

## INTRODUCTION

I would like to invite you to journey with Carla and I, as we recount our travels in 2014. Let me make the introductions before we launch into this story. We're the old folks and in the middle is Abby. She's our surrogate granddaughter, who was nice enough to adopt us as grandparents almost ten years ago. She's an excellent photographer and always looks at life on the light side.



As we are today is not how we lived back in 2013. Carla and I are just like most everyone else. We are living the best we can, on Social Security and savings.



Scoots, our cat, is the junior member of the family.

Now back to the story.

Our change in lifestyles began as a result of our Grand Canyon vacation. I'm certain you've experienced that type of vacation; basically it encompassed seeing as much as possible as fast as possible. And in less than fourteen days, thanks to Southwest Airlines and a Lexis rent-a-car, we got to enjoy Vegas, Boulder Dam, the Grand Canyon, a short visit with Cindy,

our former Director, who worked with us at our first Child Care Center in Greenacres, FL and a trip to the Crater in Flagstaff, AZ, then quickly pack up and fly back home. It was very exhausting and equally expensive, but we were happy that we took the trip. But the experience got us to try to find a better way to vacation, for the future. One possible option was looking us in the face as we experienced the Grand Canyon; *RVing*. From the time we got back home our focus would be directed on the possibility of acquiring an RV of our own. There's a quite a bit more to the story of our finding the perfect RV, but that could take a chapter or two and it's not my purpose to weigh you down with details, We'll casually mention some of our challenges either during the stories that follow or possibly at the end of this book.

My hopes are to take you by the hand, in the many pages to follow, as we wander into the bowels of the USS Wisconsin with its mighty guns and massive decks and only hope that the six hundred plus pictures I've taken will compensate for my marginal literary talent. Together we will also walk the hallowed grounds of Gettysburg, Yorktown and Valley Forge. On the lighter side, especially for any kids, we will visit Ben & Jerry's and even take a trip to a working farm with animals of all sizes. There's also a trip to an awesome candle shop. Or, for a different twist, we'll manage to get lost on a mountain, wander aimlessly through a corn maze and then we have those quiet times when we just sit and enjoy the light and warmth of a campfire at many of the campgrounds we'd stayed at. Once again we hope you will enjoy wandering in a beautiful Canadian town and visiting a building that sits in two countries. All these, and much more, are waiting for you and your family to experience in the three-hundred pages ahead, not only to try an "*imagine*" but actually see as if you had taken the trip yourself.

Another good reason and best of all reasons for sitting down and writing this manuscript was to expose you to this awesome lifestyle we are enjoying. It is my hope that by presenting our travels in text and digital form, a seed might get sewn, a seed that will hopefully grow over the years to the point that you too might opt for an RV vacation some day and personally visit many of the places we've been to for yourself. Maybe, even if not as a full-time RVer as we are, but possibly rent a Motorhome or Travel Trailer and enjoy one or more of our places as a family. Even with over thirty thousand words of text, this is still a very quick read, but reading this text is only half the experience. Taking time to enjoy the hundreds of pictures, I hope, will complete the experience. They will visually take you to all our destinations and the pictures should accentuate the experience greatly, especially for the younger readers. I encourage you to take all the time you need to enjoy the pictures fully. The Table of Contents page has all the major venues listed. There are, as you read through the chapters, about a dozen venues that have not been listed in the Table of Contents in order to facilitate keeping the table of contents to one page. Our new lifestyle story begins on the July chapter. I ask you to please be patient with us. This will be an entirely new way of living for us, not to mention, actually living on the road with no brick and mortar home to fall back on. To make matters even more challenging we will be traveling in a Dodge Ram 2500 truck and towing a six-ton home behind us. In full disclosure, it was never our intention to document our travels in hopes of sharing our travels with the outside world. Our first thirty days will be spent with family, since it will be the last time we see our folks for at least twelve months. It will be during this month that we experience many of the venues in the Greenfield MA and Derby, VT areas. In August we will be truly on our own, untethered from family. We begin to venture out with much less fear of not knowing what we're really trying to do. As you can see in the Table of Contents, we begin feeling our oats in September through October chapters.

Once again, be patient with us as we experiment with this novel lifestyle.

**JULY 2014-Our first night:**



Fast forwarding a few months we find ourselves in March of 2014 preparing for our transition to this full-time life style. It would mean weeding through all our household belongings and selling off everything we owned. Well to make a long story short we finally closed on our home on July 3<sup>rd</sup> waiting three months longer than we were told it would take. The very next day, July 4<sup>th</sup> 2014 was our Independence Day. Our first day as full-time RVers, and we've never looked back since. Our new home would now be a thirty-five foot Open Range Fifth Wheel with our ever trustworthy red Dodge Ram 2500.

Yup, we were on our way, first stop would be in South Carolina for an overnight boondoggle at a Walmart, I know, breath-taking! Needless to say, boondocking in a Walmart parking lot was not precisely what we had envisioned for the first night of the rest of our traveling life. Since those ever primitive early days we now do our overnights at more civilized locations like those ever present Cracker Barrel's. For the most part, RVers do take advantage of Walmart's every chance they get, and Walmart doesn't mind their business either. Living on the road with everything you have in the storage compartments below or tucked away under your bed is definitely not a hardship. This is really the American dream. False as it might seem, that acquiring more and more stuff brings happiness, not so. As I've said for the last two years,

**HAPPINESS:**  
*is to HAVING EVERYTHING You need!*  
*NOT the need*  
*to HAVE EVERYTHING!*



At a Walmart in So Carolina, just outside of Savannah, GA

Our life is such that if it's not in the fifth, we don't need it. What's great about all the Walmart stores is that they have just about every basic need you might be looking for, just in case you got rid of just a little too much stuff.

At this point every square inch of space inside the fifth, not needed for living was occupied by boxes of personal stuff. We are hoping that other members of our families would treasure this stuff as much as we have. *Sure!* Nobody refused any of our boxes, at least not while we visited. It's not like everyone else doesn't have enough stuff of their own. Good news is, everyone is still talking to us. Our goal for the next day would be finding a campground called Traveler's Woods. This will be our first actual camping experience in the fifth; to be honest it will be our first camping experience, period! Camping, however in this style, is as comfortable as living at home. The campground is located a short distance from family members that we'll be visiting over the next three weeks.

I unfortunately would have some serious concerns in the months to come concerning backing the fifth and being in control of the fifth, however, hitching up and unhitching the fifth comes easily. We went the entire year and never came close to anyone else's rig. This, unfortunately, is a concern that would never leave me. Throughout the year we faced some difficult sites and, sometimes we needed a little help, we always managed to back it in safely, however, one way or another. Camp managers and owners, especially at private camp grounds are always ready to assist, especially a newbie. We would eventually resolve this apprehension, but that's a story for the 2015 book.

It would be great visiting family and friends but we are patiently waiting for our time alone in a few weeks.

Poet's Seat Tower  
(Located in Greenfield, MA)  
July 25<sup>th</sup>, 2014



The Poet's Seat Tower 2014. Greenfield, MA. It's been quiet the last few days working; yes working, as in trying to make some money. I haven't totally given in to the idea that I may be actually retired. Poet's Seat overlooks Greenfield. It has very little importance other than it's a beautiful view. We climbed our way to this high point in Greenfield; just being a little facetious. You'll find this tower at Mountain Rd / Maple St, Greenfield, MA 01301.

Town of Greenfield, MA



**Farren Memorial Hospital Montague City, MA**



**This hospital is significant for at least 2 reasons. First, Carla was born there. Second, according to legend, Joyce Kilmer, at one time, looked out upon the trees to the right side of the hospital property and wrote the poem “TREES.” Now that we have Greenfield out of the way we begin travelling North through Northfield on our way to experience Cathedral in the Pines. We’re not sure what to expect. On our way Carla realized we were on the road to a log home she once owned in her previous life. Could we find it? Driving slowly she spotted her street, now it was up to her to remember where it was located. On the first try she spotted it. Below- there it was about fifty feet from the road. It was a little sad, evidently the folks that currently own it have given up on it, is what it looks like. We poked around barely able to see through the windows. Dog food still on the floor, from how long ago, we don’t know. The yard was fully overgrown. I can see it must have been very nice in its day. We might try to determine the full story behind this forgotten homestead, someday. There will be only a couple of personal diversions like this one.**



### Kimball's Restaurant

Now it's back on the road, after finding a piece of Carla's past history, heading for The Cathedral of the Pines. But every trip has its interruptions. Once again we are sidetracked as we drove by Kimball's Restaurant; "*best seafood for miles around*" is what their road sign says. Actually, from what I could see, it was the only decent restaurant we'd seen on these desolate roads. We were not hungry for food, but Ice Cream was definitely an option. So we pulled in. After receiving our cones we sat down at a picnic table where we met and spoke to a staff person having lunch, a seafood platter, what else? Very enjoyable to speak to. His son is a pilot and is now flying in Alaska. I have a picture of the ice cream cones we purchased, that is, in our cell phones.

