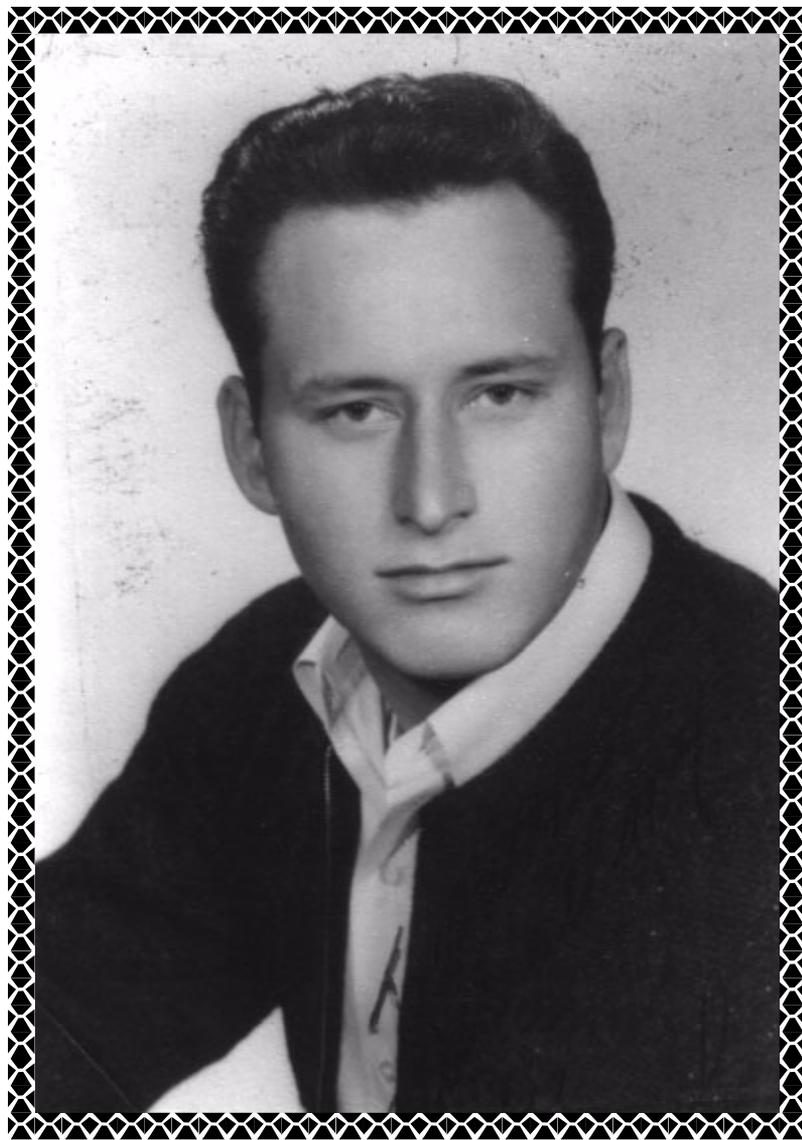


LINK LAMKINS



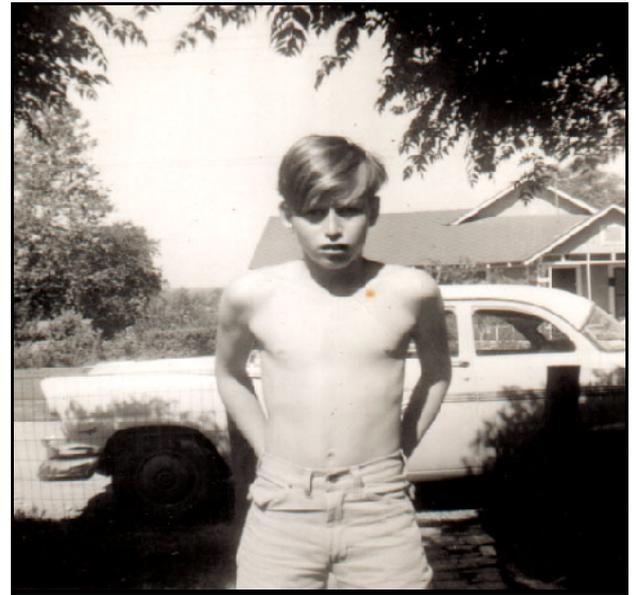
1945 - 2001

Link was born February 12, 1945 in Memphis, Tennessee. His mother was Jewel Key Lamkins, age 20, and his father was Herbert Lamkins, age 25, who was in northern France at the time with Patton's Third Army chasing the nazi army toward the Rhine River.

