

May 26, 2022

New York + Canada



On the road 8:30. 55°. Gas up in Cle Elum \$4.69/gal. Yellow balsamroot and blue lupine in bloom. Cloudy east of the mountains. Lunch at a rest area just east of milepost 196. A nice one. Tuna sandwiches, coleslaw, veggies. We stopped for a break in the small mining town of Wallace. Went for a short walk around the small downtown. It's quite charming, with many old ornamented brick buildings. Some cute shops, but also a bar scene. Ragged denizens sitting at a sidewalk table killing time in a stupor. 76° but it didn't feel hot. Took a nice nap break, woke up about 4:30. I-90 thru Idaho has been pretty beat up, with many rough patches. The first rest area in Montana said the next rest area wasn't for 139 miles. But there was supposed to be one in 52 miles. We assumed it must be closed, but when we arrived, it was open. Strange that the DOT sign was so wrong. We are glad to be able to stop for the night. Progresso chicken corn chowder for dinner, with saltines. Nice to have it stay light so late.

Fri May 27

Cloudy

and 55° at 7 am. Lovely cool night for sleeping. Torrential downpour passed over in the night. Loud trucks idled all night. The new mattress is a bit firm, but doesn't slip south like the old one did.

On the road at 8:30. Highway 200 Missoula - Lincoln - Fort Shaw - Great Falls. Crossed Continental divide at 5610 feet. After a while we were out of the pines and into big sky country. Highway 200 takes about 30 minutes longer than I-90 but is much more serene and scenic. Low grasses shimmering in a stiff wind. A pheasant flew across the road in front of us, the ring around its neck clearly visible. Still no pronghorn. We read that numbers are dwindling but they aren't sure why.

Lunch in Sun River by the post office on a dirt road: egg salad sandwiches, olives, carrots, coleslaw. Lots of baby cows in fields - mini moos.

Parked by the Missouri River in Great Falls and walked by the river, through Gibson Park, and around the historic downtown, which has a copper-domed courthouse. I liked the metal-and-wood sculptures in the park, the murals downtown, and the spirit buffalo

statues. There are many of them, and a woman told us you can do a "buffalo scavenger hunt." They were piping music into downtown: Marvin Gaye + Beatles. Very windy on the river.

East on 200 through hills and valleys so green they looked like they'd been sprayed with that grass seed mixture. Finally saw pronghorn, including three babies! Parked in tiny Jordan for dinner of quesadillas + coleslaw. The terrain began to look like Capadoccia, with vari-colored eroded dome formations.

Then we drove into rolling hills. All day we saw ranches with cows, sheep, and hay fields.

Stopped at Town Pump truck stop in Glendive, near highway 1-94 at 8:45. Exhausted. Dang trucks idling. All night. A throbbing noise.

Sat May 28

52°, cloudy, light sprinkles at 6:30 am. Idling truck noise not as bad last night.

Cool temp for comfortable sleep with a light comforter. Gas \$4.15. Drove to Wibaux rest area, 30 minutes east, for breakfast and ablutions. A pleasant spot, with some dinosaur interpretive signs.

Turns out the rounded, layered rock formations are called badlands. This whole area is covered in bright green grass, and the leaves are just emerging

on the trees.

Rest area just east of Bismarck for lunch. 72° and partly cloudy. Actually it's partly sunny!

Drove to Viking Ship Park in Moorehead MN, across from Fargo, ND, on the Red River. There's a beautiful replica stave church built in 1998. Parts of the riverfront trail were closed due to mud deposits. The river recently flooded and we talked to two local guys who said it's not normal for the river to flood, and this flood was especially high. We walked across a bridge to Fargo, which was very quiet on a Saturday holiday weekend. It was quite warm (high 80s) and humid, which we are not used to! Walked back to the car on another bridge.

Rice and beans for dinner at a rest area on the east edge of Moorehead, then drove 100 miles to a rest area near Alexandria, arriving just before 8 pm. 78° feels pleasant, esp. with our van fan.

Sunday May 29

Thunderstorm this morning, with resonant thunder booms, deluging rain, but no lightning. Cool, cloudy, and windy when the rain stopped. 66° at 8:20 when we left the rest area. 94 to 54 to 73 to 21. Lots of deer carcasses on 54 + 94.

(Wautoma, Silver Lake)

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94 is a green tree tunnel, and we only saw a few farms on 54. Lots of state & county pine forests. Lilacs are blooming here, about 3 weeks later than Kirkland. We're getting a second spring. Many farms have multiple large lilac bushes.

4 pm Arrived at the Koch cottage at N2035 N. Silverlake Rd. in Wautoma. It's right on Silver Lake, which is filled with happy boaters pontooning, waterskiing, jetskiing. The sun came out when we arrived. It's 72° and breezy - perfect. We have the place to ourselves until tomorrow. A shower felt great.

Rice, beans, & corn stew for dinner, then a walk along the road. It's warm & pleasant, & there are no bugs!

Mon May 30

Up early to sun. Tom arrived to fish. Then the Kochs began pouring in: John & Sue, Kristin & Tim, Tim & Joan^{*Michael}, David & Mary, Jim & Louann, Gretchen, Greg, & Tom. John's son Max came with wife Natalie & brand new Lily Sue. Jim's son Paul came with wife Kimmie & their kids Auggie & # almost-one-year-old Henry. David's son Nick came with his wife Christina (?), 4-year-old Maggie, and adorable 10-month-old Christopher, called Jack. I woke up with a stiff back and went for a 3-mile walk to loosen up. The pain transferred to

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(Sunday, another)

my hip. Gretchen gave me an amazing massage, and the pain was gone.