Once I figure out how to move it from cell to computer this next sentence will make more sense. We're still new at this new lifestyle, but one activity never ceases to satisfy, and that's the option of having ice cream. I've given it some thought and it would be much cheaper for us to just read about these places of interest and then treat ourselves to another cone. Do not give up on the travel journal. We're only thirty days into our new lifestyle and the same goes for this journal. The pictures and locations, I promise, are about to get much more interesting. At this stage in our new life we're very much like the senior college students just about ready to graduate. Only weeks to go before we'll have a good jobs and be free and on our own, but not forgotten, by family. Our travels are currently hovering around family. We both realize, especially Carla, once we really set off on our own, it won't be till October before we're within traveling distance of family again.

### Cathedral of the Pines, Rindge, NH



The story of the Cathedral is actually a memorial dedicated to Sandy Sloan. FYI. Dr. and Mrs. Sloane's farmhouse (below) and barn can be seen across the street from the Cathedral. And 400 acres of land that go with it, including an awesome lake. His plan was to deed over parcels to each of his kids. He only had 4 kids, so there was more than enough land to go around. Sandy chose a heavily wooded parcel up on a hill across from the farmhouse but died in WWII before realizing his dream home. He was shot down over Germany. Parents decided to erect a small alter on his property in his memory.



Cathedral of the Pines Meditation Gardens behind the Chapel. This is the Main Alter with Mt. Monadnock in background. Below on this bell tower are plaques representing four different branches of the service, women in the service being the theme represented here.



This alter is composed of rocks from every state in the country and almost every country in the world. This is a non-denominational venue. Services have been held here for most religions from Catholic to Jewish and so many more. Mount Monadnock can be seen just a few miles from here. We've done our mountain climbing for this year. Just for the record we did climb this mountain a few years ago. Before we leave this venue, enjoy a look at the inside of the chapel.



**Stones that make up this altar above, come from every country in the world. Presidents and outstanding leaders around the world had also sent stones from the size of a small stone to some as big as one foot square.**



**This monument below can be found in the Medication Gardens, just to the back of the Chapel. It is the Prayer to St. Francis of Assisi.**



**In 1936 a hurricane came through the area and devastated many of the trees on Sandy's lot. As a result Mount Monadnock is now visible from the property. The view is magnificent. Long story short, the land was cleared nicely, a chapel built as an Ecumenical Meditation Chapel, a chapel for all faiths. Stones and artifacts have been donated by current and past presidents, leaders from all over the world have contributed rocks for the construction of this altar, and meditation gardens. Behind the chapel and the bell tower there's a beautiful meditation walkway. To come to south New Hampshire and not spend the extra thirty minutes just to meditate on family and friends now but a memory, would be a great shame.**

### **Bridge of Flowers: Shelburne, MA - (20 north of Northampton, MA)**



**This is the Deerfield River as it flows through Shelburne Falls, MA. We made it safely to Traveler's Woods and were very satisfied with all that it has to offer. What an experience this bridge is, a walk back in time to a simpler and more gratifying era. This is the Bridge of Flowers located in the center of Shelburne Falls. On the far side of the Bridge of Flowers is a beautiful garden area. Carla was able to rattle off the names of many of the flowers, indigenous to the northeast, I nodded my head in full acknowledgement, of course. Just down the road a piece we arrive at Greenfield, MA, which will be our next stop. *Please don't despair, our venues will be much more exciting very shortly.***

### **GLACIAL POT HOLES**



**If you look closely at the pictures above and below you will see round holes in the rocks; these are the Glacial Pot Holes. This is one of the largest known concentrations of potholes and the location of the largest known pothole on record. The potholes were not caused by meteors, as I first suspected, rather from the "whirlpool action" of the water. Just to emphasize the terrific action of the water, the stone here is solid granite. These potholes vary from just inches in diameter to as much as forty feet in diameter. There is no charge for access to the Potholes, and no "supervision" is provided, so be cautious when climbing on the rocks. Water levels may vary, based on weather conditions, but you should be able to dunk your feet to very refreshing waters. Also remember to bring your camera! The shadings in the ancient granite is caused by the swirling of water. The stones, are part of the glacial age thousands of years ago, when they began to "melt down" are a beautiful picturesque geological sight. Kringle Candle Shop, Bernardston, MA-(Just off of I-91 below the New Hampshire border.)**



What a great little shop, although actually it's not very little, but not a Yankee Candle either. This business occupies many acres on both sides of the street. Just a couple of more pictures. This building contains Christmas everything. Michael Kittredge III is the owner of Kringle Candle Shop. His father was Michael Kittredge II who was the founder of Yankee Candle. Strangely, this candle store is just a short distance from Yankee Candle. I believe that when the new store opened the only color available was white. That has definitely changed. Lots of pastels colors were to be seen, but white did seem to still dominate.



Now, getting back to the father.

The father, the founder of the Yankee Candle Shop years ago sold his Yankee Candle empire for around four-hundred million dollars, I've been told. Just take a look at how pretty this looks. It looks like this all year round. Wish I had a better picture of how perfectly green the grass is. Now, getting back to the father. The father, the founder of the Yankee Candle Shop years ago sold his Yankee Candle empire for around four-hundred million dollars, I've been told. Just take a look at how pretty this looks. It looks like this all year round. Wish I had a better picture of how perfectly green the grass is.

### Antique car show:



Several times a year Michael Kittredge sponsors an antique car show on the Kringle Candle grounds. This is a must see occasion. If anyone in your family enjoys older impeccably restored cars this is the place. The red Jag was my favorite, it's also Mr. K's favorite as well. I went to college for five years in hopes of being able to afford this baby, never happened! Such is life. Just a little trivial information. Should you attend this car attraction you be given an opportunity to vote on your favorite car. The cars directly in front of the Candle Shop, by the road, are not permitted to be judged. All those cars, there are quite a few, are part of Mr. K's personal collection, and since he already knows they are the best on the lot, they may not be part of the judging, FYI.

I believe this might be a Pontiac. The car below might have been the oldest model on the lot. As I mentioned above, the candle shop is awesome but if you can combine it with one of his antique car displays...Priceless!

7.14.2014



As you can guess from the dates on some of these entries there are some gaps in time.

We are full-time RVers and as such we do take time to just relax. I was also there, but someone had to take the picture. That's another reason we often miss Abby on our trips, she was an excellent photographer. Life is just too short and must be enjoyed. I've always said:

*"You will never have enough money to retire, but if you wait too long, you may not have enough time."* It's a paradox we all have to come face to face with some day.

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Cheryl & Paul – Dinner at Friendly's Restaurant

July 15<sup>th</sup>.

On this day we had a chance to visit with my daughter Cheryl and hubby Paul. As a bonus we got to see them again on the 26<sup>th</sup> just a couple of weeks later. Today, the 26<sup>th</sup>, just a little out of sequence, but it ties in with Kringle Candle. We began our day with a visit from Cheryl and Paul as they visited with us in the fifth. In most instances the kids end up doing the traveling but in Cheryl's case, on some days, it is a chore for her to physically make a two-hour trip. We both appreciated their efforts immensely. The food at Kringle's was excellent and they were able to get on their way by 1pm. I would have liked to have kept them at the campground and just sit and talk, but we did quite a bit of that last week when we visited them in their beautiful home in Norwich, CT. A fifth-wheel might be interesting to talk about for a while, but the conversation wears thin quickly. Nevertheless it was a great visit. Just another one of those family snippets I felt like sharing.

July 17<sup>th</sup>- Old Deerfield, MA:



The historic Town of Deerfield is someplace everyone should visit at least once in their lives. The house above actually began as a 4-room home. The back portion was added on. But before the add-on the owner, a wealthy industrialist, actually raised the original building 18 inches, for a more impressive look from the road. When the owner was finished he had a 14-room home. In the end he and others with larger homes and additional rooms would rent out a room or two. This beckons an explanation on the saying “Room and Board”. *Many home-owners, at the time, would rent a “bare” room usually to a student attending Deerfield Academy. And that is all the home-owner would give the individual, a room and a “board” to use any way he wanted.*

The brown house below, as you can see, has an overhang on the front portion of the home. We see this architecture in present day, but this house was built in 1734. The real reason, as was told to Carla when she was in the 4th grade, was to permit openings on the second floor overhang to facilitate shooting and warding off intruders



This home, above, was also owned by a wealthy person. Items used in the home like wallpaper (shipped from France) and floor coverings (usually from the Orient) were very expensive. Another indication were the paintings on the walls. Most paintings, since digital was not around yet, were head shots only. Only a wealthy person could afford to have not only his head painted but arms and legs as well, which at the time, many artists had difficulty painting in the proper proportions. *So comes the saying “cost you an arm and a leg”.* Only those wealthy enough could have an upper body or full body portrait. Below is the first home built with brick in place of wood.



This is the First Church of Deerfield and first to have a steeple. It was built in 1824 and, is known as the “Brick Church.” It was built by contractor Winthrop Clapp and was modeled on the 1819 Second Congregational Church in Greenfield, MA. In 1807, a controversy began when the church ordained a Unitarian minister, Rev. Samuel Willard. He was succeeded by other Unitarians. Orthodox Congregationalists eventually broke away and built their own church in 1838. The Brick Church remains a Unitarian Universalist Church today. Below, does not require an explanation. Carla and I were hungry and the town has an exceptional lunch wagon on the grounds of the Deerfield Fire Station offering sandwiches and snacks. We had hot dogs.



