage to follow their dreams and live their convictions. And he led by example.

Howard did not merely pursue work or hobbies or interests – his entrepreneurial spirit pursued Passions. Innkeeping, community service, bicycling, hiking, backpacking and canoeing; playing guitar, his dogs Lucy and Heather, breakfast at Macy's, discussing philosophy and ideas, ice cream, his young niece Emma.

Howard died Saturday on one of the most gorgeous Arizona blue sky days that I have ever seen. And he died doing something that he loved – riding his bike. I believe Howard died a happy man.

Howard lived his priorities every day of his life: Family, Friends and Community. He rarely put off for tomorrow what he could do today.

The last few days before his death, we enjoyed spending time together. Nothing special, just ordinary, everyday activities. Thursday, as I was leaving for the grocery store, he announced, "I'll come along and push your cart for you." On Friday, he shared his triumph over a particularly challenging chord progression on his guitar. And Saturday we shared lunch on our patio, sitting quietly, reading our books before he left on his bike ride.

I thank each and every one of you who came here today to celebrate Howard's life and wish him Godspeed on his journey. If Howard could speak to you today, I believe that he would urge you to go home tonight and show your loved ones how much you love them – and treat them like the precious treasures that they are, not just today but every day for the rest of your life.

And please, no matter how late, how irritated or impatient, Please give bicyclists and pedestrians extra room on the roads. Thank you again for being here.

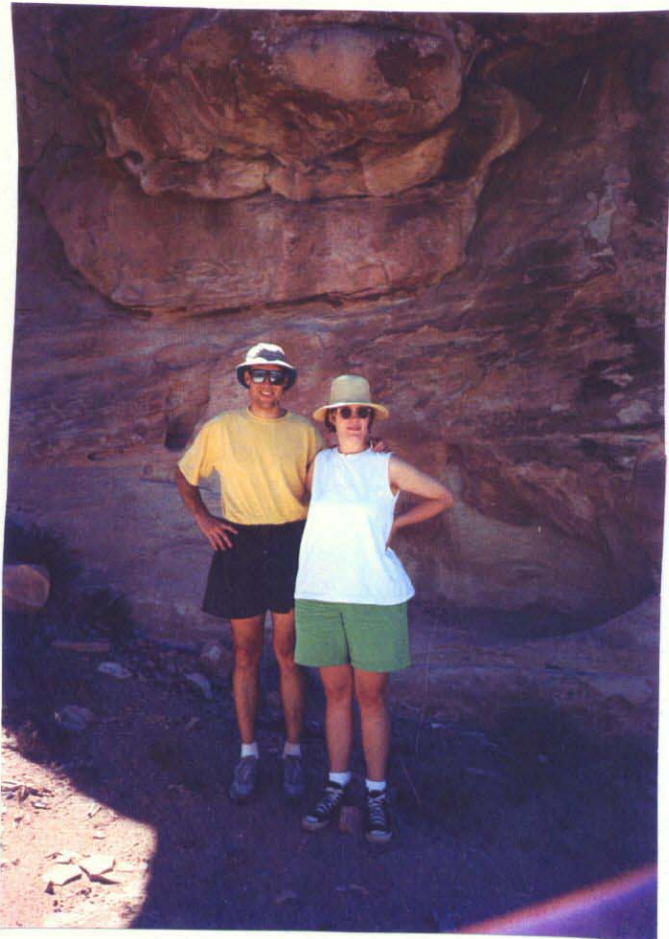
## Howard Krueger

June 18<sup>th</sup>, 2003

By Nancy Krueger, Howard's sister

Howard was my brother. I'm sure that my brother Jim would agree that Howard was the best brother anyone could have. He always made me feel loved and important. He was a great listener, and always seemed to be there for me. He made time for me, which is an example that I'm still trying to follow with the people in my life. He always respected me, even as a child. This example I have followed with my own child, Emma, whom he loved so much.

Just last week, Emma and I were talking about her uncles Jimmy and Howard. The first thing she said about Jimmy was "he tickles me", and I know she meant it literally and figuratively. The first thing she said about Howard was "he's so silly!" Howard never lost the capacity to be silly. If we can all remember Howard in such a positive, happy and loving way, then we here on Earth will never lose Howard.



# Howard Krueger

June 18<sup>th</sup>, 2003

by Mike Stevens, Howard's brother-in-law

The film *American Beauty* opens with this narrative: "This is my life. I am 42 years old. In less than a year I will be dead. Of course I don't know that." A year ago of course, none of us ever speculated that Howard would be gone, yet given his behavior of late, it is difficult to believe he did not have some inkling of his own fate.

