

SO HERE'S THE STORY...

Three days after graduating from Golden (Colorado) High School in 1965, I hitchhike to Aspen intent on meeting a lot of girls and having one hell of a summer. Being an avid skier, my idea is to become a ski instructor and really get the babes. Every day I practice on a glacier until the dream works out — I am accepted as their youngest ski instructor ever. In the meantime, I go to the clubs at night and sit in on bass. I become quite a fixture in Aspen (which gets me a couple of girls). Come the winter, I start my job as a ski instructor and am loving life, skiing all day and playing bass all night with different bands. (I spent six years studying French horn and switched to bass guitar when I was 14. I used to sit on the juke box in the rec hall at school, and I just loved those low notes!)

In January 1966, along comes a band from L.A. called “The Candy Store.” They are Aspen’s first L.A. import, which is a big deal. I ask to sit in, and they like what they hear, so I start sitting in every night. It goes very well.

In their entourage is Cass Elliot, who is with an unknown L.A. band called “The Mamas and the Papas.” (One month later she will become a star when their song “California Dreamin’” reaches No. 4.)

