

1999

January 14th we headed for Las Vegas for two weeks at the Thousand Trails Park. Las Vegas was a lot of fun, especially when we were joined by Danny, Haydee, Bruce and Teri. We went to see The Smother's Brother's show, which I really enjoyed. Bruce and I had seen them on our first anniversary in Juarez, Mexico. Roy and I had seen them in concert at the Wild Animal Park in Escondido, Ca. It was great to see them again. We set aside one day to drive to Lake Mead to see the boat we will be renting for our September trip. Boy it was a good thing we did. The company I had received information on turned out to be terrible. The boats looked the worse for ware. We than drove to Callville Bay, the same company where Roy and I had rented from on our eighth anniversary. What a difference. We all agreed we would go with this company, Forever Resorts. We set the date and gave them a deposit. It's a go. We all felt a little excitement in anticipation of a week on the lake.

Quartzsite, AZ was our next destination. We found a nice secluded spot in the desert and then drove into town to meet Willy, Ardth, Fred, Leane, Fred and Audry from our camping group. We probably won't see them again until the October or November camp out. We rode our bikes into Quartzsite the next four days, taking in the RV and Vacation Show, and the many swap meet sites that set up for the first week in February. We ended up buying new chairs for our patio. Roy put the two we had purchased two years ago at the trash area and they had been grabbed up in less than five minutes. We saw the little old couple drive off with them in their old class C, both wearing wide grins.

We are meeting a caravan down to Mexico on February 3, so we left Quartzsite on the second to give us time to run errands in the big city of Yuma. Tilly's battery is weak and we felt we had better replace it before heading into Mexico.

The drive down to El Golfo, Mexico was interesting. This was our first caravan experience and I believe it is wise, especially this being the first time taking Holly across the border. There were only seven rigs in the group plus the trail boss and his wife in a pickup. The actual border crossing was a non event. We had been told about many experiences of rigs being searched inside and out. The lady inspector merely took our documents, walked into the rig and back into the bedroom. Took a quick look, turned around, handed our documents back and walked out.

El Golfo is about 70 miles south of the border on a paved road in poor repair. As we got into El Golfo we were told by the trail boss that after the stop sign, we were to follow him at about 15 miles per hour. With emphasis, he added, DO NOT STOP. The reason was that pavement ended there and we were on a sand road for the next one and a half miles.. I felt Holly slide only once. She did good. One of the men driving a truck pulling a 5th wheel told us the trailer kept sliding and had to put his truck in 4-wheel drive to maintain traction. We have a real nice spot, not right on the beach but with a grand view of the Sea of Cortez out of our front and right windows.





El Golfo is a tiny fishing village. The families of the fishermen sell part of their catch from their homes. They can't sell from the boats as they belong to a fishing coop which arranges the sale of their catch to other communities. There are four very small grocery stores, one drug store, one gas station, and couple of miscellaneous stores (they seem to carry everything from socks to lime squeezers in very limited quantities). There are a few restaurants, all specializing in shrimp and fish with a Mexican flavor. There is a kindergarten school, a grade school and a junior high school, all within two blocks of each other. I never did see a high school, perhaps the kids go to work when they reach that age. There is also a mortuary, a police department and a hospital, all in the same block. Very convenient wouldn't you say? The homes of the people range from shacks to those that are well built and well maintained.

Roy and I have either walked on the beach or walked into town almost every day. One day we hiked up to an abandoned lighthouse. It is visible from the RV Park and one Sunday afternoon as I was looking at the desert mountains, I spotted activity at the lighthouse. In looking through the binoculars, I could see a half dozen cars sitting at the top of the hill with a few more driving up and down the steep grade. A few days later, we hiked to the lighthouse. There was a very strong wind and several times I felt that I would surely be blown off the hill. The surrounding area showed evidence of many clam bakes, with hundreds of shells laying in piles on the sand. The lighthouse was in very poor condition, the base having collapsed on one side and the circular stair case to the top was missing most of the steps. Graffiti covered both the inside and outside of the structure. Of course it was in Spanish so no telling what tales were being told.



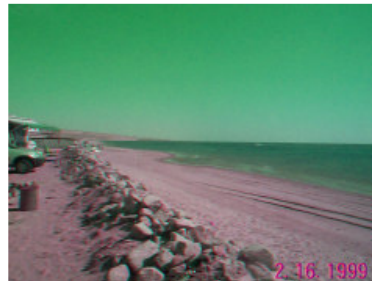
Green and amber glass completely covered the area surrounding the edifice. Our guess was that on week ends, the young people would gather at the top of the hill, eat their clams, drink their beer and throw the empty bottles at the lighthouse walls. This must be the Mexican version of a kegger party.

Lighthouse from bottom of the hill.

Dolphins swim up and down the coast easily viewed from the shore, their upper body and dorsal fins gleaming in the sunlight. One day as we watched, the dolphins came upon a school of fish. It was quite a site seeing them circle the school diving in and out of the water as they caught and devoured their supper. Seagulls were drawn to the scene by the mayhem caused by the eating

frenzy. The gulls dove into the water picking up bits and pieces of the fish that had fallen from the dolphins mouths.

The tides are extreme, the low tide leaving hundreds of yards of exposed beach.



Low tide from waters edge looking back to the CRA El Golfo camp ground.

High tide looking at the Sea of Cortez from the edge of the camp ground.

Coming back into the states was easy. First of all we had to go through a military check point manned by young Mexican men who carried automatic rifles. They entered the rig, rifles at their sides pointed at the floor. They were very polite, but only spoke in Spanish. After looking at our papers they walked out waving us on. At the border, one U. S. Customs agent came into the rig, while another stood at the door with a dog. They asked a few questions and then sent us on our way. We had heard that they open drawers as well as search the refrigerator. This was not the case with us.

After another week dry camping in Quartzsite, we are back at Emerald Cove on the north side of the second row which affords me a nice view of the river.

YES, BURROS DO LIVE IN OUR DESERT

Even tho we have taken several hikes into the desert, we had been denied sighting a burro. I was beginning to feel that there is a burro conspiracy. Was it possible that the Chamber of Commerce puts up "WATCH FOR BURRO" signs along the road with a silhouette of the cute creature, just to keep us coming to the desert to get a peek?

Roy and I had taken a nice hike to our pyramid for lunch and as we were heading home, we heard a snort. Roy spotted them first . . . four of the illusive little critters. They were quite a way from us across a gorge. Their bodies seemed to fade into the mountain side, however their coal black noses surrounded by the light color of their muzzle, stood out like a bull's-eye. On my walk the next day, I saw one standing on the side of a hill. If I hadn't been looking for the white bull's

eye, I would have never spotted him. Finally on a hike that took us deeper into the desert on the other side of the mountain where our pyramid stands, Roy spotted three of them at the bottom of the hill we were on. He was able to get close enough for a few pictures. We ate our lunch where we were able to watch them below. They appeared to be statues, sometimes closing their eyes as if taking a snooze. This is probably one of the reasons they are hard to spot. Yes, burrow do live in our desert.