Everyone did cottage cleanup and pushed the dock into the water for the summer (called a "pier push"). A fairly brisk wind kept heat and mosquitoes at bay. High today 89°.

A big lunch spread around I, with brats, burgers, baked beans, salads, and rhubarb bars. Then Jim took a few of us out for a tour of the lake on the pontoon boat, which I really enjoyed.

Everyone began to drift away and by 5:30 everyone was gone. We are exhausted from all the socializing, sun, and fresh air. Brats & baked beans for dinner.

We got lucky with today's weather, which can traditionally run anywhere from snow to sweltering.

Tues May 31

74° and overcast. A comfortable night that required no covers. On the road at 8am.
Route: Silver Lake-Waupaca - Clintonville - Crandon - Eagle River - Land o'Lakes - Watersmeet MI.

The drive up through Wisconsin was dairy farms, hay fields, and trees. In the tiny town of Marawa we walked for a while. Lots of American flags & Trump signs. Shawano county bills itself as the

Watersmeet MI

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barn quilt capital of Wisconsin. We did see lots of them. Two cranes in a field.

Drove through the Menominee Nation, with acres of vibrant green forest and the boulder-strewn Wolf River. An enticing-sounding sign said, "The Five Islands of Wolf River."

Very windy today. Lots of signs advertising mosquito & tick control.

In Eagle River we stopped at Walgreens to buy humalog for Grant, but a prescription is required.

In Land o' Lakes Grant checked out the construction of the Chamber of Commerce visitor center log building. We'd seen it years ago and he'd been wondering about the construction method ever since.

In Watersmeet MI we stopped at the Ottawa ntl. Forest visitor center to ask about dispersed camping. It was very windy. We did a short trail walk in the woods, where the wind dropped and we got bit up.

Three miles down the dirt road to Ryan's Pond free campsites, there were several trees over the road. One we were able to drive around, but not the other. So we drove back to Watersmeet and are parked at a canoe launch near the road.

for some reason I am exhausted.

Baked beans, brats, and quesadillas for dinner.
76° at 6:30.

Wed June 1

47° at 5:30 am. The wind has slowed. Tons of mosquitoes got into the van and we got lots of bites. Grant was awake for a long time hunting them, which kept me awake, so we're both feeling a bit under rested.

Heading east on highway 2, which is a green tunnel through Ottawa Ntl. Forest. Overcast and then blue sky. We bought \$27 worth of whitefish (2.25 lbs, \$12 a lb) for lunch at Charlene's. 2+ mile walk around downtown, which has some nice town history murals.

Then to Walgreens to pick up the insulin his doctor ordered (he forgot to bring extra). It couldn't go through insurance and full price was \$320 for 2 vials. With GoodRx coupon it was \$80!

Arrived at Charlene's about 10:30. Met her kids, Avantika, 21, and Suren, 18. Charlene made fish fry (egg + breadcrumb) plus roasted golden beets, sweet potato, and blue cheese crumbles. Also garbanzos with lemon and garlic. She throws in a whole unpeeled head of garlic. It comes out soft like roasted whole garlic though not as flavorful. She makes a broth with the garbanzo liquid plus lemon juice and some of the cooked garlic. She says her kids love

it when they're sick. Blue cheese and roasted veggies are a great combination. It was great to see Charlene but she is very high energy and talks a lot! Her friend Linda stopped by about 2. After having three kids of their own, they adopted three siblings from Liberia about 15 years ago.

While we were eating lunch, texts were coming in to Charlene from CBP in Texas, where a man was being reunited with his two children he hasn't seen in 10 years! She says she orchestrates many such border reunions. She doesn't want to be present because she doesn't want her clients to feel indebted to her.

On the road at 3. South on 13, stopped at a hardware store in Park Falls to buy a screw to repair our window squeegee. Then on the way out of town we stopped at a small farmer's market with about 10 tables: two with baked goods, two with local maple syrup, one with flowers, plus potted plants, honey, and a few spring veggies like rhubarb. We bought a loaf of white bread and a loaf of rhubarb bread from a friendly Mennonite woman. Had a nice chat with a man who makes maple ~~sap~~ syrup. He gets 100 gallons from 400 trees, boiled down from 4000 gallons of sap. That's 40 gallons of sap per gallon of syrup! He says he earns enough to pay his property taxes. He says he just saw the first locally-owned electric car. He's on the county

council and is encouraging them to build charging stations for tourists & locals.

In Ashland we learned about "No Mow May" when everyone is encouraged to let the dandelions grow to provide early bee food.

Parked at 6 pm at a wayside near Westboro. Instant mashed potatoes with bratwurst & cheese. 62° at 7 pm.

We think the rear van door wasn't fully closed last night and that allowed mosquitoes to get in. Tonight we aren't opening any doors. Luckily we can cook, brush teeth, and pee without getting out of the van.

Watched a dad handing his ~~two~~ little girls over to mom, arms draped with bags and blankets and stuffies. Perhaps the Waypoint is a halfway point. It seemed amicable but was so poignant. It gave Grant sad dreams.

Thu June 2

on the road at 7:45.