Nan, Emma and I spent a few days on holiday together with Howard and Sally in Michigan last August. In February we came to Flagstaff. In April, Howard and Jimmy drove out to visit us in Massachusetts. We had the opportunity to bond, to share, and to create another set of valuable memories. Talking with others here, it seems that this has been a pattern for many of his family and friends.

In these first days after Howard's death, I, perhaps like many of you, find myself searching frantically for all the memories of our times with him. I want to remember everything – every joke, each little pearl of wisdom, each smile, and each moment he shared with Emma. It should surely be possible to package Howard into some kind of CD that can be easily replayed – instant Howard on demand – a cure for that terrible sensation of fleeting memories dissipating and becoming ever harder to grasp. I want most of all to save him for Emma, for her to know Howard as the wonderful and caring uncle he has been for almost four years.

But of course, like all people, Howard cannot be packaged with such convenience. It would miss the point of his life. He gave so much to all of us. Now it is our responsibility to work ever harder to live up to the kind of standards he set, standards that focused on making the life of each person around him more complete, more organized, more cheery.

On the way to the church today, Emma asked, "where is Howard?" For me the answer is clear. He has given himself to each of us. A little (or not so little) piece of Howard rests in all of us, for each of us to enjoy and help guide us just as surely as he would do if he were sitting with us now.

It is amazing to me that Howard was able to give so much to so many people – making each of us feel that we were somehow special, and deserving of his time and support. It did not take long after I married Nan for me to discover for the first time the thrill of having a brother who cared about me – a brother who was, all too often, the route to the solution of problems or the need for advice. Not only was his advice sound and clear, it usually came packaged with some twisted humor that only he could provide. I feel privileged to be part of the ever-increasing band of brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews that Howard gathered around him.

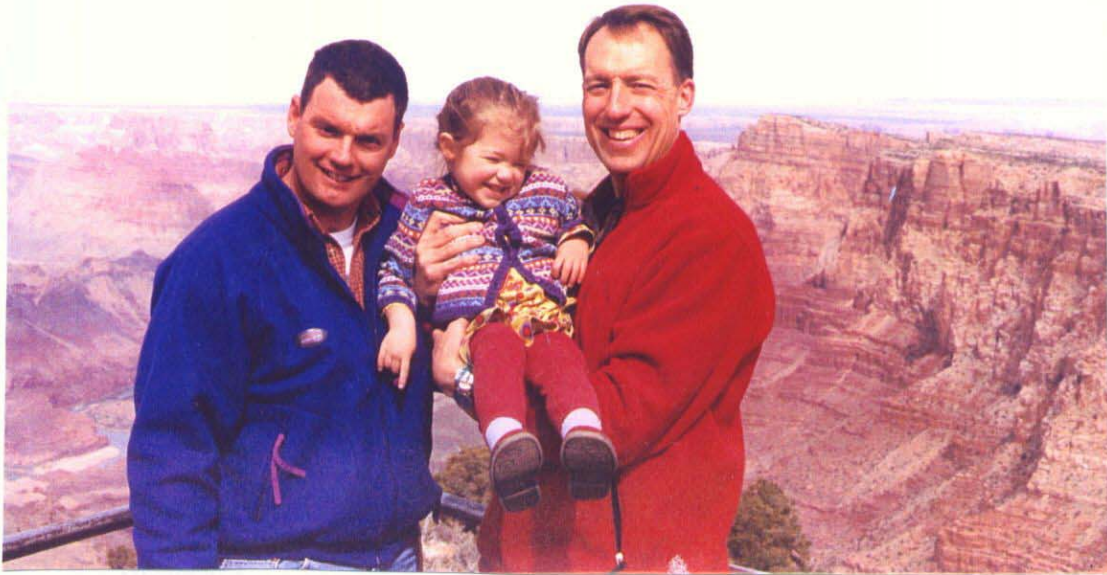
Lou and Jean (wherever you are), thank you for bringing such a great soul into this world, nurturing him as you did through thick and thin. Jim, you of all people know about Howard's love and affection. Our thoughts and love are with you too.

I think I know the secret to Howard's wonderful qualities. The only thing bigger than Howard's presence was his capacity for eating great vats worth of ice cream in one sitting – in such contrast to his usual habits of healthy eating. I'm sure he single handedly preserved the ice cream industry through the recent recession.

Finally, I have a deep philosophical question to ask. As we know, one of Howard's great qualities was his ability to plan. He was so meticulous in every project he took on. Some of you may have visited his closet. If you have, you, like me perhaps, will have

been amazed at just how many pairs of pants are neatly stashed away. I lost count after about 20 pairs. My question is this: What was he planning for? For a man who could thrive in the wilderness for many days on what he could carry in one bag, it is amazing and confusing to me that he would own more pants at one time than I might in a lifetime.