We found a real nice restaurant named Springs. It is located on Lake Havasu, a short distance north of the Parker dam. The food and service were great and they had live music in the bar. We enjoyed a few dances after dinner.

One Sunday, we drove out to the Desert Bar. It's located in the desert on an eight mile dirt road. It is amazing how this bar has flourished by word of mouth. They have made a lot of improvement since we were there two years ago. The dance floor actually is a floor, and not the desert. They have built two huge sun shades and the out houses have been converted to flush toilets. Our original plan was to go for lunch, however the band was so good and the conversation with others at adjoining tables so enjoyable, we ended up spending the whole afternoon.

A CLOSE CALL

On one of our outings, Roy and I took a nice bike ride and then decided to hike to the top of a big hill overlooking the river where we planned to eat our egg salad and cracker brunch. I was following Roy when I heard a rattle, looked down, and saw a HUGE RATTLE SNAKE about a foot from my foot. As I vaulted forward, I truly expected to feel the pain of his bite and wondered how in the world Roy would be able to get me to the hospital before I succumbed to the massive dose of venom a snake of this size was capable of administering. Oh lucky me . . . he either struck and missed or was just trying to scare me. He definitely succeeded in the 'scare me' part. He had about twelve rattles. We couldn't see how long he was as he dove into a hole almost immediately. After I calmed down, I imagined him slithering home to his mate and telling her the story about how he almost got stomped to death by a human . . . a female human at that.

KIDNEY STONE BUSTED

Due to Roy getting another bladder infection, Dr. Pandy felt that he should have the kidney stone taken care of. ☺ We cut our two week stay in Cottonwood to eight days so all of the paperwork, etc. would get done in time. We were at the hospital by 6:00 am. Dr. Pandy felt the procedure undertaken to bust up the stone was a success. In an X-ray taken a week after the procedure, fragments could still be seen resting at the bottom of the kidney. In time, these fragments should flush out. ☺

Dr. Pandy wanted to perform a ream job on Roy's prostate, however we feel we want a second opinion. We will schedule an appointment with his doctor in Hemet when we are back in Southern California.



PLANS TAKE SEVERAL LEFT TURNS

On April 1, we are on our way to Southern California, leaving Emerald Cove until next fall. Roy has been having a bean attack so after a night in Quartzsite, we decided to spend five days near Yuma, across the border from Mexico. There is a quaint restaurant that we have gone to several times and Roy had decided that is where he wanted to eat his Birthday dinner.

Well, things didn't turn out quite like we had planned.. When we arrived at

the RV park, got the slide slid out, jacks in place, Roy tried to make a phone call and our cell phone was speaking Spanish. This meant we were picking up a Mexican cell tower... this was not good.

Rather than stay without a phone, we made the decision pull up jacks and head west to El Centro. So Roy could still get his bean fix, we parked the rig on the side of the road and walked across the border where we headed for our favorite Mexican restaurant. As we entered the plaza, our hearts fell. The restaurant was closed. We later realized that it was Good Friday. Roy settled for two fish tacos off of a street vender. After somewhat satisfying his tummy, we headed back across the border and stared off for El Centro.

After two days in El Centro, we planned to continue west and stay in a Thousand Trails near Jamul. The morning we were to leave it had been storming so Roy called the CHP to get road conditions. CHAINS REQUIRED!! We sat for a few moments when I remembered that we were near the road that would take us to Borrego Springs. I was thinking of a really nice RV park close to the State Park. Roy was thinking of dry camping in the desert. So off we went to Borrego Springs. We came upon the area where dry camping was allowed so we drove onto the dirt road and began looking for a good spot. After a few minutes, Roy suggested that we park Holly and go hunting for a spot in Tilly. I drove slightly to the right side to be out of the way of the dune buggy's and immediately the rig stopped moving. "Oh Oh, I think we may be stuck in the sand." Boy, were we. The back wheels were down to the axil. This was Easter Sunday and my thought was that we may be there until Monday. Roy tried to dig us out to no avail. It was time to call the emergency road service. We were very lucky that there was a truck in the area. After about 45 minutes of the truck driver digging out the wheels, trying to pull us out with me assisting in reverse, his truck getting stuck, and more digging, we finally got out. We ended up at the State Park campground which was wonderful. All of the hook ups were taken so we dry camped in a very nice secluded site. On Roy's Birthday, we got all dressed up for dinner at one of the nicest restaurants in Borrego. He didn't get his Mexican bean fix but I think the dinner at La Casa del Zoro made up for it. While in Borrego, we took several hikes, one taking us pretty far up one of the mountains bordering the camp ground. The desert was still in bloom, but no

where near the number and varieties that bloomed last year. There just wasn't enough rain this year and what there was didn't occur at the right time. One day we took a drive to the Borrego version of the bad lands. To get there, we had to drive up a wash about six and a half miles. This was pretty exciting as in places the sand was deep and I had to keep Tilly between 25 and 30 miles an hour to keep her from getting bogged down. You can imagine, getting stuck in holly was still very fresh in our minds. The closer we got to the top, the more exciting it got, as the walls of the wash narrowed with a lot of curves. The view of the bad lands was worth the drive. The area was very similar to the bad lands in South Dakota but a lot smaller.

On April 7, we left Borrego for Escondido where we stayed for two weeks. We went computer shopping finally settling on one from Datel. By using a new product called the Buddy System, we will be able to share one computer with each of us having our own monitor and keyboard. We had some great visits with Jess, Karin and Eric, Jason, Bruce and Teri, Derald and Alan, Ted and Connie and Dennis and Brigid. Jess and Karin want to buy Wayland so we met with an



attorney to get that process started. I took the opportunity to get my jewelry fixed and to have a new stone mounted in my ring that had the cracked opal. It came out beautifully. We also did some shopping for our trip to Jamaica..

On April 21, we drove Holly to Wilderness Lakes. Rather than store her, we decided to go ahead and get a camp site and get her set up so she will be ready for us on our return. We will be getting in very late.

We met Vern for dinner and after a nice visit, left for LAX in time to catch our 11:30 pm

flight.

