

NAME DROPPING

By Fred Hobbs

Any one of a “certain” age will have a list several miles long of people who have entered her or his life. Readers may not find this “name dropping” piece particularly interesting. It serves only as a mental exercise set to paper (or at least to computer print.) Family names are not included, with one exception, a special person highlighted at the conclusion.

Here, then, is a list of people who stand out randomly, but vividly in my life from its infancy to the significant age of 29. Only first names are given except for those, by virtue of their age or position at the time of my involvement with them, deserve to be called by their Hobbs names.

Age six months to six years: Mrs. Bullock, a jolly matronly Irish lady in whose home our family lived in that period. I remember the latter part of those years. They included lots of cookies and milk, hugs, and I am told, many chuckles at my early childhood behavior and verbal interaction.

Seven and eight: Natalie McLean, an eccentric mountain gal who lived alone in a cabin at the bottom of the hill between Evergreen and Bergen Park. I was fascinated by the fact that she grew “musharoons” (as she called them) in a room at the back of her cabin.

Nine through eleven: The kids in Encio Village, a World War II era government housing project north of Lowry Field. Jerry, Patty, Pee Wee, “Big Don”, Dick and Joe.

Twelve through fifteen: Donna (first crush.) I never had the courage to tell her, so she undoubtedly doesn’t know to this day,) Jeannette, a lovely girl in my middle school class who was thrown from a motorcycle and fatally injured. And my all-time favorite teacher, Virginia Stubbs, our “home room” teacher who had a great personality which she mixed with humor, warm touches, fascinating classroom lessons and a masterful control over the class.

Sixteen through eighteen: Two great East Denver High School teachers, Genevieve Kreiner (speech) and Jack McIntosh (chemistry.)

Eighteen through twenty-one: Maurice Frink, outstanding college professor with a “real life” background in newspaper journalism. Gail (second crush, but it turned out she was engaged to someone else.) Ellsworth Stepp, Russ Shaffer and John Wilcox who gave me my first crack at radio broadcasting.

Twenty-two through twenty-nine: Barbara (third crush, thank heavens it didn’t work out; Jetta, fourth crush (ditto); Dick and Bill (roommates.) Gene, Hugh, Jim and Wayne, all great broadcasters for whom I worked.

Twenty-nine until eternity: My wife Mary Ellen, who passed away four years ago.

Of course, it would be impossible in the space allotted to list, let alone describe in detail, the eccentric, loveable, weird, loyal, funny, smart, not-so-smart, and/or downright dumb people

who have crossed my lifelong path.

Just be thankful that no two people are alike.