For all of Howard's fascination with finding solutions to problems and working through mysteries, he has left us with more mysteries to grapple with. Why did we lose him so suddenly? How can we emulate his wonderful qualities? Why, why did he have so many pairs of pants?



**Paul Mueller**, formerly from Hinsdale, Howard's friend of nearly 40 years.

Family and friends, Thank you for coming today to this service of remembrance for Howard Krueger. I would like to begin with a poem by A. A. Milne. I recall from memory that it goes something like this:

Halfway up the stairs  
Is a stair where I sit,  
There isn't any other stair  
Quite like it.

It isn't in the nursery,  
It isn't in the town,  
It really isn't anywhere,  
It is neither halfway up or down.

As we sit today in this church, halfway up or down, I want to thank you, Howard, for many things. You see, I first met Howard Krueger in junior high. We were shorter then, and in many ways we grew up together. Howard you opened your heart to me in friendship and shared your home and family when I needed it most. Thank you. Junior high and high school were tough and your friendship made it rewarding. You shared your musical talent, not just with me, but with others as well: Peter Newsom, Stuart Smith, Jim Haigh, Les Brown, Bob Nagel, and Rick Boss to name a few. It was with your support and leadership the Foregone Conclusions practiced and grew into a band.

Thank you for sharing adventures in Illinois on bicycles, during school or in the windy city of Chicago. Thank you for the good times on the shores of Lake Michigan. Thank you for exploring a few of the sites in Seattle with me. We shared good times whenever we got together.

Howard, you changed from our early school years. When Laura and I joined you and Sally for the 20<sup>th</sup> high school reunion, it was clear that you had matured into a man. Your partnership with Sally was strong and your Arizona vision coming into focus. I recall you were experimenting with muffins and researching Bed and Breakfast establishments. Flagstaff was the name of the town you shared with me while sitting on the beach in Michigan and the Inn at 410 was to be your new home.

Halfway up the stairs is the stair where I sit,  
There isn't any other stair quite like it.

Thank you, Howard, for your honest, nurturing, and guiding friendship. Thank you for your attention to detail (you packed the microphones) and your enthusiasm for life. I will miss you!

**The following tributes and anecdotes have been re-created and may not be verbatim:**

**Colleagues from the local and state B&B Community**

**Flo McGuire** – former employee of the Inn

“When I think of Howard, I think of Integrity. I never heard Howard talk bad about anyone. He always treated everyone fairly. ...God will lift him up.”

[Flo later told me that what she said about Howard was based on Psalm 13.]

**Jessica Weininger** – former employee of the Inn

“Howard was a man who stood tall. He walked as if he had somewhere to go and something important to do. He was always so cheerful and encouraging. I always thought of Howard and Sally as a team; in fact, in my family, Sally & Howard became shortened to ‘Soward,’ one name used to refer to the both of them together.

I didn’t know about the ice cream thing, but I do know he LOVED his pancakes. Sometimes, he would grab up some pancakes I had just plated for serving and he would hold it out in front of me and exclaim, “Now THAT is a good looking plate of pancakes!”

**Mike Coffey** – owner of Rocamadour B&B, Prescott, AZ; served on the state board with Howard. “When I became President of the state association after Howard’s term, I frequently called him on the phone to ask for his advice. I remember he always answered the phone this way: ‘Mike, How can I help?’ And I felt he truly meant it. Howard was well-respected among the state B&B innkeepers and nationally, as well.”

**Chuck Wetzel** – former owner of Casa de San Pedro B&B, Sierra Vista, AZ

“Judy and I were new innkeepers in 1994 [so were Howard & Sally] and Howard was so willing to answer my questions, offer advice and guidance.”

**Lynn McCarrol** –owner of Alma de Sedona B&B, Sedona, AZ

“When I began working on the concept for my B&B, I had Howard to my house to read over my business plan. Howard was so encouraging to me when I was starting out and gave me lots of good advice.”

**Del Terry** – owner Terry Ranch B&B, Williams, AZ; current state B&B president

“Howard was a great state B&B president and really brought the organization along [from 19 member inns to 45]. If it weren’t for Howard Krueger, the state organization may never have survived. As current state B&B president, I am finding his shoes very difficult to fill.”

**Wendy White** – owner Sled Dog Inn, Flagstaff

“Howard was an asset to the B&B community. He not only served as President for the state association, he offered advice to the local Flagstaff association and was always willing to help a fellow innkeeper.”

**Daniel Gaard** – current manager of the Inn at 410

“I’m the current manager of the Inn. I was just a college student when I started 6 years ago. Over the years, Howard has handed over more and more responsibility to me – I’m only 27 years old! – yet he trusted me to help him run his business. I am grateful to him for the guidance and advice he has offered me over the years. I will never forget his generosity.”

