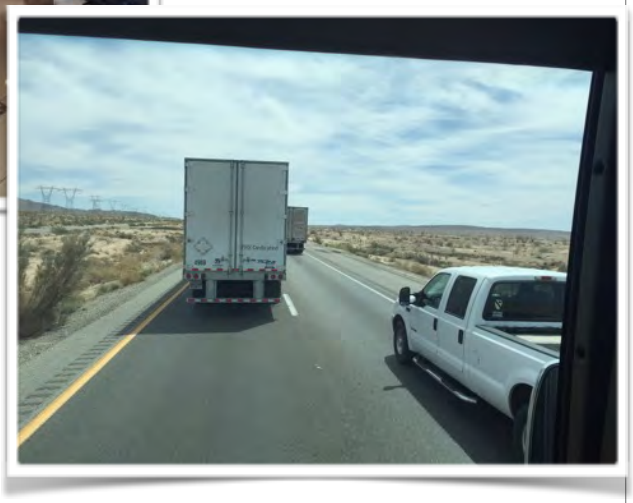
ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago

Day One

Full of enthusiasm, energy and excitement.
Indio to Indy -- or bust!





Our getaway . . .

After loading the bus with enough clothes and food to survive for about a year, we hit the road at 11:30am. First stop, about 1.5 miles to a truck stop for diesel. Didn't fill it up though, it should be cheaper in Arizona.

And now we understand why big rig drivers tend to be rotund – we were already hungry and quickly put away a couple of tacos before hitting the road.

Destination :

Pirate's Cove, Needles, CA

We know, not very far, but hey, we've got about 5 1/2 weeks to get to Indiannapolis, right? We are parked right on the Colorado River — with a great view out the windshield. Set-up took some manuvering to be level, but we worked that out. Next was getting the satellite dish up and DirecTV working. That also took many tries, but success was achieved. Dinner will be BBQ filet mignon here at "home," but the chef had to go the the camp store for bug spray so he can brave the locals.

On the road . . .

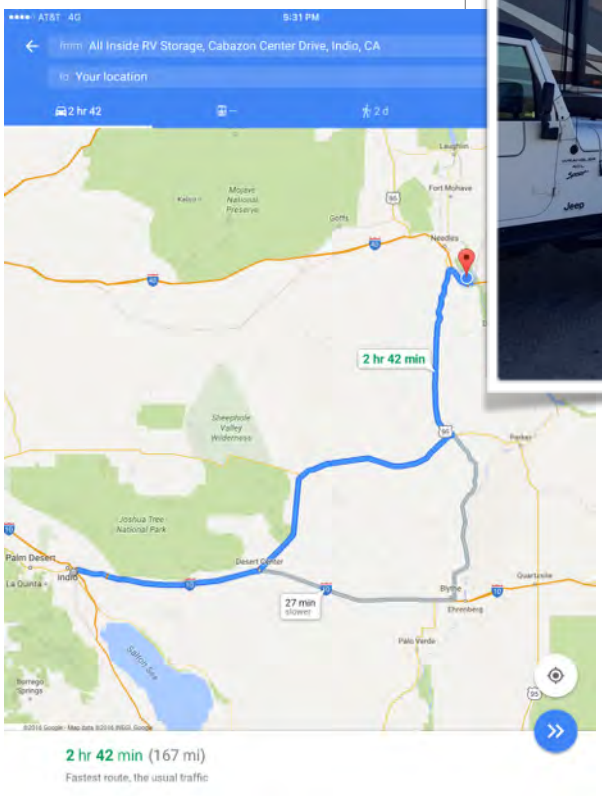
We headed east on Route 10, climbing out of the Coachella Valley in 4th gear, our Jeep following dutifully behind. Life is grand. Then John was complaining that the pedal was to the floor and we were doing a respectable, but disappointing 57 mph. Everyone was passing us – not good! Well, being positive, I said that 57 seemed fast enough.

It only took 20 minutes or so before he realized he was still in 4th gear. Switching to 6th gear gave us back all the power we could hope for. John said it was "part of the break-in process." Whew, first problem solved!

[*John wants to know if I'm going to keep poking fun of him . . . I think so, it's funny! And besides, I'm the one writing this!*]







ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 2

Day 2, 3 & 4 . .

enthusiasm still high!

Left Needles . . .

Had an early start, wheels up (oops, that's the airplane) – wheels to the road at 7:50am! Didn't go too far before we decided to get some cheaper than California diesel, only $2.35 per gallon. Went to the big rig side of the station (see photo) – truckers are not exactly the best looking crowd, but they are nice enough.

Bus running great, using all gears, sometimes going 70-75 mph. The Arizona speed limit is 75 mph for everyone – trucks, buses, vehicles towing,



.



Destination:

Flagstaff, Arizona

Once again, hungry early — driving such a big bus seems to make both the driver and the passenger very hungry. Stopped at the Road Kill Cafe on Route 66 in Seligman, Arizona. We asked what the fresh road kill was and the answer was, "You kill it, we grill it!"

Back on the road, and hours later got to the Flagstaff KOA. Nice enough place, but very tight. Trees everywhere. Managed to avoid hitting anything, but unable to get our satellite to find a signal. Oh well, had a brief rest, then off to play golf. Played only nine holes, but Betty managed to lose two pink balls in the same lake, bummer.

On the road . . .

Flagstaff to Albuquerque, NM.

For cocktails, dinner, and dancing, we went to The Museum Club, also known as the Zoo by the locals. We had been there in our "youth," before we were married, so over 21 years ago. It didn't change, but we did! It was smaller than we remembered and dance lessons were going on, without any music — boring! Finally did hear some music, made a few turns around the dance floor, and departed.



Made it to New Mexico!





Above: entering New Mexico

Left: Our home for the night in Albuquerque.

Off to Santa Fe:



Flagstaff to Albuquerque to Santa Fe



Shopper John in Santa Fe, NM











Santa Fe Country Club: Played the front nine with two interesting fellas. The first guy we met, lit up a joint on the first tee and asked us if that was OK. He is the only guy I have every golfed with that talked more than John! The other guy recommended the Radish & Rye restaurant, which turned out to be a fabulous recommendation, pic left.



Radish & Rye: It was in a strange neighborhood, in an old house. Very popular, and crowded. They had dozens of bourbons to choose from. I chose a Buffalo Trace and club soda — loved it.

Our waiter was Rod, aka "Jimmy the Carrot . . . 'cause I'm good for the eyes!" His entertainment value was priceless. For those of you who know Randy Magliano — it's a line he has to adopt!!!

The restaurant prides themselves on produce from local farmers and fresh, organic foods. Johh had the quail and I had a wild mushroom/root vegetable ragu. Both really, really good, and really, really small. All in all a great evening.





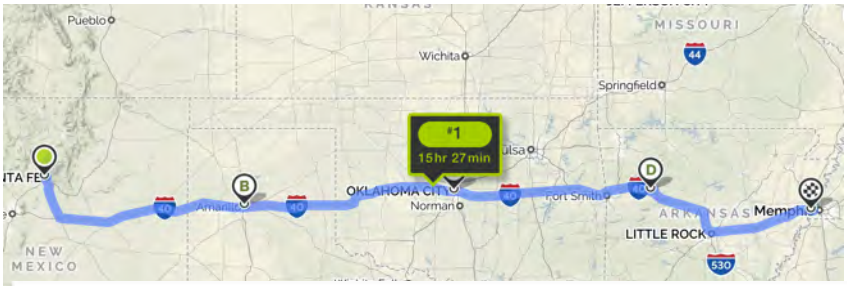
Departing tomorrow . . . "Amarillo by morning" . . .

ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 3

Day...???

enthusiasm still high, just not sure what day it is!



Here we go again . . .

Santa Fe to Amarillo: Amarillo, located in the center of the Texas Panhandle. Our only stop in Texas for this trip. We're trying to leave the West behind us and get to places we haven't been, much, like the Mid-West, South and the entire East Coast.





Cadillac Ranch, Amarillo



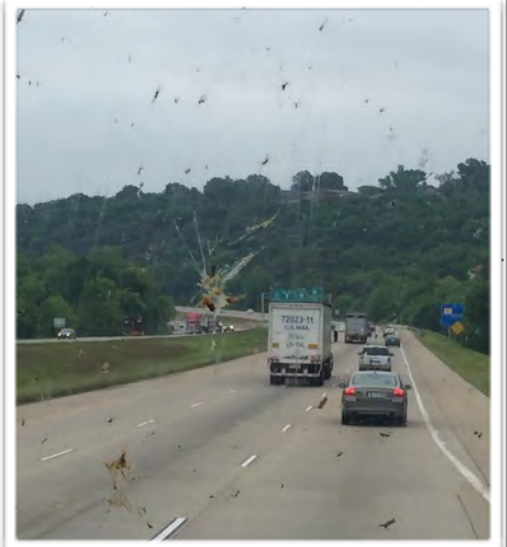
Amarillo to Oklahoma City

Destination, National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum





Oklahoma City — done here . . . let's keep driving!



Above: This pic is really all about the bugs on the windshield.

Right: zoom in on John — very disappointed — museum closed today!

What did that billboard say? A Roger Miller Museum in Erick, Arkansas!!







Erick, Arkansas

Harley's house was open and he was looking for company. He entertained us for a few minutes with a song.





Kept driving . . .

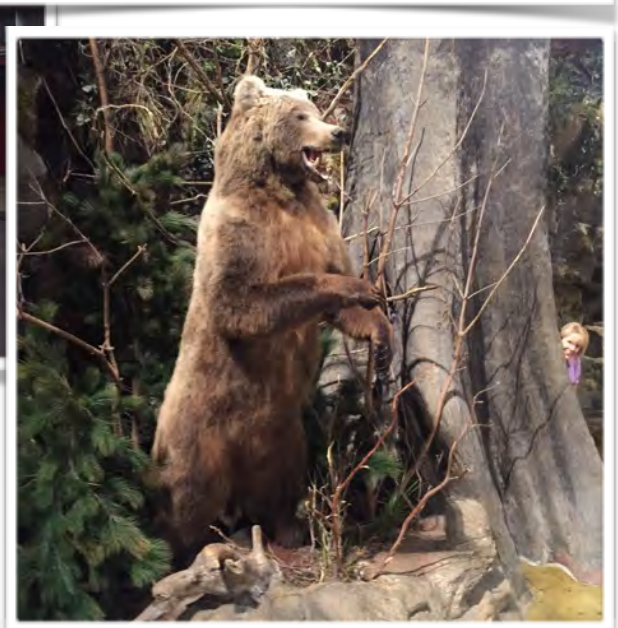
Left Amarillo at 8am. Stopped in Oklahoma City and Erick, Arkansas. Then drove until 9pm. Parked in a gas station with lots of other truckers in Clarksville, Arkansas for the night. This is fun stuff.

Clarksville, Arkansas to Memphis, Tennessee

Up and out of Clarksville early — Memphis here we come.







Above: Beale Street. Right: Bass Pro Shop, Memphis.





Above: John does his outside chores while Betty does laundry and inside chores in the motorhome.

Right: the Great Mississippi.

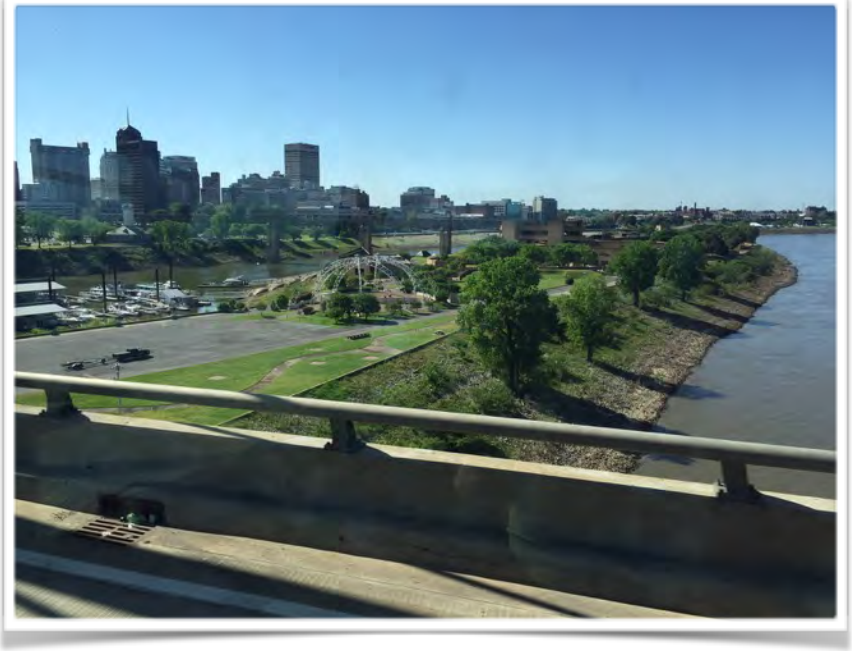
ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 4

Memphis to Nashville

Departed the Blues city of Memphis . . . Nashville and Country Music here we come!

