

My school career started at age six in 1952 in Boulder County School District 43 in Broomfield Colorado. As a child I was told there were thirty-six students in the eight grades in the two-room school I attended. There was no kindergarten in our school. One had to be six years of age when school started in September to be able to attend first grade. My birthday was at the end of July, so I qualified. Unfortunately, I was small in stature and the youngest in my class, which followed me all the way through school. Classes started after Labor Day and ended before Memorial Day with breaks for three days during the annual teachers' convention, a longer break from before Christmas to after New Year's Day and one more break on Good Friday. The sons whose fathers hunted liked the break for the teachers' convention since it always fell during the big game hunting season which allowed them to go hunting without missing school. The teachers never missed a day of school. I don't remember ever having a substitute. The school was a two-room brick and stucco, building at what is now 925 Main Street. I think it had coal fired forced air heat in winter that the older boys would stoke. The entry to the school was located in the middle of the building between the two classrooms. Once inside the entryway there was a set of stairs going down to the furnace room and another set going up to a landing where there was a water dispenser that held a five-gallon water jug and a cup dispenser which dispensed cone shaped paper water cups to use for getting a drink. When the jug was empty the older boys would replace it with a full water jug. Turning left at the top of the stairs led to a coat room on the left, then into the classroom for the first four grades. Turning right would lead to the fifth through eighth grades. A stage to the right used for programs. There was no indoor plumbing. We had two outhouses, one for boys and one for girls on the western part of the school property next to the Lake View Cemetery which were separated by the width of the school. The girls' outhouse was south of the boys' outhouse. Each was enclosed by a wooden fence about six or seven foot high for privacy. Within the fenced area for the boy's outhouse was a clay pipe about three feet in diameter buried in the ground and filled with coarse gravel which was used as a urinal. I'm fairly certain we had electric lights as some school programs were in the evening.

The classroom for the first through forth grades had four rows of desks with room at the back of the room for group study areas. The desks were typical of desks in schools in the early 1900's. The first desk in the row started out with a folding seat attached to a desktop behind. Then the second seat with another desk top attached to the back. The first folding seat was never used as it did not have a desk top in front of it to use. The student would sit in the second seat and use the desktop which was attached to the first folding seat and so forth to the end of the row. The desk tops had a grove cut close to the top edge of the desk for a pencil along with ink well on the right side for a bottle of ink. The desk top was stationary, but there was a shelf under the desktop where there was storage for books and paper. The desktops themselves were in terrible condition. There must have been plenty of master carvers that came out of that school as the desktops were carved up with so many initials and dates that one could not write on a desktop without a pad due to the carvings. There were slate blackboards at the front and right side of the class room with windows on the left side. When entering the class room first grade was in the far right row, second grade was left of the first grade, third grade left of the second, and fourth left of the third.

There was a large swing set and a slide for playground equipment in front of the school. We set up our own playing dirt fields. There was no grass for softball and football in the space between the school and the cemetery. The north side of the school was used as a backstop for dodge ball as there were no windows on the north or south sides. Red Rover was also played in that area.

There were two teachers. One teacher, Mrs. Lundberg, taught grades one through four, and the other teacher, Mrs. Musselman, taught grades five through eight. By the time I got to fourth grade there were four teachers with the addition of Ruby Rosenberger and Miles Elo. I believe Miles Elo was hired to become the superintendent. After eighth grade students transferred to either Louisville or Lafayette high schools. As I remember, Arvada High School was another option, but I'm not sure. It was in another school district so my memory could be wrong. My Dad, Edward D. Smith, completed his elementary studies in 1928 in the same two room school I attended and graduated from Lafayette High School in 1932. He was the only one of the six boys in his family to graduate. His sister, Mary Margaret Smith, graduated from Louisville High School in 1940. My Dad served as the treasurer on the school board from 1950 until 1957 when he lost the school board election to a newcomer in the new Broomfield Heights subdivision.