Just a couple of words to the reader, especially if you have children. Be prepared to spend the entire day in order to see all that is available for viewing. No picture taking is permitted inside the homes, outside is okay. It's essential to choose a comfortable day and equally comfortable shoes. As you can see, by the self-guided tour map above, there's a great deal to see and learn should you visit. At the end of the street is an awesome Ice Cream store, for when the kids have a hankering for a cone. Not much else to add. Should you decide to visit, pay the \$14 fee and enjoy live presentations at several on the homes on display, all are very interesting. We arrived to late for this option. Once again, photography is not permitted, which is why this blog is a little blah and short. A wealth of information is to be had concerning the life and times of the people from 1725 to the mid-18th century.

Above is the Deerfield Inn built in 1884 with 24 guest rooms and excellent dining.

**For more information on the Deerfield Homes of the past go to:**  
<http://www.historic-deerfield.org/discover-deerfield/historic-houses/stebbins-house/>

**Traveler's Woods RV Park:  
Bernardston, MA  
(Just off of I-91 below the New Hampshire border.)**



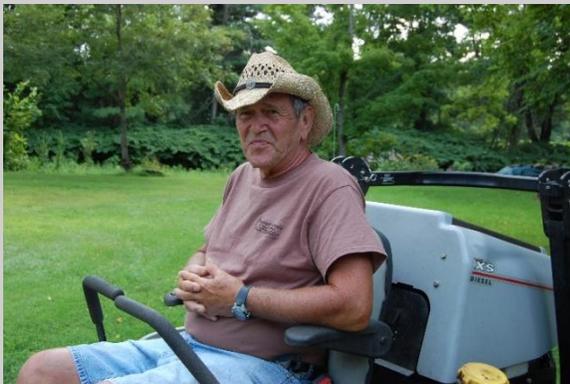
What a great little campground. In the pictures to follow you'll see just how serene this area really is and what a great place to enjoy RVing. We're located at the bottom of the campground. During heavy downpours this area could get very soggy. The highway, I-91, is within walking distance in back of the camper, but after your first day you will barely notice the sound from the highway. This park, a long time ago, was originally a KOA campground. Many years ago forty-four campers decided to make an offer on the property and were successful in acquiring it. They turned it into a Mason Retreat. Eventually they opened it up to the public. At present, I'm told, there are twenty-eight original members left. Some of the RVs on the grounds are annual residents and are empty. The empty RVs are for seasonal and part-time visitors. Dave, shown to the left, on the other hand, lives here six months, then leaves his RV and returns in the spring. He is retired law-enforcement officer and loves it here.



The Visitors Center is staffed almost all day long, including longer hours on weekends at times. Books, DVDs, magazines and TV is available. Downstairs you'll find a ping pong table, bathrooms and washer dryers. We're located in the lower section of the campground, which is still great, but sewer hook-ups are not available here. To compensate for the lack of sewer hook-up the campground will come around every week and drain your holding tanks on their own. As far as water, it's great. In fact we're not using any of our filtered water at this campground. I am correcting this last statement, so as not to mislead RV novices. In our early days we had a great deal of faith in park utilities, not so any longer. For our drinking water we are now stocking two three-gallon containers of water purchased from, where else but Walmart. For a little more than a dollar a unit we play it safe as advised from FMCA ( Family Motor Coach Association). Don't trust the campgrounds on electricity either. Always protect all your expensive appliances by utilizing a surge protector.



We used to subscribe to Dish and here we find ourselves with no reception with Dish using our Tailgater receiver. I would not recommend this type of unit to anyone. So few channels to choose from and the reception is very frustrating. We've terminated service temporarily. Television was such a large segment of our lives when living conventionally. I'd never thought that in the months to come TV would be so inconsequential, we would never have spent all that money, not to mention the two year contract, for Dish satellite service. Television has very little to do with the camping lifestyle. Tailgater owners will have no reception either, it's a Dish problem. FYI for those readers that might be thinking of pursuing this lifestyle, it would be my advice to opt for the dome on roof, a little more expensive but you'll have just about all the options you would have had at home, most of all the option to record one or more stations at a time. Below you'll find a large area for kids to play in. Granted some of it can be used for parking motorhomes, but the managers seem to keep this area open except for a large special group, if needed.

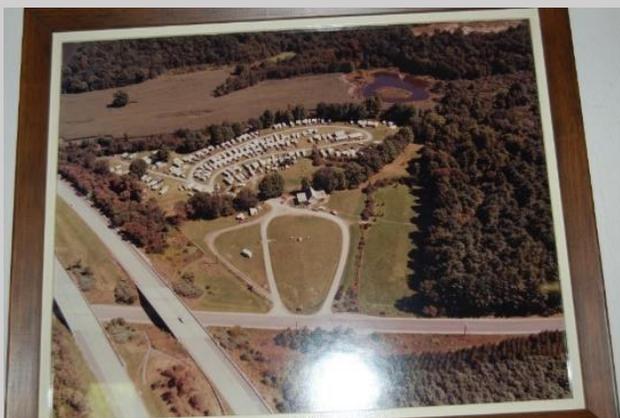


Call or write for specific driving directions from the camp managers prior to traveling to Travelers Woods. If you don't your GPS will bring you to a bridge in town just before you arrive at the campground. For those with a travel trailer or intend to tent-camp, this might not be relevant. Height of the bridge is not 11'2", more like 9 feet. The town continues to repave the road and rarely removes all the old pavement. Calling ahead for any specific driving directions is always a must. When we were boating it was called getting to know the local hazards to navigation. Above is the upper section by the office and is a little more expensive, but comes with sewer hookups. Not as heavily treed, something I enjoy. I would like to interject that, back last year we were very naïve and did not realize how important it is for a campground to have open spaces, like what you see above, when you arrive to facilitate checking-in. In our travels In 2014 we did run into a small number of campgrounds that had limited parking for arrivals. One in Vermont (Car-bo) had a horrible arrival area. On the way out of the campground there is pump-out station if needed before you get back on the road.

As everyone knows it only takes money to own a campground and running at campground isn't physics. However, if you're not a people person, good luck! If doing grounds keeping and pump station maintenance is not up your ally, good luck again. Once again! Travelers Woods is fortunate in having two husband and wife teams that have all the right attributes. Bev, part of the Bev and Leon team, is awesome. She'll bend over backwards to get everyone the accommodations best suited for their needs.

Then there's Leon.

Leon, the muscle behind the scenes. He's the gentle lion, in charge of everything physical. Just a few days ago we had a tremendous rain storm. Revere, MA had a tornado as part of that storm. During a short break in the rain, you could see Leon in his golf cart/chariot, assessing any damage from the storm. "Only this one large branch" he told me, had fallen by the river. Within minutes he was back in his tractor ridding the park of this hazard. The way he zips along in his cart lead me to think he had some professional training with fast vehicles. And sure enough; In his younger days he was involved in racing for a few years.



Scots is fascinated watching Leon zig-zag up and down and occasionally doing a circle-eight which he has definitely mastered. But then, she's a cat, and has no life. The campground is always in pristine condition which, most likely, accounts for all the activity in camper traffic every day. Bev and Leon truly enjoy being campground managers. With the zest they show every day catering to our needs they should have the opportunity to not only manage a campground but be owners. Who knows, there's always the possibility of winning the lottery.

I found this picture on their Web Site. Our location during our stay is in the upper left corner. But what you see is about 90% of the campground. This park is for the everyday person and family. Honestly it's much nicer than many corporate campgrounds. however you can't beat the fees some of those campgrounds charge. This year, 2014, we'll end up spending almost four-thousand dollars just on campground fees. We will corrected that situation in 2015.

**Hiking Northfield Mountain  
(20 minute drive from Travelers Woods east of I-91)  
July 20, 2014**



Sunday, was supposed to be a quiet day, but that would be a waste of a beautiful day. Temps are in the low 70s and no humidity, awesome! It was our decision to take a short trip to Northfield, MA. The heading on this topic says “mountain” but you must take the term loosely, after all we were in our late sixties, and can barely remember the last time we climbed a real mountain. We arrived and paid the small fees they were asking for, then we were faced with a decision, which trail would we select. Given all these choices we chose Rose Ledge trail. We were told it would be around five miles, unless we miss a turn, which we will, and add at least half mile or more to this adventure. Things began quite nicely, still just a gentle slope, but we both knew that would not last. See the RED markers below on the tree, that’s our trail. Look at the size of that marker, it’s about as wide as a tree. But we’ll be seeing “blue” soon.

Yup, you guessed it, still going uphill! Below, if you haven’t noticed, yes, were still going uphill. We look at it this way, we’re retired, and life is not a race. We’re going to take our time and smell the roses, whatever! At least the red trail markers are where they should be, and us too.



This looks like a memorial marker. Someone did not make it! Water!!! Thank goodness, we made note of where we are and that there’s water just in case we drink through the 12oz water bottle we took with us.