On our first night we went to downtown Nashville, Broadway Street — it's party city with bars everywhere, all with live music. Loved the music, but it was so loud it was hard to appreciate it. Guess we're getting old.



Above: Leaving the Memphis skyline behind.



Right: Our camp site in Nashville — Yogi Bear Jellystone Park, down the street from the Opryland Resort.



Left: Downtown Nashville, live music drowning out all conversation.

Right: Working on a new look in Nashville, thinking the boots will do it!



Below: John and family are big Dukes of Hazzard fans!



We tried to play golf one morning in Nashville, but had heavy rain, thunder and lightening. In fact, we've seen more rain in the last four days than we have seen in a year in California.





Saw the Grand Ole Opry on a Friday night. About 12 entertainers, none of which we knew except Vince Gill, below. He sang only two songs, but they were great!



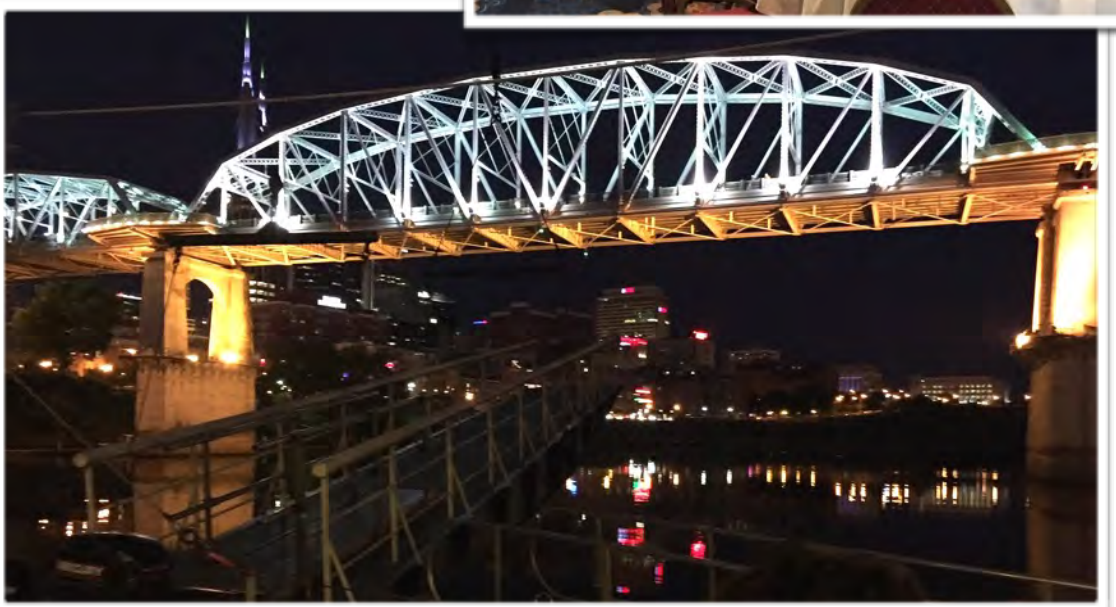






Took a dinner cruise on the General Jackson down the Cumberland River.

We're having fun being tourists in Nashville!







Visited the Country Music Hall of Fame.

ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 5

Editor's Omission . . .

Oops, we forgot to mention that we visited Graceland in Nashville — and loved it! We walked through Elvis's two jets. Boy do they look dated and old. Hard to believe the styles of the 50s and 60s. Sure did like Elvis in his good days and loved his music. We looked for his Blue Hawaii movie in Walmart, but no luck.



Above:Graceland.



Left: Elvis's gravesite. He is buried next to his mother, father and grandmother.

Nashville, through Atlanta, to Macon, Georgia

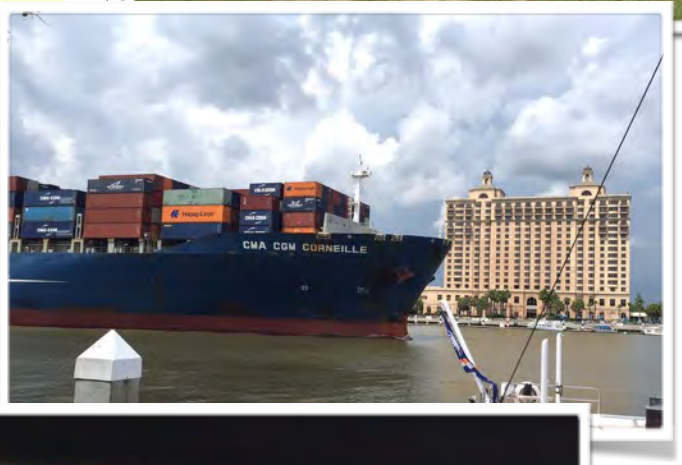
Lots of traffic , heavy rain and lightening in Atlanta, so we keep on truckin'. Macon was an easy stop on our way to Savannah, Georgia.

Savannah

Rather hot and humid in Savannah for us, we are used to the very dry climate in La Quinta *and* Clio. We set up camp and went to the Riverfront for lunch, passing through many of the 24 town squares that Savannah is so well-known for.



Above: Macon, GA for the night.



Left: Riverfront area, Savannah.



Left: Bridge over Harbor River onto Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.



Left:
The view out our living room (windshield). It's a beautiful setting here on Hilton Head.

Below:
The view back at the campsite — cocktail and BBQ time.



Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

Left the heat and humidity behind in Savannah, excited to visit Hilton Head. For many years we have watched the PGA golf tournament at the Harbour Town Golf Links — we played it yesterday — what fun that was!



Long, wide, beautiful hard-sand beach here. We had on long pants and sweatshirts, but the Northeastern visitors were soaking up whatever sunshine they could.

Harbor Town Golf Links, Hilton Head, South Carolina



Left: Clubhouse in background — it's huge and beautiful. We had free run of the place, locker room, mens lounge etc.

Below: 18th green with signature lighthouse. I always wanted go here some day, I watched it on TV for years.

— JO



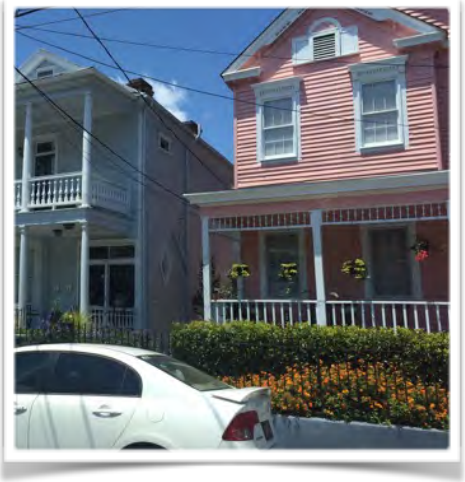


We had an 8:33 tee time and arrived early to hit some balls and practice our putting. It was cold and a bit windy, but we had a great golf day. We played with a father and son-in-law from New York, and had a very nice fore-caddy, Jimmy. Off tomorrow to Charleston, SC — JnB

ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 6

Hilton Head to Charleston SC, to Asheville NC . . . and the bus keeps on rolling!



Above: Downtown Charleston, SC.

Below: We've had great campgrounds — this is the Oak Plantation RV Park in Charleston.



An average day on Tour . . .

We wake up . . . and get up whenever we want. Fresh brewed coffee is the flip of a button away, and it's just like we want it. Watch the news, make some breakfast — our day gets going slowly.

OK, time to pick up camp. Betty cleans up and stows all loose items. Makes sure doors and latches are secure. Chair and footstools moved to the side, satellite dish goes down with the push of a button. John dumps tanks every 2 to 4 days, disconnects water and electrical and makes sure awnings are in. Slides are brought in and locked, jacks up, Jeep hooked up -- and we're off.

We have had many 2 to 3 night stops, and when it's a moving day, we've been driving an average of 2 to 5 hours. We're getting an average of 8 miles per gallon. Lunch is usually on the bus, at a rest stop or by the side of the road.

We select the next RV park usually as we're heading down the road. So far no issues getting a reservation and the RV parks have been really nice. Lots of green here in the south with beautiful trees and lots of room. John expertly maneuvers into our campsite and pushes a button to put the jacks down and level the bus. Once level, the slides go out, satellite dish goes up, and slight furniture rearranging. John hooks up water and electric, removes bugs from the windshield . . . and it's home sweet home. Ten to 15 minutes max set up time — faster than checking into a hotel and opening your suitcase (no packing and unpacking here). Cocktail time!!!

We're getting pretty good at all this. Sorry, no mishaps to report. No taking off with hoses being dragged out of their fittings, no slides left out, satellite dish left up (NO, we've never, ever done any of these things . . . on this trip!) We're enjoying the mobile life.

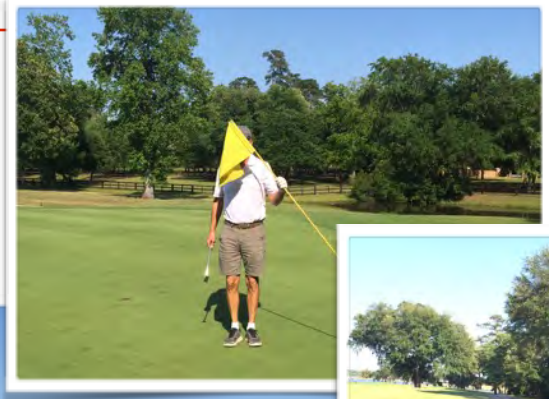
Charleston, SC



Basilica of Saint Lawrence.



Mother's Day "brunch" at Waffle House
. . . it doesn't get better than that!







Golf in Charleston.
Some great holes on the
Stono River.

Asheville, NC & the Blue Ridge Parkway







ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 7

Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's Plantation

Monticello, outside Charlottesville, Virginia.

Visiting Jefferson's plantation was well worth the visit, even though it was a foggy, drizzly, rainy day. Jefferson was an amazing man with many interests and skills and we got a refresher lesson about slavery.





Virginia, on the outskirts of D.C.

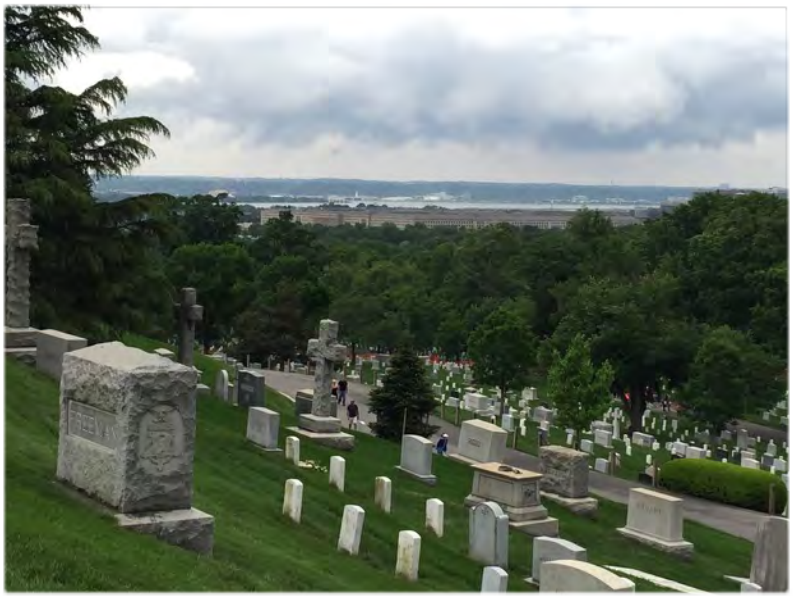
Alexandria, Virginia, was a quaint town. It was very vibrant and in many ways reminded us of San Francisco.







