

Frozen Dead Guy Days lives

In a manner of speaking

by Dave Gibson

When the icy finger of death reached down and snatched Bredo Morstoel from this world, he succumbed to a power and plan greater than himself. He had lived a long and productive life receiving more years than many. Having shared his thoughts and beliefs and contributing to the gene pool, his part in the cycle of life abruptly came to an end. Although a handful of cryogenic devotees think that Bredo may someday again walk among us, even if he doesn't, Bredo is one of the special few that has the ability to be a part of many peoples' lives from the grave or, as the case may be, a frosty Tuff Shed!

When biting cold 50 mph winds buffeted area homes and locals last Friday night and Saturday morning, it was nothing particularly unusual that the hardy residents have grudgingly become accustomed. Two tents set up for Frozen Dead Guy Days were unable to withstand nature's onslaught and collapsed or were ripped to shreds. Portable restrooms were toppled and the doors of those that stood slapped in the breeze. At the stag-

ing grounds near Barker Reservoir Saturday, a handful of hearses, with passengers tucked warmly inside, sat enveloped by swirling snow. A usual beehive of activity with participants preparing for the parade, on that day the lot was almost, well..., dead. A posting on the internet announced Dead Guy Days delayed until Sunday. The festival seemed doomed, but thanks to the hearse drivers who didn't get the message, the smallest parade in Frozen Dead Guy Days history was held. With the weather miserable and no outdoor activities available, visitors packed Nederland shops, restaurants, and saloons. I wondered what would happen if the winds were stronger on Sunday. Bredo tolerates gelid 60 below zero temperatures - certainly we could persevere through a little wind.

If Bredo had grown disenchanted with his celebrity status Saturday, he changed his mind and put in a good word with the weather gods on Sunday. With improving conditions the always entertaining Salmon Toss at Sundance Lodge kicked off at eleven a.m. For \$5.00, contestants attempted to grip a slimy frozen salmon before heaving it as far as they could. Rules were nebulous and all techniques legal. The fish didn't necessarily have to fly forward to count



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as they often did not! The Bloody Mary's offered didn't do much for warming "tosser's" hands, but made them feel better if their fling was less than stellar!

Any event that starts with the word "Frozen" is bound to be a nippy affair as the Polar Plungers can attest! With only God knowing what possessed them, one after another or in tandem, swimmers took a giant leap of faith into Chipeta Pond's numbing waters. The performance before the plunge was as important as the dip itself with one girl singing "Oh Canada," a John Lennon lookalike flashing the peace sign, a Darth

Vader/Luke Skywalker "light saber" battle, and a man dancing in an impossibly small Speedo. One team was simply named "Two Idiot Guys." A penguin pajama clad woman's eyes bulged out of her ghostly white face as she struggled to get out onto the ice with no air in her lungs.

Of course the event that everyone had been waiting for was the signature Coffin Races. In a matter of minutes the hillside filled with fans in numbers as strong as in years past. AC/DC blasted from the speakers hyping the enthusiastic crowd. A team of masked Mexican wrestlers grappled about the playground displaying their moves while soliciting cheers. King Arthur and his court rode

imaginary horses in a scene out of "Monty Python and the Holy Grail." The Pink Sock team and Donner Party were back and joined by the usual hodgepodge of zombies, aliens, superheroes, and miners. The first obstacle on the longish course was a steep, snowy, ramp ominously spray painted "El Diablo." From there it was all downhill through hairpin turns and over snow-packed humps until, with tongues hanging out using every ounce of remaining strength, they staggered to the finish line hopefully ahead of the other team. Eventually a victor was determined, but all in attendance, the town of Nederland, and Bredo were the real winners



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