The first graduation class in 1962 had forty-nine student pictures in the annual with thirty-nine in the class graduation photo. There are only five students that I am aware of that started in the old two room Broomfield School that graduated from Broomfield High School. They are my sister, Garnet Smith 1962, Renee Kozisek 1963, Edward Smith, that's me, 1964, Bonnie Bright 1965, and Susie Kozisek 1966. There is a possibility that Dale Brunner also graduated 1966, although I can't be sure as I was long gone by then.

When I started school, Mom would drive my sister and me to school and pick us up after school, which was out in the country a little less than two miles from where I lived on West 120th Avenue. She would drive East on 120th Avenue, then turn left onto what is Main Street now and then north to the school. It was an unusual occurrence to walk home, although I remember walking home at least once.

On September 21, 1953 I woke up feeling that something was wrong. There was a mail train going south that passed the back of our property just before seven am every morning that I used as my alarm clock. Little did I know that there was a train going north that did not stop to let the south bound train pass. They met head on close to the grain elevator on the south side of 120th Avenue killing two engineers. I probably heard the crash in my sleep and woke up but did not realize it. The last car in the southbound train blocked the road, so Mom had to take an alternate route to take me to school. After I got home from school that day I went to where the railroad car was blocking the road and walked around it to see if I could see anything. I couldn't see much so I went to my cousin's home on Wadsworth where there was an excellent view of the wreck. The car blocking the tracks was moved by the next morning and Mom drove the usual way to school. In one aerial photo of the wreck on the localhistory.boulderlibrary.org site, (call number for the photo is BHS 218-5-44) showing the wreck, several structures show up including my home, my grandparents' home, the grain elevators, Grange Hall, and the Broomfield Lumber Company. My home is just to the right of the Grange Hall.

When I started school, I had no concept of the alphabet or numbers as no home schooling had taken place in my home. My teacher, Mrs. Lundberg, asked us to introduce ourselves. When it came to my turn I said my name was Eddie. She asked me what my last name was. I had no idea what my last name was, in fact I didn't know if I had one. Talk about not being prepared for school.

School supplies in those days were simple. Items needed were a Big Chief tablet, pencil, eight pack of Crayola crayons, and LePage's glue with the rubber tip. Older students would also get bottles of Sheaffer Skrip Ink in black or blue for the ink well and a fountain pen. Some students would get sets of

Crayola's in packages up to 24 crayons. My mom always purchased the 8 pack with red, yellow, orange, green, blue, violet, brown, and black for me. I was jealous of the students that had more crayons.

I learned the pledge of allegiance right off as it was said every day. We would stand put our right hand over our heart and pledge allegiance to the US flag. The superintendent of schools for boulder County, Glenn Wildman Pennock, would visit our school on occasion and give us some religious training. I learned the Lord's Prayer and some other verses and earned a Bible for my efforts which I still have today. Lunches were not provided by the school. My mom made my lunches and put them in my plain blue metal rectangular lunch box that also had a thermos. Some of the other students had fancy lunch boxes with paintings of Roy Rodgers on his horse or other popular celebrities. Lunch included a sandwich, usually of some kind of lunch meat wrapped in wax paper, a fruit such as apple, orange, banana, and whatever she put in the thermos. On occasion I would get a sugar sandwich. It was two pieces of bread with butter and white sugar. No wonder I had 12 cavities by the time I was twelve.

I don't remember a lot about academics the first four grades other reading with the other students in my class at the back of the room with Mrs. Lundberg. We read the "Dick and Jane series". I did not catch on to reading quickly and had to read to my mother in the summers to keep up with my class. I had to read more "Dick and Jane" books along with Golden books suitable to my reading level. I also received the "Weekly Reader", a weekly newspaper for elementary school children, which I really enjoyed. My sister, who was two years older than me had a phonics class, but by the time I started school, phonics was dropped which my parents did not like. I probably could have used it since my reading and spelling were not the greatest. I was left-handed which was not good in those days. We had to learn cursive writing, and the penman ship class was not set up for lefthanded students. We had to do a lot of exercises drawing looping l's and o's to get into the flow of writing. I tried it from above the line and below without much success. In fact, I would say no success when looking at my cursive writing today. Writing from the top of the line, would cause me to drag my hand over what I had just written and smear it whether it was written with a soft lead pencil or ink. That's not good when trying to be neat. Mrs. Lundberg just did not know what to do with a left-handed person when it came to writing.

