

1329 00

Tom
17 Sep 82
8.40

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W

I

A dropping
levelling
B land c

"

I

A flat c
B land c

S.2 very flat c
grey pc
grasses cfb
dry cf.
soft cf.
grass smells cf.
hot cf.
rocky cf.
sandy

"

I

A rough textured.

B plain

S.2 rolling
many

1329 00

open c
Brown ctb
doubt ctb.

Sounds?
open sounds
farm land smells pc

very flat land open c.

39
rough.
Breaks

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W

I

A high low
B land c

"

A rising flat
B pl
Aol breaks
plain

"

I

A rough
B land

1329 00

S-2 dry grass smell ⁽³⁾ cf.
dark at
grey pc
grasses cf.

39° 46' 27" N

104° 52' 39" W

I

A —
M₁₃ Breaks

Piss Breaks.

11

I

A Flat way.
curving
straight c
directional c

B-

S-2 manmade c
hard c
long c
light colored cf.
smells
noises c

(4)

square pattern c
rough textured af.

1329 07

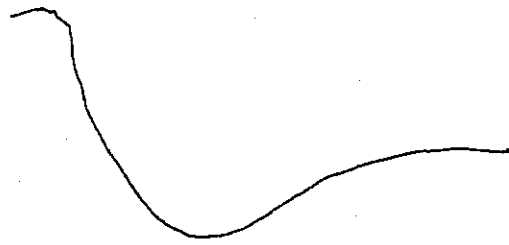
Hal Breaks..

Airport - -

Tom
17 Sept 82
0840

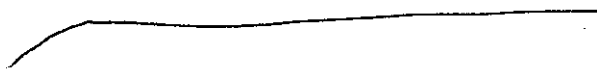
1329 00

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W



A - droppind leveling
B land c

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W

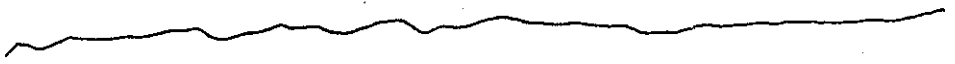


A flat c
B land c

S-2

Very flat c
Grassy pc
Grasses CFB
Dry CFB
Soft CFB
Grass ^{CFB} small
Hot CFB
Rocky CFB
Sandy

