

NO WOODSTOCK FOR ME

I was home on leave from Navy Boot-Camp for two weeks. With orders to go back to Great Lakes Illinois to go to school. But that weekend some of my new friends from the Navy and I; and I don't remember who decided that we should go to Watkins Glen for the sports car races. But we did. Me being the furthest away, I was nominated to do the drive. The three others would pick up the cost of gas and places to stay. So early in the AM, well before dawn, I headed out on what I expected it to be about a 10 hour drive, arriving mid-afternoon. It was going to be a good test run for the Chevy II that my Dad had given me. The following weekend it would be off to north of Chicago, on my first "long distance" drive and that would be a two day trip.



This trip, the test run, was going smoothly, but slower than desired on Hwy 6 and 44 all the way to Hartford. With everyone now on board (3 of us) I jumped onto I-84, picking up some speed over ground. East of the Newburg NY stop (completing the "4 of us"), we were surprised by the amount of traffic headed the same way we were. I remember us talking about, "Not all these people can be going to the races." After another hour it was ridiculous, virtually stop and go, bumper to bumper. It was clear that we were not going to make it that day, and NONE of us knew we were in the crowds heading for "Woodstock". So at an opportune location, I turned around and we headed back to our respective homes, them in NY and Connecticut and me in Rhode Island. A totally wasted day in the car, although we did have some good conversations with each other about being home on leave in our respective "home towns". It is sad now that we never got together again - who knows where they ended up now 50 years downstream.

It wasn't until much later that I learned that we had missed going to the infamous Woodstock, had we just stuck it out and gone along with the traffic. But no; after dropping my new Navy friends off at their respective homes again. I made it home just after sunset. I spent the last week hanging around Larry's Lincoln Gulf and doing the usual stuff with Puget, the Cooz and others. While that may be a significant number of rungs down the ladder from what could have been memories of a lifetime = WOODSTOCK; I value that time just as much.

And NO I won't try the southern route this June when I head out. I'll take I-90 instead, with the goal of hitting Syracuse (my birth town) and then Watkins Glen for some hoped for track time before back across Country via St. Louis and Denver to home here in San Diego.

Please copy me, with any stories from people that did make it.

I also hope to meet up with some of you in June, and no I won't hang around till the reunion.