

1998

I got my yearly check up with Dr. Gloria Eagle. This was my first experience with a lady doctor. I felt very comfortable with her so hopefully, I will be able to maintain her for my yearly check ups, while we are here in the winter. Roy has a Doctor in the same clinic which he feels comfortable with. He has been diagnosed with diabetes so he needs to keep track of how he is doing, etc.

We have been here on the river, with a river view, for almost five weeks. The Christmas week was very cold, however New Years week it warmed up enough to wear shorts and tee shirts. There was a lot of activity on the river the two holiday weeks. Lots of speed boats, party boats, jet skis, and water skiers. We even saw an amphibious plane take off, right in front of us.

I have been keeping up on my walks and today, January 7, 1998, I did my personal best. I knew I was doing great when I reached one check point and was about a half minute faster than I previously had been. I have been improving steadily, and was hoping that before we left here, I would make four miles in an hour. Feeling strong, I felt that this could be the day. I would try the full four miles just to see if I could make it. Prior to this I had started walking three and 8/10 of a mile in an hour and had been increasing the distance steadily. Well, I did it in 59 minutes and 43 seconds.

Roy accomplished two great things this last couple of weeks. He had been battling a leak in the kitchen, which was an on and off thing. He had the wall torn apart off and on trying to track it down. It was intermittent which made it difficult to locate. Finally, he determined where the water was coming from and was able to fix it. His second great thing was that the washer/dryer had been continually getting worse in not getting the clothes dry. I had determined that water was remaining somewhere, causing the unit to be too damp to dry the clothes. There was a water filter that we had never been able to get open so finally he worked at it forcing it open. It was full of lent so we were excited that this would correct the problem. Well, it didn't. After further investigation he discovered that the vent from the dryer to the outside was clogged with lent. After getting that cleared out, it works great. You can say I am a real happy camper!

January 12 and we leave Emerald Cove and head for Valencia. We ran into heavy fog as we crossed the desert towards Desert Center where we joined Interstate 10. Other than the fog and high winds through the Palm Springs area, the drive went very well. I picked up Mom on Tuesday and we spent the day shopping. We took her to dinner at the Red Lobster that night, which we all enjoyed.

Mom arranged with The Foresters Haven, her retirement home, to be taken to a large parking lot in San Fernando, where we met her. The timing was great, both of us arriving at the same time. The drive down to Oceanside was great except for getting caught in truck traffic on Interstate 10 and 15. We were checking out the truck stop to see if that would be a good spot to park the RV while I drove Mom home next Monday. It was so congested that it took us a half hour just to get out of the area. After getting settled at the park, we drove to Bruce and Teri's where we borrowed Bruce's truck. We are taking Tilly back to Earl Schibe to have them redo the hood.

After dropping Tilly off, Roy, Mom and I , met Bruce and Teri for dinner at the Brigentine. Poor Teri is still trying to get over the crud which has been hanging around since New Year's.

Thursday was a very busy day. We dropped Roy at Bruce and Teri's and Mom and I went to the base to pick up Roy's prescription, go to package store, and go to Target to pick up things Mom needed. Finally we met Roy and Bruce at Earl Schibes to pick up Tilly. She looked much better. After dropping the truck back at Bruce's, he headed over to pick up Jason and take him to the Hamburger Factory. He was glad to see his grandma as it had been a while.

Friday, Roy dropped Mom and I off at the shopping center where I found my walking shoes, a birthday present from Roy and a cute red sweat shirt, a birthday present from Mom. Mom was not feeling well so we cut our shopping short and took a nice long lunch. Mom chose to stay home while we met Bruce and Teri for dinner at the Hungry Hunter. Teri was feeling better. We had a nice visit as usual and the dinner was great.

MAMA TO EMERGENCY

We moved to a campground in Oceanside on the beach. Mom was still not feeling well Saturday, and was having difficulty breathing, so I ended up taking her to the emergency room at Tri City Hospital. I tried to take her to urgent care but was unable to find one open. In looking back, I'm glad I took her to Tri City. They were terrific. They had her out of there in just over three hours and she was much better, able to breathe with much more ease.

HAPPY 57TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION TO ME

My birthday get-together on Sunday was great. It was good to see my kids and grandson. Everyone seemed to be in great spirits. Teri appeared to be totally over her crud and Mama looked like she had never been sick. Clara, Roy's sister, was able to join us for a couple of hours. It was good to see her and she seemed to enjoy herself. After desert, we took a nice walk on the beach. Jason and Eric started running like just freed dogs, chasing the seagulls. On lookers couldn't help smile while watching them tear up and down the beach, arms flying over their heads, looking like they were going to take flight themselves. Oh, the energy of the young.

ENTER, THOUSAND TRAILS

Monday, we drove to a huge shopping center where Interstate 15 and 10 intersect and found a parking spot for Holly. I drove Mom back to her home. Other than her getting the breathing problem our visit was a very good one. After returning to shopping center, we hooked up Tilly and drove to Palm Springs and Thousand Trails, where we purchased a membership. For an initial charge of \$1745 plus the first year dues of \$350, we will get 50 camping days. Any days we use over that will only cost \$2.00 a day. With us being full timers, it sounds too good to be true. There are 29 parks through Washington, Oregon, California and Arizona, five of them in Southern California. Three of them are about 50 miles from San Diego which will make it great for visiting family and friends in a more leisurely fashion. There are additional parks located in the east as well as several in Texas. With this membership coupled with Emerald Cove, our

camping expenses will drop tremendously

I GET TO CELEBRATE MY BIRTHDAY TWICE

Well, I turned 57 today and we are back at Emerald Cove. Roy got us a nice bottle of Champagne and he cooked an excellent dinner. Along with the Nike running shoes and bike helmet, I had already picked out, he got me a visor extension for Holly with a very beautiful birthday card.

This has been a busy week with doctor and dentist appointments. I also got my mamogram. Because Roy has Type 2 diabetes, his doctor has suggested that he go on Dr. Atkins diet. We are both reading the book, getting ready to start the diet. We need to say goodbye to pastas, breads and sugar. Since this diet is based upon low carbohydrates, our cupboards will take on quite a different appearance. Hopefully this diet will work as we both need to lose some pounds.

NEEDLES IN HIS EAR BUT HE'S PURTY!!!!