IF YOU DON'T ASK YOU DON'T GET

Jamaica was great. There was some confusion when we arrived due to the people on strike to protest the high gas prices. Sandals did an excellent job of getting us from the airport to the resort where we were met by the night manager. It was 7:30 in the morning. Shortly we were taken to the concierge office. You know the saying, If you don't ask, you don't get? We had booked a mini suite and Roy asked if there was a possibility of an upgrade. The answer was yes. They upgraded us to a full suite. It was so nice having a living room. We were treated so special by everyone. At Sandals, you could do as much or as little as you wanted. They had several snorkeling trips daily along with a couple of glass bottom boat trips. They had canoes, paddle boats, sail boats, even two bikes mounted on two pontoons. There was also water skiing, or if you preferred, you could be pulled behind the power boat on huge inner tubes or a floatation devise that resembled a banana. And then there was just sitting under one of the palm tree umbrellas and reading. We dressed for dinner every night except for the night we ate at the Tex-Mex restaurant which was on the beach, sand floors and all. There were five restaurants, three of them serving gourmet meals. One of the restaurants was Jamaican where I tried my first ox tail.

It was very nicely flavored. They serve many dishes with what they call jerk sauce. Jerk pork was one of Roy's favorites. I really enjoyed the fresh fruits, some of which I had never seen or tasted before. The bar in our room was stocked daily with water, sodas, juices, wine, champagne or anything else that we wanted. Everything was included, even the tips. Oh, I miss spoke when I said everything. They had slot machines. Needless to say, playing the slots was not included. One day we took a cab into town so Roy could get his email. It was strange being on the left side of the road rather than on the right. The cars all have the steering wheel on the right, like England. We hired the driver to give us a tour of Montego Bay. After touring the town he drove us through some residential areas for middle class and the very rich. It appeared that the poorer people lived in the hills around the city. We saw some remains of the fires the people had set in the roads during their three day protest. We asked the driver if the protests had done any good. He said, only time would tell. In general, Jamaica appeared to be cleaner than Mexico. The weather was perfect, hot enough to make you aware you were in the Caribbean but not killer. Rain held off until two hours before we were driven to the airport . . . in a Cadillac I might add. I have to say, booking a suite has its advantages. By the time we got through customs and got to our car it was after 11:00 pm. As Roy opened the trunk, to load in the baggage, I heard an Oh Oh!!! The dome light did not come on. That only means one thing. The battery was dead. We had left the overhead light on when looking for the address of the parking lot. Luckily, the parking lot had one of those battery starters on wheels and in a matter of minutes they had us jumped and on our way. We didn't get back to Wilderness Lakes until after 1:00am and boy were we glad we had opted not to store her.

TO REAM OR NOT TO REAM

On Friday, we went into the doctor to get the second opinion on the prostate ream job. He told us what we wanted to hear. He felt that unless Roy's infections become much more frequent, he did not feel that the operation was necessary. ☺

PLANS CHANGE AGAIN

On May 1, we left Wilderness Lakes for Pio Pico, near Jamul. When we got there, there was absolutely no bars on the cell phone. We decided not to stay and Roy began the task of figuring out where else we might stay for a week.

We ended up at San Onofre on Camp Pendelton. They could only let us stay for two nights. We had a nice view of the Ocean, however the weather was quite cool and overcast. Roy began the process of getting our computer set up. That turned out to be quite a job. He would get one problem taken care of and several more would take its place.

On Monday, we drove to Hemet where we stayed the next five days. The park in Hemet was one of the nicest we have been in. It had concrete patios and a drive way for Tilly. It was beautifully landscaped with grounds being kept in immaculate condition. The cell phone coverage was excellent, however busy signals occurred quite often. Hemet is a retirement community with a lot of mobile home parks catering to the 55+ crowd. Roy continued working on getting the new computer set up and becoming more frustrated by the day. Finally on Friday, he had resolved the problems and all seems to be working quite well.

A PERFECT MOTHER'S DAY

Saturday it was back to Wilderness Lakes. We got a pretty good spot on the cannell. The kids and Bruce and Teri came up for Mother's Day. It was a great day with almost perfect weather. Our location afforded us plenty of room for everyone. Jess caught the first catfish and with the help of Uncle Jason and Jess, Eric caught one shortly after. Just before it was time to put the hamburgers on, Eric caught one all by himself. He was so excited. It was so good to have everyone here. I sure hated to see the day end.

Raymond, Bruce's half brother, was on loan from the ship yards in Brimerton, WA to the ship yards in San Diego. Bruce and Teri arranged a family get-together at Applebee's so we all could see him. I hadn't seen him since 1976 when Bruce's Mom died. He hadn't changed much other than putting on about 100 pounds. He still was the same Raymond who was about as annoying as fingernails running down a chalk board. I must say however, it was nice to see him and hear about his family.

The remaining stay in Wilderness Lakes was relatively quite except for the Sunday we drove down to San Marcos for brunch with Dennis and Brigid. We then drove back to the rig, changed clothes and attended the wedding of Roy's nephew, Vince. That was nice, as we were able to see Roy's Mom, Brother and Sisters along with other family members.

OFF TO NEVADA WITH MOM ON BOARD

On May 21 we headed to Acton, CA. The next day I picked up Mama and we went to lunch and shopping for the day. On Monday, I picked her up, brought her home and we headed north. We spent that night in Lone Pine. It's a nice park where we have stayed before. They have a fantastic view of Mount Whitney.

The next day, we arrived at Dad's and had a nice visit sitting in their front yard. It was even warm enough to eat out there when Dan and Haydee got there after work.

We enjoyed our visit with the Nevada and Arkansas people. Kathleen and Vic were arriving by plane at the Reno airport. So that everyone could be there to meet them, we drove the rig to the Reno airport. It was a blast. First Danny, Haydee, Dad and Tommi went in to meet them. You should have seen Kathleen's face when they came out of the baggage area and saw the rig with Roy, Mama and me waiting for them. Mama, Roy and I had made sandwiches, so all nine of us enjoyed a nice lunch on the way back to Dan's. Kathleen kept saying over and over, "I feel so special . . . everyone coming to get us." We all got together several times during the week Kathleen and Vic were there. Would you believe we woke up to snow on the morning we were leaving? It didn't stick but it was beautiful while it lasted. Mama, Roy and I drove Kathleen and Vic back to the airport in the rig. After our goodby's, we continued into Grass Valley where we dropped Mama at Elva's. Dan and Haydee picked her up the next Saturday and drove to Fremont to visit Wayne and Diana for the weekend.

We enjoyed our stay at Lake of the Springs. It's out in the foothills near Yuba City, CA, in a little town called Oregon House. In the mid 1800's this area was crawling with prospectors searching for gold.