Alexandria, Virginia



Arlington National Cemetery, with a view of the Pentagon in the background.

Our only complaint is the weather! We were fine with a few hot days in the beginning of our trip, and then the cool days were a nice change. But we hope this gloomy rain goes away! In between strong windy days and totally wet days we have managed a golf game here and there, so that's fun. I suggested to John that we may have to go to Walmart to buy rain boots (I really wanted to say "golashes" but apparently I can't spell that word) and rain coats.



Right: Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The Capitol building is just visible in the distance, far left.

Mt. Vernon, Virginia



George Washington's Plantation was quite different from Jefferson's. Rooms were much larger, but also less ornate. Beautiful location on the Potomac River.



GREAT FALLS PARK
Maryland





Washington D.C. Area











ON OUR TOUR

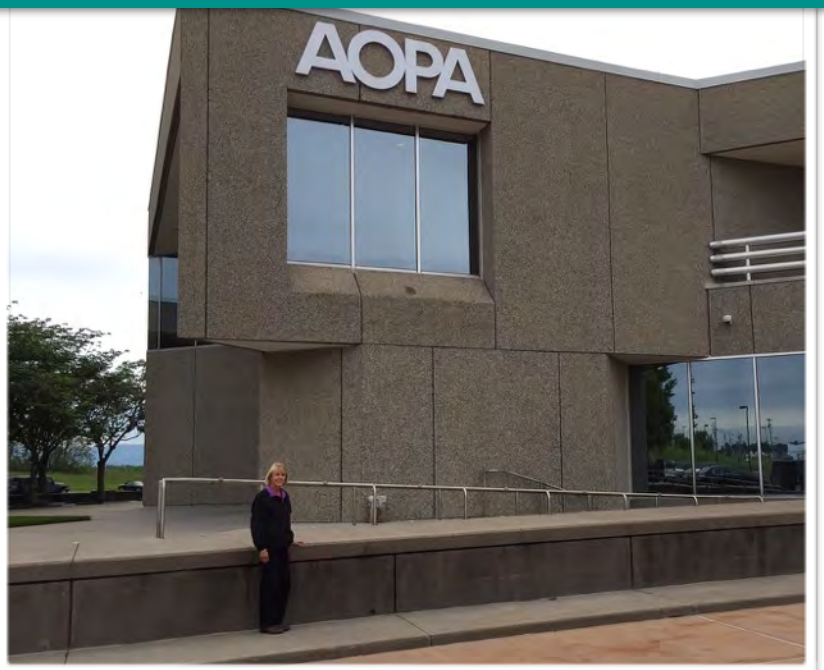
Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 8

Frederick, Maryland

Aircraft Owners & Pilot's Association

We had a nice tour of AOPA's headquarters. John has been a member for about 40 years and this was our first visit to headquarters.

AOPA purchased the Bahamas and Caribbean Pilot's Guides and are now in production of the 2017 Guides. It was nice to meet with the people we have been dealing with. They were extremely cordial.





Downtown Frederick.

We've really been enjoying the Virginia and Maryland countryside. Everything is very, very green and lush. From the highway, everything looks like a golf course . . . minus the flags and the golfers. Some of the country roads en route to the RV Parks are quite narrow, but John does an excellent job of maneuvering the bus (I close my eyes only occasionally).



Worthington Manor Golf Course, Frederick, MD







This is one of the prettiest golf courses I have ever played, but definitely not one of the easiest! The green rolling hills and the large homes were just spectacular. It was a bit cold, as you can see by our attire, but at least we had sun and blue skies.

Philadelphia, PA



Above: Philadelphia City Hall Station.

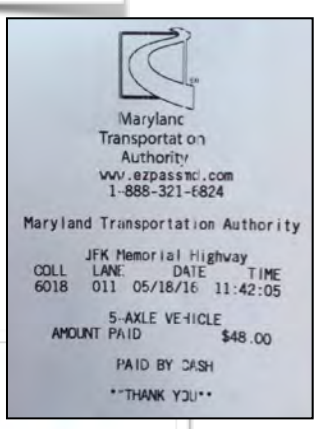


Above: Delaware Memorial Bridge.



The Liberty Bell.

WOW, quite a toll!!



Maryland Transportation Authority
www.ezpassmd.com
1-888-321-6824

Maryland Transportation Authority
JFK Memorial Highway

COLL	LANE	DATE	TIME
6018	011	05/18/16	11:42:05

5-AXLE VEHICLE
AMOUNT PAID $48.00

PAID BY CASH

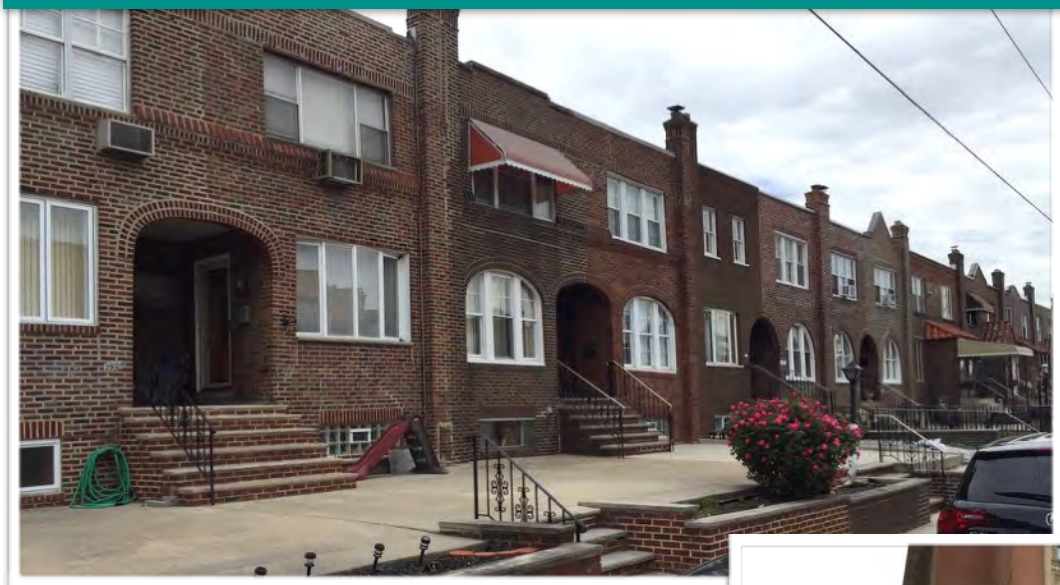
THANK YOU

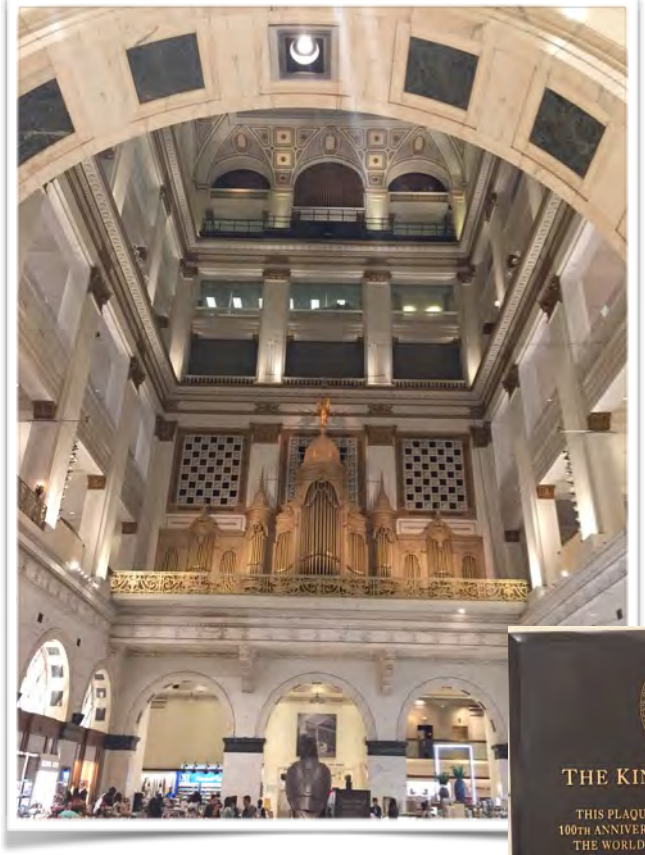


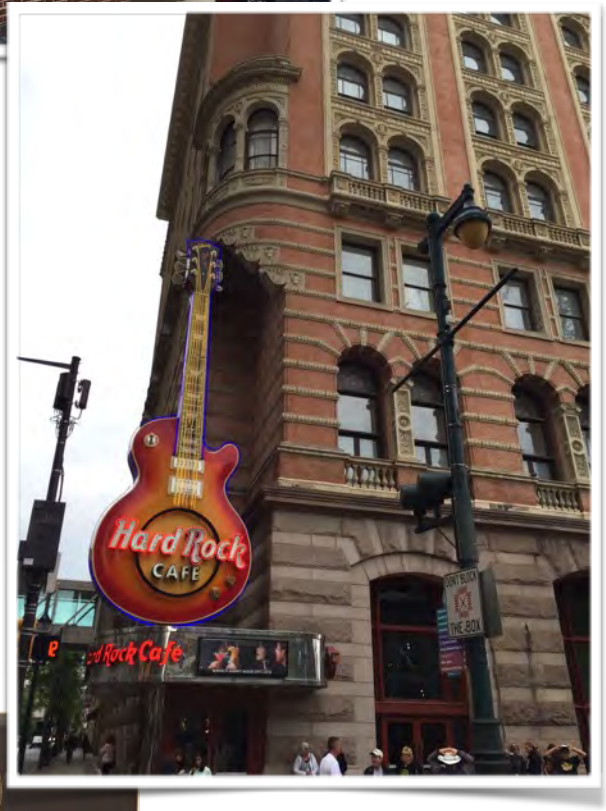
Philadelphia City Hall Station.



More Philly . . . we loved this City!









This is Macy's, downtown Philadelphia.

ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 9

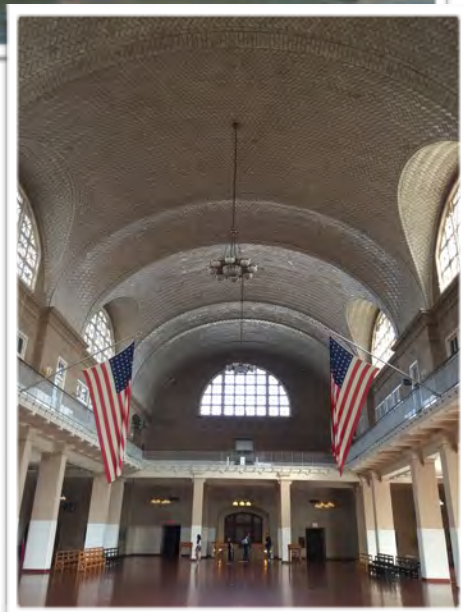
NEW YORK CITY!









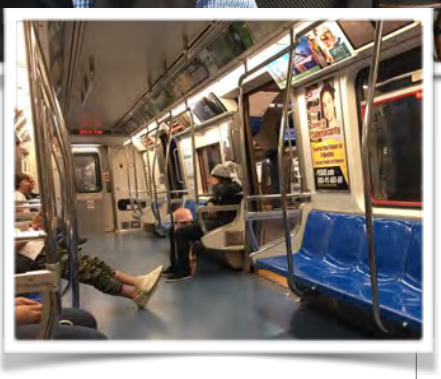


We braved the crowds and kids and took the ferry trip out to Ellis Island and the Statute of Liberty. Always wanted to do it. It was worth the visit to think about how our relatives got into the U.S. We know John's Nanna and Grandmother came through Ellis Island when Nanna was only 3 years old. And Betty's Dad came over at age 15 in 1928 on the "Berengaria" with 4,593 other passengers.

Hoboken, New Jersey













Our RV Park was on the NJ side of the Hudson River, with a great view of the Statute of Liberty and the NY skyline — during a full moon. Yes, it wasn't much more than a parking lot . . . but in a great location!