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W



A - Rough
textured

B - plain

S-2 rolling
mang

Open c

Brown CFB

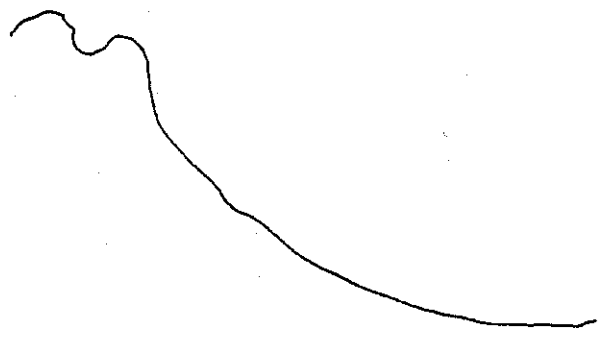
Dark CFB

Open ponds
farmland
Smells ^{mbc}

Very flat land
Open

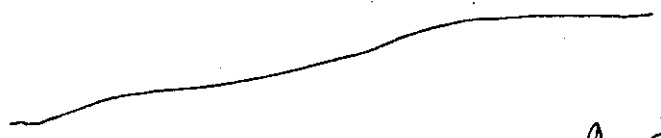
39° Bresh

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W



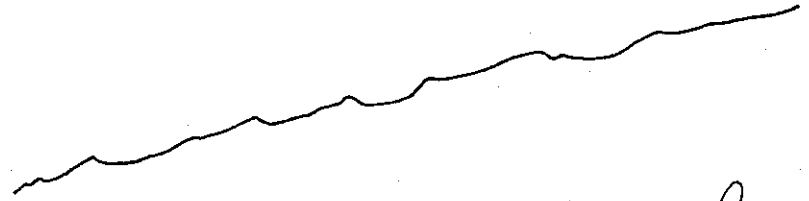
A - High low
B - land c

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W



A Rising
flat
B - plain
Aol. Beach
Plain

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W



A Rough
B land

S-2 Dry Grass ^{CFB} Soil
Dark CFB
Gray PC

1329 00

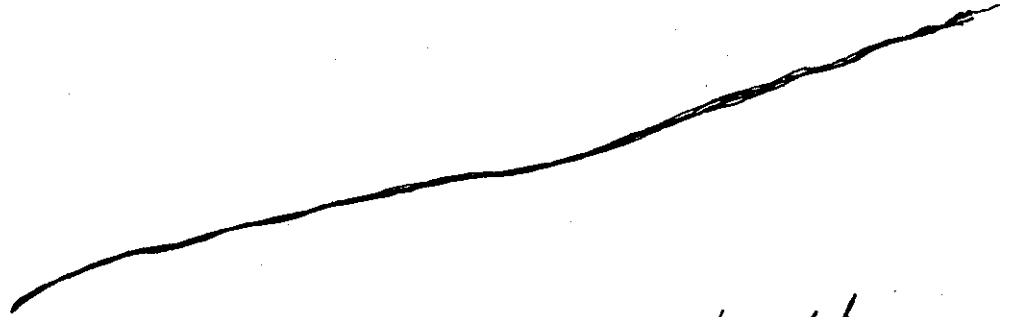
Grasses CFB

39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W



A - Miss Breck

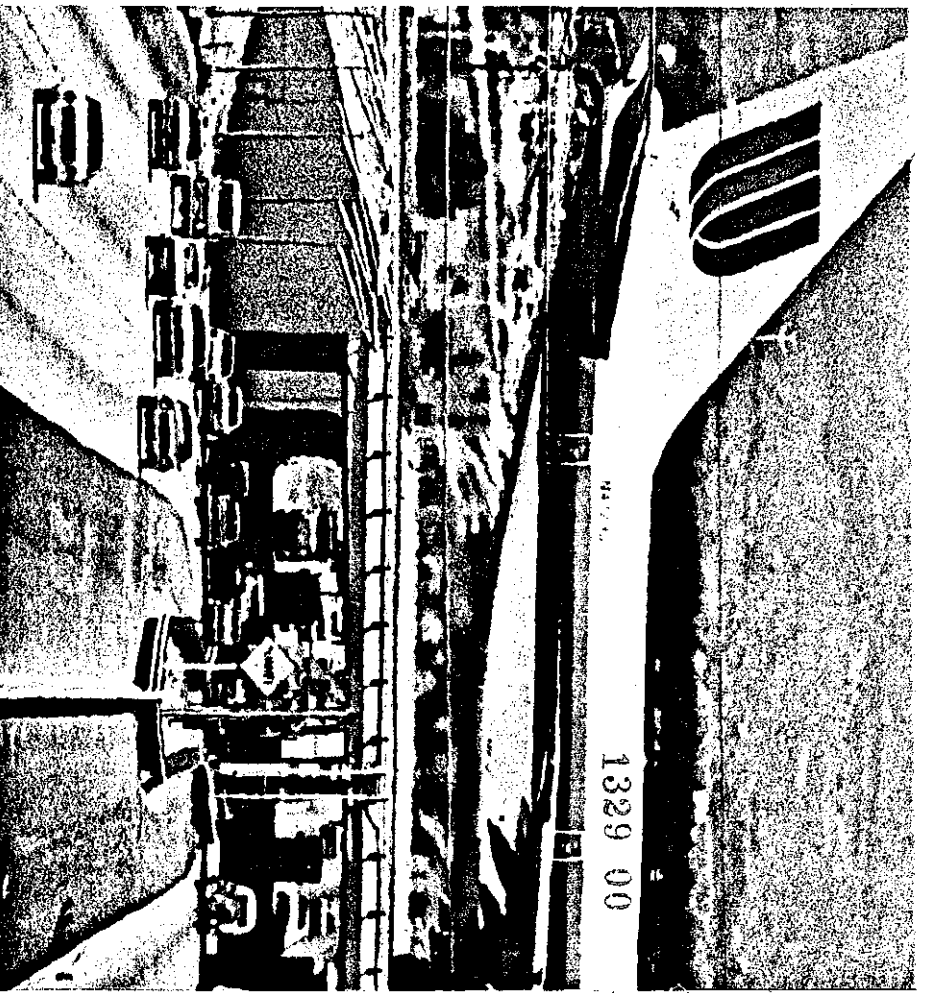
39° 46' 27" N
104° 52' 39" W



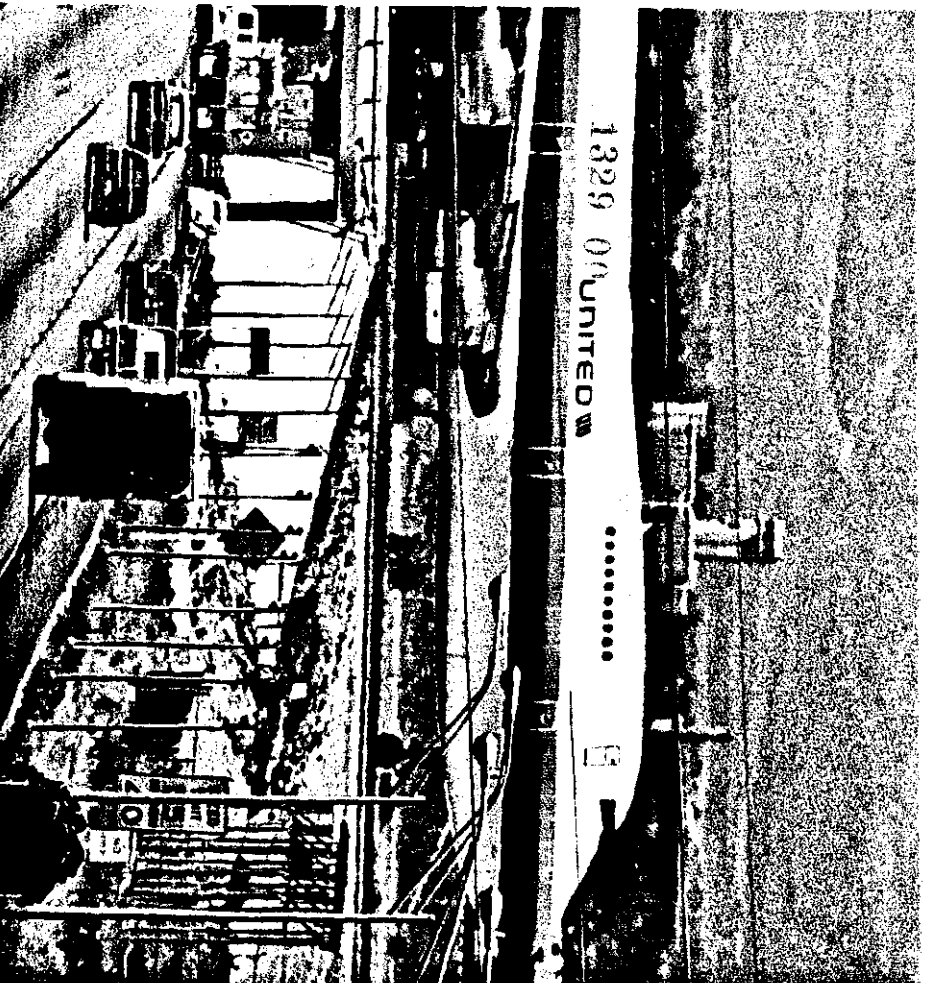
S-2
A - straight
B - directional
man made E

Hard c
long c
light colored c
loud noises c
square pattern c
Rougher texture CFB

Aol Breck
airport



Big bird in the backyard, a 747 taxiing across Stapleton International Airport



Startles travelers on Interstate 70. United, the nation's largest airline, trains pilots here.

thing. Look at that rear; he's got a lot of what it takes. When we get a new bull, and he wants to fight, we let Sequoia handle him.

"Here's Marathon, a hot breeder. He's killed two bulls. He gets to stay with the cows all winter; keeps him content."

We went on to the big house, in the style of a Scottish castle, perched high on a windy hill. It had been built by stonemasons from Cornwall in the 1920's for a wealthy man from Boston. I admired the hand-hewn beams, the stone carving, the fine old paintings, the buffalo and elk heads over the great fireplace.

