

Colorado finally made it to the Super Bowl in '87. Then back in '88. The NFL had wanted to raise nutrition awareness for the ketchup generation. So Chubby Checker played the half-time show dressed as a giant lemon (a twist of lemon, get it?), and danced with the Rockettes.

Miss Bennett, was 22nd from the left in a 60 banana-long kick line, behind musicians dressed like the guys from fruit of the loom. But her Romeo, back in Woodland Park, with his eyes glued to the big-screen TV, and neglecting to tend his dad's packed bar, had no trouble spotting his Julie, Rockette.

Mr. Bennett, Julie's dad, was one few folks in town not at the bar. He was manning his grocery across the street from Mr. Erikson's's bar. More than that, the two had not spoken for one year, both convinced the other had jinxed the Broncos in Super Bowl XXI. It was all a misunderstanding (both were sure the other had bet against them), still their friendship was over and each expected the same from their kids. As feuds go, each had made it a point this time around, -putting their very shops at risk- to out-bid the other on a Broncos win.

Meanwhile, Julie had been on tour with the Rockettes, happy but missing her Romeo. She was the town's first celebrity, and her father bubbled over with pride. To her embarrassment she arrived home to find a long row of jigsawed plywood -sculpted and painted like bananas- where the picket-fence had been, with holes for your face, so you could pretend to be a Rockette and have your picture taken.

But the mood was much less playful than that. The Broncos had lost again, and the two men were poised to lose their stores, and probably the respect of their kids. It looked like Romeo would spend Valentines Day alone, sweeping up an empty bar, Julie watching helplessly through a face-hole in her Dad's insidious fence.

Their situation was dire, but the miracle of youthful love persevered. The Rockettes had two weeks off following the Super Bowl and would be more than willing to come party. Thus, Julie broke free of her yellow, plywood bonds via a long-distance call.

Word spread, and Mr. Erikson's bar was so packed with customers, he had to implore his old friend for help tending it. On Valentine's day, 1987, through a comic hole in his neighbor's fence, Romeo the bartender asked Julie the Rockette to marry him. She did.

Mr Erikson gifted all the nights' profits -after rent and gambling debts- to the newlyweds. Romeo put a down-payment on the vacant building next door and opened a shop of his own, named for his beloved wife and his trusted investors, Bennett & Erikson, Ltd. - the *Banana Belt Liquor Store*.