43° at 6 am. A quiet night. Continued south on highway 13. Today's route: 13 to 80 to 73 to 13 to Merrimac, then backtrack to rest area on I-90 near exit 115. Highway 13 is lovely, with farms, fields, & small towns. Saw several cranes flying, then floating down to land, their wings curved down like parachutes.

WI Dells

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Stopped for a mid-morning break at a park on the Wisconsin River in the town of Wisconsin Rapids. Beautiful spot with a riverfront trail (next to a busy road though). Stretched, washed a mountain of dishes, went for a short walk. Lovely warm sun & no bugs.

Lunch at the Chapel Gorge trailhead in the Wisconsin Dells~~\$5~~, no fee. Then a 1.6-mile loop hike to the river. Lots of purple geraniums blooming. It's a lovely flat hike on a wide trail through spring-green deciduous-pine forest. We got confused finding the beach, which turned out to be a steep bank with rock stairs, unmarked. A crescent of sandy beach with a view of the river and a few of the eroded, layered outcroppings the area is known for. To really see these you have to take a boat through the gorge.

The town of Wisconsin Dells is very touristy, with family attractions galore, such as Ripley's, and a place called Wizard Quest that my kids would have loved.

We entered the Driftless area, which was never glaciated, so it is hilly. And quite lovely. We drove to the tiny town of Merrimac, thinking we'd take the free ferry across ~~the~~ Wisconsin Lake (River). We stopped for ice cream but got in a little tiff and then remembered we had bought rhubarb bread at the market yesterday. It was delicious. After realizing there were few sleeping options for the night, we decided to forgo the ferry and ~~walk~~ go to a rest area on I-90.

Today we saw a road called Shortcut Road. We laughed and said, "Shortcut to what?!"

Baraboo is a charming small town on the Baraboo River, famous for a historical society circus museum. We parked by the river for a while, then got roast chicken and a bag salad kit at the grocery store, and got to the rest area about 5:30. 73° here. We've been so lucky with the weather.

This rest area has a wide separation between cars & trucks, which is nice. The parking spots are a bit tilted side to side, and close to freeway noise, but the facilities themselves are very nice. chicken, salad, and wild/brown Ready Rice for dinner.

Fri June 3 Low 47° High 75°

We parked next to young woman who was living in her car and looked very vulnerable. She was clean. She had liberal bumper stickers, including one that said, "I'm so gay I can't even drive straight." I wanted to reach out to her, but didn't know how. What could I do besides say, "I care"? I don't even carry cash.

A cool, quiet night. No interruptions from mosquitoes or blood sugar alerts. Saw two large Amish families in stretch vans, the dads in their stiff black hats, the women in their long

Hess Prairie

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dresses and bonnets. They looked happy.

Sunny with a light breeze. On the road at 7:30, arrive at James Madison Park in Madison WI at 8 am. Walked down Gilman Street, aka Mansion Hill, to the UW campus, which is right on a lake. Memorial Terrace has multi-colored chairs and tables overlooking the lake and a swimming pier. Campus was quiet this early, and it may be between quarters.

Walked back on State St., past the capitol building. Lots of university-type shops & restaurants, & lots of panhandlers.

Drove to Olbrich Botanical Garden on lightly-trafficked streets. Free, easy parking here too. The gardens are beautiful, and free. Many lovely spots to sit and contemplate, with fountains, pools, and structures. A gold leaf-covered Thai pavilion is the high point - it's breathtaking. Cousin Max Koch had also suggested Williamson (Willy Street), but we didn't have time.

At 1 pm we made the 1-hour drive to Blanchardville to visit a couple ~~who~~ is restoring 50+ acres of prairie and forest. I found Marci + Jim Hess online when Grant and I were looking for prairie restoration sites we could visit. They took us on an ATV tour around their property. They also maintain bluebird, kestrel, and bat houses. There are around 100 species of plants in their prairies! They collect seeds. They

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mow, burn, weed, and maintain. They've also restored the oak savannah and forest on their property. They are in the Driftless Area (no glaciers here = no glacial drifts). Because no glaciers ever scoured this area, it is not flat, with rolling hills and green valleys. Elevations up to 1800'. It's gorgeous country, and we loved it there. We had a really nice three-hour visit with Jim and Marci. They are extremely knowledgeable and inspiring. On the way to their house we saw an Amish farmer standing on his horse-drawn plow. He waved and smiled. He appeared to be having a blast.

Left Hess's at 4:45. Stopped for a bag caesar salad at a small grocery in Blanchardville. Arrived at rest area 13 on I-94 near Lake Mills at 6:15. It's expansive and pretty quiet. Caesar with leftover chicken and rice was yummy.

Marci said restoration is not about plants, it's about the insects. Insects are not adapted to use introduced plants. She is so passionate about insects she even has a spider tattoo on her neck.

Sat June 4 Low 55° High 69°
sprinkles, overcast, light wind

Drove past fields with tidy rows of sprouting corn. Tall trees covered in ivory blossoms. No salt water here, but lots of freshwater lakes & streams. So many dead deer on the shoulder. Apparently there

Milwaukee

B 15

is only funding to pick up the ones that are in travel lanes. Many are hit by semis.

