

As I sorted through and organized Gordon's possessions following his death on 16 April 2009, I was uncertain about how to deal with his computer, a machine of ancient vintage that my daughter Emily had given him in 1992. As far as I could tell, Gordon had not used the computer beyond a few months in 1992, although at some point he took a course in WordPerfect. Finally in December Gordon's friend Rob Carter took charge of the computer and was able to retrieve 23 files from the hard disk. Most of these were duplicates and fragments, but from them I was able to assemble Gordon's complete Trip Log written when he drove west in 1991.

Gordon kept all his records, including maps, brochures, and picture postcards, from motor trips west that he had taken every summer from 1981 through 1998, omitting only 1985, 1988 and 1989 — at least, I have not found any records from those years and I can't myself remember whether he took trips then. His habit was to take daily notes on mileage and expenditures on small sheets with ballpoint pen, and then transcribe them at the end of the day into a bound notebook. In the case of two years, 1981 and 1982, he typed out an edited log using his old Royal portable typewriter, and gave the transcript to a professional typist, who then provided a fair copy from which Gordon made photocopies for private distribution. The 1991 Trip Log was the only one where he himself used a word processor (WordPerfect 5.1 for DOS). I remember helping him to edit some portions, while he watched over my shoulder, insisting, if there were only a few words in the last line of a paragraph, that these be tabbed close to the right margin. In editing this document I have preserved that personal style of formatting, and in fact the only editing I have provided is correction of obvious typos and removing excess space between daily entries. I have not tried to adjust Gordon's different styles of indentation.

Gordon's use of military time was a lifelong habit ever since his Army service in 1952-54. Although he scorned digital watches as mere toys, he nevertheless tried for years, unsuccessfully, to find one that would register military time without a colon between the hours and minutes.

"Sarah" in the entry for 3 August is Sarah Tiffney, widow of Gordon's Boston University professor Wesley Tiffney; both were among his closest friends.

I have also included, as an appendix to the log, Gordon's draft of a letter (26 January 1992) to Tim Orrok in Ashland, Oregon, where Gordon arrived on 13 August 1991. Possibly this letter was never sent.

Mark DeVoto  
Medford, Massachusetts  
13 January 2013

Arlington Mass  
3 Aug 1991

Awake about 0300, can't get back to sleep, get up about 0600. Wash, brush, dress. Go down, get cartoon paper, coffee, doughnuts. Finish packing, wash dishes. A little after 1000, go down, get the bus, ride in to 1170 Commonwealth, with two changes. Walk in about 1100.

The young lady brings the car at the last possible minute. We look it over, check things off on the Statement of Condition. Both of us sign it, and she gets one copy. It's beginning to rain. The car is a beige 1986 Honda Civic hatchback, Mass. reg. 170 NMC, and has 74392.9 miles on it. I shove off from 1170 Commonwealth at 1255. Drive to Arlington Heights, bring stuff down, load it in, shove off 1320. Mileage 74401.0 . To Sharon, leave a whole crate of books for Sarah. On the way up to the Mass Pike, stop and check the tires. They're all somewhat soft. I put them up to 34 psi.

On the Turnpike, head west. Use 5th gear. (I love multispeed transmissions!) Stop at the service area in Charlton, have a brief nap, eat spaghetti, meat balls, rice blend and root beer. Drive on. Not feeling good; worried.

Park it 1727 at the Motel 6 in Chicopee, Mass (!) It seems they bought the Susse Chalet here. Get a room and a Motel 6 directory. They have four motels in Mass. now, instead of just one. They're in Braintree, Leominster, Chicopee and South Deerfield. This room is chilly, and there isn't much light. I walk down the road about 1/4 mile to Dr Deegan's, a restaurant and bar, and get a bottle of Beck's.

What do I like and dislike about this car? The steering wheel is strong and only slightly flexible, and is well over 1" thick at the rim; a good wheel. I wish there was a tachometer. Also, there's no support for the side of my right foot close to the gas pedal. The return spring on the pedal should be stronger, too. By the time I drop the car, the muscle alongside my shin bone is going to be very sore.

The side windows in back apparently can be pivoted inward, and that'll be a big help when I hit hot weather. I'll certainly do that at least once. If it were my car, I'd put a bigger return spring on the gas pedal, and bend the top of the shift lever about 1 1/2" to the rear. The wipers work well, and we needed that this afternoon. The

brakes need to be bled and adjusted.

In general, the car seems to have enough zip, and I always did like 5-speeds.

The methods and requirements of ADC (the driveaway company) seem to be changing somewhat. Last year I had eight days to go from Orlando to Cupertino; this year I have ten days

to go from Boston to Eugene, a roughly comparable drive. Last year, from San Francisco to Rockville, I was told to stay on the Interstates as much as possible. This year, it's OK to use parallel roads, so long as I'm on an Interstate whenever I cross a state line. (I don't understand that one at all.) But with ten days, I can mosey somewhat, and spend a whole day somewhere. I think I'll see the Stuhr Museum of the Prairie Pioneer, which is in Grand Island, Neb.

This afternoon, in the first few miles, I had chest pains, of the kind Dr. Famiglietti told me to watch out for, and I'm worried about my health. Am I going to have a heart attack on this trip, and spoil the delivery run, or will I get back in good shape and hand myself over to the Health Plan? It's scary to think about.

If I have to have a heart attack, let it kill me. As a semi-invalid, unable to work, I would be no good to anyone, and a drag on my family. I have no retirement, no Keoghs, IRA's or 401(b)'s, and who can live on Social Security? I should not have shoved off on this trip without giving Dr. Fam (and others) a good, thorough look at my heart, with stress test and all the rest. But I wanted the Honda so much (hoping that it would turn out to be a CRX) that I painted myself into a corner. I've made mistakes before, but never this big.

74525.9 - 74392.9 = 133 miles

newspaper		1.25	
chow		1.10	
chow		.68	
MTA		.50	
MTA		.75	
chow	Charlton Mass	9.38	!
toll	Chicopee Mass	2.70	
motel		35.05	
beer		2.25	!

Chicopee Mass  
4 Aug 91

Up at 0715 after a good, long sleep. Do the usual morning routine. Gather the stuff up. It's cool and gray outside. More rain coming? Put on a T-shirt under the long-sleeve shirt. Turn in the key, ask around for coffee. Fire it up. This car beeps at you five times if you start it up without

putting on the seat belt. I'm getting sick of beeps. If I ever own a car of this make and model, which I wouldn't mind, I'll disconnect that beep, because I always use the seat belt, and install one which says Hey, you left the lights on.

We shove off at 0748. Mileage 74525.9 . Drive up to the gas station, get a mug of coffee. Go 1/4 mile back down to the Turnpike entrance. It's a problem at the booth. I'm juggling steering wheel, shift lever, coffee mug and window crank, and reaching for my wallet. Don't have enough hands, and I have to shift twice with my left, reaching through the wheel. Out onto the Pike, westbound, go up through the gears. On this car it's convenient to shift at 20, 30, 40 and 50 mph. The engine will rev a good deal higher if you need it. Pass the highest point on the Turnpike, 1724 feet, in the town of Becket. (I've been through here many times.) It's getting foggy; we use the lights.

End of the Pike. Pay toll. Get on the New York Thruway. Pass Albany, keep going. There's occasional rain. We make a brief stop at the service area in Pattersonville NY.

Getting hungry. Stop at the service area in Little Falls. Decide I want more than what Burger King has to offer, walk across the bridge to the restaurant on the other side. Have fish sandwich, cherry pie, hot chocolate.

Stop about 1430 at Seneca service area in Victor NY, north of Rochester. Get a drink of water, check liquids in the engine. Have to look in the book to find the dipstick. Oil is right up there. Everything else is good. Fill up with gas. I've come a long way on a tank that wasn't quite full when I took the car over. I'll figure the mileage later.

Get off the Thruway at Exit 48A, Pembroke NY, to hit a 76 truck stop. Get the 78 directory, an exceedingly useful book. I ask the young lady if any 76 truck stops are still renting rooms. She says, some do, some don't.

Drive on, pass Buffalo, keep going down the edge of the lake. Check out motels. They're either full or too expensive. Sign in at Mom's Red Carpet Inn in North East, Penn., directly across the highway from the 76 truck stop where I spent two nights a few years ago. (I was a day early, and had to drop in

Buffalo.) Go over there with motel key in my pocket, ask some questions. Those nice rooms upstairs have all been made into showers. They have ten showers up there. (Is that enough?)

A hankering for beer sends me down to the center of the town. (Remember, today is Sunday.) I find the place they tell me about, go in, get one Labatt's Blue and one Killian's Irish Red. Head back to the motel. On the way back, driving east on US 20, I can see Lake Erie. It's raining heavily out on the lake. Park it in front of room 33. Talk with two men who are delivering a fire truck(!). End the day 1935. Mileage 74993.8

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74993.8 - 74525.9 = 467.9 miles

We stand on the upper gallery of the motel, with beer. Talk about this & that, where are you from?, where headed for, etc., and watch the rain. Shortly we see that it's headed straight at us. I say so long, peel out, go down and haul the stuff into the room. And it does begin to rain a bit later. Rains about twenty minutes, with two heavy showers.

The weather has been varied today. It was dark gray when I shoved off, and humid, with suggestions of rain, and that's what we had a good part of the day. Very foggy in the high parts of the Berkshires. We were passing from a dark and humid area to one of occasional sunshine and many clouds, with intervals of rain. I used the wipers many times, running them Intermittent, Low, Intermittent, Off.

I feel fairly good, with little pain. Sit and drive the thing. Still having problems with the gas pedal, but I think I've found the clue. It's to wedge my foot against the hump, lean it over a bit to the right and touch the pedal at the lower right corner. This works, but I tend to slow down, and my foot still hurts. Maybe by the time I get to Oregon

I'll have found a better way.

Traffic is plentiful. There are the usual trucks, including many doubles. Southwest of Buffalo a flatbed passed me carrying two large ship propellers, one field-stripped and one with a broken blade. Diameter of these propellers was over eight feet.

chow	Chicopee Mass			.58
toll	Mass Pike			1.75
chow	Little Falls NY			6.65
gas	Victor NY	74828.3	8.831	12.00
toll	Pembroke NY			9.50
toll	Buffalo NY			.60
toll	Ripley NY (!)			2.10
motel	North East Pa			34.85
beer				3.00

74828.3 - 74392.0 = 435.4

$\frac{435.4}{8.83} = 49.31 \text{ mpg}$

not bad!

North East Pa  
5 Aug 91

Awake 0500. Lie in bed, can't get back to sleep. Get up about 0700. Wash, brush, dress, etc. Gather up the stuff. Weed out some of the file cards from the shirt pocket. Haul out, load in. Fire it up. Mileage is 74993.8. Roll out 0738. The gents with the fire truck are gone. To the office, drop the key. It's cool, with many clouds and a light breeze. Go under the highway to the truck stop, get

paper towels and black coffee.

Out onto the highway. This is I-90 westbound. See a lot of grapevines. This must be wine country. The road is no more than a couple of miles from Lake Erie, and I get many good views of the lake. There are sailboats out there this early!

Welcome to Ohio. Cleveland is ahead. I can speed it up a bit now, because Ohio allows 65 mph on this road. We're seeing the usual assortment of squashed animals. Also the remnants of many torn-up tires. Mostly from trucks, I think.

West of Cleveland (in Elyria, I think) we get on the Ohio Turnpike. I-80 comes in on the left. From here to Chicago I-80 and I-90 are one road. We'll see both signs.

Stop at the first service area, in Amherst, Ohio. Don't like what they have. So we'll maybe hit the next one. I'm getting hungry. It's warming up; take the

shirt off, open the car windows.

Go down the road, stop at the service area in Clyde, Ohio, get roast-beef sandwich and chocolate-chip shake at the Rax (?) fast-food place. This shake is a mocha shake with a half-handful of chocolate chips floating on top. A nice idea, but somehow it falls flat.

Both UPS and Yellow are running triples on this road. That means, a tractor with three trailers. Triples scare me somewhat; it seems to me that control of such a thing is very marginal. Doubles are bad enough.

This is farming country; quite flat, very green, with farmhouses, barns and silos scattered around. I saw some palomino horses, too. There's lots of corn, and other crops, including what I think was potatoes.

Gas it at the service area in Genoa, Ohio. With this car you park to the right of the pump. I check the oil. It's good. Stop and load the camera, using outdated Panatomic, loaded into rolls by me years ago. Into Indiana. There's no huge tire over the road, as there is farther south.

Approaching Chicago is a bummer. There's so much traffic (rush hour), road work, creep & beep that I'd far rather be well to the south. I have a hard time, because the road map of the Chicago area looks like a plate of spaghetti. I take a wrong turn, and lose time. I want to phone the Arrow Plastic Manufacturing Company of Elk Grove tomorrow morning, and maybe drop in on them, so I have to get there. Elk Grove is north and west of Chicago, so I-80 to I-294 to I-90 west.