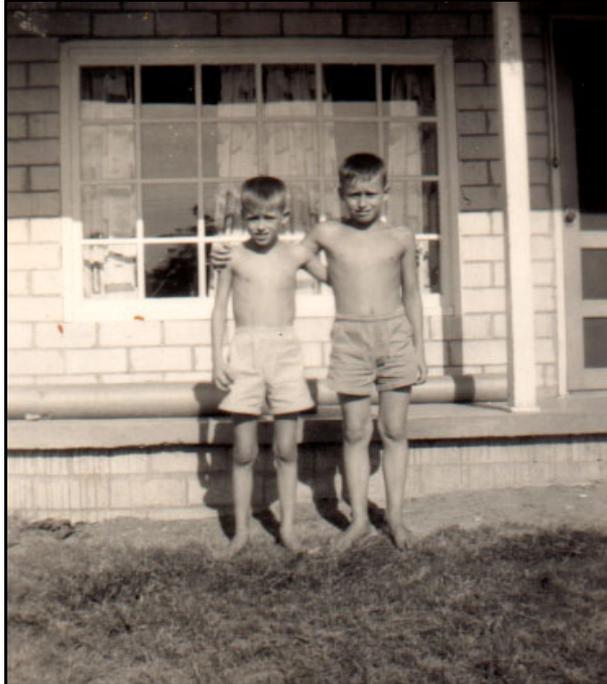
After Dad returned from overseas in October, 1945, the family moved to Malvern and bought a home at 607 Short Street which later became Harris Street.



Link & big brother, 1945



1957 in Malvern



With little brother, Richard (L), in 1953



1958 in El Dorado

School picture from 1955



School picture from 1960 when Link was 15 years old



In 1962, when he was 17, Link enlisted in the U.S. Navy. After boot camp at Long Beach, California, he was stationed at Concord, California. By 1964 he was enroute to SE Asia aboard the USS Ernest G. Small. In May the ship stopped at Pearl Harbor and Link had a reunion with his older brother Jake who was stationed at Hickam AFB. They hadn't seen each other in 3 years.



