

Cool temperatures along with snow and cold rain are typical for Minnesota spring weather. We've had our share of all of the aforementioned again this spring. And if you've been around the sun as many trips as I have, I'm sure certain years bring back memories of either good or bad weather no matter what time of year. For farmers, spring and fall bring back the most memories as that's the busy time of year. For me, one year for both good and bad weather that comes to mind is 1977.

It was early February and I was to drive to Miami, Florida in a Cadillac that I was to deliver for someone that wanted the car there but didn't want to drive it themselves. I hooked up with a company that matched driver's with destinations and since I was headed to Florida for a few weeks and already had a ride back, I thought this would be a great idea. Well the idea was great but the weather not so much. I should have known it was not going to go well when I barely got 100 feet down our farm driveway when I slid off and proceeded to get stuck in the snowbank.

My dad got the tractor and log chain and pulled me out and said he hoped the rest of the trip goes better. It did until I got to Paris, Illinois. The snowstorm got bad enough that roads were closed and it was one night in what I now describe as a Rosebud Motel. This term describes a motel much like what was shown on the TV show Schitt's Creek. It's a motel where you can park right outside your door and definitely not a five star motel



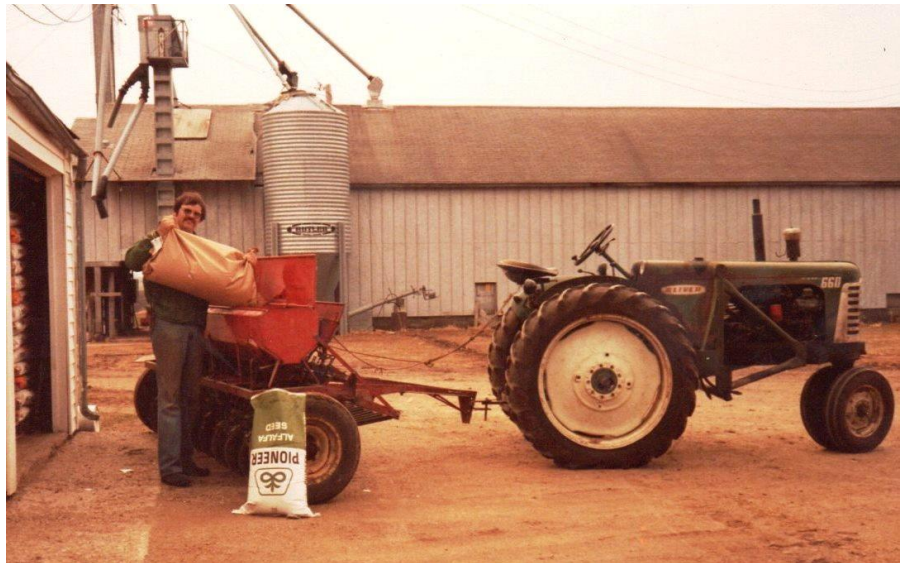
Motel in Ontario, Canada that was Rosebud Motel

The next day it cleared up and I was on my way again to Miami. I couldn't wait to get to the warmer climate of the Sunshine State. But I was again halted as I was set to drive 14 to 16 hours this day to make up for the lost time in Paris. I didn't even get to see the Eiffel Tower. As I'm getting near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, which is just to the southeast of Nashville, a wheel bearing goes out on the 'Caddy.' It was a fairly new car so I didn't think this would be one of my issues but it was. Fortunately I found a garage who said they could get me on the road again by noon the next day. So after another night in the Rosebud Motel in Murfreesboro, I was again on my way to Miami.

With the snowstorm out of my way, I was going to drive straight through. Roughly 900 miles yet to go was going to mean some 15 plus hours to get there. In the meantime I had to call the owner who lived in a beachfront home in Miami to tell him of my travails. He was not sympathetic and told me to get there as soon as I could. But I didn't think he wanted me there at 3am so I pulled in an Interstate reststop in north Florida and parked with the semi-trucks and caught a few winks in the car. I did not arrive at my destination until early afternoon the next

day. The car owner was a bit nicer in person than he was on the phone. He dropped me off at a Rosebud near the bus station so I could catch the early morning bus to Daytona Beach which was where I wanted to be all along. After a restless night of hearing fights, car crashes and police sirens which I think were all in the room next to me, I got up and out and on my way.

After an enjoyable few weeks in Daytona which included a couple of car races; the 24 hours of Daytona and the Daytona 500 which Cale Yarborough won that year, I was heading back to Minnesota to get ready for spring work on the farm. I got back to the farm on March 23rd thinking I'd be back in plenty of time before field work. Well the weather backfired on me again. Only this time the weather was perfect and we were sowing oats and seeding alfalfa on March 24th. April 10th of 1977 was Easter Sunday and I recall being at my Uncle Carl's place near Maple Lake. Turned out it was a record high that day of 88 degrees. Corn was planted very early by Minnesota standards as were the soybeans. Corn was tasseled out and pollinating on the 4th of July and we were cutting oats on the 4th as well. All around the area was an outstanding crop year. The fall weather was great and the harvest was early and plentiful.



Emery getting ready to sow oats and alfalfa on the farm.

Mid December of 1977, I was on another trip but I was not driving but the snow slowed me down anyway. I was flying to Norway for Christmas and spent a 9 hour delay at O'Hare airport in Chicago. This story of my delays getting there is one I recently wrote about, but it ended happily with no staying at a Rosebud Motel.