

2012 Motor Home Trip to North East of US, Gettysburg, Niagara, Quebec, Maine, Boston, NYC, Philadelphia, Kitty Hawk, 80 days, 28 states, 2 provinces 8,280 miles in the Winnebago, 3,920 miles in the Trailblazer

June 30, Saturday: Made it to Willcox for my 1st day ... about 600 mi from LA after a brief stop to visit Jack Juraco in Tucson.

July 5, Thursday: Hitting the road after 3 days of “rest” retrieving the Winnebago from Corpus Christi storage doing major clean-up, and visiting with sister Barbara, watching cardboard canoe races, eating great meals at the yacht club, etc. Made it to Nacogdoches, Tx on my 1st day out.

July 8, Sunday: Awakening at 5:30 am a few miles south of Lexington, Ky will get me to the Kentucky horse country by mid morning. There I plan to spend a couple days exploring before going on to the Cleveland area of Ohio to visit nieces and nephews. I am sorely lamenting that most of the travel in the last two days could have been on the Natchez Trace and I would have done the whole 444 miles with hardly any extra travel, but wasn't conscious of this till I passed the north end yesterday and started checking. On the trip to Oh I want to pause in Cincinnati to see the Roebling Bridge. Having read George McCullough's *The Great Bridge* recently, I am hoping for no reason to visit three of his most famous early suspension bridges in Cincinnati (1867), Niagara River, and the very famous Brooklyn. Also perhaps the scene of the, his, first wire rope (steel cable) factory in Saxonburg, Pa., not far from my youth home.

July 9, Monday: It happens that for the first three nights out I dry camped across a part of mid-America suffering intense heat in the grip of global warming. Last night at the Kentucky Horse Park Campground with ample electric and air conditioning, we had a cooling shower and temperatures dropped to comfortable levels requiring AC to be off! I took the Horse Farm bus tour (KatieRich, Paul's Mill) in a broken down van with guide struggling to use the language and to move his over-weight body around. Horses are beautiful animals and the thoroughbreds excel. My sense is that these few farms around Lexington make bourbon and supply the race horses to America. Perhaps this is about like football. The horse, for millennia has been the source of transportation and horsepower for humankind, but the industrial revolution has changed all that. Big money and lots of abuses go into a system supported by the masses. The horse barns are elegantly finished and the farms are groomed to properly respect their \$100,000 to \$1 million occupants. Most have no farm-house as owners live in New York or London and the help more or less live in the barns, more elegant than their homes. My veterinary girl friend long ago informed me that horses are among the dumbest of animals, requiring blinders to keep their attention on the path ahead. On these farms I learn they have to be in round pastures so they don't collide with the corners at high speed – or maybe as early training to run around the tracks. Adjacent pastures require double separated fences so the stallions can't kill each other fighting over the fence giraffe style <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C7HCIGFdBt8> . The Lipizzans I have seen perform seem smarter. Today's Kentucky Horse Park is mostly about the football, but the museum is a resounding exception. This traces the history and evolution of horses, in a very elegant and informative way, through the centuries before they were relegated to nothing more than sport. Probably only in Arabia and Mongolia are horses more than that today.

July 10, Tuesday: Left the Horse Park this morning and drove to Cincinnati where I found lots of people don't know they have that famous Roebling suspension bridge, but I found it and rode both my bicycle and my Winnebago across the Ohio from Kentucky to Ohio. Then on 150 miles north to Litchfield to visit family.

July 15, Sunday: which I did more than they could stand. On Thursday, niece Melodye and I went (~ 380 mi round trip) to the National Air Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB (Dayton), where they have a B2 bomber and a few hundred other aircraft, and the [Hexagon](#) Photographic Recognizance Satellite. Coincidentally I have visited 4 of the 6 big air museums¹, exhibits, in the US in the last year and the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum several years ago, so only one left, Naval Air Museum at Pensacola. Saturday morning I went flying in a small private plane with a neighbor here in Litchfield.

