

My Travel Thru Time

I was born in Loveland at a very early age, and soon distinguished myself in Pre-school and Kindergarten in the accompaniment of several future Class of 1964 students. (Were my mother Anita Belle alive, she could help me list the exact ones. But she is not and, like most of the rest of you, I am now an orphan,) I believe Cindy, Glenna, Jon, Tom, Jim and I were together from the first day of school. My CRS keeps me from being able to list the others, but then I'm getting ahead of myself.

First grade in the old Garfield school was a set back. The teacher pointed out several of my faults including a rooster-tail like cow-lick on the back of my head that was very pronounced and dominated my black and white silhouette cut out from that grade. And my bright orange iodine dyed fingers let the rest of the class know she was not pleased that I liked to put my fingers in my mouth.

I prefer to think of our move between 2nd and 3rd grade to rural America as progressive, enlightened, and a futuristic instead of a banishment from town. You are welcome to your own opinions. I learned to ride a school bus, play in the dirt and drive a tractor. Wait! I take that back. I'm pretty sure I learned to play in the dirt in first grade with my orange colored fingers.

98% of the ground we farmed was dry-land, and we always hoped it would rain instead of hailing so the wheat would grow taller than the resident rocks. The ample opportunity I had to study red ants, grasshoppers, miller-moths, and flying ants convinced me never to be an entomologist. My inability to spell prevented me from studying etymology.

After being trampled by a beast of burden at a donkey-baseball game, and thrown off a sheep at the Larimer County Rodeo, I decided I didn't want to raise horses or be a rancher. Thousands of hours sitting on a metal tractor seat, covered with dust, plodding along at 3 1/2 miles an hour gave me no impetus to pursue farming.

But between farming and Sunday-School, I didn't find much opportunity to get into trouble unless Raspy or cousin Fritz was around. Working at the dog track ("Cloverleaf Kennel Club" as their marketing department preferred you call it) for three seasons did broaden my horizons and I was sure I wanted to go to college.

At CSU I was voraciously quick and learned to party in just one year. One or more of the Deans put me on a special list and I was not permitted to return the following fall, so I graduated to other endeavors. Even after a year of hydrating at college, I was still parched from all of those hours on the tractor and decided crystalline water in the mountains would provide some relief. But like many from our class the military enlisted

my body. But the Navy failed to capture my soul as I sat for thousands of hours in a darkened room atop a desert hill at Guantanamo Bay Cuba and tracked the U2 overflights of Castro's world.

My next assignment was a mine sweeper stationed in S. Carolina where I discovered sitting in a darkened room plotting sonar contacts on a piece of paper could make me very sea-sick especially after hydrating the night before. Thank heavens we never really went anywhere.....except for a field trip to find a nuclear bomb that some poor Air Force pilot (who cut his career very short) accidentally dropped in the Atlantic on a routine sortie.

Marriage followed the military and we migrated to the mountains where the movement of millions makes moguls in the meadows. We learned and worked in the recreational industry for the next 30 years. After starting at the ski areas we continued to the marina on Dillon, then to our own mom and pop motorcycle shop in FC and finally to the Anheuser-Busch brewery where we merrily made beer for the multitudes after our two children were married.

This year we sold our house in FC, gave up our CO driver's licenses, and registered to vote in a state that is as conservative as Colo used to be. We are now pillars in our NE community where Karla is the President and I am the water-boy. We have a garden and I'm back to playing in the dirt.