If I ever did anything at school that my sister didn't approve of, she would turn me in to my mother for whatever transgression it was that I did. I remember one time when at recess I took off my cowboy boots as they were rubbing my calves and ran around the playground in my socks. My sister saw me and turned me in to mom. I don't remember what my punishment was or even if there was one. If my sister had not turned me in, I'm sure my mom would have wondered why my socks were extra dirty. I guess that's what siblings do.

I always looked forward to recess unless I knew we were going to play dodge ball. All eight grades participated in the same game which meant that the age range was tremendous for a game that relied on being able to throw the ball hard enough to hit someone without them catching it. I don't remember the older boys taking into account the age of the opponent's players. As a younger player, I spent my time dodging rather than trying to catch the ball. The red rubber ball that was used really hurt sometimes when I got hit. By the time I was old enough to defend myself and throw the ball hard, we had moved to the cottage schools and had no backstop for the ball and that was the end of dodge ball. We also played kick ball which was more to my liking. Of course, there was the slide and swings to play on. Generally, there was a race to see who got to the swings first. We would see how high we could get the swings to go and then would bail out. I don't remember anyone ever getting hurt when bailing out.

When the snow came there were always snowball fights along with making snow forts. Snow forts were made in the spring when the temperature would warm up enough during the day to start melting the snow. At night the snow would get a crust about three or four inches thick. We would then cut blocks of snow to make the snow forts. Of course, once the snow fort was built, there would be snowball fights where one group of kids would attack the fort and others would defend the fort. We would also look for snakes, garter or bull, in the field South of the school. When one was caught it was fun to sneak up on a girl and scare her with it. I doubt any of the girls were scared, but played along and screamed and ran away like good girls were supposed to do.

Springtime was my favorite time of year, not because the school year was over, but because there were two events during May that I really enjoyed. The first one was going to the University of Colorado football stadium and participating in the field days for all the school districts in Boulder County where everyone participated in various track and field events. My specialty was the high jump. At home, I made two standards that would support a crossbar and put a nail in the standards every inch. I would practice every day after school and thought I would do ok as I could clear the bar about half way between by waist and my shoulders. As it turned out I did not get a ribbon for first, second, or third place. There were no participation ribbons in those days. You either placed or went home empty handed, which is what happened to me every year. I don't remember any field days after fourth grade. The other activity I enjoyed was going to on a field trip to Denver to the Museum of Natural History, Denver Zoo, the State Capitol, and the Colorado history museum. One time we even visited the Duffy's soda bottling plant. Duffy's was a local bottler of various flavors of soda. I don't remember what happened to Duffy's, but the company disappeared by the time I was in high school. I still go to the Museum of Natural History, now named Museum of Nature and Science, and The Colorado History Museum on occasion when I'm in Denver. My favorite part of the Museum of Natural History was and still is the mineral display followed by the dinosaur display.

One year Mrs. Lundberg took a trip to Mesa Verde and when she returned, she had some interesting stories to tell about the country, and the people who lived in that area in the past. I think her stories along with my visits to the museums in Denver and family vacations around the West inspired my interest in my natural surroundings which led me to majoring in forestry when I went to college.

When I was in third grade on September 14, 1954, President Dwight Eisenhower visited the National Bureau of Standards, now known as the National Institute of Standards and Technology, in Boulder Colorado and gave a speech. The entire school went to the event. I remember going, but I was so young and far away from the podium that I didn't get anything out of the event other than knowing the President of the United States was speaking, and that it was a big deal.