BEAUTY COMES FROM FIRE

A fast-moving fire went through this park two years ago burning about 35 rigs along with all of the beautiful trees in about a third of the park grounds. They have done a good job cleaning up some of the dead trees and replanting near the camp sites and along the road ways. The hills unfortunately will have to come back on their own. In a strange way, the burnt trees against this seasons dry grass and the new green bushes, make a beautiful picture. Here and there, purple, yellow and white wild flowers add to the beauty. When we were there last year, there was no growth at all, so this is quite an improvement.

The critters are coming back. We have seen squirrels, lizards, birds, deer, even a garter snake slithering by the rig. One night we sat out on our patio looking at the valley below and the hills around us. We spotted a deer in the door of an abandoned shed which had been spared by the fire. We watched her with our binoculars as the evening passed. She would go in and out of the shed and graze in the surrounding area. We laughed when we thought about her young heading out into the world thinking that living in a building was normal. Imagine their confusion when they discovered that abandoned sheds with the door conveniently left open are few and far between.

One evening I spotted a bright red/pink iridescent light glowing in a tree. When I looked through the binoculars, I discovered it was a humming bird. As it moved, it's head and wings change from a brown color to the brilliant red/pink color.

A SIX MILE HIKE TURNS INTO TEN

One day, we took what started out to be a six-mile hike to the Feather River Falls. Actually, the six-mile round trip information we had received was incorrect. The so called three mile trail was actually 3.7 miles each way. As it turned out, this trail was closed due to storm damage. After an hour drive from Lake of the Springs to the trail head, we felt committed to the hike so we set out on the remaining trail, which was ten miles round trip. The wild flowers and butterflies were so colorful. Along with the normal critters you see on a hike through the forest, we saw a very slim lizard with an iridescent blue tail. The overlook for the falls, was closed due to storm damage. We were unable to get the full view, but what we saw of the falls was beautiful. The falls are 640 feet and are the sixth tallest in the Continental U. S. Another point of interest that we could see from the trail was Bald Rock Dome. It is very similar to Half Dome in Yosemite. I felt that the day was well spent, but you can be sure after our ten-mile hike, we were very happy to see Tilly waiting for us in the trail head parking lot.

We got Tilly serviced, her 90,000 mile check up, and she is running beautifully. If she continues to run well, we have decided to get her a good paint job, probably metallic grey, which would match the rig.

Oregon House was having a flea market so we had to go see. After several miles on a dirt road and forging a small creek, we came to the flea market location. It was interesting, however mostly junk. I really mean it . . . junk! The people were very friendly so it wasn't wasted time. Roy spotted a book by Kontz, an author I read most of the time. I pondered about five minutes trying to determine if I had read it before and finally asked how much it was. "Ten cents," the sweet little old lady replied. I immediately brought two nickels out of my purse and as I gave

them to her, I wondering why I hadn't asked her the price in the first place. It would have saved five minutes of pondering time.

OFF TO OREGON AGAIN

We had originally planned on spending three days before getting to Medford at Redding, CA, however after learning that the temperature would be in the 100's, we decided to go farther up into the mountains. We settled on a little town named Lakehead, which is located at the top of Shasta Lake. One day, we went to see Lake Shasta Caverns. To get there, we took a boat across one of the Shasta Lake fingers to the location where they had a bus carry us up the mountain to the caverns. The tour of the caverns actually began at the bottom where one of the rooms was located and continued up to where the first of the rooms was discovered. The caverns are privately owned and while they were building the stairs and installing lighting, several more rooms were discovered which they incorporated into the project. The formations in these caverns were every bit as beautiful as those in Carlsbad Caverns, just in a smaller scale. The next day we drove north to see Mount Shasta. We were expecting a visitor center with displays and history of the mountain, something similar to Mount Rainier and Mount St. Helen's. We drove to the end of the road, to Bunny Trail head. There was no visitor center there but there were several hikers heading out on their way to the top of the mountain. We watched several groups start out in full gear, huge packs, hats, gloves, including polls, one in each hand. Now, these hikers (climbers) are serious. I wish we had the forethought to ask one of them how long it was going to take to get to the top.

On the way to Mount Shasta, we went through a little town called Shasta City. As a child, I remember going on picnics on the Sacramento River when we lived there? Well, Roy and I saw the head waters in Shasta City. In the Shasta City park, there is a spring called The Big Spring, and that is where the Sacramento River begins. From there it flows south, growing larger and larger as it is fed by the many creeks and streams on its journey. As a little girl, I guess I had always assumed that it came out of the Sierra Nevada's to the east of Sacramento. On the way back to Lakehead, we took a side road so that we could get a picture of Castle Crags, a very interesting granite mountain with soaring spires resembling a castle. The road actually turned into a logging road by the time we were able to get a good shot of the crages.

On our last night in Lakehead, we walked to a local restaurant called Basshole. We enjoyed talking with our waitress, who was one of the owners. Most of the patrons were locals, who are also interesting to watch and listen to.

LOOK MA! NO LIGHTS

In Nevada, we had experienced some trouble with the turn signals and replaced the flasher guy. This seemed to correct the problem, however, I told Roy after we drove to Elva's, it still was not acting right. Even tho the flashers seemed to be working, there was still that strange sound when they flashed, and the arrows remained illuminated all the time. Before we left Lakehead, I mentioned to Roy that maybe we had a head light out, as sometimes that causes lights to misbehave. As he was guiding me out of our site in Lakehead, he noted that the headlights were not on at all, even when I physically turned them on. Since we were scheduled at the Freightliner repair shop in Medford for a recall, we would be able to have them take a look and find out what was the problem. On our way to Medford, the light situation deteriorated to the point that we had

absolutely zilch. There were no lights, no signals, no emergence flashers, nothing. After taking care of our recall problem, they looked into our light problems and found that a screw had come loose and was causing the lights to short out. Over \$90.00 later, we were on our way with the lights working very well. Silly us, we forgot to ask them if they found where the screw came from and if so, did they put it back it?