**Right again, still going up! This is as high as we go. We started on red markers, then followed blue for a while, then about 1/4 mile ago we were back on the red trail. Met a young man at this point, from Granby CT. He was going the other way. He got side tracked on this trail as well. He assured us the red trail was well marked from this point moving forward.**



**Water again; we're good. Still have four ounces left. It's just reassuring to know, should we need more, where water can be found. Notice the ravine is going downhill, we're going up again; just a bit! This is still a perfect day for a hike. Neither are we concerned about how long this is taking us nor the fact that we haven't seen many hikers the lasty twenty minutes nor do we have idea if we're even on the red trail, or any trail. Red markers. Where are you?**



**Going downhill! Finally, but we haven't seen a red marker or blue marker for the last twenty minutes. Below, guess what, a red marker. The path we've been following was pretty well worn, so we were not that worried, we knew we'd come out somewhere. Thank goodness a red marker was here to greet us.**



**End is in sight! Made it, 2.5 hours later. Nice climb, and people tell us we're old! This was a great walk in the park type climb, and we would recommend it as a five star adventure. A family with kids age eight and above should have very little problems here at Northfield Mountain.**

***Just a cautionary word to parents. This is not a hill, it's a small mountain, definitely not Canon Mountain but probably not much harder to climb than Mount Washington. Dress appropriately, comfortable "climbing" shoes, not what we wore, and bring more than one bottle of water. Drinking water from a spring is never advised.***

**July 25th,- The Inn at East Hill Farm.**



Now, to top off the day, we are heading for Troy, NH. To be exact The Inn at East Hill Farm. This beautiful old Inn holds so many memories for me. There was a time, not that long ago, square dancing was an integral part of our lives. Our caller Jim Harris and wife Mary, both now passed away, would book the entire property as a graduation celebration for his new dancers. He was always the only caller scheduled, however he had a great many followers, those he had taught, numbered over three-hundred on these weekends. His reputation was so wide spread he very rarely had less than ten or twelve high level callers show up as well. These were callers at the top of their field, and they came on their own dime. We would begin dancing around 10am, right after an awesome breakfast and sometimes dance till well after midnight...Priceless weekends!

The Inn at East Hill Farm – The Main House  
The Barn at the Inn



This was always a family experience and it never disappointed. With Jim Harris as our caller plus the awesome East Hill Farm location would always be the square dance extravaganza the newbies would never forget. The level, for those square dancers would start a “club-level” and reach mainstream and A1 for those dances with a great deal of experience. From a social point of view you forgot work and problems back home, and concentrated on dancing, eating and just plain having fun. Sadly Jim and wife Mary are no longer with us and with his passing would go any possibility of future dancers learning this dance form from such an awesome teacher. Our three-day weekends at the Inn, if I recall rightly, were in March/April and it was usually cold, sometimes very cold. The ambiance of the Inn, friends and fireplaces never let the chilly weather dampen our weekends. So many adults and kids would come and enjoy all of the activities the Inn provided for them. My kids would join us for dances and, of course, meals (awesome food). Often times they were off during the afternoon times with the other kids experiencing the animals in the barn, and possibly other activities. The days and nights went by so fast that, before we knew it, the Inn was serving its memorable Thanksgiving Turkey Dinner family style to everyone’s satisfaction, this however, would also mean it was about time to leave. If this could be your only camping experience over a vacation period, the memories of East Hill Farm would never leave you.

*The welcome mat is always out at the INN*

**Old folks' first campfire  
7/2014**



**Last Friday night we tried our hand at having a campfire. We did pretty well. Managed not to set the grounds on fire and were able to cook up a few hot dogs. Hey, if you look very closely you might be able to see the fire. Remember that song “Smoke Gets in Your Eyes”, by either Nat King Cole or the Platters. Thought it was a song about a breaking-up, but now I think it was a country-western song about a smokey campfire. We would spend the next week reviewing our plans and double checking our travel routes. August would actually be the spring-board month for the rest of our lives, a camping lifestyle. We hadn't fully experienced this lifestyle yet, but in the months to follow, we will often be asked, “How do you like not having a real home?” Being full-time is a totally unique experience. It's so hard to fully explain. I assume it would be like trying to describe a roller-coaster experience, or even the exhilarating feeling of the Tower of Terror at Disney. To be totally free from all those things that tie you to the brick and mortar world, especially the lawn..Awesome!. From time to time I will try to expand on this thought but enough for now.**

## AUGUST 2014



**Carla's Birthday -It's tradition with Carla to try to guess what her gifts might be, prior to opening. Today would be the same as she guessed; a loaf of pumpkinnickel bread. We hope to go out to eat later this evening and then finish the birthday day with a movie; we selected Noah. We have already begun the packing-up process, not that it is that involved or takes that long, it's just the idea of doing it the right way to facilitate the setting-up process as we travel next to Vermont. Carla's 2014 Birthday Cake was actually a strawberry cheesecake. Promised her dinner this evening and dinner we did. We re-visited the Four Leaf Clover Restaurant in Bernardston, VT. Later that evening we relaxed in the coach and around 6 we'll begin watching Noah. We don't expect the movie to disappoint. We're still celebrating Carla's birthday, later that evening. The birthday cake did not come out, this year, till the end of the day. We really needed nourishment after sitting through Noah for two-and one-half hours. Cake this year was a mini cheesecake for two, and no more! It was from Stop & Shop and was delicious.**

**Four Leaf Clover Restaurant-MA  
Bernardston, MA.  
Four Leaf Clover (FLC) Restaurant**



**Fancy restaurants with fancy names and stars after their names are so over-rated. I'll take a family-owned restaurant with casual dress code any day of the week. The Four Leaf Clover this evening served up two Lobster Rolls with fries. I had a beer and Carla had an ice tea and the meal was beyond our expectations. Since we forgot to go out to eat for my birthday, this was an ideal opportunity to celebrate both occasions. We were here once before, two weeks ago, celebrating our 24<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary.**

Carla had Shrimp and pasta and I dined on a thick medium well done steak and a generous piece of fish, haddock I think... At the restaurant, that evening, the folks next to us had ordered that same meal I had ordered and, although it was a fairly good size piece of fish, the jumbo shrimp looked so much better. I asked the waitress if I could swap out the plain fish for the shrimp, she said no problem. Was honestly expecting only a couple of jumbo shrimp; what a surprise! I was given four of jumbo shrimp, just like Carla had. I definitely got the best of both worlds on this meal. The Four Leaf Clover is about as casual as you can get. The menu is more than adequate, from beans and bacon to steak with seafood. This restaurant deserves all the promoting possible. It will not disappoint.

**Travelers Woods RVP-last night**

**Aug 6, 2014**

The slides have been checked, tanks emptied, the king-pin unsecured and the bikes have been safely secured to the rear ladder. Seems we work harder preparing the bikes to travel than anything else. Sounds worse than it is. I envy those folks with coaches, you know, those big motorhomes.



Family decided to get together at Applebee's. This has been a very pleasant stay. Noticed Carla is just a little concerned that it might be a long time before we visit family in Greenfield, MA again, but that should not be the case. New York, Conn. and Mass. connect to everywhere in the country; and revisiting should not be a problem. Next day Pat. Carla's sister in law, called and invited us to join them this evening for pizza; she saved me from having left-over ham at home; delicious!

We are preparing to leave Traveler's Woods by 10 AM tomorrow morning. by 10 PM the fifth wheel is ready for the next trip which will be a six hour trip. We will break up the traveling into two short trips, called boondocking; the frugal lifestyle of living with no outside utilities. This year we were full-timing in a fifth-wheel RV, that's a big trailer being towed by a very strong diesel truck. We'll use the batteries in the fifth wheel for lights, our only comfort. The camper has a bathroom, thank goodness. For breakfast tomorrow we'll keep it simple with just coffee, cereal and donuts. After breakfast is over the slides come in and we disconnect electric and water from Traveler's Woods-RVP and hitch-up to the truck for our two-hundred-mile trek to Northern Vermont. What a life; taking your home with you no matter where you go.

August 8, Friday Generally I group our trips by the campground that we're staying at, but Char-bo has only been a disappointment so I will avoid mentioning this campground by name, oops! and refer this trip by our town of destination, Derby, VT. We will be visiting Carla's sister at her camp/home. This will be another family snippet, but it also qualifies for a very nice destination as well, that is, Derby, VT.

#### Mary Ann's Derby camp



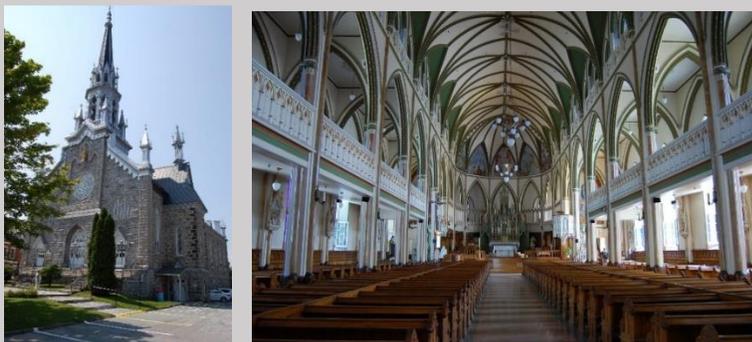
We've visited before in 2012 when we enjoyed our first family get together here. First day involves traveling but we were pleasantly treated to an awesome pork dinner that evening and after that we viewed a DVD which did not disappoint, however nobody can remember the name of it. The weekend is here already and Carla and Mary Ann went to visit the library at the Derby Line.