**Flagstaff Tourism Industry**

**Leslie Connell**, Director of Convention & Visitor’s Bureau of the City of Flagstaff

“Howard and I were appointed to the Tourism Commission on the same day. Howard called me up that very day and wanted to get together to come up with priorities



for improving tourism in Flagstaff. I quickly became aware that Howard was a man who could get things done. When I became the Director of the CVB last year, Howard showed up at my office with a type-written list of his priorities; in the coming days, I will keep those priorities within plain view so I will be focused on moving ahead with these items which Howard felt were so important for Flagstaff.”

### **Flagstaff Community Friends**

**Jack Doggett** – friend, commercial realtor, sings in Master Chorale with Sally

“I saw Howard downtown a few months ago and he told me they had taken the Inn off the market. They were going to stay put, continue to run the Inn for another 8 – 10 years because they so enjoyed living in Flagstaff and being a part of the tourism community. He seemed so happy and confident.”

**Jeff Handley** – entrepreneur/owner Enviropix (photography for virtual tours); Jeff was in his mid to late 20’s when he started his business.

“Howard & Sally were my first customers. They hired me to create virtual tours of each guest room for their website. Howard was so encouraging to me as I was starting my new business; he gave me lots of good advice and allowed me to use his name as a recommendation.”

**Eric Walden** – friend; Eric & his wife Anne are 2/3 of Sally’s vocal jazz trio with whom Howard Krueger, jazz guitarist, had recently begun performing.

“Howard must have had a touch with naming musical groups because Howard was the one who came up with the name “Vocalocity” for our trio.

My wife Anne & I first met Howard & Sally when we stayed at the Inn on a trip to check out possibly relocating to Flagstaff. We were so impressed with their friendliness and enthusiasm for Flagstaff; they were certainly instrumental in our decision to move to Flagstaff.

Howard and all the food stories! I just have to add another one. Last summer the four of us were at a Mexican restaurant in Sedona and Howard could not just order his dinner; he had to interrogate the waiter: ‘I don’t want any of that gloppy stuff; you know, the rice and beans drenched in melted cheese. I don’t want it touching my main entrée.’ I can’t remember hearing anyone get so passionate about their Mexican food.”

Obituary – Arizona Daily Sun, Flagstaff Arizona Monday June 16, 2003

Chicago Tribune, Wednesday June 25, 2003

Hinsdale Doings, Thursday June 26, 2003

HOWARD ALAN KRUEGER

Howard Alan Krueger, innkeeper, died in a biking accident Saturday, June 14, 2003, in Flagstaff, Arizona. He was 51.

Mr. Krueger was born in Oak Park, IL, February 2, 1952. He was a member of the class of 1970 at Hinsdale Central High School. He graduated from Miami University of Oxford, Ohio, and earned an MBA at the University of Michigan. Mr. Krueger was president of Model Industries, Inc. in Yorkville, Ill., and AMD Industries, Inc., in Cicero, Ill.

Mr. Krueger was a member of the Union League Club of Chicago, the Hinsdale Golf Club, Young Presidents Organization, and Union Church of

Hinsdale. He served on the board of directors of the Point of Purchase Advertising Institute.

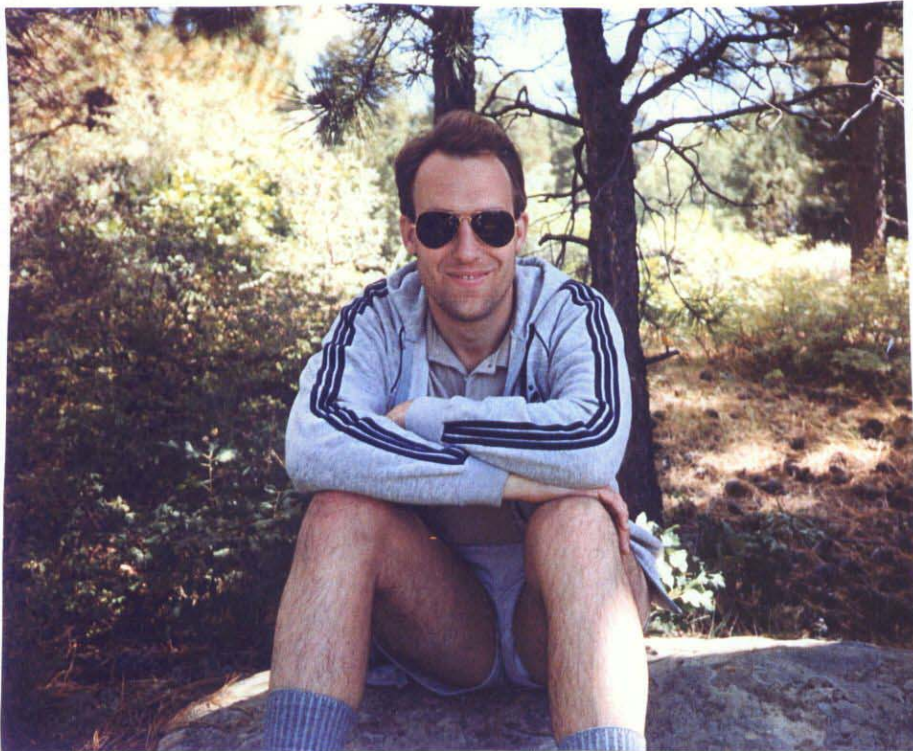
In November, 1993, Mr. Krueger and his wife Sally purchased the award-winning Inn at 410 bed & breakfast in Flagstaff, Ariz. Under their stewardship the Inn received numerous awards and recommendations from Fodor's, Frommer's and other travel publications. Arizona Business Magazine ranked the Inn as one of the state's top 10 bed & breakfasts for 1999, 2000 and 2001.

