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The Marshall-Martinek Team



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Colorado
Realtor**

Equal Housing
Opportunity



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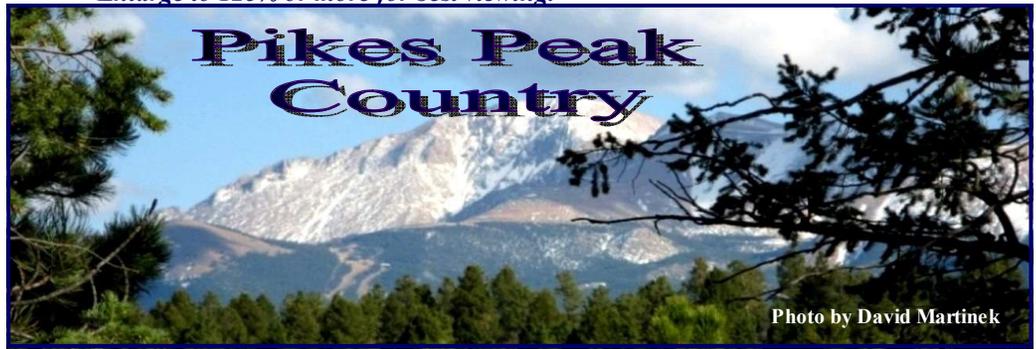


Photo by David Martinek

Special 2011 Christmas Issue

Foreword: This story probably deserved to be in the November issue in honor of Veterans' Day, but it just wasn't ready. In April 2007 the feature article for that month was called 'The Legend of Carl Mangurt.' It was a fictional account of a legend I heard when I first moved to Teller County about a man who was saved (kept warm) by a group of mule deer when he became lost in a 'white out' during a snow storm. A version of the story was published in the October 2010 issue of the **Ute County News**. The tale resonated with several readers; and a few recently asked if I'd ever considered writing a follow up. So I have. I've reposted the first 'Legend' newsletter on my website. Readers may want to review that article again - for reference. Should I call this story a sequel or a prequel? Perhaps it doesn't matter. What matters is the message. "The Legend of Carl Mangurt" was about preserving and respecting nature. This second installment is about loyalty and undying friendship - as good a Christmas message as any.

Brave Spirit Rising

They found him slumped over a bench outside his cabin just north of Woodland Park near the Lovell Gulch trail. The morning sun shone down on him in that spot among the trees. A few peanut shells were scattered on the ground around his feet and next to him was a half empty cup of coffee. It was late September and perhaps he had just been sitting outside admiring the golden aspen or catching some fresh air, feeding the squirrels. The peanuts were all gone and so was Carl Mangurt.

It had been less than a year since my interview with Carl about his miraculous episode with the mule deer in the woods during a snow storm. As I sat in the rear of the funeral home watching a few people arrive to pay their respects, I promised myself that I would write that story someday soon and tell everyone about this man's extraordinary experience with nature. Unknown to me, there was yet another story waiting - one of untold bravery, of undying friendship and of war, and of the circumstances which had influenced Carl to come to Colorado.

Lying in his bronze, government coffin, the folded American flag resting in the cover well, it was the same Carl I had talked with as he sat on his cabin porch a few months ago. The fatigue field coat he had

been wearing then was replaced by a World War II Army dress uniform, the Eisenhower jacket, which hung loosely on his body. The olive brown jacket had no ribbons, brass or nametag and the regulation tan shirt and black tie seemed too big for him. The scarlet heart tattoo I had seen during my interview peaked out from underneath his left sleeve, and the battle scar on his neck was barely visible. I noticed that he had held the rank of Corporal. The county coroner had listed his death as due to "natural causes" (old age). As well as anyone can look when they are dead, he appeared to be asleep.

Maybe five or six people I knew sat around me as the pastor from the Little Chapel of the Hills said some nice words and read some scripture. And there were two folks sitting nearby that I didn't know, a thin woman who looked to be about sixty and a much older man. Her father?