Roy went back to the doctor this week for chiropractic treatment on his hip and leg. He came home with two needles in his ear . . . very strange. The pain has lessened so hopefully the treatments will do some good. He has a follow up treatment next week.

After a slow start due to fighting off a cold, I have taken up my walking again. Love my new shoes.

We drove Tilly to Quartzsite to meet some friends from our camping group, Peggy, Ed, Fred and Leanne for lunch. We had a nice visit. Boy what a zoo Quartzsite is. Wall to wall people in the RV show tent. We decided to wait to go through it when we get back with the rig on Tuesday.

ROY'S ROCKY MOOD

Roy got into a rock mood, so we packed a lunch and hiked up to our pyramid. Roy found about 10 large flat rocks and fashioned us a nice picnic spot where we can sit and eat looking out over the desert and river. It's quite nice. We noticed that our spot has been visited. Someone left a message fashioned out of rock spelling "10 Yrs. D & K." On the way home, he still had the rock bug so guess what. We started another pyramid. This one will not be as tall, as the rocks in the area are not as big. We'll finish it when we get back from Quartzsite.

THE AWNING THROWS ME TO THE WIND

We arrived in Quartzsite February 3. We found a real nice spot further into the desert from the road, so we have some privacy. We got everything set up, rug down, awning up and chairs in place before heading to the RV show tent. When we got back, I sat out on the patio and began reading. Before long, the wind started to kick up. Without much warning it really started to blow. Even tho the awning was strapped down, the wind was really tugging on it. We decided it best to put it away. Just as we started, the wind increased even more and I had to hang onto it

while Roy worked to get the mechanism reversed. A huge gust came causing the awning to bellow flinging me up into the air like a rag doll. When I came down, I hit one of the chairs with my shin, causing quite a knot. We finally got it put away, just in time I might say. On the news, we heard that the winds were in excess of 50 MPH. Some of the locals were saying gusts up to 80 MPH. About two hours after the winds started, the rain joined in, both continuing through the night.

LOT'S OF DAMAGE LEFT DUE TO THE WINDS AND RAIN

When we went into town the next morning and saw lots of damage from the wind and rain. Some of the exhibits had lost their tent tops, causing water damage. One seller said that they had to have a person hanging onto a supporting pole for several hours to insure the tent would not blow down. According to the news, we are in for another storm today and tomorrow. We may not be doing much outside cooking on this trip.

WE START THE DR. ATKINS DIET

We started the Dr. Atkins Diet on February 4. We both are very anxious for this to work so I am sure we will remain motivated, especially if the first 14 days, (the induction stage) goes well. It does take time keeping track of the carb's and calories, however I feel by doing this religiously, our chances of success will be increased. I have created charts for both Roy and myself to document our carb and calorie intake as well as weight and body measurements.

The remainder of the week in Quartzsite, for the most part, was cold but pleasant. There was only one more rain storm so we were able to enjoy two campfires. We sat by the fire, as close as we dared, all bundled up in our warm jackets, time sharing between watching the fire and enjoying the colorful sunsets.

TWO BIG HIP HIP HURRAYS

Back in Emerald Cove, Roy went for his third chiropractic and acupuncture treatment and to have his blood sugar count checked. **HURRAY!!!!** After the three treatments, he has no pain and the Doctor said there is no need to keep the fourth treatment that was planned. **DOUBLE HURRAY!!!** His sugar count was 74, down from 200+. Dr. Baird said that due to the to the positive effect the diet is having, he can discontinue the diabetes medication, stating that he should be able to control the diabetes with diet. We are ecstatic and will continue working toward our weight goals. At this point Roy has lost fifteen pounds and I have lost eight. Both of our blood pressures have dropped considerably so I guess we are onto a very good thing.

Since we have been back, there has been a couple of real strong rain storms. After the storms leave LA, they come to visit us. Due to the unusual rain amounts, the desert is beautiful, actually green. Flowers are already blooming in brilliant yellows, purples and lavenders.

For Valentines Day, Roy got me a real good camera. It's a Minolta VeCtis 30. It's an Advanced Photo System camera and has the capability of producing three print sizes, including panorama.

The zoom goes to 90mm which really brings things close. The settings include auto mode, close-up mode, portrait mode, night portrait mode and landscape mode. It has the capability of imprinting titles on back of the photo or you can title the whole role. It also has the self timer so we can get both of us in the picture at the same time. I can play professional photographer as it has a continuous drive mode, which will allow me to take continuous shots while holding the shutter down. Focusing and lighting are all automatic and if you go three minutes without taking a picture, it automatically shuts itself down to save on the batteries. To say the least. I am very pleased and can't wait to take some pictures.

MY PERSONAL BEST

On the 18th, I felt real strong when I began my walk so thought I would go for another personal best. Well I did it, four miles in 58.37 minutes, but was it worth it. It took me about two hours after I walked to begin to feel good. Guess I'll be happy with four miles an hour.

IT DOESN'T RAIN IN ARIZONA.....IT'S CALLED DUST CONTROL

February 24 and we are off to Mesa, AZ. on our way to Las Cruces. We were dodging the rain all the way but alas, it caught up to us just as we started through Phoenix. The truckers kept up their chatter, commenting on never seeing this much rain in Arizona before. "Hay, this isn't a rain storm . . . this is what Arizona calls dust control." chimed one of the group. The park in Mesa is a beautiful one. Roy is spending all of his time at the Mormon Ancestral Library, where he has made quite a find, tracking Cornelius, my dads great grandfather, all the way back to Maidstone, Kent, England. He is so excited and this will make the book he is working on for our family reunion so much more complete.

I am keeping busy shopping, purchasing things we need that were not available in our little town of Parker, AZ. We also purchased a doctor's scales so that we can keep better and more accurate track of our weight loss.

We left Mesa on March 1, intending to spend a night in Lordsburg, NM. The drive out of Mesa was beautiful. The desert was green with thousands of stove pipe cactus everywhere. It was a very pleasant drive and we arrived in Lordsburg only to find that the town's water had been contaminated. Since we will need a full tank of water before we get to Las Cruces, for the FMCA rally, we drove on to find a place to spend the night, along with thousands of other coaches on their way to the rally. We found a camp ground in Deming which had dry camping spaces available only. They had rigs parked in every conceivable spot available. In the morning it was just a matter of waiting for the rigs who had hook ups to pull out so we could grab their spot, fill up with water and dump the tanks.

