

# EDITOR'S DESK

By Seth Carlson | [scarlson@pricecountyreview.com](mailto:scarlson@pricecountyreview.com)

## Not sayin' goodbye, just sayin'

I simply could not let Jason write a farewell column on this page without adding my two cents alongside it. I mean, come on, I've been adding my comments to his work since he started here. What else is an editor for?

It's not often you get to work alongside someone you consider a real friend. I'm not talking in a "work friends" sense, either. I don't use that term anymore after it got me into some hot water in college.

No, I'm talking in a beer-drinking, baseball watching, bring the wife and some potato salad over for a picnic type of friend. I'm talking steal the headline for this column from his resignation letter type of friend. I'm talking about a scenario in which the two parties feel reasonably comfortable in a listening session featuring the musical recordings of each-other's college bands. Now that's intimate.

I'm talking about more than a few bar room moments in which discussion ranges from work projects, to the IBUs of the beer in front of you, to Zeppelin, to the Green Bay Packers. You know, some

good ol' fashioned midwestern culture.

Speaking of which, I wonder if he's really thought this whole moving to the deep south thing through.

I mean, I realize there are Packers fans everywhere, and there's even sources online that track Packers bars so those who've left the motherland can still locate kin of the Green and Gold, but, something tells me 'Bama is more about the Crimson Tide than anything else.

In our little operation, you get pretty close to the people you work with. You have to. You have to have each-others backs each and every week. You must be able to communicate clearly, quickly, and accurately. You must check your ego at the door and work towards a common, central effort.

I am lucky to have had the privilege of working with people capable of doing this. And, as tempting as it is to go down a long and sentimental memory lane about how we're losing one of our own and how we wish him well through forced and nervous smiles, I'll say just this:

The Heart of Dixie is getting one hell of a Yankee Cheese Head.