I grew up at 7795 West 120th Avenue in Broomfield just East of Crescent Grange #136. During that time frame before Broomfield became a city and county, West 120th Avenue was the southern boundary of Boulder County. Across the street was Jefferson County where I had three cousins that lived only a couple of blocks away from my home at 11905 North Wadsworth. Jefferson County was another jurisdiction as far as schools went, and even though we all lived in Broomfield, they went to school in Jefferson County and I went to school in Boulder County. Their school was located on 119th Place which was one block almost directly south of where I lived and a half block from where my cousins lived. It was Lorraine school, a one room school with a swing set, basketball hoop, and a shed for horses

for those who rode to horses to school. By the time we started school no one rode horses to school so the shed was not used. Even though I could see the school from where I lived, I had to go to school almost two miles away. Jefferson County schools were on a different schedule than the Boulder County schools and often I was out of school when they were in school and could watch the kids play during their recess.

The home where I grew up has been torn down along with my grandparents' home just to the east of my home. Both have been replaced with a commercial property with a new physical address. My cousin's home has been demolished and the property is now in the middle of Interlocken Loop where Wadsworth used to be. Wadsworth north of Interlocken Loop is now named Colmans Way. The Lorraine school is also gone. The approximate location of where the school was is 7898 West 119th Place.

During May of 1956 at the end of my fourth grade, Broomfield Heights Subdivision had grown enough to require more classrooms for the growing student population. The developer built a few homes at 400, 420, and 450 West First Avenue to be used for schools temporarily until a new school could be built. They were called cottage schools and were given names of trees. I remember there were three schools each with a name, Aspen, Birch, and Cedar. There were two rooms on the first floor and two in the basement. I have a school photo of the 1955-56-year students. There are four teachers and forty-five students in the eighth grades. I also have a class photo of my sixth grade class with twenty-two students and our teacher. There were two sessions of sixth graders so the twenty-two students represent about half of the sixth grade.

Once the old two room school was closed, the contents of the school and playground equipment were auctioned off. My dad ended up with one of the slate blackboards. I remember the slide went to the Brunner's home on 120th avenue. I really wanted that slide but it wasn't to be. Every time my family drove by their house, I would check it out and wish it was in my yard instead.

Mrs. Lundberg was my teacher from first through fourth grade. Mrs. Armstead was my teacher in the fifth grade, and Mr. Ralston was my sixth-grade teacher.

Fifth grade was in one of the rooms on the main level and by the sixth grade there were enough students to fill two rooms in the basement. The girls liked to pass notes in class during fifth grade and they wanted me to be a go help pass notes between them due to the seating arrangement. I wasn't that interested in getting caught passing notes but helped them out on occasion. I liked to pretend I was going to read the notes before passing them on but never did. I never got caught, thank goodness. Classes were the basics, reading writing and arithmetic. During arithmetic, two students would go to the green board, not black slate anymore, although I preferred the black board, and would be given the same math problem to write down and solve. It was simple addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. The idea was to finish the problem correctly before the other student. Mrs. Armstead would sometimes read to us in the afternoon after all our lessons had been completed. She ended up being the librarian at the high school. There were two fifteen-minute recesses during the day and the time was spent playing tether ball, four square, jumping rope and just goofing off. The older boys would always win at tether ball since they were much taller. One time when I was playing, the older boy I was playing against wasn't really paying attention and I ended up winning. He wasn't very happy, but took it in stride and went to the end of the line.

It was about a half mile from my house to the cottage schools and also later to the new grade school. My transportation to the cottage schools was my bike which I rode until at least seventh grade. I don't remember riding it to the new high school. It was a two-speed maroon Hawthorn bicycle sold by Montgomery Ward with a basket attached to the handlebars which I put my books and lunch in. Yes, it had two gears, but in reality, it had two speeds, as fast as it would go and stopped.

The fifth grade Christmas program was the whole class singing the "Night Before Christmas" poem as a song. It had to be pretty crowded with the students at the front of the class room and all the parents sitting in desks or standing.