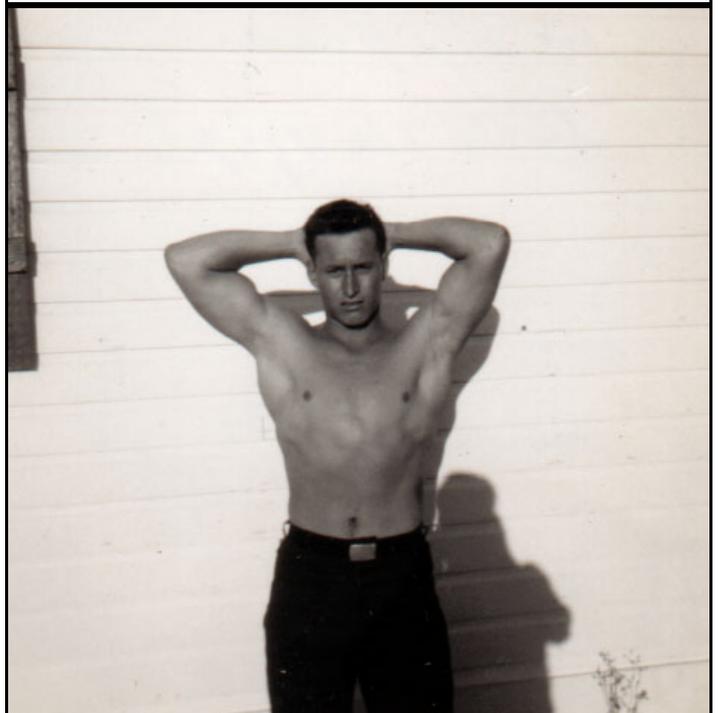
Hot Springs, 1963



Link & Jake in Hawaii, May 1964



USS Ernest G. Small



Concord, California 1963, age 18

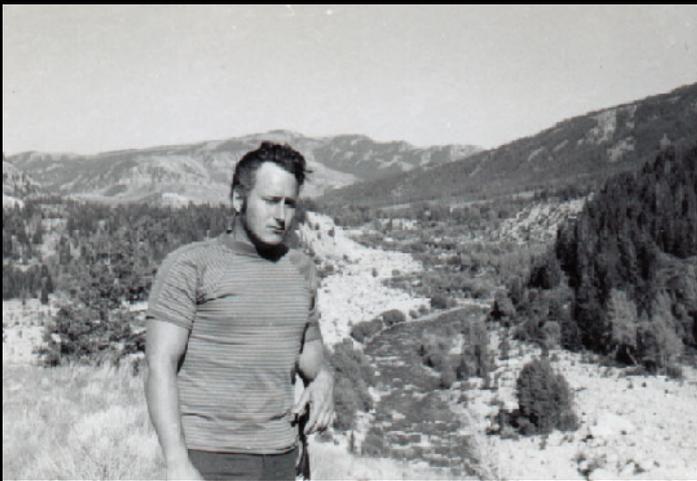
Link in Japan, 1965

It was while he was in Vietnam that Link was exposed to Agent Orange which caused his bone cancer 34 years later and led to his death after a 2 year battle on August 31, 2001.





By the end of 1966 Link was out of the Navy and in Fayetteville where he lived awhile. In 1968 he left for Sacramento which became his home off and on for many years.



Jackson Hole, 1970

Link spent the Summer of 1970 in Jackson, Wyoming with his older brother Jake. He drove in from Sacramento and Jake from St. Louis. They met on the highway by accident about 100 miles south of Jackson. The summer was spent in a one room log cabin at Kelly while Link worked as a lumberjack and his brother at the airport. Link returned to Sacramento afterwards where he continued his karate training until he had a black belt in it. He was the manager of several night clubs and restaurants in Sacramento. During this period he injured his back in a karate match which troubled him a long time.



Both these photos are from a family reunion in Malvern, 1971



In 1974 Link had returned to Arkansas to live. He alternated between El Dorado where Dad was, Malvern where Mother was and Fayetteville where Jake lived. His back caused him many problems then. He started his own restaurant business in El Dorado and worked as a chef at the Holiday Inn in Fayetteville.



Not so little anymore brother Rik & Link, 1974



Link in 1977 with brother Jake & cousin Mike in background. Link went "Kojak" for several years after an attempt to dye his hair caused it to turn bright orange. He shaved it off and kept it that way for about 2 years.



Joyce & Link in 1980 visiting Fayetteville

Link had grown his hair back by then and got married that year at age 35. He was living in El Dorado and working as a carpenter and cabinet-maker. A few years later the marriage ended and Link decided to fulfill a lifelong ambition to be a big game hunter. He answered an ad in a magazine and went to McCall, Idaho where he spent several years leading parties into the wilderness on horses & mules for hunting expeditions.



Steve, Rik, Dad, Jake & Link Lamkins, 1980



Link's "guru" photo from 1981



Jake & Link at Newport, Arkansas family reunion, 1982



Rik, Steve, Link, Dave, Jake & Shane in front, 1984



Massachusetts urban cowboy, 1985

Link left Sacramento again in 1984 determined to see more of the country, especially the Northeast, that he had missed in previous travels. He ended up around Boston and spent time there working as a bartender, carpenter and bouncer while he looked over all those "little states".

By 1986 he was back in Sacramento learning the locksmith trade and looking around for a small town with no locksmith. He started making tentative plans to return to Malvern in 1990 and by 1992 had settled down for good - pretty much where he started - in Malvern and running his own business.