Who would think that Hoboken, New Jersey would be a fun place? Lots of funky old buildings, shops, restaurants, fabulous market . . . and transportation into NYC. We tried to take a ferry, but it wasn't running to Midtown, so we managed to figure out how to take the Path train, through the Holland Tunnel, into the city. Betty was excited that we got off about 2 blocks from Macy's — and they were having a big sale!

More New York City . . . and the High Line Park









ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 10

New York City was our furthest point East, and we have now turned 180 degrees and are heading West. We drove 2,200 miles from Indio to NYC, at an average of 8 mpg — not too bad!



PENNSYLVANIA — We drove five hours from NYC to Bedford, PA. The City was fantastic, but it's nice to be back in the country. It rained the last half of our drive, and it rained all night and the next morning. Yep, can see why everything is so green and beautiful!

Up the next morning determined to drive out of the rain — and we did! Hopefully we can put the jackets and jeans away for awhile and get back to shirts and shorts.

Finally exited Pennsylvania, drove through a small northerly section of West Virginia, and into Ohio. All very pretty countryside, along Hwy 76 and then Hwy 70.

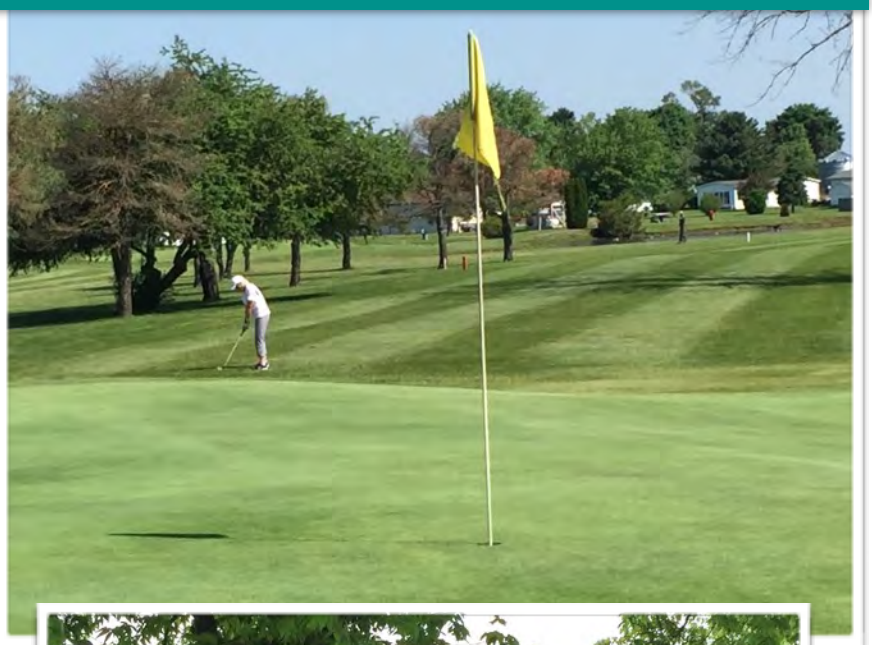
Harbor Hills Country Club, Hebron, Ohio

Signed up for 9 holes (oh, they only have 9 holes). Asked if they had a driving range, "Yes, but you have to use your own balls!" Decided to skip the range. Can't complain though, we paid the Senior Twilight rate of a whopping $16 per person (and that included a cart) — and we enjoyed it (still in jeans).

More golfing . . . Pennsylvania to Ohio

Burning Tree Golf Course, Newark, Ohio

Not exactly the bargain of yesterday, but played a full 18 holes for the Senior rate of $21 per person including cart — and for an additional $4 each, we signed up for lunch! The golf was great . . . the lunch . . . not so much. But we sure are enjoying these local courses that are definitely not on the PGA Tour, but very playable nonetheless (and not wearing jeans and jackets any more!







Editor's Note *(for all my girlfriends)*:

As reported previously, we visited Macy's, Philadelphia, with the beautiful Organ from 1911. Being the little shopper's that we are, we went to Macy's again in NYC, but we previously neglected to report that the NYC Macy's is their largest store (in fact the largest retail store until 2009 when the So. Korean department store Shinsegae took over). The NYC store is 2.2 million square feet — HUGE! I must report, in fact I am obligated to report, that John bought one small jacket in the Philly Macy's, but I bought much more (on sale!) in NYC!





We had a great campsite at the Buckeye Lake KOA, Buckeye, Ohio.





John saw this old barn as an opportunity . . .
I saw something else . . .
and we kept on driving.



Indy . . . here we come!



ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 11

Indy or BUST . . . we made it!

WEDNESDAY — We paid to park our RV onsite from Thursday through Sunday night — on a grass lot, no hook-ups. OK, I tell myself repeatedly, we can do that, we can do that.



Only one problem, John wants to be there the night before, in line, to get a *great* piece of grass! Wow, FIVE nights of dry camping. OK, OK, all the laundry is done, sheets changed, and one long hot shower the night before, and I'm ready.

So Wednesday morning we drive the 30 minutes into Indianapolis, park the bus in a Walmart parking lot, hop in the Jeep and drive to Lot 1A to check it out. Of course, we can't get into Lot 1A until 7am Thursday morning. Not much room to "line up and wait." So back to Walmart, buy a few essentials (all campers shop at Walmart when on the road), turn on the generator, and take a nap in the parking lot.

Hmmm, John still not satisfied with our position, so move the bus 1.5 miles down the road to another large, empty parking lot where we are closer to our target. Oops, Security says we can't stay there overnight. So off we go again, this time directly to Lot 1A.

We meet another motorhome coming out, and he says we can overnight in Lot 1C, then move to 1A in the morning. Great! So, here we are, happily parked along with 40+ RVs, campers, and vans, on a lush green lot, waiting to move to another grass lot in the morning. John's set an alarm for 6am, and he plans to be in line at 6:05AM . . . again, to get a *great* piece of grass . . . but in Lot 1A!

Early morning dilemma —

Question: "What does one wear en-route to a Walmart parking lot, in preparation for a 5 day dry-camping trip?"

Answer: "Anything you want, doesn't much matter!"

Indy 500







Left, notice how close to the stands we are.

John wants to know how bus drivers can stay in shape when a fully stocked refrigerator is directly behind him, 24/7.

THURSDAY — Noisy night. Lots more cars, trucks, buses and trailers arrived and the campers partied until 2:30 am. And I thought the recommended ear protection was for the noise of the cars, wrong!

Up at 6 am to beat the crowd lining up . . . wrong again! The cars were lined up for blocks. We positioned on a small side street. Once they started letting people in at 7am, we were able to get into the line and into the lot. What mayhem! No one directing traffic at all. Everyone driving every which way, facing all directions. We were told we had to park between the brown grass lines defining a 40x20 box. Oops, we're 43 feet. So, we're hanging over front and back, and the Jeep is snuggled up real close.



Now we sit and watch as a group of seasoned campers circle their "wagons" and mow their lawn! Great idea.

ON OUR TOUR

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 12



THURSDAY — Off to the sprint car races. John worked with Bob East when they were both 20 . . . a few years ago. Bob is well-known in the sprint field, he owns Beast Chassis. This was the start of our race week.





FRIDAY — First visit to the Indy track to see Blake Shelton perform — he was awesome!

Indianapolis Motor Speedway Museum

SATURDAY —

Carb Day at the track — we stocked up on t-shirts and visited the Indy Museum, which was fabulous.









The 100th running of the Indy 500!



Highest attendance at any sport venue in the World – 350,000!

- *over 100,000 people more than attended all of the games of the 2015 World Series*
- *59% of the entire population of WY*
- *more people than attended the last four Super Bowls combined*



SUNDAY — Our seats were 7 rows up, between the start/finish line and turn one. Seated next to John is our Rancho La Quinta neighbor and friend, Frank Schilling, and his cousin, Dick. They live in Northern Indiana and had never been to an Indy race. They drove down Saturday for the Blake Shelton concert. They spent the night in the motorhome with us.

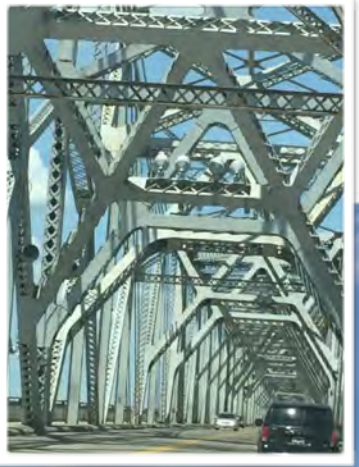
The headphones not only cancelled out some of the noise, but we had a scanner that allowed us to hear the radio broadcast of the race, and we could switch to hear the conversation in any car we selected.

Alexander Rossi finished 4.4975 seconds ahead of Carlos Muñoz, and won $2,548,740. Second place won $788,740.

Back in the Neighborhood . . .







Louisville Bridges over the Ohio River

Downtown Louisville



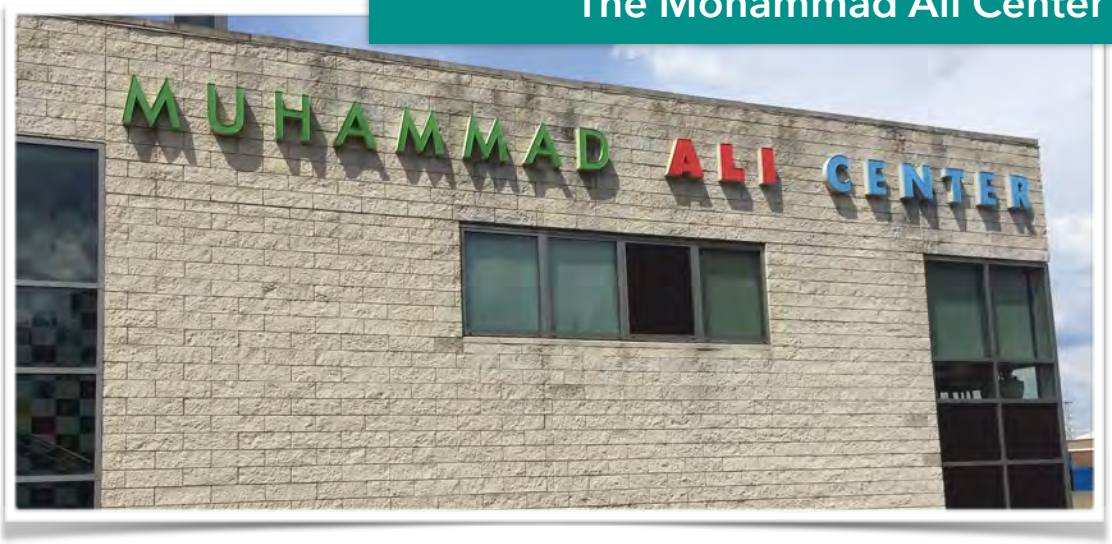
Slugger Museum & Factory . . .

Family-owned and making bats since 1884!



