

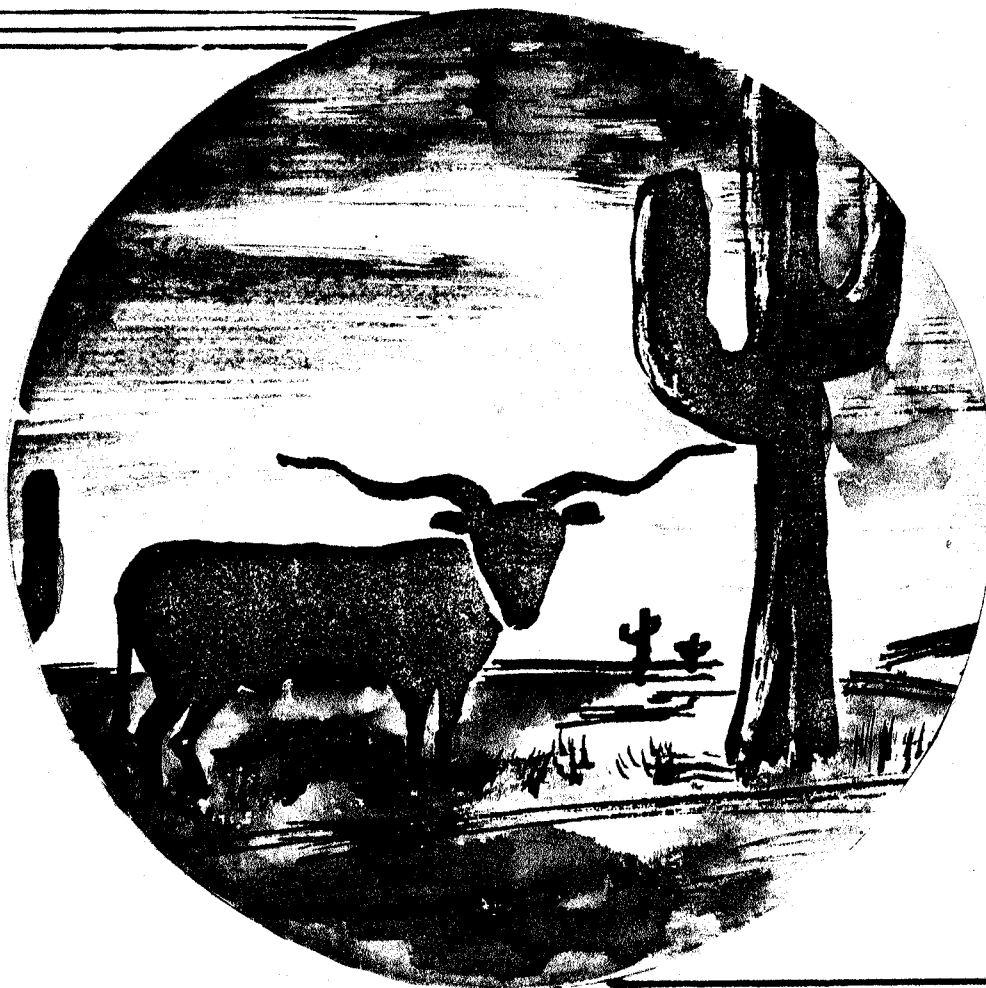
**MONTEREY BAY CALIFORNIA UNIT
REGION XII**

WALLY BYAM CARAVAN CLUB INTERNATIONAL, INC

CARAVAN No. 15

BAJA , MEXICO

March 1 - 30, 1981



STAFF

Wagon Master	- Lloyd Brown
Pathfinder	- Art Kellond
Advance Scout	- Earl Pettis
Chuck Wagon	- Russ Comrie
Rear Guard	- Jack Benjamin