¹ Wright Brothers National Memorial, Kill Devil Hills, NC., Ellsworth air Base, SD, Pima Air & Space Museum, Tucson, Az., and Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton , Oh.

July 18, Wednesday: Spent the early part of the week driving to Gettysburg and two days exploring the battlefields and surrounds here. An acquaintance, George who lives in Harrisburg Pa., that I met on a trip to Bhutan and India last winter came down and we bicycled for about 6 hours around the battlefields in the record heat we started early so not too bad.

July 20, Friday: Moved to the Buffalo, Niagara Falls area on Wednesday, picking up Ron my traveling companion for a couple weeks hence at the Buffalo airport. We situated at Cinderella Campground on Grand Island and had time to see the illuminated falls this evening². Thursday was spent exploring all the Niagara Falls experiences from the Canadian side – Niagara Furry, Tunnel Below, White Water Walk, Maid of the Mist, and of course seeing the falls from all angle. Thursday morning we moved out and traveled to a Rest Area near Watertown, NY.

July 24, Tuesday: Friday found us working across the Adirondacks, stopping at Crown Point on the southern tip of Lake Champlain. Pennsylvania and New York have the worst roads in the country so far (perhaps excepting I-40 in Arkansas) The lake has lots of history over about two hundred years, mostly before and during the American Revolutionary War. Saturday morning was a very interesting visit to Fort Ticonderoga, then on to Grand Isle on the Vermont side just north of Burlington. Monday we explored the islands in Lake Champlain, as well as going south 50 mi to see the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum. Tuesday we moved on about 150 mi across the border to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, camping at Bethlehem. After setting up for the night we went back to Littleton, a quaint and interesting village on a river with water falls and lots of old buildings, for a beer – or two. The stream with some small waterfalls looks like a great kayak run. On Wednesday we got up in the chill morning and set out on 100 mile loop through the White Mountains with the Trailblazer. Spent some time at the Mt. Washington cog railway base station – the first cog railway in the world, completed in 1869 and still running. People from the east think 6000 ft Mt. Washington is a big mountain. Guess it is as you look at it from 1000 ft, whereas we tend to be looking at our 14,000 ft peaks from 5 – 8,000. Also visited the Mt. Washington Hotel at Breton Woods briefly. This is the site of the 1944 Breton Woods Financial Conference that established the IMF and the World Bank http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bretton_Woods_system, but few at the hotel seemed aware of this. Also we visited the mountain of “The Great Stone Face” immortalized by Nathaniel Hawthorne for modern times but the stone face that appears as background on New Hampshire road signs unfortunately crumbled off its mountain perch in 2003.

July 26, Thursday: Today we drove about 250 mi to Quebec City out-skirts. We followed the more secondary highways, route 116 from Melbourne to St. Redempteur. The huge dairy farms are awesome on this route, though a lot of the farm land looks hilly. We are dry-camping for the 1st night in vacant path of land near, but not in sight of the St. Lawrence River.

July 29, Sunday: In two and half days we’ve seen Quebec! Dufferin Terrace, the elegant hotel Fairmont de Chateau Fontenac, Parc de l’Artillerie, La Citadelle and the “wall” along with sampling some of the delicious French food at a couple of the dozens of sidewalk restaurants. Quebec is divided into old and new with new of little interest, but in the old is like being in Paris in summer. The old is divided by a high cliff a few squares back from the St Lawrence waters into lower and upper, the latter surrounded by a high 18-19th century wall in excellent repair. We toured La Citadelle, the Parliament, and walked much of the top of the wall as well as all over the old city. Old Quebec is full of tourists this time of year, but well-deserves this attention in the couple months that it’s habitable (*my bias*), as one of the most interesting cities of North America. Also, just northeast, we visited Chutes-de-Montmorency, a large water fall 400 ft higher than Niagara and de l’île d’Orleans. Orleans Island sports beautiful farm land high on the cliff above the water and elegant farm houses with seaway views worthy of Malibu. While visiting Quebec we stayed in an expensive and crumbly cramped, but adequate RV Park Bernieres about 7 miles west of the city – reminiscent of what one hears of European (read French) campgrounds. Today we were off toward Rivière-du-Loop (Wolf River) about 125 miles down, northeast, the St

