

OUR RV TRAVELS

1995

IN THE BEGINNING



After borrowing Dad's Class C a couple of times, Roy and I decided that having one of our own was what we wanted. With the decision made, we set out to determine what kind of rig would be best for us. We attended RV shows, checking out motor homes and fifth wheels. Since we were not sure that this would be something that we would both enjoy, we decided our first one would be used. This way, if we had to sell, the loss would be less.

We had been back from Nevada a month, where we had spent a week enjoying Lake Tahoe in Dad's Class C, when Roy came home with news of a Class A he had seen at a dealer. "The colors inside are nice and light, you'll love it," he said. His only concern was that it was long . . . 37 feet. This was a little longer than we had thought our first one would be or should be. We went to the dealer the next day **just to look!**

Well, after signing the contract, they insisted that we drive it off the lot that day. Gezz, we didn't even have a place to park her. I drove her home, only running over one curb. This was going to take some getting used to. She was so long. After we got parked in the cul-de-sac, we went into the house, made a martini and took it out and just sat and admired her. She was beautiful. Booger however, was not impressed. Oh, he'll get used to it . . . **RIGHT!** We decided to call her Windy. She was, after all, a Windcruiser.



THUMP/HISS

Our first trip started out on a Friday afternoon. I had taken a half day off. We were tooling down the freeway on our way to Lake O'Neill at Camp Pendleton. What was that loud thumping? Roy pulled over and we got out to check to see if we had a flat. We didn't see

anything so got back in and started off. The thumping sound was still there so out we went again to try and determine what was causing the noise. There it was. The right front tire was missing a big chunk of tread. We limped to the next off ramp hoping to find a tire shop. No such luck. Roy called the Road Service and the tow truck was there in about two hours. We had a spare so he jacked her up and with the help of Windy's jacks, he was able to change the tire. By the time we got under way, it was almost dark. Here we are, our first trip, trying to find the campground in the dark. Well, our RV angel was with us. We found the campground and pulled into the space that had been assigned to us. The neighbor came out and told us we were pulled in the wrong way. We finally got it right. Too stressed to be hungry yet . . . it was martini time. After the attitude adjustment, we began checking out the cockpit, noting all the buttons, knobs, and gages. The next morning the battery was dead. We had inadvertently left the parking lights on when we were exploring the cockpit. Luckily our neighbor explained the charging capabilities of RV's using coach batteries along with the converter to charge the engine batteries. The batteries were charged before we needed to leave for home the next day. On Sunday, after enjoying the weekend at the lake, we picked up and headed home. Rounding the corner to our street, a huge hissing sound erupted from the left front tire. We were able to limp home and get it parked before it went completely flat. Even tho we bought the rig with a huge **AS IS** noted on the contract, the dealer felt getting two flat tires on our first outing was a little bizarre. He sent a man over the next morning with two brand-new tires. Hey, we were already planning the next weekend out . . . so far so good.

COME OUT COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE

Our second trip was way down to Chula Vista at the Marina Camp Ground. After we got parked, we began connecting, plugging in, hooking up . . . all the things you do when we get to where you are going. Where is Booger? He had meowed, howled, kicked and scratched all the way down and now there was just silence. We were sure we hadn't let him out . . . was there a hole somewhere in the rig that he found and made his escape? I hear a little meow. It's coming from under the sofa. He had found his hiding place.

MARKING TIME

For the next seven months, we took weekend trips whenever we could. We had met a camping group, the Del Pacifico at Fiddler's Cove. We were invited us to join them. Roy, figuring I would become bored when I retired, volunteered me to do the Newsletter each month. They meet the first weekend of the month and we looked forward to the outings. I was still working so big trips would have to wait until after January, when I retire. Plans began to take shape for the first 'more than a weekend' trip.