FOLLOW THE LEADER....RIGHT!

When we got to Las Cruces, we found our way to the college campus where the rally was to take place. The next six hours were extremely frustrating, sitting in long lines waiting to be processed and taken to a parking site. It wouldn't have been so bad except as we were being led to our

parking area, I begin to see very familiar sites. Would you believe, we ended up back in the holding area? It appears that someone had lost site of the coach they were to follow and led everyone back to the holding area with everyone behind, dutifully following. It really didn't turn out to be bad as we finally ended up behind the information building and within walking distance of all activities. Some people were in parking lots over two miles away, including our friends from Del Pacifico, who arrived the following day. Roy attended several seminars each day. I attended one on prostate cancer and one on breast cancer. Both were very informative. Most of my time was spent relaxing in the rig and taking in the many exhibits available. We took in the show with Glen Campbell and his daughter, which we both enjoyed. It became very cold and windy the last day which really made a mess out of the RV displays.

Our original plans to spend some time in El Paso after the rally to register the rigs got changed. After getting more information, it became apparent that it would take more than the week we had sat aside so I made a phone call to extend our stay at Thousand Trails in Verde Valley, AZ.

RED NECK TRUCKERS AND CROTCHETY OLD RV'ERS COLLIDE ON THE CB'S

We left Las Cruces along with the other seven thousand rigs that attended the rally. Boy you should have heard the truckers crying and bad-mouthing RV'ers. There were a couple of X-rated exchanges between red necked truckers and crotchety old RV'ers, that had they been nose to nose, there could have been a bloody one or two. Can you imagine, getting on the freeway in your sedan and seeing nothing but wall to wall trucks and RV's. We spent the night in Mesa so we could make a quick stop at the Price Club so Roy could pick up his glucose meter. It was free with the purchase of a box of test strips. Now he will be able to keep track of his glucose count.

I THINK WE ARE GOING TO LIKE THE THOUSAND TRAILS PRESERVES

We were both looking forward to our two-week stay at Verde Valley Thousand Trails and anxious to get there. What a place. We are on a mesa with a view of beautiful red mountains from our patio, snow dusted mountains out of our front and left windows and the lights of Cottonwood and Jerome at night out of our front windows. We were lucky to get an end spot so it's just us and nature. The mesa is quite a way above the rest of the camp sites, lodge and river. My walks get my heart going as I walk down and then back up the road.

We enjoyed driving up to Jerome and continuing into Prescott one day. The day before this trip, we noticed a staple in one of Tilly's tires. We got it repaired, however upon arriving in Prescott, the same tire went flat. We were so lucky that it waited to go flat after we were safe in a parking lot. You should have seen us trying to find the jack. It was very neatly tucked away in the trunk, not in plain sight. We resorted to reading the manual. What a concept. After Roy got the little spare tire on, we drove back to Cottonwood to the outfit who had supposedly repaired the tire. It was discovered that the man who had done the original repair had not roughed up the inside so the patch did not stick. We were drilled as to who had originally repaired the tire. Neither of us could remember his name.

Most of our time here, the weather was cold and overcast, however the weather cooperated on our trip on the Wilderness Train through the Verde Canyon. Everyone is assigned to a car, each named after a town in the area. Ours was called Cottonwood. After everyone took their seat and the train got under way, we were then allowed to move to the open air viewing cars. Even tho these cars had seating in the middle, most of us stood along the railing drinking in the sights, sounds and smells of the canyon with its vivid red mountains, magnificent eagles, graceful herons, and the winding Verde River. The scene was ever changing as the train slowly made its way through the canyon giving away to more beauty around each bend. The four hour ride to and from Perkinsville ended way before I was ready for it to do so. Some of the scenes from the classic western film, How the West was Won, was shot in Perkinsville. This was not a “been there done that” trip. A repeat performance is in our plans

We continue to do well on our diet, Roy losing twenty-three pounds and I losing twelve. We left Cottonwood on March 23 and spent the next three nights at Emerald Cove. We enjoyed a hike up to our two pyramids. We won't be back until late November or early December.

The next month will be spent at the Palm Desert Thousand Trails. Roy turned 65 and we celebrated with a fantastic fish platter and a bottle of champagne. That was the first time we gorged since we have been on the diet. It was a great evening and we quickly repaired the damage by jumping right back on the diet the next day. I drove to San Fernando to spend the day with Mom. We had a real good visit and enjoyed a nice lunch and had fun shopping for an Easter dress for her. We found two that looked real nice on her. The best part is they were half off, so I got her both as a Mother's Day present. We had a great weekend with Bruce and Teri. They rented a trailer at Thousand Trails. We had dinner home the first night and dinner at the Gila in the patio the second night and a champagne brunch on Sunday. We took a tour of the windmills in Palm Springs, and learned the history and how they work. It was basically an educational tour with the guide trying to educate the public on the advantages of using windmills to create electricity. We were able to see Roy Dean, Barbara and the kids while we were in the area. We met them at the Soup Plantation in San Bernardino which they really enjoyed. Unfortunately we enjoyed it too much. That coupled with Bruce and Teri's visit did a number on our weight. We realize that from now until after the family reunion, it will be difficult to lose any more weight. We have done very well, Roy losing forty pounds and I losing 18.

On March 25 we moved to Wilderness Lakes, between Sun City and Temecula. We celebrated our 11th Anniversary with dinner at the Thorton Winery in the Champagne Room. It was quite elegant and the food was superb. Our gift to each other was a cell phone, which we are enjoying very much. Roy is also able to download his email, after purchasing a special modem. He had difficulty at first but after several calls to technical support, they were finally able to get all of the settings correct so that the phone talked with the modem and the modem talked to the server. We also got a antenna which boosts the reception. It's wonderful to finally have a phone.

While in Wilderness Lakes, we were able to meet our friends, Dennis and Brigid for dinner in Temecula. As always, it was great to see them. One day, we picked up Roy's Mom then picked up Roy's sister Clara, on the way to visit Roy's sister Marge in Point Loma. They had purchased a fixer upper and are still in the process of fixing. They have a great view of the ocean

from their patio. We were able to meet Roy's sons Derald and Alan in Temecula for dinner. They both were in good spirits and we enjoyed a very nice visit with them. We had a fantastic weekend attending the Auto Club 200 and IROC at the Ontario Speedway on Saturday with Bruce and Teri, and the California 500 on Sunday with Bruce, Teri and Jess. We had purchased pit passes and were able to get up close and personal with the pits and the cars.