² First evening we visited the falls to get a first glimpse and night view. Nearby I jumped the fence to dip a hand in the river checking the river temperature. Later back at the campsite my wallet was missing – major catastrophe! Next morning I got a cell phone call from a young lady who found a wallet by the river with my number on a business card. Soooo lucky she was returning it, canceling a significant upset of our trip. She was rewarded with partial contents.

Lawrence. This drive goes through many very large wealthy and well kept dairy farms with huge barns, many unused silos and stores of round hay bails wrapped in white plastic like huge 500 ft cigars. After searching for quite a few miles as we approached Rivière-du-Loop, among the farms, we happened upon an idyllic site – level, grassy, and 100 ft off the St. Lawrence bank with a beautiful view – dry camping mind you! – contrast Bernieres above.

July 31, Tuesday: After dry camping in the Shriner lot south of Presque Isle, ME we spent the day ambling down US Hwy 1 on the eastern edge of our country with the Dennys & Orange Rivers between us and Canada some of the time. We dry camped near Cobscook S P and visited Quoddy Point, eastern most point of US land – reminiscent of visits to Byron Point in Australia absent the bars and sub-tropical weather. The dry camp was somewhat in the isolated forest where we had hopes of a moose wandering up, but not this time.

August 3, Friday: We are in Bar Harbor Campground which is right on the ocean and very nice with good facilities. Our 1st day at Bar Harbor, Wednesday, we looked at the town and had a couple beers. On the 2nd day we saw all of Acadia NP, went to the top of a little mountain, that they think is big in the east, called Mt. Desert (?? It's wet), how in the devil did they get that name?! Lots of sea coast with cold water, but not that exciting – well for these inlanders, but for us Calif and Hawai'i folks?. Friday we decided on recommendation of some "friends" to make the long 100 mi round trip drive to Deer Isle, in particular Stonington. This is a quaint little seaside village that we are told harvests 14% of the lobster from Maine. It was unique, but the trip was enhanced when we met Clint Eastwood, who was grocerying up in town before kayaking out to his private 4 acre island (left by his Father). We asked him lots of questions about lobster harvesting, preservation, and how to get it home and use in our RV.

Eating Whole Lobster: Bar Harbor seems to be the place where everyone comes to eat lobster so I had to try, though lobster is too unusual for my traveling friend Ron – so he was reasonably annoyed at my extensive lobster shopping. They have "lobster pounds" that sell whole lobster uncooked to take away or cooked to eat at a pretty much picnic setting with trash accompaniments, tiny over-cooked stale half corn on the cob, and a ton of French fries. There's a lot of lobster this year, so whole raw lobster can be obtained for as LITTLE? as \$4/lb. Consider though that a 1 ¼ (20 oz) lobster yields about 4 – 5 oz (20%) of lobster to eat. My difficulty is I have no one experienced to coach me eating whole lobster. After a few attempts I am experienced and concluding that you eat the claws and the tail and throw the rest of the crap away – but I have wasted a lot of time picking through that crap thinking there was more!

August 5, Sunday: Today we left Bar Harbor and headed toward Portland. Two very interesting stops along the way, Penobscot Bridge Observatory and Fort Knox (ME), and the Cole Transportation Museum, all very worth the effort. The bridge pylons are replicas of the Washington Monument, which is made of Maine granite (oops, no concrete!- well the Monument is) and you go up 420 ft to the top. Tonight we are dry-camped on the Maine State House Lawn – well close, we can see the Capital across the lawn – but really it's on the other side of the river, but also appears we are on the capital grounds.