Park it for the night 2024 EDT, 1924 CDT at room 327 of the Motel 6 in Elk Grove Village Ill. This place is a real beaut, for two reasons. 1) The light over the desk in the office was quite dim. My eyes are good, but I couldn't read the fine print on the registration form, and had to take it over to the window to see what it said. I told the guy at the counter that they weren't doing their guests any favors at all with the dim light. 2) The motel is located in the worst possible place; directly under one of the takeoff paths of O'Hare, the busiest airport in the world. (I should have known.) The 727's, 737's and others go directly over the motel, only a few hundred feet up, and the noise would stun you. I'd love to be out in the back lot with a dozen Stingers, and shoot down everything that came over. Maybe they'd learn. / Will I be able to sleep tonight?

For these reasons I will do my goddamnedest level best to avoid ever staying here again. Or anywhere else near O'Hare.

Mileage when I park it is 75518.0 .

Go up to the office, ask some questions, then walk up around the bend to the local package store. The guy is eating a supper of steak and French fries. I ask him if he has any beers that I haven't had before, and he says, Go and look, and sends me down in back to the cold case. I immediately see at least six that I've never even heard of. Get two cold ones to go; Legacy Lager and Pete's Wicked Ale. Both are US-made.

We're now in the Central Time Zone, so I set the watch back an hour.

75518.0 - 74993.8 = 524.2 miles

1.05	paper towels	North East Pa		
	chow			
.50	chow	Clyde Ohio		
4.78	gas	Genoa Ohio	75214.9	7.730
9.50				

3.00	toll	Ohio Toll Road
1.04	chow	Rolling Prairie Ind
4.15	toll	Indiana Toll Road
.40	toll	Crestwood Ill
.40	toll	Justice Ill
.40	toll	
.40	toll	Oak Brook Ill
.40	toll	Rosemont Ill
.40	motel	Elk Grove Village Ill
31.02	beer	
2.10		

The noise does shut off, fairly late, and I go to bed.

Elk Grove Village Ill  
6 Aug 91

I didn't sleep much last night.  
 First plane off the ground 0625. I get up, cursing.  
 This must be one of the noisiest places on earth, and I'll be stomped to death by angry butterflies before I ever come here again.  
 Wash, dress. Go up and get coffee out of a machine. It's no good; I throw away about a third of it. Go across the street to the fancy hotel and get coffee. Walk back to the motel, sit and drink. Look at the maps, try to plan the day. I'm using four maps now; Rand-McNally Interstate United States, Rand-McNally Eastern United States, Rand-McNally Central and Western United States and a complimentary map of the Illinois Tollway that I picked up from a leaflet rack yesterday. This one was a real help last night, because it shows the whole Chicago area in considerable detail.  
 What I'll do, probably, when I'm finished here, is go west a few miles on I-90 to I-355, turn south there, go down to I-55 and take that to I-80. The intersection of these two is in Joliet.  
 I call Arrow Plastic about 0815. No answer. They'll probably be open about 0900. I'd like to work their hours. Sit

and wait, with the door open. The planes are landing now, directly over the motel. The wind must have moved around.

Call Arrow a little after 0900. They're open. They still make Squeezy Keys, and I can drop by and get some. So we're a go. Good!

Haul stuff out, load it into the car. Fire it up, get the oil moving. Mileage is 75518.0. Shove out 0912. Drop the key. Pull out, turn right on Busse, go down about six blocks and there's Devon. Turn right, run the numbers, find it easily. I'm in there about 15 minutes, deal with a nice young lady named Karen and go away with 15 cards of Squeezy Keys and a couple of 16-ounce water tumblers. I can't get a catalogue from them; they say catalogues are not for personal use. I do get the names and addresses of two Arrow distributors, one in Avon, Mass, one in Auburn. Some time this Fall I'll try to put the bite on one of them for a catalogue.

Shove off, right on Devon, up to Busse, turn left, watch for Tollway signs. Left on Oakton, pass the motel, turn right on Higgins, pass the packy store, head west. Approach the Tollway, am put off by the signs, go on down and get directions. Go back, take I-290 east (!), grab the left lane as the guy tells me. The road becomes Illinois 53. Stay left.

Soon we're on I-355 south.

Go all the way down on I-355, get I-55 at Bolingbrook, go southwest, get on I-80 and head west. (I did very much the same a few years ago, when I was chasing a catalogue from McMaster-Carr.) Figure I'll eat and get gas in one stop.

The day started out bright and sunny. Now it looks dark ahead, and cars are coming at me with their lights on, which says to me it's raining up ahead. Sure enough, after a while it starts to sprinkle. Run the wipers.

I'm getting hungry, and the gas is very low. Get off at the Peru exit, hit the 76 truck stop. Get a short stack, one egg over light with bacon, large OJ and cherry pie. Go out, gas it up, forget to check the oil. The day has turned dark, and there are spits of rain.

East of Rock Island, we go right (north) on I-80, then bend around to the west. If that doesn't make sense, look at the map and see how the Interstates encircle the Quad Cities. There are many miles of 65 and 70 mph.

End of the day at 1839 at the Motel 6 Des Moines North. Get a room, park it for the night, haul stuff up. Mileage is 75886.0. Take the camera out on the balcony, try for a shot of the highway, but it's so dark that I can't get a wiggle out of the meter. If I had Plus-X in the camera, and was shooting at ASA 200, there'd be no problem. But Panatomic (ASA 64) is too slow. It's cool, gray and very humid, but there is a breeze.

Walk up around the corner looking for beer. The only real stuff they have is Heineken, but I have to buy a six-pack, and to hell with that. Everything else is Coors Lite, Miller and about four kinds of Bud. So, unhappily, I get two Bud tall

and walk back to the motel. I'll take them back in the morning,  
because there's a deposit.

I'm sitting here in the room, early evening, with the door open and shades drawn back, watching (and hearing) the traffic go by on the highway, no more than 60 yards off, and writing in the book. I think it'll rain soon.

The breeze keeps bringing us lovely smells from the restaurant next door. That place must sell an awful lot of liver and onions.

75886.0 - 75518.0 = 368 miles

chow	Elk Grove Village Ill		.30
chow			.50
tube keys and tumblers			22.83
toll	Addison Ill		.50
toll	Bolingbrook Ill		.50
chow	Peru Ill		6.63
gas	75631.0	8.755	10.50
motel	Des Moines Iowa		32.13
beer			2.10

Des Moines Iowa  
7 Aug 91 (!)

I'm up a little before 0630, peer out the window. In spite of what I thought, apparently it did NOT rain last night. But this morning it's so dark that the nearby street lights are on. And it's not cold, either; I didn't have to bring the sweatshirt up last night.

Gather it all up (including beer cans). Haul down. The pavement is dry, but there's some dew on the car. On the way back up I see a USA Today in a newspaper box. Harry Reasoner is dead. I'm sorry to hear that. It was a blood clot and pneumonia. He was 68.

Check the oil. It's right up there. Mileage is 75886.0. Look at the map. Des Moines to Omaha is 145 miles. I'd like to make Grand Island tonight, but it's maybe too far. Fire it up. Move odd 0711. Up around the corner to the Amoco station, cash cans, get coffee.

It's a dark gray day, at least at the beginning. Thirty miles down the road it begins to brighten up. We see patches of blue. (Later) We're in the clear now. It's getting warm. Stop at a rest area, shoot pictures of the car. See the turnoff for I-29 south. I drove that road last year, on my return from the West Coast.

Pull in at the 76 truck stop in Council Bluffs. I'm not sure, but I think I was here last year. It's hot now. Get munches, fill up the gas, open one of the rear windows. Check the oil. It's down a bit.

Head off. We're in Nebraska now. Stop at a rest area, shoot a long-range picture of the Nebraska State Capitol. (It's a skyscraper.) Wish I had my long zoom lens. Stop two more places to shoot different views of it. A sign says, Grand Island 90 miles. Easy.

A little farther west, two guys pass me in a Daihatsu Charade CLX. I've barely even heard of the make, much less the model. Stop at a rest area in Milford, get leaflets, including one for the Stuhr Museum.

Stop in Aurora to see the Plainsman Museum. They have extensive collections of toys, dolls, clothing and farm equipment, and re-creations of about fifteen 19th-century businesses, including hardware store, dentist's office, doctor's office and printing shop. I spent about two hours there, and could have spent more.

Down the road to Grand Island. Didn't see the place I stayed several years ago. Head into town. Find a good motel (cheap), get a room. Haul film and camera in (it's very hot now). Go back down the road to the Stuhr Museum.

I'm not sure I can describe how much the museum has. The current exhibit in the main building is on elementary-school education in the early days. There are authentic textbooks, teachers' attendance lists, school diplomas, photographs made in the school at the time. (How did they do that?) In addition there are beautiful examples of period furniture, carpenters' tools, wash boilers, kitchen stuff and on and on and on. Almost all of the things were contributed to the museum by local people. I was there about 2 1/2 hours, and certainly didn't see everything there. And that's just the first building! I'll go back there tomorrow, because there's far more to see.

I shove off a little before 1800, as they're closing up, after buying post cards and a railroad book. Go back to the motel, park it 1802 in front of room 126 of the Conoco Motel. Mileage is 76197.5 .

There are three businesses here; the motel, the restaurant/bar and the gas station. They're all called Conoco, and I think they're all owned and run by the same family, though I didn't ask about that. (The fact that Conoco-brand gas is made

and marketed by the Continental Oil Company  
may or may not be relevant.)

Sat in the restaurant for a good while, made a start on writing the log for today, and then had supper; a small filet mignon (tough), stuff from the salad bar and a large 7-Up. The sky outside is very dramatic; dark clouds all around, backlighted, etc. It's a little scary when I realize that I'm in tornado country and this is the season. There are at least two thunderstorms out there. Later, they close in, both of them booming and flashing at once, and there's a few minutes of very heavy rain. After a while, more heavy rain. The temperature now (2215) is 79°, compared with the high 90's this afternoon.

76197.5 - 75886.0 = 311.5 miles.

chow	Des Moines Iowa		.35 !
post cards	Council Bluffs Iowa		2.40
chow			3.81
gas	76024.7	8.116	10.95
admission	Aurora Neb		3.50
motel	Grand Island Neb		25.07
admission	(senior discount!)		5.00
post cards			3.15
book			9.40
chow			8.91

Grand Island Neb  
8 Aug 91

I'm up and around 0720, awakened by the tooting of diesel horns in the freight yards a few blocks over. Wash, brush, dress, look outside. It's not raining, but the sky is cloudy. Take some stuff out to the car, find that I left the rear windows open last night and it rained in. There's a very damp red shirt lying next to the pack.

Hear a train pulling out, walk down to the spot where I can see it, watch it go by. Four engines, 75 cars. This is the Union Pacific. The Burlington crosses the UP tracks at the far (eastern) edge of the town.

Go down to the motel office, get the free coffee that they're handing out, sign up and pay for another night. Fire the engine up, let it warm. Pull out 0859. Mileage 76197.5 .

Go down town. Stop at Swede's Gun Shop, which is also a pawn shop. They have lots of tools, musical instruments, shotguns, rifles, empty brass for reloading, and a very nice Ruger Mark 1 for \$135. I should have bought it. Picked up the P O Ackley book on reloading instead. There's a Bradley GT parked out in front of the place, for sale.

I doodle around the town until it's time for the Stuhr Museum to open. Go out there. My ticket was countersigned by one of the ladies yesterday, so I get in free (!). See the Fonner Collection, donated by Gus Fonner, an eminent local old-timer. Collection of horse bits and harness, many of the old weapons, Indian stuff, beadwork, etc. The building is laid out like a wagon wheel, with spokes, and segments.

Shove out, drive down, take a right, park it. See the Railroad Town, which is set up exactly like a small prairie town of about 1870, with many business establishments facing the tracks. Doctor's office, general store, veterinarian, newspaper, etc. A few, like the blacksmith's shop and the planing mill (carpenter shop), are still in use.

The tracks are standard gauge and narrow gauge, and they have engines and rolling stock for both. It looks like a static display; I don't think the equipment is running. They have a turntable, switches, derail, track drill, etc. I go up into the cab of the standard-gauge engine, look at the gauges, valves and levers. / The weather is dark, cool, breezy, trying to rain, so I take the sweatshirt.

Go back to the car, drive down, see the collection of farm equipment, which is extraordinary. They have over thirty tractors of all sizes, some of them huge, powered by steam, kerosene and gasoline. Plows, harvesters, hay rakes and a good many that I can't begin to figure out. Plus old cars. It's an amazing and outstanding collection, and the entire Stuhr Museum is first-rate.

Back to the main building, buy a book, more post cards, a woven patch.

I leave after three hours (plus), go back to town. Go shopping, look through several places. Hit the book store that wasn't open this morning, get two books. Stop at the Hornady Company, which makes ammunition, bullets and reloading equipment. Get a catalogue, technical paper, bullet chart. Visit a farm-supplies place, ask questions, get a couple of brochures. Come back to the motel, park about 1715. Mileage is 76225.3 .

Sit and read. Walk up to the packy store, get beer. There's no bottle law in Nebraska, so I'll just heave them out. Walk down the main drag in mid-evening, looking for the pizza place I saw earlier. Don't find it. Stop at a place called The Little King, get a sub (but here they call it a hero). The main drag is Second St, which is US 30. I wonder what the people here would say if I told them that US 30 ends at the Boston

Public  
Ave.)