RECREATION

Fishing Chairman-	Glen Cox
Tour Guide	- Bob Dahme

OFFICIAL WAGONER ROSTER

Caravan 15 - Baja, Mexico

Monterey Bay California Unit, WBCCI

<u>NAME</u>	<u>TRL #</u>	<u>CB HANDLE</u>	<u>Unit No.</u>
Ashton-Rose	8485	Suzie	8
Beasley	2640	PIPES	46
Benjamin	2630	Quake	5
Brown	17330	Brown Bear	10
Castle ?	20329	Dennis the Menace	31
Coe	330	Tanker	29
Comrie	16798	Grey Eagle	3
Cox	14678	Iron Horse	44
Dahme	1182	Red Arrow	28
Garrison	28954	Sparks	20
Gorman	10842	Big Joe	12
Kellond	5184	the Hawk	26
Leggat	18000	Squaw Man	2
Leipper	1183	Bambi Two	37
Lindstrom	17333	Little Joe	23
Oliver	24485	Blue Drager	21
Pettis	16046	Red Baron	13
Weber <u>Na</u>	17733	Blue Bird	27

Jan 20, 1981

MONTEREY BAY CALIFORNIA UNIT - WBCCI

Baja, Mexico Caravan No. 15

March 1 - 30, 1981

This is to be a fun Caravan! Lets relax, and take it real easy. There will be few restrictions. Lets keep it "LEISURLY".

1. **LIABILITY:** The Unit assumes no liability during Caravans. Adequate insurance must be maintained by each member.
2. Car, Trailer, and tires should be in top condition.
3. When stopped because of mechanical trouble, and you need help, put a towel or cloth over driver side mirror. Unless you see this signal on a stopped trailer, there is no reason to stop to check.
4. In case of breakdown, or flat tire, and if the road has no shoulder to pull onto, just park on the road. In Mexico, a row of rocks placed on pavement is the standard signal of a stalled vehicle. If you have reflectors, put them out. If on a blind curve, have your partner wave down any traffic.
5. When stopping for anything, where there is a pull-off, have entire rig completely off the road as quickly as possible, and drive forward to allow anyone behind you to do likewise.
6. When traveling the next day, a driver's meeting will be held at the beginning of Happy Hour.
7. **DEPARTURE** time on travel days will be clearly stated. You are welcome to stay in camp and leave at a later time. And, you can leave ahead of time **PROVIDING:** 1. You advise the leader. 2. You do not arrive in new parking site ahead of the main Caravan.
8. You may leave the Caravan at any time by notifying the Caravan Leader in advance. Caravanners sometimes make side trips on their own. If you plan to re-join the Caravan, set the time and place. Or, you can re-join by simply overtaking the Caravan.
9. Where Gopher Holes are used they must be correctly managed.
10. Always leave camp in A-1 condition.
11. If possible, always travel on the top half of your gasoline and water tanks.
12. Happy traveling! Lets have FUN.

Space for other notes.

Jan 20, 1981

Revised Itinerary, as of Jan 20, 1981 (Subject to change en route)
 MONTEREY BAY CALIFORNIA UNIT - WBCCI
 Baja Caravan #15, March 1-31, 1981

TRAVEL DAY	DATE	TRAVEL MILES	TO	AREA	NIGHTS HERE	RESERV.
Sunday	1st	260	Saddleback St Pk	Lancaster	1	no
Monday	2nd	210	Weist Lake Co Pk	Brawley	1	no
Tuesday	3rd	165		San Filipe	3	yes
Friday	6th	168	Estero Beach Resort	Ensenada	3	yes
Monday	9th	106	Posada Don Diego	Colonia Guerrero	1	yes
Tuesday	10th	191	Jct for Bahia de los Angeles, dry camp		1	no
Wednesday	11th	42	Bahia de los Angeles		3	no
Saturday	14th	123	Guerrero Negro		3	no
Tuesday	17th	171	Mulege		2	no
Thursday	19th	84	Loreto/Bahia Concepcion area		6	no
Wednesday	25th	130	San Ignacio		2	no
Friday	27th	141	Rosarito Area		1	no
Saturday	28th	130	El Progreso		2	no
Monday	30th	156	Santo Tomas		1	no
Tuesday	31st	101	Potrero County Park		1	no
Wednesday (April 1)			Head for Swiss Rifle Club, perhaps spending Wed night at the Flying Flags in Bulletin.			

Use space below to note changes or other information.