At the time of his death, Mr. Krueger was serving his second term on the Tourism Commission of the City of Flagstaff. Formerly, he was the state president of the Arizona Association of Bed & Breakfast Inns.

An avid outdoor enthusiast, Mr. Krueger hiked the Grand Canyon rim-to-rim on four occasions. He loved canoeing, hiking, camping and biking. He also enjoyed philosophy and music, and had recently resumed playing the guitar to fulfill a long-time interest.

He is survived by Sally, his wife of 22 years; his father, Lou, and stepmother, Bernie, of Saugatuck, Mich.; sister Nan Krueger, brother-in-law Mike Stevens, and niece Emma, of Maynard, Mass.; and brother Jim, of Allegan, Mich. He was preceded in death by his mother.

Memorial contributions in Mr. Krueger's honor may be made to Hart Prairie of The Nature Conservancy in Flagstaff, or the scholarship program of Voyageur Outward Bound School in Ely, Minn.



Family & Friends Sharing on the Patio, Wed. June 18 after Howard's Memorial Service

**Harry Spiegelberg**, Sally's father, Billings Montana – read by Sally's sister, Sue  
“The first time I met Howard, he came out to North Dakota to see Sally (1979). It was harvest time and I was busy combining wheat. As most of you know, when wheat is ready to harvest, we harvest. I guess Howard was anxious to get to know me, so Sally gave him directions to the field where I would be combining. When I got to the end of the field, I pulled up to the truck to dump the wheat and there was a “city boy.” But he didn't look like a city boy. He was dressed like me in blue jeans, denim shirt and a cap. Howard was interested in how the combine could cut the wheat, chew up the standing grain, spit the straw and chaff out the back. I explained the process the grain went through and I was impressed with how well he understood. I thought, “Hey, for a city boy, this kid is alright” and I began to like him already. As time went by and I got to know him, that “like” turned to “love.” Howard was a very caring person always putting the comfort of other people before his own. I love Howard for being such a kind and caring husband to my daughter Sally.

**Ann Reiland, Clarendon Hills, IL** – Ann & Bob are friends in the Chicago area with whom we shared many nights out going to theatre & restaurants.

“Bob sends his love and good wishes to Sally. We talked before I left, about special memories with Howard and would like to celebrate a few. My husband and I first met Howard and Sally in their "life before Flag" through the Hinsdale, IL Newcomers Club, the wine tasting group, I believe. Howard should have been leading Newcomers because he always drew you in immediately with his outstretched handshake, 'Hi, I'm Howard Krueger!', warm smile, and friendly nature. Bob and I had unique and wonderful relationships with Howard and Sally, not only as couples, but also friends as individuals to each spouse. Getting together for meals and conversations was a high priority. Chicago theatre and Second City Comedy nights were fun times but a highlight of our outings had to be when Howard, Bob, and I would go to Sally's vocal performances in choirs, musical groups and at church. After each performance, Howard beamed as he told us how proud he was of Sally, love of his life.

Bob enjoyed yearly visits to the big Chicago auto show. Howard was 'the best', as Bob put it, for 'man to man' talks. Howard always patiently listened as Bob regaled him with his hole-by-hole golf tales. After Bob's heart surgery, Howard kept the postal carriers busy as specially chosen books and notes of encouragement arrived from him. These meant so much to Bob and I know helped him through his recovery.

We enjoyed travels together as Howard introduced us to the wonders of Saugatuck, MI and his parents' beautiful lake home. There was also the sultry trip to Las Vegas to take in the shows. By the way, 'sultry' describes the August weather, not the shows! As Howard referred to the heat and humidity, he said, 'Don't talk me into this again!' but we had a great time. After their walking trip in northern England, we did talk them into

staying with us in Marlow (on Thames outside of London). We made the rounds from Windsor Castle, with Howard's choice of lunch spot, The Slug and Bug Pub, to Oxford, supper in a garden tent, outdoor Shakespeare at night and The Hare and Hounds pub.