Monday evening, approaching Boston, we dry-camped on a nice large grassy lot which is part of the Topsfield Fair Grounds, oldest fair in the US started in 1818. Kurt, the superintendent discovered us and came out to check, but agreed we were doing no harm and could stay the night. We have 3g internet through my phone, and we got here in late afternoon so I spent an hour on a eBird (Eutlesat spacecraft) consulting job I have, then an early evening bike ride where I met some locals.

August 10, Friday: Tuesday was spent exploring the textile industry works of Lowell. Interesting that Lowell, though old and historical is very clean and free of the graffiti that mars much of some western cities. Then two days camped at Canoe Creek CG near Mansfield, Mass. about 30 mi southwest of Boston. Wednesday we went to Boston by train and followed the Freedom Walk around Boston to a multiplicity of interesting and historical sites all focused on the Revolutionary War, like Old North Church, Paul Revere House, USS Constitution (Old Iron Side) and many more. Also rode the harbor cruise exposing old Boston. Boston is also clean and free of graffiti in the tourist areas we visited. Thursday we visited Concord and Lexington battle fields where the 8 year war started. Friday moved from Boston area down the coast and inland to Salem, CT as prelude to delivering my traveling buddy Ron to the Hartford Airport on Saturday for his return

flight to Los Angeles. On Saturday - 8/11, after dropping Ron, I drove down to NYC, across the Throgs Neck Bridge (1800 ft) to my Mascolo friends (windsurfing acquaintances from Aruba) town at Syooset on Long Island.

August 12, Sunday: *New York City in Four Days:* Day 1: Today the Mascolo brothers, myself, and two other friends, Markus and Hans boarded the train for Brooklyn and the big city too dangerous to bike in - with our bicycles. First milestone completed my obsession with the John Roeblings (Sr & Jr) by bicycling across the famed Brooklyn Bridge (1596 ft). The John Roebling Sr. patented the first wire rope and opened the 1st cable factory at Saxonburg, Pa. and designed and built the Ohio River bridge at Cincinnati, the Brooklyn Bridge and several others not mentioned. We also biked Governor's Island, through Battery Park and up the Hudson side of Manhattan to about 50th Street. Day 2: Victor and I went in by train without bikes and visited the 9/11 Ground Zero Memorial and the sights around Wall Street, like the raging bull and the NY Stock Exchange. After waiting about 45 minutes in lines to get tickets to the Statue of Liberty we learned that it is closed until November and said tickets are only to visit Liberty Island – so wrote this off. I had climbed to the crown of the statue when about 8 or 9 years old. Day 3: Joe and I went in from Long Island, where I am parked, to Penn Central, then walked about many landmarks of NYC, Macy's, Madison Square Garden (*which seems to be round!*) Madison Ave, Grand Central Station, United Nations Headquarters, Times Square, Rock Center (used to be more formally called Rockefeller Center), and best of all I went to the 102nd floor of the Empire State Building – again, as my uncle had taken me there about 66 years ago. Most visitors go only to the 86th floor which is top of the rectangular building structure, but the 102nd is 16 floors higher in the circular structure above. The views of NYC are spectacular. Day 4: I went alone with my bicycle on the train to Penn Station, then rode around the city and through the length of Central Park on both sides. Mostly I did this to assure myself I could do it, as some of my advisors were negative about biking in the city. I say not such a big deal and if I were abused to live here I would do it a lot. Also rode around Lincoln Center and the Metropolitan Opera. Near the end there was hard rain and I found myself riding down Broadway, (*yeah the place Nancy Wilson sings so great about*) in hard rain on wet streets and relative darkness with heavy clouds and tall buildings, so it was like night.

Unlike LA always on the cutting edge, NY drags us back! On Long Island the older women still wear pants-suits and the houses have many small windows covered the curtains and drapes day and night and lights turned down low so it's always dark inside. You hear a lot about the newly wealthy Wall Street'ers and their estates in Greenwich, CT and luxury apartment in the Manhattan high rises - but they have to go there because all the old-money-rich own Long Island, and are being quiet and secluded about it behind their drapes. The New Yorkers you see on the street, train, subway and almost anywhere in public are generally rather nasty, impatient, and uncivilized, not to mention over weight! With my hosts I have a better rapport and they are bending over backward to make my visit a pleasure!