Jan 20, 1981

BAJA, MEXICO CARAVAN #15

Monterey Bay California Unit - WBCCI

A FEW OF THE THINGS TO DO AND SEE AT LISTED STOPS, per itinerary.

SAN FILIPE

- Maybe a deep-sea fishing trip one day. Window shop & visit the little Village. Maybe a fish dinner at a local spot. Or a group dinner of the "stuff" caught. Wonderful beaches to South: maybe a picnic lunch visit to one of these.

ESTERO BEACH

- Ensenada is largest city we will visit in Mexico. (150,000) Those new to Mexico will enjoy walking the streets to visit the many shops. Good fishing in the bay. Maybe a picnic lunch to the blow-hole area.

POSADA D DIEGO

- Maybe explore Mission Ruins, side roads to ocean, clam, explore San Quintin. Best stop for Pismo Clams. (None on Cortez side)

BAHIA de los ANGELES

- A VERY POOR road, 42 miles, leads out to this spot on Sea of Cortez. BUT, it is reported to be the very best fishing on all Baja! (bottom fishing, not game). And, wonderful beach walking - lots of shells. Possible trips to off-shore islands in native boats.

GUERRERO NEGRO

- Need 3 nights to give us 2 full days to explore the town and Scammon's Lagoon. And the "Parque Natural de Ballina Gris" where observation and listening to the whales is quite an experience. Maybe some would even enjoy an overnight visit with sleeping bags.

ULEGE

- Need 2 nights to have one full day to explore town & area. A typical Mexican Village, unspoiled by tourists. Maybe enjoy a good Mexican meal in town.

LORETO/ bahia CONCEPCION area

- Said to be the most beautiful part of our trip. Miles and miles of great beach, - uncrowded! Will move camp at least once. Will explore, fish, swim, have beach picnics, have group dinners, and perhaps do some - "just sittin in the sun".

SAN IGNACIO

- 2 nights and 1 day to explore town & area.

EL PROGRESO

- Spend 2 nights (1 day) and tour over to the ruin San Eefnando Velicata for the day.

SANTO TOMAS

- Take dirt road over to the ocean to La Bocana and see the areas Jack Smith (of LA Times) writes so humorsly in his easy to read book, God and Mr. Gomez.

1 TROUBLE IN BAJA

1. They called it the Baja Caravan,
Fifteen trailers in March '81.
The Monterey Bay Unit was proud
It's planning was over and done.
2. The Rag-Tags had been to the Cabo,
Were well on their long way back,
When the IH gave a big shudder
And stopped right there in her track.
3. We called HAWK on the air
To tell him our trouble.
Our great Baja plan
Had burst like a bubble.
4. We were stuck on the road
At a dangerous bend
And what to do next
Was a difficult trend.
5. I got on the bike
To seek help off the road,
Knowing not if the car
Were really fit to be towed.
6. Now HAWK came along,
His trailer unhitched.
His motor was strong,
His sidekick was ditched.
7. We took a minute to plot
At this lonely place south of the border,
When a VW Bug came up and stopped
And a nice lady approached us (to barter?)
8. Her voice was rather excited.
Art and I questioned our ears
When she said, "Are you Dale Leipper?"
It was strange enough to bring tears.
9. Pointing, she said, "We live in that house
By the Mulege stream.
We're the Davises, friends of Aurora
And of your brother Eugene."
10. "They'd sent us your routing
And we've kept watch for days
But now we've caught up
'spite your Rag-Tag ways."
11. "We can take you to a mechanic,
Our pickup can tow you to park.
You can stop with us for a visit.
Our friend can bring any US car part".
12. However, Art's Chevy was there
So he hooked up his cable;
Towed the Bambi to safety,
The IH to a "stable".
13. In less than two hours in Miguel's little shop
The drive shaft was fixed and we took out.
By mid-afternoon the Rag-Tags were found
And we casually continued the rest of the route.

Note: For two years or more the IH had signaled,
An occasional shudder at heavy backing,
But money and experts were useless to find it
Until the final Mulege cracking.