ROY'S NEW FOUND SISTERS

We had a nice visit with Roy's new sisters. The two we met are as different as night and day. Lucile, the one Roy's age is a very serious lady, but very kind and loving. She is a Jehovah's Witness who fully believes that since she 'came into the truth', her duty is to make sure we all know the truth. We only had that discussion one evening while we were there and she was not pushy about it all. In fact both she and Roy discussed their beliefs, his of evolution and hers of the bible, quite logically. Meryle, the other sister is a 61-year-old barrel rider who rides the senior rodeo circuit. She is very outspoken, full of fun and doesn't take any guff from anyone. In seeing them together, it is hard to imagine them being sisters. Then you throw in Roy and you have quite a mix of personalities. We parked in Lucile's yard for the first three days and in Meryle's yard the last of our visit. Jim, Meryle's husband is such a sweet guy who would give you the shirt off his back. He spent about two hours with me giving me some hints on playing the guitar. Meryle took me out into the barn where we saddled up the horses and I got a lesson on galloping the horse around a tight circle. It was pretty exciting but was I sore the next few days. The mare was what Meryle called, **green broke**, so it was very interesting, **ol' green me, trying to guide a green broke mare**. On Father's Day, all five of us took a speed boat ride up the Rogue River. These were pretty big boats, holding over 60 people. There were about five boats on the dinner tour which took us through Hellgate Canyon. The canyon had very interesting rock formations. After the canyon, we all went to a family style dinner with ribs, chicken, corn bread, a potato dish, veggies, beer, wine and desert. After dinner, we all piled into the boats and headed back. The speed boats took turns making wakes for the other boats, causing water to splash all of us. We were already wet, due to the light rain that began to fall during dinner. When the river was wide enough, the driver would do a 360 degree turn to the delight of everyone. It was a blast.

After saying our good-byes to Roy's sisters we headed for Florence, OR. It rained the first few days we were in Florence and remained on the cool side. We were able to take one road trip up the coast to see the Heceta Lighthouse. In the park area, there were many wooden tables to choose from for our picnic lunch. We had originally planned on staying in Florence two weeks but decided to change plans again, which is becoming quite a habit with us. Roy has several huge files we want to download, which will take a lot of time on the Internet. In addition he wants to see a doctor about his hip, and get his eyes examined. We also have several items to take care of which require being near a large city. So, we spent the next month in Vancouver, WA at a RV park which had instant phone connections. Roy was able to surf the net at his hearts content.

Our month in Vancouver for the most part was productive. The doctor adjusted Roy and his hip is not giving him much trouble at all. His fear of having cataracts in his eyes has been put to rest. He has, in laymen terms, floaters. Eventually, they will liquify and no longer cause him to have blurry vision. The work on getting our computers working perfectly was a real struggle. The sharing program, Buddy, just didn't work out as we had hoped. To make a long story short, we

finally decided to get a new lap top for Roy and instead of sharing one computer, we bought the program to allow us to network between the two. Finally, I can send my own email's and surf the net if I want. We also can share files, etc. Roy put in a new kitchen faucet for me. The old one was leaking as much out of the side as was coming out of the spout. We got a better antenna for the cell phone. We won't know how good it is until we get out into the fringes. Here in Vancouver, we have five bars so no way of testing.

While in Vancouver, we met one of Roy's OCS buddies and ended up seeing them several times. We also were able to see Jeremy, Chuck and Donna. We had them over for a BBQ one day before Jeremy had to go to work.

We took a couple of days to see some sites. Our first trip took us up the Columbia River Gorge where we saw many beautiful waterfalls. Most of them, Horsetail, Wejleema. and Bridal Veil, can be seen off of the Scenic Waterfall Route which runs parallel and at a higher elevation to the freeway. Multnomah Falls is visible and accessible from the freeway as well as the Waterfall Route. There is a rest area between the east and west bound travelers. A path under the east bound road allows visitors to get to the falls. We hiked the trail that ultimately got us to the top of the falls. We stood on the overlook watching the water approach the edge of the cliff and fall the 620 feet into the deep pool below. Boy that sure got my legs quivering From there we also had a fantastic view of the Columbia River and the occasional barge being pushed through its waters by cartoonish looking tug boats. Our second trip took us on the Mount Hood Loop affording spectacular views of the mountain from all sides. Mount Hood stands 111,234 feet tall. A must see was Timberline Lodge, a WPA project. It was dedicated in 1937 by President Roosevelt. The architects planned the project working with materials of the area to express the spirit of the mountain. Carvings of animals, paintings of wild flowers and hand-hewn timbers were just a small part of the sites that my eyes just couldn't get enough of. There was still plenty of snow on the mountain. In fact, the parking lot was full of busses that had brought snow boarders up the mountain for the day. Those guys are crazy. They came down the mountain, leaping, turning and in general looking totally out of control. They sure were having a lot of fun.

OH NO NOT MAACO

were denied in getting Tilly painted. We took it to Macco, got an estimate and agreed to let them do the job and gave them the go ahead on ordering a front bumper. We took Tilly in on a Thursday and they were to have it done on the following Tuesday. They knew we were leaving on Thursday. We rented a car so we would not be wheelless for the five days they would have Tilly. Tuesday, around noon, I called to find out when I could pick her up. . .**THEY HADN'T EVEN STARTED!** He claimed they had just received the bumper that morning. They really dropped the ball not following up on the order and not letting us know there was a problem. Normally, I am pretty understanding but this was total incompetence. I have changed their motto from, "Oh, Oh, better get Macco", to "**Oh, No, Not Macco**".

WALKING IN THE RUTS

July 29, we leave Vancouver and head for Salt Lake City. We had three days to make the trip so decided to spend the first two nights in Baker City, Oregon where we visited their Oregon Trail Interpretation Center. They did a beautiful job telling the pioneers story's of hardships tragedy, courage and determination through full size displays, videos and programs. We sat in on one

program where the performer taught sign language. He was a very colorful gentleman, looking very much like a mountain man. We took a hike down to the actual trail where we saw one of the original trail markers. We walked the trail where the ruts made by the wagons were still visible.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on August 1, where we stayed a week. Roy spent time at the library. It was pretty warm so I didn't walk as much as I had in the past. One day we drove out to the Kennecott's Bingham Canyon Copper Mine. This mine was **huge**. It is the largest man-made excavation, more than 2 ½ miles across the top, 3/4 of a mile deep and covers 1,900 acres. Annually, the mine produces 320,000 tons of refined copper, plus molybdenum (a metal used to strengthen steel), gold and silver. The diesel trucks that move the ore have a 255-ton capacity. Watching them move up and down the walls of the crater-like hole was fascinating. I was surprised to see a very informative visitor center and glad to learn of all the company was doing to insure a safe environment around the mine.

On the 8th, we head to the Arches National Park. We stayed at the Arch View Resort, not far from the park. We had fantastic views of the red mountains from the rig. We got plenty of hiking in as most of the arches and other points of interest were a ways from the road. The weather was on the warm side, however afternoon clouds and occasional showers cooled the area down. The most strenuous hike we did was to the Delicate Arch. It was definitely worth the time and effort. The Delicate Arch seems to be the most famous arch and is called the showpiece of the park.

We didn't realize that there was more to see in this area than the Arches National Park. To the west was the Canyonlands National Park. This park is very much different and just as beautiful in its own way. Unfortunately, we did not plan on enough time in the area and were only able to spend one day in Canyonlands. We had previously made plans to meet one of Roy's OCS buddies, Al Ricksecker and his wife Jenovie, in Richfield, UT.