Arrived at cousin Bob Von Der Linn's in New Berlin at 9 am. Met his girlfriend Tammie, who stopped by to say hi. Then Bob drove Grant and me into Milwaukee. Parked at the museum, where he is a member, saw an amazing piece called "Self-Portrait in Yellow," aka "guy with a chair on his head." Walked along the lakefront, past the Summerfest grounds hosting PrideFest this weekend. Overcast, breezy, light sprinkles, but pleasant weather. Beautiful buildings downtown.

Drove to the indoor Public Market, packed with eateries. I got a tuna melt (buttery, crunchy, yummy) and ate half. Then we walked around the adjacent historic Third Ward neighborhood. More cool old buildings.

Before the museum we drove along the lakefront, most of which is public access with parks and trails, then past multi-million dollar mansions on the hill overlooking the lake.

The museum is known for roof structures that open like wings.

After lunch we walked on a boardwalk along the Milwaukee River, where old warehouses have been converted into hip (pricey) condos and eateries.

Then to the Brewery district to see the old Pabst brewery converted to a pub with live music in an authentic German-style beer hall from 1944, and to a hotel with the huge old copper brewing kettles. The bluegrass band at the

pub was great.

After a quick drive past the massive brick expanse of the Harley Davidson factory and the old miller brewery, we headed back to Bob's. On the way we saw people tailgating in the parking lot before a Milwaukee Brewer's baseball game. Tents, tables, BBQs, and food - what a scene!

Left Bob's at 2 and drove I-94 & 294 around Chicago. We had hoped to go to Midewin National Tallgrass Prairie, but it's closed on weekends! Saturday afternoon traffic around Chicago wasn't bad, but lots of slowdowns, construction cones, and insane drivers. The distance around Chicago seems endless. Stopped at an "oasis", aka rest area with restaurants & gas stations about 4:30. Birthday Zoom call with mom, Susan, David, Mark, Casey, Lewi. Sandwiches for dinner, then drove to Indiana Dunes Ntl. Pk. visitor center, where we will stay the night in the parking lot. Quiet here, with an occasional train whistle. Nice to get a break from ^{rest} idling trucks, freeway noise, billboards, tattooed people, and fast food. 30 minutes to visitor center. Roads today pretty beat up.

Sun June 5

The visitor center parking lot was a great place to sleep. Quiet, clean port-a-potties, pretty gardens with picnic tables, lobby open 24/7 for maps and info.

Up early, drove to Heron Rookery trail, which is a bit inland in a forest along the Calumet River. Very beautiful forest and a flat, easy trail. Lots of mosquitoes so we wore our head nets, which worked great. Cow parsnip blooming, tall & white like Queen Anne's Lace, and white roses. So many bird sounds that it felt tropical.

Cottonwood fluff filling the air. We had the trail to ourselves. It's 3 miles round trip, but we turned around a bit early.

Then we drove out to the lake at Beverly Shores and walked a bit on the beach. It got partly sunny and warm.

We took hiway 12 to avoid I-94, through small beach towns on bad roads. The IN-MI border area is called Michiana. 196 to 31, stopping for lunch at a small park in Stevensville? and then for groceries at a big store called Meijer. Just before we reached our destination it began to rain. We arrived at Ralph & Patti Burns' in Hart at 4 pm. She served a delicious broth soup with mushrooms, a salad from her garden, crusty bread from a nearby bakery, and rhubarb-raspberry muffins.

Sat on their front porch enjoying their gorgeous yard, which is full of flowers & birds.

It's so quiet and peaceful here!

Mon June 6 rainy day

Patti made bacon for breakfast, homemade by their friend. Grant and I walked up their dirt road to see the view of the surrounding farmland - horses, hay, sheep, cherries. The road is mostly sand, so not too muddy. At 2 pm we had a big meal of pasta spanakopita, salad, and fresh asparagus. We talked all afternoon and about 5:30 came out to the van to give them a break.

Earlier in the day Ralph & Grant went to the hardware store in Hart, and worked on a few projects around the house. Patti & I played ukulele.

I walked around their beautiful yard (the rain stopped), chock full of flowers: daisies, iris, yellow poppies. I sat on their deck and watched birds come to the feeders: rose-breasted grosbeak, red-bellied woodpecker, white-breasted nuthatch, Rufous hummingbird, eastern bluebird, and others.

Ralph had a mild stroke in Feb that left his right side numb & tingly. He also has reduced lung capacity and anemia. So he feels weak and can't do much physical exertion. He's only 75. Patti is 78.

Tues June 7

Showers, fond goodbyes, and on the road at 8am. 54°, no rain (or bugs!), overcast. Speaking of bugs, we have only seen them in three places on this whole trip, and those were grassy areas near standing water.

This part of WI grows lots of the cherries used to make maraschinos.

South of Lansing we stopped at a Kroger for groceries, ate lunch, and got gas. It was chilly, but then blue patches appeared in the sky.

96 to 23. Jarring expansion joint bumps are exhausting. We enjoyed a welcome bypass on farm roads to avoid a construction delay on 23. Such a relief to be on smooth roads.

I-80 east was smoother surfaces and less frantic. It's a toll road: Ohio Turnpike. Stopped at a travel plaza rest area at 3 for a nice one-hour nap break. Torrential rain just before we arrived, wipers on high. All travel plaza gas prices the same: \$4.86.

The sun came out and we drove 60 miles to a rest area for the night. It took 90 minutes, as we hit a long construction delay. This rest area has RV hookups for \$20/night. Caesar salad and quesadillas for dinner.