Garden. (It's Commonwealth

76225.3 - 76197.8 = 27.8 miles

motel	Grand Island, Neb	25.07
book, post cards, patch		8.87
books		4.98
candy & cookies		2.95
beer		2.25
chow		3.65

Grand Island Neb  
9 Aug 91

Awake and up 0725. No train horns this morning, but it's cool and the bedspread is thin. Wash, brush, ----- the usual. Take the stuff out, distribute to RF seat, RF floor, back seat etc. Check oil. It's part way down. I think I'll have to buy a quart of 10-40 today, and top up. Start it, let it run. Mileage 76225.3 . Shove off 0801.

Down the road, get I-80 west. The day is gray but not dark, and might clear up. Finish the free coffee (from the motel). Make a couple of rest stops, read the historical signs. Cross the 100th Meridian near Cozad. I've heard it said that that's where the West begins. (Or maybe it's the line of 10" annual rainfall. That's fairly close by, I understand.)

Now we're in sunshine, but there are still gray clouds around. Stop to shoot a bunch of big hay rolls. Farmers in the Midwest often put up their hay in huge rolls, rather than in bales. These rolls are about four feet long and six feet or more in diameter, and probably weigh close to a ton.) Stop in North Platte, make a reservation for tonight at the Motel 6 in Laramie, Wyo. Pull across the road, get a quart of oil, put half of it in. There is what amounts to a sight glass built into the edge of the (plastic) bottle, so you can see how much is still in it. A nice idea. Go next door to the truck stop, get a can of root beer. / Laramie is 264 miles up the road. I should have tried for Rawlins, but there's no Motel 6 there.

The Army is on the road. I see several small convoys, headed east. They're now putting ring mounts (for .50 machine guns) on 5-ton trucks. Never saw that before.

We enter the Mountain Time Zone.

Stop and shoot several at the jumping-off place. Go left and you arrive in Denver; go right and you get to Cheyenne. I've been by here at least twice before.

We bear right. A bit farther on, see a long train pulling out of some town. Five engines; didn't see it in time to count the cars. See several dozen oil birds over a few square miles; most working, some not.

Into Wyoming. Pass Cheyenne, start climbing. This is Sherman Hill, which rail fans know about. It was for this area that the railroads (principally the UP) ordered the Yellowstones, the Challengers and the Big Boys. It's a very tough piece of railroading. Stop at the Tree in the Rock, shoot pictures of the Sherman Mountains. I was through here last year, on

my way east with the Buick.

Cross the Snowy Range, see a sign saying 8640 ft (didn't know we were anywhere near that high). There's a long down-grade, almost exactly ten miles, to Laramie, which is in a wide valley with mountains off to the west.

Pull in at Motel 6 Laramie, after changing my mind several times about going on to Rawlins or Rock Springs. Rawlins doesn't have a Motel 6; Rock Springs does, but it's 210 miles from here.

I'll have to do 500+ tomorrow. I get room 219 at the motel.

Haul stuff up to the room. A man a few rooms down is setting up a camcorder on a tripod, hoping to tape thunderstorm activity. I talk with him briefly. He's not a meteorologist, but teaches physics in Buffalo. Then down to the motel office, get directions to the nearest laundromat, at 5th and Custer. Go down there, put stuff in. Not a big load, but I'm running out of T-shirts (I only brought two). While I'm in there it rains, out of a sunny sky. There are some highly dramatic clouds north and east of the city.

Fold the laundry, stuff it in the bag, shove off, go down to the Laramie Inn, which has a tremendous sign with repeating sales pitches, easily visible from the highway. Get the special; fish sandwich, French fries, Mountain Dew. Forget my pill.

Back to the motel, haul the laundry up. The man from Buffalo is watching the gathering storm, and after doing some stuff in the room, I join him. We watch a very energetic thunderstorm, in the north and east, for over an hour. It was very big, and reached all the way from the heavy rainfall out toward the mountains in the west to the dim grayness over the Snowy Range in the east, almost 180°. It was so wide because we were close to it, but it was miles away. It must have been huge. He showed me the rain shafts, and pointed out microbursts. There was lightning over the whole angular range of the storm, some of it very spectacular. When it began to rain on the motel, he took the camera inside quickly.

This man knows a lot about thunderstorms. I told him about The Man Who Rode the Thunder, and he took down the title and the author's name. I told him he could probably find it in the secondhand-book stores.

Park it for the night at 1945 (est.). Mileage 76655.2 .

76655.2 - 76225.3 = 429.9 miles

motel reservation	North Platte Neb	22.42
phone call		1.50
engine oil		2.00
gas	76374.1            8.6	11.15
laundry	Laramie Wyo	1.00
laundry		.50
chow		4.62
beer		3.47

Laramie Wyo

10 Aug 91

Up & around 0540. Wash, brush etc. Get dressed. I don't know that I slept more than about 20 minutes last night; I lay awake thinking about things most of the night. If I can't get to sleep when I'm tired, when can I? A BUMMER!

Gather, haul, distribute. Check oil; it's good. Fire it up. Wipe down all the glass; it's fogged up. The windshield is dirty; I'll have to hit it with Windex sometime

soon. Mileage is 76655.2 .

Shove off 0624. Out to the road, cross under the highway to the Laramie Inn, fill the coffee mug. Back out to the ramp, get on I-80, go west. Rolling 0638. Some of these mountains have snow on them. Get off Exit 255, Hanna Wyo, get gas. The only building I can see is the gas station. There must be more to the town of Hanna than this. We're now definitely in the High Plains. There are mountains around. Not bare-rock mountains, but the wooded kind, some with bare tops. Big enough, even so.

East of Rawlins, stop and shoot a series of cuestas. Stop in Rawlins, get sticky notes and chow. Stick up my starting mileage on the dash. Cross the Continental Divide twice. Two hundred miles at 1018. Brief stop in Rock Springs. Stop a few miles west of the town to shoot what I think is a volcanic neck.

Through the tunnel at Green River. I think John McPhee mentions it in one of his books. (This is where John Wesley

Powell and his men started off on that amazing trip down the river.) The place is a bit too open to be called a canyon, but there are big cliffs on both sides of the road.

At noon 76953.7 miles. 5 hours 36 minutes . . . I was trying for 300 miles by noon; didn't quite make it.

$$\begin{aligned} 76953.7 - 76655.2 &= 298.5 \\ \text{TR} = d \quad R = D/T &= 298.5/336 = .8884 \\ .8884 (60) &= 53.3 \text{ mph average} \end{aligned}$$

Stop in Evanston Wyo, get a large RC cola. Hit the Port of Entry, go in with the papers. They tell me I don't have to do anything there. Suits me. Into Utah. There's a good many miles of steady downgrade. If I'd known ahead how long it is, I'd have done an odometer check on it, just out of curiosity. It must be at least 20 miles. I was through here last year with the Buick, going the other way. Down to the T-junction in Echo, turn right (north) on the I-84 loop east of Salt Lake City. Keep going down. We're in Weber Canyon now, and that's a name out of my childhood.

My father was born in Ogden Utah on 11 January 1897. He left the town, essentially for good, in the early (middle?) 1920s, after college and the Army. There were a couple of visits, including one in about 1936 with his wife and small son (me). That's the only time I was ever in Ogden. There's no reason for me to visit the place. My father is dead (1955), and so, too, probably, are most of his relatives and the people he knew. So what is there in Ogden for me?

Get I-84 down and down and down through Weber Canyon, where my father spent much time as a boy. His grandfather's farm is somewhere close by. (This was Samuel G. Dye, the father of Rhoda Dye, my father's mother.) Stop at a rest area, see a monument and plaque for Peter Skene Ogden, for whom the town, a mountain and several other things are named. Stop and shoot a pair of spectacular dikes running up the side of the canyon, close together and parallel.

I've never seen a river as steep as this one with so few rapids. It must have a very smooth bed. / There are tracks going down alongside the road. Standard gauge. How they ever get a train up a gradient like this one is a good question. An eyeball guess says it's 4--5%, which is damned steep for trains.

Turn north on I-15/I-85 along the west face of the Wasatch. They are a classic fault-block range. Somewhere not far from the highway is the Wasatch Fault. It could jump at any time. I shoot several pictures. Stop in a rest area north of Ogden. Pitch trash, ask a question, drink water, sit and bring the log up to date. Get gas in Tremonton. Onward.

Bear off to the left (northwestward) on I-84, toward Idaho. Cross into Idaho after Snowville. It's the same kind of country; some farming, mostly ranching, quite dry. See signs of lava (cold, of course), and remember that this area had hundreds and thousands of lava flows a few million years ago. And Idaho has other volcanic history as well.

West of Burley, see the aftermath of a very bad car crash (fortunately, in the other lane). There's a car upside down, badly smashed, with clothing and personal belongings scattered over the highway. (It may have been a convertible.) I didn't see bodies, or another car. / Cross the Snake River, keep going.

I figure, stop at the Motel 6 in Twin Falls, ask if there's a room available at Motel 6 in Boise. If there is, I have a choice. I have to get as far as Twin Falls, and would like to make Boise tonight. (That would make over 700 miles today.)

Reach the turnoff for Twin Falls, turn south, see the canyon of the Snake (spectacular!), stop and shoot several pictures, finish the roll. Carry on down to the motel, go in, ask the question. Boise is full, so I get a room here in Twin Falls. Park it 1852, and I have room 211. Mileage is 77251.7 .

Haul stuff up (two trips). Go down to the office, ask a question. Walk down half a block to the Chevron Station, get two beers and a pin. Walk back. Sit in the room, drink beer, write up the log. Walk around to the west end of the building, watch the sunset. It's a lovely one, with bars of red and orange over a yellow sky. Rewind Roll 1, reload.

Someone in this place is using pot. I know the smell.

77251.7 - 76655.2 = 596.2 miles

chow	Laramie Wyo			.68
gas	Hanna Wyo	76716,7	7.3	9.15
Post-its	Rawlins Wyo			.82
chow				3.22
chow	Evanston Wyo			.82
gas	Tremonton Utah	787092.3	7.707	8.70
chow				.30
motel	Twin Falls Idaho			28.84
beer				1.89
pin				1.04

Twin Falls Idaho  
11 Aug 91

Up 0620. Wash, dress, etc. I slept better last night than I did two nights ago, but still not well. Sit in the room for a while, doing some writing. Take a pill, haul stuff down, look the room over carefully for anything I might have left. Fire the engine up. Mileage is 77251.7 . Depart 0721.

Go north to the bridge over the Snake. It's 1500 ft long, approx 480 ft above the water. Shoot 2--3 pictures. Up to the highway, go under, hit a gas station/market. Look at the beer, see two I wish I'd known about last night; Sun Valley Lager and Sun Valley Dark. Get coffee. The night manager is cashing out, and gives it to me. I thank him kindly. Go back down to the highway, get I-84 west.

Cross the Snake River twice. There's a stretch of very bad, bumpy road. It's thumpathumpathumpa, about three thumps per second at speed. I've seen this before. It's certainly not good for the shocks. Stop in Mountain Home, get munches, check the oil. It's right where it should be. Break my last \$100. (From here on it'll be traveler's checks.)

77476.9 at noon      77476.9 - 77251.7 = 225.2  
240 + 39 = 279      225.2 / 279 = .8072 x 60 = 48.43 mph

Cross the Snake River again, but now we're in Oregon. It doesn't look any different. Do a good deal of climbing, and then down again, into the Grande Ronde Valley. (Settlement began in 1842, the sign says.) See a train, five engines, creeping down slowly. Shoot some pictures of it (Roll 2). Cross the valley, start up again. See a very rural stock-car track in La Grande, stop and watch one race. I think these cars are street stock. They slew, push, pick up one rear wheel. The guy driving #111 seems to know his way around pretty well, and takes the lead by passing on the OUTside (!) between the third and fourth turns. He keeps moving, and when he wins, he has lapped the tail-end Charlie. Good race. But these cars don't handle for zip.

Then up, twists & turns on a very fast road, trains alongside, get blown off by a trailer truck (!), then flat and fast. Then more climbing. Hit the Blue Mountain Summit, 4193 ft. Then down, and down again, onto the plains. At one point (and they give you several warnings), there's a 6% downgrade for

six miles, with TWO runaway-truck ramps. Anyone with any sense uses lower gears going down a place like that.

The Blue Mountains are heavily wooded, and it's good to see lots of trees again. All the flat land I've seen in the last couple of days is in wheat and cattle, and there's a lot of irrigation. I hope they're using river water, and not depleting the aquifer.

Pull in at Motel 6 Pendleton, get a room (#106), but it won't be ready for another hour. Go down to the center of Pendleton, look around. The three book stores are closed and locked. I can't figure it. And then it begins to dawn on me. A guy I ask says it's Sunday, and that explains it. It's that long since I more than glanced at a paper.

Back up to the highway, go under, hit the BiMart. It's a members-only department store. I get in by showing them an out-of-state driver's license. Check out their guns, hardware, car stuff, clothes. For beer, they have only six-packs.