There wasn't much the pastor could say about Carl because there wasn't much that he knew. I knew very little more. Throughout the nearly sixty years Carl had lived in Teller County, since 1946, he had kept to himself. He surely must have associated with others on some level, I thought. The funeral director found his military records among his belongings, and a few personal papers, his parents' death certificates and some letters. And a small group of my friends and I helped gathered a community fund to pay for the funeral and graveside expenses the VA didn't cover. While he lived here, Carl Mangurt was virtually anonymous, except for a very few close friends; and he was going to be buried that way, too. Or so I thought.

After the pastor finished, he called for others to come up to the lectern and speak. No one came, so I rose to say what little I knew of Carl, and how I had met him recently. I briefly mentioned our interview but didn't really go into his story about the deer in a snow storm. I just said that I was writing an article about Carl soon that would hopefully be a fitting memorial to his life and times in Colorado.

The Aspen leaves had turned a brilliant yellow and gold that fall; I could hear them rustling in the breeze outside the windows of the chapel when the old man I didn't know stood up and came to the front of the group, as I sat down. He was frail but proud, and walked with some difficulty. I imagined that he was certainly in his early 90s at least, if not older. He wore his white hair cut short above a face that was lined and weathered. He hunched over the lectern, using it like a crutch, and looked over at the woman he'd been sitting with, for strength I suppose, and began to speak.



Eisenhower Jacket

See past issues of *Pikes Peak Country* at <http://www.davidmartinekcb.com>

Brave Spirit Rising - continued from page 1

"Hello everyone, my name is Russell Kontanski," he announced with a weak but clear voice, tinged with an unmistakable New England accent. "Carl and I grew up in Massachusetts. We were in the Army together in World War II, and we both fought in the Normandy invasion of France in 1944."

When I had interviewed Carl, he had mentioned that he was part of that invasion and that he had "had enough of France." Could this old man shed some light on that period in Carl's life? I hoped so.

"I grew up in a Polish neighborhood in Athol," continued Russell. "It's a little town in the middle of Massachusetts some ten miles south of the New Hampshire border and just north of where the Quabbin Reservoir is today. Carl lived in Orange, a few miles to the west. The two towns were kind of like sisters; you didn't mention one without the other - Athol and Orange." He flicked his left arm out, followed by his right, to emphasize the point. "We went to the same school, played baseball, dated some of the same girls and just happen to enlist in the Army together in Boston in October 1943. We were not really friends growing up, that came later, but we knew each other. Everywhere I went after I was inducted into the service, Carl seemed to be there."

Russell described their basic training months at Camp Leonard Wood in Missouri and their assignment later to the 1st Infantry Division which was already in England. He spoke of their exciting train ride from St. Louis to New York but only briefly mentioned the boring trip across the Atlantic by ocean liner.

"The big ship we boarded in New York had many more troops on it than space. The Elizabeth, I think," he said. "It was crowded, but Carl and me had time to really get to know each other before we reached England. He became my new best friend."

Glancing over at Carl lying peacefully at rest, he stopped to choke down a moment. Years of memories must surely have been rushing by. His glistening eyes betrayed him, and he stared off as he fumbled with a handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose. I had seen that look before - the glassy eyes and that far away gaze - in Carl's face not long ago. Now I knew for sure that another story was about to unfold.

"Carl and I became real buddies on that journey across the Atlantic," he said softly, sticking the hanky back in his pocket. "Our ship finally anchored in Portsmouth, about 70 miles from London, near Southampton. We were assigned to Company B, 3rd Battalion, 16th Infantry Regiment, 1st Infantry Division, just a bus ride away. It was April of 1944. Shortly after arriving, we learned that in just a few short weeks we were going to be part of an enormous invasion along the Normandy coast of France."

His demeanor changed with a smile, and he flashed a shy grin at the woman that accompanied him, as if he were uncertain of how he was to continue. She returned a reassuring nod.

"The Army kept us bottled up in camp, for security reasons I guess," said Russell. "We did a lot of training. But Carl and I had heard about the friendliness of the British girls, enhanced not just a little bit by the stories told by our new friends who had been there longer, and were eager to find out how friendly. But it was not to be. A couple of weeks or so after we arrived, our mail caught up with us, and I received a letter from my girlfriend back in Athol that contained some surprising news. Irene, that was her name, wrote to inform me that she desperately needed to get married, if you know what I mean."