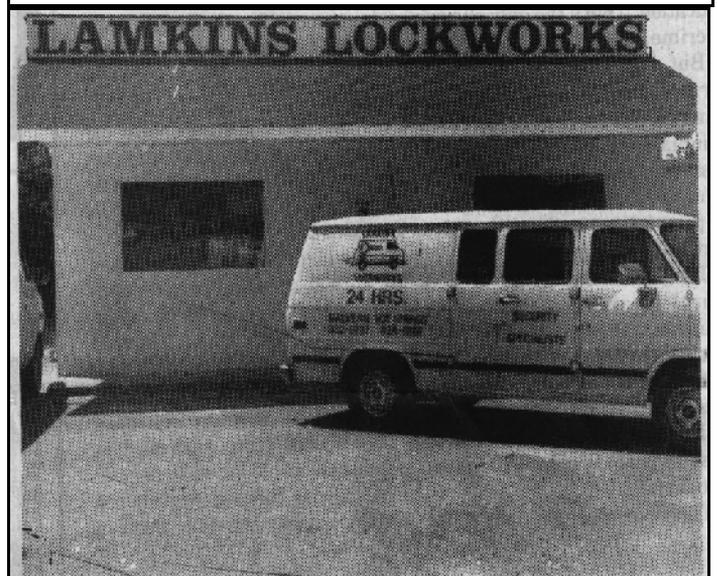
He stayed there the rest of his life getting re-acquainted with childhood friends and family, helping out at the law enforcement agencies, joining some of the veterans groups and building up his locksmith business.



Link with Aunt Kathryn, Jake, Steve, Amber & Terry in 1991. Link took Aunt Kathryn "under his wing" after he returned to Malvern and helped her immeasurably the last five years of her life. She too died of cancer, in 1996.



Link with his niece, JJ in 1991



His van was a locksmith on wheels and he covered several counties with it on a regular basis - 24 hours a day, everyday.



Rik, Dave, Link & Jake in Malvern, 1993



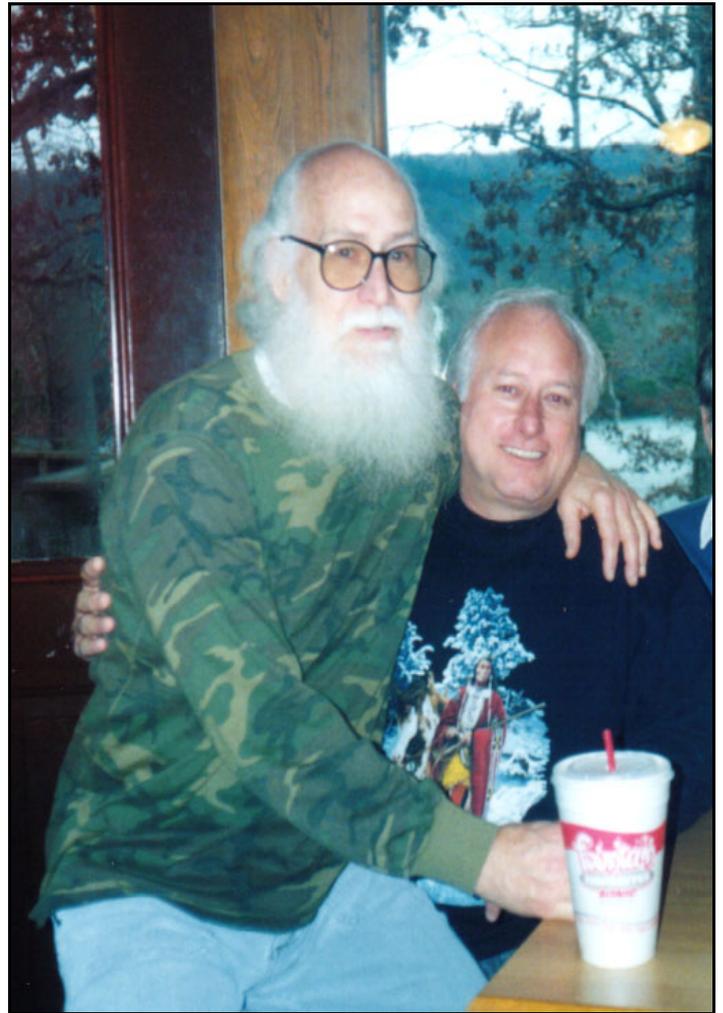
Link with JJ and Brownie in 1992 on a visit in Fayetteville.