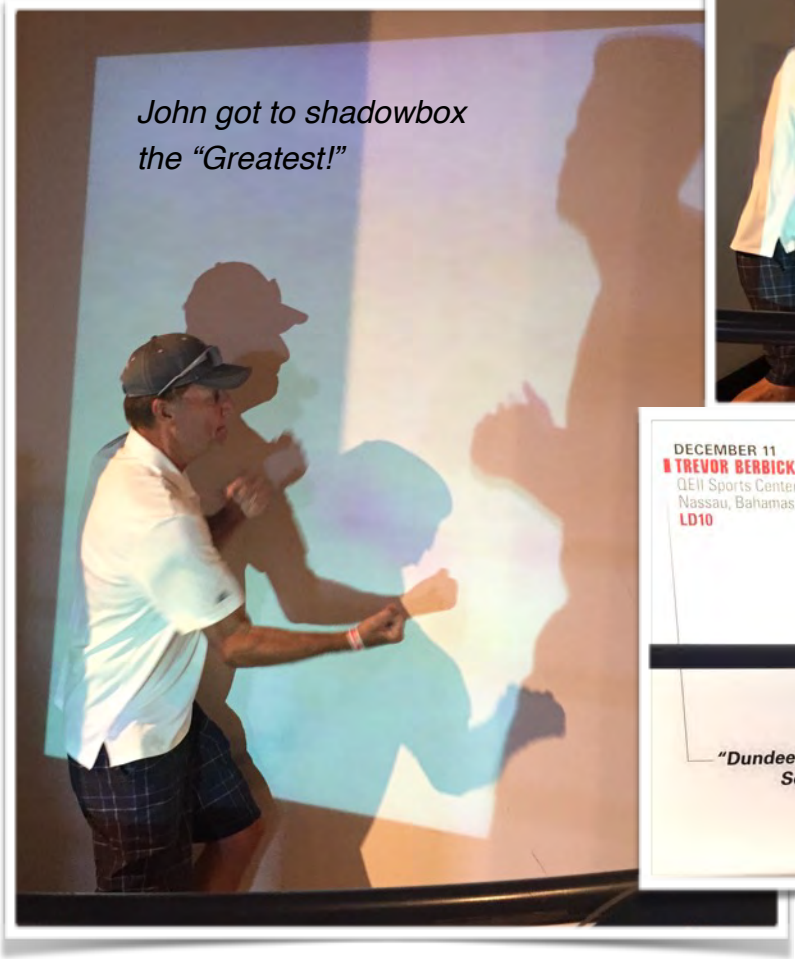


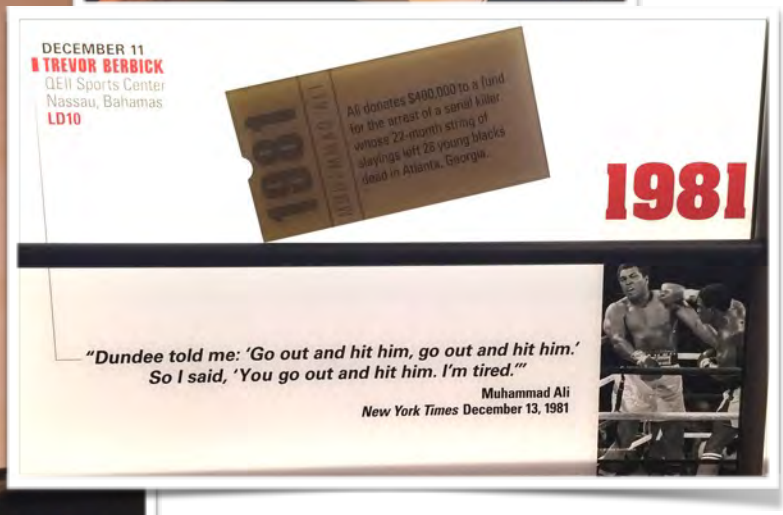
The Mohammad Ali Center

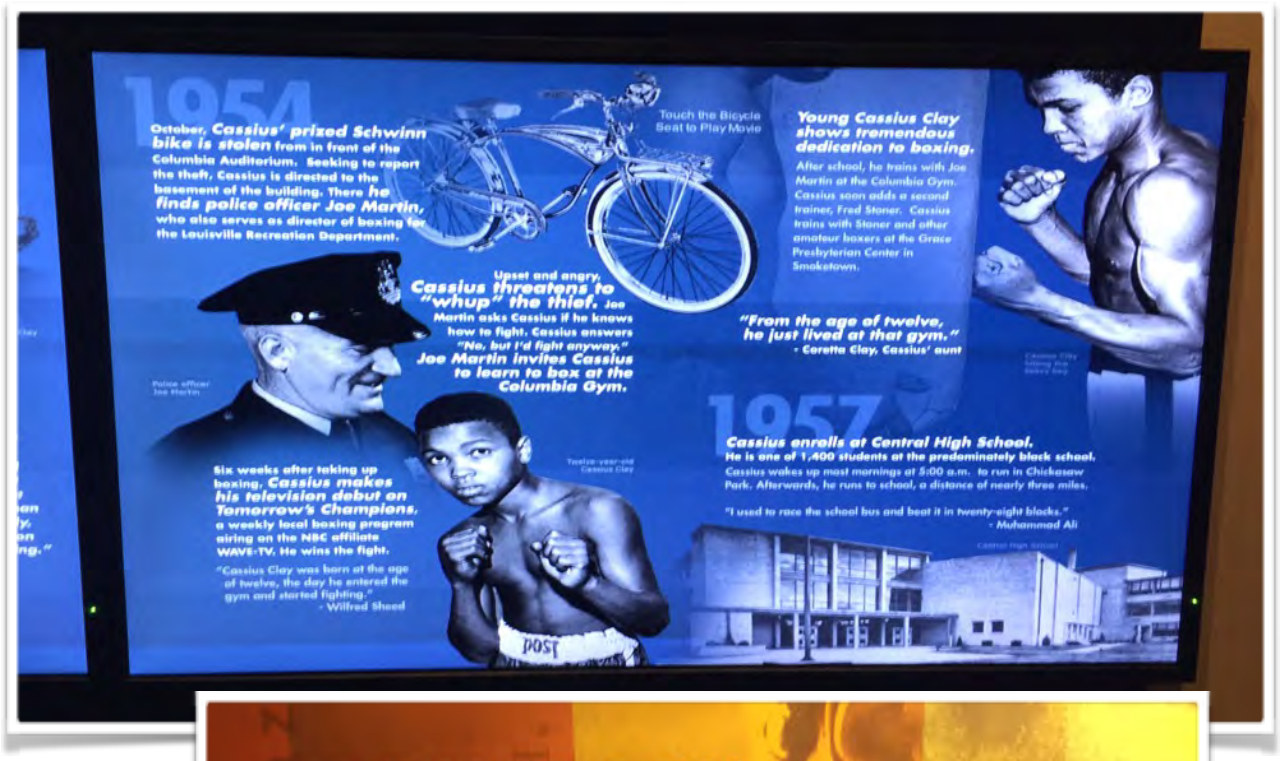


We had the privilege of visiting this very interesting museum three days before Ali died. His dedication to his beliefs was inspiring. He was one of our first black role models, and although we may not always have understood all of his actions, looking back you can't help but respect this man.