An uncertain chuckle rummaged through the small group as they began to realize what Russell was delicately describing, and after a moment of slight embarrassment he continued.

"I told Carl about my problem," he added. "To my amazement I discovered that he had also dated Irene off and on between our break-ups and make-ups right before I enlisted. You see, when Irene learned that I was going into the Army, she was not happy. In fact, she got really upset with me, and we broke off our engagement a couple of times as a result. Maybe more than a couple. But we always made up

again. Early on, I guess Carl kind of snuck in there to date her. At least that's what he said. I know that don't sound right."

The things you learn about a person at his funeral, I thought.

Russell chuckled to himself. "At first, I was angry and jealous. But Carl had become an honest friend and after awhile we just accepted the way things were and wondered what to do about it. What if neither one of us might survive this planned assault on Omaha, the code name for our unit's landing beach? What would poor Irene do then, a single mother in the 1940s without a husband or a father for her yet unborn child? And since we didn't really know who caused Irene to be in her condition..." he struggled with that remark but tossed a wink over at the woman he had come in with and smiled. "...we made a pact then and there, me and Carl, that if one of us got killed, the other would marry Irene. If we both survived, I would marry her, since I was the one engaged to her, and Carl would be my best man."



Looking over at his friend again, he rolled up his sleeve to reveal an identical scarlet tattoo of a heart on his left arm, just like the one on Carl's arm, and equally faded by time.

"You do strange things sometimes to prepare for combat," reflected Russell. "A few days before we shipped out, our commander allowed us a little time to visit the nearby town, called Pool I think. One of the local folks was

a tattoo artist. Carl and I both got the same tattoo, kind of a pledge of our pact regarding Irene. If you look closely, you'll see her name in the middle of the heart, right there."

He pointed to his arm but then shrugged his shoulders and rolled his sleeve down. Another devious grin found its way to the woman sitting beside his empty chair, as if to say: "well, I got through that part." Then his faced changed abruptly; and he became serious.

"You can't imagine what it was like climbing down into that landing craft once we were across the English Channel." Leaping ahead several weeks in his story, Russell had caused everyone in the room to ease off the back of their chairs. His voice was deliberate. "The channel crossing had been rough and many of us got seasick on the way in. But suddenly, there we were perched on the edge of history in the Bay of Seine, the first infantry company scheduled to land. Fear was everywhere. Standing there elbow to elbow listening to the naval bombardment firing off over our heads, a lot of things ran through my mind - home, mom and dad, Irene. The Navy was attempting to soften up the German's bunkered in at Omaha Beach, but we soon learned that the barrage was ineffective. The big door of the LC splashed down into five feet of water and a hail of machine gun fire that was...hell!"

He paused and looked away, and all of us in the room paused with him. When he spoke again his voice was even weaker, and his words got caught in his throat.

"Men just toppled over into the water," he whispered. "Within ten minutes all of our officers and NCOs were either dead or wounded. We lost our whole unit that morning. A hundred souls, the buddies we had trained with for the last month and a half, all became inert in less than 20 minutes, reduced to two survivors." He looked around at his friend again lying beneath a spray of flowers. "Me and Carl!"

There weren't enough people in the room to produce an audible gasp, but it was there just the same - a collective breath caught and held silent by surprise. We all stared at him with our mouths open and compassion in our hearts.

"We learned later that we suffered 5,000 casualties that day storming Omaha Beach," continued Russell, gripping the lectern. "most in the first few hours."