Rag-Tag Memories

Prologue: In March 1981, the Monterey Bay Unit of the WBCCI sponsored a caravan to Baja California. These are the highlights of that caravan as seen from the point of view of the so-called 'Rag-Tag' group, - a group which separated from the main body on March 15 at Mulege to survey the La Paz - Cabo San Lucas areas.

POEM:

B A H A, A H A.
(end of 1st verse)

Cheap gasoline,
 Mucho peeeng.

Lobster dinners
 Filled our innards.

Some had date
 With kaopectate.

Good glacamoles, but
 Horrible potholes.

Drivers forums,
 All with quorums,
(followed by happy hours).

Eighteen wheelers,
 Road stealers.

Tight lug check, or
 Risk your neck. →

→ Screws loose,
 In the caboose.

By CB find
 Peace of mind.

Cactus world,
 All unfurled.

Camera buffs
 Did their stuffs.

Fine Beach
 Within reach.

Water rare, but
 Sand to spare.

B A H A, A H A. Aha.....

Postlude: We remember
Eleanor's happy laugh,
Christine's poems, Art's
equipment & help, Glen's
Texas stories, Shirl's
eagerness, Joe's reserve,
Virginia being handy in
the Bambi, - and Dale.



The run down to Colonia Guerrero was an easy 100 miles of good Mexican road. At Don Diego's fine Park, the ladies were happy to find this very old Maytag washing machine. Clothes lines made up the "dryer" arrangement, and the sun did the job. Everyone was excited about getting to the beach, and in making the attack on the clams. After the recent rains the back road was very rough, - but out we went, - "equipment be damned!" Lets get to the beach! Some clams were caught - the Lindstroms clearly being the Champions. And, some were slyly bought from the Natives; resulting in a very impressive "catch".

Russ, our Chuck Wagon Chief, then spent the next day, slowly simmering onions, dicing potatoes, blending herbs, and grinding the clams. By Happy Hour, it was a large and impressive pot of the best smelling chowder you've ever seen. THEN DISASTER STRUCK! With 15 minutes to go 'till eating time, with all tables set and "at the ready", the fold-up Coleman stand collapsed, spilling the entire chowder on the ground. The restaurant did a fine business that evening, as the entire Caravan simply moved from the expected chowder to the available professional menu.

The next day the back roads of San Quintine were thoroughly explored. Plans for a Bloody Mary at Ernesto's were canceled. This was Tuesday, the one day in the week when the place is closed. So, we ate our lunch in their patio, without the help of an aperitif. We visited the Old Mill Motel, and wondered how or why it was still in business. We were told the old English Cemetary has been vandalised until no trace of the place is still in existance.

The next morning, we filled up with water, dumped, and headed happily south. After all, this was going to be a day of driving on smooth, fine roads - - 275 miles of them. Hadn't we been told this stretch of road was very good? Why not cover some distance. BUT, the road was not good! And, the gas stations were all out of gas. Some of our rigs could not make the distance on their own supply. Very wisely, the four rear trailers "hung together", knowing they could work it out as a group. Some had Coleman Stove gas, some outboard oil/gas mix, and some had siphon hoses. Then a distant dirt strip airfield was sighted. Here they were able to buy some aviation gas, thus saving the day. It was a long and tiring day, and this foursome arrived long after dark.

Guerrero Negro was our stop. The Pettis's and Leggats found the Airstream Caravan had filled up the regular park. So, they parked us in the deserted Cafeteria parking lot. It was an interesting place, with many deserted Government buildings to explore. A museum, a cafeteria, a school, - all of recent vintage, but deserted. A rather sad sight. We had a quick visit with the Maitlands, leaders of the Airstream Baja Caravan. Then, stood at attention, and waved as they drove by heading north the next morning. To gain water and electricity, we then moved over into the park. But there was no water or electricity, as the generator was not running. The attendant was a pleasant, smiling fellow who spoke absolutely no English, except - - "four dollars". We wrote figures, drew pictures, and guesstured a lot, - trying for a Club discount of 10%. It is probable that he could not read or write even in his own language, so things did not progress too well. The total bill was \$60.00, thus the discount was \$6.00. But, somehow we ended up

MONTEREY BAY WBCGI CARAVAN 15, BAJA, MEXICO - March 1 - 30, 1981

Caravan 15 left the King City Fairgrounds, Sunday Morning, March 1, 1981. A hurried meeting was held to consider a change in our scheduled route due to reported ice & snow on the Tehachapi Pass. A second meeting was held in Paso Robles where it was decided to use our original route, thru' Mojave, etc., rather than the longer Southern Route via Ventura, etc. Without any knowledge of all this, our advance Scouts, the Pettis's, with their very able assistants, the Leggats, had left the Fairgrounds one hour ahead, to organize the parking, scout out the place, to put out signs, etc.