Sixth grade was more of the same basics with history thrown in. My teacher liked to complain that he could make more money babysitting us than being our teacher. He failed to mention that we were in school and the odds of us being babysat by him were zero. Of course, no one in the class disputed him since we were only kids and would never contradict a teacher at that stage of our lives. I really liked geography. There was a picture of Machu Pichu in the history book which caught my attention and I immediately wanted to go to Peru and see it. One of my daughters knew I wanted to see Machu Pichu and asked me to go with her one summer. Due to my job responsibilities, I was not able to go. I haven't made it yet but hope too one day. In the spring we had a party with a tropical theme. We all helped decorate.

One day when I was either in fifth or sixth grade and on my way home from school, there were two students bare knuckle boxing over a girl in their grade. There was quite a crowd of students watching. Watching a fight was not my idea of a good time so I didn't stick around to find out who won, but was told the next day who won. I must have been well sheltered as I just didn't want to watch the violence. Anyway, who in their right mind would want to fight over a girl.

Sometime during either fifth or sixth grade we got to pick the school colors and mascot for the to be Broomfield High School. I don't remember any of the choices other than the winning colors and mascot which were blue and white and the eagle. It seems to me that was a little early to be choosing colors and mascot for a non-existent high school. It may have taken place in later, but that's not my memory.

I began seventh grade in the new school on Elmhurst Place between Garnet Street and Emerald Street. I believe it was called Emerald Street Elementary school as it was designed eventually to be an elementary school. At this point it housed seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. The students in the ninth grade were to be the first graduating class of Broomfield High School in 1962. It was nice to be in a "real school". It even had a gymnasium where we had gym classes, student assemblies, and programs. The out of bounds of the basketball court was about three feet from the wall of the gym and one time when I was chasing a loose ball, I could not stop myself and accidentally kicked the wall with my foot. I broke my big toe. It sure did hurt for a long time and I didn't play basketball for the rest of the season. At one assembly, there was a person who came in and did a demonstration with liquid oxygen. I was impressed when he froze a hot dog and then shattered it with a hammer. The school has since been torn down and replaced with new facilities.

During science class, there was an educational movie called "Hemo the Magnificent" that we got to watch every year for several years. It was about the circulatory system and had pictures of blood flowing through veins. It was pretty cool but got boring after seeing it many times.

One time in English class one of the students brought in some alcohol that he took from his parents' liquor supply. He was sitting in the back of the room with some of his buddies sneaking the bottle back and forth and taking swigs. The teacher saw that something was going on, went to the back of the room to check it out and discovered the alcohol. Well, those kids got into big trouble. I don't remember what the punishment was, but it couldn't have been good. The interesting thing about the incident was that the kid who brought the liquor to the school was not the type of person that I thought would do that sort of thing. In the end he turned out fine and graduated from college.

Mrs. Clark was the math teacher. She made math fun and was my favorite teacher. There are two things I remember about her class. With a gleam in her eye, she would say that if we didn't behave, she would take the offending student over her red checkered apron and give him/her a good swat. It was a good-humored joke and we all knew it. The other thing was that at the end of each class she would pass out a sheet of math problems to each student and then give us a minute to do all the problems. Each sheet would either be simple addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division problems. If I remember right there were one hundred problems on a sheet. It may sound like a lot of problems to solve in a minute, but by doing it every day we became proficient and quick with the answers. The exercise turned into a race to see who would be the first one to finish with the most correct answers. We exchanged papers and graded them to find out who was best that particular day. It was a good way to get us to memorize addition, subtraction, multiplication and division tables to twelve.

Mr. Bealer was the science teacher. That's where I got my introduction to the scientific method. I think there were seven steps. We also learned about the scientific classification of plants and animals. Many of my classmates could not be less interested in plant classification, but I thought it was fascinating.

There was a detached building which was used as a shop class on the lower level and a music room on the upper level. It was on a hillside so the lower level was a walkout basement. The shop teacher was Mr. Ralston. All I remember about that class was learning to draft and then using some hand tools. We had to draw the plans for a sanding block from the top, side, and end and then take a block of wood and manufacture what we drew with hand tools. The sanding block was a rectangular block with beveled edges on four edges of one face. Sounds easy, but using a hand plane to make the bevels was hard. Mr. Ralston was insistent that the bevels be at forty-five degrees and would come by and check with his square on our progress. I never did get the forty-five-degree angle right so no daylight could be seen between the bevel and the square. I have no idea what my grade was other than it was not an A and I didn't fail either.

