

**CARY STOWE**  
A man with friends

Cary Stowe was a happy go-lucky-guy — always up, always said hello, loved to talk about sports — a guy hard to say no to, his friends said at his July 24 memorial service. But he couldn't kick his worst habit, even when he could hardly walk.

"He had emphysema," said Mr. Stowe's neighbor Jon Sollars, a fellow smoker who had quit 14 months earlier, yet still bought off-brand cigarettes to give to anybody who bummed them, mainly Mr. Stowe.

"We used to talk about respiratory issues," Sollars continued. "He had trouble breathing just walking up Eighth Street. The Wednesday (July 8) before he died he came by and he looked ashy. I told him to go to the hospital right away."

Sollars uses liquid oxygen for his respiratory condition and keeps it handy. That Wednesday, following his daily routine, Mr. Stowe knocked on Sollars' door across the hallway to bum a cigarette. Surprised at the look of him, Sollars could only talk him into taking some of his liquid oxygen along, and then gave him a cigarette.

Mr. Stowe promised Sollars he'd go to the hospital Friday. But he died that day, July 10, in his bed at the 1180 Howard St. Studios. Two residents, who weren't at the memorial, were at his side, friends said. He was 62.

Mr. Stowe was one of the first formerly homeless residents to occupy TNDC's new building six years ago. Sollars, who knew him five years, said he may once have worked for the city before falling on hard times. Manager Van Hedwall said he had sons living in Oakland.

Hedwall recalled that Mr. Stowe, an African American, had spoken up at a building meeting about the race relations struggles of the 1960s and told how he had experienced the changes, giving Hedwall new insights.

"He had no bitterness," Hedwall said. "He was well-liked and had lots of visitors. He always said hello."

Two of Mr. Stowe's female friends arrived late, bereaved and somber.

"I came here and slept on the floor," said the first woman, younger and taller, who said she lives in the Tenderloin. "It was the first place he got. It was good for us. He never missed a month's rent. I knew him ten years."

The other woman knew him longer. "I slept outdoors with him and in a truck," said the second woman, her eyes downcast. "But I found a place to live." She paused. "I'd be so mad at him and turn around do the same thing again for him. No apologies from him, ever."

"Ours was a weird relationship," said the first. "He took care of me, and then it all turned around. We'll definitely miss him."

"Yeah, asking for cigarettes," Sollars said lightly. "I always had a couple. He was never annoying and always appreciated it." ■

—TOM CARTER

**DASCHYL LA DAY**  
Truck driver

He was Dash to his friends and the staff at the Senator Hotel, but Scooter to his family. To all he was pleasant, a joy and uncomplaining, and everyone at his Aug. 20 memorial — his birthday — said they would miss him.

Daschyl La Day died in his room Aug. 9, just 11 days before he would have turned 44.

"He was one of the nicest people I've ever met, always there for others," said Isabella Marshall, the hotel manager.

Among the 20 people gathered to remember Mr. La Day were his mother, Jewel La Day, and two aunts, Iris Jasper and Doris Samuel.

Ms. Samuel recalled the last time she'd seen Mr. La Day. "I'm from Beaumont, Texas, and he called when he was driving through. I asked him to stay the night — so I could spend more time with him — but he said he just wanted to keep on going. He was such a beautiful person."

Mr. La Day was born in Beaumont, moved to California with his family as an infant and graduated from Balboa High School. He and his wife of 10 years had four daughters and four grandchildren.

About four years ago, he moved into the Senator, but he didn't come alone. With him were his two

teenage daughters. Kelly McNeil, his staff counselor at the time, remembers how he said what he wanted most was to make a home for himself and his two children.

"I'm really shocked at his passing," McNeil said, "but I will remember him as a kind man who loved to stop in and talk — though he often did that at 4:58 p.m., just two minutes before I was scheduled to leave."

Mr. La Day's most recent counselor, Jenia Sevillano, recalled how independent he was, but how much he loved his family. "There was real joy on his face when he talked about his children and grandchildren and going on vacation with his mother," Sevillano said. "He told me, 'I do everything with her.'"

Warren Chatman, a Senator resident for 15 years who befriended the much younger Mr. La Day, said going off on trips was important to him. "He always talked about taking vacations. We also talked about arthritis — I have it and he did, too. He was a nice kid."

Marshall said that Mr. La Day had physical problems stemming from vehicle accidents, from the time when he was truck driver. His last job was driving for the Food Bank, before his disabilities made the work too difficult.

"His passing was sudden," Marshall said. "He'd just come back from one of his trips."

The memorial ended with a soulful gospel, "Lord, take my hand and lead your child back home," sung by hotel resident Rita Whittaker. ■

—MARJORIE BEGGS



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