Our Advance Scouts did do a tremendous job for us on this caravan. One of the pleasures of the trip was the sight of Gerry's smiling face, with her waving red flag, and her directions into camp, which was always the first indication of the end of our day's drive.

Saddleback State Park, near Lancaster, was a delightful place, with a beautiful desert view. Here is a place we must return to, at some future day.

Our second day took us to Weist Lake County Park, near Brawley. By now, we had lost one trailer wheel, one CB set, and had experienced two flat tires. The Park had no good water for our last night in the States, and we were told that no alcohol could be consumed in public! - Raised Hell with our Happy Hour, but all were in high good spirits.

The crossing into Mexico was uneventful, and our Advance Scouts chose the very new Faro Beach RV Park, located eleven miles south of San Felipe, for our first Mexican stop. The terraced spaces gave everyone a good view of the Sea of Cortez. The Brown's Margarita party turned out well, altho' some caravanners moved about at a somewhat slower pace the next morning. Bob Dahme, our able Tour Guide, organized a walking tour of San Felipe, with a lunch at a very typical Mexican Restaurant. After much effort, the use of the English/Spanish Dictionary, much waving and pointing, we were directed to the Post Office, only to find that they were completely "sold out" of stamps. UNBELIEVABLE! But, an introduction to Mexico, - a Post Office without stamps.

A very interesting explorative trip was made the next day. Heading south, various beaches, abandoned resorts, unborn Hotel projects, native fishermen camps, etc., were explored on the 45 mile drive, all on unpaved roads. A most worthwhile exposure to Mexican backroads. That evening, Eva's Birthday was celebrated by a toast, and a candle-lit Birthday cake - - well, a cupcake anyway.

It was a beautiful drive over the 4000' mountain pass to Ensenada. 160 miles of good paved road. It had rained and snowed the night before, and there was ice on the roadside puddles. High mountain peaks were frosted with a fresh layer of snow. On this day, a second trailer wheel was lost, but the natives lined up a used replacement wheel and tire, - and all arrived safely in camp. The Estero Beach Park was expecting us, and had saved spaces that allowed a grouping of our caravan. A charter boat was lined up for the fishermen (and fisherladies), altho' there was not much bragging about the catch. Several cars made the run down to the "Blow Hole" area. Here, the first of many gayly colored shirts, jackets, blankets, etc., were purchased.

with only \$3.00 in change. Somewhat worn out from the whole transaction, we settled for this 5% and used it to tip the nice young "Green Angel" who gave us a very interesting and educational talk at Happy Hour, - on the salt industry of Guerrero Negro. This is the largest such operation in the world, with principal sales going to Japan, Canada, and USA. The salt is for industrial use, not for the table.

Bob Dahme organized a visit to the old pier. We enjoyed seeing the rusting machinery, and the many signs of activity of by-gone times. And it was interesting to talk with the two very pleasant students from Irving College. They had been camped for quite some time, with tents, a boat, and with pencils at the ready, making complete notes of the whale activity. As their camp looked somewhat like the famous TV M.A.S.H. scene, they had posted a handmade sign, - WHALE 4037. In the afternoon the Scammon's Lagoon was visited where the whales were in considerable abundance.

The following morning the water was again flowing (the generator had been started) and we all dumped and headed south. Unfortunately, the water was very brackish and hardly fit to use, so few added to their main water supply at this stop. It was at this point that the Kellonds and their group left the Caravan to go on south. A toast was hoisted to all from Art's "aluminum can" Kahlua. We were sorry to see them go.