August 17, Friday: Yesterday I explored further east on Long Island checking out some of the beaches and bicycled to and climbed the Fire Island Light House. This am I set out for the Philadelphia area. Day 6: Driving a motor home with Trailblazer in tow on Long Island is a considerable challenge – more so than anywhere I have been. There are many low bridges built by the WPA in the depression years of fine masonry but I can't get under and live in fear that I might try. In addition many other streets seem to be forbidden, but which? Leaving the island this am I drove the Long Island Expressway (LIE) intending to get on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway (BQE) and cross the Verazzano Narrows Bridge (longest suspension bridge until 1981 and still longest in US: 4260 ft). Ignoring the major screw-ups transitioning from the LIE to the BQE, I did just that. The BQE drive to the bridge was rather spectacular in a Winnebago trailing a Trailblazer. I went right under the Brooklyn Bridge approach with a great view of the bridge. Along much of the BQE the New World Trade, Empire State, Statue of Liberty and the harbor were in close up view as I made my way through the creeping bumper to bumper traffic. **Spectacular**, and the Narrows Bridge view is too!

August 18, Saturday: Explored all the important points in Philadelphia today. Independence Hall, Liberty Bell, and the many historic old colonial buildings – including the Town Tavern for

expensive beer and crab cakes. Also bicycled to the city hall where early city fathers have outdone most European castles, Franklin Institute, and both ways across the Benjamin Franklin Bridge (1750 ft) – gosh, 4 notable bridges in a week! Vincent Thomas (1500 ft) in So Cal, you blew it not having a bike/walk path.

August 19, Sunday: Today I went to Atlantic City and biked the entire 7 ½ mile boardwalk about 1 and ½ of round trip before I got caught. Trump seems to own more of this than Howard did of Las Vegas! Locked my bike on the beach and lost the key – had to chop it loose with my camping axe.

August 21, Tuesday: What a relief last two days cruising down the east coast area on Hwys 1 & 13 in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. After 6 weeks of pot holes in the east, these highways are quite good. Yesterday, arrived at a Rest Area at Smyrna, DE in early afternoon and decided to spend some time on the computer consulting and stay the night. Today nearly a rerun – after a 150 mi drive south on smooth highway 13 I stopped in the Rest Area just north of the 20 mile Chesapeake Bay Tunnel/Bridge toll gate. The rest area isn't that great at first glance, but parking at the extreme of one side I have lawn and a small shade tree – and to my surprise, just adjacent the trail head leading into a huge National Seashore Bird and Game Preserve. Riding my bike around the Preserve trails for an hour, I came upon a wetlands boat launch and some guys coming in a small outboard with more clams than I have ever seen. They were in bushel baskets – in this age of cubic meters n' stuff, only us farm boys know what a bushel is (0.035cu-m; 8 gal).. Tried to buy a few, but they weren't selling But they did give me a couple dozen! Eat your heart out Obert!

August 24, Friday: Wednesday after camping near Shawboro, NC I went to Elizabeth City and visited the Albemarle Museum and the town. Elizabeth City seems to the south like Marfa, Tx is to the west. Neat, clean, and appealing with architecture and buildings from a century ago. Many elaborate old houses that one might have expected to see on the lesser plantations. Thursday I went Nags Head and explored the north Outer Banks, including a fine brick lighthouse at Corolla and the Adams estate? And also took a swim in the Atlantic at Pine Island. Surf was too high to really swim, so it was more just getting wet. This drive closes the loop at Kitty Hawk with my 2009 Southeast US Winnebago trip, achieving one of the minor goals of this trip and nominally setting me on a course to the west. Storm Isaac is brewing in the Caribbean, so perhaps I will beat the storm season away from the east. Friday saw me moving back to Virginia where in Norfolk I visited the Nauticus National Maritime Center, and accompanying tour of the Battleship Wisconsin. This was billed as a highlight of Norfolk, but not that great – the Battleship tour is pretty limited, excluding some of the more interesting things like gun workings and engine and drive stuff. Drove on to Yorktown Friday evening.