Drove 409 miles today.

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Wed June 8

49° and sunny at 6 am. There are free showers at this rest area! Gassed up and on the road at 8:10. The Ohio Turnpike is very green and there are almost no billboards. The road is blessedly smooth. It's construction season however (ie not winter) so there are a lot of lane reductions and other slowdowns.

Arrived in Brookville PA at 10 and walked for an hour around the historic downtown and neighborhoods. Hilly, with a river, and the old houses in varying states of repair. They look very expensive to repair and maintain. We were happy to see a crew of Mexican guys working on one.

Rest area for lunch. Dismayed to learn that limit here ~~is~~ in PA is only 2 hours!

Saw a muslim couple get out of a truck together, her wearing a long dress and head scarf. They were smiling. How nice to have someone to keep you company on the road. I think it's not easy being a trucker. Pennsylvania is one of four states that uses the title "Commonwealth."

We had extra time and decided to drive a portion of Elk Scenic Drive, from Snow Shoe to Renovo, and then take 144 east to Lock Haven and back to I-80. We stopped at two scenic viewpoints. At the first we saw dozens of pink

wild azaleas blooming, and at both there was green forest as far as the eye could see. A sign said there were over 100 species of native trees here, including pine and many deciduous species. Puffy white clouds in a blue sky. Saw a large pile of bear poop. Beautiful views of Susquehanna River on 144.

In prosperous-feeling Lock Haven we walked on a nice trail by the river (it was 79° and people were swimming in the river). We walked back through town and saw some jaw-dropping mansions. There were slate sidewalks.

Dinner at a rest area ~~to~~ west of Bloomsburg: caesar salad, plus rice/bean/corn stew. Since we can't stay at the rest area, and didn't really want to stay at a Walmart, we drove to a Pilot. It's pretty small, and right next to the freeway. 66° at 8:30.

It's our first time driving I-80 through PA and we really like it. It's very green. Lots of pink crownvetch (PA state flower) and other yellow and white wildflowers blooming along the road.

Thur June 9

65° at 5:30. Slept well, not too noisy. Torrential rain in the night. Arrived at my cousin John Von Der Linn's in Mountain Top at 9. We went through his two boxes of

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family photos so I could get phone pix and take notes. His granddaughters, Maddie (5) and Lilah (3 tomorrow) came over so their mom could run a work errand. They are adorable.

We left at 11:15 and drove an hour south to Slatington to see Felix Arner's stone house, built in 1748.

At the Union Church in Neffs we found Felix's headstone. The etchings were obscured by lichen. Grant had brought a small soft scrub brush. That and a little water worked great to remove the lichen, and we were able to read the inscription.

From there we drove to the Heidelberg Union Church to see the memorial to Felix's parents, Hans & Verena. Unfortunately it is already hard to read, and it's only 20 years old.

It's so beautiful here in rural PA. Many fields of corn are already 12-18" tall. Undulating hills, winding roads, forests and fields and farms. Lots of towns with the word German in them. Also the word slate.

At Ebenezer Union Church in New Tripoli, we found the grave of my 4th great grandfather, John Hunsicker. I got quite emotional, and felt a connection back in time.

In the town of Slatington we walked

Slatington PA

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the historic district. It was "the blackboard capitol of America." slate blackboards, that is. Still some slate roofs, and lots of old buildings. 76°.

After leftover rice/bear/corn we found a parking spot for the night next to the downtown trail. The neighborhood is a bit rundown. It's also diverse. We hear two guys speaking a language we don't recognize. Some is blasting music. Birds are singing in the forest and people are walking by on the trail.

Fri June 10

53° at 6 am. Sun rising through the trees. Long walk on the D&L trail (Delaware & Lehigh) along the Lehigh River. It's a 10 out of 10 trail — an old railroad along the river, gravel, through deciduous forest, very peaceful, outcroppings of blue ~~shale~~ slate.

209 north to Middletown, through the Pocono mountains. Stopped at a large grocery store, then drove north through the Delaware ^{water} Gap Ntl. Recreation Area, along the Delaware River, with New Jersey on the other side. A narrow, winding, green road.

Stopped in Milford PA for a picnic lunch at a small corner park. More gorgeous houses. It's near Port Jervis, where Ethel

lived, and probably similar. We didn't have time to go into Port Jervis.

Then we drove more rural roads, through Wawayanda to Middletown, both places that the Heils lived. Took pictures of 6 Charles Street in Middletown, where Lewis and Grace once lived. I recognized place names like Minisink, where Ethel canoed with friends on the river. Also a village named Florida rang a bell. More beautiful old houses, farms, forests. Lewis had a peach farm in the area. Many areas look like it could still be the 1940s. I enjoyed trying to image life here when Ethel was growing up.

Next stop was the Warwick cemetery. A worker looked up the plot number: C 128. He confirmed that Lewis was buried there, but we couldn't find a grave marker. We did find markers for Theodore, Hannah, and Minnie May Van Ostrand.

Highway 17 to Dobbs Ferry crossed the Appalachian Trail. Saw a weary hiker hobbling across the road. Traffic got heavier and more frantic. Crossed Tappan Zee bridge (\$5.75) and arrived at Dobbs Ferry at 4 pm. Parked by the river at the Waterfront Park, which is beautiful. Got a free parking pass from the Hudson Social restaurant where we will be eating dinner.

