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QUOTE FOR THE DAY:

“ ‘I’m bored’ is a useless thing to say. I mean, you live in a great big, vast world. that you’ve seen none percent of. Even the inside of your own mind is endless, it goes on forever, inwardly, do you understand? The fact that you’re alive is amazing, so you don’t get to say, ‘I’m bored’” Louis, C.K.

C.K.’s ONLY PARTIALLY RIGHT:

C.K. would have us all moving the needle on our small knowledge of the vast world by getting out there and seeing it. Well, thank you, but because of that stupid bat or pangolin in Wuhan, no one’s going anywhere. So we can just forget about that big, vast world.

Inward trips for the human mind – oh, yeah, what fun. My trips occur most frequently in the

middle of the night, trying to get back to sleep. Here are some of my favorite trips:

Chronologically, going through all the Presidents of the United States – used to be a great sleep inducing exercise, especially once I was able to remember that Franklin Pierce came after Millard Fillmore. The exercise has become more difficult of late, as I've been exposed to so much of the cancel culture that I involuntarily clench my teeth when I pass over the names of nine of our first twelve presidents who were slave owners and shudder at the very thought of Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

Then there's the challenge of naming all the states in alphabetical order – bet you can't do it without practice. Very important to remember there are 7 Ms, 8 Ns, 3 Ws and 3 Os.

How about this one: about a year ago it occurred to me that I could only name about twenty countries in Africa when, in fact there are about 55. Well, I've since mastered the entire continent, throwing in Madagascar and the Seychelles for good measure.

You'll be pleased to know that the three just discussed methods are approved by the American Snoozers Association and, I'm delighted to have just gotten an endorsement from the American Dental Association – excellent way to mentally shorten your experience in the chair.

A rather lengthy way of saying your scribe is bored, not with his own life or inward life, but with what he reads and sees.

It used to be that I could spend at least two hours with one of our major national papers. Today, I find it hard to spend more than half an hour. Pandemic – same old same old – different names, same story. Civil unrest – different city, same story. Politics, just outrageous, who can insult each other the most. Interesting poll just out – 62% of Americans won't discuss their political views.

You could say I'm suffering writer's block – not the case – just having a difficult time finding some items that might be of interest to our HH readership in this, every day is ground hog's day, environment. Today, I'll cover a few of our

usual mundane issues and then move on to a remembered world sixty years distant – a Conde Nast traveller’s story.

SCHOOLS AND COVID -19 (CV):

As we approach the new school year, this becomes one of the most important health and social issues.

Just imagine NY City where Mayor DeBlasio has a wonderful idea – send the kids to school 2-3 days a week, with the remaining days at home in front of the tube. Given that a huge percentage of families have a need for both the husband and wife to work, this proposal just creates havoc. How can proper day care possibly exist with this patch- work program?

And, then the health issues attendant with the class- rooms filling up again. Early child hood experts and those who work with special needs students all say that the on-site experience is essential for proper development. I imagine that all students get a better education with the live class-room experience, but what about the risk factors?

Up to a third of teachers in some districts say they absolutely will not go back to the classroom until a vaccine or other actions are taken to dramatically reduce their risk of contracting the CV.

“A large new study from South Korea offers an answer: Children under the age of 10 transmit to others much less often than adults do, but the risk is not zero. Those between the ages of 10 and 19 can spread the virus at least as well as adults do.”

And, on top of everything, there’s the ever present danger of bringing the CV from school to home. Obviously, a real conundrum.

VACCINE RACE AND NEW THERAPEUTIC:

Wondering if the London Bookies have a betting pool for the first approved vaccine to market. Here are the top two. Moderna, which we have discussed previously – still a favorite. Rounding out the top two is the vaccine being developed in conjunction with Oxford University and AstraZeneca. Both developers are in Phase three trials.

On the therapeutic side, in addition to Hydroxychloroquine, which has regained a degree of credibility after having been debunked, there is also Remdesivir, previously discussed and, now, the emergence of an inhaled derivative of Interferon.

What is interesting about both the vaccines and the therapeutics is that, with the exception of Hydroxychloroquine (which is in plentiful supply), all the others have to be rationed.

While the vaccines won't be available until late in the year at the earliest, it is already known that decisions will have to be made as to who gets them, and in what order. This and the dispersal of the limited quantity therapeutics is becoming a real ethical dilemma. Right now, the decision makers are trending towards a weighted lottery so that medical personnel would be favorably weighted, assuring a very high percentage would receive early priority. If you're older (over 65) and have no underlying health issues, you have less weighting and therefore will be further down the list. If you're older, have under lying

conditions and are very, very ill – good chance you're number will come up for a trip to the great beyond, because you're unlikely to win that dose of Remdesivir. Speak about playing God. I don't know where they are going with this.

CONDE NAST TRAVELLER WANTS YOU IN NEDERLAND, COLORADO:

That's right, you don't have to go to Phuket, Thailand for the quintessential experience and the ability to brag to your friends about having been where they never have – you're going to Nederland, Colorado.

Come with me back to May, 1978. I'm on a business trip for Bankers Trust Company going to St Louis, Kansas City and the Denver area. My colleague and I have two corporate clients in the Boulder area. It's four o'clock in the afternoon and we get a call that the CFO for our final visit of the day got called home for an emergency.