The photograph on page 2 was taken in 1965 when Link was 20. It was his favorite picture until the one on the back was taken in 1988, age 43. Thereafter, they were both his favorites.

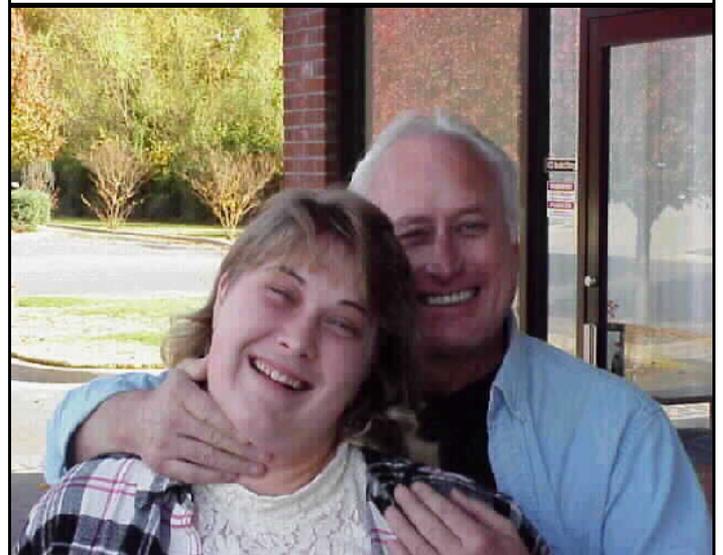
Neither words nor photos can convey the life Link led. He met people easily, had many friends, lived many adventures, traveled extensively and never really settled down until he returned to Malvern to start his locksmith business. He said he had "lived all his fantasies" and if he lived to an old age he would have his memories to comfort him. Maybe he subconsciously knew he would be denied the ordinary span of life so he crammed as much as he could into an extraordinary life.

Since he and Tracy wanted me to do a eulogy I thought I would put this remembrance together and make a few remarks about our life together. I knew him longer than any living person: 56 years, 6 months, 2 weeks, and 5 days. It was a privilege to be his brother and friend. I shall never forget him.

If you are on the Internet, Link lives on in cyberspace. You can visit him at <http://LAMKINS.com/Link.html>
E-mail me at Jake@LAMKINS.com with comments for his "Notes of Remembrance" and I'll log them in.



Jake with Link at Crystal Springs in 1996. Link and cousin Judy Smith organized a great family reunion over a weekend on the lake west of Hot Springs. Family from as far away as St. Louis attended and it was a wonderful gathering.



Link with his beloved wife, Tracy, in 1999 shortly before the cancer diagnosis was made. She tended his every care for the last two years of his life. Without her help, his fight against his disease would not have lasted as long nor would he have been as happy as he was. Thank you for everything, Tracy. This eulogy is dedicated to you from the Lamkins family.

LINK LAMKINS

1945-2001

Tracy and Link wanted me to do a eulogy so I thought I would put this remembrance together and make a few remarks about our life together. I knew him longer than anyone else: 56 years, 6 months, 2 weeks, and 5 days - his entire life. It was a privilege to be his brother and friend. I shall never forget him.

Link died Friday, August 31, 2001, about 5PM from multiple myeloma, a form of bone cancer that was caused by his exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam in 1964-65. He gallantly fought the disease for two years.

Link was born February 12, 1945 in Memphis, Tennessee. His mother was Jewel Key Lamkins, age 20, and his father was Herbert Lamkins, age 25, who was in northern France at the time with Patton's Third Army chasing the Nazi army toward the Rhine River. After Dad returned from overseas in October, 1945, the family settled in Malvern and bought a home at 607 Short Street which later became Harris Street.