We enjoyed our visit with Al and Jenovie. After Jenovie got home from work, we went out to dinner. They are living with Jenovie's Mother while they do repairs on Al's house. They have only been married a few months. We had a nice visit sitting on their front porch that evening. The next night we met them all at the Elk's lodge where they were in charge of cooking and serving the evening supper. I had fun playing waitress, even washing dishes afterwards.

The next week was spent taking in Bryce Canyon. We stayed at a nice RV park called Ruby's Inn about three miles from the entrance. Our site was a stone throw from horse pastures. I enjoyed watching them interact with their own as well as the many campers that petted and fed them grass. As they say the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. Those horses sure thought so anyway.

Bryce Canyon was absolutely beautiful. The formations called Hoodoos were so colorful ranging from yellows to dark rust. The Hoodoo is a pillar of rock in fantastic shapes, left by erosion. Some of the areas were covered with thousands of these formations. The site was absolutely breathtaking. While in this area, we also visited a small State Park called Kodachrome Basin. It had a few arches and one very strange rock called Chimney Rock. It was a very tall pillar of solid rock standing alone in the middle of a meadow. Very strange.

On August 21, we left Brice and headed for the north rim of the Grand Canyon. We had no reservations but had been told that dry camping was allowed in the Kaibab National Forest which is north of the rim. However when we arrived, there had been heavy rains and the thought of getting stuck in the mud was not appealing. We lucked out and were able to get a spot in one of the park organized camp grounds. We were almost too large to maneuver the small park road but we made it to our site, which was neatly snuggled among the trees. It was still dry camping with no hook ups but we had plenty of water, etc. so there was no problem. We spent the next two days revisiting the north rim and seeing some sites that we hadn't seen on our previous visit several years ago. The high light was supper at the Grand Canyon Lodge. We were very lucky, getting seated at the windows overlooking the canyon. As we enjoyed our meal, we watched the sun set, igniting the canyon with brilliant color. It was spectacular. One of our memorable hikes was to the Bright Angel Point. Near the end of the trail, it narrows and you are actually walking on the top of a formation with a drop of hundreds of feet on both sides. Talk about wobbly legs. On one of our rim hikes, we got pretty close to the edge and I held my ground. I was pretty proud of myself.

Unfortunately by the time we got to St George where we would drive to Zion, we were pooped out. We had spent over two weeks hiking and enjoying nature and I guess got a little tired. We decided to drive up to Zion the next day and see how much of the sites we could cram into a day. We did pretty well, getting in a couple of good hikes, both of which were well worth the time and effort. Zion is quite different than the other parks. On one hike up a river through a canyon, the walls of the canyon were covered with fern being fed by water seeping out of the rocks.

THE FIRST OCS REUNION

We left for Las Vegas the next morning, promising ourselves to come back to the St George area some day. There is really a lot to see there. One day we were able to meet another one of Roy's OCS buddies, Ray Stark and his wife, Gerri. They seem like real nice people and also live in their rig, a fifth wheel. After a week in Las Vegas, we left Holly and boarded the plane to San Antonio and Roy's 40th OCS reunion. The first night was spent with Preston and Evelyn where we had a nice visit and a nice dinner at a catfish restaurant. Evelyn is a school teacher and it was interesting learning about her job and dealing with the teenagers of today. Boy does she have a handful.

The reunion was a lot of fun. Our room at the Hyatt Regency was quite nice. The hotel is on the river walk and just a short walk to the Alamo. We had visited the river walk and Alamo several years ago on our trip across country with Windy. The first night of the reunion, there was a cocktail party in the hotel. The second night there was the semi formal dinner at the Officers Club at Lackland Air force Base. After dinner there was a two hour program where many of the attendees spoke, telling stories of both their experiences at OCS and after graduation. Most of them retired as officers ranging from captains to a brigadier general. They also had one of the wives speak, telling what it was like being the wife of a candidate. Interestingly, only about a third of the wives were original. The rest of us were the second, third, and in one case I know of, the sixth. It was decided that there would be another reunion, when and destination to be decided later. On Sunday morning, the reunion was brought to an end with a very nice breakfast in the hotel. We spent the afternoon with Jim and Sara Ginright, one of Roy's OCS buddy's. We visited the Mexican Market and rode the trolley car. We also met them for dinner that night and

ended the evening listening to Jass at one of the bars in the hotel. The next day Roy and I took a nice walk through the area and visited the Alamo. It was still just as impressive as the last time we were there. Because we were to turn our car in at 3:00pm at the airport, we decided to turn it in about three blocks from our hotel. That way we wouldn't have to wait at the airport over three hours and we could have an early dinner on the river. On our way back to the hotel we ran into Jim and Sara again and enjoyed a short visit. After a relaxing taxi ride to the airport, we were on our way back to Las Vegas.

LAKE MEAD, HERE WE COME

The next few days were spent getting ready for the house boat trip on Lake Mead. After a trip to the Nellis Air Force base near Las Vegas, Costco and the grocery store, we finally had all of the food purchased and packed in the coolers that Bruce and Teri had purchased. Friday morning we headed for the Lake Mead to anxiously await the arrivals of our boat companions. Dan and Haydee arrived about two in the afternoon and at six, we drove to Henderson to meet Bruce and Teri for dinner. It was a great start for our house boat adventure.

OFF TO A BUMPY START

Saturday morning we all gathered at the harbor, got our house boat assignment and waited and waited and waited for the instructor to give us the details on operating the boat. The house boat was 59 feet long and had a covered top deck. It could sleep up to 10 so the six of us were quite comfortable, each having our own sleeping compartment. It had all of the comforts of home. Finally, after about a two hour wait, we finally got our introduction and were allowed to leave anytime after we got the boat loaded. That was quite a job. We had to fight for a cart and finally Bruce was able to get two. Then it was several trips down the long ramp to the boat lugging all of our stuff. Before we left the dock, we were bumped by one of the boats leaving but it was witnessed by several of the employees who boarded our boat to check out the damage. The slide was damaged some, but other than that all looked ok. After a glass of champagne Bruce and Teri brought, we were ready to set out.

