

## FRANK CANDLIN DVM

10-13-2014 BY HARRY ZIRKELBACH

Everyone had neighbors who are memorable years after last seen. Such a champion for our family was Frank Candlin, Denver Veterinarian.

Frank Candlin and his wife were our neighbors in the Cherry Creek area of Denver in the 19760-1980 era. Their generation was nearer to that of our parents, but as a lifelong Veterinarian Frank was a remained in touch with an extended array of Denver's population.

He was bright, possessed charm and ready smile; this contrasted with his obstinacy about the beliefs held, always ready to pronounce. It was part of his charm to some who disagreed with him, a constant irritant to those he annoyed when outspoken. Frank was always right..

He was respected in the medical arena. A Veterinarian, he was active with Denver General Hospital in the early years of the second half of the Twentieth Century. So extensive was his influence, he held a Dr seat on the Hospital Board.

He received more laudatory praise than tepid criticism.

All the while running a small Veterinary Hospital at 280 Madison St, Denver, EAst 3766. His home, on the same property.

He was socially active in Denver, his name and photo appearing on the society page of both papers for dozens of civi activities.

Frank was a generous contributor in time, money to any organization he joined. Yet, when he judged that group had strayed from his understanding of their charter, Frank was an immediate vociferous voice of protest.

One group he loved was the Denver Symphony. He and his wife, season ticket holders, front and Center, attended performances in formal evening wear. Yet though Frank knew that Saul Caston, Denver's Symphony Conductor had announced work of modern composers wold begin to be performed, he attended and listened one such recitals. Midway through a piece featuring cacophony from many sources, Frank seethed, stood up, loudly denounced this discord, in the most unflattering words. He kept comments coming as he led his wife through those seated to his left; then up the elevation to exit, continually berating the deterioration of this once wonderful orchestra. Castro fought to control his orchestra throughout the interlude . Candlin's made the society page that night.

As fellow parishioner and neighbor, our families always maintained a cordial, aloof friendship. So it was when our cat, household pet for the children, became ill.

Barbara took the cat two children to have Dr Candlin do his miracle.

On entry Frank Candlin was the soul of courtesy and compassion.

Frank, wonderful in his white frock, hands held behind his back. He had read the history prepared by Barbara, the cat Benji, a mongrel, ever neutered or

vaccinated. After pleasantries, Frank verified these statements;

graciously advised he could not accept this patient. He would be examining

others, could not risk passing on whatever Benji may have. All with a very

professional toothy smile that came across to our children as genuine. On leaving

Barbara was taxed to explain Benji's dismissal as other than deserved.

Every friend of the Candlin's possessed their litany of incongruities. Most brought smiles. While Frank and his wife were of one voice, that was not their totality. She

was equally determined. To wit. In an election for Mayor in the 1970s, Frank

chose to endorse a candidate. All learned soon, his wife didn't share Frank's

judgment. So on the lawn of home/Clinic, a lawn sign for each candidate. And in

keeping family harmony, most who knew the Candlins,

never certain which of the two was his favorite.