On Monday, after the race, we drove into Escondido and after running errands, picked up Jason from work and took him to dinner. He is very positive and looking forward to the family reunion. Bruce and Teri will bring him up with them. The day before leaving for Cabo San Lucas, we drove to Poway to meet Jess, Karin and Eric for dinner. Unfortunately we both had been sick with a 24-hour intestinal flu so were not real hungry but it was great to see them. We were so surprised when they picked up the check! They explained. It was my Mother's Day present and Roy's Birthday present. It was a very nice feeling to be treated and we could tell, they were very proud to be able to treat us.

On May 9 we are ready to fly to Cabo San Lucas. We were able to park Holly in a site at Wilderness Lakes, which allows us to come home without having to move her out of storage. They only charged \$2.50 per day. Such a deal.

Our condo was actually in San Jose del Cabo, which is on the Gulf of California, about 20 miles north east of Cabo San Lucas. The condo was beautiful with a fully stocked kitchen. Our patio looked over a beautiful pool, grounds and of course, the ocean. We rented a Voltzwagon which had been turned into a convertible. After I got the knack of shifting the gears, it was fun to drive. One morning, we took a tour on ATV's. What a blast! After we followed the guide through a small fishing village, past an old light house and over sand dunes along the beach, he cut us loose for about a half hour. It was great fun tearing across the sand as fast as we dared. Going up and down the dunes was equally fun, however somewhat scary. Those dunes are a lot higher when you are perched on top preparing to descend to the bottom. Roy did have a mishap. He hit a rut trying to miss a bush, causing the front tires to jerk hard, tipping the ATV along with Roy, onto its side. He was lucky, only a scratch on his hand and soreness on his leg. He hit his head pretty hard but due to the helmet, there was no damage. Another tour which was real fun was the snorkeling trip. I chose not to snorkel, but enjoyed watching Roy and just sitting on the deck enjoying the ocean and sun. On the way back to Cabo, they served a nice Mexican buffet for lunch. We also enjoyed the pirate sunset cruise on a old galleon style sailing ship which was maned by a crew dressed as pirates. The ship was built around 1850 but had an old engine, which had been added to aid in getting her in and out of the congested portion of the harbor. After clearing the congestion, she was totally dependent upon the wind and the skill of the crew. It was fascinating watching them sail her past the arch, into open sea, and back into the harbor.

After landing back in Los Angeles, and getting through customs, we caught the shuttle back to the parking lot where we had left Tilly. Opps, the overhead lights had been left on and we were dead in the water. The parking lot attendant came to our rescue with a portable battery....guess this happens alot!

On May 17 we left Wilderness Lakes for the Thousand Trails Soledad Canyon, in Acton, CA.

On the 19th, I drove to San Fernando to pick up Mom. At last, we are on our way to the big family reunion in Wellington Nevada. We saw some new country, as we took HWY. 14, connecting up with 395 near Ridgecrest. We made such good time that we spent the night in Bishop rather than Lone Pine. Other than no sewer hook up, not even a dump station, it was a nice camp ground. We were able to dump the next morning at a local gas station.

What a success the reunion was. Saturday there were us kids, Dan and Haydee, Kathleen and Vic and Roy and myself, my Mama, my Dad and Mom T, Gary, Mom's son and Suzy, his wife, Gary's cousin, Sharon and her husband Ted, my son Jason, my son Jess, Karin and Eric, nephew Jeff, Kelly, Amanda and Chris, my nephew Bobby and his fiancée, Tina, friends Bruce and Teri, my cousin Diana, and her husband Wayne, and, my Uncle Roy and Aunt Jean. There were also eight friends of Dan's and Dad's, for a total of 37 people. Sunday, everyone returned except the eight friends. In the next nine days, there were gatherings at Dad and Mom's, Jeff and Kelly's and Uncle Roy's. There was a lot of time for heavy duty bonding and most of us took advantage of the opportunity. I still get teary eyed when I remember sitting in the rig with Jess and Jason until 5:00AM, sharing thoughts, dreams and happiness. I am very proud of those two men.

After saying our last good-bys, we headed to Donner Summit with Mama so we could take her to Grass Valley to visit her friend Elva. I hadn't see Elva since I was a teenager. Wow, over 40 years has been lived since then. Unfortunately, the camp ground at Donner was still frozen with no sewer or water. After dropping Mama off with Elva, we drove on to Lake of the Springs, a Thousand Trails in a little bitty town named Oregon House. It's a beautiful park with lots of deer and jack rabbits wondering by the rig.

Sunday, we drove back to Grass Valley to pick up Mama and take her to Sacramento to the Greyhound Bus Depot, so she can visit Wayne and Diana. What a scare we had. After purchasing the ticket and being assured that she would not have to transfer, and would be going directly to Hayward, we were told that she would not get in until 5:50PM. I should have known then that couldn't have been right. Mama had been told she would get in at 3:30PM. I told Mama I would call Diana and let her know the new arrival time. As we were waiting in line, I guess we mentioned Hayward as her destination. Immediately the man in front of us as well as the one behind, told us that the bus we were in line for did not go to Hayward. When we got to the ticket taker, he said that to get to Hayward, she would have to transfer at Lompoc. I asked him how far Lompoc was from Fremont, where Diana lived. He said about 20 miles, which was only about 6 miles further from Fremont than Hayward. Thanks to the Cell phone, we were able to get hold of Diana with the new location and pick up time. Mama beamed when I got on the bus to tell her Diana would be in Lompoc to get her at 2:50PM. If we hadn't been able to reach Diana, we would have taken Mama off the bus and driven her to Fremont. It would have only taken us about four hours round trip, and I wasn't about to have her sit in a bus depot over two hours. Thank God for the two men who alerted us that there was something wrong. If she would have stayed on that bus past Lompoc, she would have ended up in San Jose. I called Mom at Diana's tonight to make sure all was well . . . it was.

Roy and I took a pickle-ball lesson from a Thousand Trails volunteer last Saturday. We have enjoyed it so much, we have gone back and played every day since. It's played on a tennis or

badminton court using wood paddles and a plastic, perforated baseball. We have seen it played in most of the Thousand Trails Resorts we have visited so far. This gives us something else we can do together besides hiking, biking..