THE BUMPS CONTINUE

We traveled as far as we were allowed which was where the Colorado River flows from the Grand Canyon. We were hoping to remain there a couple of days, but a Ranger in a boat came by and strongly suggested that we head back to at least Temple Bar. There was a big storm coming in and it was expected to be stronger where we were moored. So, we pulled up steaks and headed west, back towards Temple Bar. Due to the heat, we had kept the generator running non-stop and we had also burned a lot of fuel on our quest to the east. It was time to refuel. That was quite an ordeal. In approaching the fuel dock we lost our engines and had no way to slow our approach. We all stared in horror watching the fuel attendant signaling violently with his arms and hands to slow down while yelling the words out loud. We bumped into the dock pretty hard. Boy was he pissed. After we told him our dilemma he calmed down some. This wasn't the first time the engines had cut out at low RPM's. The attendant told us our mechanic was out on calls and suggested we call him when we got settled.

THE STORM STRIKES

We found a pretty nice place to dock with a nice large sandy beach. After dinner we took the lawn chairs from the boat and sat them on the beach. We built a nice big fire and sat out for awhile watching the lightening strike in the distance and listening to the thunder that followed. After a while we all went into the boat to play some poker. Pretty soon, we noticed that the wind had picked up and the thunder was sounding quite a bit louder. We took a look at our moorings and decided that maybe we should go out and retie them. Before we could get out there, we had broken loose and were being pushed away from the shore. The rain began poring down and the lightening and thunder seemed to be right above us. Controlled chaos broke out. Before we could really do anything, we got snagged on several submerged trees that were about 100 yards from where we had been moored. This gave us the opportunity to get the lines in so they would not get tangled in the prop when we got the engines started. All of the lines were successfully secured on board, unfortunately they were what was keeping in the trees and safe from running into the cliff walls. The boat immediately began moving again.

YOU'RE MY EYES

Here is where I which a camera had been rolling. Bruce yelled, we've got to get the engines started and made a bee line to the aft of the boat with all of us in hot pursuit. Within two or three seconds, he realized the controls were at the bow of the boat and back he came almost in a dead run. Bruce got the engines started and Dan took our huge flashlight outside on the front deck and through the poring rain tried to locate our camp. Bruce yelled to Dan, "You're my eyes, I can't see a thing." It was pitch black except when the lightening flashed. Bruce kept the boat going in circles while Dan continued looking for our camp. Then, all of the sudden, a lightening flash illuminated the white beach chairs in the far distance. Roy and I passed directions from Dan to Bruce and with the help of a few more lightening flashes we were able to land, surprisingly, not more that six inches from our original spot. We found two of the stakes, however the other two had been drug into the lake. Luckily, there was a large rock setting on the beach where we were able to tie the starboard lines to. It was not embedded in the ground so the guys stacked a lot of rocks on the big rock for added weight. After all seemed secure Dan said, "Boy that was fun". With our bodies still full of adrenaline it was impossible to sleep so we rebuild the fire and sat watching the storm circle, unfortunately coming back right at us. We were lucky this time, only getting light rain and winds. Now, I haven't mentioned that after taking a Dramamine pill, Teri had gone to bed early and slept through the whole thing. We don't know how she was able to sleep through all of the yelling and running back and forth. She woke up about two hours after we had gotten back to our spot very disappointed that she had missed the great adventure.

WE WERE NOT ALONE

The next day we got hold of the Callville Bay people to get our stakes replaced. When they arrived, we learned that several boats had broken loose in the storm, one man being badly injured when he fell from the deck into the engine area cutting his leg on one of the propellers. We told them of our problems with the engines cutting out at low RPM's and they said they would get hold of the mechanic and have him come by. When the mechanic arrived he checked everything out and then told us the engines needed new spark plugs. Unfortunately he didn't have any. They were on order. Even tho we thought this was not the way to run a company we didn't want to give him a lot of grief so we thanked him for coming by. He was so pleased that we didn't take it

out on him and thanked us for being so understanding. He said we wouldn't believe some of the rude behavior he was been on the receiving end of.

We decided to get more supplies so we stopped at Callville Bay. The cell phone indicated we had a message. Mama had been taken to the hospital the night before, no other information was given. We were able to track down the hospital, however she had already been released. After about an hour, we caught her at Dan's and she sounded fine. She had a blood clot in her leg and they were giving her blood thinners. We decided it was ok to continue on with our trip.

All in all, we had a grand time, fishing,(even catching some), swimming, howling at the moon. We saw a burro, coyotes, buzzards and lots of water fowl.

Before we had to turn the boat back in, we took a nice run over to the dam. The water was up so we were not far from the traffic crossing over the dam. We met Bruce and Teri for dinner Friday night at a real nice restaurant at a casino near their hotel. They had to leave for home Saturday as Bruce needed a day to prepare for his procedure Monday morning.

The rest of the weekend was spent with Dan and Haydee seeing the new casinos that had been built. All of them were very impressive in their own way. Some of the larger ones have built trams so it is possible to park the car and take trams between some of them.

Dan and Haydee took off early for home Monday. We took our time to leave as we planned on stopping for one night. We got to Dad and Mom's on Tuesday and immediately had to get ready for Govi's birthday dinner and party. She turned 15, which is a very significant birthday in her home country.

RELIVING A MOMENT IN HISTORY

The next day, we took Dad and Mom to Virginia City. We stayed at the Silver Dollar Hotel right in the middle of town. They had added bathrooms to the rooms but the rest of the hotel was just as it was almost a 150 years ago. After lunch we toured the town and went on a tour of one of the many mines. The tour guide was very colorful and told some great stories. We also took the old train from Virginia City to Gold Hill and back. That was a lot of fun. We also visited the old cemetery reading most of the tombstones. It was sad to see so many babies and young children's graves. We had a delightful dinner at a Chinese restaurant that looked very much like an elegant dining place in San Francisco. The next morning we had a nice breakfast on the back deck of one of the restaurants/saloons and ended our adventure with a stagecoach ride. Daddy and Mom seemed to have really enjoyed themselves.

We moved over to Dan's the next day to spend the weekend at their place. Govi's brothers, cousin and a friend drove up from Fresno to celebrate her birthday. On Monday, we gathered up Mama and headed for Los Angeles, spending one night in Lone Pine at the Boulder Camp Ground. We love the view of Mount Whitney from there.

After a few days at Soledad, we drove to San Diego, where we stayed at the Admiral Baker Field military camp ground. It was a real nice one except its in a hole and the cell phone coverage is almost non existent.

ANOTHER VISIT TO OUR TIME SHARE

The next week was spent at the Gas Lamp Plaza Hotel, our time share. The weather was perfect. Unfortunately, we were unable to play tourist too much as we had to do a lot of errands getting ready for Mama's party and also run the rig around getting her light problem fixed and valves adjusted, and finally driving her to Wilderness Lakes. We were able to get a pretty good spot which will not be too far from the trailer we have reserved for Mama when she comes down for her 80th birthday party. While on one of our errand trips, we stopped in at C&D R.V's to see if they had any of the 2000's on site. Most of them had been moved up to Pomona for the big RV show so we decided that we would go see the show before we took off for Emerald Cove. Even tho we had a very busy days while at the Gas Lamp, we did get to enjoy some of the great restaurants in the gas lamp district with Bruce and Teri, Jess and Karin and Derald.