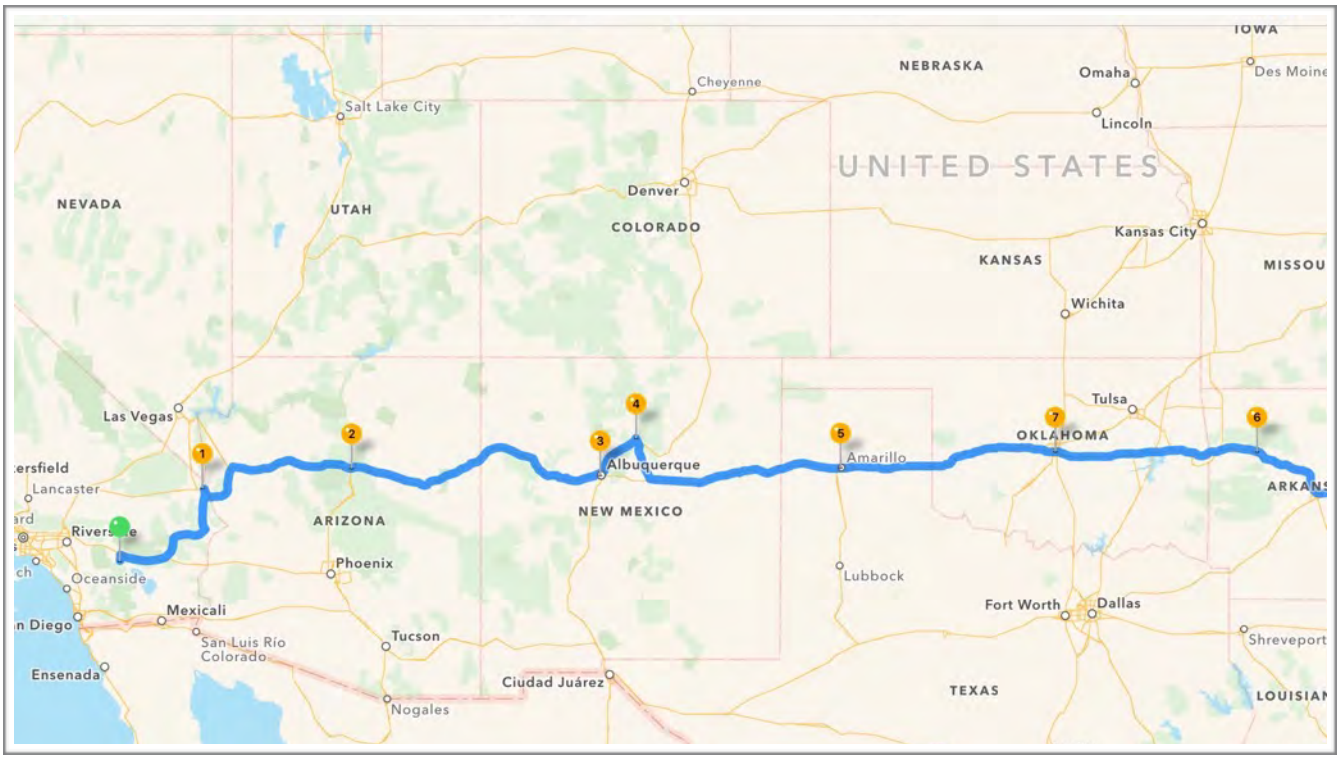




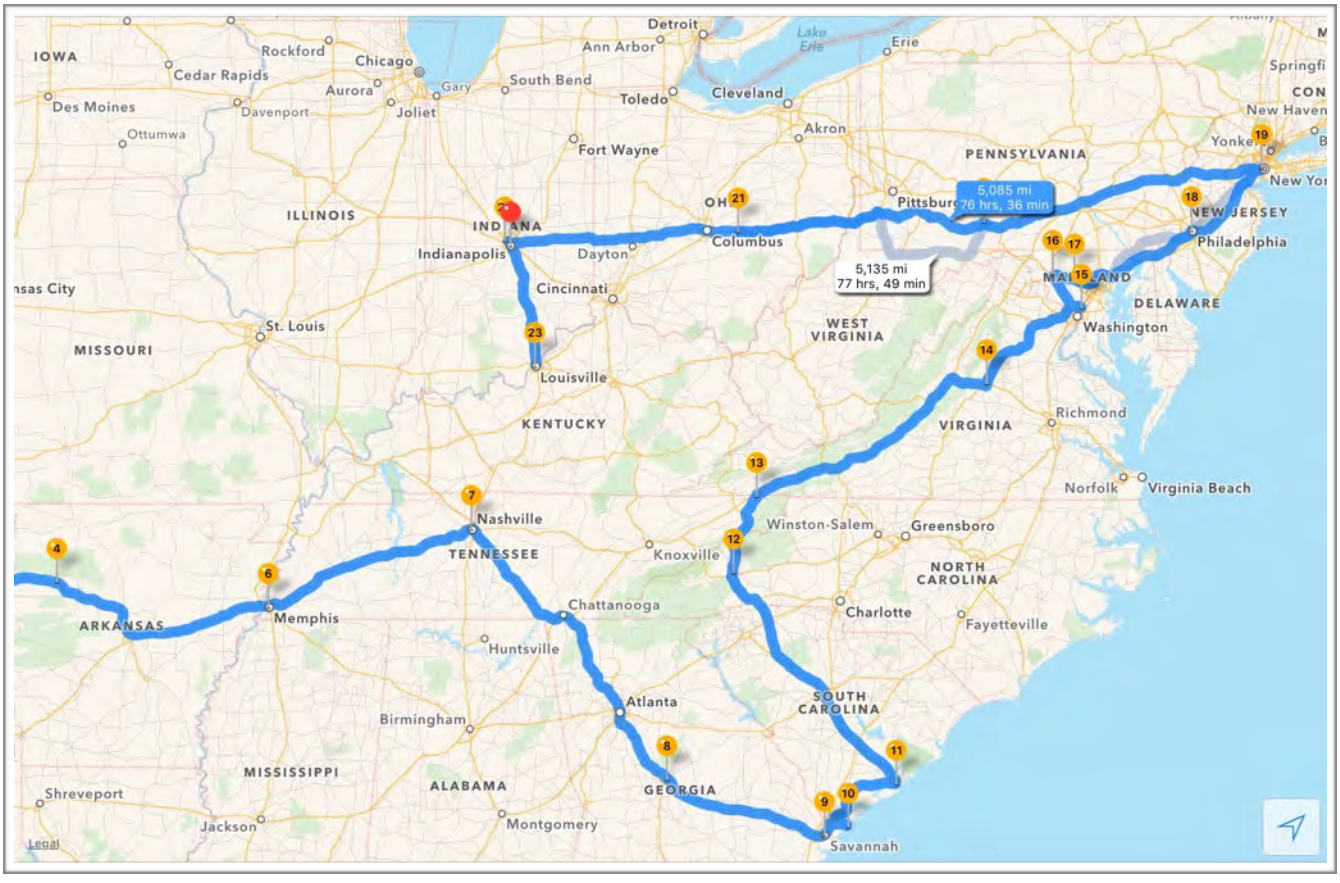

1954
October, Cassius' prized Schwinn bike is stolen from in front of the Columbia Auditorium. Seeking to report the theft, Cassius is directed to the basement of the building. There he finds police officer Joe Martin, who also serves as director of boxing for the Louisville Recreation Department.
Touch the Bicycle Seat to Play Movie
Young Cassius Clay shows tremendous dedication to boxing.
After school, he trains with Joe Martin at the Columbia Gym. Cassius soon adds a second trainer, Fred Stoner. Cassius trains with Stoner and other amateur boxers at the Grace Presbyterian Center in Smoketown.
Upset and angry, Cassius threatens to "whup" the thief. Joe Martin asks Cassius if he knows how to fight. Cassius answers "No, but I'd fight anyway." Joe Martin invites Cassius to learn to box at the Columbia Gym.
"From the age of twelve, he just lived at that gym."
- Coretta Clay, Cassius' aunt
Police officer Joe Martin
Twelve-year-old Cassius Clay
Six weeks after taking up boxing, Cassius makes his television debut on Tomorrow's Champions, a weekly local boxing program airing on the NBC affiliate WAVE-TV. He wins the fight.
"Cassius Clay was born at the age of twelve, the day he entered the gym and started fighting."
- Wilfred Sheed
1957
Cassius enrolls at Central High School.
He is one of 1,400 students at the predominately black school.
Cassius wakes up most mornings at 5:00 a.m. to run in Chickasaw Park. Afterwards, he runs to school, a distance of nearly three miles.
"I used to race the school bus and beat it in twenty-eight blocks."
- Muhammad Ali
POST


TRAIN TO WIN
"He stood out because, I guess he had more determination than most boys, and he had the speed to get him someplace. He was a kid willing to make the sacrifices necessary to achieve something worthwhile in sports. I realized it was almost impossible to discourage him. He was easily the hardest worker of any kid I ever taught."
Joe Martin
Clay started training in the Columbia Gym on South Fourth Street. He jumped rope, punched bags, shadowboxed, and sparred with other boys. He paid close attention to the professional boxers on TV and studied other amateur fighters' moves. His desire to learn more led him to a second gym and added hours to his daily routine.
"He would come over where we older guys were, and just mess with us...just ask questions...He saw some of us fight, and saw that we had more polish, were more refined in our boxing than he was...So when we came out of the ring, the first thing he said was, 'Where in the world did you learn to move like that?' He said, 'Where do you all train?' So we told him where it was...the Grace Presbyterian Center in the East End, we called it Smoketown. One night, we looked around, and he was there."
George King, Sr., 1999
Muhammad Ali Center Interview
The young athlete had a tremendous appetite: on the amateur circuit "he would eat enough food for three or four other boys," said Joe Martin. But he was particular about his diet and careful about his health.
"At Central High School in those days, Clay was known as the kid who drank water with garlic, who drank milk with raw eggs, who wouldn't smoke, who wouldn't drink even carbonated soda pop, who ran and shadowboxed as often as he walked, who was very shy, especially around girls..."
Ront Kolks
Louisville Courier-Journal September 11, 1997


1974
1973
1972
ATLANTA



It took us almost a week to get past Texas . . .



then we were exploring places we haven't been to in awhile — or ever.

and now folks . . . it's time for intermission . . .



Well, it's definitely not All Inside RV Storage, but we are at least covered. The Jeep, well that's stored inside — we're just hoping the building doesn't collapse on it!



We took a short Uber ride (our first) to Indianapolis Airport. Flew to Las Vegas. We had a 3-hour layover which gave us time to have dinner with John, Vanessa, Jamee and Jenna. Then a short flight to Ontario and an hour trip to home-sweet-home!



to be continued sometime in September . . .

On the Road Again!

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 13



Steel mill in Gary, Indiana.





Millennium Park and the "bean," which was really awesome from every angle.

FRIDAY, August 12th —

LAX to Indianapolis to resume our cross-country road trip in the Winnebago Tour Bus.

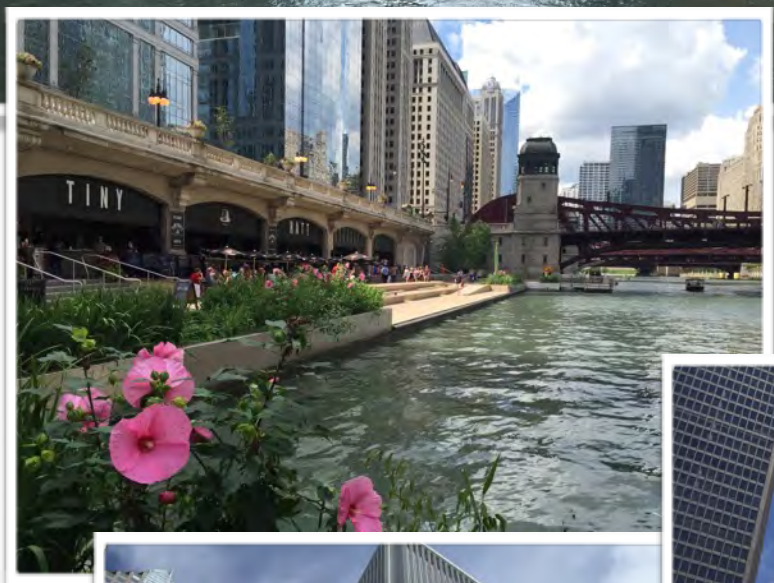
Off to a great start. After two and a half months in storage, she started right up, and the Jeep did too — yeah! Down the street a few blocks and we're hooked up for the night.

Saturday: trip to the grocery store to stock the frig, and off to Portage, Indiana and our Chicago base for a few nights. Oh dear, it's right next to Gary, Indiana — and that's not a good place to be. Oh well, we're set up, and we're off to the windy city on Sunday.

Sunday: took the side roads into the City — the decline of the steel mills in Gary, Indiana really took its toll in this area.

But Chicago — wow! We hit it on a beautiful sunny day and loved everything about it. The architecture, old next to new, Millennium Park, the Chicago River, shops, restaurants . . . all awesome on this particular day.



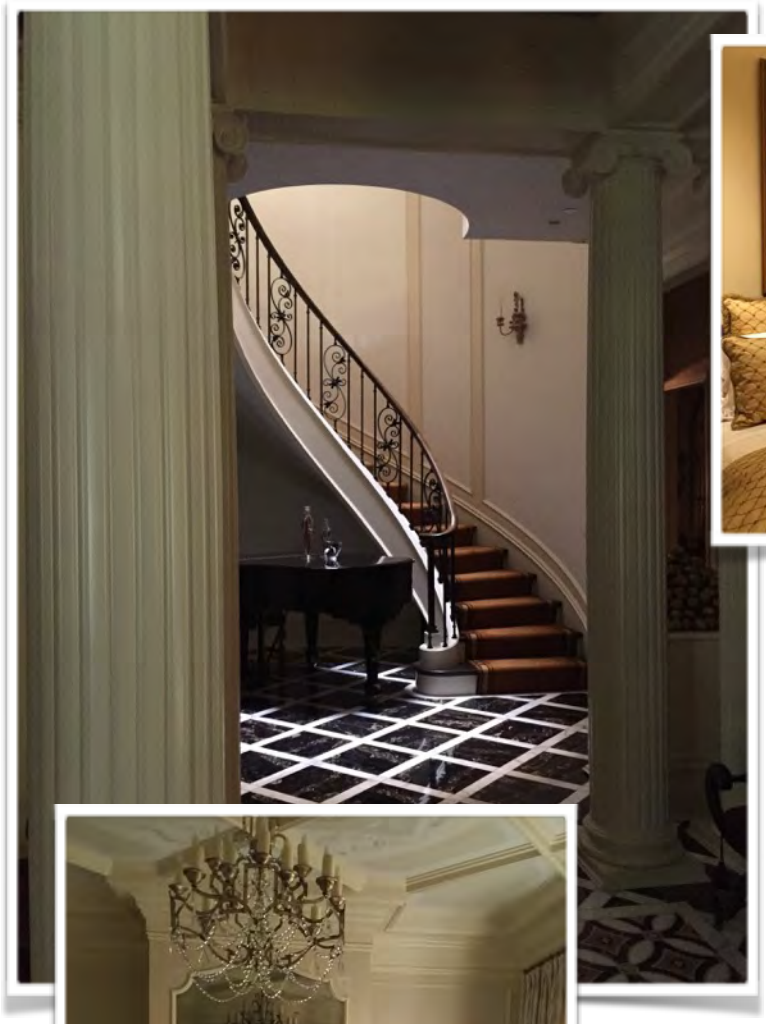


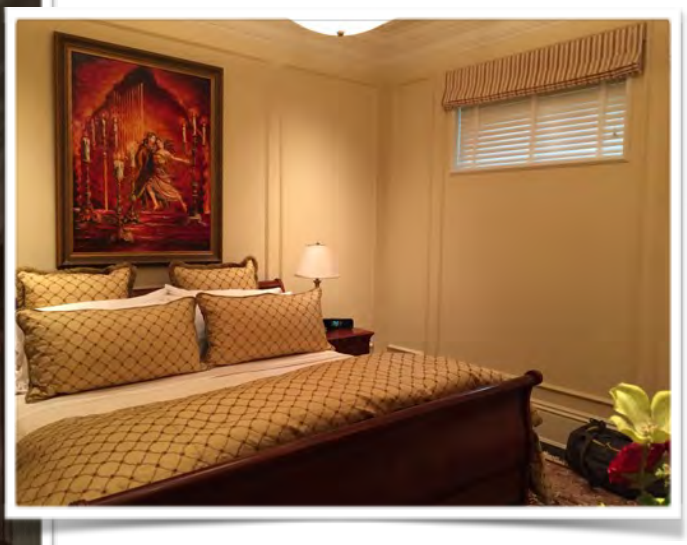
Chicago was beautiful, flowers planted everywhere, clean, and prosperous.

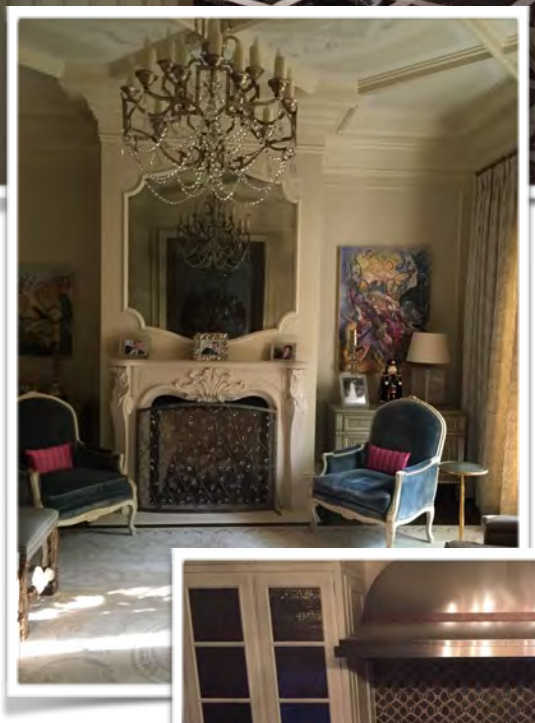














Loved our visit with our best buddy, Jerry Riley's kids, Linda and Jackie in Chicago. Linda is a partner in the law firm of Kirkland & Ellis and her husband Dennis works there as well. Their 12,000 sq. ft. home in Lincoln Park is over the top, and we enjoyed staying with them. Jackie and John also live in Chicago and we had a great visit and a fabulous dinner. Enjoyed talking with four of the six grandkids — two of whom are off to college! Wow, time flies.

