

Hi, Fred Nelson for Community Comment,

Recently, I read of the passing of Eureka native Milton Kuschnerreit. The obituary mentions the fact that Milt (better known as "Kush") hung out at the corner of 5<sup>th</sup> and F Streets with the guys when he was in his late teens and early twenties. I was a member of the crowd which hung out in front of Arthur Johnsons Men's Wear. This was a favorite spot for lots of young fellows on Friday and Saturday nights. In fact, the corner became quite crowded at times. This was a place for guys to gather and watch the hot rods cruise Fifth Street. Most of us didn't have that much money but we didn't fret about it. Sometimes we were fortunate enough to be offered a ride by a friend, then we became part of the "cruising". There were no "turf" battles or any underhanded competition. It was like a big happy family of boys interested in cars, cruising and general companionship. There was an older fellow who used to park his car (not a hot rod) on the corner, just to visit with the guys. He was a "long line" driver for a local freight company and showed up on his night off. He enjoyed our company and took us for an occasional cruise around town. The patrolling police hardly gave us a second look. I don't remember an outlaw in the bunch. If a group of that size got together now-a-days, half the police force would be keeping an eye on them. Watching the cruisers, talking cars and general conversation punctuated by a joke or two made for a pleasant evening. If you had some spare change, you might take a walk around the corner to the Bon Boniere and order something from the fountain, possibly a plain, or a cherry coke, or a lime phosphate. Or you might walk over to Fourth Street and have a milk shake at the pool hall or take the time for a game of pool. It was always fun to strike up a conversation with Dan Banducci while at the pool hall. How do I remember Kush among all the fellows? Kush was a bit younger than some of us and was always the life of the party. He had a great sense of humor and a pleasant disposition, always eager to participate whether it was a ride on Fifth Street, a conversation or a joke. I don't remember the year that I finally left those gatherings but I do know that Kush was still there. It must have been after I left that he acquired his Nineteen Thirty Four Ford coupe. I am sure that he was proud of it. With different interests and careers ahead, I never saw Kush again but remember our days at Fifth and F as though they happened yesterday.

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