Well today was not one of our better ones. As we were getting ready to leave, Roy discovered that our back jack had buried itself way down into the dirt, taking the support board with it. He was able to get unstuck with a combination of digging and finally starting the engine, causing the air to pump and raise the rig. Relieved, we finished breaking camp and I began driving the rig out of the site and towards the dump station. Well, I messed up again. In driving out of our camping area, I didn't see a rock on my right and you guessed it. I hit it, crushing one of the cargo doors. At the dump station, the gray water wouldn't drain. We sat there for a while wondering what else could go wrong. After realizing there wasn't much we could do about it sitting at the dump station, we decided to deal with it when we got to our next stop. Luckily, when we got to the next camp ground, the grey water dumped with no problem. Since there wasn't a lot, we figured that the ground at the dump station was slanted. This had probably kept the tank from draining properly.

Roy reported the accident and arranged for an adjuster to meet us in Bend Oregon. He referred us to a good shop so we talked to the manager. Unfortunately we have the same problem as we did the last time I messed up. The door will take six to eight weeks to get here. So we will have to deal with her OUCH until we come back through Bend at the end of summer.

The Thousand Trailer camp ground in Bend is beautiful. There is a lot of room between sites and in many instances, there are so many trees, you can't even see your neighbors. We only played pickle ball once. The weather was on the cool side, not turning warm until the last few days. Several afternoons thunder storms made their way across the sky giving us a nice rain. Unfortunately, we had spent some time giving Holly a bath the day before the thunder storms moved through. At least she was not dusty, so the rain didn't turn to mud. One day we visited the High Desert Museum which was well worth the time and money. Many of the displays were life size, first showing an artists rendering of the display which included people in the appropriate dress of the time. Then, the display followed which was full size, minus the people. For instance, there was a display of surveyors which included all of the equipment they used, their campsite and transportation. The artists rendering had the surveyors in the painting and the actual display had all of the equipment, etc. minus the surveyors. In one room, they had many instruments that were used by the doctors in the 1800's. Not only were the instruments on display but also instructions on how they were used. It was kind of like a "Here's How" to saw off a leg or pull a tooth. Oh, the pain that those people endured in those days. They also had outdoor displays of the otter, beaver, and the walking trail was full of all the other little critters that live in the region. The otter display was delightful. We could view him from under the water as well as above. He was continually on the move both in and out of the water and seemed to be enjoying every minute. They also had a settlers farm house, which included the out buildings and a garden. We also took a nice drive which took us through the Deschutes National Forest, by several lakes and Bachelor Mountain, where skiers and snow boarders were still enjoying their sport. The day before we left, we visited Lava Butte which had erupted six thousand years ago. The lava that came from that eruption covered over six thousand acres. This

whole area is still very active with many of the mountains capable of erupting at any time.

After taking a good look at the distance from Bend, OR. to Seaview, WA., we decided to leave Bend a day early. On July 1, we left Bend and began our journey northwest. We decided to stay on the Columbia River in Kalama, Washington, across from Oregon. We watched the cargo ships travel up and down the river from our front windows which was pretty neat. We took a walk down town to see if there was a restaurant we would like to have dinner but ended up getting the makings for fajita's at the local grocery store instead.

HAPPY 7TH BIRTHDAY ERIC

We got to Seaview, which is located on the Long Beach Peninsula. We were happy to get a full hook up site. We had been confirmed for dry camping only. I guess a lot of campers had changed their minds . . . the weather possibly being a factor. It is pretty dreary with a heavy mist. We found Karin's parents, Chuck and Donna's home ok and had a nice visit with Jess, Karin, Eric and Karin's family. It was Eric's 7th birthday so there was also his birthday celebration. The sun came out for about five minutes while we were sitting on the deck. Chuck and Donna invited us back for the 4th of July.

The next day, Jess and family picked us up and we went as see Fort Columbia which sits on the mouth of the Columbia River on the Washington side. The fort had been maned during the 1st and 2nd World War's and had artifacts from both periods. After the fort, we visited the North Head Lighthouse. For a buck, we got to climb to the top and listen to a local tell us about it's history and some of the local stories from the area during that time. There was heavy mist for a good part of the day.

On the 4th, we returned to Chuck and Donna's where we enjoyed the day visiting. The mist turned to rain off and on so most of the day was spent inside. After saying our good by's to the kids until November, we headed for home while the rest of the group went to see the fire works. It was a real nice visit as we got to meet all of Karin's brothers and sisters. She is the middle child and has three brothers and three sisters.

We decided to spend another week here in Seaview. The weather never did cooperate much. I believe we only saw the sun four days out of the fourteen we were here and that was only briefly in the afternoon. We spent one day seeing the Louis and Clark center located in the Fort Canby State Park, north of the mouth of the Columbia River. After that we drove back across the Columbia to where they spent the winter before heading back home. They built a small fort called Fort Clatsop, after the friendly Indians who lived near by. The fort had been reconstructed from plans noted in their logs. The two year expedition is considered as one of the major feats of the world and it was very interesting reading and learning about it. They only lost one man, Sargent Floyd. They believe this was due to a ruptured appendix.

One day, we drove to the top of the Long Beach peninsula, about twenty miles, to Leadbetter Point State Park. There we took a hike through the park to the beach.

NIGHT COURT

I got myself into a bit of trouble one night after we had gone out to dinner. It is legal to drive your car on the beach so we thought it would be fun to try it. Well, I was having too much fun and on our way out, I looked into my rear view mirror and lo and behold, there were those dreaded red and blues calling my name. I was written up for reckless driving and driving in a closed portion of the beach. I had no problem with the reckless driving but both Roy and I knew we had not entered a closed area. We went to the courthouse to see what the fine would be so we could pay it, as we were not going to be in the area August 25, the appearance date noted on the ticket. The clerk informed me that it was mandatory that I talk to the judge and she was able to get me on the docket the following evening at 6:00 p.m. We sure looked out of place with the court room filled with young long hairs with families in tow. Some even having to carry their kids up with them when it was their turn to talk to the judge. My heart fell when the judge read the penalty for reckless driving on the beach to a young man sitting before her. "The penalty is 90 days in jail and \$1000 in fines." Oh my God! I also have the darn **driving in a closed beach area**, violation. Well, I was not left to suffer too long. She gave him a suspended 90 days and a \$100 fine. It was my turn, and I knew I was going to have to plead guilty to both items as we didn't want a trial. As it turned out, based on my excellent driving record, the prosecutor had the **driving in a closed beach area** thrown out and she recommended the minimum, 90 days probation and \$100 fine for the reckless driving. I felt pretty lucky as according to other cases heard, they take beach driving violations pretty serious in Washington.

