

Our 2017 Trip

by Spurgeon G. "Spud" Roscoe

Sometime in early August, 2017, Glenn contacted us and wanted to know if we were going to make a trip west this year. We did not plan one but talking to him is all we needed to get one going. He had never been west of Toronto; it was going to be their 50th anniversary on September 6th so they wanted to do something big to celebrate. It would be our 56th anniversary on September 7th so that was all the excuse we needed.

Our granddaughter Josie had named the truck Marshmallow when we purchased it and the name has stuck. So we ran Marshmallow to K & J at Middleton, who does our maintenance and had the truck checked to make sure all was in top shape. Our son Mitch and his family had been camping with it a couple of times this summer and we had it down to Digby camping for a few days in May. That is all we had done with it this summer.

Joan has three brothers and all three had followed my brother Dick to Ontario as soon as they finished school and all three are still living in Ontario. Glenn is the youngest and is retired from General Motors in Oshawa from a career in building vehicles for GM. He has a large
th

class "A" motorhome and when we decided to make this, our 9th trip across the continent towing a trailer, he went out and bought a small car to tow behind his motorhome. We have no idea how many times we have driven across or flown across the continent over the years besides the nine trips towing a trailer.



This is Marshmallow and his wagon loading for the trip behind our apartment. The dayglow ribbons are to make it easier for the local lead foots to see the steps as they fly by.

Marshmallow with a few adjustments received a clean bill of health and we threw in a complete wash and wax so that he would not only look good but smell good as well. Joan and I had recent medicals and the doctor said there was no reason why we should not go, so go it was.

Friday, August 25th, 2017, Sambro, Nova Scotia.

This was a nice hot sunny day at 23C.

Marshmallow dragged his wagon in from its normal parking spot behind Mitch's garage in Sambro. Marshmallow had been driven 1,732 kilometres since we last had moved the trailer. Mitch and

family had been camping with it twice and we had driven it to Middleton for maintenance.

27 kilometres to the apartment at 76 Prestwick Close.

Atlantic Daylight Time

Saturday August 26th, 2017 at the apartment Halifax, Nova Scotia

Loading trailer was a bit cooler at 16C but nice and sunny. We loaded all day and we were tired come the end of the day. I went to bed at 9 PM while Joan was talking to Glenn. I have no idea when that ended.

Sunday August 27th, 2017, 76 Prestwick Close, Halifax, Nova Scotia

This was a sunny cool day at 16C.

We loaded more stuff into the trailer in the morning. It looks like we have everything we own but we did leave plenty for when we get home.

We departed Prestwick Close at 11:51 AM and went to the Petrocan Station **4 kilometres** down the road and topped up the diesel tank. We arrived at Petrocan at 11:59 AM and departed at 12:06 PM.

We came up highway 102 and had off and on light rain showers or off and on sun periods, the choice is yours.

We arrived at the Elm River Campground, Glenholme at 1:15 PM and **109 kilometres** from the Petrocan station.

Grandson Austin was running the office but Winston and Neil soon arrived. It was great to see them. Winston had me follow him in his old pickup to site Y21, more or less the one we have always used.

Winston's trailer like ours is still in Shreveport, Louisiana. He has

bought another trailer he likes and plans to bring the old one home this winter and hopefully add two feet to the stern.

Neil managed to convert his horse trailer to a camping trailer and went across to British Columbia, down the Pacific Coast and across to Shreveport and spent Christmas with the rest of the family. He towed this with their old white Dodge dually. Neil has purchased an M2 Freightliner in Manitoba to pull this trailer but has to get the Freightliner home.

I had a slight shower to entertain me while I set up the, sewer, water, electricity and so on. One is a little confused and takes a minute to get the routine back. Of course I am much older and find it harder to do some of the things. Joan just managed to learn her cell phone is good for the United States so that is over and done with. I tried to reconnect the On Star in the truck this morning but the truck is six years old and they would not connect it. Their problem and not mine and the cell phone are fine. When I think of the run from Teslin, Yukon to New Orleans, to Weymouth, Nova Scotia and back to Teslin in the poorest piece of junk we have owned, this On Star, cell phone and the rest of it is nothing but a modern pain in the butt and unnecessary expense. The run Teslin to Teslin was in a new Ford pickup. You would not believe the problems that thing created. So much so I still shudder when I see a Ford truck.

We walked over and spent the afternoon with Winston in his new trailer and then went in the house and visited with Winston and Bernice. We had a good heavy rain while visiting and as soon as it quit we came back to our trailer arriving at 4:30 PM. There is a lot of heat in the sun when it is out. The campground here is filled for the upcoming Labour Day weekend. We hope to be at Glenn's for that because we will not likely find a campground if we need one. We were tired and went to bed shortly after 8 PM.

Monday August 28th, 2017 Elm River campground Glenholme,
Nova Scotia

We woke up at 1 AM and still awake at 4 AM so I got up and had breakfast and got that over with. Cold, was it cold 58F at 4 AM and Joan said it was 50F when she got up at 7:30 AM. I was still awake at 6 AM but fell to sleep shortly after that and woke up again at 8:30 AM. I got up made coffee and had a shave and shower. We finally got everything together, disconnected and on the road at 10:18 AM. We went via the toll highway that cost \$5.25 for an RV and was pleased that they did not try and tell us it was a horse trailer.

A nice sunny hot day at 20C and the road was cluttered up with traffic; a lot of big trucks, and a lot of construction. We arrived at the Salisbury Big Stop at 12:12 PM. Jim Christian met us at the Big Stop and bought our lunch. Many thanks Jim and it was awful good to see you and we will try to stop in on our way back home.

We tried to get diesel at the Big Stop that is an Irving Empire and this is the second time I gave up in frustration and went across the road to the Ultramar Station that is no hassle and simple as can be.

We departed the Ultramar Station at 3:21 PM and failed to record the time we crossed the U.S. Border at Houlton, Maine. We feel it was around 4 PM ADT. A nice guy on the border and we crossed with no trouble.

Eastern Daylight Time

We arrived at Medway, Maine at 3:51 PM and with some hassle managed to get a tank of Irving diesel. We departed the diesel pump at 4:11 PM and arrived at Katahdin Shadows Campground and Cabins at 4:19 PM. We were assigned site 78 in among the trees; both hard and softwood and on the way out of the campground. Full hookups, pull through and \$36.30 U.S. for the night.



We were not long setting up. I put two planks under the wheels on the right side of the trailer and it made the trailer perfectly level. Joan claims the eggs did not move when they hit the frying pan. There are high wooden steps going up into the office and I told the girl on the desk that they should be careful with those steps because it is a hard climb for us old farts. She simply said it is a nuisance isn't it.



My name is quite a curiosity and worth a few good giggles. They often wonder where the Spurgeon came from. One might as well have some fun with it and this girl enjoyed the jokes when I explained it to her. She said she was born catholic and is now a protestant. The Spurgeon came from the Reverend Charles Haddon Spurgeon a famous preacher during the 1850's. My great great grandfather was a religious nut of some description known as Deacon Billy Roscoe and has this on his tombstone outside the Billtown, Nova Scotia Baptist Church. He named my great grandfather Spurgeon and it has been passed down to me. It did not do him much good. He drank himself to death at the ripe old age of 41 years. Spurgeon's sister Isabel remarried when a young widow and because she married a catholic Deacon Billy recorded her in the

family bible as dying on that date. For some unknown reason our family did not know the difference until we did some recent research to learn she was 90 years old when she died in Brandon, Manitoba. It is indeed one crazy world and amazing what one finds in a closet of the family history.

Three girls were having a great time swimming in the swimming pool just to the left of the wooden hill, the large flight of stairs.

Total distance for the day **542 kilometres** and that is plenty for one day.

Joan managed to get Wi-Fi working and was alerting the world while I typed this for future use or interest.

The total distance from Mitch's parking lot to date is **672 kilometres**.

We do not have the TV with us and did not use it when we did. We listen to the radio now and then but not often in either the truck or trailer. I do have 146.52 on in the 2-meter amateur radio band but have yet to hear anyone on it. 2-meters was definitely dead compared to what it was years ago. It is too much hassle to put the HF antenna up and will leave that for a later date.

We went to bed at 8:11 PM and slept with the dead. What a beautiful spot one could not hear a thing. It certainly was not our apartment where the large trucks are gearing down all night and a crotch cart or two (motorcycle) thundering by now and then on the highway leading into the city. Why those motorcycles are permitted to make such a racket is above and beyond me. If one of my vehicles ever required an exhaust muffler I would soon hear about it.

Tuesday August 29th, 2017 Medway, Maine

We were up and on the road at 9:39 AM after I managed to take a few photographs of the campground. It was a nice sunny cool morning at 12C when we left the campground. We drove 272

kilometres and stopped at Mexico, Maine and topped up our diesel tank at 1 PM. We got back on the road and drove another 149 kilometres and took a 12 minute break from 3:13 PM to 3:25 PM. The day was still nice and warm at 19 to 21C but quite hazy. It became so hazy we eliminated our shades; our sunglasses. We drove another 191 kilometres and stopped for diesel. While there I had trouble with my U.S. Money credit card but had a nice chat with a former USAF pilot who had the pleasure of flying F16's out of Greenwood, Nova Scotia for a while several years ago. We were also trying to find a campground and call it a day. This pilot told us campgrounds were few and far between in that area and very expensive. This was in the boating area of Lake Champlain on Route 2 West. So we got back on the road and drove another 92 kilometres when Joan spotted the Blue Haven Campground sign at Ellenburg Depot, New York. We swung in and a girl named Carol from Montreal was walking her little black dog. We asked her if she was in charge and she said no but follow me and I'll take you to the owner, David Bechard. The owner was in his trailer quite a distance from the office but jumped on a golf cart and took us down to a site way in the back. We could not hook up to the sewer but the water and electricity reached okay. The steps were in the trees and we could not put them all the way out. Other than that it was a very nice campground.



This made for a daily total of **704 kilometres** and we were beat. The roads were crooked, rough, lots of road work as they call it but the biggest pain in the butt is trying to drive in miles and not kilometres. Damn the Canadian government for changing that before the United States government changed it. I was beat trying to mentally change the figure and finally tried to follow someone, preferably a large truck. They normally maintain a close proximity to the posted speed limit. One would get up to 55 MPH, then down to 40 MPH then 35 MPH in a few feet then down to 25 MPH back up to speed in the same manner continually the whole trip. The road was so rough in spots we began to think travelling through Quebec and their French only signs would be more pleasant. The scenery was certainly beautiful and in the fall of the year when the leaves are at their most

colourful it is a sight to behold.



Old Marshmallow just loves to swat flies and skeeters. It makes one wonder if they should carry a pet bat to lick the front of the wagon clean. I am sure the average bat would likely want to die its own flies and skeeters. The average bat would not likely enjoy pre-died and squished flies and skeeters. A few are probably pretty well baked onto the front of the wagon.

Wednesday August 30th, 2017 Ellenburg Depot, New York

We were up at 7:15 AM to a nice sunny morning. Breakfast, showers, more photographs and disconnected from the campsite and

on the road at 9:53 AM. It was another beautiful morning with the temp at 17C. It was a beautiful morning drive and not much traffic and very little speed changes. It was much better than yesterday. We came to the border crossing at Cornwall. First we had to pay for crossing the bridge at \$5.35. Then we proceeded through Canada Border crossing. There were very nice men at both sites. Actually the American at Houlton, Maine and those at Cornwall were very nice. So nice that one wonders if they have been given some sort of training on being polite to the general public. We have run into a few over the years that made you wonder.

We drove up to the 401 west and headed west. We phoned Jack and Betty Whittingham just before arrival at Kingston and said we would stop at a truck stop for coffee. I'll be darned; there is no truck stop on the 401 highway at Kingston. When we went past we phoned and said we would stop on our way back. Betty felt so bad we turned around and went back to Governors Road and off the 401 into a Petrocan Truck Stop. We topped up with diesel and were not there long when Jack and Betty arrived. It must be twenty years since we have seen each other. Jack and I first met when we were in the navy back in 1958. He is 81 now and we all are a bit on the old and fragile side. This was a great visit and we promised a stop on the way back after our trip to Alberta. We arrived at Kingston at 1:35 PM, nearly a four hour drive at a distance of 315 kilometres. It did not seem that far but we were enjoying the driving. Now that we were in Canada we were able to contact those with whom we wanted easier and told Mitch, Jodi and Glenn our whereabouts.

We visited with Jack and Betty from around 1:35 until 3:21 PM. We then left for Glenn's. There seemed to be more traffic, a nice day still and we arrived at Glenn's at 5:14 PM nearly two hours and 178 kilometres. Glenn, Gail and Wort the dog were glad to see us. Wort the dog looked like "worry wort" as a pup and the wort stuck.