(continued on page 3)

Brave Spirit Rising - continued from page 2

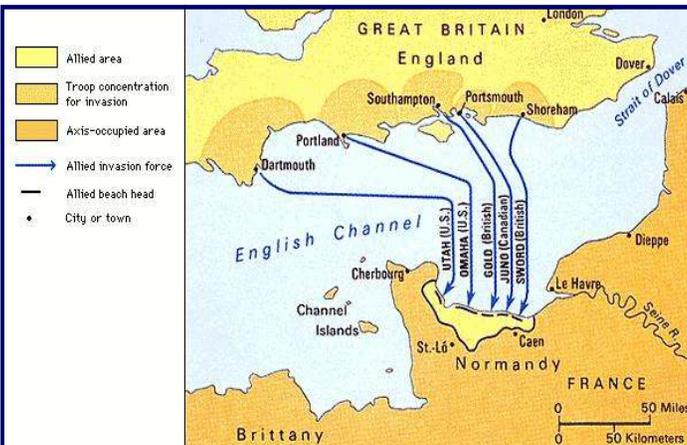
The Germans lost about 1200. Of the sixteen or so tanks that tried to come ashore, only two were operable. The boiling surf was littered with equipment and the dead and dying, floating there...

His voice trailed off; sentence unfinished. An awkward silence settled on the room as his listeners tried to make sense of his words. I tried to imagine the scene he was describing, but I had no frame of reference. I didn't think anyone else there did either. The memories of that day must have been unbearable.

Perhaps it was the first time he had told this story to anyone, I thought. Some men never speak of their combat experiences. I tried to imagine the fear he must have felt as a young 20-year old groping for a safe hole on that sandy beach on June 8, 1944. It is one thing to remember war, but often quite another to tell about it.

He made a digging gesture with his hands. *"Me and Carl dug a fair-sized hole in the sand within a matter of seconds,"* said Russell, apparently recovered from his thoughts. *"Carl scrambled into it with me on top of him, helped along by a rake of machine gun fire. He had pulled me all the way into the foxhole by my collar just as a spray of bullets laced across the lip. That was the first time he saved my life. And that's where we stayed for most of the day."*

"Towards the afternoon, we heard other men calling across the beach trying to organize some kind of ad hoc force to mount an assault along one of the gaps in the chalk cliffs to our front. With the help of the two surviving tanks and some artillery fire called in from the ships off shore, we eventually gained some ground and by evening had infiltrated the German's coastal defenses. We secured a foothold in a couple of places by scaling the bluffs between the enemy's strong points."



A map of the Allied invasion of Normandy on June 8, 1944. 50,000 men stormed five beach objectives along the coastline where the Seine River empties into the English Channel (the Bay of Seine). The 1st Infantry Division was assigned to Omaha Beach. 5,000 casualties were suffered by the Allies on Day 1, as well as enormous equipment damage. The heavily fortified and bunkered German forces suffered only about 1200 casualties.

If you read the official report of the Allies' Normandy landing at Omaha Beach, you'll learn that it was described as a failure until Day 3. The Germans were so heavily fortified that with only a few forces they were able to delay an invasion of 50,000 men. The original objectives for Day 1 were not accomplished until June 11, 1944, and much of the activity after that was more of a rescue, reinforcement and re-supply effort than an offensive. At one point General Omar Bradley, the U. S. First Army commander, thought to abandon the landing; and he probably would have had it not been for the initiative assumed in the field by men who continued the fight. Russell and Carl were part of that regrouping of surviving troops who assaulted the German bunkers and turned certain defeat into a purchase.

Russell assured us that the next day wasn't much easier. *"In the morning our mission was to knock out the hardened German bunkers on the high ground above the chalk cliffs. We were divided into teams of two, Carl and me on one team and about five or six others, all with the same objective. After some supporting artillery from offshore, we scaled the cliffs in a low spot and immediately came under fire. A few distracting grenades allow us to flank our bunker and get closer. I laid down sustaining fire on the left with my M1, while Carl maneuvered around to the right. Crawling up to within striking distance, he silenced the machine gunners with a couple more well-thrown grenades."*

"The noise of engagements and the explosions were deafening. I was so excited with our success that I stupidly stood up just in time to hear several bullets whizzing by me, one from Carl's rifle. His aim had toppled a German soldier to my rear – the second time he saved my life. But in doing so, he exposed himself and was immediately cut down with wounds to the neck and chest. He screamed and fell to the ground. We both did. It all happened within a matter of seconds."