Football was played on a makeshift field with no bleachers on the north side of the school. I did not participate or attend any games and do not know if it was intermural or inter school play. I imagine if it was with another school, it would have been on a junior high level.

Eighth through twelfth grade was at the new Broomfield High School at 1 Eagle Way which opened the fall of 1959. The class rooms have been demolished and replaced, but I think the original gym is still being used. It was the typical flat roofed single story building typical of the type of school being built in the late fifties and early sixties. It was rectangular in shape with classrooms around the perimeter and the lockers, restrooms, library, councilor's office shop, home economics room and a teachers lounge in the middle, with a hallway between the classrooms and the interior facilities. The

administrative office was right by the front entrance along with a small lounge area used as a lunchroom for the students who brought lunches. The gym was a detached building southeast of the school.

At some point after eighth grade the school district went on split sessions due to the influx of new students being more than what the school could handle. After the school went on split sessions the lounge was not used as a lunch area as the morning high school classes were over at noon and junior high classes were taught in the afternoon eliminating the need for a lunch area.

The high school needed to become accredited so everyone in the school went through the process. I guess it was quite stressful for the staff as they were on edge throughout the whole process. The process didn't affect me other than the teachers stressed that students had to be on our good behavior in and out of class. The classes were observed and accreditation was received.

In order to graduate students had to take several years of science, English, math, social studies, and physical education. One could pick from the following classes, which I extracted from my school annual book, to meet the requirements which included biology, algebra, trigonometry, physics, chemistry, social studies, American history, Western history, American problems, English, Spanish, French, Latin, shop, drafting, music, band, art, speech & drama, typing, home economics, business, office practice, reading, journalism. My favorite subjects were anything science or math related such as biology, chemistry, algebra, and physics. I didn't take trigonometry as a lot of the students who had taken the class said it was very hard. I took it in college and found it an easy class.

I also took drivers education class. I'm not sure of its affiliation with the school as it is not listed as a subject in my 1964 school annual. My dad had told me not to harass him about getting a license when I was sixteen and that he would decide when I was ready to get one. When drivers' education class was available in the spring of 1963, I was sixteen and one-half years old, he let me take it. I was probably the last one in my class to get a driver's license as most kids got one as soon as they were eligible. Classroom instruction was about learning the rules of the road in order to get a driver's license, but what I remember most is having to watch black and white movies of car wrecks with the police, ambulances, injured people and blood, lots of blood. I'm sure the intent was to scare use into driving responsibly. I know it got my attention. Of course, we had to learn to drive in addition to classroom studies. I had been driving pickups and plowing with tractors in my uncle's dryland wheat fields around Broomfield and pretty much knew how to drive. The car used in the class was a clutch operated standard three speed transmission. When it was my turn to drive the instructor asked me if I had ever driven a car. I told him no, which was the truth as I had only driven tractors and pickups. He knew immediately when I started out without stalling the car and shifting gears with ease that I had driven something. After that, he asked the other students who hadn't driven yet if they had driven anything. Well, he didn't kick me out of the class for being a smart ass passed the class and immediately got my license.

There was one time that we were given a test taught by Mr. Keefer or Mr. Schott who taught history and geography. We were told to read the directions at the top of the first page of the test. The directions at the top of the page said to read the multiple-choice test completely before answering any questions. I started to read the questions and realized I would not have time to go back and answer all the questions during the class period. I looked around the room and saw many students answering question. I was tempted to do the same but ended up following the directions. The last question was

something like this “If you haven’t answered any questions on the test, bring it up to the front desk to receive your perfect score”. There were not many students that got a perfect score. I was one.