The total drive for the day was **493 kilometres.**

We had a great barbequed steak supper with Glenn and Gail and then backed the trailer in front of his workshop and set it up with electricity only from his shop. This is where we have been setting up the last few times we have visited. Joan claims I backed the trailer into the front of the shop the neatest I have ever backed it anywhere. I must be getting better or else screwed up in the right direction.

Thursday August 31st, 2017, Kendal, Ontario

We slept very well and woke once only to hear the soft patter of rain on the trailer roof. I got up at 8 AM and had breakfast and found the sun shining. It looks like a nice day.

And it was a nice day. We simply puttered around. Glenn's friend Jan came over and towed an old car home that he had left in the brush behind Glenn's shed. He is a car nut and has several old cars restored and plans to restore this one. It did not look restorative to me but then what do I know about old cars. After that performance Joan, Glenn and I went to town. We picked up a new map of Ontario; some groceries and so on at Costco, to the farm market for fresh stuff and then went over and visited Paul at work in the body shop he is now working in. He was putting a new stern in a Toyota SUV that had been hit there. From there we came home and had supper with Glenn and Gail. After supper and a chat we came back to the trailer and to bed.

Friday September 1st, 2017, Kendal, Ontario

We were up twice during the night and had breakfast on the second time we were up at 4:54 AM at this location.

It was another nice sunny and cool day. We do not have an outdoor thermometer in the trailer. It sure is beautiful around here in the Ontario country. The land and trees are nice and green with the odd

pasture with cattle and quite a few horses. They look like saddle horses so are no doubt more pets than anything. There is very little noise. The only real noise is when the gangs on crotch carts go roaring past. They are out on the highway some distance from Glenn's shed. We have no idea why those things are allowed to make so much noise.

Glenn and Gail's daughter Pam came shortly after noon and spent an hour visiting with us in our trailer. It was real good to see her and has been two or three years since we last saw her. She even remembered and brought me a medium black Tim Horton's coffee. She and Paul are camped at the Mossport Race Track where the car races are taking place. They hope to retire in their fifth wheel trailer. They have the fifth wheel and plan to upgrade their $\frac{3}{4}$ ton to a new one ton dually in the spring. Ford of course, Paul build's Ford vehicles. The problem is they have another five years before they retire so a lot can change in that time although they do a lot of travelling with their current equipment.



Pam, Glenn and Wort in the foreground with Pam's pickup

After Pam departed back to Mossport Joan, Glenn and I went to town. We picked up some more money at the bank but were unable to get our U.S. Money card sorted out that would not work coming up through the United States. They claim we must phone the number on the back of the card. We will try again at another bank. We will not require U.S. Money until we are on the way home.

It is one beautiful sunny fall day. We all wore light jackets while out and about it is that cool.

Mitch had given his mother some nice Halibut steaks so she could feed her three brothers a nice fish dinner when home in May. She had four left over and brought them with us and we had them for supper. We had supper in the gazebo all wearing jackets. It was nice but cool and the air so nice and clean.

Two rabbits came out and ate along the left side of the trailer and we watched them while eating supper. There are a lot of animals around here and they were telling us about a large woodpecker. The largest woodpecker there is apparently. They gave it its proper name but I no longer remember it. I wish it would come around while here. It makes quite a racket especially when after something in a large hollow tree.

After supper and lengthy chat we came home and went to bed shortly after that. It gets dark rather early now.

Saturday September 2nd, 2017, Kendal, Ontario

We were up twice during the night; once around 2 AM and again at 6:50 AM. I had breakfast at 7 AM and got that over with then went back to bed for a couple of hours. I made a fresh pot of coffee at 9:45 AM from Halifax city water I had in a new water jug we purchased. We do not use the water we carry in the trailer's main tank because we get that here, there and everywhere.

It was another nice sunny day but cool. It was around 13C in the trailer at 7 AM and 20C at 9:15 AM after the furnace had been on for a few minutes.

Joan's brother Paul arrived around 10 AM and put in a new switch in the window of Marshmallows door behind the driver. That now works the finest kind and so did the other one on the opposite side behind the front passenger until this new one was installed. Now the other one is acting up. There is no end to it. Paul also installed a new pump in the windshield washer and Glenn re-torqued the front wheels from the front brake repairs.

They both came in the trailer for some of my coffee and some of Joan's homemade cookies that lasted an hour.

Paul departed around 1:30 PM and Debbie and Larry showed up shortly after he left. They are friends of Gail and Glenn. I crawled up

on the bed for a ½ hour snooze.

Joan's other brother; Boyd arrived about 3 PM in his 1966 Chevrolet pickup. She is one beautiful old truck. We all had supper, corn on the cob, new potatoes and roasted chicken around 6 PM. We all went to our respective homes around 8:30 PM. Boyd had a two hour drive back to his place in Kaladar and Debbie and Larry a 1-1/2 hour drive to Woodville up around Lindsay.



It was quite cool eating supper in the gazebo and the mosquitoes started to get rather annoying. We all had jackets on. We enjoyed watching the birds and squirrel around the bird feeder. A cardinal showed up for a while. We do not see those bright red birds around Nova Scotia although no doubt they are there.

It had been sunny all day but started getting overcast at suppertime. I typed this and now to bed at 9:30 PM.

Sunday September 3rd, 2017, Kendal, Ontario

We were up a couple of times during the night and I had breakfast at 6 AM. It rained all night and it was hard to tell when it was rain or simply the trees dripping from rain. This was the remnants of hurricane Harvey that raised hell in Texas and then drifted north. It appears to be a good day to sit around the trailer and read. Still cool and damp in the trailer at 10:30 AM and still raining. The sun had been trying to shine since 11:30 AM but not doing a very good job of it at 1 PM. Glenn sharpened up and adjusted his ride on mower for his grandson to operate while he is off on this safari. He has quite a bit of mowing around here. I puttered around at that mainly sweeping the shop floor. Glenn is just getting the odds and ends cleaned up so we could leave Tuesday morning.

I found a solitaire game on this old Toshiba lap top that I could win now and then so have been killing time at that. Joan was mostly reading and listening to the music on CHFI Toronto. Well, I guess it was music; at least it passes for that. I ain't much for this modern thumping they now call music. That is the reason I have 52 episodes of the Lawrence Welk show recorded at home. I play one episode like a record when I want to hear some good music.

It was a French Acadian dish for supper called Rappie Pie. It is mostly potatoe and meat this time chicken because we could not find a beef. I like the beef better for some reason. We had two small chicken ones and shared them although Gail does not like it. Glenn and I ate her share as well.

Joan, Glenn and I went to Bowmanville and shopped around a bit mainly at the farm market. We arrived home at 4 PM Kendal time. It was still quite overcast with sunny breaks was probably the best way

to describe it.

We had supper with Glenn and Gail in the gazebo with jackets on but we did not have the Rappie Pie. That will be tomorrow night we had left over chicken and fried potatoe and cauliflower with corn on the cob. Actually the corn on the cob was fresh but the rest was left over.

After supper and another lengthy chat we came back to the trailer for the night.

Monday September 4th, 2017, Kendal, Ontario

Today would have been my Mother's 103rd birthday.

We were up at 2 AM and again at 6 AM and I had breakfast then and went back until 8:30 AM. I then played solitaire on this lap top. It was light and warmer than it had been the past few mornings. So far we have managed dry camping with this trailer with electricity only. Paul and his daughter Sheryl were here for an hour to say goodbye and wish us a good trip. They left at 11:45 AM bound for a trip to Toronto.

We had the Rappie Pie for supper under the gazebo with the metal roof during a heavy thunder and lightning storm. The news media was calling it severe. We had a couple of good severe cracks so no doubt they were correct. We came back to our trailer during a lull in the rain and had the dishes done by 7:30 PM local time. There was lots of rain hitting the trailer roof when we finished the dishes.

Joan just informed Mitch we hoped to get going west in the morning at 8:30 PM.

I feel sorry for Paul driving home in this mess. Oh well, he has a good car for it; his very own Jaguar.

Still thundering at 9 PM and rain on the trailer roof at times heavy. It looks like this may keep up for a good portion of the night. I have my hearing aids out so it softens up the thumping a bit; at least my

tinnitus tends to drown it a bit at least; to heck with it off to bed.

Tuesday September 5th, 2017, Kendal, Ontario

When I woke up at 2 AM Joan said the storm stopped an hour before the weather office said it would. I said you should phone the weather office and give them hell. We need better forecasting than that. She said she would in the morning but there would be a different crew on then. Actually the weather office should be commended for an excellent job and not criticized. Let's face it; an hour out on the termination of such a storm is real good.

I was up again at 6 AM for breakfast when it was 70F or 20C in the trailer. It was rather nice.

I was up again at 8:30 AM for the day to get ready and get on the road.

We got around and got on the road at 10 AM. Haze wet from the storm last evening. Temperature was 15C and it got up to 17C. I did not wear sunglasses all day although we did get some sunny breaks. We had a little of everything including rain showers. The truck is kind of dirty from that and the construction. We were stuck for two hours around Orillia with heavy traffic and everyone just creeping a bit now and then. It was by far the biggest mess I have encountered. We stopped at Port Carling and spent 20 minutes getting diesel. We then got back on the road with Glenn leading. We arrived at Carol Lake Campground, Sudbury, Ontario at 6:04 PM. Glenn missed the turn and had to come back but we made it.

Mileage: Kendal to Port Carling **208 kilometres**

Port Carling to Sudbury **198 kilometres**

Kendal (Glenn's home) to Sudbury **406 kilometres**

That was a good days run considering the construction we ran into and all.

We had supper with Glenn and Gail over on their picnic table and

listened to those who backed in across from them and next to us. They were Chinese.



Joan and I came over to our trailer and did up the dishes. We simply messed with this lap top and Joan had a look at her Facebook site for the evening and we went to bed at 9 PM.

Wednesday September 6th, 2017, Sudbury, Ontario

This is Glenn and Gail's 50th wedding anniversary. We were up a couple of times during the night as usual and I had breakfast at 4:45 AM and got that over with. We were up for the final time at 7 AM and finally with hot showers. I took a few photographs,

got ready and got on the road.

I had a great chat with the oldest of the Chinese family members. He was very interested in our trailer.

We were on the road at 9:47 AM for more rain, more sun, more overcast and more construction. It is tiresome and amazing there is so much construction. Where they found all the men, signs and so on were above and beyond one. It was beautiful scenery when one had the chance to observe it coming up along the edge of Lake Superior and the reason we came this route.



We stopped at Nairn, Ontario for diesel and again at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario for diesel.

We arrived at the WaWa Campground, WaWa, Ontario at 4:47 PM

tired out from all the driving, construction and forever changing weather. The distance from Sudbury to WaWa was **540 kilometres**. That is plenty with the weather and road conditions.



Joan had supper started before I had the trailer fully set-up. She had a nice bar-b-Que steak supper. We finished supper at 7 PM. I carried the dirty laundry to the laundromat for Joan and then we came back to the trailer and did the dishes.

The sun has been shining since we arrived but it is cool the temperature has been hanging around 14C all day.

We went to bed at 9 PM.

Thursday September 7th, 2017, Wawa, Ontario

Today is our 56th wedding anniversary. It was a Tuesday and a nice sunny day when we were married at 7PM in the Bethel Baptist Church at Ashmore, Nova Scotia. I am sure most of Digby County was in attendance because I remember it as quite a mob. The old hall on Doty Road where we had our reception is long gone. It is hard to believe it has been 56 years but we have done a lot in those years. Do not suggest anything because we are still crazy enough to try most anything.

We were up a couple of times during the night as usual and I had breakfast at 5 AM the second time up.

A rather cool night with the furnace on each time I got up.

I had taken a few photographs last evening so did not need to do that in the morning. This was either the third or fourth time Joan and I have spent a night in this campground.

We were up around 8 AM and got around to get on the road. We went up to the dump station and in the lineup. The fitting on the hose is hard to get on the trailer and harder to get off. I was holding the guy up behind me, the last one in the line.

We were on the road at 10:11 AM and went 47 kilometres down the road to a fuel pump in front of a small store. We filled both vehicles from 10:45 AM to 10:55 AM and got back on the road. The old boy at the pump told me their basic form of entertainment was to kill Moose with a bow and arrow. He said one fellow got one the other day right in the eye and they were days finding it. That must have been a most painful way for the Moose to die. He said one had to get close to the Moose in order to hit it with an arrow. That is definitely more entertainment than I would care to experience.