His gazed intensely at his friend's body lying a few feet away and his eyes watered again as he remembered how close he had come to dying that day in front of a German bunker.

"I crawled over to Carl's side as machine gun fire pelted the ground all around us. He was bleeding pretty badly; I called for a corpsman. The flesh wound to his neck that wasn't serious, but his chest – well, that was a different story. Carl smiled at me through a lot pain and told me, 'I can't breathe very well, Rus.' I remember propping his head up on his helmet. He was in bad shape and he knew it."

"It took another two hours to silence all the bunkers. I dressed Carl's wounds the best I could and put my empty cigarette pack under the bandage covering the hole in his chest. He had lost a lot of blood by the time they carried him off in a stretcher, back towards the beach. The corpsman told me he didn't think Carl was going to make it."

"We said are farewells" said Russell after a pause. *"I held his hand and he smiled up at me through gritted teeth. 'Looks like I'm not going to be your best man, Rus. Take care of Irene and tell her she's a lucky woman to have two men who loved her.' I can't remember his exact words, but it was something like that. I never saw him again. Until I read his obituary in the Gazette, I was sure he had died that day on Omaha Beach, saving me."*

His story was almost over but Russell Konstanski had an epilogue. *"Much later we were all awarded the Silver Star for gallantry,"* he said. *"It seems like it happened yesterday."*

Yesterday had been sixty-two years ago, but for Russell Konstanski and Carl Mangurt, and men like them - the brave generation, the truth of their experience on that French shore was more *real* than any work of fiction a writer can make up.

According to Russell, he returned home to Massachusetts in September 1946. *"Irene was still waiting for me along with our two-year old daughter, Carla,"* he said. *"We got married right away. Carla is seated right over there."*

He proudly pointed to the woman who was with him. Their eyes locked in a gaze for just a moment, and I could tell that she was just as proud of her father for telling his story as he was of her.

"I tried to look up Carl's parents in Orange when I got back to find out about him," said Russell. *"But they had both been killed recently in a car accident. I was betting Carl never knew until he returned later. There was no other family;"* (continued on page 4)



Athol and Orange are sister towns about 5 miles apart and located just south of the New Hampshire border.

Brave Spirit Rising - continued from page 3

he was an only child. Maybe that's why Carl sort of disappeared when he found out – and came out here.”

Russell had just brought meaning to Carl's words from a few short months ago, when he had told me of his decision to come to Colorado. "I had no family; banged up mentally, I guess; I just wanted to go somewhere and be alone for awhile to collect myself, you know?" Those were Carl's words. Now, Russell had supplied more chapters to a life that I had barely touched.

"Without knowing it, I followed him," continued Russell. "We came to Colorado in 1950, first to attend college in Boulder, and afterward to take a job as a brewer for Coors in Golden. I retired from there in '75. When Irene died two years ago, I came to live with my daughter in Colorado Springs. I learned about Carl in the newspaper."

He wiped his eyes and thanked us for the opportunity to see his friend one last time. We all wept with him as the bright sunshine through the windows of the little chapel cast shadows across the empty chairs. Russell walked over to where Carl's body lay and reached into his pocket. Withdrawing a tarnished Silver Star medal with faded ribbons of blue, white and red, he draped it across the uniform - like a badge of honor. *And it surely was.* Standing motionless, he quietly said something that none of could hear and then went to sit with his daughter. She hugged him and smiled, and patted his knee.

And I remember thinking, *some friendships last forever.*



Rows of perfectly aligned grave markers at the National Cemetery near Santa Fe, New Mexico are a constant reminder of the ultimate sacrifices made by our men and women in uniform. Remember them and their families this Christmas.

Afterword: A few days later Carl's body was buried in the National Cemetery in Santa Fe, just off North St. Francis Drive. We gathered in the afternoon in a quadrangle near his intended gravesite, just Russell and me. A few words were spoken by an Army chaplain - no doubt the same words he spoke for every service that day. Taps were played and nine rifle volleys rang out in salute, three at a time, fired by soldiers who also had probably been on honor guard duty all day long. The ceremony was quick and very well orchestrated.