Being Saturday we went to church at 4 PM that evening. On the way home from church we picked up a pizza and brought it to the camp. Then, as customary, it was movie night. Mark, Carla's nephew, and Jody will arrive Sunday morning. Their kids, Morgan and Haley will be arriving this coming Friday with others. It was great seeing them again, although we'd all been together during our Greenfield, MA visit. The rest of the day was spent just talking. Mark and Jodi we're scheduled to cook this evening, they'd be serving up some stuffed peppers for dinner. Then again we ended the evening with a movie, "Escape". Monday already. We picked up Mark and Jodi and spent the day in Magog, in Québec, Canada. Only a 45 minute drive from Derby, this picturesque town was a pleasure to visit. In the evening, at the camp, it doesn't get much better than this. Every family should have a family member fortunate to have a camp get-away, like this. View from the camp...Thank you Mary Ann.

#### Magog, Quebec- Canada



**Magog, August 11, 2014, in Quebec Canada, I'm sure, it's not on anyone's "must see" list, but in our travels we hope to visit and explore not only the big sights but also some lesser known towns and areas of interest. We hope you enjoy some of the venues we visit.**



**Saint Patric's Church in downtown Magog, Quebec. We have a really hard time passing up visiting a new church. This church was truly awesome. Just check out what the interior of the church looked like. Like so many of our friends who RV full-time, we can't help but realize how blessed we are to be fortunate enough to enjoy this type of lifestyle. None of the full-time RVers that I know of have any serious money, we all live on a very strict budgets, but all of us are acutely aware that it only takes one serious accident to limit our traveling abilities. Carla and I never pass up an opportunity to thank Him for making all this possible for us.**



**What do you think...?**

**Awesome right!**

**Just across the street we finally give in to our stomachs and discover a quaint restaurant, however, the menu all in French of course, so we decide on a ham and cheese sandwich and other stuff but all was in French, all of it as so delicious. Below for many Canadians, I'm told, this beachfront is their Rivera without their having to mortgage the farm. It was just so pleasant touring this town from this beautiful walkway. Especially having Mark and Jodi with us on this particular venue. Mary Ann had left her passport back home and so was unable to go on this trip.**



Mark, Carla's nephew and wife Jodi, This looks like an old fashioned train depot below, but in actuality it's a building housing restrooms. At the end of the building, notice the windows, is an awesome Ice Cream station. Ice Cream is not necessary to make our day, but it doesn't hurt. Another look at this walkway as it hooks around the town marina. Only drawback to the walkway is that the only way back to where you parked your car is to backtrack the way you came.



The village of Magog. If it were not for the cars on the street this could easily be mistaken for a turn of the century New England town. For now though, all good things must come to an end and return to the USA. We arrived around 1 PM. Magog was only 31 miles from Derby. For dinner this evening, at Mary Ann's camp, we had cheeseburgers, that were awesome. The following day was spent at home (in the fifth) till later in the afternoon. In the meantime Kelly, Jodi's sister and Barbara, Jodi and Kelly's mom, arrived at the camp. Where did everyone sleep for the next five days? We joined them for a "build it your way" dinner. Chicken sandwich was the meal for this evening. We followed up dinner with the movie "Heaven is for Real." Needless to say everyone enjoyed the movie.



The evenings at the camp, as Mary Ann calls it, are so very peaceful. I think the lake has a great deal to do with it.



We were expected at the camp on Wednesday by 7 AM. Not used to getting up and getting out that early but we made it. Then off to McDonald's to enjoy a quick breakfast followed by a trip to the "turbines" in the town of Lowell, VT. Karen will be staying overnight with us. Hot dogs and cold cuts are on the menu. Saturday, and it's a very special day. My daughter, Cheryl's, birthday today. Yes! I remembered! Last night we had our first overnight guest stay with us in the coach, Karen. All the others were sleeping at the camp in Derby, somewhere somehow. The camp is a one-bedroom home. As usual Mass is on the docket for 4 PM. Mary Ann, Carla and I attended and then met up with the gang at a pizza shop in Derby. This was followed up with a full evening of "Left-Right-Center," as very inexpensive but very enjoyable card game. Carla's family bids everyone farewell for 2014.

#### 8.13.2014- Wind Turbines of Vermont- Lowell, VT



The blades on these goliaths are around two-hundred feet long. The towers that house them are around three-hundred feet tall. The base of the turbines measure around twelve feet. The turbine motor unit, in the center of the blade, is twelve feet in diameter, but looks much smaller from the ground. Above is one-half of a full blade.



**In this location there were twenty-one turbines. Little did we know that in our travels we would be seeing turbines in so many locations. One was actually in Boston by the new bridge. Iowa is inundated with them. They also dot the landscape of so many acres of farmlands in Wisconsin.**



**Strangely, when you stand close to these turbines the blades, they appear to move ever so slowly. Our guide told us that they were operating at full power. They actually are fitted with brakes should they go around much faster than this. Just a tidbit of junk information. Would you believe that the power company that paid for the land rights, bought the turbines and erected them only have a twenty year lease, after which if lucky, the holder of the lease will renew the lease.**

**If not given a renewal, they face having to dismantle everything and go home. This is only the second week in August, not November. Do we look like the temps are in the seventies? This day we were lucky if the temp reached forty degrees. Not to mention the wind. It took me a good four hours to begin feeling my toes after we finally got back to the fifth. Gotta love Vermont.**

**8.19.2014- Haskell Free Library , Québec, CA  
As they say;” this is the pride of Stanstead, Québec and Derby Line, VT.” Why both?**



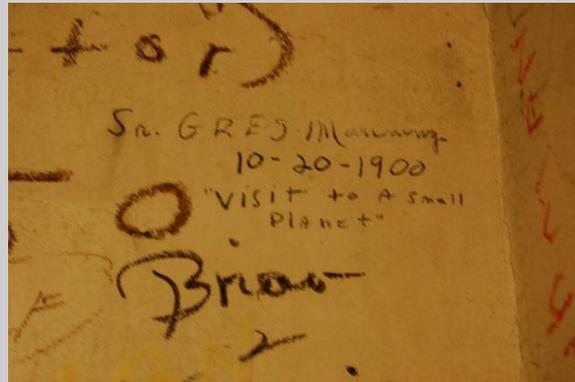
**This beautiful building, built in 1904 as a library, for the border communities of both these villages, but it also has an Opera House on the upper level. The Opera Theatre was an afterthought to hopefully insure the financial success of the Library. This Canadian officer above was a little concerned when he noticed us pulling over to the side of the road. He must have mistaken us for a couple of old terrorist. Once I pulled out my camera he was kind enough to strike a pose for our camera. A French and English translation on the origination of the opera house.**

***“This structure is doubly unusual: It not only straddles the Canada-United States boundary but also contains a theatre. Built between 1901 and 1904 as the gift of the Haskell family of Vermont, it testifies to the late Victorian belief in the intellectual and moral benefits of education and the arts. It is a Queen Anne Revival style, as designed by James Ball, is typical of public libraries of the period. The second story opera house follows accepted principles of 19<sup>th</sup>-century theatre design and its ornate interior seats 500 people.”***



**So, once again, why are we here? It all has to do with the black line you see on the floor in the picture below. If you are seated on the back side of the line you would be sitting in the USA. Sit yourself in front of the line and you'd be in Canada. This is the only known building that straddles two countries.**

**This delightful destination is well worth a serious ride for both adults and children.**



**On the back walls of this theatre you will find signatures of performers going back over one-hundred years. In the beginning the management tried to discourage this new fad but the performers felt a need to be remembered and the walls back stage were selected. This is not part of the regular tour. Carla had asked our tour person a question and she brought us back stage to reinforce the answer to her question.**

**8.20.2014- Jay Peak Mountain,**



**Right, we've just arrived at Jay Peak. This is a huge attraction in Jay, Vermont. How can anyone or any group of people envision how to erect such an awesome project? This indoor water palace has everything in it. Just when you've looked around and thought you've seen everything, something new pops up.**



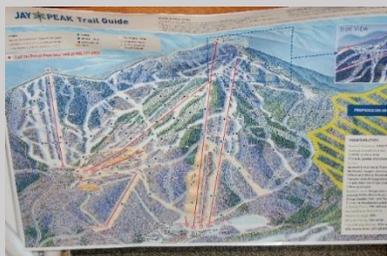
For me, it was the surf pool. There's too much to talk about, I'm going to let the pictures do quite a bit of the talking. Below you'll see wall-to-wall kids. This venue appears to be extremely safe for everyone, young and old. All of us, non-paying gawkers, cannot get to the lower level. You must be a paying guest or renter to enjoy the lower level. Lifeguards are all over this place.



I doubt if I could afford to spend a week here, but would sure like to try. If you and/or your family enjoys skiing in Vermont and water sports this is the place to come to. It is definitely off the beaten path, but then there is very little in Vermont to do except outdoor sports, so to have this summer-like venue alongside this year-round resort is just short of priceless. Those wanting to hike or camp, it's all here! In the winter, those not totally sold on skiing have the option to just hang out here if they so desire.



Do not forget the hundreds of hotel rooms, condos for sale and condos for rent. For those more affluent parents and grand-parents who can afford to send a child or grandchild to camp, this resort has a summer camp program for only \$250/week (Great birthday or holiday gift idea). I guess it's all relative. If we were in the area and Abby wanted to spend a week here, we would make it happen, just as long as we could enjoy it as well. Don't forget, five months of the year Jay Peak is all about skiing.