The last night in Seaview, we went to dinner in a real nice restaurant called the Shoalwater. It is located in a 100 year old country Inn. The service and food were excellent. After dinner we took a walk, **not a drive**, on the beach. The sun had been shining that afternoon so it was quite pleasant.

The drive down to Pacific City, OR. was a little stressful due to narrow roads and congestion through the beach towns. Also it was very foggy near the ocean so the view was non-existent. Even though this camp ground is across the road from the beach, we could not see the ocean at all until the day after we got there. This camp ground is very beautiful and full of wild life. Every morning we see the critters and birds scurry up and down the hill in front of us, eating their breakfast. There are also a lot of domestic looking rabbits. They are so tame that they seldom budged as we passed by. On the news, we heard a story about a town in Washington state that was about to be over run by rabbits. The consensus was that a rabbit farm had closed, leaving a lot of their rabbits to run loose. In addition, people who had gotten rabbits at Easter and had later grown tired of caring for them, merely turned them loose. There are not that many rabbits here, but I bet if they don't do something soon, they may have a similar problem. We all know how quickly rabbits multiply.

We saw an interesting thing the other day when we were exploring the beach near Haystack Rock during low tide. Oh, Haystack Rock is a huge haystack shaped rock off shore of the little town of Pacific City. Anyway, as we watched the surfers, a boat came tearing toward the beach as fast as it could, ultimately beaching itself. The fisherman calmly got out of the boat and retrieved his truck and trailer. He then backed the trailer under the boat and finally winched it up the rest of

the way onto the trailer. We watched two other fishing boats go through the same exercise. After loading the boat onto the trailer, one of the trucks became stuck in the wet sand. Before we could blink an eye, a rusty blue pickup came driving down the beach and the men hitched the blue pickup to the truck with boat in tow, and pulled them out. It appeared that the further the captain could beach the boat onto the sand, the better the chances that they wouldn't get stuck when loading it onto the boat trailer and pulling it off the wet sand. I don't know this for a fact, but my guess would be that the men in the rusty blue truck are on call to pull out stuck trucks and their boats. One day we drove into the town of Tillamook and visited the Tillamook cheese making plant. We were able to see the complete process from milk, to cheese, to cutting, weighing and finally the packaging.

On July 24, we left Pacific City and headed for Stafford, south of Portland. Danny and Haydee were meeting us there so that we could all attend Bobby and Tina's wedding. They had arrived much later than expected due to a traffic accident and having a blowout on one of their rear tires. We were a quite worried and breathed a sigh of relief when they drove up at about 7:30 p.m. We all attended the wedding the following day. The theme was western, Tina wearing a lace western dress with a cowgirl hat and veil. Bobby wore black jeans, white shirt, black western jacket and a black cowboy hat. We were glad to see that most of the guests also wore western garb. Danny and Roy fit right in. It was nice to see Dan's x-wife Carol again, and to meet her husband, Walt. Dan and Haydee left early the next day for their long trip back to Nevada. They arrived home about 11:30 that night. We had a great visit with them and I am already looking forward to October when we pay them a visit.

On Monday, we headed up to the Thousand Trails Preserve in Chehalis, WA. We really didn't do too much while here except one day we took a nice drive to Mount St. Helens. The visitor centers were full of information, photos and movies of the events before, after and during the eruption, that took place at 8:32 am on May 18, 1980. Standing there looking at the mountain and realizing that had we been in that spot seventeen years ago we would be dead. The side that blew out appears smooth where the mud flowed down the mountain. The mountains around Mount St. Helens are strewn with trees, most of them laying in the same direction while others appear as part of a pick up sticks game in process. The blast had leveled 230 square miles of forest. Due to the total devastation of the area, it was agreed that part of the downed forest would be logged and replanting. Today, even the land left untouched is showing signs of regrowth with plants and animals beginning to appear. The cone that sits atop the mountain is growing, and could eventually bring the height of Mount St. Helens back up to the height before she blew in 1980. There are fourteen mountains in the Cascades ranging from northern Washington to northern California that have erupted during the last 4000 years, seven of them within the last 200 years. Some day, one of these sleeping giants will awake as Mount St. Helens did and another eruption will take place. Hopefully there will be a warning as there was with Mount St. Helens and hopefully, more people will head it.

Our next week was spent at the Thousand Trails Preserve in La Conner, WA. We both like this camp ground very much. It is located on Fidalgo Island on Skaget Bay, which is part of Puget Sound. The reserve is on the Swinomish Indian Reservation. Our site is relatively private with tree squirrels and chipmunks living near our patio. La Conner is a cute fishing village that caters

to tourist with its specialty shops and restaurants. I enjoyed an afternoon taking a peek, even buying a pretty top. We had a special dinner on Friday night at the Hope Island Inn located on Skagit Bay less than a mile from the reserve. This inn has been in operation since 1939 and has entertained John Wayne and Bing Crosby. On Saturday we were picked up by a shuttle and taken to the Washington Ferry terminal in Anacortes. We took the ferry to Friday Harbor on San Juan Island. There, we had a delightful lunch and walked around the town taking in the Whale Museum. We learned a lot about Orca whales which frequent the area. On the way home, we sat in the front of the ferry, which was huge, and watched the beautiful sound with its many islands pass by. Mount Baker, part of the Cascades, loomed in the distance with its snow covered jagged peak seeming to reach for the sky. We sat there for the duration of the trip, sipping our wine and beer out of plastic glasses, totally immersed in the beauty of nature. The only thing that would have made it better would have had a pod of Orcas swim across the bow.. No such luck on this trip . . . maybe another time.