The Rocky flats facility was nearby. It was a secret at the time what was done there, but we had safety drills on occasion in case there was a nuclear attack on the plant, Denver, or Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado Springs. All a drill involved was taking cover on the floor. If Rocky Flats was the target and was hit, I doubt anything we did would have been enough to save us.

Times have changed over the years and one example I have is that when the high school was on split sessions, one of my friends would bring his shotgun to school and store it in his locker so he could go hunting right after school. The Principle, Mr. Lewis, was usually outside the administration office greeting students and would say to my friend, “going hunting after school today?”. There was no concern about anyone’s safety or something bad happening. Can you see that happening in today’s world?

I was the subject of some bullying. There was a wrestler who wrestled about one hundred eighty pounds. I weighed maybe a hundred pounds. Well, he decided he liked to wrestle with me in gym class before the gym teacher came out of his office after we were dressed out for class. He would find me, get me on the wrestling mat, and tie me in a knot. He had a great time, but needless to say I did not. He would always let me go just before the gym teacher came out of his office to the gym. I never said anything to the gym teacher, because I felt he would not do anything and it just might escalate the situation.

I was in gym class November 22, 1963 when I found out that President Kennedy was assassinated. Our gym teacher, Mr. Harper, called us together and had us sit on the floor of the gym and told us what had happened. It was a pretty somber group after that. We were on split sessions and gym class was the last class of the day. After class, I went home, and spent the rest of the day watching events unfold on the television. There was no school on Monday so I watched the funeral on Monday as school was let out for the day. I think most moving part was when John Jr. saluted his father’s casket. It was his third birthday.

One spring day in May 1963 an outhouse mysteriously appeared on the roof of the entry way of the high school. I don’t know who the perpetrators were and it disappeared by the next day. My guess is that the Senior class had something to do with it.

For a new high school, we had fairly good sports teams and when I was a senior the football team went to state and lost in the first round with a score of 2 to 0. The basketball team won the Broomfield Invitational Tournament. The wrestling team placed seventh in state out of fifty-five schools with two wrestlers finishing third place in their weight divisions. The baseball team won the single A state championship in 1963 by beating Palisade 7-3 and lost to Fruita in the semi-finals in 1964. In track one of the weight men set a record for the shot put that I learned at our classes of the 60’s reunion in 2001 hadn’t yet been broken.

I wanted to play football and wrestle, but my dad said no. In those days I did what my dad said. He was concerned I might get hurt. I can understand his thoughts about football since I doubt I weighed one-hundred pounds until my junior year. It made no sense to me that I couldn’t wrestle since I would be wrestling someone my size. We had to wrestle in gym class and there was a wrestler on the