Go back over to the motel, get the key, move in. I'll have to remember to turn the watch back again, because we're now in Pacific Time. Park it 1617. Mileage is 77615.6 .

$$77615.6 - 77251.7 = 363.9$$

When I'm in, start on the post cards. Call my brother and sister-in-law in Eastport, bring them up to date. Work on post cards. Write 15 of them. Walk down, get beer. Find a Domino's Pizza guy making a delivery to the motel, order one from him. After a while he brings it. It's good.

chow	Mountain Home Idaho			5.50
gas	Caldwell Idaho	77407.0	7.727	9.50
motel	Pendleton Ore			26.70
beer				1.50
chow				4.00

Go up to the front balcony, shoot some pictures.

Pendleton Ore

12 Aug 91

Awake 0400, can't get back to sleep (I never can any more, it seems). Up a little before 0600. Wash, brush, dress.

I'm worried about the miles. The Boston office gave me 3500 miles to get it from there to Eugene. I've used a little more than 3220. That leaves 280. Can I get it to Eugene and drop it without running over? I think I shouldn't have made that excursion in Illinois. Go next door to the Kopper Kitchen. get coffee. Ask the lady there what time the Post Office opens in Pendleton. She says she thinks 0800. I have to stamp and send 15 post cards, and also hit the Visitors' Center for information on Pendleton for my brother. These things I have to do before I get on the road. Bring coffee back, sit in the room, drink,

write in the log, read Ackley.

Start hauling stuff out to the car. Check tires. They're OK. Check oil and water. Both are down a little, but not enough to worry about. I'm going to top up oil

before I drop it. Probably tonight.

Fire it up, let it warm. Moving at 0800. Mileage is 77615.6 . Drive into the town, to the Post Office. Can't buy stamps other than from a machine until 0900, and there's no counter at all that I can see. To hell with them. I'll stop in some small town. Find the Visitors' Center, and it's open (Hurray!). It's located in the Chamber of Commerce building. (Where else?) They have a range of Pendleton stuff, and I get some. (pop 15090 alt 1493) Get directions to the highway. Go out Emigrant Ave, get on I-84. See the Columbia

at Boardman. It looks very peaceful.

We're approaching the Columbia River Gorge. Can see a lot of basalt; there were many flows. Shoot pictures. The RR is right beside the road. A little beyond the John Day River, by the dam, see a train go by. Four engines, 135 cars (all containers), and he was moving it along right smart.

Shoot Mt Hood. It's very beautiful from here. The Deschutes River comes in from the south. There's a vertical lift bridge over it. See a sign for Mt Hood; 11235 ft. From here it really is conical. See a towboat headed

downstream. Stop and shoot it.

Feeling drowsy. Pull in at a rest area west of Hood River, find the temperature gauge up to the top, kill it at once. I don't think it boiled, but it did lose some. I have no water or other liquids with me. Seventy-five yards to my right are thousands of tons of water, but I doubt I could get any. This happens about 1155. After a while some nice folks in a Thunderbird stop and give me some water. Stop briefly at Multnomah Falls, shoot two pictures. (How high is it?) Go into Portland looking for a Honda dealer to check out the overheating. The nearest one is ten miles west or more, through

traffic. With the system full, the gauge is now rock-steady, just where it should be. So I say to hell with it, already worried about too many miles.

Head south on I-5, stop at the 76 truck stop in Aurora. Call the number in Eugene, as I'm required to do, get Mrs. Morgen's mother. She says they're moving into their new house and don't have a phone yet. If she hears from them, she'll pass on a message. Well, I did try to call.

Get a bottle of Mountain Dew at the 76, sit in the car eating, drinking and writing in the log. Head south on I-5. Stop at Motel 6 Salem, get a reservation for

tonight at Motel 6 Eugene (north).

Park at Motel 6 Eugene Ore. Get room 3 146. Fortunately it's downstairs. Haul stuff in. To the office, ask questions. Drive around the corner for beer. Get post cards, too. Back to the motel. Sit and drink, do some figuring. I have definitely run over the allowed miles, which is a first for me.

Park 1749. Mileage 77951.4 .

77951.4 - 77615.6 = 335.8 (today)

3 Aug allowed

74392.9 + 3500 = 77892.9

77951.4 - 77892.9 = 58.5 (over) so

I've gone 58,5 miles too far. There'll be a few more tomorrow, of course. I'm going to owe them some.

To the office again, ask more questions. There is a can and bottle law in Oregon (= Ecotopia), and so in the morning I'll return the bottles and get my deposit back. Walk down to the corner, have supper at JB's Restaurant. Have fish fillets, rice pilaf, green salad. Walk back, sit in the room, bring the log up to date.

chow	Pendleton Ore.			.75
gas	Cascade Locks Ore	77790.2	8.1	9.50
phone call	Aurora Ore			3.05
chow				.70
motel reservation	Salem Ore			27.90
phone call				1.50
beer	Eugene Ore			2.90
post cards				3.50
restaurant meal				6.98

Eugene Ore  
13 Aug 91

Awake and up 0530. Do all the usual stuff. Sit figuring what I have to do today. Go out, get in the car, fire it up, let it idle for a bit. Mileage is 77951.4 . Back out 0645. Go down to the gas station, turn in the bottles, get coffee. Back to the motel, sit in the room, drink coffee, try to take a nap (unsuccessful), do some writing. Haul stuff out to the car, make decisions about what is going to be sent home. Check oil, top up, check again. Shove off 0943.

Go down to the mall, look for a stationery store, in an effort to get a big envelope so I can send all that Pendleton stuff back. Decide there are more important things, look for a car wash. After some trouble, we find one, a do-it-yourself car wash. I've never used one of these. It's messy, and doesn't do a very good job. But I do vacuum it out thoroughly.

The problem then is to find 4825 Manzanita St., and after a lot of round-and round I do find it. Mrs. Morgen is happy to see the car. I hand it over to her and her husband at 1143. She listens to what I say about it. (But I forget to mention having the brakes bled and adjusted. Oh, well.) Mileage when I give it to them is 77970.5 . She takes a quick look at the car. It's in good shape, and she signs the yellow card without further ado.

Her husband, a nice guy with a new job teaching poetry at the University, drives me down to the center of Eugene, to the bus depot. I gather my stuff and get out, and he shoves off. I'm a little sorry to see that car go; it's a nice one. Walk in, get a ticket for Ashland, call Tim and Fran, leave a message on their machine saying I'm coming.

Wait several hours. The bus is late, and then it's full, and another guy and I get bumped. BUMMER! So I ask when the next one is due, and there's a couple of hours. I have already checked the pack, and now I put the shoulder bag and the camera in a locker. Walk up the street, find Fettucine & Co., and have a small batch of pasta with pesto and two beers, both local. The pasta was, I thought, too heavy on the oil and on the pine nuts, but the taste was good. (At the moment, with two beers down, I'm feeling rather mellow.) Wander around, look in an antique watch & clock place, an artsy-craftsy place and a book store. They have new and used books, and their prices are high. No Corvo.

Finally get on the bus, close to 1900. There's a problem. I was bumped from the earlier bus, but my pack went south on it. I tell the driver about it. He says it may be in Medford, or it may have gone all the way to Yreka. I guess if I'd held onto the pack, and not checked it, this wouldn't have happened.

Ride south. The bus is built by MCI (?), and the name painted on it is Cascade Trailways. This is handsome country, but if I'd made the first bus, I'd be seeing more of it. It's night by the time we reach Medford. The pack isn't there, at least not in the fenced-in enclosure the driver can get at, and the depot is closed. I'll have to do some

phoning tomorrow. Bad scene.

My old friend Tim meets me in Ashland after 2300, puts me and my gear into his Mazda and takes me up to the house. I haven't seen him since 1956 (!). Meet his wife Fran and her son, Russell Silbiger. We talk, the others go off to bed. I flake about 0100.

77970.5 - 77951.4 = 19.1 miles

Eugene Boston  
77970.5 - 74392.9 = 3577.6 miles (final)

chow	Eugene Ore	.35 (!)
vacuum		1.00
car wash		4.00
bus ticket		21.00
phone call		1.70
locker fee		1.00
phone call		
(?) chow & beer		
4.50		
beer		2.25

Ashland Ore  
14 Aug 91

I'm awake early, go back to sleep, get up about 0715. Things begin to stir in the house. There's a discussion of what we're going to do today. Russell is gone. I use Tim's vise and hacksaw and cut 3" off the chain on my belt,

the one that holds my keys.

In mid-morning Tim, Fran and I ride down to the center of town in the Mazda. After some talk, Fran goes one way, Tim and I another. We go to two bookstores, look for biographies of

presidents. Fran joins us, with a sign and a stick. We have to put up the sign, close to Russell's restaurant, to announce a hearing for a variance of the sign laws (Ashland is very tough). Late in the morning, after another bookstore, we go to the restaurant and try to put up the sign. It doesn't work. We'll have to get a shovel, and maybe a pick; the ground by the restaurant is very hard. We have lunch (on the house, because Tim, Fran and Russell are the owners of the place).

Then back to the house. I make phone calls to the bus depot in Medford and the ADC office in Portland. (I'll have to call tomorrow on that.) Things are quiet a good part of the afternoon. Call Medford again about the lost pack. They say, call again after 1700. I wait until about 1715, call again. It's not there. I'll have to go down there and

fill in a trace form.

Tim and I drive to Medford, and I fill in the form. We gas up the car, and I find something strange. Oregon allows no self-service in gas stations; you have to let the pump jockey do it. (Why?) We stop at a big market and get a few things. On the way back, we stop at a micro-brewery on the edge of Ashland and I get two large bottles of Rogue Golden Ale. Then back to the house. Sit and talk. Fran makes supper. I've never had pasta primavera before. Interesting. We all talk quite late.

chow	Medford Ore	.89
beer (3)		8.00

Ashland Ore  
15 Aug 91

Wake up halfway, in the middle of the night, grab the blanket, roll up in it. I'm up 0730. Go in, get a brief shower. Sit quietly in the kitchen while Tim talks to the East Coast. (There's an advantage here. Call the East Coast before 0800 (Pacific) and you get night rates. Nice!)

Tim and Fran shove off to play tennis for an hour or so. (It'll be hot later, she says.) I call the bus depot in Medford. The pack is there; they have it. Glory be! Russell shoves off about 0920. I sit in Tim's study, where I've been sleeping, and write in the log.

A little after 1000, call the ADC office in Portland and talk to Ken Hill. He has nothing going south at all, and a good one going to Orlando. It's a 1991 Honda Civic Hatchback,

essentially brand new! I tell him I want it, and I'll be in Portland tomorrow afternoon. I hope he'll hold it that long on my say-so.

Things are looking up.

After a while Tim and I go down to the Post Office in Ashland, and I send off the post cards (only four days late). He asks if I'd like to drive, and I say, sure. (The Mazda has five speeds.) I drive up to Medford, Tim gives directions and we get to the bus depot easily. They have the pack. It's OK, but a little battered. I give it a quick check; everything's there. We haul it out to the car. Tim drives to the Pick & Pay, which has everything for your house, from garden hose to 15-amp switches. I look around; Tim buys a screw-in fluorescent, to try it out for the restaurant. I drive from the Pick & Pay back to the house in Ashland, probably 15 miles.

They screw the fluorescent into a socket in the hall and turn it on. It gives off a sickly glow and a bright flash, and dies for good. All this in about 1 1/2 seconds. They'll have to take it back.

A couple of hours later Tim and I go down again, stop at the Post Office. I send off the Pendleton stuff (and some others) to my brother. We walk around, hit a bookstore. I buy a book by Eric Sloane. (I think my brother has this one in paper.) Hit another bookstore, too. We wander around Ashland, look in store windows. He steers us to Lithia Park, where we watch ducks and swans. Very quiet, very peaceful. Back to the car,

drive to the house.

Work on the journal, call Gerard in Berkeley. He's out, so I leave a message on his machine. Fifteen minutes later he calls back. I tell him that unfortunately, I won't be coming to San Francisco, after all, and won't see him, because I have a return trip that's too good to miss. Much regrets, better luck next time, etc. He does have my address and phone number.

Back to work on the journal.

I'm going to go to bed early tonight, because I have to be up early in the morning. The bus stops in Ashland at 0545. Tim sets an alarm for me.

postage (post cards)	Ashland Ore	2.85
bus ticket	Medford Ore	31.00
postage (Pendleton stuff)	Ashland Ore	2.90
book		12.50

Ashland Ore

16 Aug 91

I'm up 0445. Shut the alarm off. Go in, wash, brush, take pill, drink coffee with Tim, ride down with him to The Beanery, where the bus stops. It pulls in about 0540. I show the driver my ticket, shove the pack into the bin under the bus and go aboard. It's still dark.

The bus shoves off north. We stop at Medford, Grants Pass, Azalea, Roseburg, Eugene, Corvallis, Albany, Salem, Portland - - - and stations on the FITCHburg line. In other words, it's local service. We pull in at the Portland depot about 1410. A long ride.

Get the pack, put it on, grab the other stuff, walk down NW Hoyt St, looking for #434. Find I've gone the wrong way. Turn 180°, walk back through the bus depot, walk down Hoyt the other way. Find it quickly. It's close to the terminal, just as he said it was. Walk in, meet Ken Hill, who runs the Portland office. He's so young!