We drove north toward Birch Bay Harbor on Monday, August 10. We got parked in a very roomy, full hook-up site, saw that we had a good cell phone connection, and no problem getting the lock on the satellite. After getting all settled, Roy took another look at the phone and realized that we were picking up a tower in Canada. That would mean we would be paying at least seventy five cents a minute. Roy talked to some of our neighbors who told him there really wasn't much to see in the area other than driving into Canada. We decided to take a drive into Canada that afternoon. On the way out were caught by a random computer search. We were sent to secondary where we were asked a lot of questions as to why were we in Canada, what we had purchased, how long were we there and if we were carrying anything like drugs, fruits, and vegetables. After that, they searched the car. They explained that the computer, at random, picks about one car out of every hundred for a search. He indicated that more times than you would think, they find things that are being brought across illegally during this random search. From this information they learn more about better screening the cars and persons coming across. In addition, the agents pull cars into secondary based upon something they see that does not seem right. One young man in front of us had apparently brought something in and was being told that his car was being impounded and that he was looking at a five thousand-dollar fine before he would be allowed into the States. All in all, it made for an interesting experience.

The next day we left Birch Bay Harbor, WA. and drove to Mount Vernon, WA. The Thousand Trails preserve here is very nice with real roomy and private sites. Lucky us, we got a site with full hook ups. There are only seventeen full hook up sites in this preserve. Someone must have just pulled out just before we drove by. We decided to spend two weeks here. The other day, a little bird spotted the flowers I have sitting on the dash. He tried to hover, finally landing on the windshield wipers and peering through the windows at the flowers. A few days later either he or another little bird just like him, flew right into the window, knocking himself out. He laid on the ground several minutes, finally regaining his senses before flying off.

We enjoyed our visit to Friday Harbor on the Island of San Juan so much, that we decided to go back. This time we rented a couple of motor bikes from Susie's Mopeds and toured the island. What a blast. We visited Cattle Point lighthouse, American Camp National Historical Park, and Lime Kiln Point where, if you are lucky, you might see Orcas. We didn't. There was also an

area near the mouth of a river where a half dozen salmon fishing boats were anchored. The fishermen were catching the salmon as they made a run for the river to spawn. As we road through the countryside, we saw many beautiful homes and ranches. There were horses, cattle, even lamas. After tooling around the entire island, (it's only about seventeen miles long and seven miles across) we had a very nice dinner at a Chinese restaurant. I had duck and it was wonderful. As before, our ferry ride to and from the island, was quite enjoyable.

This preserve is about a mile from a real nice Indian casino called Harrah's. I walked down about three afternoons to play the slots and make my donation. They had a real nice restaurant so the last Saturday night we were there, we went out for dinner. The restaurant was extremely nice . . . excellent food and service. The decor made it appear that we were eating under the stars and the music in the background set the mood. Afterwards we played the craps table. Unfortunately the minimum was \$5.00 so you can imagine how fast it could go.

August 24, we began an eleven day run at our diet. My low has been running at one hundred and eight and a half and Roy's has been running at one hundred and sixty eight. The following day we left Mount Vernon for Leavenworth, WA. The ride took us through some beautiful country. Leavenworth is in the middle of the state. Most of our stay up here has been near the coast so it was nice to get inland where it's warmer and sunnier. We were able to get in a few hikes in the woods. A couple of days, we packed our breakfast and drove over to beautiful and clear Lake Wenatchee. Very peaceful. The area around the preserve was nice for my morning walks but too hilly for bike riding.

I got quite a scare on one of my walks. I was passing a house on the other side of the road, which was set way back in the woods, hardly visible. At first one dog sat on the other side of the road, barking at me. He was quickly joined by three others. I got my pepper spray out of my pocket just in case it would be needed. As I passed them, the most aggressive dog charged across the road towards me. I stood still and faced him, pepper spray at the ready. He quickly backed off, and returned to the other side of the road. A little shaken, I continued on, keeping the spray in my hand, periodically glancing back to see if they were following. They were not. A little further on, sounds of bushes and trees being trampled came from the forest on my side of the road. Now what? I had taken this same walk at least seven times before with no incident. Could it be a bear? There had been a warning about them at the National Forest where we had hiked a couple of days earlier. The woods were very thick and as I squinted trying pick out a shape, the sounds stopped. I was only a couple of minutes from my turn around point so I continued on. On my way back, as I approached the spot where I had heard all of the commotion, there stood a beautiful doe. She gave me a quick look before bounding back into the woods, crashing through the underbrush. Further on, the dogs stayed their distance as I passed their home. Rather than taking that walk the next day, Roy and I returned to Lake Wenatchee and after eating our packed breakfast, enjoyed a hike through the woods.

The following day, we headed for the Mount Rainier Thousand Trails Preserve. It was the Thursday before the Labor Day weekend and the preserve was filling fast with many people getting in their last camp out for the year. There was a huge swap meet being held in Packwood, billed as the biggest in Washington state. We went down on Friday to ship Roy's computer to

the repair facility and it was already a parking nightmare. We went back on Saturday and Sunday making a couple of purchases on Saturday and quite a few on Sunday. All in all, we got some cups to match our dinner ware, a glass to match a set I have had for 39 years, a jar for Roy to make his sun tea, a pair of jeans for Roy, a couple of books for me to read, old postal scales which we will use to weigh food on, and last but not least, a guitar for me. I hope to be able to strum along with Danny and Kathleen at our next reunion. Dan got his about a month ago. I can hardly wait until we get to Bend where I should be able to find a music store where I can get a beginners book.

We enjoyed a couple of days traveling into the Mount Rainier National Park, one day spending time at the foot of the mountain taking in the Visitors Center and enjoying the beautiful country. At one location, there was an area called the Land of the Patriarchs which had some very old trees. Many fallen trees had young trees growing out of them. After a tree falls, seeds would take root in the bark and a baby tree would begin growing. The fallen tree is called a nursing tree. The young tree feeds from the nursing tree until its roots grow down into the ground.

Oh, I almost forget! Our eleven day diet ended on the Friday after we got to the Mount Rainier preserve. I got down to one hundred and six and Roy got down to one hundred and sixty-five.

