

CHECKING IN FROM MILE HIGH

So I trudged out to Mile High with David Neiwert, Lindsay, and Ian (Spencer scored some great seats on the 50 Yard Line, so he's here, but with a better seat); the line was miles long. Remarkably, there were only a handful of cops there—but everyone was pleasant and well-behaved.

We'll be watching the proceedings from behind the ABC News tent, out in the sun. Right now, I'm posting from the blogger lounge, which is actually pretty swank but completely full already. Had I known the press file center would have both wired internet access and air conditioning, I would have come here first.

They've started with speakers and bands (the first band was a local bluegrass band). And Michelle Obama did a paparazzi walk just below the press stands—Neiwert got a pretty good picture.

I'm going to head out and figure out how I get to the field to visit my peeps from Michigan. I probably won't post again—this place is mobbed.

It sounds like more fun to go hang with all the people enjoying the fun. See you later.