Howard was comfortable to be with. He knew how to encourage, support, listen to, and love those around him. I believe he would be a firm supporter of this quote by Morrie Schwartz from his book, 'Tuesdays With Morrie': 'As long as we can love each other, and remember the feeling of love we had, we can die without ever really going away. All the love you created is still there. All the memories are still there. You live on in the hearts of everyone you touched and nurtured while you were here.' We love you, Howard, and Sally, we will continue to surround you with our love."

**Bobbie Sue Weinreis**, 25 year old niece from Bozeman, Montana emailed to Sally "After your visit two weeks ago, I made a comment to mom about how much I admired Howard. Sitting at our dining room table, Howard and I talked about life, dreams and aspirations. Mainly, though, Howard just sat and listened to me - he was so interested and happy for me and most importantly he gave me reassurance that anything I do in life can be accomplished as long as I am happy. Howard gave me advice on my new home that I recently purchased as well as advice on how to invest my money- words of wisdom- only to come from a uncle I have always looked up to. I will miss Howard dearly. He made me feel proud. His words that day left me glowing with determination- all my hard work will pay off, and my uncle Howard saw that in me and believed in me. I will truly miss you Howard. You were my uncle that helped me start a new chapter in my life, a uncle that will forever me in my heart. I love you and think of you everyday. Goodbye Howard, we are all still with you."

**Lia Weinreis**, 25 year old niece from Missoula, Montana emailed to Sally "My Uncle Howard was a wonderful man with an incredibly adventurous spirit and kind-hearted nature. I remember one of the first of many good times spent with Howard. When Bobbie and I were little we went to Hinsdale to stay with Sally and Howard for about a week. At first I was intimidated by this tall man with this great presence and composure. During this visit I remember washing fruit with Sally one day, and I discovered this one particular grape that looked just like Howard's head to me. Of course I pointed this out to Sally right away, and then I was so embarrassed when she told Howard. I was quickly put to ease when Howard, with his good-natured sense of humor, found the incident hilarious. I began to learn what a great Uncle I had and how much fun he was too! During these early years he took Bobbie and me swimming in Lake Michigan and helped us fly our first kite. Many more great times were shared with Howard over the years. As I got older, I realized that my Uncle Howard was not only a man of great height but a man of tremendous heart, spirit, and character. I am very proud to have had Howard as my uncle. He is loved and will be missed dearly.

To Sally: I am sorry I could not be there with you today to honor Howard, but my love and thoughts are with you. You are forever in my heart and daily prayers. I love you, Lia"

**The following are all paraphrases of what was said:**

**Scott Kuhr** – one of Howard's best friends in Flagstaff with whom he hiked, backpacked, rode his first El Tour de Tucson, compared investing opportunities and was part of the famous annual "Vegas Guys Trips"

"Howard's not here to defend himself, so I'm not sure I should tell this story, but I'll do it anyway... On our second trip to Vegas, Howard and I each took a great wad of cash to flash and make Gary's eyes pop. Now, you have to understand that Howard is no gambler, so his cash disappeared pretty quickly. Sally had already given him a hard time about taking so much cash with him, and he'd assured her that he wouldn't be doing that much gambling – the cash was just for show, to get Gary – and he would be returning home with most of it. So now Howard came up with the great Money Laundering Scheme. Every time we went out to dinner and the bill came, Howard was quick to lay down his credit card and the rest of us were expected to pay our share to Howard in cash. I never found out what kind of trouble he got into with Sally when he got home, but we sure had a great time on that trip."

**Gary Vallen** – another of Howard's best friends; Gary & Kim were the first people we met in Flagstaff and they introduced us to Scott & Sonny. Gary asked Scott and Howard to tag along when he took his Casino/Gaming Class (from NAU's School of Hotel Restaurant Management) to Vegas on "Back of the house" tours each year.

