



*Dan Schweitzer*

Fun as square dancing is, there is plenty more to life up here at 9,100 feet. Summer is short and now gone, but it remains a fond memory for us Toppers. Some typical examples:

Got out on Lake Dillon in a kayak or rowing shell before dawn. Paddled through the rising mist, and watched the peaks catch the first rays. Saw eagles perched on a dead pine. Heard ducks sploosh loudly and disappear – torpedoed no doubt. Even with the sun well clear of the fourteeners to the east the pier may still be coated in frost.

Tromped the flowered trails past quiet alpine lakes, grassy meadows, and up to craggy peaks. The peaks usually being the shorter cousins of fourteeners in a bid for solitude rather than trophies.

Pedaled the paved paths winding around Lake Dillon and branching along the streams leading to Keystone, Breckenridge, Copper, and beyond.

Bounced mountain bikes and trail bikes over old roads and ruts to abandoned mines, cabins, sluices and tailing ponds.

Rocked to concerts at the Dillon amphitheater, as the setting sun

painted clouds, peaks, and the lake in the red end of the spectrum.

Failed to catch trout in a variety of lakes, reservoirs, and streams.

Survived weekend art festivals, music festivals, cook-offs, and parades with only minor pocket-book damage.

Added a few more colors to the backyard flower garden.

Hunted some favorite spots for mushrooms.

Moved rocks, logs, dirt, and garbage, restoring National Forest trails.

And, of course, square danced.

Up here, October is a month of rest and memories. Has to be, skiing starts soon.