Rain, sun, construction and quite frustrating at times and we did not stop again until Suniah, Ontario for fuel at 4:37 PM. We were there until 4:55 PM and two trips to the office to get the pumps going. You

have to pay for the fuel before you buy it and it is a pain in the butt. We then went down the road another 42 kilometres to the Wal-Mart at Thunder Bay. We arrived at Thunder Bay at 4:28 PM. Wawa to Thunder Bay = **472 kilometres**



Joan phoned Dermot at noon and received some instructions. She then plugged in her GPS and it took us right into the right Wal-Mart. Joan and Glenn went into the Wal-Mart and created some inflation while I curled up for a nap. The temperature was 8C at Wawa and only 14C and sunny on arrival Thunder Bay. Joan and Glenn came back at 7 PM and Dermot arrived in my old pickup with her new Ontario Licence AS99089.



My old buddy Dermot and Glenn with my pickup I sold Dermot a month before this and shipped it to him by truck.

After a brief chat and meeting everyone Glenn, Joan, Dermot and I went to Moxies in my old pickup for dinner. It was a great dinner and a nice ride in our old pickup.

When we returned home Gail had made a beef dinner for Dermot to take home. We sat in the trailer and talked until 10:45 PM. Dermot went home and we got ready and went to bed. It was a great day for sure and a great way to celebrate our 56th wedding anniversary.

Friday September 8th, 2017, Thunder Bay, Ontario

We woke at 2 AM but it was too dang cold to get up and walk around. We got up and had breakfast at 5:30 AM when the

temperature was 7C or 46F in the trailer. Who said we were not bilingual. We can converse in both Fahrenheit and Celsius. We had the furnace on and warmed it up some.



This is the thermometer I bought at a community event in Sambro and Mitch and I mounted it in the trailer above the table. This is the reason I could quote both Fahrenheit and Celsius. The black thing has three switches. One tells the condition of the trailer's four batteries; one tells the amount of water in the three tanks; black, gray and fresh; the other is the switch for the water pump when we are using the water on board the trailer.

We were up for the final time at 8 AM. We had the hot water on propane, the propane stove to heat a coffee and the propane furnace. The furnace has been popping and we felt it was the propane. We changed the air filter in the furnace because it needed it.

Joan and Glenn went back to Wal-Mart and the rest of the stores in the mall. Who said it was cheap parking in a Wal-Mart parking lot? It is by far the most expensive campground we camp in once Joan

has been in and out of the store a few times. Oh well, you cannot take the money with you so you might as well make use of it.

It was a nice sunny morning and as stated we do not have an outside thermometer on the trailer but I do believe it went down to the 2C they had in the forecast.

I took some photographs and got around and removed all the blocks and so on so we could get going when Joan and Glenn arrived with a couple of bags each.

We departed Thunder Bay at 10 AM with a nice sunny morning but cool at 9C.

Central Daylight Time

We drove to Ignace, Ontario arriving at 11:50 AM for fuel. We both topped up our fuel tanks with a guy who is also looking forward to hunting Moose with bow and arrow when the season opens on September 16th. Some people do some weird things in the name of sport.

We departed Ignace in 14 minutes from our arrival at 12:04 PM. Glenn went in the lead having learned where he can get propane for his motorhome in Dryden.

These motorhomes have a built in tank and Glenn topped up the propane in Dryden not knowing his tank was half full. Apparently this happens quite often with these motorhomes. It is hard to tell the amount of propane in their tanks.

We arrived at Dryden at 1:14 PM and departed at 1:23 PM.

I'm getting weary in my old age and I was tired at 2 PM and said to Joan we should pull over as soon as we find a good campground. She and Gail keep in contact with a small hand held CB radio or cookie buster radio as we call it. Gail claims it is good for 35 miles and I claim it does well to transmit and intelligent signal at 35 feet. Anyway, one and all agreed and we landed at Crystal Lake

Campground at 2:17 PM.



This was a nice neat campground and several miles from the route 17 highway so we did not hear the traffic on that road. We had been following route 17 since Sudbury and continued following it to the Manitoba border.

We had everything hooked up and set-up by 3 PM and I lay down for a few minutes. I did not sleep but the lay down refreshed me and I got up to type this. Joan has gone next door to visit with Gail.

Well, I felt this would be a nice quiet campground until 4 PM when a damn train blew the blasts that translate to the letter Q in continental Morse code signalling it is soon crossing a road. The damn railroad tracks must be a couple of thousand feet behind the trailer in the

trees.

The mileage for the day was Thunder Bay to Crystal Lake = **411 kilometres** just a nice days run and more than sufficient.

Crystal Lake is **53 kilometres** west of Dryden on highway 17 west.

We had supper with Glenn and Gail at their site, site # 2 and we were in site # 3. The food was a nice stew Gail had made at home and had brought along. We sat at their picnic table, a very nice sunny evening identical to the evening Joan and I were married 56 years ago. Glenn was 14 years old then and he and I did cart wheels on their lawn before I got ready for the wedding at 7 PM. Ah, the memories.

We went to bed shortly after 8 PM when it got dark and after the train blew for the second time at 8:15 PM. Oh well, twice in four hours is not bad and we should be able to live with that It was another good day.

Saturday September 9th, 2017, Crystal Lake, Ontario

We heard the train twice during the night. It probably blew twice only or a train went past twice is probably the correct terminology. It was highly unlikely a train was sitting down in the trees here blowing its whistle every four hours just to annoy us few campers. There was only one other camper in the campground besides our two units. I was up once only at 5:20 AM and had breakfast and got that over with.

The temperature in the trailer was 58F and the propane furnace brought it up to 63F before I went back to bed and turned the furnace off.

My tinnitus was certainly loud and clear this morning. No wonder there have been those who committed suicide because they could no longer handle the noise their tinnitus created.

We got around and got on the road at 9:08 AM and that was a rather

decent hour for us. The only other camper, a 5th wheel had departed several hours before we did and we did not see it leave.

The temperature on leaving the campground was 10C and a beautiful sunny fall morning.

We went on route 17 west that soon turned into route 1, the trans-Canada highway in Manitoba.

We drove until 11:12 AM when we reached Hadashville, Manitoba and we stopped for diesel. We went into the Shell oil station and realized it was the one we had trouble with last year and simply crossed the road to the Esso station and topped up our tank with no trouble. We purchased a coffee and two maps; one of Winnipeg and the other of Manitoba. Both were soon paying for the little they cost. We departed Hadashville at 11:34 AM and drove to the Creek Side campground at Portage la Prairie arriving at 1:51 PM a good time to call it quits. Glenn took site 303 and we were in 304 of an excellent campground that has had a lot of recent improvements. This must be our fourth time camping in this campground. We were here last year to find it named Creek Side with Turtles, Geese and what have you. Unfortunately the old Pete was not here so Glenn could see the three air horns mounted down just behind the right front wheel. A great way to alert the unconscious, as Ron stated.



This is the Old Pete – Peterbuilt truck parked across from the office at Creek Side in 2016. Note the three air horns behind the right front wheel. We were taught in truck driving school that it would be a waste of air; only she and the one who does her laundry would know.

The mileage from Crystal Lake to Portage la Prairie = **385 kilometres**. This was plenty for today a nice sunny day and 25C when we arrived and shut down. We were shut down and hooked up at 2:50 PM.

Mitch, you lost a bottle of your good wine you left in the trailer. We want to thank you from us all; all four of us including Wort the Rottweiler and Belgian Sheppard dog. His Momma was a Rottweiler and his Pappy the Belgian Sheppard. I have probably mentioned he looked like “worry wort” as a pup and the Wort stuck.



This is Wort on his steps at home in Kendal, Ontario. He was a very smart dog but needed to graduate from a good obedience course. Glenn and Gail were afraid he would trash their motorhome if left alone so Gail spent her time with the dog rather than tag along with the rest of us.

I was over and spent some time talking to Glenn who was repairing the screen in the driver's door of the motorhome.

They have never been able to get someone to install Wi-Fi in this Creek Side campground that would work around the sites. The only place Wi-Fi worked was up on the verandah of the office and Joan spent the afternoon up there chatting with various people.



We had supper with Glenn and Gail at their picnic table in site 303. While eating supper Jenns Sambrook in site 302 came over and asked Joan if she had any vinegar; she did and loaned her the bottle. After supper she came back with the vinegar, some cooked pickerel fish that was delicious, three cucumbers and a half dozen apples. Joan and Glenn's father fished all his life in St. Mary's Bay, Nova Scotia but this was the first pickerel any of us had tasted. It was truly delicious.

We then gave the Sambrooks the five dollar tour of our trailer. Wade grew up on a farm. Their son Ridly (probably five years old) was with them. They were Wade, Jenns and Ridly Sambrook from Morden, Manitoba that is not far from this campground and is southwest of Winnipeg.

It was a nice evening with the temperature in the mid 20'sC. It was dark at 8:30 PM and we still had the door open. We called it a day and went to bed around 9 PM.

Sunday September 10th, 2017, Creek Side, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba

The trains ran all night here but they were farther off in the distance and were not near as loud as at Crystal Lake. They did not appear to be blowing a distinctive code; simply a blast on the whistle now and then.

I was up at 4:10 AM and had breakfast and got that over with.

It was 74F in the trailer then and as Joan said the only time we have been warm since leaving Nova Scotia on this trip.

Joan was texting with Mitch several times last evening so the folks back home are up to date on our location.

We were up at 7:30 AM, shaved, showered and ready to unhook at 8:15 AM. Glenn had Wort out and watered by then as well.

We got disconnected and no doubt broke camp was the proper terminology. We went to the dump station while Joan took the camera and took some photographs. She got some of the new beach they have built, the place where the turtles come to sun themselves and got one of me coming up to the turtle sign.







We carried on and departed Creek Side at 9:39 AM. The temperature was 17C and a beautiful sunny morning.

We came across a section of road that had a lot of snakes that appeared to be sunning themselves lying on the warm pavement of the road. They simply slithered off into the ditch as we drove along. All except one who was fast but not fast enough and I believe I ran over him. I do not know what brand or tribe of snake. They may have been cousins of the Medicine Hat rattle snakes. Medicine Hat, Alberta has their own brand of rattle snake that feed on the ground hogs of that area. The local ranchers are quite proud of them for thinning out the ground hog population.

We drove to Neepawa, Manitoba where we stopped and filled our diesel tank. The temperature was 23C and quite hazy. We arrived at

11:08 AM and back on the road at 11:17 AM.

We pulled into a rest area with a few 18-wheel trucks at 11:45 AM. One truck came in loaded with boat trailers for pontoon boats. He and I had a great chat. He was from Saskatchewan living in Winnipeg, had three sons and one attended Dalhousie University in Halifax.

We departed the rest area at 12:08 PM and carried on to Saltcoats, Saskatchewan where we topped up the diesel tank again. Still sunny and the temperature was 26C. The guy on the cash appeared to be the owner and was probably a native of Pakistan at one time. At least he was dressed like one. Why they come to this country, dress in their native costumes and carry on as they did where they came from is beyond me. We arrived at Saltcoats at 2:29 PM and departed at 2:39 PM, with not only a full tank of diesel but two good coffees.

The wind was unreal and we were tired. With hearing aids the wind really was nothing but a racket. We looked as though we had our heads in a wind tunnel in no time.

We were trying to find a campground and stopped at Wynyard, Saskatchewan at 4:46 PM. The girls at the Esso station where we topped up with diesel, told us to just go down the road and pull into the regional park. We did, there was no one around and we could get no one on the phone. There were two trailers only in the park and lots of room except you had to back in. Glenn would have to disconnect his car in order to camp there. We spotted a sign that said campground 3 kilometres down the next dirt road. Glenn went in the lead and mistook the sign to say 3 kilometres down route 16 the road we were travelling on. That blew that idea because there was no way for him to turn around once past the dirt road. We departed Wynyard at 5:15 PM and continued on to Jansen where Joan spotted a campground sign. Glenn was still in the lead and went past the road again and down onto a dirt road. We had a tight turn for both rigs to get them turned and back to where we should be. Glenn pulled over

and we told him to wait and I would find the campground. I went down towards the town and soon spotted a few kids on their bikes. They soon showed me the location of the campground. We went into the village campground with full hookups but mainly for small trailers. We could see Glenn from the campground and told him to come back and into the campground. He did and we were soon hooked up.





It was a typical western town campground. Nearly every western town has their own campground. You completed an envelope and put it into a locked steel box. In this case it was \$20.00 for the one night. We were the only campers at this campground so parked parallel to each site taking up two or three sites, rather than back in on each site. What a welcome relief finding this. It was so level I did not have to level the trailer and simply blocked it up. Glenn got the steaks fired up on the Bar-b-Que in a small tin shed that is probably for that purpose. It was so windy it was scary and we each ate in our own rigs. Glenn had the steaks perfect, along with boiled potatoes, peas and broccoli, it was a perfect supper and believe me it was welcome. I'm not sure I could have lasted any longer had we not found this site.