I turn in the papers on Mrs Morgen's Honda, which I dropped in Eugene on the 13th. Tell him about the excess mileage; he says, how much? I say, 70 to 80, but I haven't figured it. He says not to worry about it as long as the owner is happy, and she is; she told him so on the phone. How's that for a load off the mind? He tells me about the 1991 Honda, bright red, a hatchback; how it was in a wreck (because the owner doesn't know how to drive), and spent a month in the shop. It's almost new; has less than 1400 miles on it. I sign up for it. Instead of the usual routine of his writing me a check, and my then rolling the check over for a deposit on the second vehicle, he simply credits to the second vehicle the deposit I made for the trip west. In other words, he does the deposit scene on paper, saving some hassle and a couple of minutes of clerical work. If it's OK with the company, I'm happy to go along. I shove off 1643.

The mileage is 1371.7 .

I'm on my way. Down to Broadway, get the Broadway Bridge, cross the Willamette, get I-84 east. It's rush hour and somewhat slow, but not creep-and-beep. Head east. Pull off at the Motel 6 in Troutdale, about 15 miles east of Portland, figuring to get a room at the Motel 6 in The Dalles or (worst case) Pendleton. And it's a good thing I do; there's no Motel 6 in The Dalles, and Pendleton is full. So I get a room at the Motel 6 in Troutdale. Park it 1715 . Mileage is 1387.9 .

1387.9 - 1371.7 = 16.2 miles

Walk down (about 1/4 mile) to the Burns Bros truck stop/mini-mart/lounge/restaurant. Get two tall beers. The lady

at the counter says I can't drink on the premises, so I go next door to the truck stop, sit on a curb, write in the log and drink beer. Not much breakfast, no lunch, so I'm slightly fried. (Two tall's is a quart.) Cash in the cans, go next door to the restaurant, have supper. Share the table with a nice old guy who's driving a truck. We talk about the various towns and roads. I have breaded veal cutlets, French fries and Sprite. Walk back to the motel, stand watching (and envying) the kids in the motel's pool. Call my brother in Eastport, bring him up to date, sit in the room and write the log up.

It's just as well the room I have is on the back side of the motel; the front is no more than 40 yards from the Interstate, and the traffic makes a good deal of noise.

chow	Salem Ore	.50
chow		.35
motel	Troutdale Ore	30.47
beer		2.09
chow		8.74

Troutdale Ore  
17 Aug 91

Awake 0215. Go back to sleep. Get up 0715. Stir around, do the usual. Look outside. The day is cool and gray, with low clouds. Looks like rain. Haul stuff down, load it in. Shift things around in the back of the car. Check the liquids. All are OK except washer fluid; we need that. Mileage is 13487.9. Start it up, sit and idle. Roll it 0810. This is a FOUR-speed car, unlike the other one, which had five. Down the road to the Chevron place. Fill it up. They get 2.95 for a quart of washer fluid! Check the tires. They're right up there. I give them 34 front, 32 rear. Next door to the mini-mart

(Burns Bros), get coffee.

Go off down the road. The sky is a bit lighter now, with occasional patches of blue, and over in Washington there's an area of sunlight. Stop at Multnomah Falls. try to take pictures, but it's too dark yet, and the fall is in shade. I don't get a wiggle out of the meter. Shoot two or three at 1/15 of a second, hoping maybe, but they'll probably be blurred. One fifteenth is too slow. Shove off east.

This is the second time in less than a week that I've driven the Columbia River Gorge. On the 12th it was mid-afternoon and westward; today it's early morning and eastward. It's an amazing scene, and I'm not sure it ends at Portland; there may be more of it. If I'd been alert yesterday, and used my head, I would have tried to get Ken Hill's OK to drive east on the Washington side. Ah, well. / I'd like sometime to spend a week or more driving up and down the Gorge, on both sides, shooting pictures with wide-angle and telephoto, asking questions,

looking at towns, etc.

It's turning hot. Stop and open the rear windows. Pull off at Exit 210 Pendleton, go to the Bi-Mart (again), looking for key rings. They don't have them. Go over to the Motel 6 (again), try for a reservation for tonight at Motel 6 Twin Falls (358 miles). They're full. Try for one at Boise and get it. Go down to the Texaco, get munches. It's hot. Get back in the car, take off the shirt, figure to drive several hours.

Head off east, bound for the Blue Mountains. See a big thunderstorm off to the south, and others in the making. Go storming up the long climb (several miles), passing trucks and cars. Fourth gear on this car is higher than fourth on the '86, but not as high as fifth. It's the right gear for this climb, and we go zooming up at 65 and 70, except for the tightest bends, where we slow down to 55. What fine cars Hondas are! / It's cooler in the mountains, but we're not up there very long.

Keep driving down the Interstate, munching crackers, sipping Mountain Dew and popping candy. La Grande, Baker, Ontario, Caldwell and on to Boise. Pull in at the Motel 6, get the room, haul stuff in. Go back to the office, ask about a hardware store (for a key ring). They send me down to the Shopco, which turns out to be the Shopko. I've seen their signs a number of times. It's a big department store, but all on one floor. Huge, in fact; it must be 75 yards by 150 yards, and no end of stuff. But no key rings. I'll have to hit a legitimate hardware store, or, worse yet, a lock shop. Helluva note. (I say worse yet, because it'll mean getting off the Interstate, breaking the rhythm of the drive, digging around in some town or other for an hour or more, to find the right place. Once you get moving, you don't want to stop.)

Back up to the motel, park it 1808 Pacific (1908 Mountain), close to room #137 at Motel 6 Boise Idaho. Mileage is 1809.9 .

1809.9 - 1387.9 = 422 miles  
a good start for a long trip

Go up to the office again, ask more questions. Yes, I did see a Denny's Restaurant down the road. How far? Two to three hundred yards. I walk down there, order supper. It's tough to

do any desk work or reading in this place; the light is dim, the windows are small and high up, and have greenery in them. Dim light in restaurants is a cliché. I wish the guy who did this place had realized that there's another population out there; people who do desk work. By making the light dim, with no options, they're discriminating against me and many others. /I have grilled fish, rice pilaf, side of corn, salad and Sprite. It's quite good. I should have growled at the

manager, but I didn't.

Walk back to the motel, sit and write in the log.

gas	Troutdale Ore	1388.1	5.409	6.05
washer fluid				2.95
chow				.59
post cards	Multnomah Falls			2.00
motel reservation	Pendleton Ore			31.02
phone call				1.50
chow				4.07
chow	Huntington Ore			.60
chow	Farewell Bend Ore			.75
chow	Boise Idaho			9.13

The last thing I do tonight will be to turn the watch ahead one hour. We're in the Mountain Zone now.

Boise Idaho  
18 Aug 91

Up 0650. Get out of the sack, wash, brush, dress and all that. Gather up the stuff, haul it out (three trips), load it into the car. Check the oil. It's down a trifle. I'll watch it. Fire it up, let it run. Mileage is 1809.9. Roll it 0726.

Up to the office, drop the key. Pull out to the service road, go down to Denny's, fill the mug. Hit the Chevron, fill the gas tank. Out to the highway, go east. Get off at Twin Falls, after almost running by the exit. Go down to the Motel 6, get a room for tonight at Motel 6 in Ogden Utah. Back up to

the highway. Pass Burley. I-86 takes off east to Pocatello. Pass the turnoff for Declo.

Welcome to Utah.

This area is entirely empty. Towns are few, far between and small. What you see is isolated ranches, and not many of them. Signs warn of deer migration, and occasional blinding dust storms. Pass Snowville, Tremonton. As we approach Ogden, there's the Wasatch, and we shoot some pictures of what I think are (Lake) Bonneville beach lines. (They may be irrigation ditches.) Pull in 1332 at Motel 6 Ogden. Go up, look at the room. This Motel 6 is like the one in Lincoln Neb; few doors, no balconies. They must have tough winters here.

Back to the office, ask questions. Drive up a block to the Denny's Restaurant. Have halibut, peas, salad (no mushrooms!), cherry pie, Sprite. To the office, more questions, go up the street to the laundromat, run a load through. On the way back, get beer, including two cans of Olympia for my neighbor. (I told her I'd do that.) Back to the motel. Park it for the night at 1729 in front of room #228 at Motel 6 in Ogden Utah. Mileage when I get out is 2122.5 .

2122.5 - 1809.0 = 312.6 miles

Haul stuff up, drink beer. Rewind the film in the camera; roll 2 is now finished. Sit in the room, read the railroad book, write in the log.

I think I'm getting a cold. I have sore throat and postnasal drip, and I feel hot. Regardless, I have to drive to Fort Collins Colorado tomorrow. It's a long way.

chow	Boise Idaho		.79
gas	1810.3	10.231	11.55
motel room	Twin Falls Idaho		28.35
phone call			1.50
chow	Ogden Utah		8.65
laundry			.50
laundry			.50
beer			2.98

Ogden Utah  
19 Aug 91

Up 0705. Get up, do the usual stuff. I'm feeling much better this morning; no apparent fever. I got to bed very early last night, and had a good sleep. Let's see how I feel in the middle of the afternoon. Gather the stuff, haul it out, load it in. Sweaty socks loose in the back of the car, until I can unload the laundry bag into the pack and use it as a laundry bag again.

Check the oil. Like yesterday, it's down a bit. I should check it at least once more today. Start it up. Mileage is 2122.5 . Shove off 0744. Up the street to the Stop & Shop, try to cash in the beer bottles from last night. The cashier says these are not returnable bottles. Much annoyed, I drop them in a trash bin outside. Go across the street to the MacDonald, get a mug of coffee. How much? It's free, the girl tells me. (!) So, one bad, one good. Go up the street a little way, gas it up.

Out to I-84, get on it, go south. It's not far to where the loop takes off, the one that goes around Salt Lake City. I take the exit, go up through Weber Canyon again (see entry for 10 Aug). Pass the double dike (which is apparently called the Devil's Slide). At the intersection at Echo, go straight, as if I was going all the way around the city.

Take Exit 148B, for US40 and Heber City. Mileage here is 2190.1 . To this point. I've been driving roads that I've seen before, either this year (1991) or last year. From here, for a good long way, I'll be on roads that are new to me.

Shove off east on US40. It's raining. Run the wipers. This Honda doesn't have the Intermittent setting that the other one had; it has only Off, Lo, High and Mist, which is, pull down once and release, and it gives you one double sweep. / The rain doesn't last long.

Stop in Heber City. Eastward through Fruitland, Duchesne, Myton and Vernal, and into Colorado. Stop at the Visitor's Center in Dinosaur, sign the book, pick up leaflets. Stop in Craig, get munches. Gas it again in Kremmling. (I'd like to look at the maps later with a magnifier, and find out the population of some of these places.) Check oil. It's down a bit, and hard to read. There's a Summit between Steamboat Springs and Kremmling, but no sign giving the altitude. For several miles it's 4th-3d-4th-3d-4th, a long haul.

At Granby I take US34 north through the Rocky Mountain National Park, which is supposed to be the highest through road in the country. Have to pay a fee to go through the Park, even though I'm headed through. Bummer.

Drive up the road, up and up and up. Short of breath. It's lately rained, and the road is wet. I'm above some of those clouds. Brief stop at Milner Pass, 10758 ft. Shoot a picture of the Honda parked by the official sign. (Roll #3 is old Plus-X, loaded by me years ago.) Keep going, arrive at Fall

River Pass, 11 796 ft. Stop and shoot a similar picture. Onward and upward, losing a little more of my wind. Park it at the highest spot and make several pictures. I don't see the official sign (maybe there isn't one), but I'm going to claim Trail Ridge High Point all the same.

The views from these places are immense. We can see several 14000+ peaks, including Longs Peak. (?) / I'm having trouble getting the sweatshirt on, and it won't zip up. I'll have to give it to the clothing-repair lady when I get home.

Into the car, head down, many miles of 4th-3d-2d-3d, etc. Find myself going down Big Thompson Canyon, which is quite long. It puts Clear Creek, west of Denver, down out of sight. A man in Loveland later tells me the canyon is about 30 miles long. It seems like a hundred.

It's now dark, and I have an unhappy feeling I'm not going to make it to Fort Collins tonight, as I'd intended. Start looking for cheap motels. Park it finally at 2005 at The Sands Motel in Loveland Colorado. Mileage is 2666.5 when I park.

2666.5 - 2122.5 = 544 miles a long day

gas	Ogden Utah	2132.2	8.057	9.50	
chow				.58	?
chow	Fruitland Utah			2.85	
chow	Craig Colo			.93	
gas	Kremmling Colo	2550.4	10.1	14.00	
park fee	Rocky Mountain National Park			5.00	
motel	Loveland Colo			31.00	
beer				1.00	

Loveland Colo  
20 Aug 91

Awake 0520, get up a few minutes later. It's still mostly dark outside. Stir around, do the essentials. I do have a cold. I'm blowing my nose repeatedly, coughing things up; my head feels "full." I don't look forward to the next couple of days.

Gather up the stuff, haul it out to the car, load it in. Check the oil. As before, it's down a little. Maybe today I buy a quart of 10-40 and top it up. Fire up the engine, let it run. Mileage is 2666.5. Shove off 0625. Go down to The Corner Store, about a mile. Get coffee. The guy behind the counter says I-25 to Denver is about ten miles down. It turns out to be more like four.

