Anything two people know is not a secret

CHEYENNE HERALD

FREE - TAKE ONE

the local advocacy journal

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Ten years

Happy Birthday to me.

Happy Birthday to me.

Happy Birthday, Cheyenne Herald.

Happy Birthday to me.

Yeah, big deal.

Ten years.

I know. I know. You have ties older than that. Probably socks, too.

But, I only get to do this ten year thingy once so live with it.

As you can tell by this lead-in, I don't take myself or this endeavor called the Cheyenne Herald all that seriously. I don't print my photo on these pages and won't do television appearances. I just raise a little hell, provide a slew of details about issues in this town, and, as importantly, have a lot of fun doing both.

There won't be a "Happy Birthday to me" for eleven years. This is it.

Some have tried to convince me to continue but, as the spoiled four-year-old boy would say, "I don't wanna." I received an e-mail the other day, praising the Cheyenne Herald and wishing me well as I "go on to bigger and better things."

No, the bigger and better things are behind me. I have no desire to establish another small business that might be the equal of this one.

So, I'm not even going to try.

I've founded two successful small businesses (if you consider this one a "success"), started another that Jimmy Carter took out (that may be a major reason I''m a Republican), developed a national sporting goods retail franchise chain after being handed control by the founder, was de-facto CEO of St. Paul's third largest downtown retail operation that included two other retail locations in the Twin Cities and a national mail order business, and was a corporate officer in NYC for a NYSE company.

One thing that makes me a bit unique from most is that I have never punched a time clock nor turned in a time sheet. I don't have anything against one who has, or does - many in my own family do, and always have. It is just a bit unusual for someone who has been around this long to have always been on salary and/or without paydays (owner).

Since I departed the U.S. Navy after four eventful and interesting years, I have never been a government employee again. I did do a little paid work for the City in 2001 but that "consulting" was a mistake and I've always regretted being "one of them" by trying to help. My bad.

I'm pointing out a bit about my past so you can better understand this adventure wasn't my first rodeo.

I am "a barefoot boy from northern Wisconsin" who worked in the hayfields of Montana and in the timber in both states but also worked as an executive in New York City, where there were more people in an apartment building than there had been in my hometown. I was also fortunate enough to "see the world" at your expense during my four years in the Navy. Thank you very much.

I visited places you wouldn't go to if *your* way were paid - Valetta, Malta; Aden, Yemen; Lagos, Nigeria; Freetown, Sierra Leone; Dakar, Senegal; Guantanemo Bay, Cuba; Recife, Brazil; Callao, Peru, Valparaiso, Chile; etc., etc.

I've faced challenges. Had successes. And some not-so-successes. Politics have interested me for a long time. My first campaign was John Anderson for President in 1980. That was the last presidential election Mrs. Herald and I voted for the same candidate. Since, we dutifully go to the polls every four years on general election day to cancel each other's vote for president. I've tried to trick her into not voting but she's onto my chicanery. I've told her, "there's no one on the ballot worth voting for, I'm not going to vote this year." She doesn't believe me and votes.

I managed, directed, led, etc., campaigns in northern Wisconsin while living in Cheyenne before getting involved in politics here. Then, sigh, Jack Spiker asked for my help with his campaign for city council in 1996 and there has been no turning back. For several years, I appeared regularly on a call-in radio program. Then I was blackballed by LEADS for telling the truth about their lack of success. *(Radio station managers aren't the most principled people and the pressure applied by LEADS worked. I became persona non grata.)*

My words have become stronger, more influential and reach more people than any other media in town. I won't help others increase their listeners or viewers anymore. They're on their own. Payback is a bitch.

I've thought about how to end this incredible journey and still haven't decided. Maybe I'll do a "Best of" issue. Maybe I won't. It would be hard to select just *some* of the stories. Humbly, he added, there are so many from which to choose. And what was a great story to some may have been unimportant to others. This issue marks ten years of publishing the Cheyenne Herald. It's been a trip. Thanks for reading. Thanks for supporting my efforts. In track in high school, I ran the mile. A "kick" was my strategy. I don't have a "kick" anymore. I'll just pace myself to the finish line. No sprint.