Dinner at Hudson Social in Dobbs Ferry with Michael, Christine, Lauren, and Matthew. Grant and I split a yummy Cuban pork sandwich and sweet potato fries. (Half was plenty of food!) Perfect weather for dining outside. There's a great view of the city from the riverfront here.

Found a great parking spot at the hotel, flat and open air. Went inside to say hi to everyone. Took showers in mom's room while they all went to dinner. 68° at 9:30. I got things organized for tomorrow...

~~Sunday~~ Sat June 11

Up early, a lovely 60°. A very quiet night. I enjoy mornings in the van, drinking coffee, doing email + Wordle, & reading (I'm loving the No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency series) while Grant sleeps.

Visited in the hotel with everyone eating breakfast. At 10 Rob, Kelly, & Levi drove mom while Grant and I led the way to the cemetery office. Mom ~~had~~ paid ~~for~~ the "grave opening" fee (\$1300), then we met everyone in the parking lot. A guy in a car was waiting to lead us to the grave site, which isn't far from the office. I had gone back into the office to ask when Arthur had purchased the plots (Jan 13, 1942 - 13 months before he died).

I guess the worker was in a hurry, or worried about a traffic jam in the parking lot, or thought we were ready, and asked everyone to follow him to the site. I came out of the office and saw Grant driving away. I got pretty upset, called him, and asked him to stop and wait for me. Meanwhile Lauren & Matthew were lost and texting me. So I felt pretty frazzled.

There were 28 of us: Us five kids, spouses, and all the grandkids except Ian & Colin, plus Lauren, Matthew, Peter, Donna, Zoe, Emma, Carrie, Dan, Samantha, Michael, & Christine. It's a crowded grave site, on a slope. There was a small square hole, the mound of dirt was covered with a green turf cloth. The urn was placed on an overturned white plastic box that looked like a small cooler.

I read a short eulogy, Carrie read a bible passage, David & Annie read things they wrote, Mark tried to read but broke down. Mom tried to read as well, so I read for her. Then we said The Lord's Prayer. Then everyone stepped forward to sprinkle rose petals in the grave and say goodbye. Immediate family had brought a letter, photo, or drawing to place. Mark brought a wrench. I included a guitar pick. Mom was so

Interment

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sad that she'd left her items at the hotel. (Chris suggested we bury them with mom when the time comes.) Then we all sang "We'll Meet Again," a lovely song that mom chose. Lauren helped me sing it because mom couldn't, and others didn't know it well or at all. It was a perfect spring day, not hot or cold, light clouds in a blue sky, and no umbrellas needed.

After a visit to Babe Ruth's grave, Kelly's gang followed Grant and me to Westchester Memorials, next to the cemetery, to order the inscription for dad. \$820.

Grant and I had lunch in the van (it was 1 by then), then got gas at a Sunoco nearby. Neighborhoods are crowded here, and the tiny station was crammed in on a corner; it was also a full service station, and a crusty guy with that irreverent New York sense of humor pumped our gas. He said, "Is every other gas station closed today?" because the station was so busy. I guess he didn't realize that the nearby stations were 15¢ a gallon more.

Then we drove down to Waterfront Park, where parking was free because the parking app was on the fritz. The trail turned out to be short, so after a lovely 20-minute walk we headed back to the hotel to get ready for the dinner.

I was concerned because by 4:30 there were no tablecloths or food. Turned out they didn't

use tablecloths because the tables have a patterned metal surface. Great way to save costs and water for washing.

We made centerpieces out of rose petals and bookmark "bouquets" in glasses. The food was good, a taco bar with chicken, beef strips, salad, rice, beans, toppings, and chocolate decadence bars for dessert.

I played "In My Life" on dad's ukulele, several people spoke and shared memories of dad, and then David showed the amazing "Jimmy" video he made for dad's 70th birthday. I never get tired of watching it. He had also put together a slide show and playlist. The room was noisy so we had to turn the music down. Dan and Samantha weren't able to stay for dinner. The ~~several~~ "kids" all sat together and it was great to see them spending time together.

Age range 8 (Ava) to 27 (Emma).

After dinner we moved out to the hotel lobby, which had a large seating area. I went out to the van at 10. Grant had gone out earlier because it was hard for him to hear, and big social events are hard for him.

High of 75° today - perfect!

Northport NY

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Sunday June 12

63° and overcast. Another quiet night!

Spent all morning visiting with everyone at the hotel. Turns out on Sundays they have a \$26 breakfast buffet, which we had never been told about. I asked if there were any alternatives. No. Could we use the breakfast vouchers towards cereal from the snack bar? No. They would contact the GM to ask, I decided to walk somewhere about options.

and pick up something, but then one of the women on the kitchen staff came over and said she felt so bad for us that she would bring us some cereal, milk, bagels, and cream cheese. We were floored. We gave her a \$20 tip and she said that's not why she helped us. I said I knew that but we felt she deserved it. She had such a kind heart. Later she proudly showed me pictures of her grandkids.

Everyone had left by 12. We ate leftovers for lunch with mom. The Uber was due at 1, and at 5 after I hadn't heard anything, luckily I went outside and she had been there waiting for a while. (To my surprise and dismay, we were charged a \$40 wait time fee!) It was a pleasant 99-minute ride. The driver, Cristina, didn't want to chat. Grant followed

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in the van. We arrived at Pat's about 3 pm. Leftover hotel food for dinner.