Mrs. Kimball led me up circular stone steps to the top of the castle's tower. The wind moaned through the slits in the parapet. We looked across the valley, a sweep of greening grass and still gray scrub oak, toward the Front Range.

Then we looked to the north. We could see the outcrops of suburbia: ordered rectangles, massed and dark; and, just over the next ridge, the tops of the downtown towers, toy small.

"That's the Phipps Ranch that way, that empty land. They just sold it to Mission Viejo." Soon enough the uniform ranks of

houses would move several miles closer.

"You going to sell, Mrs. Kimball?"

"No. No, I'll keep it. After me, it'll be up to my son Kirk to decide."

Different Voices, Different Dreams

And so the people of Denver watch their metropolis grow, some with apprehension, some with satisfaction. A Denver friend, a native, was telling me that he liked, now and then, to walk down to the confluence of the South Platte River and Cherry Creek, where the city had first begun. "You can stand down there and hear that water, and it kind

of refreshes your soul. You remember the hardships of those that came before, and the legacy they left. And you wonder: With all this growth, what will we leave for our own descendants?"

I went down to where the waters join, where it all began. The area has been turned into a park with a man-made kayak run. I listened to the waters. But in my mind's ear I could hear more clearly a cacophony of many different voices. Each bespoke a dream, a promise. Each sought to fulfill that promise here, close by the mountains whence the waters come. □

1329 00