What could you do and learn if you did summer camp here? How about rope courses, surfing, skating, golfing, climbing, tie-dyeing, cooking, hiking, kayaking and more. Could I sign up? A question I've always wanted to ask and Jay Peak had the answer; *what is the top speed of a Zamboni? Answer 9.7 mph...That one was for you Abby.* This place also has a separate ice skating building to boot. It's so easy to just talk about the buildings and this awesome attraction, but most folks come to Vermont and Jay Peak for the skiing. Dozens of

ski trails, as you can see from the picture above. As far as the apartments and condos everyone knows, if you call and they give you a mini vacation here on their dime, there's, most likely, a spiel you'll have to listen to. The smallest condos in the far back of this picture sells for \$129,000 that's about a 630 SF just a short walk from the slopes. That's just a little bigger than our coach.

#### 8.25.214- The Great Vermont Corn Maze, 1404 Wheelock Road - Danville, VT 05828

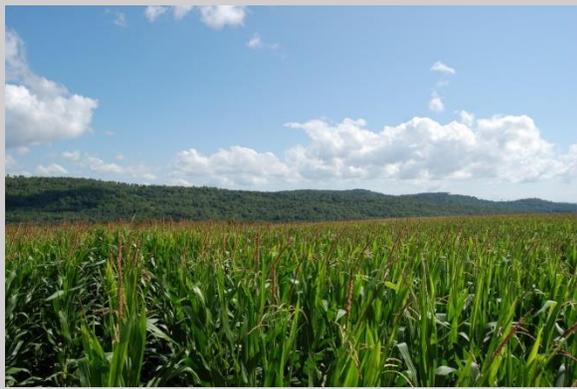


Many cars and trucks were already here by the time we arrived. If you haven't guessed it yet, we are now on our own. We left Derby, VT early this morning. On our way to our next campground in Littleton, NH we noticed an add for the "Maze." And had to check it out. That's the amazing thing about being a full-time camper. If you see it or hear about it you have the option to go and see whatever you want. We had a very enjoyable time visiting with family and friends, but today is the first day, away totally untethered from family, beginning our new lifestyle.

*Yea! We're here, and we can do this.* We paid a very modest fee to participate and then we were hit with having to make a choice on which entrance we wanted to start at. Choices were: Eeeny, Meeny, Miney and Mo. We chose Mo. That would be, as we were soon to find out, only our first of many bad decisions.



**This is going to be easy! Anyone can do this, after all we were told, just follow your nose. Now it was time to get started. We would soon be told, as we naively journeyed the maze, that it was comprised of four quadrants totaling ten acres, that’s almost 500,000 square feet! Given all that, did you know the corn grows over seven feet tall! Below is the maze as LeBron James could view it. Our wanderings would bring us to visit the father, creator of the maze, at least five times.**



**Above is the father and creator of the maze. You could tell, after speaking to him so many times, he enjoyed talking to all of us. But the maze, in many areas, offered some relief. The bells of “frustration” below. There were many of them throughout the maze. We took delight in expressing our feelings every time we ran into one of these. The Maze offered the wanderers options, all the time. The doors to the scenic view were everywhere to help the weary, in other words, those who were giving up. All you had to do was open the door and walk through. The sign on the door read...Enter to solve the scenic maze. Only a wimp would quit this challenge! These doors are for all the others looking for the easy way out; so we traipsed on!**



**The tunnel. In our travels we would run into this infrastructure many times. The tunnel was good for shade since it was now high noon. Below is the same tunnel, once again, now 12:30 Carla did eventually get over seeing the tunnel over and over again. Then we also happened across other man-made items.**



**A Vessel in a sea of corn. This boat from where I don't know? Only bumped into this three times. "Which way" we asked the creator for the second time? Then...Yes, we're finally asking for real help.**



**The son of the father who is responsible for this green jungle was also minimally helpful. Both he and the father were more than willing to aim us in the right direction. Directions were, "just keep to your left, sounds simple, until your left gives you three different lefts to choose from. We are now asking the son for directions on how to get out... Yes, we're giving up. It's been 2.5 hours. Fifteen minutes later we end up back at the father needing additional help on how we can surrender to the vastness of this maze. I'm beginning to think this is a family of clones, very helpful clones, nonetheless. A wanderer who just had a hip replacement and could go no further, has joined us now.**

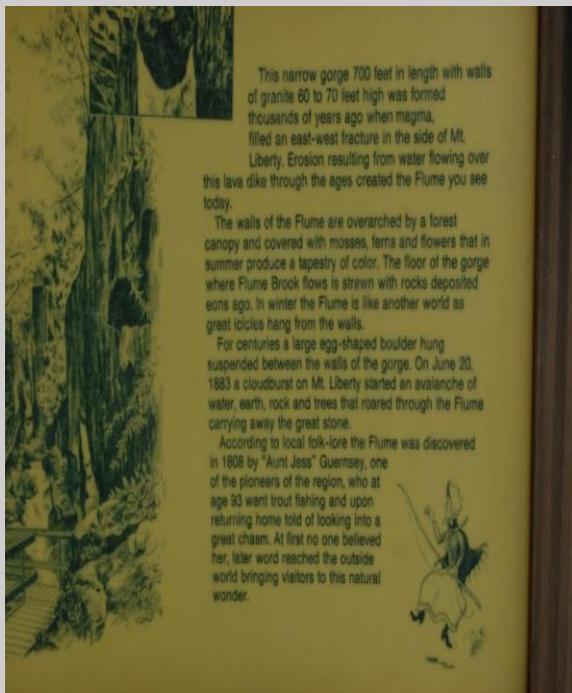


**The Bell of Success. Even though we needed help, we were told few make it without help and even fewer make it on their own.. We did stick it out and the father said we deserved to ring the bell of success. Yes! We did it. Took almost three hours.**

## The Flume Franconia Notch, NH



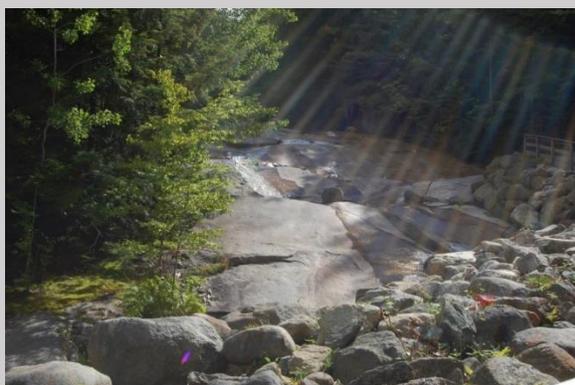
**Yesterday after arriving in New Hampshire we rested. Today we're traveling to Franconia, NH to experience Franconia Notch. After that, if we're not thoroughly exhausted, the Basin in Cannon Mountain. What a beautiful entrance to one of Mother Nature's finest creations, thousands of years in the making.**



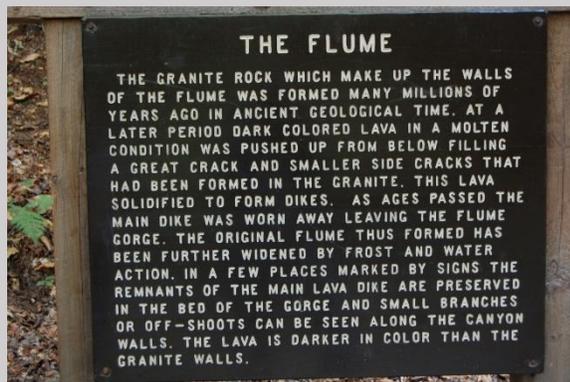
**The story of Aunt Jess. Reading the picture to the left is a great way to begin this journey. Please take a minute to read the placard above, for the Aunt Jess saga. So far this has been a walk in the park. On entering we read this poster above. This would be a two mile trek in total and we're planning to spend about three hours at this venue. This narrative will be mostly pictorial. How does that saying go "a picture is worth a thousand words"? Well we have lots of pictures so hopefully I will have less to type. How quaint, this covered bridge. And there's a message another board.**



The message did not photograph that well. Basically said this was a covered bridge and a few reasons why our ancestors put a roof over bridges. The stream in the above picture runs under the bridge. Another picture of that stream further along. I included this picture of the stream below because every once in a while I accidentally take, what I think, is a one-in-a-million shot. Below is one of those very special shots with special effects courtesy of Mother Nature added, at no extra charge.



This is a picture taken in 1878 of the Flume back then. If you have the ability to enlarge you might see it better. Ahead is the bridge that should take us into the Flume Gorge. Very few of us would even attempt to negotiate the flume if it had not been upgraded and made more accessible. The Federal Parks Department work diligently to make all of their properties extremely manageable and most importantly, safe for the public. We found that each time we tackled a mountain. In 2015 we were challenged by some very awesome caves and caverns, once again, made safe and passable thanks to the park staff.



### THE FLUME

THE GRANITE ROCK WHICH MAKE UP THE WALLS OF THE FLUME WAS FORMED MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO IN ANCIENT GEOLOGICAL TIME. AT A LATER PERIOD DARK COLORED LAVA IN A MOLTEN CONDITION WAS PUSHED UP FROM BELOW FILLING A GREAT CRACK AND SMALLER SIDE CRACKS THAT HAD BEEN FORMED IN THE GRANITE. THIS LAVA SOLIDIFIED TO FORM DIKES. AS AGES PASSED THE MAIN DIKE WAS WORN AWAY LEAVING THE FLUME GORGE. THE ORIGINAL FLUME THUS FORMED HAS BEEN FURTHER WIDENED BY FROST AND WATER ACTION. IN A FEW PLACES MARKED BY SIGNS THE REMNANTS OF THE MAIN LAVA DIKE ARE PRESERVED IN THE BED OF THE GORGE AND SMALL BRANCHES OR OFF-SHOOTS CAN BE SEEN ALONG THE CANYON WALLS. THE LAVA IS DARKER IN COLOR THAN THE GRANITE WALLS.