It was the ending homage to a life, but perhaps the beginning of a life story that needed to be told. I thought that after all these years, Carl wouldn't mind if I told it, starting with my promise to recount his tale during our interview about the mule deer in the blizzard - as a memorial, like I said at his funeral.

I was sure there was more to learn about this man. A man who came to Colorado in the late 40s to be alone and sort out his life. A man who lost his family while fighting for his country, and who spent over 60 years in seclusion. Maybe, like the Phoenix reborn from its ashes, I could bring Carl Mangurt back to life again, on the page, so that others might experience the reverence I felt in his presence, and certainly know of the loyalty of his friend. A story for another day, I thought. A story of a brave spirit rising.



The Coldwell Banker 1st Choice Realty office is located at 18401 E. Highway 24 in Woodland Park, Colorado - about 14 miles west of Colorado Springs. The brokerage is a residential realty specializing in improved properties and vacant land, and some commercial properties. Our main office telephone number is: (719) 687- 0900. Our fax number is: (719) 687-0488. Our website is: www.1stchoicerealtycb.com. Email us at: info@1stchoicerealtycb.com. We wish everyone a warm and happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Housing Forecast for 2012

(From *MONEY Magazine*) -- Last year the economic forecasting firm Fiserv predicted that home values would sink around 5% in 2011, and that prices in three-quarters of the nation's major metro areas would fall. The bad news is, the firm wasn't that far off the mark. The good news: In the coming year, Fiserv thinks 95% of the 384 metro areas it tracks will see prices rise.

Don't expect the market to move much beyond first gear, though. The median expectation among more than 100 economists and real estate pros surveyed by MacroMarkets is that home values will inch ahead by a mere 0.25%, compared to their 2011 median forecast decline of 2.8%. They also foresee annualized gains through 2015 of just 1.1%, as the real estate market slowly works its way through a mountain of foreclosures.

Those foreclosures will continue to weigh on the market. According to Core-Logic, there are 5.4 million homes that are for sale or part of the market's "shadow inventory" -- which includes bank-owned properties, homes in the foreclosure pipeline that haven't hit the market yet, or properties where owners are seriously behind on payments.

To put that in perspective, Freddie Mac forecasts that only 4.8 million homes will be purchased in all of 2012. A market with six months of inventory is considered healthy. That there's more than a year's worth of housing stock now tells you what a tough slog this will still be. "It's analogous to a flood," says Mark Fleming, CoreLogic's chief economist. "The water is very deep in the living room, but it's no longer getting deeper and is starting to recede.

Helping that process along will be low-interest-rate mortgages that are expected to remain cheap. Jay Brinkmann, chief economist at the Mortgage Bankers Association, says the 4.2% rate on a 30-year fixed rate in late October might not last long. Still, he expects the 30-year fixed mortgage rate to stay below 5% throughout 2012.

The action plan: It will pay to think small -- as in reduce your mortgage bills and focus on modest homes.

For those gearing up to make a purchase, 2012 could be a great opportunity, what with cheap prices, low borrowing rates, and little competition among prospective bidders.

Before you take the plunge, remember that the price you pay matters, as does your ability to easily resell that home down the road.

Posted By Carla Fried, Janice Revell, Donna Rosato and Tali Yahalom @Money
November 14, 2011: 1:19 PM ET

Dave's Buyers' Guide

Cabins, second-homes and land specials from Coldwell Banker 1st Choice Realty →

Prices and status effective as of November 30, 2011



\$339,000

238 Shadow Lake Dr., Divide Owner-built! 3BR/3BA/1GAR, 2476 S.F. on 2.55 acres. Wonderful raised ranch with lots of wood and a spacious great room and kitchen. The large country kitchen has rustic pecan cabinets throughout. Downstairs is 14 x 45 foot family room. Outside a welcoming flagstone patio sports a custom iron grill. A regulation horseshoe pit and detached "recreational house" are perfect for entertaining. See spectacular views of Pikes Peak from the 320 sq. ft. deck. It's time to buy! #641935



A long time ago

A long time ago when I was a boy growing up in Troy, Missouri, my parents told me that Santa came in through the front door on Christmas Eve, since we had no chimney for him to crawl down. I believed it. But one Christmas Eve, I woke up to find the front door locked. I wondered how Santa would get in our house.