On the Road Again!

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 14



At the Shrine, this is the newest addition — Moses receiving the Ten Commandments.

MONDAY, August 15th —

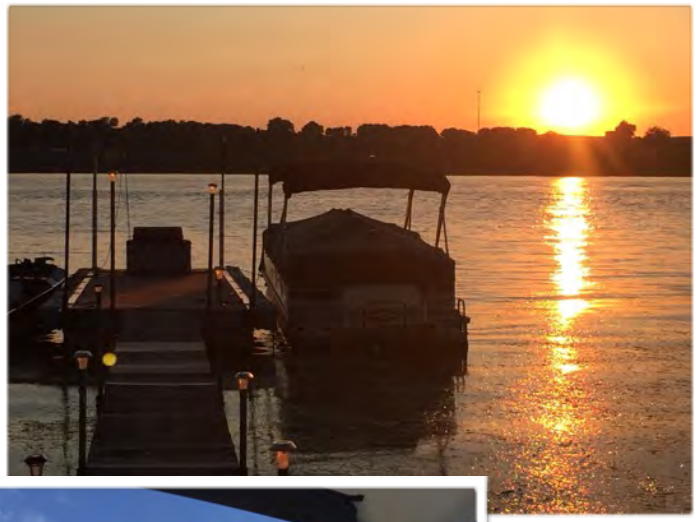
Chicago to St. John, Indiana: visited with our La Quinta neighbors, Frank & Shirley Schilling. They built an unbelievable shrine: Shrine of the Christ's Passion. Set on 30 acres, there are 40 life size bronze figures depicting the last supper through Christ's death and ascension. It was really quite amazing and the art, music and landscaping were extremely well done. Then we had a quick tour of Schillings Showroom — a supplier of lumber, flooring, windows, doors, appliances, plumbing fixtures and more to retail and home builders. These are warm friendly people who have been extremely successful and we enjoyed our visit with them.

The weather was stormy, so we headed out of town to get out of the rain and humidity. We spent the night in N. Utica, IIllinois.



TUESDAY, Quad Cities in northwest Illinois and Southeastern Iowa. Had lunch in Moline, Illinois — the headquarters of John Deere. The John Deere Pavilion had a great assortment of tractors that kids and adults could climb on, and lots of information about the history and the future of John Deere.

Our RV Park was on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River. We played golf at a "private" course, Ft. Byron, for $35 each, and John shot a 79 — a really good day!



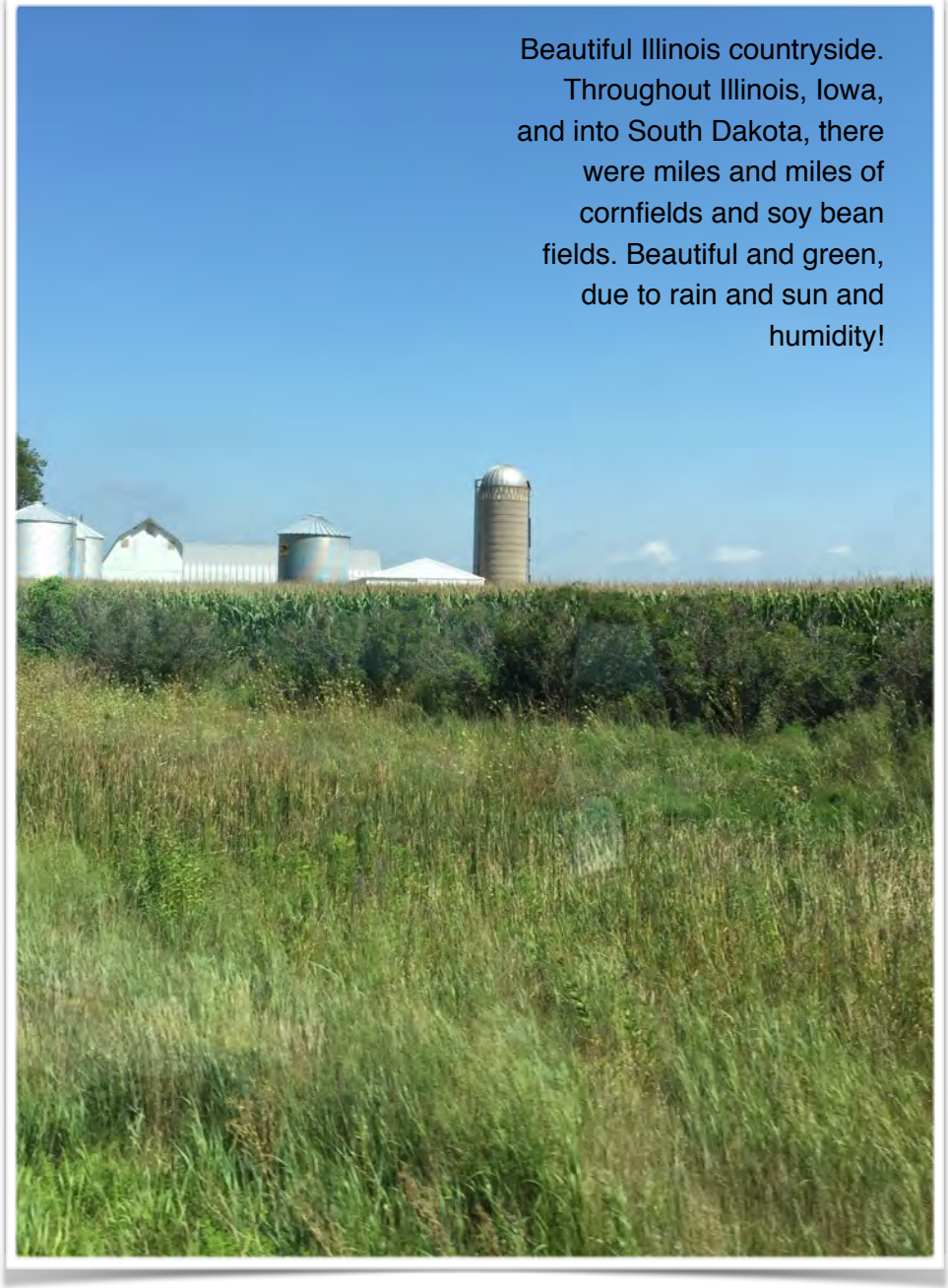
Wednesday we rented a 20 foot pontoon boat on the Iowa side of the Mississippi and spent four hours cruising the Great Mississip!







Parked next to a prison and put quarters in two meters! A sheriff was in the parking lot and we struck up a conversation. He said, “Can I ask you a question?” We thought he was going to ask us about our motorhome, but no! He asked, “What are you doing on vacation in Waterloo?” Well, lunch and a rest, of course!

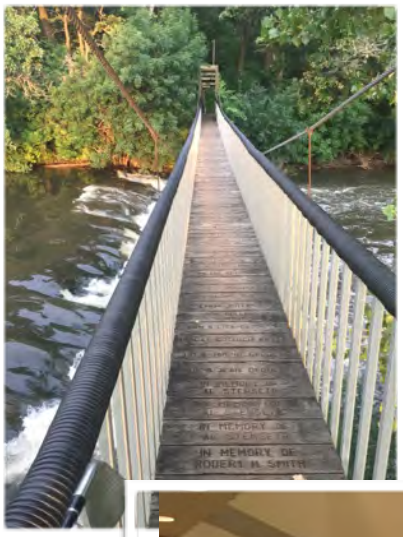


Beautiful Illinois countryside. Throughout Illinois, Iowa, and into South Dakota, there were miles and miles of cornfields and soy bean fields. Beautiful and green, due to rain and sun and humidity!

IOWA

Birthplace of John & Judy Austin. A beautiful state in August. However, a little research informed us that Iowa “has a humid continental climate with long, cold, sometimes brutal winters with plenty of snow while summers are hot and humid, with frequent severe thunderstorms.” YIKES . . . let’s get out of here!





Forest City, Iowa. Had a nice campground on the Winnebago River with a golf course across the street. A little expensive — $40 each including the cart — but we went for it. We teed off at 7:15 and were done in 3 hours. Love these golf courses . . . but none of them have driving ranges, bummer.

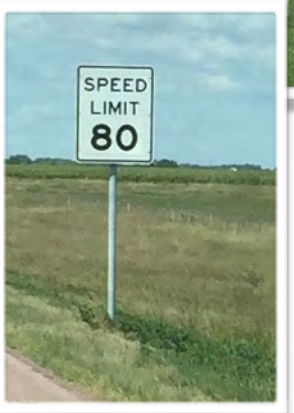
Had a two-hour tour of the Winnebago manufacturing plant the next day, then left town in a thunderstorm. Got to Jackson, Minnesota.



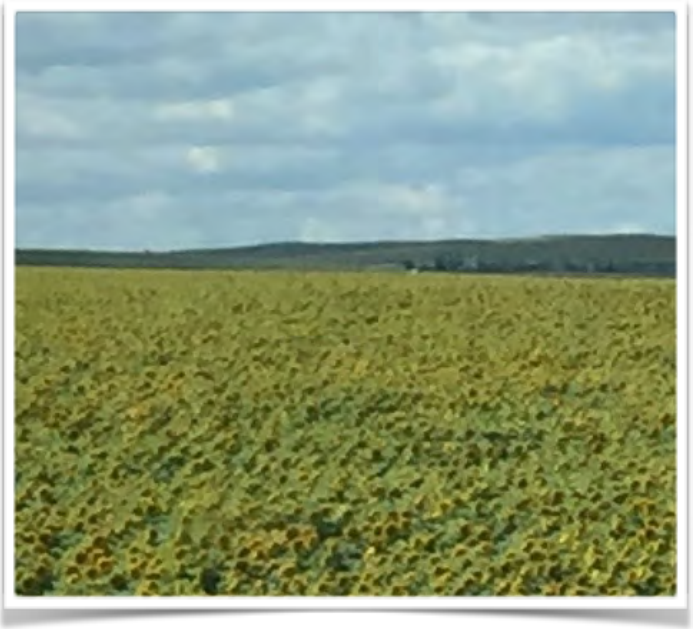
On the Road Again!

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 15





We really enjoyed the fabulous vistas throughout Iowa and South Dakota.



Kansas is named the sunflower state, but South Dakota has been the top producer for the last few years!



Crossed the Missouri River at Chamberlain — great pizza lunch.

Badlands National Park, South Dakota



Sturgis, South Dakota



We were here with our 1992 Harley in about 1993 or 1994. Town hasn't changed much, but pretty much a ghost town without all the bikers.

Dayton, South Dakota enroute to Cody, Wyoming





Right: the view out our windshield . . . perhaps not the best view in town, but it was a nice quiet campground!

On the Road Again!

Adventures in our Winnebago, No. 16

Cody, Wyoming

Rodeos every night from June through August — Yahoo!



We had a nice RV Park and good weather in Cody, and enjoyed BBQing outside for the first time in awhile.





The Buffalo Bill museum is fabulous. Not only all about Bill, but a great firearms and natural history museum too.







We enjoyed talking to Hadley Tate, a 15-year-old barrel racer. Her family owns and runs the Cody Rodeo and in the winter they live in Oklahoma.





Yes, we managed to play golf in Cody.

Yellowstone National Park



Entering Yellowstone from the East, our first sights were of the fire areas of 1988, the largest wildfire in the history of the park. But then the views got better!





There were five fires burning in Yellowstone during our visit. We did have smoke off and on, and the South entrance was closed for more than a week.





We saw quite a few bison — this one was sauntering down the road. Buffalo is a misnomer frequently used by early American settlers. Actual buffalo reside in Africa and Asia. So, buffalo burgers are really bison burgers.





Although we have taken some nice photos with our iPhones, sure wish we had our "big" camera on this trip!





Although we have been to Yellowstone several times, it is still an absolutely amazing place.





At the end of the Road!