I cannot understand why it seems to be taking us so long to make any distance on this trip. We came up on route 16 when we dragged Tara and Wade's trailer to Edmonton for them but for the life of me I have not seen anything I remember. We came up through the United States that time so maybe I have not started to cover any of route 16 that I did back then.

Just before we started supper a train went west on the tracks behind us. They are close and the train was loud. It was a mixed freight train with a lot of wheat, oil tanks, and so on. They are quite long out here a mile or more and some may be even longer.

When this one went past the conductor, engineer, or whatever he is today, gave several short blasts on the whistle and apparently that is the routine of this modern world.

Joan, Glenn and Wort went for a walk at 7 PM when it had cooled off quite a bit and the wind had died out considerably.

The mileage for the day: Creek Side to Jansen = **575 kilometres**

That was more than plenty with the wind, traffic and warm weather. There are a lot of pieces of farm equipment on the road at times that is a real challenge. There is a lot of combining wheat and the farmers work Sunday like any other day.

Joan and Glenn returned from their walk as it was getting dark at 7:30 PM. They walked down through the village and everything was closed, it being Sunday. There was no traffic and they actually walked down the middle of the road.

We called it a day and went to bed around 8 PM.

Jansen is just west of Dafoe, Saskatchewan. Dafoe had a government aeradio station probably a radio range. The radio range was the first electronic navigational aid for aircraft. The first of them entered service way back in 1927. Dan Hibner was a radio operator at Dafoe when it closed around 1960. Dan was one of the operators at Teslin, Yukon Territory when I arrived there in 1963. Dan resigned to study computers shortly after that and owned his own computer business

in Calgary the last time I saw him several years ago.

Monday September 11th, 2017, Jansen, Saskatchewan

I had a hard time going to sleep I was so tired but woke twice as usual. The final time was 4:27 AM so got up, had breakfast and got that over with.

It was cool and 50F at 4:27 AM but the propane furnace was not long making it comfortable.

I expected to hear a train or two through the night but did not hear one. I was tired and Joan said I slept through the one that went through. I'm definitely a sound sleeper to sleep through that. The train track is only a thousand feet or so from us and it blew for the crossing back there. Joan said my breathing did not change from the racket.

I went back to bed after breakfast and we were up at 6 AM and getting ready to leave.

We left at 8:41 AM on a beautiful sunny cool morning at 5C.

We drove until we reached Langham, Saskatchewan and stopped at 11:16 AM. The temperature was 18C and a nice sunny day.

We departed Langham at 11:39 AM with the diesel tank topped up and we drove to Lloydminster, Saskatchewan arriving at 2:11 PM. The temperature was 23C and we left at 2:53 PM and the temperature rose one degree to 24C. We had the diesel tank topped up and stopped at a pull out. Glenn and I filled the DEF tank and I topped up the windshield washer tank.



The prairies are flat and one can watch their dog leave home for at least a week.

Mountain Daylight Time

Saskatchewan does not change to daylight time and is on the same time as Alberta. It can be confusing.

We crossed into Alberta when passing a street in Lloydminster. Some of the city is in Saskatchewan and the rest is in Alberta.

We carried on and arrived at Vegreville, Alberta at 3:24 PM. We pulled right into the Elks Campground as soon as we entered the town or city whatever it is. Glenn and I got out and had a look. He chose his site and the site I planned was not a site at all so I carried on and pulled into the same site 16 that I was in the last time we were here. This is where I hooked one of Marshmallows mud flaps

and tore it off on a tree stump. That stump is now flat to the ground. I blessed it well but someone else must have hooked it and flattened it well. Robin and a couple of friends fixed the mud flap for me when I got to his home in Cayley, Alberta.

As soon as we were settled Joan and Glenn took off shopping. When they came back I told Joan I did not think we had electricity, the only thing one can get here. The dump station is across the railroad tracks that run through the campground. I had to wonder if I would hear a train if one went through during the night. Once Joan confirmed there was no electricity she switched the electrical plug from site 16 to site 17 and then we had electricity and I noted this on the registration form.

Glenn could not get the materiel he wanted to fix his awning. Joan managed to get some fresh fruit while out and about.

It was very warm while Joan got supper ready at 5 PM.

The mileage for the day Jansen, Saskatchewan to Vegreville, Alberta = **614 kilometres**

It is near impossible to keep it less than nearly 600 kilometres per day.

Just before supper another camper stopped by whose home was Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I asked him if he knew anything about the radio station that was at Dafoe, Saskatchewan. He said he was 72 years old and had heard of the station. He said he knew a guy who would know something about it, I gave him one of my cards and he said he would notify him and felt he would contact me.

Glenn and Gail were over and had supper with us at our picnic table. Joan had some nice Bar-B-Que chicken breasts; Peas, potatoes, tomatoes and cucumbers. It was a great meal. We had it cleaned up and I phoned Jim Klassen and got instructions on how to find Westlock, Alberta.

Jim is from Saskatchewan and joined the navy around the same time as I did. He and I went through basic radio training together and then

did a two year posting to the naval radio station outside Moncton, New Brunswick named HMCS Coverdale. It will be good to have a quick visit with him. We had a meal together at Denny's in Okotoks last year when I was out here. Jim was stationed with the navy at HMCS Inuvik while I was operating the airport radio station. That was the last time we were together while working.

It was a beautiful hot sunny day and a beautiful hot sunny evening. It was still warm with the windows and vents open as the sun set at 7:40 PM.

We closed all the windows and vents except the skylight above our bed and we were in bed by 8:20 PM.

Tuesday September 12th, 2017, Elks Campground, Vegreville, Alberta

I not only heard but felt the train coming through the campground at 12:30 AM. I was in the sand box on a nature call. It was the only train during the night and it was as though someone in the forward engine threw a switch and it transmitted short uniform bursts on its whistle as it approached the road crossing the tracks a short distance from our trailer. It was a long one. The cars rumbled past for quite some time. I did not hear a bell and maybe trains no longer have them. Robert tells me the trains in the United Kingdom do not have bells.

It remained warm all night. I closed the skylight above our bed when I got up at 5 AM. It was 70F in the trailer at that time and I did not turn the propane furnace on. I had breakfast at 5 AM and got that over with.

We were up the final time at 7:15 AM and Joan put the propane furnace on and warmed things up a bit. Shave, showers, and so on got our day underway and ready to leave.

Two trains went past the campground as we were getting ready, one

going east and the other west. The one going west stopped for ten or fifteen minutes. He had the crossing lights flashing to the west and the crossing blocked. He stopped with the last car just west of the crossing behind us but it kept the signal lights flashing. This train was using hand sent signals and I have a feeling a couple of those little short blasts were for his wife, telling her he was back and ready for breakfast. This was just my guesstimate mind you.





This is a train passing through the campground just to the right of our trailer in the above photograph. Yes, they were noisy and for some unknown reason the cars are noisier than the engines.

We departed the Vegreville campground at 9:30 AM with a sunny hazy day at 12C. We drove to Clyde, Alberta and stopped for diesel and DEF at 11:33 AM. Glenn waited until I got clear of the pump and then he went in and topped up. We departed Clyde at 11:55 AM, sunny and the temperature 14C. We arrived at Westlock, Alberta at 12:05 PM and the temperature at 14C. We parked in a business section with some large trucks ahead of us, Tim Hortons, Ramada Inn, Independent Grocery, Fountaine Tire, and so on. I phoned Jim and he said he would be right over. I told him we were headed for the grocery to create some inflation. Joan, Glenn and I walked to the grocery and Jim found us there. We purchased a few things and while Joan and Glenn shopped Jim and I went down and looked over

the campground. We felt Glenn could get in site 13 okay and I could back into site 6. I went and paid for both sites then Jim and I went back to the grocery.



This is a couple of old navy "S" rates of many years ago.

I decided to take the trailer to Fountaine Tire and have her tires and air bags checked for pressure. All pressures were fine and the guy did not want anything but I insisted he take \$5.00 for a coffee. Jim and I had a chat with the two guys working there then I took the truck and trailer around the building and back to the grocery parking lot. We left the parking lot at 2:30 PM and Glenn followed me to the campground. We got set-up with little trouble. Glenn removed one of the awnings off his motorhome that had been giving some trouble.

Jim and I went to MacDonalds and met Eric Moron. We then came back to the campground and Fern came over as well. Joan made Jim and me a sandwich, we had coffee and Fern and Joan had tea. We all had a cookie or two. After that Jim and I went back to MacDonalds and met Eric again. Eric was a former navy sonar man and then sailed in merchant ships and was an engineer at one point. He could tell some good stories. At 5:30 PM Fern picked up Joan and Jim and I picked up Glenn and we went out for supper. It was a great meal and great conversation. It all brought back many memories. We finally came home at 7:45 PM as it was getting dark.

Mileage for the day Vegreville to Westlock = **186 kilometres**

It was a nice easy drive on very nice roads and most of it had nice wide shoulders. I remember years ago driving out here the trucks would pull over on the shoulder and let you pass. I have yet to see that out here this trip.

There is a train track in back of us here at this campground.

We went to bed around 9:30 PM.

Wednesday September 13th, 2017, Rotary Campground, Westlock, Alberta

The only time I was up was at 5 AM and I had breakfast and got that over with. Neither Joan nor I heard a train all night so I guess there was none that went through Westlock on that night. The only train was one heading east when we set-up in here last evening.



I am certain Joan and Glenn expected me to uproot a couple of trees backing Marshmellow and his wagon in this tight spot but I fooled them; it was a tight fit but I made out fine. A fence across the back prevented one from coming in the other way.

One could hear rain on the trailer roof at 5 AM but I am not sure if it was raining or if it was the leaves dripping from rain.

It was slightly cool at 5 AM with the interior trailer temperature at 67F.

We went back to bed and got up at 7 AM when it was raining pretty well although I find rain sounds worse in the trailer than it actually is.

Joan contacted Gail and Jim and said we were waiting awhile to see what the rain was going to do.

Glenn came in for a while and we looked at some photographs on this lap-top. I did not realize there were so many photographs on here and a lot were taken out west here six years ago.

Jim and Fern picked up Joan, Glenn and I and we went to JD's Roadside Cafe across the street for breakfast. We had another great visit and made them promise to come visit us next summer.

When we came back the rain had stopped pretty well and we got out and about and broke camp and departed Westlock at 11:05 AM.



We took highway 18 to Barrhead and then highway 22 until it joined up with highway 16. We then proceeded to Edson on highway 16. I no longer recognize the country. There is nothing that I remember from living in Edson 50 years ago. Highway 43 up to Whitecourt, Alberta is now a four lane highway. When I crossed it I felt it was 16 and turned back. Finally I grabbed the map and realized I was wrong

and we kept on highway 22 to 16 and so on.

The temperature was 8C when we left Westlock and went down to 5C at one point and it was up to 6C on arrival at the KOA campground in Hinton.

We arrived at Edson at 6C at 1:52 PM and we both topped up our fuel tanks and departed at 2:05 PM. That place is confusing today but we made it okay.

We kept on trucking and arrived at the KOA campground at Hinton, Alberta at 3:21 PM and 6C.

Mileage for the day Westlock to Hinton: **335 kilometres**

This was a nice drive in rain, sun, more rain and more sun. Oh well, we did not hit snow and it snowed most of the morning at Hinton. There was no snow on the mountains around Hinton yesterday but there is plenty now. There was no rain, snow or sun; just overcast when I set-up things on site 44. There are quite a few units in this campground and a very pleasant old boy showed us to our site. There were actually two guys showing us in. We followed them in while they were driving golf carts.



We were over and had supper with Glenn and Gail who were in site 14 on the other side of the campground. We arrived back at our trailer at 6:45 PM.



The clouds were hanging around and blocking the view of the mountains but once in a while the clouds would move aside and let one see a bit of the mountains at least.

Joan has the electric blanket on the bed and we went and tried it out at 8:30 PM.

Thursday September 14th, 2017, KOA Hinton, Alberta

The blanket worked the finest kind, that and the little electric heater made the trailer nice and cozy. I was up at 1:40 AM and again at 6 AM for the day. You do not hear a thing in this campground. This site was so level we did not have to make any adjustments to the trailer when setting up. It was expensive at \$50.00 for the night.

It was dark and foggy at 6 AM and no sign of daylight. There has been some sign of daylight at the previous campgrounds at this time so we must be at a different area, latitude, maybe longitude or something than we have been at this hour.

We got around and on the road at 8:52 AM. Joan and I went down across the little bridge and waited for Glenn and Gail. They came right along and we were off.

