

Bio of Floyd Johnson

Don't run to look me up in the yearbook and fall and break your hip. Act your age. I probably still have my graduation tassel under the flotsam and jetsam in my garage. There, I have always wanted to use those two words in a written sentence and I can now cross that off my bucket list.

I was born in Bisbee, AZ where my father worked in the underground copper mines. I moved to El Paso when I was one and my parents followed shortly. My father and uncle went into partnership and built a motel on Montana street. Hillside Elementary was directly behind the motel. The best things about Hillside were enchilada Fridays, Weekly Readers and tiny frogs that appeared after rainy days. I thought the school colors turquoise and maroon were cool. Wearing the school beanie and dancing around the maypole sucked. Strangely, the bathroom was located inside our classroom in a corner, closed off by a door. Trying to go potty and not make profane noises left me psychologically scarred. My classmates sat right on the other side of that bathroom door reading "Watch Dick Run!". I had noticed that one girl who wet her pants at her desk disappeared shortly thereafter and was never seen again. On top of this, I became addicted to the white paste in large jars the school provided for work desk assignments and I had to spend my summers in rehab. I have walked a mile in Lindsey Lohan's pilfered sandals. When Hillside showed me the front door, I attended Burges. The best things about Burges were the honkin' biscuits the cafeteria ladies baked (even though I only ate one or two), Mrs. Hicks and biology class and graduation. Then after two years at Texas Western College I went into the Navy as a Hospital Corpsman recruit. Following boot camp and Hospital Corpsman school, I worked for 6 months on the pneumonia ward at San Diego Naval Hospital. I was then ordered to Field Medical Service School at Camp Pendleton and on to Vietnam with the 3rd Marine Division. The best thing about Vietnam was boarding a plane one year later and watching the Vietnamese countryside whiz by and thinking, "Ya missed me, Pardner". The best thing about the Navy was you can make any noises you want in the head (bathroom). After my honorable discharge from the Navy in 1969 (the first honorable thing in my life), I went searching for Texas Western College,. They had changed the name to UTEP but I found them anyway. During my last two years of college I took the Dental Aptitude Test. The DAT was multi-part and each applicant had to bring a bar of Ivory soap for a timed carving of a tooth from a diagram. As I turned in my carving I thought, "What have you done, Floyd? This looks more like a '57 Chevy than a molar!" Due to a nationwide shortage of dentists, I passed and attended Baylor College of Dentistry in Dallas. The best thing about dental school was walking across the stage to receive my doctorate having cheated completely on doing any work whatsoever on my masters.

After life's hiccups, I married my wife Liz in 1981. We went on to have five daughters. Since I have three sisters and no brothers and five daughters and no sons, I figure God has a plan for me but I know not what. It is too late for me to enter fashion design. First, I bought diapers and wipes by the pallet at Sam's Club, followed years later with Clearasil and makeup by the bucket. I learned to change dirty diapers in the complete dark and I determined by hypothesis and scientific experimentation that this was by far



the best scenario. When my daughters were young I observed that one of them, especially, seemed to be a professional whiner. She has since grown up to become a beautiful normal woman. But one Christmas, this particular daughter noticed that she had the straight arm Barbie while her sisters had the bent arm Barbie. You have to be a Barbie aficionado to understand that bent arm Barbie can hug Ken; straight arm Barbie can only wave Ken goodbye or poke him in the eye. After several days of her whining, I finally snapped, jumped up and grabbed her Barbie, pulled off the arms, opened the front door and threw Barbie and her arms out on the front lawn. When I returned to the den, Liz and the girls sat in stunned silence, their jaws fully disarticulated. The house



was the quietest it had been since the day before we brought that first baby daughter home. Now, my daughters (above) love to visit together and laugh and talk about this and many of Dad's other foibles. Liz says, " You know Floyd, that story is going to be told at your funeral". I wouldn't miss it for the world!. By the way, there are only about eight years between the ages of my oldest and youngest daughters. I long ago debunked the old wives tale that a woman cannot get pregnant while she is nursing. Also, pregnancy due dates are no more accurate than having the O.B. doctor wear a blindfold and swing at a piñata. However, library book due dates are DUE DATES.

Liz and Floyd went to a Moodyblues concert in March at the PlazaTheater (above). Now I look forward to retirement soon and spending time with Liz to do more of the things we enjoy. Traveling and mythbusting! We have our tenth grandchild on the way whenever the doctor hits the piñata. Oh yes, I still have that one great American novel stirring in me that I'm hoping to work on, tentatively titled: Floydinator and the Case of: Society of Extroverted Xylophonists--An Inside Job. Remember the Dutch have a saying: Maak je geen zorgen. We gaan allemaal uiteindelijk sterven!!