He always did and I'm still wondering about the magic of Christmas - about the feeling I get each year just after Thanksgiving when I realize that Christmas is only a month away.

My sister and I aren't together on Christmas like we used to be, but we stay close. Mom and Dad taught us to rely on each other, and we have throughout the years. But I always remember back when Christmas was a time of joy and happiness, and not just because of the presents, but because of family. I hope each of you are surrounded by family this Christmas - the best gift of all.



To inquire, email or call 719.687.1516

(Marshall-Martinek Team listings are **BOXED**)



\$425,000

761 Sunnywood Pl, Woodland Pk Pride of Ownership! Immaculate inside and out, this house has it all. Birch cabinetry, 2 offices, partially finished bsmt. 4BR/4BA/3GAR, 5318 S.F. on 1.1 acres. Guest room over the garage. See it! #764605



\$295,000

1716 Sioux Rd, Florissant Mountain Solar! 2BR/1BA/2Gar, 1916 S.F. on 25 acres. A unique open floor plan w/ efficient solar. Straw bale walls on 2 sides, stucco exterior. R49 insulation. 11 ft T&G Aspen ceilings. #730172



\$289,000

2087 S. Mountain Est, Florissant Log Home! 3BR/3BA/2GAR and 2080 S.F. on 2.42 acres. A River Rock fireplace brings cozy comfort. Great room w/ granite counters and designer cupboards. Loft bedroom. T&G ceilings. #688737



\$249,900

2001 Julia Rd, Guffey Acreage! 19.18 acres with privacy and a view of the Black Mountains. 3BR/2BA/0GAR and 1944 S.F. The large loft makes 2 BRs. Hardwood floors in kitchen/dining. Lots of windows. Purchase the adjoining lot w/ small cabin. #542350



\$185,000

455 Elkhorn Rd, Florissant Top of the World! Remodeled in last 5 years. New stucco exterior, vinyl windows, counters and septic system. Basement just finished. Vaulted T&G and beam ceiling in LR. 3 BR/2BA/1GAR, 2188 S.F. on 3.4 acres. Must see! #710169



\$149,900

357 Kutsu Ridge Dr., Florissant Handyman! 2BR/1BA/2GAR, 1152 S.F. on 0.7 acre. Rustic home, nicely treed lot. A great summer home for someone willing to complete some interior carpeting and trim work. All the basics are here, just waiting for you. #775507



\$33,900

127 Carlton Cir, Florissant Building Plans! This 2.04 acre lot is ready to go. Perc test done, fire mitigation trees cut, building plans available. A well permit is waiting. This is a beautiful parcel overlooking the CME valley. A dream lot for a dream home. #465075



\$19,900

2847 N. Mountain Est, Florissant Two Lots! Two adjacent lots on a corner that total 1.18 acres. Several building sites are among the many Ponderosa and Fir trees. A selective build produces a great view of Pikes Peak. #675664



\$16,000

1001 S. Mtn Est. Rd, Florissant Meadow! Two acres of meadow and trees and some nice building sites in beautiful Colorado Mountain Estates, south of Florissant. Easy access to nearby Fossil Beds and Cripple Creek. #530773



\$16,000

2856 Blue Mesa Dr., Divide Fronts Water! This heavily treed lot in Highland Lakes (1.67 acres) slopes down to Beaver Lake No. 2. Strategic tree cuts will make room for a driveway and a building site. See this beautiful lot. #457747



\$145,900

127 West Street, Cripple Creek Step back in Time. 1909 renovated log home in Knob Hill area. 2BR/1BA/1GAR, 1268 S.F. on 0.22 acres. Natural wood beams, T&G ceiling, loft bedrooms, modern country kitchen. Family room added recently. Beautiful! #723177

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