Ed is healing from a fractured pelvis and is in a lot of pain, but seemed happy to have visitors, and happy to tell stories. High today 72°.

Mon June 13

Torrential rain in the night. Sea mist heavy in the morning, burned off into a blue sunny day. Warm & muggy. We took a 40-minute walk around the neighborhood, and down to the beach. Toasty in the sun.

Showers, laundry, then drove into Northport for groceries, and bagels from the Country Bagel store. What a beguiling smell! Reorganized & swept the van, and tightened some shelf screws.

Pat made pork roast, potatoes, and gravy plus broccoli. Chocolate cake for dessert. Ed is in a lot of pain and didn't stay downstairs after dinner.

There are fireflies!! If you didn't know what they were, you'd think you were having vision problems and seeing spots.

High today 79°.

Northport ny

30

Tuesday June 14 78°/65°

A gorglous day. Grant and I walked around the "two-acre zone" nearby, with some gorglous mansions, including a historic tudor mansion, the Harry E. Donnell house.

After lunch, Grant, mom, and I borrowed Ed's car and drove to St. Charles cemetery in Farmingdale to see Ray & Hedy's gravestone. It's a beautiful marker, and I had never seen it.

Then we drove to nearby Farmingdale State College, where mom went for her AA in graphic arts from 1956-1958. Lovely campus, lots of changes, but some of the old buildings remain.

Mom & I walked down to the beach before dinner.

Wed June 15 76°/64°

Absolutely perfect weather today - idyllic! Blue sky, warm sun, light breeze, soft sea air. Grant and I walked on the beach, saw osprey on their nest (one adult flew in with a small fish for the baby we saw sticking its head up).

After lunch mom & I went for a stroll down to the beach and back.

At 3 pm Janet came over and drove Pat, mom, and me to the cousin reunion in Massapequa Park, about 45 minutes away.

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We arrived at 5 and left at 9:30! Mom's cousin John was there - his daughter Kerin and her husband Bill hosted - and John's sister Mary, with her daughter Maureen, plus mom's second cousins Carole and Alan Studer, children of Fran Studer, who was Ray Donovan's first cousin.

Grant stayed home with Ed. We got home at 10:15!

Thursday June 16 68°/61°

Overcast and raining. Goodbye to Pat, Ed, and mom and on the road at 10. Got bit by no-see-ums in the van. Quick store stop, then to Katonah NY, two hours away, to the John Jay Homestead State Historic Site. Traffic wasn't bad, and the parkways are so green. Roads are potholed and bumpy. Peek-a-boo view of NYC from Throgs Neck bridge.

The homestead has a beautiful old home, outbuildings, and gardens from late 1700s.

Arrived at Cousin Carrie Agnelli's in Bethel CT at 2:30. Their house was built in 1740! It sits on 3 acres in a forest, surrounded by ferns. It's called Fern Ridge. Palmette madge (acress Jan Miner) lived here for 20 years.

Bethel CT

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Carrie drove me to Huntington St Pk nearby, and we walked a lovely 1-mile loop on a wide gravel trail around some small lakes. White wild roses ~~gave off~~ perfumed the air.

Dan & Carrie's daughter, Samantha, joined us for a yummy stir-fry dinner. Today is Grant's 38 NA birthday. Carrie got him a Carvel ice cream cake with "38" written on it.

They have a sweet little dog named Thunder. He's 14.

Friday June 17 86°/62°

At 10 Carrie drove us into Bethel to walk around the quaint downtown with beautiful Victorian houses. It's 18,000 people, and only 15 minutes from Danbury, so they have easy access to all amenities. Carrie volunteers at the fire department and took us to their museum, packed with memorabilia and equipment. Hot today!

After lunch we drove to Putnam Memorial State Park and walked the loop, where signs tell the story of a camp here during the Revolutionary War.

We left at 4 and took I-84 to Chester. We drove the last stretch along the Connecticut River and stopped at Haddam Meadow State Park, since we were early for Lauren's. Lovely breeze. State Parks here are free!

Arrived at Lauren & Matthew's at 6:30. He made rotini with a meat sauce - delish. They have an incredibly obnoxious 8-month-old, 65-pound puppy named Scoter. He has a piercing bark and wouldn't be quiet. We excused ourselves right after dinner (also it was getting buggy). His daughter Hannah lives with them, and daughter Olivia lives in a tiny house in the backyard.

Sat June 18

Drove to Gillette Castle with Lauren & Matthew and took the ferry back (\$6). The castle looks medieval, and has a great view over the Connecticut River. We walked on a trail through the forest. Then to uber quaint ~~BET~~ Chester, with charming old houses and shops. Three musicians were playing guitar and cello rock songs on a stage converted from an old shed.

Got a sandwich at the Wheatmarket (turkey, coleslaw, and other forgotten goodies on rye; swiss; 1000 Island dressing?) and drove to Chatfield Hollow State Park for a picnic. Matt couldn't come, he had to drive Hannah somewhere. ~~Then~~ Lauren and I walked a short boardwalk

trail through a swamp.

Back at the house Lauren and I played guitar and sang songs. It's the first time we ever played together and it was a real privilege to play with her, as she is a true pro.

Dinner was burgers, chicken, corn on the cob, deviled eggs, broccoli salad, coleslaw, watermelon. Yum! Played Scrabble with Lauren and Grant. Chilly night, threatening rain.