With a few hours before dinner, we look at our map and, for no particular reason, decide to

drive up Boulder Canyon Drive, where, perched at 8,300 feet, we come upon Nederland.

Our first inkling that this would be an unusual visit came from the sign that proudly announced, “Population 492 and growing”.

Turns out that Nederland (so called because it sits in a depression at the top of the mountain) started in the 1850s as a trading post between the UTE Indians and European settlers. It subsequently became a mining town, mostly tungsten.

Those days were long departed by the time we arrived. These old, essentially abandoned, Colorado mining towns became favorite hang out places for the 1960 Hippie crowd which included (from descriptions of the day) “Freaks and, a catchall category, termed ‘general weirdness’”

There were no deciduous trees in leaf yet and a little greenery from nearby evergreen trees. In terms of the May landscape, no one to blame but mother nature – patches of snow here and

there, mixed with an unappealing vista of standing water, snowy mush and mud, mud, mud.

The buildings, all wood framed, were mostly weathered raw wood. The few that had been painted had nothing but small patches of peeling white paint remaining. Under a splotchy greyish sky, I'm struggling to find a color description, nothing in the spectrum works – no R,O,Y,G,B,I, and V , or combinations thereof work. The question, what color is Drab?

A circumnavigation of the town was completed within five minutes. Wow, that was exciting, but then, just as we are about to head back down we spy the Sundance Bar and Café. How about a hello and good riddance drink?

On entering the one room building we notice a singular lack of décor, matching in mood the view outside. There is a thirty- foot bar facing a huge twenty- foot smoky mirror, which the bartender tells us goes back before the turn of the century. He also points with pride to three places where the mirror has been shattered by

bullets. He said, "Sure wish we could see something fun like that these days".

There were a couple of clues that the Hippies might still have a presence; two cheap signs hung over the top of the mirror, one announcing, "No one for President", the other, "One nation under Surveillance".

Then came the moment that sealed the memory of Nederland in my mind forever. Seated at the other end of the bar was a wizened older patron, apparently already well oiled at 5 PM. He paid no attention to us, but at a certain moment lifted his head and, in a moment reflective of Lucy pulling the football away from Charlie Brown, exclaimed in a very loud voice, "ARGH!!, I'm so dammed bored." We're thinking, "OK, we can buy into that." Ten minutes later, as we get up to leave, he turns and says to us, "Sorry folks, but you can't shine S - - T."

We head two thirds of the way back down to Boulder and stop for an incredible dinner at the Red Lion Inn and reminisce about the thrill of having found Nederland.

Hey, wait a minute, I'm your travel expert trying to tell you why you want to go to Nederland. In a minute - but first a commercial break.

OK, readers - anyone still with me? I'm sure a few of you have been to Boulder, but for those who haven't - a must visit city. Super clean, nestled against the mountains thirty minutes north of Denver. A college town that (I don't know what is happening since BLM) primarily espouses, "Free Tibet" in every other shop. Incredible hiking and outdoor activities right in the city, and fantastic restaurants, one of them is, "Frasca", always ranked as one of the top restaurants in the region. The co-owner is Bobby Stuckey, the son of good friends. Years ago, before founding Frasca, Bobby was the youngest ever named, Master Sommelier, and ran the wine side of the French Laundry in Napa.

I'm sure you're still wanting to know why I'm recommending that you discover Nederland. We are talking here about a major renaissance, a rebirth, a Lazarus raised from

the dead situation that came to my attention while visiting with the Stuckey family in Boulder several years ago.

Turns out that one Bredo Morstoel was born and raised in Norway. Always a great outdoors man, he became director of parks and recreation for thirty years in Baernum, Norway. He wound up coming to the U.S. to be near his daughter and grandson.

Bredo, also known as Grandpa, passed away in 1989 and, having been a believer in Cryogenics, he was transferred to a Cryogenics facility in California for four years.

His daughter, living in Nederland, had had it in mind to start her own facility, and although lacking all the sophisticated equipment, she moved Grandpa to a shed packed with dry ice.

Around 2001, the Town council in Nederland advised the daughter that it was illegal to keep a dead body on private property. She contacted a local reporter and the case became a cause celebre. The Council passed special legislation grandfathering Grandpa's status.

Every month volunteers delivers 1,600 pounds of dry ice to keep Gramps at a consistent -60 degrees F.

Realizing that this story had generated a huge following, some marketing geniuses saw a way to put Nederland on the big stage. Hence was born, FDGD, or for the non initiated, Frozen Dead Guy Days, a libidinous three day festival in mid winter attracting people from all over the country. It is such a big deal that in 2019 they had 30 bands in attendance.

It is reported that there is ongoing interest by film makers and psychics, one of whom, having communicated with Grandpa, reported, "He is amused by the fuss, but doing fine."

I told our dear readers this would be a different approach, and perhaps your scribe has been infected by some of the traits ascribed to Nederlanders as, "General Weirdness". In any event, I believe I have demonstrated good reason to go to Nederland for FDGD. Be the first from your neighborhood

**to experience this phenomena- more fun than,
and a lot less expensive than Phuket.**

**One caveat – suggest Nederland visitation for
only the ten day period surrounding FDGD as I
suspect a frequent sound heard in bars around
town the rest of the year is “ARGH !!”**

Your faithful scribe,

PB