Final Report of our 2016 Adventure

West Yellowstone, Montana



The Yellowstone Grizzly RV Park was one of our favorites. New, clean, pretty, and flat.

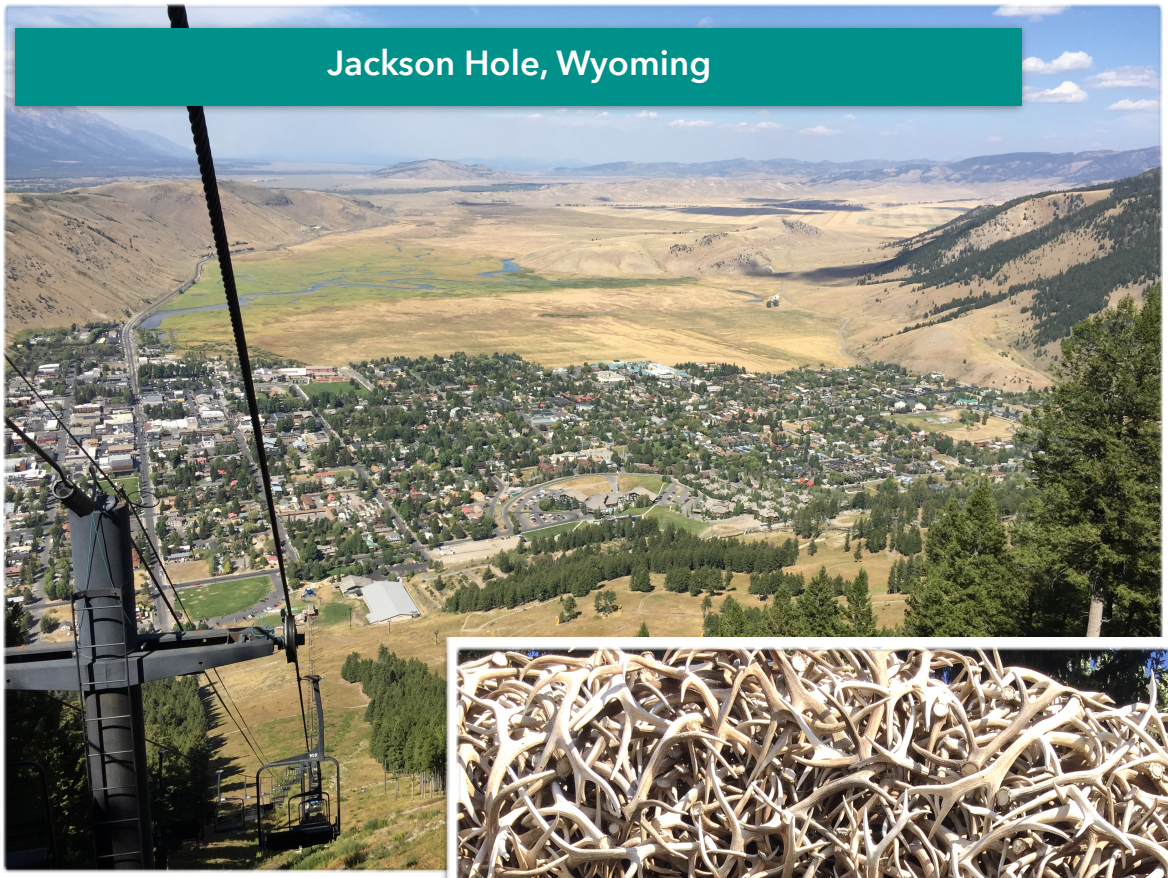




Grizzly & Wolf Discovery Center



Jackson Hole, Wyoming



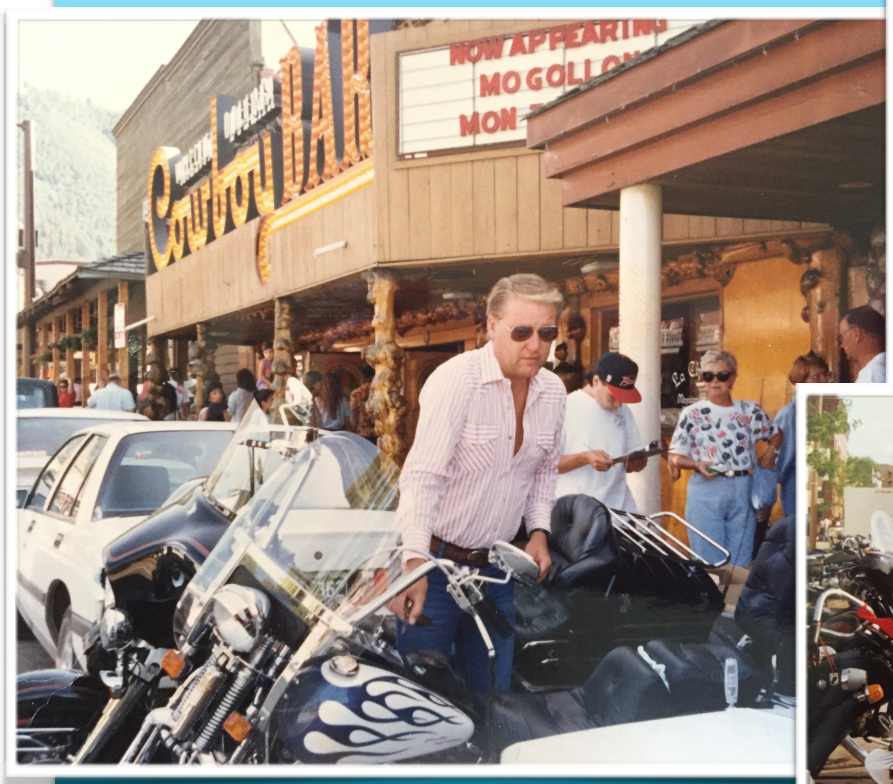
Jackson Hole has always been one of our favorite towns.





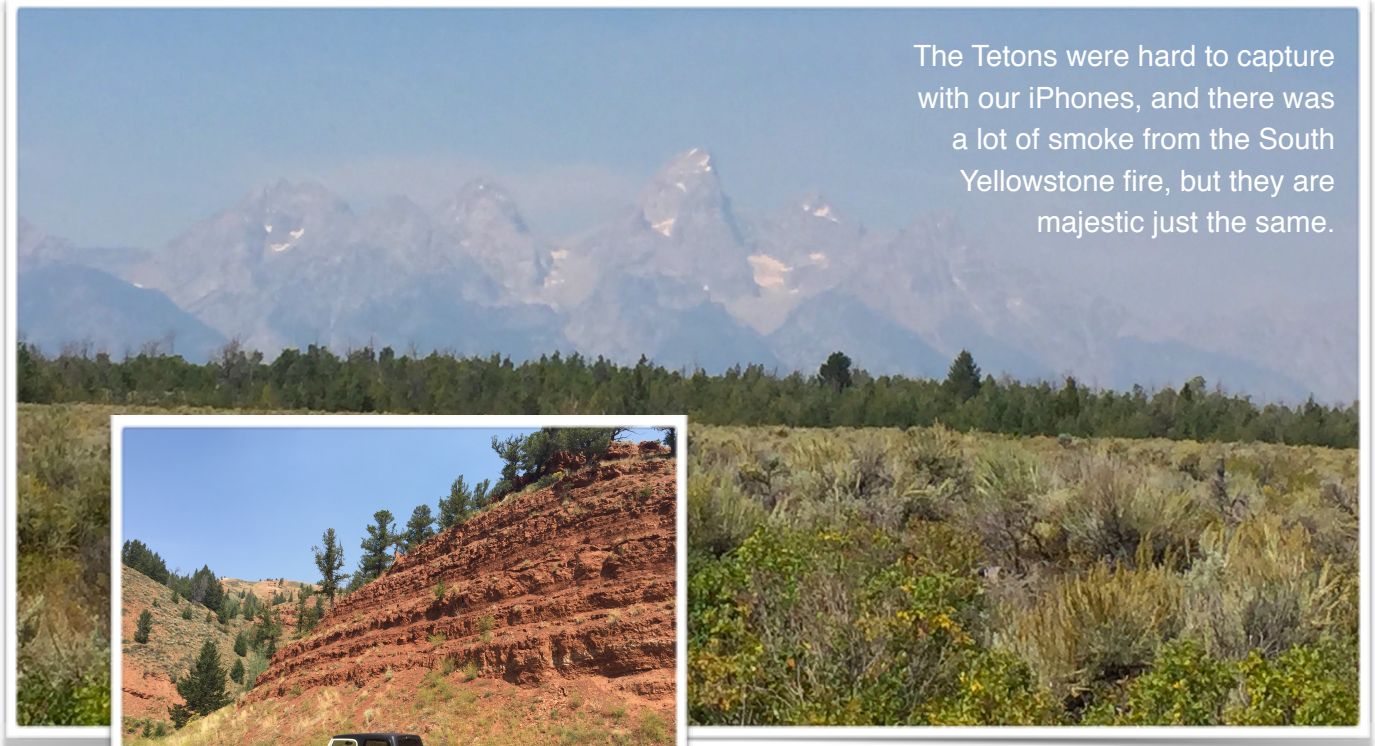


Flashback to Jackson Hole circa 1993 — *23 yrs ago!*









The Tetons were hard to capture with our iPhones, and there was a lot of smoke from the South Yellowstone fire, but they are majestic just the same.



Heber, Utah

Yes, fall colors —
at the end of August.
And one more round of golf.

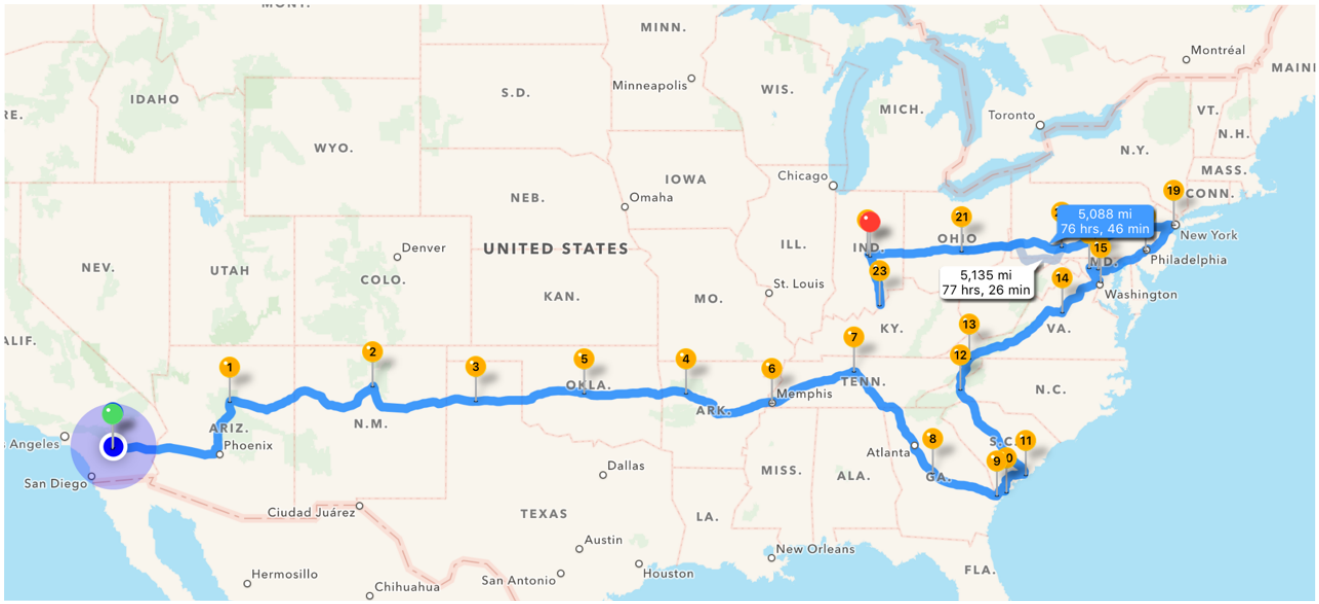


Mid April to the beginning of August —
7,500 miles later —
our 2016 Adventure comes to a nice end.



A fitting end to our trip.
The last night was in the same City as our first night — Needles, CA.

Indio to Indy



Indy to Indio