At San Ignacio we settled on a beautiful level ball field, surrounded by palm trees. The beautiful lagoon was close at hand. Friendly children visited us. The flag was up, and the stabilizers were down. It was a great and wonderful spot. Bob quickly organized a visit to town. A walking funeral procession was observed, and delayed our visit to the church. Fresh vegetables were bought, and it was here that our hat buying spree was begun. We returned to sit in the shade of our awnings. In 15 minutes it would be Happy Hour. THEN THE WORD ARRIVED! - "clear the field", a ball game would soon be starting. Well, sir, you've never seen such action! Everyone "upped awnings" - "downed the flags", "upped stabilizers" and "hooked up the cars", and were rolling in ten minutes flat. And, all resettled in a RV Park that was close by. It is strongly suspected that the man who announced the ball game, which caused the sudden move, was the Park owner's Brother-in-Law.

The long steep down-grade to Santa Rosalia had us all running in low gear and using brakes. That night, all mentioned concern about climbing back up on our way home. It was decided to use up a lot of our water supply, to lighten our load. If only we could eat up even half of the food supply we brought with us, the grade would be simple. It seems likely that we have brought enough to last us for three months. And, we keep buying local supplies as we go along. We have been adding shrimp, lobster, scollops, and clams, and this will go on for the rest of the trip. But, aren't they GOOD!

And, as the days go on, more and more blankets, serapes, shirts, jackets, jewelry items, wood carvings, etc, etc. are being loaded into the trailers. And the hats! LOTS OF THEM! The Native Merchants stroll thru' camp, displaying merchandise with considerable skill. In contrast, we Caravanners are showing little expertise in the art of barter.

On Saturday, we moved to Mulege, and were delighted to run into the four "Going South"

trailers. Here we parked in the RV Park connected with the Hotel Serenidad, and spent two nights. Saturday night is always Fiesta Party Time, with pig roasted over an open fire, (some thought it might have been goat), Mariachi Bands, lots of Margaritas and laughter. Our group signed up - 100%, and all had a great time. Dinner cost \$9.00 each.

Leaving Mulege, the Caravan only moved about 15 miles south, to Playa del Burro, perhaps the most beautiful beach in the world. And, we were able to park right on the sand, at the water's edge. Our evening meals were enjoyed as a group. Sometimes with pot lucks, sometimes with community feeds, and sometimes simply eating our own food. Happy hours on the beach, within a few feet of the water, were delightful. We slept to the lapping of water outside our trailers, and a full moon at night, and beautiful sunrises in the morning, completed the picture of Paradise. It was easy to spend seven days at this spot. We gathered shells, fished from the beach, hired natives with a large boat to take us out into deeper water, and used our two inflatable boats. Some hiked the mountain behind us, many went swimming, and all went exploring down below Loreto.

It was a very restful and relaxing time. EXCEPT: when the Scallop Boat arrived and Russ had to weigh out and distribute the supply. Boy, some confusion and no one sure if he got what he ordered, or what he paid for. All the time the Native boat boys smiling happily. AND, in case anyone asks: YES there were Nudists camped right next to us. As we arrived to set up camp the first day, each trailer ignored the Parking Crew, trying to be as close as possible to this group. Their frequent dips into the sea sure did stir up our bunch. A particularly fine show was put on each evening at Happy Hour. Of course I only report what I'm told as I never looked!

In the meantime, Earl & Gerry took their trip South, in their car, leaving the trailer on the beach. In particular, they enjoyed La Paz. And visited San Jose Del Caba, Cabo San Lucas, and the various towns along the way. They returned via the West Coast road. Not all paved, but they were very pleased with the drive. The heavy surf and rugged coastline was something to see. All told, they had a great time, and were gone from the Caravan for three nights.

Propane has been a problem, as none has been available for a long period of time. Now and then Propane Stations are seen, but they never seem to have any to sell. It will end up that none is available for a period of 21 days. Of course we are not using much as the refrigerator is the main user. Washing and dish water is heated on the stove. Much of the bathing is being done in the ocean. Even hair shampooing is being done in salt water. There has been some joking about the "salt water soap" we managed to buy down in Loreto. Russ talked to the clerk (in Spanish) and was sure we had the right thing. It lathered about as much as a block of wood.

