



Fancy Free

— By —
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(Editor's Note: With this issue begins a new series of articles written by Danny Liska, Niobrara, well known to many Plainview people from his previous articles printed in this newspaper, his personal acquaintanceships and his slide lectures about his many travels by motorcycle. Danny is president of the Niobrara Community Club, is a rancher and also belongs to the

Plainview Throttle Twisters Club.)

Have you ever watched a hawk soaring in the sky?

Did you ever see such abandon? For a moment he hesitates, suspended in the sky and the next moment he has soared up, up into the blue. Around and around he circles, scanning the whole earth. He tilts his wing

tips and effortlessly he slides downward only to be caught by a new air current to be carried high up into the firmament that is his home. Unpredictable is the nature of his flight which has no pattern, no destination. The whole sky is his to enjoy, to explore. The soaring hawk is the embodiment of romance for he soars where the breezes are gentlest, the skies bluest and wherever fancy dictates.

You and I — let us too be FANCY FREE!

Let us journey wherever fancy dictates. From the tropics to the arctic we shall wander, from the indigo waters of the Pacific to the glistening white sands of the beaches of the Atlantic. Let us savor the beauties of nature that are ours but for the discovery, search out the unusual, the macabre, the mysterious and the enchanting. We shall listen to legends recounted to us by the sourdoughs of the North, the Hillbilly of the South, prospector of the Mojave Desert, the Wolf and Crow Indian of the Yukon, the Aztec of Mexico. At night as we sit about our campfire the night wind will bring to our ears tales of Phantoms telling us stories of glory and of tragedy, happiness and grief.

Since we do not have the wings of a hawk, we will have to settle for less. Let us then journey to these places by the next best means — by motorcycle.

"BY MOTORCYCLE!" you say "Isn't that a bit too uncomfortable and dangerous?"

Not at all. How else can we travel to these many places and smell, feel, hear and see all that is about us. The scent of Magnolias in full bloom will tease our nostrils in Dixie. The rollicking music of guitars and the latin voice of a singing Mariache will drift to our ears from the Mexican cantina across the cobblestone street of Taxco. We will hear the whistle of prairie dogs warning of our approach in the Badlands of South Dakota. The Giant California Redwoods about us will rise above our heads for hundreds of feet and how small we will feel as these monarchs allow us to pass beneath. At night along the Alcan Highway of the Yukon we scent burning birchwood and smoking salmon and perhaps we may hear from beyond the muskeg the wail of a timber wolf.

From the glaciers and tundra of Alaska we shall journey to the pestilent jungles of Mexico where one night we shall go alligator hunting among the mangrove swamps near Puerto Marquez. At night we shall dare to penetrate into the smoldering lava beds of the erupting Volcano Paracu which is hurling cherry-red boulders skyward but a few thousand feet away.

The daring Matadors will thrill us with their courage as they defy the infuriated toreros of the Mexican bull rings. We will lose the peace we wagered at the rooster fights. Always we shall seek out the unusual, leaving the conventional for the more banal souls. Into the jungles of Vera Cruz we shall plunge in search of secluded pyramids and temples once the scene of human sacrifices and now inhabited only by lizards, jaguars and bats. The challenge of the 18,000 ft. sacred mountain of Popocatepetl shall not go unanswered and we shall take picks and spikes and ascend its icy slopes. We shall play the fighting sailfish near Acapulco

on the end of our tackle, explore bat-infested caves and take part in the flirtation promenade at the plaza of Monterrey.

Yes we will go by motorcycle, and you will know why when we overtake the aged grandmother chugging along the country road in North Carolina. We pull alongside, tip our helmet and bid her "Good Morning" ... her smile beams with the radiance of youth as she returns our greeting. As we pull ahead we glance back — she is still smiling.