"I have to tell the story of our famous Escalante Back pack trip. It was going to be Scott & Sonny, Sally & Howard, Kim & me, and Pete & Nancy. Pete was the only one that knew the route and he assured us we could handle it. On the day we left, it was snowing in Flagstaff so Pete and Nancy bailed out of the trip at the last minute. The rest of us decided to go ahead. If it turned out to be raining in Escalante, we'd just get motel rooms and hang out together for the weekend. But once in Escalante, it was blue skies and beautiful weather, so we decided to go ahead with the backpacking. We parked up top and hiked out some slickrock to Crack-in-the-rock where we descended into Coyote Gulch via a giant sand dune, sliding all the way down – several miles of this. We were all commenting on how hard it would be to hike out this way and were relieved we wouldn't have to. We camped and explored up the Escalante River for 2 days and then packed up to hike out. Pete had told us to hike up Coyote Gulch about 8 miles to a gentle rock face that had Moqui steps carved out. No big deal, according to Pete. We'd scramble up the rocks, jump a small crevice and be just a short distance from the cars; with no sand dunes to climb. To the 6 of us, this rock face looked steep and dangerous. Kim and Sally started up – they got about ½ way up and waited while Scott & Sonny started up behind them. Kim lost her balance and wavered, so she let her pack drop down. Something flew off the pack and next thing you know, Howard is picking a bolt out from between his teeth! He spits it out; looks up at Kim and Sally on the rocks above us and began to cry. He was in tears. "That's my life up there!" Eventually, Howard's wisdom prevailed and he convinced us all to give it up. So we got everybody off the rocks, shouldered our packs and started back the 8 miles we had just come to where we had camped. Then we had to grunt up the sand dune! It was 2 steps forward and 1 step back! Man, that was hard work. We didn't get back to the cars until 2 am. We'd been on our feet hiking with full packs since about 8 am, so we were exhausted. Then, we didn't have any food left and no place to buy any, so we ate frozen burritos from the

Seven Eleven in Escalante before heading back to Flagstaff. We couldn't stay the night, because I had to be back by 10 am to give a final in one of my classes at NAU."

[Sally's note: lest one think we did dangerous stuff like this all the time we didn't. And you have to take in to account Gary's tendency to over-exaggerate, what we call "The Vallen Factor." The rock route was not as dangerous as it sounds and had Pete been along to show us the way, we probably would not have had to turn back.]

**Sue Weinreis**, Sally's sister from Billings Montana with whom Sally & Howard camped, hiked, backpacked, traveled in Peru, and rafted the Grand Canyon.

"Here we were on the first day of our Grand Canyon River trip. The boatmen gave us the run-down on what to do about going to the bathroom. We always were supposed to pee in the river. But of course, when we stopped for lunch that first day, there was no privacy – no trees or bushes growing alongside the river – so no one was brave enough to go. And the guides were all urging us to drink more water, drink more water so we wouldn't get dehydrated in the 110 degree heat. Still no one was brave enough to risk being the first one. Finally, about 3 or so in the afternoon with bladders bursting, Howard raised his hand and asked how long before we got to camp. After the guides laughed, he finally broke down and peed over the side of the raft into the river. Yes, that was Howard, brave enough to do what no one else was willing to do. He broke the ice, so to speak, and after that peeing in the river with no privacy didn't seem like such a big deal."

**Tim & Donna Joyce** – Tim was Howard's biking buddy; they rode El Tour de Tucson together in 2002 and were on their first big training ride Sat. June 14<sup>th</sup> when Howard was killed. Donna, his wife, was at the hospital with me when the doctor told me Howard had died at the scene of the accident.

"This is Donna's story, really. When I first started riding with Howard last year, about this time, I had an old bike – heavy and inefficient – it really held back my times. Howard began advising me on a new bike to buy, but I knew Donna wouldn't go for me spending that much money on a bike. So Howard & Sally & I took Donna out to dinner one night and Howard went to work on her. Well, I got the new bike a few weeks later and my times improved dramatically. The ride I remember is a training ride last fall in preparation for El Tour. About ½ way out on Lake Mary Road, it began to rain. And it was a cold day to begin with. So we turned around and started back, but then Howard got a flat tire. We were so tired and cold and miserable. Luckily a woman in a pickup truck came along and offered us a ride back to our cars. We were so wet and sweaty we decided not to ride in the cab with her. What a mistake! We rode back into town in the back of the pick-up cold and wet, already and with her speeding down the road at 60 mph, we were frozen solid by the time we got back into town. If I remember correctly, Howard was sick for 3 days after."

**Phil Hollar** – another of Howard's best friends, Phil and his ex-wife Andrea got married at the Inn just 6 weeks after we bought the place. And we were there several years ago to console Phil during his very messy divorce.

"I've heard from so many of Howard's friends that he was like a brother to them. I have to agree. Not having a brother of my own, Howard was the closest thing to an older brother in my life. He was there with support and wisdom when I went through my

divorce. I think the closest Howard ever came to getting arrested in his life he was with me. I came home from an out of town business trip to find that my wife had changed the locks on the house and was living there with her new boyfriend. I showed up on Howard & Sally's doorstep absolutely shaken to the core. They took me in and calmed me down. The next day, after consulting with my lawyer, Howard & I called the locksmith and went out to the house at a time we thought no one would be there. But they were both there and called the cops on us. Once the cops arrived, they were trying to figure out who's who and what's what. The boyfriend tried to step in and say something to the cops but Howard wouldn't let him. The boyfriend got angry and took a step forward and I thought Howard was going to lose it, but the cop stepped between them. Then the cop turns to Howard and says "Now, WHO are you?" You know, cops are more likely to get injured in a domestic disturbance than any other call, so they're already a little on edge with very low tolerance. Howard is lucky that he regained his usual calm composure or he might have gotten thrown in jail – and me with him!"