August 25, Saturday: Oops, spoke too soon about out running storms. The rains began about 4 am and I heard Norfolk got 4". I think Yorktown too. Yorktown presents an interesting education of the last significant battle of the Revolution and is grouped with Williamsburg and Jamestown to form the Colonial National Historic Park. Having visited Williamsburg for several days while attending a technical conference some years earlier, I was skipping that, but did chose to drive the very scenic 23 mile Colonial Parkway from Yorktown to Jamestown, despite the torrential rain that was degenerating the experience. Worse, 9 miles short of Jamestown a large tree had been felled by lightning. The narrow road being impassable forced me to un-couple the Trailblazer from the Winnebago, jockey both through a 180° turn and re-hitch to get on the way out of there – missing Jamestown as well.

Just when I was contemplating writing *Life in the Rest Areas*, two incidents last evening occurred influencing my perception, so I will wait a few days before writing this.

Visited Jefferson's Monticello in Charlottesville today. Touring this estate is very informative. Jefferson was apparently a brilliant man, having designed this home, pursued several businesses, written our Declaration of Independence, but he was born into wealth and the care of unlimited slaves. On the one hand his life was very easy and adventurous, but on the other he did take the risks to actively support the break from the King, and gave his efforts and talents to serve our new country in many ways. I would love to have lived such a life. I also went by University of Virginia which Jefferson also founded in his later years. Paused at Waynesboro Wal Mart for a Winnebago oil change. After pulling in to Stoney Creek RV Campground, Greenville, Va.

Monday evening I decided to use Tuesday visiting Shenandoah NP and the Skyline Drive within. I drove 100 miles, Trailblazer only, of Blue Ridge Parkway and Skyline Drive from Reeds Gap near Sherando to Front Royal, Va. The Parkway was built as a make work project by WPA in the 30's. It's very scenic and beautiful with sweeping vistas at many overlooks but surely doesn't deserve NP status and the no doubt 200 or more employees it takes to support this (still a WPA). It's just a beautiful forested mountain road – indeed the most interesting spot is the recreation of an old Virginia mountain farm and home (hillbilly home), which isn't even in the park. On Wednesday I set out driving south on the Parkway intending to go to Appomattox, but one Overlook turn-out just above Buena Vista, Va., was so beautiful, and my phone worked from there, I decided to stop, do a bit of local bike riding, some consulting work on the computer, and perhaps just stay the night. Thursday morning – another spectacular dry camp and the Parkway goes to zero traffic at night. I tooled the rig down to the valley to the east and set up at Paradise Lake RV between Lynchburg and Appomattox. Spent the afternoon visiting Appomattox and a local branch of the Confederate Museum. I went to Appomattox Court House, the site of Lee's surrender to Grant precipitating the end of the Civil War, expecting to find a building but instead found a village. There is a courthouse, in the village but it had no part in the surrender. New to me, it is common to name a county seat town in Virginia "Town Court House" as with Appomattox. The surrender ceremonies were executed in opportunist McLean's house and the local Tavern. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Appomattox_Court_House Today, Friday, I made the rounds of all the historical sites of Lynchburg: Jefferson's other palace Poplar Forest, D Day Memorial (Bedford) Quaker Meeting House, old Lynchburg Cemetery, Daniel's Hill Historic section and Point of Honor. How can one person absorb so much history in one month?!