We had to scrape ice off our windshields with the temperature at 0C. The fog or real low cloud just would not let up. A shame they could not have a nice sunny day in order to see the mountains.



There were very few signs and one hardly knew where they were. They kept stating gas at so many miles. The gas was at

Saskatchewan River Crossing. There was such a mob of people and vehicles there I did not try and get in. If I had I would still be there likely and I doubt they had diesel. We all have been teasing Joan so bad about running out of diesel she is gun shy and did not like the idea of me not stopping.



Columbia Icefields

We kept coming along until 11:22 AM when we stopped at the Columbia Icefields and the temperature had climbed to the dizzy heights of 1C. We spent six minutes at the icefields and then carried on.

The road was covered in traffic and the people at each site were unreal. Why so many at this date and time is beyond me. It was

probably because it was Canada's 150th birthday and Parks Canada was issuing free passes for this event.



Coming down one long hill we pulled over so Glenn could walk back and get some photographs of a nice waterfall.

I had been gearing the truck down on the long steep hills but this one was a bit much for the trailer brakes. They started to smoke, were hot and stunk the high heavens. We stopped at 11:40 AM and waited 15 minutes to let them cool off. While we were waiting a car pulled over in front of me so I went and had a chat with the man driving it. He was a tourist from Birmingham England. There was also an overabundance of tour buses and a lot of people who appeared oriental, at least from that area of the world.



We pulled over for more photographs of the mountains at 11:55 AM and did it in 3 minutes leaving at 11:58 AM.



Glenn asked if we were going way down there on that road. I said yes, and if it is too slow for you go over that rail and you will get there a lot faster. He was eating a cookie and I said he would have lots of time to finish his cookie before he landed.

We had to stop at 12:17 PM and wait until 12:34 PM for men scaling the rock walls along that section of road to make sure nothing was planning to fall down on the highway. This was in the area of Rampart Creek; at least that is what the road sign called the creek if you are trying to decipher this foolishness with a map.



Bow Lakes, Alberta

We were getting down on diesel fuel at Lake Louise and pulled into a set of pumps that were more than busy. Vehicles lined up all over the place. Seeing no diesel pump on the front lines I assumed it was around at the back as it often is. Not paying close attention to detail I ran the left trailer wheels over a small cement casing protecting a stupid flower patch. Yep, that done did it and I ruined a tire. I went into their office and asked about the diesel and was told the Husky station through the four ways stop sold it. The park is federal Canadian Government and having spent a lifetime with that organization this Banff area is true to form. No advertising and very few signs. Anyway, I dragged my trailer over to the Husky station, phoned the Canadian Automobile Association and they sent a tow

truck to change the tire for me. This trailer is 12 years old and that is the first flat we have had with it. The tow truck had to use two jacks and do a few funny moves to get the wheel high enough to change. One thing is for certain I have neither the jacks nor know how to change a tire on this trailer. A good lesson although expensive. We went into the station without diesel at 1:51 PM and got out of the Husky station wearing my spare tire at 3:33 PM.



This is where we waited for the CAA tow truck to change the tire for us.

Glenn and Gail went on ahead and found us a campground. They were in site 801 and we were in site 804 at the Tunnel Mountain Campground just on the edge of the town of Banff.



Mileage for the day Hinton to Banff: **376 kilometres.**

IF there had been no low cloud, IF there had been some wild animals about, we saw one bull Elk and one Squirrel only and IF there had been less people it would have been a perfect day. The children are back in school now and we felt there would be few people out and about. Mind you, this whole area has grown tremendously since the last time we were around here. We missed the town of Jasper completely and did not realize it until it was too late to turn back. How we managed that is beyond me.

We arrived at the campground at 4:36 PM and were soon set up and Joan and I ate alone in our trailer. The temperature was 6C and a bit chilly but the furnace and heater soon cured that in the trailer. After supper Joan went over to Glenn and Gail's while I typed up this

mess.

We called it a day and went to bed at 8:30 PM.

Friday September 15th, 2017, Tunnel Mountain Campground, Banff, Alberta

I was up at 1:40 AM and again at 4:10 AM when I had breakfast and got that over with. I was up at 6:50 AM for the day and Joan had already had her shower and was nearly ready to go. I had a shave and shower. While puttering around here the trailer tripped a couple of her AC breakers for no reason I can think of. It is quite damp in the trailer and it is raining again and maybe some moisture got in her “innards”. Anyway, now we know it is possible; we received the first flat and first of tripping AC power in 12 years. This will be a trip of firsts at the rate we are going. It was 8:20 AM when I restored the AC and Joan came back from a visit with Glenn shortly after.

We got ready and were on the road at 9:29 AM and what a miserable morning. It was snowing and cold. I had my winter parka on and needed it. The truck said it was 2C.

We got twisted around and had to turn in front of the office of another campground. Heavy snow mixed with rain. We went through the town of Canmore, Alberta but could not find a Tire Store. The visibility was poor so I said to heck with it.

You know the mountains in this area must be worn out by the millions and millions of photographs taken of them every day. It must be like the old fellow in the liars club who stated his grandfather clock was so old it had a half inch groove worn in it from the shadow of the pendulum swinging back and forth.

We kept going on highway 1, the Trans Canada, right into the city of Calgary down 16th Avenue where it meets the Deerfoot Trail that is highway 2 south.

There was lots of traffic as usual but we had no trouble and Glenn

kept up very well. Glenn later thanked us for this trip claiming he felt Calgary consisted of a barber shop with a hitching post and one horse tied to the hitching post. He claimed he did not realize the city was so big.

We stuck with the Deerfoot Trail to High River. Glenn said Canadian Tire should have a trailer tire. Canadian Tire in Halifax does not have them but to keep peace in the family I pulled into Canadian Tire to learn they did not have them in High River. Glenn followed me in and it was tight going for him to get turned and out of the Canadian Tire parking lot.

The girl at Canadian Tire told me about the tire store behind the Esso station. I knew it was there but this old brain is baked and I had forgotten it. I went in there and he said he had one but would be a couple of hours before he could look after me. I gave him the rim with the damaged tire and then went across the alley, it is hardly a street, topped up the diesel tank, and stuck the truck and trailer into Bay three of their wash rack and washed both truck and trailer while waiting.

A car wash is like a bank. It will clean your vehicle if it is clean and a bank will lend you money if you do not need it. Oh well, old Marshmallow and his Wagon appreciated the lick and promise if nothing else. He did look better thanks to Joan Feener's truck wash and wax before we left Nova Scotia.

From the car wash I went back to the tire store and had a new Road Runner trailer tire put on. The first I had heard of that make but it is a good looking tire and probably from China like most tires and everything else these days.

I finally got to the George Lane Campground, High River, Alberta at 5:44 PM. Joan had gone with Glenn and Gail at Canadian Tire and they were set up already in site 3. We backed in with no trouble in site 2. Joan had phoned from Banff and had this arranged. Glad she did.



The weather cleared as we came out of the mountains and proceeded towards Calgary. It was overcast after that with very few drops of rain as I took some photographs of this set up.

Mileage Banff to High River: **198 kilometres**

This was a very miserable drive at the beginning but not bad as we neared Calgary.



Joan claims she likes this site out next to the office because she can look around and down the road.

Jeff, Jodi and Benjamin arrived around 5 PM and we all went to Smittys for supper; Jeff and I in his pickup, Joan and Glenn with Jodi and Benjamin. Benjamin is quite the boy and getting tall for a 2-1/2 year old. He is a lot of fun.

We arrived home at 7:10 PM. It was cool and we were making good use of the propane furnace.

There are a lot of squirrels around the park. Benjamin and I tried feeding those peanuts but they were gone by the time we got outside. I left some peanuts lying about and maybe when the squirrels find them they will spend more time around our trailer; and just maybe a few will be around and stay around on Benjamin's next visit.

It was getting dark by 7:52 PM.
We were in bed by 8:45 PM.



This is a squirrel sampling our peanuts at the trailer back door.

Saturday September 16th, 2017, George Lane Campground, High River, Alberta

We were awake a couple of times during the night but did not get up. It was very quiet in this campground. One does not hear a thing. There was no train through High River anymore. The flood that flooded the town a few years ago washed out the railroad bridge and they closed the line and did not rebuild the bridge.

I was up at 6:30 AM and got breakfast over with and went back to

bed. It was so nice to not have to drive today. I was up shaved and showered and my day underway at 9:30 AM. It was a beautiful sunny morning.

I was out and put up the HF antenna. I had a hard time getting the bottom on its bolts. I finally stood it up and pushed the bottom two on first and found it easier. The first time I have had that much trouble. Dick VE1AI told me the bands were horrible before I left Nova Scotia. He was right on that. I heard a couple of high powered American stations trying to work a contest of some description and they were not having much luck.



This is our son Jeffrey and our grandson Benjamin sitting on the futon in the trailer.

Joan and Gail left for the laundromat at 11:10 AM with

Marshmallow.

I went out and took a few pictures right after and found Glenn out wandering about. He and I chatted for ten minutes and I came back in.

I had a receiver on 20-meters but nothing but static.

Glenn came in with two of last night's left-over pizzas so we nuked a couple of pieces and called it lunch. He left with the pizzas at 1:05 PM and the girls were still at the laundromat. They had a good pile of laundry each so it took some time. This being Saturday they were lucky to get to use the laundromat. It is a busy spot on a Saturday.

I walked over to the bank to get some money to learn the bank does not open on Saturday. They are still on the old fashioned system and it is good to see.

Joan, Glen and I jumped in old Marshmallow at 3:45 PM and went over to Jeff and Jodi's in Okotoks. We went via Joan's GPS and managed to get mixed up a couple of times. What happened to the good old days with a map? We did not seem to have trouble that way.

We had a great supper with Jeff, Jodi and Benjamin. Benjamin put on quite a performance and it is amazing the energy of a 2 year old. I was tired out just watching him.

When we left Jeff led us over to the Wal-Mart Store and we went in and created a little inflation. We arrived back at the trailer at 8:45 PM. The truck's thermometer was telling us it was 8C. There was cloud around at sunset but a good looking sunset it was.

We are improving I do believe we did not go to bed until 10 PM.

Sunday September 17th, 2017, George Lane Campground, High River, Alberta

We were up for the day at 8:45 AM to a nice sunny morning but cool. It was below 50F in the trailer.

The trailer has two 30-pound propane tanks. I switched them around this morning so the one with the least amount of propane is the one on the front and easiest to get at.

There are a lot of squirrels around this campground and I have been putting peanuts on a tree stump behind the trailer. I now have at least one coming and hope to get more so that Benjamin will see squirrels on his next visit. He gets excited about the squirrels like any 2-year old.

Joan, Glenn and I went to see the location of the RV Centre we had seen coming in here. Then we went to Canadian Tire and the Co-Op and arrived back at the trailer about 10:30 AM.



*Cookie Please Grammie
Benjamin at the table in the trailer*

Jeff, Jodi and Benjamin arrived shortly after that. Benjamin and I put peanuts out for the squirrels. I had a squirrel take some nuts off the tree stump behind here and was hoping he would come while Benjamin was here.

Rick and Logan arrived shortly after noon. The nuts disappeared but Jodi said they moved them and not the squirrels. There was so much going on it was hard to keep track of things. Jeff, Jodi and Benjamin went home about 2 PM. Glenn, Gail, Rick, Logan, Joan and I sat around the picnic table and visited. Glenn, Rick, Logan and I went walking around the town and visited the museum. There was a lot on W. O. Mitchell a famous Canadian author from High River in the museum. It was quite interesting. We then walked back to the trailer and visited some more.

Around 4:30 PM, Joan, Logan, Rick and I went looking for a restaurant. Rick had one on his cell phone but it was closed when we got there. We settled on a Chinese food place and had supper. We got back to the trailer around 6:30 PM and Rick and Logan left for home. It was a great visit with those two. Rick is my Brother Dick's oldest son and of course Logan is Dick's grandson. Logan is a great hockey player for his age.

Joan played with her iPod and chatted with some of those back home. I typed this and played solitaire on this machine.

We went to bed about 8:30 PM.

Monday September 18th, 2017, George Lane Campground, High River, Alberta

We were up and had breakfast at 7 AM and I went back to bed for an hour got up and got my day underway.

Glenn, Joan and I went over to the new RV place to see if they would clean our furnace. This is a typical set-up for this area. They only service what they sell but gave us a list of five names that will

service so had one coming tomorrow.

We then went to look at the campground in Okotoks and could not find it so went to Jeff's and only he was home. He took us down to the campground and the office was closed. We drove around a bit and Jeff went home. We came back to the trailer at 1 PM and had a grilled cheese sandwich.