# Howard Krueger, owner of award-winning Flag inn, dies in bike accident

Flagstaff innkeeper Howard Alan Krueger died in a biking accident Saturday, June 14, 2003, in Flagstaff. He was 50.

He and his wife, Sally, purchased the award-winning The Inn at 410 in November 1993. *Arizona Business Magazine* ranked the Inn as one of the state's top 10 bed and breakfasts for 1999, 2000 and 2001. Mr. Krueger was formerly the president of the Arizona

Bed and Breakfast Association and was serving his second term on the Tourism Commission of the city of Flagstaff.

In his spare time, Mr. Krueger enjoyed philosophy and music, and had recently resumed playing the guitar to fulfill a longtime interest. An avid outdoor enthusiast, he hiked the Grand Canyon rim-to-rim four times. He also loved canoeing, hiking, camping, biking and

walking downtown with his dog, Heather.

Mr. Krueger was born on Feb. 2, 1952, in Oak Park, Ill.

He graduated from Miami University of Oxford, Ohio, and earned an MBA at the University of Michigan. Mr. Krueger was president of Model Industries, Inc., and AMD Industries, Inc., in Cicero, Ill.

He is survived by Sally, his wife of 22 years; his father,

Lou, and stepmother, Bernie, of Saugatuk, Mich.; sister Nan Stevens of Maynard, Mass.; and brother Jim of Allegan, Mich.

He was preceded in death by his mother.

A memorial service will be at 11 a.m. Wednesday, June 18, at the First Congregational



**Howard Krueger**

Church, 740 N. Turquoise Drive. Memorial contributions in Mr. Krueger's honor may be made to The Nature Conservancy or the scholarship program of Voyageur Outward Bound School in Ely, Minn. Arrangements are by Norvel Owens Mortuary.

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# Flagstaff loses a tourism leader in Krueger

**I** find it difficult to say good-bye, and I would guess that I am in the majority on this one. I try to avoid it like the plague. The hugs and the tears, it's just hard. But sometimes we don't get a chance to say good-bye and that can be even worse.

The tourism community lost one of our strongest advocates on June 14, with the passing of Howard Krueger. Howard was an active and vocal member of the Tourism Commission.

I first met Howard just before our mutual appointments to this commission back in 1998. We were the two newbies. He called to ask me to lunch; he wanted to strategize how we could go onto this commission and shake things up a bit. Take the bull by the horns and get some things done!

One thing about Howard, he didn't just sit back and accept the status quo, especially when he had a vision in mind.

And he had a grand vision for Flagstaff. He envisioned Flagstaff as a place where



**LESLIE  
CONNELL**

**Flagstaff Business**

visitors and citizens would be treated with hospitality and respect at any business they visited, where citizens got involved with important issues and did not shirk their duties, where the community understands the unique nature of our natural resources and is willing to help protect them.

He wanted the tourism industry to work more closely with the arts and culture groups in town to support and promote the unique cultural aspects of Flagstaff. And I can't forget to mention that he envisioned a peaceful

community, where the trains rolled quietly (but safely!) through town.

Howard certainly had a *joie de vivre*. We saw the hard-working side of him and benefited from his sense of humor, but didn't know too much about the "other" Howard. We all knew he was an avid outdoor enthusiast and someone who loved to travel and did it as often as he could.

Did we know he had hiked the Canyon, rim to rim — not just once but four times? Or that he was a regular El Tour de Tucson participant and a runner of marathons? That he also advocated for the Wilderness Volunteers, the Hart Prairie Preserve through the Nature Conservancy, and Yes for Land, Water, Wildlife and Parks?

At his memorial, we heard many stories, jokes and anecdotes about the "other" Howard. He surely had his priorities straight — spending time with friends and family, daily reminders to his lovely wife, Sally, of his love and appreciation for her, and taking the time to do the fun

things that he was passionate about.

I'm sure I wasn't the only person there who took an inventory of my own life and asked if I would be remembered as fondly, if I had my priorities straight and if I could look back with so few regrets. For Howard, life was certainly about the journey.

Of course, you don't always know when you see someone that it might be the last time. I saw Howard a few days before he left us; I was on my way to work. He was just crossing the tracks, walking his dog, Heather. I slowed, and he called out a hearty good morning accompanied by a huge smile. I waved back, now also having an excuse to start my day with a smile.

In retrospect, if I could've known, would I have attempted a good-bye? No, I much prefer to wish Howard a bon voyage, see you on the flip side.

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