Get I-25 south. No hurry; it's early yet. Get down close to Denver, turn west on I-70 to Ward Ave. Take turnoff, hit the 76 truck stop in Wheat Ridge. (My friend Dave Kimball used to like here.) Go in, do some digging, get the phone number, call Pentax in Englewood. They can't put a split-image finder in my Spotmatic; it's been out of production since 1975. Parts from later cameras won't work; they're a different size. So, we'll take it back to Arlington and have Ara's repairman try it. (Ara is the local Pentax dealer, and he's been very good to me.)

Back out to I-70, go east, take Exit 281 to Peoria St, pull in at Motel 6 Denver East. (Donna and I stayed here in 1987.) Get a room for tonight at Motel 6 in Wichita Kans. Now all I have to do is drive 526 miles (that's the figure given on the map.) Go back up to the highway, head east. After all the mountains I've been in, the past week or so, I'm now out on the plains. Everything is more or less flat, and 70 mph + is easy.

Stop in Limon, get crackers, sliced ham and Mountain Dew. Eat and drive. Enter the Central Time Zone. I'll have to set the watch forward tonight. Drive, drive, drive. There is traffic on the road, but not heavy. Gradually I see weather ahead that I don't like the look of. I keep watching it as I go east. Get gas in Ogallah. It starts to rain.

At long last, approach Salina. Get I-135 west of the town, go south. Park it for the night 1812 MDT / 1912 CDT in front of room # 164 at Motel 6 Wichita Kansas. Mileage is 3256.9 .

3256.9 - 2666.5 = 590.4 miles.

Go across the road to the package store, get two Heinekens, only to be stopped by the clerk. Whoa, he says, you can't break a six-pack. I say, you mean I have to buy six? Yep, he says. I say, fuck that, and put them back. I chew on him a bit. You got a lotta nerve, I say, giving me something like that, etc., etc. He says, hey, cool it, it's not me, it's the owner. I say, it would be the owner, wouldn't it? Well, tell him to go bite, and I hold up my hand with all the fingers together. And I shove off, very pissed, and go over to the Phillips 66 gas station. They have no such problem there, and I get two. Back to the motel, sit and drink beer. Call my brother (in Medford, Mass.), talk with him a while, tell him about the Honda. He tells me three things. 1) The crazies are gathering in Wichita (Operation Rescue). 2) Parts of New England have been hit by Hurricane Bob(!). 3) There has been a coup in Russia and Gorbachev is under house arrest (!!). I have been out of touch. He wants me to buy a Wichita paper tomorrow and bring it home, which I will

do.

Go next door to the Denny's Restaurant, have spaghetti, salad and Sprite. Too many mushrooms in the salad.

chow	Loveland Colo			.52
phone call	Wheat Ridge Colo			.20
motel reservation	Denver Colo			23.95
phone call				2.69
chow	Limon Colo			8.13
gas	Ogallah Kans	3046.9	10.6	13.00
beer	Wichita Kans			1.89
chow				6.84

Wichita Kans  
21 Aug 91

Awake 0640, go back to sleep. Awake and up 0815. Do the usual stuff. Go up to the Phillips 66, looking for papers. They don't have them, and we go to Denny's. Get newspaper (for my brother) and coffee. Walk back. Haul stuff out to the car. Check oil. It's down a bit, as before. I don't think it's used any oil in the last three days. / It'll be hot today.

Fire it up, let it run. Mileage 3256.9 . Shove off 0903. Up to office, drop key, get directions. Go up the service road, turn right, U-turn, left at the light and down to I-135. Turn right, take I-135 south several miles, get I-35 south, as if we were going to Oklahoma City. But we're not. Stop at Belle Mead service area, get can of soda and post cards. Open the rear windows. / Oklahoma, like Kansas, likes to put its service areas in the middle of the highway, between the lanes.

Go on south. Welcome to Oklahoma. Keep going, get the Cimarron Turnpike, drive to Tulsa. And that's where the problem comes. Find a gas station, fill it up, ask directions to the Muskogee Turnpike. The directions, from a young lady at the gas station, are wrong, or I'm missing something. I get directions from a heavysset man, and they don't make sense. Get directions from a young guy with a string trimmer, and the best I can say is that they're incomplete. Eventually I get on the Muskogee Turnpike, but I've lost at least an hour and a half. Why?

1) The roads I needed were not shown on my maps. 2) Interstate signs, as I approached Tulsa from the west, said not one word about the Muskogee Turnpike, and kept trying to send me to Joplin Mo, which I couldn't care less about. 3) I've found before that not everyone knows how to give directions; many don't have their mind on what they're doing. / At the moment, I'm pretty ticked off at the city of Tulsa.

I get on the Muskogee Turnpike (no highway number, on the map or on the road itself), go south and east, hit the Motel 6 in Muskogee. Go in, get a room for the night at Motel 6 Fort Smith east (a new one) in Arkansas. Go south on US 64 (also not shown on the map), get on I-40, go east, get off at the exit for I-540, have to go west again (8 miles), but there it is. Pull in, sign the slip, get the key, move in. Park it for the night 1726 CDT in front of room 122. End mileage is 3602.7 .

3602. 7 - 3256.9 = 345.8 miles.

Ask questions, go over across the street and up behind the Denny's, looking for beer. It turns out you can't get singles of beer or soft drinks in Arkansas; you have to buy either a quart or a 6-pack. I fume, and gripe and growl. What can they think they're accomplishing with a rule like that? Finally, I buy a quart of Lite, haul it back to the motel, drink about 2/3 of it and heave the rest out.

Later, walk over again, get supper at Denny's. Have hamburger steak with onions and brown gravy (hold the mushrooms), rice pilaf, salad (hold the mushrooms), tall Sprite and cherry pie. Well pleased, I walk back to the motel.

I've noticed, the last few days, that where there's a Motel 6, there's usually a Denny's too. How come? Do they have an agreement? It would certainly be to their advantage to have one. I asked the young lady at the motel office this evening; she didn't know, wasn't aware of it.

newspaper	Wichita Kans			.50
chow				.68
chow	Kansas Turnpike			.89
post cards				1.30
toll				1.30
toll	Cimarron Turnpike Okla			1.00
toll				.75
gas	Tulsa Okla	3442.6	10.009	12.00
toll	Coweta Okla			1.00
motel room	Muskogee Okla			29.78
phone call				1.50
Ziploc bags	Ft Smith Ark			1.59
beer				1.59
chow				7.65

Fort Smith Ark  
22 Aug 91

Get up a little before 0700, go through the routine. The day is dark and gray, with a lot of low mist. Lug the stuff, load it, climb in, start it up. Mileage is 3602.7. Warm it up a little. Go next door at 0725 to the MacDonald, get coffee, then remember to check the oil. It's down a bit more. So, to the nearest gas station, the Chevron place, get a quart of 10-40, put half of it in.

Over to I-540, get on, go north and east, back to I-40, go east. A few miles west of Clarksville, see a trailer truck on its side in the divider. Stop, go back, find out the guy is OK. Shoot several pictures. He came up behind a pickup truck, going far faster than the small truck, and hit it. The pickup was damaged and the driver hurt, but they went on their way. The semi's trailer came around to meet him, swinging right and forward; the whole rig slid to the left, ran off the pavement, hit the divider and flipped over on its right side. The trailer looked OK when I saw it, but the tractor is in bad shape; front end almost torn off, fenders bashed and ripped, glass out. I think the guy is in for a blizzard of paperwork,  
but he wasn't hurt.

Farther east I'm able to quit using the wipers. It's brightening up, and soon the sun comes out. Stop at a most lovely rest area west of Little Rock. Who designs these places? Someone with a good eye, obviously. If I were looking for a place to put a house, I'd put it there. Beautiful!

Get off I-40 at Little Rock, and onto US 65 headed south. This is where I got on I-40 last year. Make a brief stop in Pine Bluff, get sliced ham and soft drink to go with  
the crackers I already have.

Welcome to Louisiana. Make a stop in Lake Providence at the Panola Pepper Corp, makers of the pepper sauce I bought last year. Go in, order a batch of pepper sauce to be sent to me at home two weeks from today. (I should be home by then.) Stop in Tallulah for cold liquid.

Pull in at Motel 6 Jackson (South) Miss, where I stayed a year ago. Reserve a room for tonight at Motel 6 Meridian Miss. It's a nice little drive of about 90 miles to end the day. Go across the road, get a soft drink. Go down the road again, get on I-20, drive to Meridian.

Park for the night 1837 in front of room 128 at Motel 6 Meridian Miss. Mileage is 4114.5 . I'm glad the room is on the back of the building. The front is no more than 20 yards from the Interstate, and the trucks make a lot of noise.

4114.5 - 3602.7 = 511.8 miles

Unload the stuff, haul it in, go up to the office, ask questions, walk down to Larry's, which is a restaurant and lounge. Beer is outrageously high here, so I get one. Then go next door to the restaurant, have fried shrimps, French fries, salad and Sprite.

chow	Fort Smith Ark			.50
engine oil				1.89
chow	Pine Bluff Ark			3.10
gas	Lake Village Ark	3885.2	10.4	12.50
pepper sauce	Lake Providence La			11.55
chow	Tallulah La			.42
motel reservation	Jackson Miss			22.73
phone call				1.50
chow				.69
beer	Meridian Miss			2.75 !
chow				10.43

Meridian Miss  
23 Aug 91

Out of the sack 0640. Stir around, do what's necessary. Change pants. Start hauling stuff out. Consolidate; gather up the stuff that'll be sent to Boston soon. Check liquids. They're OK except for washer fluid. That quart I put in the other day isn't visible. Talk briefly with the people next door. / I'll be needing another roll of towels soon.

Start it up. Mileage is 4114.5 . Roll 0740. Drop key at office, ask a question or two. Go down to Larry's, get coffee. Around the bend, get on US 45, go south. This is a good road; smooth, fast, two-lane blacktop. I'm in no hurry; cruise along at 50. Stop in Shubuta, look for washer fluid. They don't have it. Get paper towels. Stop several places, finally find washer fluid, put it in.

Welcome to Alabama. This state has as short a coastline as New Hampshire. (Look at the map.) It's turning hot. Open the rear windows. Have to take several detours off US 45 because of

bridges out. It's not from flood, or anything like that; they're old and beginning to crumble, and are being replaced. I'm glad there's a state that has the money to do this; my state, Massachusetts, is having a hard time with this very problem. Go on south, get on I-65, continue, hit I-10 eastbound at Mobile. Go through the tunnel that crosses under an arm of the bay. Pass the battleship again, the USS Alabama. I went by this last year on my way west. I'd like sometime to have enough time to stop and see it. Cross a big river (the Perdido?) Cross a long bridge, a mile or more, over Escambia Bay. I can see the Gulf of Mexico from the road.

Stop in Pensacola, get a reservation for a room for tonight in Tallahassee. Go on east. Remember it's Friday, and I have to drop the car on Monday. The papers in the envelope tell me I have to call the owner 24 hours before I drop (or whoever is named in the papers to take delivery). In this case, I'll be dropping at the Orlando office of the driveaway company, because the owner is in the military, and is on duty in the Persian Gulf. So, stop in De Funiak Springs, have a hard time with the phone, finally get the call through. Tell them who I am, where I am, what car I have, where it's from, when I'll deliver it. They say OK, thanks for calling in, drive carefully. Go back down to

the Interstate, continue east.

On my way east from Pensacola, I've seen several clumps of what looked like bad weather, but nothing happened; we drive through into bright sunlight. Put the glasses on, drive, take them off because the sky turns dark, drive through, it turns sunny, put the glasses back on. Finally, about 20 miles west of Tallahassee, it comes down but good, and no warning, either; all of a sudden, bango!, heavy rain. I slow down, close the right window, turn on the lights, turn on the wipers, close the left window, all in a few seconds. Fortunately, the man behind me is just as busy. I run the wipers on High. It doesn't last long; less than three miles. The windshield is very clean now.

Take exit 29, come on down to the Motel 6 Tallahassee (West), a new location. I'm amazed at this place; it's different from any other Motel 6 I've ever seen. It has four stories (!), and an elevator.

Give them my reservation, fill in the usual stuff, get room # 212, directly across from the elevator. Haul most of the stuff up, ask a question or two (the packy store is next door), talk to a lady in the elevator who has stayed here before. She says Motel 6 didn't build this place; they bought it. That explains the certificate posted in the elevator, issued to Regal 8 Inn. It explains the slightly different layout of the bathroom, the different plumbing fixtures, the ice machine that you have to turn on with your room key when you want ice, the quite different layout of the office, etc.

I go to the packy store, bring back two beers, sit and drink and make notes. After a while, check at the office, go

over to The Kettle, across the highway, get steak & shrimp combo, side of cole slaw, English muffins, garlic bread, small Sprite, cheese cake. Not bad at all.

Park it 1801 CDT (1901 EDT) at Motel 6 Tallahassee (West) Florida. Mileage is 4513.4 . Because both the packy store and the restaurant are close by, those figures are final.