In 1962, when he was 17, Link enlisted in the U.S. Navy. After boot camp at Long Beach, California, he was stationed at Concord, California. By 1964 he was enroute to SE Asia aboard the USS Ernest G. Small. In May, 1964 the ship stopped at Pearl Harbor and Link had a reunion with his older brother Jake who was stationed at Hickam AFB. They hadn't seen each other in 3 years.

The next year he spent in the Japan, Hong Kong, and Vietnam areas with his ship. By the end of 1966 Link was out of the Navy and lived in Fayetteville, Malvern & El Dorado. In 1968 he left for Sacramento which became his home off and on for many years.

Link spent the Summer of 1970 in Jackson, Wyoming with his older brother Jake. He drove in from Sacramento and Jake from St. Louis. They met on the highway by accident about 100 miles south of Jackson. The summer was spent in a one room log cabin at Kelly while Link worked as a lumberjack and his brother at the airport. Link returned to Sacramento afterwards where he continued his karate training until he had a black belt in it. He was the manager of several night clubs and restaurants in Sacramento. During this period he injured his back in a karate match which troubled him a long time.

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Link had grown his hair back by 1980 and got married to Joyce that year at age 35. He was living in El Dorado and working as a carpenter and cabinet-maker. A few years later the marriage ended and Link decided to fulfill a lifelong ambition to be a big game hunter. He answered an ad in a magazine and went to McCall, Idaho where he spent several years leading parties into the wilderness on horses & mules for hunting expeditions.

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He met Tracy on the internet and drove to Ohio to meet her. She returned to Malvern with him and they were married on May 1, 2000. She cared for him after he became ill with a devotion that has impressed the entire family. Words cannot tell our family's gratitude for the way she made Link's last two years as comfortable and happy as possible. We also deeply appreciate the efforts of Dr. Zent and the staff at the VA Hospital in Little Rock. His family and friends in Malvern have been wonderful too.

Neither words nor photos can convey the life Link led. He met people easily, had many friends, lived many adventures, traveled extensively and never really settled down until he returned to Malvern to start his locksmith business. He said he had "lived all his fantasies" and if he lived to an old age he would have his memories to comfort him. Maybe he subconsciously knew he would be denied the ordinary span of life so he crammed as much as he could into an extraordinary life.



Some Link Stories

The Easter Bunny's Tail

Link, younger brother Richard and I got easter bunnies one year about 1950. They were the kind that were colored with food dye for Easter. We played with them a great deal and wondered why they didn't bark like a dog or meow like a cat. Link finally discovered that if he twisted his bunny's tail it would emit a high pitched squeal. We were excited about this so I twisted my bunny's tail and it let out a squeal too. Then Richard twisted his bunny's tail and it let out an even louder squeal but immediately afterwards Richard was squalling loudest of all as he waved the bunny's tail at us. It had come off in his hand. He was quite upset about it and, of course, Link got the blame.

His Tarzan Outfit

Tarzan was a great favorite of Link's. He read the books, watched his movies, and played like he was Tarzan as we climbed in the trees behind our house. I remember in the early 1950s when Link took an old pair of cut-off blue jeans, cut the crotch out of them, and made a loincloth out of them to wear while he played Tarzan. He even had a jungle knife he had carved out of a dynamite box from National lead. Those boxes were free for the taking back then and we made all sorts of things from the pine used to construct them. Link & I were climbing a tree to meet a band of chimpanzees in our playacting. He was just above me when I looked up and was astonished to see he had nothing on under his loincloth!

Link's Origin

In 1959 Link and I lived in Memphis. He was 14 and I was 16. Neither of us much cared for our real names so we were always trying on nicknames. We were watching the Sid Caesar that night when Sid and the Gordon Hathaway character did a skit poking fun at Marlon Brando type Hell's Angels motorcycle gangs. Sid's character was called Link Chain and the other was Skid Chain. We decided to call each other by those nicknames. Mine didn't stick but Link made sure his did. We would only answer if you used the name Link. It worked with most folks except Mother and Dad. They never bought that program.