September 3, Monday, Labor Day: Been moving west. First West Virginia, hills, hillbillies, coal, and company towns – all the stuff you've seen in the movies and heard of. The New River Canyon seems, to be WVA's best offering, a scenic 876 ft high bridge and a deep canyonbilled as second highest bridge in the US, but I think Royal Gorge is *several* times as high. As a kayaker (ex?), note the New is one of the famous eastern rivers, sometimes class 5, but at present water flow only class 3. If I had friends and a shuttle, I would do this just for the record. Western Virginia, West Virginia are very attractive landscape with hill and canyons totally covered in green, often wild grapes. Natural Bridge (VA) is a total tourist trap so skip it! Today I have chosen to get off the beaten track and go south to cross Kentucky. Good move - SE Kentucky is turning out to be a beautiful drive on good highways, 23 & 80, chiseled through more granite than in New Hampshire and all coated with greenery. During a hard rain, I pulled off to spend a little time writing my consulting report for Eutelsat's eBird.

September 6, Thursday: Couple days gone by and I arrived at St. Louis after last night at a Rest Area about 25 miles east. Went up the Gateway Arch, the height was much less frightening than I remember from 35 or so years ago (maybe getting practice with Statue of Liberty Crown, Dad's barn roof, Angels Landing, Sydney Tower, Eiffel Tower, Tokyo Tower, Petronas Twins, Kuala Lumpur Tower, Penobscot Bridge, and last week Empire State Building again). Also visited the old Federal Court House (oops Courthouse) of the Dred Scott trials.

September 9, Sunday: After exiting Missouri, crossing some of Kansas and all of Nebraska I arrived at Lake McConaughy, just as all the sailors were packing up at the end of the Toucan Open, a big time regional windsurfing event – just a couple folks around still wallowing in the sand shores of the half-filled lake stuck with their 4x4's, and someone with a big construction tractor making money pulling them out. When someone asked why I had come to Missouri I replied that I was really going from Maine to California, but Missouri was in the way. Upon crossing into Nebraska my Winnebago its 48 state. Tuesday I moved on to Boulder, Co and spent a couple days with an undergraduate classmate from CU. A great visit including a significant bike ride on Thursday and going to Chautauqua to see movie of Alex Honnold free-climbing three peaks in Yosemite in 18 hrs (Mt. Watkins, El Capitan and Half Dome). I've climbed Half Dome twice, but not on his route! Also went down to tour the University of Colorado (CU) campus on my bike. It was loaded with sunshine, beautiful weather, and thousands of beautiful young students. I was sad to tears when I realized that I never really had a part in campus life – just worked and worked. (*I got BS 68, MS 69, and PhD 73 at CU*). In the 39 years since I left the campus it is greatly expanded, perhaps with twice as many buildings, all that seem to have maintained and

complement the Northern Italian style of the predecessors, and 25,000 students. The beautiful campus blows away Harvard that Ron and I visited a few weeks ago (above).

September 15, Saturday: Left Boulder yesterday and climbed west to Vail to spend the afternoon with Jack P, whom I know from Maui. Jack is a bachelor real estate magnate, or hobo? Several years ago I parked in the drive of his duplex (he wasn't there) in Indian Rocks Beach, FL for a few days on my southeast Winnebago trip, where he also own a strip mall. If you could get in his house, you couldn't move among the junk piled everywhere just as they say about the proverbial bachelor and I am trying to avoid emulating! I did get in though and slept in a bed – thankfully, because the Vail temperature sunk to 34 °F. In the morning I ceremonially offered to launder the sheets and towel that I used --- but he took me up on it, and as I was loading the washer he said “since you're doing that I might as well through in my stuff too!” I think on all my Colorado visits since graduation have been to winter conferences and skiing when it's cold and dreary. In this warm colorful fall setting the drive yesterday from Golden to Rifle is far and away the prettiest “drive” I have had on this whole trip. The aspen are golden and the evergreens are green, and the highway down the canyon from Gypsum seems to be precariously propped high against the canyon walls, with occasional railroad trains traversing the ledges below. Just awesome.

September 17, Monday: Home alone in Redondo Beach.