**It's important to read the picture above. It explains, very nicely and right to the point, the formation and some history of the Flume.**



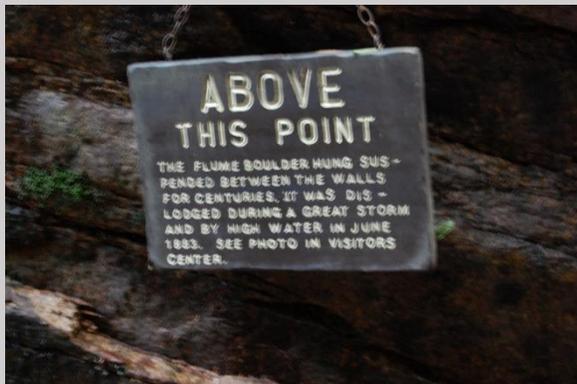
**This is one of those attractions where you cannot just tell your kids “just be careful.” This venue mandates a great amount of walking and much of it is well above the gorge. This is the beginning of the Flume Gorge and it gets better and a bit more challenging. The temperature has dropped seriously and moisture permeates the air around us.**



**The walkways are easy to navigate...but the rocks below are real and very unforgiving. Once again, best to keep the younger children by your side.**



**We are still climbing. Now we're dealing with many steps and steep extended walkways. We both came well prepared for this walk, as we had done this once before, over twenty years ago. Today we came with proper dress attire and proper shoes. Should have brought some water, however, always forgetting something!**



Following the Flume, with this walkway, is easy. You do, however, work up a thirst. Did I mention that I forgot to pack the water! There are a few placards explaining some of the history and special items that we are witnessing today. Like the moss and in particular flowers indigenous to the flume.

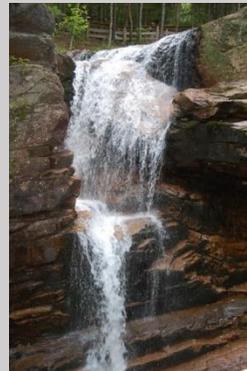


We continue walking through the Flume Gorge. A photo of the algae growth “on the rocks” in this gorge. Below, Carla leads the way....



Still climbing...Below, I look back, how did they do this one-hundred years ago? Not to mention old Aunt Jess! Our tax dollars were well invested in the construction and maintenance of this venue.

*Looking back...*



And the walkway continues. This was one of those views that must be taken the best way possible. I resist, as much as possible, taking vertical shots, but it was the only way to illustrate the details in the rock formations. The temperature is getting even a little cooler.

A great destination to hit on a very warm day.



Just some fill-in pictures as we walk along the boardwalks. Moss and mildew continue to be seen brought about by moisture and minimal light. It doesn't take much for moss to grow. Even in caverns three-hundred feet below the surface, moss can grow. Reason is, (I know you're dying to find out), many years back, cave owners used incandescent lights that emitted both heat and light; sadly many times a lot more heat. Even a small trickle of water would inevitably yield the moisture needed to produce the green growth. It would take years for LED lights to be developed and even longer for Mother Nature to kill the algae naturally; more on this in next year's book. A bear cave above, but no signs of a bear.



**Just doing a little looking back again, yet we keep going up! As the picture below tells us, we're at 1600 feet above sea level. We continue to traverse over bridges and walkways that rise up like a slow elevator leaving the rocky ground below. Just another warning to parents concerning kids, be watchful! Unlike a mountain climb or hike in a forest, the temperature make this journey comfortable, but a little strenuous.**



**Looking down from across the gorge. Imagine trying to hike the trail over one-hundred years ago, that is, over the slippery wet rocks and clinging on to the ground cover wherever possible. Let's all say thank you to the next Park Ranger you might bump into.**



**Looking at the gorge walkways from the other side. From here we are now returning, going back to the Visitor's Center except from the other side of the gorge. Our wooden walkway has evolved into a very comfortable forest path, for a change.**



Please notice how high up we are. To the right hand side lower corner of the picture you can see the walkway we were on barely a few minutes ago. This is a very woodsy walk. In place of a wooden walkway, we are now following a path in the forest. The Flume is still very much there except to our left side from this point on.



How nice, someone offered to take our picture...I say that only because it does not happen very often. Conscious of that I never stop offering to take pictures of others with their cameras. Once again, back about eight years ago we were so fortunate to have Abby along with us on many of our vacations, but kids grow up and are now more interested in their friends and, of course, texting.

She was an excellent photographer. Below is a heavy rain shelter...



The story goes that there was a king, forgot which one, from England, who was told of the lush green forest and the virgin wood in this forest.

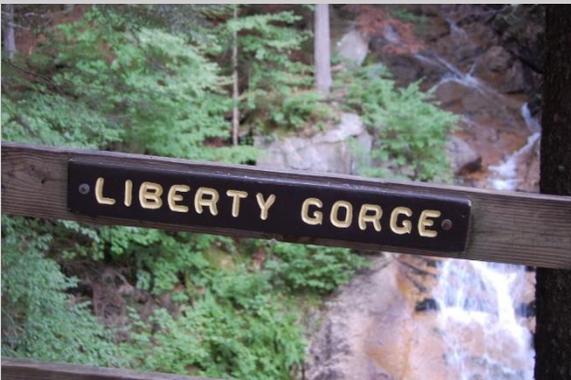
As a result he contracted dozens of ships to return to this area. Entire areas were totally deforested and vast acreages were laid to waister. The trees were sent to England to build his ships. *Another good reason for the tea-party revolution.* This pathway is very wide and extremely well cared for. The tree in the picture is an example of the size of the trees around over 100 years ago.



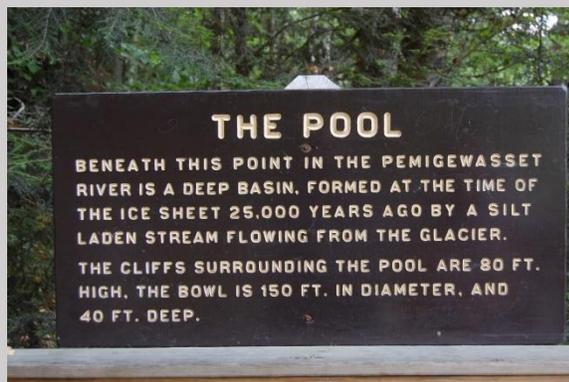
We're still pretty high, looking down. Some additional pictures for appreciation. We're up quite a bit and would not put too much faith in the fencing provided, just a word to the wise.



The Pool is coming up. Going down for a change. This part is much steeper than the picture actually shows. It is safe, however, we make use of the railings provided. We rather err on the side of safety.



Time to move on. I could go for an ice cream right now, what else is new! This area right here, once again is up about one-hundred-fifty feet. It's a great view looking straight down, but kids beware. The path is very steep and not always free of obstructions and rocks.



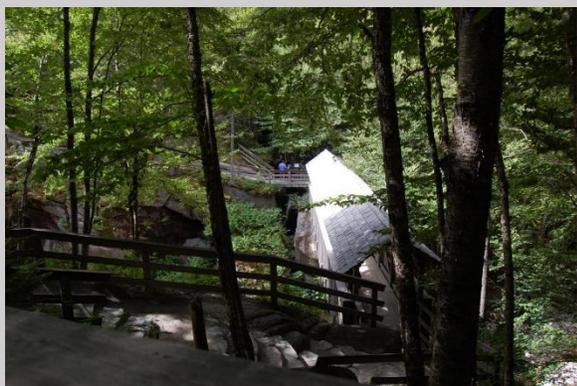
*The Pool...*

Explanation in the picture below....



In the picture above you can see the pathway we will be on within a few minutes. In this picture below you can see, if you look closely, the huge log on which this covered bridge was built upon.

It's difficult to see and in a few pictures the log will be more visible.



It should go with question that the path below is not to be taken lightly. Even as carefully as we are moving, it is very easy to catch your toe or heel on one of the many protrusions here.