We had to leave the Gas Lamp Plaza Hotel a day early so that we could attend Dawn's wedding in Laguna Beach. She is the daughter of Dennis and Brigid, two good friends of our. We had reserved a room where most of the out of town guests were staying. Her wedding was a very nice one with the reception in a beautiful outdoor area.

On Sunday, October 10, we headed for Wilderness Lakes and jelled for the rest of the day. After one day of driving back to San Diego for last minute errands and lunch with Jason and the remainder cleaning our home, Thursday arrived and it was time to drive to San Juan Capistrano and pick Mama up from the train station. We took her and Roy's Mom out to dinner that night.

Dan, Haydee and Govi arrived on Friday afternoon. We had to put Dan right to work. We had sprung a leak in the piping under the hot water heater. Poor Roy and Danny had to make two trips to Home Depot which was quite a distance. Us girls put on and painted nails. Mama was so cute. She had never put on nails before. Dan and Roy succeeded getting the pipes fixed which is a good thing since we are having everyone over on Sunday.

MAMA'S 80TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

On October 16, Mama's 80th birthday, we all gathered at Jess, Karin and Eric's home in Poway. Her party was a great success. Jeremy was able to fly down from Washington to surprise her. The caterer did a very good job. The cake Jess and Karin got was scrumptious. There was a bouquet of pink roses for the table, a bouquet of balloons and corsage of roses for her wrist. She looked very beautiful. Champagne toasts were given by myself, Dan, Bruce and Jason. I gave her a middle name, Charity, because she is so giving. There was a lot of emotion that brought happy tears. She was aglow with happiness.

SURPRISE BIRTHDAY FOR TERI

Sunday, we threw a surprise birthday party for Teri. I had the outside of the rig decorated with purple balloons. She was very surprised. I ordered her cake and dinner from Ralph's catering department. They did a great job.

Dan, Haydee and Govi took off for home on Monday and I drove Mama home on Tuesday. When I got home, Roy and I kind of gave a little sigh. The wild social whirl wind we have been on for the last six weeks was over. I was actually looking forward to getting back to Emerald Cove and getting on our diet.

WE'RE ONLY LOOKING....HA HA!!

But first, we needed to drive to Pomona to just look, mind you, at the 2000 rigs and what they had to offer. We both fell in love with the 40' Monaco Windsor and yes, we went and did it. We ordered a Monaco Windsor. She will be delivered in San Diego the second week in January. She is an upgrade from the Holiday Rambler. We have named her Monica. Not only does the kitchen and sofa slide out like our Holly, but the bed

slides out giving us room for a closet across the back end. She has a 330 horse power Turbo Cummins diesel engine, two huge storage compartments underneath, which are pass through's. On one of them the compartment floor slides out so you can get to items stored in the middle. She also has a closed in toilet and a nice large shower with a built in seat. We opted for a larger refrigerator with an ice maker so we had to give up the pantry. We have lots drawers and cabinets throughout so I'm sure I'll be able to make do without the pantry. The bathroom and bedroom are almost like one room with the sink and lower cabinets acting as the divider. It gives quite a feeling of spaciousness.

On the 22nd, we left Wilderness Lakes for Quartzsite where we spent three nights. We hooked up with Roy Dean again in Quartzsite and were able to visit with him several hours before he had to be on his way to Georgia.

We got to Emerald Cove on October 25 where we plan to stay until we head back to San Diego to pick up our new rig. We have a nice spot in row two where we can see the river. We were also able to get a phone hook up right away.

PYRAMID NUMBER THREE

While in Emerald Cove, we took several hikes into the desert and several bike rides. We discovered a dam on the river between Emerald Cove and Parker we had not been aware of. We were able to reach it on our bikes, by riding over a dirt road that lead from the highway to the river. The dam was built to ensure that the recreational section of the Colorado River from Parker to the Parker dam was maintained for all of the water sports. We had several burro sightings and built our third pyramid. If we build another one, we will do it over two or three days. We did this one in a single day and really suffered for it. It is however the strongest as we filled it totally with smaller rocks as we built up the sides with larger rocks.

TROPICANA, FLAMINGO....THERE'S A DIFFERENCE?

We did take a long weekend and drove the rig to Las Vegas to meet with Roy's sister and several of their friends. We kept our site, putting a 'site occupied' sign on the table, so that we would not loose our phone number. Meryl, Roy's sister told us they were staying at the Flamingo so when we got in, we called. They were not there. The next two days, we called several times, even went over there but no luck. Finally, as a last resort, we called the Tropicana, where they had stayed the last time. They were there but not in their room. After several phone calls trying to catch them in their room, we drove over and periodically made phone calls until we got hungry and gave up.

We had a very nice oriental dinner. We finally hooked up with them the next day and met them for lunch and later for dinner. Meryl's explanation was, there were flamingo's everywhere in the hotel so she thought they were at the Flamingo. Oh well!

THANKSGIVING WITH ROY'S FAMILYRoy's Mom called to tell us the family was getting together for Thanksgiving so we decided that would be a great opportunity to

see everyone. Rather than break camp and drive the rig all the way to Upland, CA., we drove Tilly down Thanksgiving day and got a hotel for the night. The get together was held at Vince's home and the guests were from the Smith's and Medina's families. We had met most of them at Vince's wedding last May.

The new casino in Parker is quite nice. They have two restaurants, a gourmet as well as one that has a buffet type. I enjoy driving over to the casino at least once a week and play the slots.

I'm going through the rig, getting rid of everything not needed and cleaning drawers, cupboards, etc. in preparation of moving into the new rig. When we moved from Windy to Holly, there was a lot less stuff. Windy was our vacation home, not our permanent home. We are scheduled to make the trade on Friday, January 7.

Ray, one of Roy's OCS buddies and his wife Geri came to Parker to spend a month before heading out to the reunion in Biloxi. We got together with them for dinner a few times and really enjoyed their company.

A REAL TREE FOR CHRISTMAS

We got a live tree for Christmas and sat it on the dash where it fit perfectly. It was so nice to have a live tree again. If we can, we plan on keeping it so we can use it again next Christmas. I cooked a small turkey with all of the trimmings for Christmas dinner. We had a great day.

New Year's found Roy and I enjoying a special dinner of lobster tail, steak and champagne. We enjoyed watching the New Year arrive around the world. The next day it was the Rose Bowl parade, black eyed peas with corn bread and football, football, football.