4513.4 - 4114.5 = 398.9 miles

chow	Meridian Miss		.64
paper towels	Shubuta Miss		1.58
windshield washer fluid	Waynesboro Miss		1.50
chow	Citronelle Ala		2.53
motel reservation	Pensacola Fla		27.20
phone call			1.50
gas	4324.6	9.188	11.57
chow			.52
phone call	De Funiak Springs Fla		1.65
beer	Tallahassee Fla		1.20
chow			13.44

Tallahassee Fla  
24 Aug 91

Up and around 0800. Shower, shave, brush, dress. The day is gray, dark and cool. Haul stuff down to the car. I'm out of clean T-shirts, and short-sleeve red shirts, so I put on a dark-green work shirt and roll the sleeves up. Start the engine. Mileage is 4513.4 . Roll 0900. Drive down to the main road, wait for clots of traffic to pass, go down to the first turn-through and cross over to The Kettle. Get coffee. Then back up to the interchange, get on I-10 eastbound. This will be the last jump of any size on the eastbound leg of this trip.

Stop a time or two at rest areas. We approach the place in Lake City where the roads diverge. I-10 goes east to Jacksonville; I-75 goes north to Macon, Atlanta and Chattanooga and south to Gainesville, Tampa and Naples. So we bear right, wondering how far it is to Ocala. (I was through this interchange last year, driving the red Honda

Prelude, bound for Cupertino.)

Ten miles or more north of Ocala, get off at an exit, check out a pawnshop, gas it up (the last time), get a haircut. Take the next exit, look over the stuff in two textile outlets. Didn't buy; the stuff was either too junky or too expensive.

A couple of miles farther down, take the exit the barber told me about, start looking for motels. I see ONE, and it's a Days Inn, and they're expensive. Hit another pawnshop. ask the man at the counter. His directions are good; almost at once I find the Flamingo Motel. It's \$16.95 a night (single); a clean, reasonably good place, the kind I like. Sign in, pay for two nights, haul part of the stuff in, get in the car, go back out to I-95 and almost ten miles south to the Don Garlits Museum of Drag Racing. Garlits was prominent in drag racing for years (I think he's retired now). He won any number of races, meets and championships, invented things and sold them and made lots of money, raised speeds and brought times down, and founded (and likely endowed) the museum. It has a collection of the most amazing cars, and the effect of the total would

bend your mind 'way out of shape.

When I went in the place, the weather was hot, with many white clouds around. As I was watching the (continuous) film strip, about an hour later, I heard Rumble Boom outside. I went out to the entrance, and sure enough, it was raining.

I didn't buy his autobiography; they wanted too much, even for the paperback. But I did buy a woven patch, which

will go on my red pack.

Out to the car, cross under the highway, check out a discount bookstore. Didn't buy anything. Back under the highway, north to the other exit, go through the town to the Flamingo. Haul the rest of the stuff in. Back into the car, go up the street to the gas station/mini-mart, get beer, bring it back to the Flamingo, sit and drink. Wait a while, for the effects to subside. Get in the car again, go back through the town, get supper at the Pizza Hut, drive back

through the town to the Flamingo.

Park 2118 in front of room # 18 at the Flamingo Motel in Ocala Florida. Mileage is 4752.0 .

4752.0 - 45134.4 = 238.6 miles

chow	Tallahassee Fla			.85	!
gas	Ocala Fla	4699.2	9.562	11.75	
chow				.74	
haircut				5.00	
motel				35.90	
admission (museum)				6.00	
woven patch				4.03	
beer				3.16	
chow				11.89	

Ocala Fla  
25 Aug 91

Up 0810. It's very bright in here, because a curtain was removed a while ago and not replaced. The corrugated plastic (glass?) that's left is translucent, and lets in plenty of light. When I got up, I could have read a newspaper easily in the room. Ask a question, walk up the street to the Phillips 66, get coffee. Walk back, sit and drink. (Not very good coffee.)

Go out in late morning, fire it up. Mileage 4652.0 . Check oil; it's a bit above the hole in the stick. Drive down to the Hidden View Plaza, hit the laundromat, run a load through. Ask questions, go down the road, find the car wash. It's combined with a gas station/mini-mart. Buy something there, even a 5¢ piece of candy, and you get the plain car wash for free; the fancy one, with wax and polish, for a buck. I tell them they have a deal, buy a pint of Haagen-Dazs, stand around inside (it's air-conditioned) and eat. It's HOT in central

Florida in late August!

When I finish the ice cream, pull up to the vacuum cleaner, unload all the stuff, vacuum out, put the owner's stuff back in the way it was, load my pack in (behind the right front seat), heave trash, put all the stuff that's going to be sent to Boston on the floor in the right front, pull around in back and run it through the car wash. It's one of these for which you punch in your number (from the store receipt), drive in and park it and the thing moves back and forth over the car. It did far better than the similar one I hit in Frederick Md last year,

which was a villainous crock.

When I'm finished at the car wash, go looking for a pack-and-ship outfit. After some digging, and bad directions, find two of them, fairly close together, and I guess I have a backup in case the first one goofs, or isn't open early. Also look for a Post Office, but that's not so easy. See a sign for one in the middle of the town. That'll have to do.

Go back to the motel in early afternoon, shoot a couple of pictures of the Spanish moss hanging from the big tree by the office, and start writing post cards. Abel, Arlex, Bradley, D'Agostino - - - all the way to Wilfert and Woodman. Eighteen of them. I feel like a damned post card factory. Go up the street, get a sub and beer. They have the same rule here that they have in Arkansas; buy it at a market and you have to buy a

six-pack. BUMMER! I tell them what I think of this, put the two bottles back, go up the street to the gas station/mini-mart where I bought last night, get two bottles.

Back at the motel, drink, eat, drink. Finish the post cards. Run short, get a couple from the motel office (free!), showing color photos of the motel. Finish writing the day's log, transcribe it into the book.

My hand hurts.

Park it 1907 EDT. Mileage is 4769.2 .

4769.2 - 4752.0 = 17.2 miles.

chow	Ocala Fla	.27	!
laundry		1.00	
laundry		.25	
laundry		.25	
laundry		.25	
chow		3.06	
car wash		1.00	
vacuum		.50	
chow		.84	
chow		2.86	
beer		3.16	

Ocala Fla  
26 Aug 91

Up 0720. Do the usual stuff, get dressed. Walk down the street to Richard's, a real restaurant, and get coffee. Richard's is much closer than the Phillips 66, and the coffee is a lot better. Walk back up, check the oil (it's good and high), start it up, run the wipers, go over all the glass with paper towels, get it mostly dry. Sit and drink coffee. Talk with the lady who works here and who has a delightful southern accent, and with the two young guys who live in rooms farther down (I'm in the one closest to the office).

Gather the stuff together, pack it up. Mileage is 4769.2 .  
Shove off 0911. Go down to the Post Office, a big, modern one.  
Meter and send 18 post cards. I'm glad that's out of the way.  
Go out SR 200, the road I came in on, to the pack-and-ship  
outfit. The hauling and carrying I do for the rest of the trip  
should be a lot easier; the pack is quite light.

Out to I-75, turn south. Ten or twelve miles south, bear  
left on Florida's Turnpike (that's what they call it). Stop at  
the Okahumpka service area. I was through here last year; it  
was my first stop with the red Honda Prelude, but I couldn't get  
out of the car for a while; it was raining hard. So today, I  
get off at Winter Garden, get the Bill McGee Highway into  
Orlando. (There must be a story here. Who was he?)

After stops and questions and stops and questions, I  
finally find the place I shoved off from last year. Park it  
1235 at One Purlieu (Driggs Drive) in Orlando Florida. Mileage  
is 4856.9 .

4856.9 - 4769.2 = 87.7 miles  
4856.9 - 1371.7 = 3485.2 miles on the  
red Honda hatchback

Turn in the paperwork to Wendy Geller and her husband.  
He's busy on the phone in the inner office, and I deal mostly  
with her. She comes out with me to look at the Honda, and of  
course it's OK. She wants to know where I go from here, and I  
say, I hope, north with a car from this office; what've you got?  
She confers with her husband, and they have one! They have a  
1988 Camaro going to Wildwood NJ. (If I'd been here an hour  
earlier I could have taken something going closer to Morristown  
{my next goal}, but it's gone.)

I take the keys and the Statement of Condition, go out back  
and check it out. It's bright red, just like the Honda. (I've  
never driven a Camaro before.) It's not new; there's 56000+ on  
it, and a variety of pocks, pucks, nicks and dings. What  
worries me is that it will probably gulp the gas, instead of  
sipping it. And it has an automatic transmission.

I sign up for it. They give me five days and 1350 miles to  
get it to Wildwood, which is in far southern Jersey, just a few  
miles north of Cape May. (It occurs to me that I could save a  
good many miles by taking the ferry from Lewes Del to Cape May.  
That would cut off the long run up to Wilmington, the turn  
across the river and the run southeastward. I'll

have to think about that.)

Check all the liquids except the oil (my paper towels are  
in the office). Mr Geller and I look under the hood, look for  
the spare, find the glove box (under the driver's right elbow).  
The papers on the car (registration, insurance, etc.) are in a  
small locked compartment behind the left rear fender (why?).

So I haul my stuff out and load it in. The Honda, a much smaller car, has almost as much usable space in it as this big one. Get in. You sit 'way down in this thing, and you can't see much. The hood is huge. Fire it up. Mileage is 56125.6 . Roll out 1423. Stop at the nearby Mobil, check the oil. It's OK. Go inside, get munches. Go up and down the street, looking for the road to Cocoa. I want to hit the surf shop that has all the billboards, buy a loud shirt and then go north.

Go out Florida 52, get Florida 520, go straight to Cocoa. Ask a question or two, find the place, park, go in. They have the shirts, all right, but most of them are in the \$30-to-\$60 range. I can't hack that. I buy a nice \$21.95 shirt; it's bright red and floral. Go back west on 520, find the motel I saw on the way into town, sign in for the night. It's the Aladdin Motel, sort of a dump, and I have room #11. Park the Camaro 1717. Mileage is 56186.1 .

56186.1 - 56125.6 = 60.5 miles

Go next door, get beer. It tastes very good on this hot and sweaty day. Sit in the motel room with it; the air conditioner is on and the temperature coming down. Finish the beer, make some notes, realize I'm hungry. Go up to the office, ask questions, walk a couple of blocks east. I don't want to walk across this very chopped-up road, with its heavy (rush hour) traffic, just to get to the Denny's Restaurant, so I have supper at the Wendy's. Get a bacon cheeseburger without the cheese and a large Mountain Dew, and hit the salad bar once.

Walk back to the motel, get my address book, call my brother, bring him up to date. Call the Hurleys in Madison NJ, tell them what's what, and that I'll probably see them Friday evening late.

chow	Ocala Fla.	.64
postage		3.42
pack & ship		11.30
toll	Winter Garden Fla	1.70
chow	Orlando Fla	2.94
shirt	Cocoa Beach Fla	23.27
motel	Merritt Island Fla	25.00
beer		2.44
chow		6.82
phone call		2.45
phone call		2.45

I should have gone to Denny's.

Merritt Island Fla  
27 Aug 91

I'm awake 0345, get up briefly, and can't get back to sleep. Get up a little after 0700, do some writing, start the day's journal entry. Get dressed. Gather the stuff up. Go out, do the glass on the car with paper towels. Check the oil (not easy; the hood won't stay up). It's OK. Load the stuff in, fire it up. Mileage is 56186.1 . It's already humid, and will be hot soon enough. Shove off 0813.

Go next door to the Exxon, get coffee. Head west, cross the Banana River, turn right at the fourth traffic light and we're on US 1. Go north a little way, fill up the gas in Titusville. Go north again, turn left, go out to I-95 and turn north.

This car holds 65 or 70 mph even easier than the Honda, and could go a lot faster. It has a 2.8 (liter?) Multi Port fuel injection, and plenty of power. The more I drive it the less I like it. It's fast, heavy, powerful and a bit twitchy. I'm not sure I trust its handling. And it's dumb. There's no glove box, in the usual sense. (We found the papers in the tail yesterday.) I'm going to pay a lot for gas for it. And I suspect that with its very wide tires, it will hydroplane instantly if I hit half an inch of water at speed.

We go north on the Interstate, hit Motel 6 Jacksonville North, get a room for tonight at Motel 6 Savannah Ga. By not paying attention to exit numbers, we overshoot, going too far north. It's raining now, and I don't like the wipers on the Camaro, either. Hit a bookstore, buy a book, go back south, check in at the motel, park in front of the room. Walk next door, get beer, bring it back, sit and drink.

Walk over to the truck stop, on the other side of the Interstate, have supper. Get salad, catfish, French fries and Sprite. The fish tastes good, but I didn't expect to have to bone it myself. It's a whole fish, minus head and guts. Walk back to the motel.

I try to call my niece in Chapel Hill, and it turns out I can't do that from the motel. So, unhappily, I drive over to the 76 (truck stop) and call from there. The call goes through, and I talk to her, in spite of Southern Bell. (They remind me of Hogan's Goat.) I tell her I'll try to see her and her sister the next day, but it may be brief.

Drive back to the motel, park in front of room # 115 at 2012. Mileage is 56503.0 .