Gail contacted the Okotoks campground and we cannot get in so I went over and paid for this site until Wednesday morning. I then phoned the furnace repair man and he will be here at 1 PM tomorrow.

It was an overcast cool day with the temperature at 16C.

Joan and I went to Jeff and Jodi's for supper. We arrived at 4:30 PM and no one was home. Jeff came home from a bike ride a few minutes later. Jodi and Benjamin arrived around 5 PM. Benjamin had been sick at day care and had to be taken out early. He will not go to day care tomorrow but Jeff is off and will look after him.

We stopped for a map of Okotoks on the way home and arrived home at 8:20 PM. The Esso station did not have a map of Okotoks but we got one at Canadian Tire of all the small places within Southern Alberta.

It was still a cool evening at 16C with a nice sunset.

We went to bed at 9:30 PM.

Tuesday September 19th, 2017, George Lane Campground, High River, Alberta

We were up at 7:30 AM and Joan was already up and had the trailer warmed to 65F.

I'm giving up on ham radio. I've had the navy coast guard 40-meter net on since coming here and have not heard a thing. I went down on the TPN (Trans Provincial Net) on 40-meters and nothing there. 7245 kilohertz is the navy coast guard frequency and 7055 kilohertz

is the TPN and there was nothing in between nor above or below. There was just nothing on 40-meters and very little on 20-meters. It was hardly worth going to the trouble of raising the HF antenna.



This is Marshmallow's wagon with the HF antenna up between the two back windows.

At 9 AM I tuned each band, 80, 40 and 20 meters and heard nothing that was radiotelegraph or phone. The 40-meter band has some local interference that sounds like a horse clip-clopping along the band. This is completely unreal.

At 9:30 AM I went over to the office and moved the truck over next to it to make room for the furnace technician.

After that I went over to get a haircut. The old barber was so busy he was taking appointments to 3 PM. I got to talking to someone who had been up to the Yukon ten years after I was there. When I came

back to the trailer, Jeff and Benjamin were here. We went for a walk with their two dogs.

This was a beautiful sunny cool morning.

We had a great time. Jeff, Joan and Benjamin went to A & W and brought back burgers for lunch.

Benjamin started to wilt badly and Jeff took him home about 1 PM for a nap.

I swung around the bottom end of 20-meters for a while after Jeff left. I was finally hearing signals. I tried to work AE0SL who was transmitting a CQ call. He did not hear me. I heard no one else trying to contact him and he did not try and answer anyone. Then there were the usual one call sign K calls indicating they were working some DX cross frequency. I did not try and learn the station they were trying to work. So, I finally heard some amateur radio activity.

The furnace technician arrived about 2:40 PM. Our propane furnace is full of mud flies according to him and the best way would be a new furnace. The furnace alone would be \$1,160.00 with the cost of installation on top of that. It works so we are going to run home with it and I hope to get Winston to clean up the furnace, install some forward stability jacks, go over the brakes and anything else he might feel needs attention.

After the technician left Joan and I headed for Okotoks for supper with Gord and Betty. We got mixed up as usual but only waited about five minutes at Wal-Mart when Gord showed up to guide the way to his Condo. He was rather worried that he was late. We had a great home cooked supper and lots of laughs. It was good to see them because it had been a couple of years. Gord and I operated Halifax Coast Guard Radio VCS and he also sailed in a number of ships as radio officer. It was nearly pitch dark when we arrived back at the trailer at 8:15 PM.



*Spud VE1BC, Betty VE1BTY and Gord VE1VCS
th*

September 19 , 2017, Okotoks, Alberta

It took several minutes for the propane furnace to bring the temperature up to 70F and it did not pop as it has done the past few days.

We were in bed at 9:30 PM.

Wednesday September 20th, 2017, George Lane Campground, High River, Alberta

We were up and had breakfast at 4:45 AM and it was cool. The temperature was 42F and it took the propane furnace awhile to bring the temperature up above 60F. This is definitely too late in the year

to be making this trip. It should have been made back in July and August. I went back to bed and was up at 8 AM. It was overcast and felt like a winter day. Joan had the heat in the trailer up to 70F.

Benjamin is still sick and had a doctor's appointment at 10:45 AM. Joan and I went in to Wal-Mart and created a little inflation; mostly new mats for the trailer. The others were showing their age. We then went to Jeff's and waited for him and Benjamin to get home. Jeff gave us the code for the garage and the location of the key so we could get in. Neither dog made a sound as we entered the house and both were glad to see us. Even the cat was happy to see us.

Jeff brought home a chicken dinner for lunch that was excellent. Poor Benjamin is on antibiotics and looked very tired after lunch so went to bed for an afternoon nap.

We visited with Jeff for a while then came back to the trailer. I dismantled the HF antenna and then went and filled our two water jugs so we at least have that much water. Joan had to cut one mat to fit and I helped her with that. The new mats sure look better.

We had all this completed by 3 PM and the temperature was 8C. It was a rather cool overcast day.

Glenn had the motorhome over to the dump station, while we were at Jeff's and backed into one of those many heavy duty posts they have around this place and did a real number on the stern of the motorhome. One assumes the posts are to keep people off the little lousy grass around the place. We trust the one whose idea this is gets the stern knocked off his motorhome. It could not happen to a nicer guy.



The damage to Glenn's motorhome

Joan and I left for Chill's Texas Grill, 180-437 130 Avenue SE Calgary at 3:30 PM and arrived there at 4:15 PM. We had little trouble finding it after Joan and Gail had brought it up on Gail's computer. In other words, we did not use the GPS. That thing seems to get us into more trouble than we need or want. We walked to Staples and I bought a 64G Lexar Memory Stick in order to record this mess (maybe history) of this trip. When we got back to our truck behind Chill's Donna and Nicole drove in and we went in the Grill together. It was one great dinner and so good to see everyone. There were ten of us total; Robin, Ramona, Rick, Logan, Donna, Nicole, Brittany, Cody, Joan and I.



After the dinner Joan and I went directly to Jeff's arriving around 8 PM. We had a good visit with Jeff, Jodi and Benjamin but poor Benjamin was really sick. He was hot and sweaty but we held him for a few photographs. After that visit Joan and I left for the trailer. We stopped at the Esso station in High River and topped up the diesel tank. We arrived at the trailer at 9:30 PM as it started to rain. We were in bed at 10:15 PM after a chat with Bill, VE6YXH. Bill wants me on 2-meters when in range. We will have to find some batteries in the meantime.

Thursday September 21st, 2017, George Lane Campground, High River, Alberta

We were up and had breakfast over with at 4:30 AM and got up again for the day 7:35 AM. Joan was up at 7 AM.

We heard a few rain showers during the night but it was overcast at 7:35 AM. Joan had just seen three deer in the park but too far off to get a photograph.

We now had to get around, get some batteries and get on the road.

I went to Sobeys and got three packs of batteries and 2-litres of milk and came right back to the trailer and started breaking camp. We went to the dump station and drained all the tanks and filled the fresh water tank. We were on the road at 10:09 AM in light rain with a temperature of 2C. Rather cold and miserable. We drove to a roadside pull out west of Brooks, Alberta, and took a ten minute break.

We carried on down the road and it turned sunny around Brooks and was a nice day but windy and cold.

Bill met us just west of Redcliff and we followed him into the Redcliff campground at 1:42 PM.

We backed into site 8 and Glen and Gail drove into site 6.

Joan and I went with Bill to their home in Medicine Hat. We had a great lunch and Don and Carol came over and we had a great visit with one and all.

I was transferred from Yellowknife to Inuvik, North West Territories in 1966 as a radio operator at the radio station of the Inuvik Airport. Bill joined us as a radio operator a few months after that and he, Betty, Joan and I have been good friends since. Don was an old time radio operator on a number of northern radio stations and was a radio operator at the radio station at the Medicine Hat Airport. Don and Carol are good friends of Bill and Betty and have been rather close to Joan and me for some years.

Getting back to this day's events; Bill and Betty brought Joan and I back to the trailer around 6 PM. We have a 15 amp service only and had a hell of a time to keep it on. I turned the electric hot water off

and we used the smaller or old electric heater. The microwave works and so on.

Betty and Bill remained and visited. Bill played with my 2-meter rig that is mounted in the trailer and we had another good visit.



Bill VE6YXH, Joan and Betty

Betty installed those butterflies on the wall above Bill several years ago when the trailer was nearly new. One would miss them if they were no longer there. Betty and Bill left for home at 8 PM. Joan and I had a toasted tomato sandwich. The toaster worked. Joan contacted Gail and they are having power trouble as well. This campground was the pits this trip and hardly worth the fee. We do not remember any trouble on our previous visits.

It was 9C on arrival Redcliff and managed to get progressively colder as the evening and night wore on.

Mileage for the day High River to Redcliff = **309 kilometres**

We were in bed at 9 PM.

Friday September 22nd, 2017, Redcliff Campground, Redcliff, Alberta

We were up at 6:25 AM and found the propane tank empty. So I had to rig up and go out and change tanks. We got around and got ready and left at 9:05 AM. Joan phoned Bill and Betty too soon and they waited while I dumped tanks and took on a tank of fresh water. We went to the Esso Truck Stop for breakfast arriving at 9:13 AM. Joan, Betty, Bill, Glenn and I had a great breakfast. I paid the bill and went and fuelled the truck. I took the truck and trailer back to the parking lot and Glenn fuelled the motorhome. While he did that I went back into the truck stop and visited. When Glenn moved to the parking lot we went out and left at 10:19 AM.



The gang as we were leaving the Esso Truck Stop, Medicine Hat, Alberta

It was overcast and cool at 4C and it also spitted a little rain now and then. It was not a pleasant day.

We drove until we reached the Saskatchewan border at 11:04 AM and took a few photographs. They had the road blocked so we could not get down to the actual border sign. We were there 3 minutes leaving at 11:07 AM.



We drove to Morse arriving at 1:24 PM making a fuel stop. We were unable to fill our empty propane bottle. We departed Morse at 1:40 PM and continued on Trans-Canada Highway One a highway that starts at Banff, Alberta and continues on to the Ontario border. When we reached Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan Joan was having a hard time trying to find a campground. The one we had used for a number of years was closed for the season. Joan asked Glenn and Gail if they wanted to go first and see if they had better luck. Gail chose Buffalo Pound 23 kilometres off the Trans-Canada Highway, a provincial park. We made it and got lost. Glenn got turned around and went back to the office and got squared away. He is in V10 and we are in V24. We had full hook ups, it was nice and quiet with the exception of the odd Snowbird going over. A snowbird is a young Canadian Air

Force Pilot flying a Tudor Jet. It is the Canadian Flying Ambassadors who appear in a multitude of fly pasts over the years. Their Moose Jaw training base was nearby or just over the hill. There was a nice big swimming pool not far from our trailer but it had been drained for the season. There was one other trailer in the park camping besides our units. There was another trailer parked here as though stored here.



We arrived at our camping sites at 3:13 PM; the temperature was 8C and still overcast with the odd drip of rain.
Mileage Redcliff to Buffalo Pound = **439 kilometres**



This could be a red headed double breasted bed shaker but I am leaning more towards an elk that Joan captured in this photograph. There were signs at most campsites warning against feeding the wild animals. No Glenn, you cannot take home a bear as a souvenir!

A pickup with small trailer came in and camped across from us at 5:40 PM. A van was with the pickup.

Shortly after this pickup and van drove in Gail texted Joan and told her there were some wild animals in view from their motorhome. Joan grabbed the camera, her coat and umbrella to get a few pictures.

There were two white tail deer munching away on a couple of well-trimmed lawns in the town of Redcliff when we drove by. Bill was telling us there were a lot of them around this year and he had them

on his lawn in one of the busiest sections of Medicine Hat.

Joan came back at 6:15 PM with a few photographs of what appears to be an elk, or possibly mule deer off in the distance. Joan wanted back in the trailer before it got dark because there are signs around warning of wild animals especially wild cats. These signs appear on the printed matter one is given on arrival at Buffalo Pound.

It was pitch dark at 7:45 PM and without thinking I nuked a cup of coffee in the microwave while Joan had an electric heater operating. It all did well and did not pop a circuit breaker until my coffee was hot. Then of course I had to rig up go out in the dark and check the campground circuit breaker on the 30 Amp service. It was okay. So then I had to check the trailer AC circuit breakers. Yep, that was it but I must admit they did a beautiful job and waited until my coffee was hot before popping. This is the joys of living in a recreational vehicle known as a 5th wheel trailer. One lives and learns continually especially when ones wife of many years reminds them of their stupidity in no uncertain terms.