The Holiday Inn Chef

Around 1974 Link was in Fayetteville looking for work. The only ad in the paper that looked promising was for a chef at the Holiday Inn. Link was a typical batchelor and could hardly boil water without burning it. He decided to apply for the job. I told him he was crazy. He replied he could do anything if he set his mind to it. He went in and applied for the job, told them he was an experienced chef, got a tour on the kitchen and was told to start the next morning at 4am. I asked him that evening how was he going to handle it. He said, "When I was looking around the kitchen, I saw a big thick cookbook and I'll use that." And so he did and within weeks the Holiday Inn was so happy with him he was doing banquets and dinners for hundreds of folks. I still found it hard to believe. He said, "You just have to measure bigger - instead of teaspoons I use gallons!"

A Skunk & Two Dogs

Link always liked animals and usually had a dog when his living quarters allowed it. For several years in the mid 1970s he owned

and trained a big 125 pound German Shepard named Bear. He was a beauty and answered many commands. The trouble started when Link got another dog, a huge Alaskan Malamute husky. The two dogs hated each other and fought constantly. It didn't take Link long to lose his patience with the situation. At this time he lived up the road from me in a rural area outside Fayetteville. He was watching TV when the dogs started making a racket in the carport. Man! That got him hot! He jumped up, ran to the carport door and jerked it open - ready to whip the dogs' butts for fighting again. But they weren't fighting; they had cornered a skunk at the door and when Link jerked the door open the skunk ran between his legs into the house with both dogs hot on its trail. Link was nearly knocked over and bedlam took over as Link chased after them. The skunk was squirting the whole way. Finally the skunk was killed under Link's bed. The house was a wreck and you couldn't believe the stench. Link's girlfriend arrived home from work but refused to come into the house or let Link near her. Link had heard that tomato juice would take the stink off so he asked Susie to go buy 2 cases of it. He filled up a bathtub with the juice and soaked in it several hours. Link said, "The only damned thing that tomato juice did was turn me into a red prune that still stunk to high heaven." I didn't visit him for several weeks but tactfully kept in touch by phone.



The Electric Fence

Around the same time as the skunk adventure I was having trouble with a neighbor because his horses kept getting loose from their pasture, getting in my yard and eating my new fruit trees and other things I had planted for landscaping. The neighbor had just promised to put an electric fence around the pasture. Link and I were returning from Fayetteville from an evening of camaraderie and a few brews. It was raining hard and as I drove home I told him about the neighbor saying he would

put up an electric fence. Link insisted the man was lying and as we drove by the pasture he said, "Stop the truck, Jake, and I'll show you what a liar he is!" I stopped - Link leaped out into the rain and ran over to the fence where he grabbed a strand of wire. MY GOD! The sparks flew and Link was flopping around like some monster fish and couldn't turn loose of the fence. I knew if I grabbed him I'd be flopping around with him in the rain too. So I ran over and kicked him loose. He was mad at me for awhile because I kicked him. I, of course, told him and everybody else how I probably saved his life.

Kojak Link

Link started getting gray headed early like me and the rest of his brothers did. By the time he was in his early 30s and living in El Dorado he decided he wasn't going to put up with it anymore. So he found a hairdresser and had his hair dyed black. WOW! He told me he looked 20 years younger so he went out partying that night and had a great time. Next morning when he awoke his hair was bright orange! Enraged, he returned to the hairdresser and threatened him with bodily harm if he didn't fix the problem. Scared to death the fellow re-dyed Link's hair with the same result. The scene of the previous night was repeated - Link went partying, all the ladies told him how great he looked and he had a wonderful time. Next morning the orange hair was back and Link went a little crazy trying to cut it off with scissors. He botched the job, wounded himself a few times and finally just got in the bathtub where he lathered up his head and shaved his it clean. The "Kojak" TV series with Telly Savalas was popular then so for several years Link sported the shaven head look.