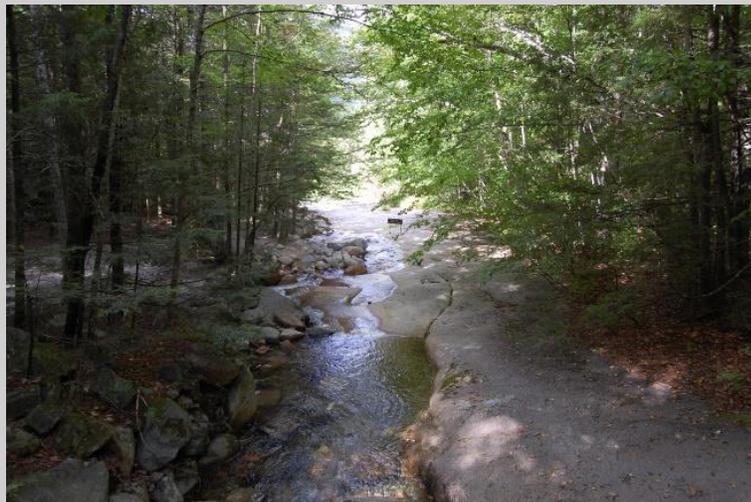
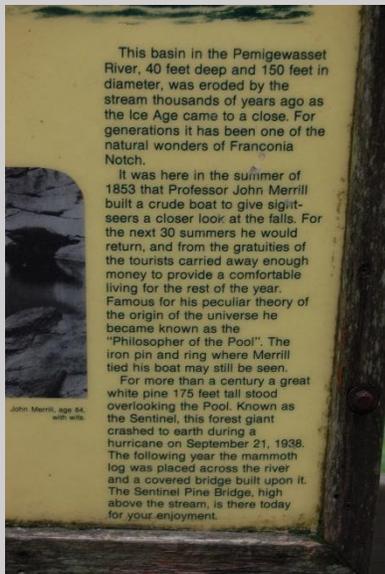
**The Sentinel Bridge is built on an ancient tree. It fell naturally and the bridge was built upon it. There's a 1938 picture coming up depicting the size of the tree holding up this bridge.**



**Carla and I opted to take their word on this Wolf's Den. Others took the challenge and discovered the den for themselves; more power to them!**



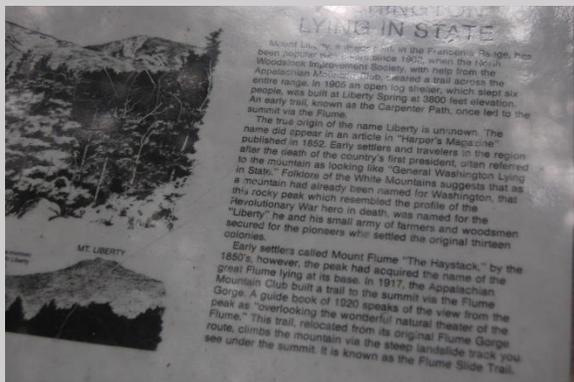
**We are on our final leg, in many ways, of this venture. Mother Nature will grow anywhere or on anything. The pictures may not show it, but we're both getting a little tired. Everyone has to stand back and marvel at just how beautiful Mother Nature grows, and with the assistance of very few tax dollars.**



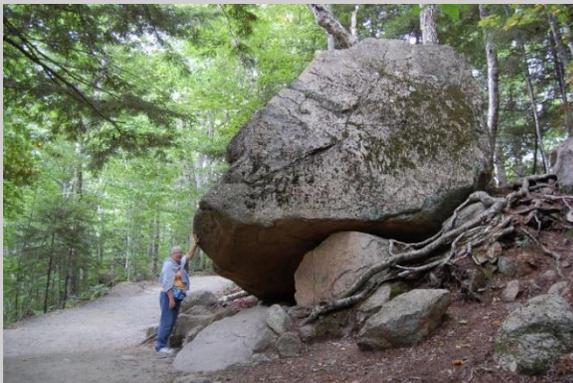
**The Pool from another angle. And yes! We're almost to the end of this trek. But before I end please take a look at some additional pictures we found along our way back to the Visitor's Center.**



**We're both ready to call it a day, but we're not there yet. There! I knew I had a picture showing the log supporting the bridge. See below.**



**How many centuries would it take for this to occur?**



**Worried about it falling?**



**Even a wimp can do this...Only feet to go and we will leave this awesome park.**



**We finally reach the visitors' center. Pictures of this beautiful center.**



**These pictures are of the Visitor's Center. This is the second time we've been here in the last twenty-five years and hopefully we'll do it again, sooner next time.**



**Thank you for taking this excursion with us, but now it's time to find the car and hopefully, if the weather holds, check out Cannon Mountain.**

**Cannon Mountain  
Franconia, NH  
August 28, 2014**



**We're just a little tuckered out from our venture through The Flume. Just up the road from the Flume is Cannon. We did Cannon Mountain about Twenty-five years ago, when we were much younger. Today we will aerial tram our way up the mountain. As we recall there's not much to do when we arrive at the top. The road we're on is I-93N. Actually this is on the way to Littleton, NH, which is about a half hour north of here, more on that later.**



**Made it, still not totally rested up. There's always a gift shop and a visitor's center. Unlike many of the visitor's centers we'll be visiting in the future there's no history on the creation of Cannon Mountain or even the building of the tram, probably before my time. Great place to hang out as Carla is testing. We're still waiting for our tram to arrive.**



Okay, here it comes. As one come down, I'm told, it gives most of the power to bring the other tram up. The tram in itself would make an excellent blog if there was any information on it at all. Just another couple of minutes and it will be our turn. Did I mention this car is full, I mean really full. No chance for a descent picture, except for that of this child's ear. In the picture below you can see that dip in the tram lines, it's sometimes similar to a Disney E ride. But as much as that will cause one to hold their stomach, coming up, is a tram tower; coming up fast.



Everyone holds their stomachs and gives out a small sound of relief once we've crossed through the tower, only to see another is on the horizon. There's either two or three, but regardless, there's no way around these.

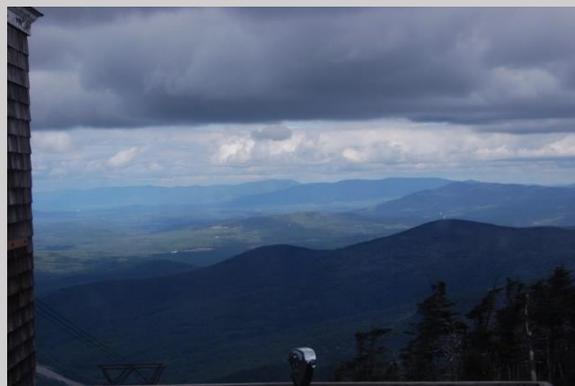
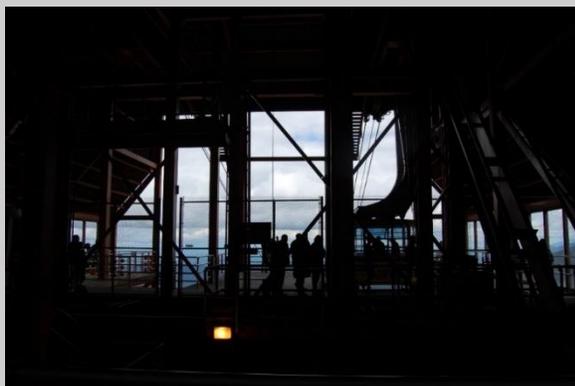


Skiers go through these several times a day, whatever! We get through them all and we can see the top of the mountain. Coming in a little fast, as some look on apprehensively, but nonetheless we'll be there in a couple of minutes. Below you can see that we've made it up safely.

Summit elevation at 4100 feet. In a few days we'll be ascending Mount Washington, this time by railway which is a little over 6000 feet above sea level. Only hope we have as nice a day for that venture.



I never fail to marvel at how smart so many other people are to be able to build such powerful and heavy operating devices at four-thousand feet up, without the help of a tram to get all that is needed up here.



The dark silhouettes in the picture above is indicative of how bright it is outside. Everyone is disembarking and moving indoors. Below, for those who are skiers, is an enhanced picture of all the ski trails Cannon Mountain offers. Back in my youth, twenties that is, I had a very good friend, Tommy Lehan; a little younger than Carla and I. He used to be a member of the ski patrol in his free time.

Actually, I really think he was doing it because it gave him a chance to ski for free, which was important since he was a young parent at the time and none of us had that much extra cash in those days. He's gone now, wish I'd been more diligent about keeping in touch with him through the years. He was a good father and husband and great friend to have known. It's nice to have had an opportunity to at least mention his name in this text. Susan, his wife, has kept in touch, from time to time. What a clear and beautiful day. It is September and down below it's quite comfortable. Up here, however, we're cold. The wind is blowing and the cold is going right through us. We hadn't packed a picnic lunch for going to the Flume, we try to keep everything as simple as possible, and now we're hungry. At the top of this mountain is a very good restaurant and it is very busy. We decide on grilled cheese sandwiches and chips.



If the day were a little warmer we might venture to reach the top of the mountain, but I'm satisfied with just looking at it from here. The sandwich warmed us up comfortably. We do decide to meander around the railed-in area and take a few pictures. Can we see Canada from here? I doubt it. Canada is still a pretty good ride, but the view is awesome. Only hope Washington is as good. As it turns out, Washington would turn out to be a little disappointing as you will discover in a few pages, so enjoy what you see here.



Looking over the edge a bit, which I'm not too excited about, is just short of breathtaking and to think that I used to fly once. Trams continue to inch their way up and down. We're beginning to give going back down some thought. But decided to take just a few more pictures.



**If it were not for the extreme cold we would be walking around up and down that path. From here you could even begin hiking the mountain top or, for the more adventurous, descending down the mountain instead of riding down in the tram.**



**We've been up here about an hour and it's time to begin thinking about descending. This tram has been here for the better part of a hundred years, if not more. But, unlike Washington and Stone Mountain (venues for 2015), almost all of the Visitor's Centers we visited over the last two years always gave a very intense history on the formation of the mountain. Cannon should do likewise. Within minutes we were back on the tram going down. It was once again packed to the hilt. The trip down was, thankfully, uneventful.**