And so the day arrived: we should start back North. We've now been out 22 days since the King City Rally, - 25 days from home. Tomorrow our Scouts will check out a new beach we've been told about - Punta Chivato. Our last night at "Paradise Beach" was celebrated by a large campfire, including baked potatoes. The moon came up to help make this a lasting remembrance.

The road out to Punta Chivato turned out to be hopeless for our rigs. So, we used the Caleta Santa Maria, six miles north of Santa Rosalia. This is the beach used by the Airstream Caravan. It is at the bottom of the long steep grade down from San Ignacio. It is a level spot, with a very rocky beach. The three advance trailers settled down, put out their chairs, and their awnings, and waited for the main group. Suddenly, the wind came up. It soon whipped off two awnings (well, almost) and all hands were "mustered" to "belay" the flying canvas. One was put out of action for the balance of the trip. The other barely escaped in useable condition. The Caravan arrived on schedule, and the afternoon was spent in town. The steel church was of great interest, and the overall French look of the other buildings and houses reminded one of other French Quarters throughout the world. Quite a contrast to other Mexican Towns.

The winds almost, but not quite, canceled Happy Hour. (Takes a bit to do that.) We've now been quite some days since taking on fresh water. And of course, have not been plugged into electricity. At 5:00PM sharp, Earl took a "wide Angle shot" of the entire Caravan, with "all hands" standing in front of their own rig. By using delayed timing, he even included himself in the shot. (Providing he ran fast enough. Perhaps the picture will only show his flying feet.) The winds did manage to die down, and we had another fun Happy Hour. The Dahme's 40th Anniversary was celebrated by a toast, by a clever card signed by the Caravan Members, and finally by an "adjusting of her garter" by the men present, with resulting warm kiss.

The steep grade we had worried about seemed to be nothing, and we "sailed" into Guerro Negro. It was clean up day. All rigs were deep in dirt. No water had been available for many days. But, the generator was off, and so no water was at hand. So, many went to town to fill up with gas. Only the expensive grade was available, and that ran out very soon. This leaves three of our group with only half tanks, and the reports are that the stations to the north are still out. And, Russ is now down to the bottom of his last propane bottle. Hate to think of that food spoiling in his freezer if he does run out. One of our group somehow got the man to "fire up" the generator. There would be water for one hour. You've never seen such activity. Hoses were attached: buckets were filled: and everyone "fell to". The hour passed quickly, but the equipment sure did look a lot better. It should be reported that on this day we lost our first mirror, cleanly swept off by a passing truck. These roads are narrow.

The next day's run covered some of the roughest parts of Baja. But, very beautiful country. Much of this area is in the Baja Central Desert National Park. Many miles of rocky granite boulders, - like a view of another planet. Then the familiar and welcome sight of Gerry Pettis waving her red flag. "Turn right, just ahead, into Rancho Santa Ines." In less than a mile we came upon this beautiful open field, flat as a ball field, with two large shade trees right square in the middle. Without doubt, this was our most ideal and beautiful campsite of the trip. George & Earl soon had us parked in a wagon wheel, with the two trees in the center. We all walked over to the Ranch, made up of a few rooms, lots of shady porch, a catus and tropical garden, and a unique eating place, where we all

ate lunch. In the afternoon we hiked up on a plateau, where many kinds of desert plants made the place into a garden scene. In returning to camp, we all carried fire wood for the evening campfire. What a place! What a day! And, what a peaceful and lovely evening. We all hate to think of moving on tomorrow. Altho' off the new paved road, this Ranch was an important stopping point for all who traveled the original Baja dirt road. And, our passenger cars again were able to take on aviation gas. Russ talked to the native working here about propane. He then scrounged up a rusty old 5 gallon bottle left over from some past wrecked trailer. This was emptied into Russ's tank by gravity feed, with the rusty bottle up-side-down on the roof of his car, and connecting hose to the one on the trailer.

The next morning Howard took up a collection which was donated to the place. And, Henry suggested the addition of our Baja Plaque to the Ranch bulletin board. Two good ideas, and well received by Rancho Santa Ines.