56503.0 - 56186.1 = 316.9 miles I should  
have done better today

chow	Merritt Island Fla			.38
gas	Titusville Fla	565205.5	7.116	8.25
chow	Ormond Beach Fla			2.96
motel reservation	Jacksonville Fla			24.25
phone call				1.50
book	Savannah Ga			1.91
donation (cancer research)				.10
gas		56479.5	9.331	11.00
beer				1.78
chow				9.79
phone call				2.45

Savannah Ga  
28 Aug 91

Up and moving 0615. Go through the usual stuff; get dressed. It's still almost dark. Go out, do the glass (this car has a lot of glass). Check the oil. It seems to be down a little, but not enough to worry about. I'll watch it. Mileage is 56503.0. Start it up. Depart 0657. It's daylight, but not by much. The sun is up, but covered by the clouds, some of which are gloriously backlighted.

Go out to the highway, get on, head north. What I have to do today is, get as far north as possible and see my nieces, however briefly. They're both in school at the Univ of North Carolina in Chapel Hill.

I cross several big rivers, including the Santee, nearby parts of which are known as Lake Marion. Welcome to South Carolina. It doesn't take long to cross SC at a steady 65+ on the Interstate. Stop at South of the Border, in Dillon SC, which used to be on US 301. It's now an immense complex beside the Interstate. It used to be more overtly racist than it is now, but there are still echoes of it. Look around carefully, eventually buy one T-shirt.

Get gas in Lumberton and chow in Fayetteville (after I get off the highway). Go north from Fayetteville, NC 87 to Sanford. It's now drizzling. Stop in Sanford, get change, call my niece

(the older one), tell her where I am and how soon I'll be there. Try to stay on the right road, make a bad turn in a heavy rain squall. When I find out where I am, I have to correct. But I find it okay. Park 1525 in front of my niece's place. They're there, both of them. I haven't seen them in months, and it's a homecoming. We sit and talk, and then go out for eats. We go in my (younger) niece's Mazda, and much as I love to drive, it's nice to have someone else do it for a change. We have a sub (you should see what passes for a sub roll here), and

three large soft drinks.

We drive back, sit and talk for a while. My (older) niece has just bought a newer, faster computer, and is about to hand on her first one to me (!!). Finally I shove off, get gas, get on I-40. Go east toward Raleigh, watching the sky. There is a huge line of magnificent thunderheads, probably almost 100 miles long. They're all around us, too. The road is dry and we're in sun, but several places within about 20 miles are getting pisted. I haven't seen a mass of thunderheads like this since I was

in Clovis NM years ago.

Pull in at Motel 6 Raleigh (they bought it), get a room for tonight at Motel 6 Rocky Mount. Back onto the road, which soon turns into US 64. Head for Rocky Mount. Run into one heavy rain squall, and have to use the lights and wipers.

See many more thunderheads.

Park 1950 at Motel 6 Rocky Mount NC, sign in. We have room # 108. Mileage is 56961.4 . Go next door to the Amoco station, get beer. Back to the room, sit and enjoy beer, figure what to do tomorrow. Talk with a man and his wife at the pool. A little after 2030, walk around the corner to the Dutch Pantry, have supper. Watch a very lovely blonde in the next booth.

56961.4 - 56503.0 = 458 miles

chow	Savannah Ga			.58	?
T-shirt	Dillon SC			7.34	
gas	Lumberton NC	56752.7	3.8	5.00	
chow	Fayetteville NC			3.22	
phone call	Sanford NC			1.90	
chow (3)	Chapel Hill NC			2.00	
gas		56864.5	10.445	13.25	
motel room	Raleigh NC			21.75	
beer	Rocky Mount NC			3.18	
chow				8.76	

Rocky Mount NC  
29 Aug 91

Up and moving 0645. Do the morning stuff, get dressed. Haul stuff out to the car. Do the glass. Talk with the young lady in the white Grand Am. Check the oil. I'll have to put some in today. Fire it up. Mileage is 56961.4 . Shove off 0748. Go next door, get coffee and a quart of oil.

Out to I-95, go north to Emporia Va, then east on US 58 and I-64 to the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel. It's \$9.00 toll! RIPOFF!, and the lady in the booth tells me it's going up another buck in October. Remind me not to come this way again. (Imagine what the big trucks are paying!)

I stop on the southernmost of the four islands, shoot some pictures of the ships going in and out, buy a picture book and a woven patch. Get gas in Capeville Va. (This is now the Eastern Shore.) Continue north. I'm headed for the ferry from Lewes Del to Cape May NJ, and apparently the route will take me through Ocean City Md. Idea! Stop in Ocean City, looking for a particular T-shirt. Can't find it, but I do buy two Maurits Escher prints, and a mailing tube to carry them in.

Continue north, pull in at Lewes Del in plenty of time for the ferry. It leaves about 1730, and there's a very pleasant, breezy ride, a little over an hour. I get a soft drink, buy a woven patch, stand on the upper deck enjoying the cool and talking with a young guy who is a carpenter. He's from somewhere out to the north-west. We land about 1840. This is resort country, and people are dressed for the beach.

Drive up the road, hit a couple of motels in Cape May and North Cape May. They're far too high. Go north a few miles, hit Rio Grande, which is next door to Wildwood. Sign in at the Off Shore Motel, which is still high, but not so bad as the others. Call Mr and Mrs Domicolo, as ordered by the driveaway company. They want to pick up the car tonight, because they both work, and were expecting to take delivery tomorrow evening. I say okay, and they come down. I show them the car. It's after dark, and the light in the motel parking lot isn't good, but it's plain that the car is in good shape, and I haven't hit anything, and without further ado Mr Domicolo signs the yellow card. I give him the keys and a file card with the number of ADC's Boston office on it, and he says yes, he will call them tomorrow. They shove off in the two cars.

I've never been so glad to see the last of a car as I was this evening. The fact is, the Camaro is a PIG. It's too fast, too heavy and too powerful, and the handling is twitchy. The wipers are a disaster, and you can't see out of it at all well. You couldn't give me a Camaro.

Go down the road to the Pot Belly, get a hamburger and Seven-Up. Walk back to the motel, and find that I've left my toothbrush and toothpaste in the Camaro. Well, to hell with it. I'm not going to call those people up again.

57273.8 - 56901.4 = 312.4 miles  
 57273.8 - 56125.6 = 1148.2 miles  
 on the Camaro

chow	Rocky Mount NC			.27
engine oil				2.22
toll	Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel			9.00
!				
book and patch				4.92
gas	Capeville Va	57126.7	9.463	12.20
chow	Machipongo Va			4.67
parking	Ocean City Md			.25
Escher prints				20.96
T-shirt				8.40
mailing tube				2.40
chow	Rehoboth Del			.55
ferry fare	Lewes Del			18.00
woven patch	MV Delaware at sea			1.75
toll	Garden State Parkway			.25
motel room	Rio Grande NJ			42.80
!!				
beer				1.80
phone call				.50
chow				5.06

Rio Grande NJ  
 30 Aug 91

Awake a little after 0600, can't get back to sleep. Up about 0640. Wash, brush, dress, step outside and look around. Walk across the road to the Shop-Rite, a large department store, which is just opening for the day. Get coffee and toothpaste.

Pack up the stuff. Go downstairs to the motel office, get information on how to get the bus to Atlantic City. It turns out I can get it a hundred yards down the road. I thank them for this, gather it all up and walk down to the big Jamesway sign. Presently the bus shows up. I make sure it's the right one, get aboard and ride about 40 minutes to Atlantic City.

The bus station in Atlantic City is being repaired, and most of it is boarded off. There's no rest rooms, only a bunch of Porta Potties and Mr Johns. I have to wait about three

hours. The bus for Newark leaves about 1250, a bit late. We go west onto the mainland (Atlantic City is on an island) and turn north on the Garden State Parkway.

We're scheduled to arrive in Newark about 1505, but it's closer to 1530 when we pull in at the station. I go upstairs to wait for Edward Hurley at the information booth (a mistake, it turns out), and make use of the time to get a train ticket to Boston. I'll probably shove off next Monday morning.

I finally find Edward. We go downstairs and across the street to the parking lot, load the stuff in, get gas, drive out to Madison. Get beer, drive up to the house. I haven't seen the Hurleys, old friends, since last year, after I dropped the Buick wagon in Rockville Md.

Jean and Mike are there; it's a homecoming of sorts. We greet each other, sit by the pool and talk. Jean goes in for a swim. Ed and I put suits on and go in briefly. Presently Mike shoves off (by bicycle), and after a while there's a nice supper.

In the middle of the evening Ed and Jean go for their regular walk, while I sit in their kitchen and catch up on the journal.

chow	Rio Grande NJ	.48
tooth paste		4.27
bus fare		2.90
bus ticket	Atlantic City NJ	17.05
phone call		.75
chow		1.00
train ticket	Newark NJ	47.00
beer	Madison NJ	7.48

Madison NJ  
31 Aug 91  
1 Sept 91

These two days have been quiet and slow-paced, and I can validly describe them in one entry. Saturday morning (the 31st) I rode down to the center of Madison with Ed Hurley, and he dropped me at the Chatham Bookseller. I found four books, one of which was someone's scrapbook of newspaper clippings about

the Collyer brothers, who died under tons of rubbish in an ancient brownstone in NYC in 1947. (I remember reading about them at the time.) Fascinating!

I walk back up to the Hurleys' house, slowly, with several stops. It's amazing how fast you can make that trip in a car, and how long it takes on foot. I have to conclude that car travel distorts your vision. Sit in the kitchen and front room a good part of the day, looking at my new books, and some of theirs. In late afternoon Ed and I go for a swim.

Sunday we're up after 0700, sit and talk, drink coffee. Then in the early afternoon the three of us visit the Edison Laboratories and the Edison House, both in West Orange. We take the tour at each place. I was most fascinated by the machine shop, and by the house, which is full of interesting touches. Edison bought the house from a business man who embezzled to build it, and then had to sell to get his money out

(to pay his lawyers, most likely).

Then back to the Hurleys' house, but since yesterday evening the weather has turned much cooler, and swimming wasn't even considered. There's a phone call to Amtrak, and it looks as if I'm going to get the train that leaves Newark for Boston at 1026 tomorrow. I will call the Hurleys when I get home, to tell them that I've made it OK. I cherish them; they are superb people, and have been enormously good to me.

31 Aug 91

books	Madison NJ	12.57
ice cream		3.15

1 Sept 91

book	West Orange NJ	10.05
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Madison NJ  
2 Sept 91  
Labor Day

I'm awake at 0600, get up 0625. Ed is up about the same time. We make coffee. He offers me breakfast, which I decline with thanks. We sit and talk. Eventually, close to 0930, we go, with hearty thanks to Jean. We load the stuff into the car, and Ed drives me to the station in Newark.

Get out, thank Ed most kindly, lug the stuff inside. Read the board, go up to Track 3 and miss the train. Go inside, ask

when the 10:26 to Boston will arrive. They say, Oh, sir, that train left from Track 1. I say, the board downstairs said Track three, and that's why I'm here. They don't say it straight out, but the implication is that I've misread the board. / The train is gone, and I have to wait 2 1/2 hours

for the next one. BUMMER!

After a long wait, and a further delay, we finally get on the train, and it's the right one. What a relief! It pulls out at 1340, only 15 minutes late. I do some jockeying, and grab a seat on the left side of the car the moment a young man gets up out of it, as we're gliding to a stop in Penn Station, NYC.

I'll hold onto this seat.

It's a 5 1/3-hour trip, with the usual stops. Somewhere after New Haven we lose the lights, all of them, and that means, among other things, no lights in the men's room. But we manage. Arrive at South Station in Boston at 1901. Put the pack on, pick up the shoulder bag, go down many stairs, ride the Red Line to Harvard Station. The subway (and bus) fares have gone up. Great! Walk up, get a 77 bus to Arlington Heights. Open the front door at 2000 on the dot, go up, walk into my place.

My 1991 trip is over.

chow	on train	1.60
subway fare	Boston	.75
bus fare	Cambridge	.60
chow	Arlington Heights	5.65
bus pass		18.00

C:\WORD\GDEV\TL91FULL.2

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26 Jan 92

this is file TIM.1

Dear Tim

Well, today's the day I've been dreading for weeks. Mark brought the computer over here, the one my niece gave me for Christmas, and set it up for me. I say "dread" on purpose, because I'm scared of the thing. Years ago I was a button-pusher on a big computer, an IBM 709. I worked on it

for something over two years, and on its immediate descendant, the 7090, and got to know them reasonably well. But that's a long time ago, and there have been at least two complete changes in computers since then. Maybe more. Everything I knew then is now out the window, not once but twice. (It's thirty years!) A couple of weeks ago I took a guy to Logan, and he was in computers, and I asked him some questions, and he didn't even understand the QUESTIONS! Apparently all that memory stuff, and input/output, that we had to know, is handled automatically now. He told me, "Nobody writes programs any more," and I didn't understand HIM. (A week later; 2 Feb) I wrote the above last weekend, when Mark brought the computer over here and set it up for me. Since then I've been playing with it and reading the books, and it looks as though I have a long way to go. The problem seems to be that while I speak English, computers (and computer people) speak Bafflebab, a clever counterfeit which looks exactly like English but isn't. Mark and I go 'round and 'round on the phone, about how to do this and that, and at the end of a week I couldn't even say for sure that I know how to boot up! I have a nasty little feeling, deep down in my heart of hearts, that I'm not a digital person at all but an analogue person.

My only consolation is that I do know how to type, and thus don't have to learn THAT, too.