After Mount Rainier, we traveled to Bend, where we contacted the shop that would fix the rig door that I had damaged last spring. The company that had originally ordered the door for us had sold out and had passed the door onto the new owners. The new company was so new that they were in process of getting their phone lines installed. It took them two days to make the repairs and repaint. We took the opportunity to take a nice drive to the town of Sisters where they were having a festival. After seeing the sites there, we drove to the head of a river. At the foot of a hill, water just appeared and began it's above land journey. Unfortunately, I can't remember the name of the river. We then visited a fish hatchery where we saw trout in excess of two feet long. Most of these had escaped the nets when they were being gathered to take to the rivers and lakes so the owners allowed them to remain in a huge pond where they were safe from fishermen. On the second day, we drove south to Crater Lake. It was a beautiful drive and the lake was spectacular. We took the road that followed the rim all the way around the lake. Naturally, every time we stopped at an overlook, we had to take a picture. Each view seemed to be more beautiful than the one before. After our trip to Crater Lake, we picked up Holly. They did a very nice job and she was as good as new again.

On September 24, we left Bend and headed west to the Thousand Trails Preserve at South Jetty, OR. We stayed for almost a week. We got in a couple of nice bike rides and enjoyed the local Brew and Blues Festival. Local restaurants and pubs had booths where they sold drink and food. Local groups entertained us while we had a taste of the local dishes. We also participated in a clam chowder cook off as tasters, and voted for the claim chowder that we liked the best. I never knew there were so many variations of clam chowder.

On September 30, we left Oregon and headed into California. We spent a wonderful night on the beach at Lookout Point. We got the last space available on the beach so we could see the ocean out of our dinning room window. Roy got our chairs out and we sat by the fire he built watching

the sky turn dark. It was pretty cold but with our winter coats and ski hats on, we were quite comfortable.

The next day, we were off to the Thousand Trails Preserve on the Russian River. Unfortunately, we were not able to get a cell phone signal so we left the next day making our way to Lake Minden, about 30 miles north of Sacramento. We both found the surrounding area to be very flat and uninteresting and we both became anxious to head for the Donner/Snow Flower Thousand Trails Preserve just west of Donner Summit.

What a beautiful campground this was. We were in the mountains among beautiful pine trees. We had been in contact with Ray and Lavern, friends from our camping group who had been in Reno awaiting the birth of their great-granddaughter. They drove over and spent the night next to us at Donner. We had a great visit with them before they left to see some friends further west. Since the preserve was closing down for the winter, we decided to spend a week in Reno before heading for brother Dan's.

Ray and Lavern came back to Reno as her granddaughter had finally given birth. What a coincidence. They were assigned the site right next to us. They were busy with family for the next two days, but we finally we were able to get together with them for dinner the night before they headed for Las Vegas.

After leaving Reno, we spent the next week in Wellington Nevada with Dan and Daddy. We visited Bodie the old mining town south of Bridgeport, CA. and just about froze to death. The wind was so cold that we just saw the high lights before making a run for the cars and the warmth of their heaters. It was fun however, and if it hadn't been for Dan bringing extra gloves and hats, we wouldn't have been able to stand it as long as we did. I brought back a memory Bruce, the kids and I along with my Dad and Mom T. drove over there one afternoon. We saw almost the whole place and were getting ready to go as the sun was quickly on its way down. As soon as the sun went behind the mountain, it got so cold so fast, we couldn't believe it. As we began walking to the car the colder it got. Before we reached the car, we were all in a dead run. How in the world did the people live in such a cold environment?

After leaving Nevada, we spent three days in Soledad Canyon preserve in Acton, CA, about 45 minutes from Mom. We took her to dinner for her birthday at the Odyssey, a very very nice restaurant. She was so pleased and had a grand time. I took her shopping the next day and we had a which was fun. Sunday, we met Jess, Bruce and Teri at the race track in Fontana where we watched the cart races. Boy do those cars go fast.

In November, we drove to the Thousand Trails Preserve at Wilderness Lakes in Sun City, CA. The next five weeks, we made many trips to San Diego, visiting friends and family. Even with as much time as we had, it was still very rushed. Bruce had Jason's birthday at his home, Jess and Karin had us all over for Thanksgiving, we had Roy's family over for a picnic and later my family over for a BBQ at the campground. We had Mom for almost a week, and had rented her a trailer at the campground.

PLAYING SAN DIEGO TOURIST

After driving Mom home, we left Holly at Wilderness Lakes and drove down to San Diego to spend a week at the Gas Lamp Plaza Hotel, our timeshare in the Gas Lamp Quarter. It was great fun playing tourist. One day Bruce and Teri joined us on the red trolley to Mexico. They also joined us another night for dinner at Crochies, a restaurant which has live jazz music. Roy and I enjoyed taking the green and orange trolley which goes to Old Town, down town, Balboa Park and Coronado, where we learned a lot about the history of San Diego. In the middle of all of this, Roy had been diagnosed with another kidney stone so we were busy with doctors appointments and tests. I did get the Christmas shopping done and packages sent off that needed to be sent.

Our five week stay in the San Diego area came to an end after attending our clubs Christmas camp out at lake Elsinore. It was nice to see everyone again. Except for Ray and Lavern, we had not seen these people for a year.

After leaving Lake Elsinore we headed to Quartzsite for two days. It was nice just relaxing and enjoying the desert. On December 10, we headed to Emerald Cove. We got a site on the second row where we could watch the Colorado River slowly make its way south. As we were able to last year, we bought our 'out week' giving us five weeks without having to move. One day on the way to Parker, Roy spotted three crosses on the side of a hill. The next day we road our bikes as far as we could, than hiked the rest of the way to take a look.. The middle cross had John 3.16 etched in cement which held the cross in place. There were three stakes pounded into the wood as if they had once held Jesus. On another outing in the desert we revisited our original pyramid which still stood strong, showing no damage from weather or vandals. The second pyramid we had built however, had not weathered as well. It had partially fallen in on one side. A couple of days later, we packed a lunch and set out to make the repairs. It was a perfect day with a nice cool breeze. On the way home we began looking for the next site appropriate to build our next pyramid.. Maybe some day the locals will talk of the phantom pyramid builders.

Christmas was very quite but beautiful. The weather was cool but not cold. I missed family but enjoyed talking to everyone on the phone. Roy and I cooked a typical turkey dinner, complete with fresh cranberry sauce. We were able to get a seven pound young tom from the Parker Safeway. We celebrated the New Year at the Elks in Parker. Roy renewed his Elks membership in Parker as that is where we are more than any other place. Unfortunately we became bored with our table partners and ended up at the casino. We welcomed in the New Year sitting side by side playing nickel poker and sipping a glass of champagne.