Dad Plays A Trick

Link managed a lot of restaurants and nightclubs over the years. Around 1980 he was running a club in Bossier City, Louisiana and Dad, who lived not far away in El Dorado, had told him that someday he was going to come in that club dressed so Link wouldn't recognize him. Dad and his wife bought wigs, got disguised real good and paid Link a visit. It was dark inside when they entered and Link greeted them. He didn't recognize either of them and asked if they wanted a booth. They replied yes so Link led them to a booth and said a waitress would be with them shortly to take their order. Dad asked, "Why can't you take our order?" Link said that wasn't his job and the waitress would take it. Dad then strongly stated, "I want you to take our order - I don't want to wait for the waitress!" Link, still not recognizing them, stood real straight, got pumped up and in a loud voice said, "Now look here mister..." at which time Dad and Pat broke up laughing and Link realized his old dad had pulled one over on him.

Dr. Zent E-Mail

Dr. Zent: We in Link's family deeply appreciated your care for Link. I know that he thought the world of you, and he had great faith in you and in your decisions on his behalf. Thank you very very much. Sincerely, David R. Davies (one of Link's brothers)

Dear Dr. Davies, Thank you for your note and copy of Mr. Lamkin's obituary. Your brother was a great man. He dealt bravely and wisely with a devastating disease that not only took his life, but threatened his most basic integrity and humanity for 2 years. He fought well when appropriate and had the insight to understand when the medical battle was over. We will all miss him. The staff on 6C have lost a friend. We all appreciated Tracy's incredible support and work in looking after her husband, and the support and care that he received from the rest of his family. I have distributed your note to my colleagues on 6C. Our condolences on your loss. Dr. Clive Zent

Link's Obituary (written by brother Dave)

Link Lamkins, 56, a retired locksmith, died Friday at his home in Malvern from complications of multiple myeloma. Born February 12, 1945, in Memphis, Tenn., and raised in Malvern, he was a Navy veteran who had fought in the Vietnam war. After military service, he worked in California and in Arkansas. He had worked as a nightclub manager, a karate instructor, a hunting guide and a carpenter before learning the locksmithing trade in California in the late 1980s.

In 1992 he moved to Malvern and opened his own locksmith shop, Wheeling Lockworks, later renamed Lamkins Lockworks. He operated a locksmith shop in North Malvern and out of his locksmithing van until he retired from the business in 1999 after falling ill with multiple myeloma, also known as bone marrow cancer.

Lamkins had been active as a part-time patrol officer since the early 1990s and prided himself on his dedication to police work. But it was his locksmithing that gained him the most goodwill among Malvern residents, who knew him as a skilled craftsman who could open any lock at any time of the day or night. His van was a familiar sight at Malvern-area football games and at other public events, during which he helped residents get into their locked cars. "There is not a car in the world I can't get into," Lamkins declared in a

1992 interview with the Malvern Daily Record. In 1996, he was named the National Locksmith of the Year by a national locksmithing organization.

He is survived by his wife, Tracy Lynn Lamkins, of the home; his father and step-mother, H.K. and Melba Lamkins of El Dorado; five brothers, W.C. "Jake" Lamkins of West Fork, Richard Lamkins of Hot Springs, Steven Lamkins of Houston, Texas, and David R. Davies of Hattiesburg, Miss.; a cousin, Burl Lamkins of Malvern; and many nieces and nephews.

Viewing will be from 6-8 p.m. today (Tuesday) at Atkinson Funeral Home. Funeral is at 2 p.m. Wednesday at the funeral home, and a "Celebration of Life" gathering of Lamkins' family and friends will be held at American Legion Hall at 4 p.m. Wednesday.

Lamkins was treated for his illness at the Veterans Administration hospital in Little Rock. He also underwent treatment at the VA hospital in San Antonio, Texas, and was under the care of the Hospice of Hot Springs in the last few weeks. "We want to thank all of his caregivers for their dedication and care for Link," said Lamkins' wife, Tracy.

*When I die
please don't cry
Don't be sad
just be glad
Because I had a
great life!*

LINK LAMKINS





LINK LAMKINS