wrestling team that wrestled 103 pounds. I had to wrestle him in gym class and he could not beat me. I was tall and skinny and had leverage that he could not overcome. I think we tied or I beat him, because he was really angry when we were through wrestling. Since I wasn't allowed to wrestle, I played basketball for a couple of years, then quit as I was not good at all and got tired of sitting on the bench. Baseball was my sport. I played summer ball with the local Lions Club sponsoring Old Timers Baseball. When it came to playing ball in school, I felt like I didn't belong with the other jocks and didn't tryout at first. Eventually I tried out as a junior and made the team. I didn't play in every game but did get on the field on occasion. I played left field and during my senior year I hadn't hit a home run like the center fielder and right fielder had done. Well, when we would go to the outfield and loosen up by throwing a ball around between innings, they would give me a hard time about warming up with them since I had not hit a home run. There were no outfield fences at most of the fields we played and they both had home runs due to the fact that they hit the ball between the outfielders and the ball rolled forever. By the time the outfielder chased the ball down and threw it to the infield, they had their homeruns. I did finally get a home run and one upped them when we were playing Evergreen. There was a fence around the outfield in Evergreen, and I hit the ball over the centerfield fence. I thought that more than made up for any home run they hit. It was my turn to give them a hard time for not hitting a true home run over a fence. They were not too appreciative of that so I only did it once, but they didn't give me a hard time after that. I didn't play as much as I would have liked as a senior since my dad found a job for me on weekends and he required that I work on Saturdays. Some games were scheduled for Saturdays and I wasn't able to attend. My coaches thought that baseball was more important than working as did I, but it made no difference to my dad. As a result, I didn't play as much as in games scheduled during the week as a punishment as coaches wanted players who were 100% committed. As I look back on it now, I only had a few Saturdays of baseball left in my life and a whole lifetime of work. I doubt that argument would have held much weight with my father as he grew up during the Depression and felt that a person should take any job offered. One never knew when another opportunity would present itself. As it turned out the job he found for me paid my way through college as I returned to work the same job every summer until I graduated from college. Once I was offered a ride home after baseball practice with some of the jocks. I said OK, so off we went. Little did I know that they were not going to take me straight home. Instead, we went out in the county so the jocks could have a smoke. That wasn't anything I wanted to participate in so after that I refused rides. When we went to Grand Junction in 1963 for the state championship baseball game, some drinking of alcohol took place. Once we got to the motel, the first thing that happened in the room that I was in with some of the older players was someone got out a bottle of liquor, I think it was orange vodka, and put it in the water tank of the toilet. Later on in the evening the drinking began. Again, I did not partake. It got a little noisy and one of the coaches came by to find out what was going on. He was trying to look in the window but the curtains were closed. Someone heard a noise outside, pulled the curtain back and low and behold there was the coach. The door had been locked. There ensued a lot of scrambling to put the bottle put back in the toilet tank before the door was opened. I don't know how, but they got away with it. Supposedly a person would be kicked off the team if caught smoking or drinking and these guys were the heart of the team and also played other sports. I think the coaches must have known what was going on but didn't want to have to kick a bunch of players off the team just before the championship game. I often wonder what the coaches really knew.

We did not use buses going to Grand Junction for the game. The coaches and a few teachers drove their cars. The car I was in had one of the players who was originally from back East. He called

shotgun, which meant he got to ride in the front passenger seat. Interstate 70 hadn't been built yet and we had to go over Loveland Pass which was his first time in the mountains let alone going over a pass. He did fine until we got on the pass then was certain we were going to go off the road and be killed. I thought he was going to get in the driver's seat. I'm sure he didn't call for the shotgun position on the way home.

The Junior Senior prom in 1964 was held May 2nd at the Capri Motel on 104th and I-25. I wanted to go, but that would involve inviting a girl. I was shy and it took all I had to ask a gal out. Well, I asked Roberta Pitts and to my surprise, she said yes. We had a good time. The theme was "Can Can" and the menu included Baron of Beef, Potato Au 'gratin, Red Bean Vinaigrette, Macaroni Salad, and iced relishes.

There were eighty-one graduates in my class on the graduation program in 1964. Our sponsors were Mr. & Mrs. Defler, Mr. Keefer, and Miss. Martin. Senior class officers were: President, Dave Buckley, Vice President, Brent Sutherland; Treasurer, Bob Woodard; and Sargent at Arms, Mike Speedie. Class colors were Royal Blue and Silver. Class flower was light blue carnation, and the class motto was "Before we followed; now we lead". For Denver Bronco fans, Mike Speedie was the son of one of the coaches for the Denver Broncos at that time.

When we graduated, Roberta's parents took us to Taylor's Supper Club on Colfax. I think they were concerned that we might go out drinking otherwise. I had no desire to do such a thing. We dated until the end of summer when I went off to college.

My mother died of cancer in January of 1963 and my father remarried the following fall and purchased a home close to his work in Denver. Directly after I graduated, we moved to Denver, and I have had little contact with anyone in Broomfield since then.

Did I receive a good education? I believe the school did good considering it was a new school with new teachers, which had to go through the accreditation procedures, and had no traditions to tie the students to the school. In the end it was good enough for me to be able to graduate with a bachelor of science degree in wood science in 1969. It took me five years to graduate as I changed my major from forestry to wood science along the way and had to take more classes of a different nature than what was required for forestry.