

Adventures in McCloudland

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Also during the summer, Jeff and Lee decided it was time to tackle the asbestos. Lee had contracted with hazardous waste crews on most of the (UCSF) campus projects and called one to ask for advice, We'd need to "suit-up," his euphemism for a full body cover-up with respirator, "dampen the asbestos remaining on a pipe or surface, cut it off with a sharp blade, double bag it and dispose of it at a legal hazardous waste disposal site." I must admit I thought it sounded like overkill. I accepted that it wasn't healthy stuff to work with but hadn't folks been working with this stuff for years in ships? Even my grandmother had worked at the naval ship yards at Mare Island during the war. But then again, she was a tough cookie.

Lee found some full suits which Jeff and he donned over long sleeve shirts and pants with high top work boots and heavy rubber gloves. They tied them at their wrists and ankles. The hood was pulled up over a knit cap and the string tightened. The respirator was hoisted on their backs and face mask and goggles in place.

I didn't know whether to laugh at the site of them, or cry out for fear of the dangerous mission they were about to undertake. I prayed that I was not endangering their health or some future offspring of Jeff's. A muffled "I caaan't seeee," came from Lee's direction.