As expected, the drive up to Don Diego was ROUGH. Broke more door catches, knocked more things off the wall. Two more side mirrors were knocked off by passing trucks. One vehicle has now lost it's muffler. An exciting day, but beautiful scenery. And, some stopped at El Progreso, and visited the oldest Mission on Baja. Built seven years before our Declaration of Independence. Not much left, but interesting to visit.

Things worked out that afternoon: 1. Propane only available at 8:00AM tomorrow. 2. Clamming tide would be at 9:30AM tomorrow, and truck would take us. 3. Ass't nuts, screws, & bolts, were tightened or replaced on our equipment. 4. With first good water in many days the showers caught Hell. 5. As all somewhat tired from day's activities, pot luck was canceled and many ate at the very good restaurant on the grounds. Two Airstream owners who happened to be in the park, joined us at Happy Hour.

The next day we were up early. After all, this was "Propane Day". BUT, the power had gone off in the night, and they could not pump. No choice but to leave the bottles overnight. And, then we found that the Clam Tide had been miss-figured, and had already passed early that morning. The Lindstroms went anyway, and had good results. So, the day turned into a "clean up & repack everything" day. A lot of relaxing, reading, card games, and hiking. Earl rode his bike into town and found a good restaurant where some went for lunch. Happy Hour and Pot Luck Dinner was held in the Club House, where it was warm and comfortable. It's a nice room, and always available for Caravans.

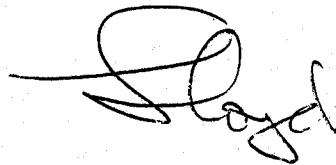
Before leaving for Estero Beach the next morning, we picked up our Propane Bottles. Bob Coe, our Propane Chairman, paid the one bill, and we then tried to pay him. No one is sure if he made money, lost money, or if he even broke even. After all, we had a lot of tanks, they varied in size, were being filled by the kilo, and paid for in pesos. On the road north, some windshields were damaged by flying rocks from passing trucks. Once settled at Estero Beach, those with car problems left for town. Side mirrors were to be replaced, mufflers welded on, Greese seals to be installed, etc. etc. Bob Dahme drove off to line up things to do & see. Earl found another of his "best restaurants ever!" The rest settled down to cards, reading, and napping. THEN the word arrived: "meet at Hausson's at

3:00PM." Away we went. Boy, what a place. Jam-packed with people, all talking at once, a live & loud Mariachi Band, drawings and wall decorations dating back for "hundreds of years", and no place to sit down. A GREAT EXPERIENCE, and a place only outdone by the original Quinn's Bar on the waterfront of Papeete. Next door, unfortunately, was a store selling things. This managed to separate a number of Caravanners from their carefully guarded money. But it was fun to show the new things purchased at Happy Hour that evening.

Earl announced that we were all booked for dinner tomorrow night at the well known LAS BRASAS Restaurant, and this would be our final banquet of the caravan. Bob Dahme announced another of his great campfires, right here in the Park. He'd gotten the OK. More baked potatoes! The next day a delegation descended on the waterfront fish market, a great experience in its-self. Crab Claws, fish & shrimp were purchased for the "Ruth Brown" Chippino to be served Sunday night. Many other stores were visited, and new "goodies" added to trailer stocks. Shell fish was bought and added to the freezers.

Monday morning we made the beautiful drive up to Tacate, and thru' the very relaxed Border Gate, where they did little more than smile at us. Everyone enjoyed the beauty of Potrero Park. Water (good water) & electricity to every site. Some unhooked, and drove back the six miles to re-visit Tacate. Others gathered in the PM to take the Nature Trail hike.

Gerry Pettis turned in her red flag, indicating the end of the Caravan. It has been a good trip, and hearty thanks go to all who took part in the planning. And, to each one on the Caravan. You were GREAT. Never a complaint. Never a Grumble. You are all now seasoned Caravanners, - real Veterans!



PS: And, lets not forget GOD and MR. GOMES! A delightful book handed from trailer to trailer. A fitting ending to our Mexican Adventure.