We had a bit of an uphill climb at this campground. The trailer sat level athwart ships, side to side, but was up a bit in the bow or front. The only way to correct for it was to unhook the truck. Camping the one night only meant this was a bit more work than one wanted. We could have put a couple of planks under each set of wheels that I carry for that purpose. It would have helped but not eliminated the problem. So we climbed up hill and up the three steps to the bedroom. What the heck the exercise did not hurt us.

We went to bed at 9 PM.

Saturday September 23rd, 2017, Buffalo Pound (Moose Jaw)
Saskatchewan

I was up at 5:50 AM and got breakfast over with and then went back for another good snooze. I was up at 7:20 AM for the day. We got

around and broke camp and on the road at 8:30 AM with the sky overcast and a temperature of 6C.

We drove until we stopped at Indian Head, Saskatchewan at 10:38 AM. The sky was still overcast and the temperature climbed one degree to 7C. Gary Lemon grew up at Indian Head. His dad ran the grain elevator there. Gary was at Radio College with me and I have seen him once only since then. I try and stop at Indian Head every time I go by with hopes of learning his whereabouts. Last year one old fellow said he had heard of him but this year I found no one to even ask. The girl working at the fuel desk had been there two years only and did not have any desire to even know who he was.

We departed Indian Head at 11 AM and drove to the Manitoba Border.

Central Daylight Time

We took a few photographs of the border sign and left a few minutes later at 1:48 PM.



We continued driving, what else, to Brandon, Manitoba arriving at 3:06 PM with the sky still overcast and the temperature 12C. We topped up the diesel tank and departed at 3:18 PM. We had stopped at a truck stop and there are plenty of them on the roads around here. Last year I saw a David Brown truck with two 53 foot trailers I believe three times and as far west as Alberta. Rather odd looking with Cambridge Nova Scotia on them but I have yet to see one this trip. Maybe they have quit coming west. Dave and I went to school together and I remember his first truck his father bought him. Joan phoned the Creek Side campground at Brandon to tell them we were coming. They told us they would be closed on our way back but to phone and they would let us in. They were waiting for us at the gate, unlocked it and let us in. We have been in this campground

many times and this time we are in site 202 the site we were in the first two times we visited this campground. Like old home week but awful nice that they let us in. There are a few others in here for one reason or another.



Mileage for the day Buffalo Pound to Creek Side: **601 kilometres**

Another long day and we were quite tired.

I serviced Marshmallow as soon as we got set-up. He or his computer kept telling us he needed DEF – Diesel Exhaust Fluid. So we gave him a good jug. I have no idea how much the truck will hold but it has to be a lot. I filled the windshield washer bottle and checked the oil. Now we have a Happy Marshmallow ready for the next day.

Glenn Bar-B-Qued us each a steak, Joan fried the potatoe and supplied the cucumbers, Tomatoes and green peas. Gail supplied the salad and so on. It was one fantastic supper and we were hungry. We ate at the picnic table outside. It was nice, cool but nice. Supper was over at 6:15 PM and Joan went up to sit on the office veranda where she can get Wi-Fi and check her 26 emails. I typed this in a nice warm trailer.

The leaves have turned and are falling. Just yellows out here and no reds like New England and Nova Scotia.

Joan came running in at 7:45 PM. It was getting quite dark and she did not want to be caught in the bush when dark. The only known wild life around here is ducks and geese and an awful lot of them. They have not seen the turtles for some time. The Canada Geese must be getting ready to go south for the winter. There an awful lot of them here floating on the creek, on the beach with some flying and honking. A beautiful bird but they are dirty. No one wants them around and you cannot blame them.

Joan went over to Glenn's in site 203 for a few minutes when she came back from checking her emails. Joan came home at 8 PM and we went to bed at 8:30 PM.

Sunday September 24th, 2017, Creek Side, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba

We were up at 6:40 AM and got around and departed Creek Side at 9:20 AM. Glenn and Gail forgot to change their clocks and slept in. We went up and waited for them at the dumpsters. The owners unlocked and opened the gate for us and wished us all the best. A great bunch and we have camped with them at least four times over the years with a great campground.

It was one lousy day and rained all day. The temperature was 9C when we left Creek Side.

We drove to Morris, Manitoba, and stopped for fuel. We arrived at Morris at 11:02 AM and departed at 11:20 AM. The temperature was still 9C. Glenn topped up his fuel tank while we waited. We let Glenn go through U.S. Customs first thinking if he had trouble we would have to go back and go through Canada. He made it through okay although they did go through his motorhome.

We arrived at U.S. Customs Pembina, North Dakota at 11:51 AM and were in a good line of vehicles. We cleared customs okay and were back on the road at 12:05 PM. We had a girl customs officer who was quite pleasant.

We kept driving and arrived at McIntosh, Minnesota at 2:45 PM in a heavy rain shower and the temperature 15C. There was a town campground across from the service station but no one knew how one could get in it and did not know of another nearby. So we departed McIntosh at 3 PM with the temperature 15C and still raining.

We kept going and we all were getting quite tired and wanted to find a campground. Joan finally spotted a KOA at Bemidiji, Minnesota. There was a lot of traffic around us but I managed to get swung around and in to the KOA at 3:51 PM the temperature was 20C and it was quite nice after the past few days of much cooler temperatures.

Glenn was in site 10 and we were in site 9 sitting level with full hook-ups.



Mileage Creek Bank to Bemidji = **476 kilometres**

Glenn had problems with the electrical portion of the motorhome and worked on that as soon as we arrived.

Joan fried sausages and eggs outside on the picnic table for supper in the slight rain with her jacket and hood up. It was a great supper with toast on the five dollar toaster she purchased at a flea market years ago. Supper and the dishes were done by 7:15 PM.

We listened to some good singing from local Minnesota folks on the radio.

We called it a day and went to bed at 8:30 PM.

Monday September 25th, 2017, KOA Bemidji, Minnesota

Joan was up showered, dressed and had her day underway when she dug me out of bed at 7:30 AM. We got around and broke camp. My windshield washer that Paul installed was not working and Glenn soon found the problem and pushed the hose back on the pipe it had come off. I looked, and looked, but could not see anything. As a mechanic I make one hell of a good radio operator.

We departed the KOA at 9:19 AM, overcast with the odd drip of rain and the temperature 9C.

We drove to Swan River, Minnesota on highway 2 and stopped at 11:14 AM for fuel with the temperature at 10C and the occasional drip of rain.

We departed Swan River ten minutes later at 11:24 AM.

We went through Duluth, Minnesota and Superior, Wisconsin without a hitch but it was quite an experience. Superior had a multitude of detours on route 2 east that took us pretty well through the whole city including the back alleys. It is a rather pretty place and Roger Rivet used to say it was his favourite town from the one trip he made there years ago. There was one lake boat docked there but I was unable to get its name.

Unfortunately we failed to get a suitable photograph for this project.

We drove on to Cedar, Wisconsin and arrived at 2:21 PM, overcast and the temperature 18C. I could not get the diesel pump to accept my Canadian credit card in U.S. Funds and said to hell with it and pulled away from the pump and waited for Joan and Glenn.

We departed Cedar at 2:41 PM twenty minutes after our arrival.

We drove on to Ironwood, Wisconsin and stopped at 3:01 PM, overcast and the temperature two degrees lower at 16C. There I managed to get a tank of diesel from a friendly diesel pump and also get two small jugs of DEF – diesel exhaust fluid. We were at Ironwood for 12 minutes and departed at 3:13 PM. The gal in the

store said there was a popular campground at Wakefield, Michigan ten miles east. We could not remember the name and when we spotted the Alpine Campground we felt it may be it. We stopped at the Alpine Campground at 3:27 PM, overcast and the temperature 17C.



This was an experience. Apparently the old gal is a widow with enough junk in the office to sink a good size ship. She was a dog person and had not one, not two but three dogs. She told us what they were but I no longer remember. They were good sized small dogs and very friendly; one the mother of the other two. She felt rather sad when I said we would drive on and try and find another campground when she told us she could not accept visa or cheque

with us Canadians. Anyway, Joan dug around and found the U.S. Cash so we purchased two sites for the one night. She took us to each site via a golf cart and it was a whole lot of all right. Good grief, even old Wort took a real liking to her. It was a pleasant spot in among the trees. The sewer is on the correct side, but we had to share the water and electricity with the guy from New Jersey next to us, and on the wrong side for our trailer. What the heck it worked the finest kind. There was an 18 on the power box so that was probably the number of our site.



The mileage Bemidji to Bessemer = **438 kilometres**

This was a good days run and I was tired enough to call it a day.

Joan went to the office to operate her emails, forgot the password

and had to come back and get it.

Joan came home around 6 PM with a great helping of Gail's homemade spaghetti. It was good and we had supper over at 6:27 PM.

Joan went to do the dishes and found we had no hot water. We had checked the electric circuit breakers and they appeared to be all right. I tried to turn the electric hot water off and found the switch seized tight. I tried hard and even hit it with my pen; nothing. When I came back in the trailer Joan said that I had fixed it she could hear it heating. I guess I scared it into working. This trailer is now 12 years old and needs a good midlife refit. I will have to see what can be done.

It started raining hard at 7 PM.

We learned this evening that Jodi had received the new position that she and Jeff had been hoping she would get.

We called it a day and went to bed at 8:30 PM.

Tuesday September 26th, 2017 Alpine Campground, Bessemer, Michigan

We were up showered and on the road at 9:01 AM. I had breakfast at 4:30 AM and got that over with. We had been following route 2 across the three states and swung up on route 28 at Wakefield, Michigan. When we decided on this route I felt 28 would be an old rough highway but I was very wrong. It was a nice smooth road nothing to what I expected and it had quite a few double clutching, knee bending, and semi-trailer trucks on it loaded with everything. A few loaded with pulp wood. I expected something like the Trans-Canada Highway number one going east across Manitoba. That road was a mess last summer and still the same this year. I feel it is the heavy trucks that have beat it to pieces.

Eastern Daylight Time

We drove to Christmas, Michigan and stopped for fuel at 1:26 PM with a temperature of 20C. We passed the time change line a few miles before Christmas. We departed Christmas at 1:49 PM. Glenn did not take on fuel and simply waited for us.

We were driving along Lake Superior after Christmas and it looked like the ocean. It even had white waves beating the shore like the ocean.

We saw quite a few Canada Geese and two came out of the ditch, I swerved to miss them but they flew off just before I reached them. They claim Canada Geese mate for life and they always seem to travel in pairs. Apparently if you shoot one the other will spend its time calling for the other. It is no doubt true. It is a shame they are such a dirty bird and make a real mess of any place they camp for a few days.



We arrived at the duty free shop at the U.S. Border at 4:01 PM. We picked up a few duty free bottles, went across the bridge to Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada. We had another girl greet us as the border patrol officer; I believe that is what they are now called. She just wanted to know where we were from, if we had any guns and then was most interested in the trailer. It was a very pleasant crossing indeed. Glenn went in the other open lane and crossed ahead of us. The temperature at the border was 27C and overcast. It had been overcast all the way with the odd drip of rain. We departed the border crossing at 4:16 PM.

Glenn led the way now that we were back in his home province. Gail was busy trying to find a campground. She found one and phoned them several times to make certain we could get in. Several have

closed for the season already.

We stopped at Iron Bridge, Ontario for more fuel. Glenn at Shell and I had to go across the road to Esso. Shell had no diesel. We stopped at 6:05 PM. The temperature was 26C and we had sunny breaks. Joan actually had her sun glasses on for a while. They were foreign who ran the Esso but spoke good English. He pumped the diesel for me and I purchased another standard size container of DEF. We also had a discussion on the price of fuel across the country and I gave him my description of the Canadian provinces. They were nice people. We departed Iron Bridge at 6:17 PM. I had pulled across the road and waited for Glenn on the other side where there was room for me to wait with the four-way flashers flashing.

We carried on and drove to 6:57 PM when we arrived at the Serpent River, Campground at Spragge, Ontario. There was no sewer hook-up but I had the electrical connection and water connection as soon as I had the trailer level, the front jack down and the back stabilizing jacks down. The mosquitoes darn near ate me alive. Joan and Gail ordered a nice pizza and we ate it on the picnic table, I with my jacket on and zipped up tight. The mosquitoes did a nice job of my ankles and around my head. They sure like me and always have.



Mileage Bessemer to Spragge = **662 kilometres**

It was one long day. We all were beat.

I typed this after supper and Joan played with her iPod.

We went to bed at 9 PM.

Wednesday September 27th, 2017 Serpent River Campground,
Spragge, Ontario

We were up and about. We broke camp and went up to the dump station. The gate was down and he told us it would be open. A couple of blasts on old Marshmallows horn got some action. We went into the dump station. For the price it cost there should have been a dump station at each site, but we got dumped and Glenn dumped behind

me and we were off on the route 17 east at 9:20 AM. It was overcast after a heavy rain during the night and the temperature was 15C. Glenn said he was awake all night from the trucks going past. I did not hear a thing but was up at 4:30 AM and had breakfast over with. What a drive! The trucks, the traffic, the construction so on and so forth. It was a very tedious drive with lots of signal lights thrown in for good measure. We went to Sudbury via 17 east, then 69 south, then 400 south, then 7 east, then 35 south, then route 135 and over on country route 9. Most of 35 was a detour and God only knows where we were. There were some nice looking houses and cattle for scenery.

We reached Oromedonte, Ontario at 1:51 PM and stopped at an Esso station. We tried everything to get the diesel pump to work but it refused. Joan managed to get us each a good small coffee at least. So we went to the next Esso station and took on \$110.00 of diesel. I felt sorry for the girl at the first pump. She tried so hard.

We departed Oromedonte at 2:13 PM and continued on through the back country and arrived at Glenn's at 4:33 PM. I had Marshmallow backed in, up on three planks and electricity connected by 5 PM.

Mileage Serpent River to Kendal = **552 kilometres**

It sure felt like a lot more.

We had supper with Glenn and Gail in their house.

Joan's brother Paul arrived at 7:30 PM. Glenn had told us we had a head light burned out on Marshmallow. I did not realize it but Joan had texted Paul and told him. He had a light bulb on arrival and replaced the one in Marshmallow. Good grief one would have to see it to believe it. He had to remove the front of the truck in order to replace one lousy light bulb. No wonder Canadian Tire had charged me \$190.00 to replace one a couple of years ago. This modern world is something else. No wonder the old sea captain around Weymouth kept mumbling "this crazy, crazy, world she is going ashore".

After Marshmallow was happy and lit we went into Glenn and Gail's

and had coffee and a great visit. Paul left for home at 9:30 PM and Joan and I went into the trailer and went to bed. It was one busy tiring day and probably the most tiring day of all.

Thursday September 28th, 2017 Glenn's, Kendal, Ontario.

We were up twice during the night but finally got up at 8:15 AM and had breakfast.

It looked like it would be a sunny day. It was rather nice with the sun shining in the trailer.

My new tire I bought in High River was worn out when we landed here last evening. Glenn and I checked the air bag and it had 16 PSI. We blew it up to 88 PSI and checked it this morning and it is still up to 88 PSI so that is great.

We got around and departed at 11:08 AM after Glenn checked the spare tire and put 52 PSI in.

It was a beautiful sunny morning at 14C and oh, the traffic, the trucks, and the construction on highway 401. We missed the Newtonville 401 exit and I have no idea how. We are dumb I guess. Anyway, we managed the next one towards Toronto and were on highway 401 and rolling.

We arrived at Kingston, Ontario at 1:27 PM and topped up the diesel tank and then went down the street to the Rideau Acres Campground arriving at 1:34 PM with the temperature 16C as when we first arrived.

This site D3 could use some maintenance. The sewer is way too high and the water faucet is too close to the electrical panel, so close the knob has been busted off. Etc. The more you pay the poorer the site it seems. I will have to compare this when I get home but I believe this is the same site we were in a couple of years ago.



Mileage Kendal to Kingston = **212 kilometres**

This was a nice little drive.

Jack, VE9YC picked Joan and me up at the office at 3:55 PM and we drove over to his home on the other side of Kingston. Belinda arrived shortly after 5 PM and we three had a beautiful supper with Jack and Betty and spent a great evening visiting with one and all. Jack and Betty brought Joan and I home at 10 PM.



Jack and I served in the navy together way back in 1958. He has had many amateur radio call signs. He was VE8AB when we were together at Inuvik one time. Another time he phone patched me when we were living in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island via Stu VE1FX and at the time Jack was VO1JH at Gander, Newfoundland. Yes, we have bounced into each other many times over the years. Joan and I got ready and went to bed at 10:30 PM. Another very memorable day came to an end.

Friday September 29th, 2017 Rideau Acres, Kingston, Ontario

th

This would have been my Brother Dick's 77 birthday. RIP brother. Belinda is Dick's oldest daughter and we had a great visit with her last evening.

Joan and I got up and got around and departed at 9:17 AM, temperature 10C and a nice cool sunny fall morning.

We finally saw a David Brown rig; one of his trailers pulled by a red Eassons tractor heading west on the 401 highway at Iroquois, Ontario. Just after that we saw two Easson rigs, tractor and trailer. Then further east was two Easson Trailers, the first pulled with a dark green tractor and the other pulled with an off white tractor. They all were over in the west bound lane and we could see nothing or if anything was painted on the doors to indicate who owned the two tractors. It was good to see some rigs from back home.

We drove to Cornwall and crossed the U.S. Border at 11:23 AM, temperature 11C and still a nice sunny day. The border crossing was routine, the U.S. Customs/Immigration guy; maybe border guard simply checked the licence plates on both the truck and trailer. The first time anyone checked old Marshmallow's Wagon plate number. A routine crossing and he wished us a nice safe drive.

We continued on to Champlain, New York where we stopped for diesel, a break to get the stiffness out of my butt and the gal gave us each coffee for buying the diesel. We also bought a New York State Map that proved to be very useless. Then we got twisted around as always in that area and wasted a few minutes getting sorted out and on the right road. I seem to get twisted around every time I go through that area. One would think I would learn after a while.

We arrived at Champlain at 1:09 PM and left at 1:22 PM, the temperature was 13C and still a nice sunny day with sun glasses all the way.

We went across the bridge to Vermont and got on Interstate 89 south

bound for a nice drive. The interstate was crowded, lots of trucks and lots of construction or road work as they call it. The road appears so crowded it is obsolete. With so many trucks on the road continuously one has to wonder where the railroad trains find anything to haul. You get fed up with the trucks because few will give you a break. They just go steaming right on through as though they own the road and the rest do not exist or count – something like that.

We branched off on route 2 at Montpelier the state capital. We found the Onion River Campground at Plainfield, Vermont open and pulled in. The campground has new owners, a young guy and quite a character. He told us to help ourselves to the apples up on the hill. Joan asked him what kind they were and he said red ones. I said that would be right because the green ones are grown in South Africa and called Granny Smiths.



We arrived at 3:54 PM and the temperature was 14C.

Mileage Rideau Acres to Onion River = **496 kilometres**

Joking and carrying on and then trying several ways to get the trailer level and set-up we finally made it by 5 PM. Joan Bar-B-Qued some of the Canning meat shop hamburger and we had supper over with by 5:30 PM.

Joan and I went for a walk after supper just as the couple from Texas came in. A couple came in after supper in a van from Dallas, Texas on their way to Prince Edward Island. They had done quite a bit of traveling and we had quite a chat.

Joan and I called it a day and went to bed at 8:30 PM.

They were having some kind of community picnic in the campground on Saturday starting at 3 PM so we were long gone.

This was the reason for the large tent.



The Onion River Campground red apples

Saturday September 30th, 2017 Onion River Campground, Plainfield, Vermont

Joan and I got around. Broke camp and went down to the dump station. We had a chat with a couple of girls from Washington State up near the Canadian border. They went to the dump station behind us and planned to come to Maine and then fly home. They had their tickets already and were leaving the camper in Maine.

We got on the road at 9:20 AM in the rain and the temperature 7C.

We remained on good old route 2 that we have taken many times over the years. I believe it was more crooked and had more hills today than any time previous. At least it felt that way.

We drove to St. Johnsbury and stopped for diesel and coffee. We arrived at 9:58 AM and departed at 10:07 AM in the rain and a temperature of 8C. Not a heavy rain, just a mist that required the windshield wipers now and then.



This is Santa's Village at Jefferson, New Hampshire and we had our boys there on opening day one year years ago. They had a great time.

Our next stop was at Norridgewock, Maine for diesel. The sun was out, the sun glasses were on and the temperature was up to 13C. We left route 2 at Newport, Maine and got on interstate highway 95

North. This was a real pleasure and we were able to open up old Marshmallow and turn him loose up around an old Pierre Elliott Trudeau speed the equivalent of 75 U.S. Miles per hour. It felt real good after all the ups and downs in speed, the crooked road and hills of route 2.

Atlantic Daylight Time

We reached the good old Canadian border at Houlton, Maine at 5:46 PM. It was another routine crossing and the border guard, or whatever their official title today, simply checked Marshmallows licence plate number to make sure it was me, I reckon. It was sunny on arrival at 10C.

From the border we went to the Irving Big Stop and were thinking of spending the night camped among the trucks but there were so many trucks I said to heck with that. I topped up the diesel tank. We arrived at 6:11 PM and departed at 6:27 PM with the sun shining and temperature 10C. When I paid for the diesel I asked the girl on the counter if she knew of a campground. She said the Yogi Bear nearby was closed for the season and she was not sure about Cozy Corners, but told me it was down over the hill near the edge of the Saint John River.



Morning fog on the Saint John River

One of the girls in one of the trailers was looking after things and we were told to take any one of the empty spots we wanted. We chose number 3, hooked up the electricity and water after leveling the trailer. The sun was setting when I finished setting up around 7 PM. We arrived at 6:33 PM and it was raw cold at 10C.

Mileage Onion River to Cozy Corners = **594 kilometres**

It was a long tiring day. Joan cooked macaroni with hamburger for supper and it was delicious. We were hungry. Supper was over and the dishes were done at 8:15 PM. I managed to type this up and we were in bed at 9 PM.

Sunday October 1st, 2017 Cozy Corners Campground, Woodstock, New Brunswick

Joan and I were up and about and on the road at 9:12 AM to a nice sunny cool fall day with the temperature at 5C. It was very foggy when we got up but the sun managed to burn it off. The leaves are trying to turn to their fall colours and there are a few good ones. Joan tried to take a few photographs of them but it was a bit early.



The highway 2 east was good but a bit boring. There were a few trucks and a few Sunday drivers to contend with but we rolled right along.

We stopped at the Salisbury Big Stops. There is Irving, Ultramar and

Shell. We took the Shell this time and it was all right. We arrived at 11:36 AM and Joan bought us a hamburger and root beer at the local A & W while I pulled the rig in behind with two other large RV's and we ate in the trailer. It was a nice lunch. It was sunny and the temperature was up to 12C.

We had a very bad tire on the trailer, we were worn out from the trip and to contact Jim and Carol would have been too much. We will try to visit them some other time.

We left the Shell Big Stop at 12:14 PM. We came over the Wentworth toll highway and paid the \$5.25 toll.



The Nova Scotia Border

The turn to the Elm River Campground is not far from the end of the

toll highway and we arrived at Elm River at 1:55 PM. It was a nice sunny day and not a cloud in the sky with the temperature at 15C.

Mileage Cozy Corners to Elm River = **419 kilometres**

Mrs. Neil did the welcoming and of course the paper work. We saw their converted horse trailer. It looks all okay.

We were all set-up, sitting around and I had this typed to here at 3:08 PM.

I then had a nap and felt much better.

Supper was over and the dishes done at 6:15 PM. It was a rice and tuna casserole and was very good.

A sunny clear cool evening and Joan went for a walk around the campground. There are still quite a few around the campground and quite a few coming and going. It is hard to believe at this late in the season. There have been a few old cars come into the campground as well. This was probably a Sunday drive kind of thing. When Joan came back from her walk she said she had been talking to the woman with the old cars. They are from Ontario and she said all she wanted to do was get home.

Our hot water heater will not work on electricity but works the finest kind on propane.

There are a lot of old photographs on this old lap top. They are quite interesting and I spent some time looking at them this evening.

It is cool and I had my jacket on while typing this with the heater going. It is rather late to be camping. Either that or the fact it has been rather cool lately.

We called it a day and went to bed at 10 PM.

Monday October 2nd, 2017 Elm River Campground, Glenholme, Nova Scotia

Joan hardly slept thinking of the poor tire on the trailer. I planned to take the trailer back to Neil and Winston at Elm River as soon as I

could with a list of things I wanted repaired. We decided to clean the trailer out and leave it at Elm River. We had the truck loaded and loaded well but we felt we had everything so went on home and left the trailer with Neil and with a list of the things we wanted done. We listed two new tires on the list and a general cleanup of mostly the propane systems.

With that we took Marshmallow home and arrived around noon.

Another beautiful memory and another beautiful trip our ninth towing a trailer across North America. We have made many beautiful memories with Marshmallow and his wagon.

We have towed the trailer **62,471.5** kilometres but Mitch does not keep a record.

From August 25th, 2017 to October 2nd, 2017 this trip put **12,174** trouble free kilometres on old Marshmallow. He went straight into the shop for a well-earned post trip service.

THE END