Sunday June 19 54°/61°

Lots of rain in the night. Cool morning. Goodbye to Lauren and Matthew and on the road at 8. Stop for gas (\$4.96) and groceries. Arrive at Mystic Seaport Museum at 9:30. Free parking. \$27 for me, \$25 for Grant. Opened at 10. It's Sunday, Father's Day, and Juneteenth, but it never got crowded. Breezy and cool, partly sunny.

The museum includes a boatyard, historic boats, a ~~1860s~~ 19th-century recreated seafaring village, and lots of great exhibits. Definitely worth doing.

At noon we came out to the van for lunch, then went back to see the village. Several buildings had staff presentations of baking, barrel making, and blacksmithing.

On the road at 2.* We took the dotted road through Misquamicut, along the coast. Pricy real estate here, and expensive parking to use the beaches (\$20). Some lots are residents only.

MUSEUM OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

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*entered Rhode Island, our 50th state!

I was craving ice cream, and just at snack time we drove past Brickley's in Narragansett, "Rhode Island's Favorite." Split a pint of pistachio and it was excellent!

Arrived at The Breakers mansion in Newport at 4:30. The town of Newport looks touristy but incredibly historic and picturesque. The Breakers parking lot has no signed restrictions, although we inadvertently parked in the bus lot. A security guy told us very nicely to move because we'd get towed when the busses come tomorrow. He said we can be in the main lot.

We're both full from ice cream so we had a bagged salad for dinner.
Raining lightly.

12155

Mon June 20 76°/55°

A perfect morning with blue sky, sun, light breeze, 55°. We walked a section of the cliff walk from south of Ruggles to north of Narragansett. Gorgeous views of the sea, roses and daisies blooming on the cliffs, views of gorgeous mansions.

At 10 I toured The Breakers while Grant hung out at the van. Ticket was \$29. The mansion is stunning, like a mini Versailles.

An hour was enough time for the interior audio tour and a walk around

Plymouth MA

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the simple grounds (no fancy gardens).

After lunch we hopped the free trolley to the center of town. The guy at the visitor's center looked at me blankly when I asked for information about the historic buildings in town. The tiny map they gave us was hard to follow, but we found our way to many fabulous old houses and buildings, many dating from the 1600s. Then we headed for the wharves along Thames Street, hoping to see old ships or warehouses, but it turned out to be a tourist scene: mobs of people, restaurants, and shops. We walked back to the van and were quite sore by the time we got there! I walked almost 7 miles today, and Grant a bit less. It got toasty warm in the sun.

After a quick stop & shop foray we drove to Plymouth, less than two hours away, arriving a little after 4. We're at a free parking lot next to the Grist mill. Lovely pond & park.

Rice & beans & corn for dinner. Mute swan pair with two babies. Unfortunately, they're invasive.

Tues June 21

Mom's first wedding anniversary without dad...

A quiet night, 54° and sunny at 6:30. Walked on a beautiful paved trail past the

Grist mill and through Brewster Gardens to the waterfront. Nice public restrooms here. Saw the beautifully-restored Mayflower replica, and ~~the~~ Plymouth Rock (a 6x5' granite boulder with "1620" carved on it, and covered by a stone temple). The weather is idyllic - we got so lucky. We walked along the waterfront for a while - it's not touristy or crowded (or it wasn't on a Tuesday morning at 9 am).

We stopped at the visitor center for a nicely-done walking tour map and guide. Bought some saltwater taffy - yum. I was craving energy after all the walking we've been doing.

Got an early lunch at bagel shop on Court Street: a delicious turkey-brie-apple panini. After ogling historic buildings and monuments we walked up to the Burial Hill cemetery, where Grant's 10th great grandmother, Elizabeth Warren, is buried.

Her husband, Richard, was one of the Mayflower passengers, and may also be buried here. There is a plaque on the wall at the cemetery entrance that says "Warren." The original gravestones have not survived.

Back to the van and then we drove to the monument to the Founding Fathers, an impressive 81-foot-tall granite statue.

Then we drove north to Salem through mid-day Boston traffic. It took

an hour and a half and we arrived about 2 pm. We're parked next to Collins Cove Park with a peaceful view of the cove. Walked just under 5 miles.

A parade of people is going past the van on the waterfront trail: kids in strollers, dogs, bicycles, a dad and son with tennis rackets, young people bouncing basketballs. The tide has come in. A cool breeze off the water. High today was 68°.

After dinner of rice and beans, I walked on the trail around the cove, past a marsh restoration project, public art, and an orthodox church with bright blue domes. Walking total today now 6 miles. Beautiful view of the cove from our van window.

Wed June 22

60° at 6 am. As we were getting ready to go walking, a guy walked by with his dog and told us that RV parking was not allowed there. Otherwise, he said, the street would be lined with RVs all summer. We wondered if this was true, since there were no signs, but we assured him we'd be gone in a hour or so.

We had a lovely walk past charming old houses, across the commons, to the poignant memorial to the 20 people put to death for witchcraft. Then we walked along the Harbor Walk and to the Salem Maritime ntl. historic Site, which has a replica sailing ship, a jetty with a small lighthouse, and several

beautiful old buildings surrounding a flower garden. The Narbonne house, built in 1675, is partly original. The Derby house, built in 1762, is the oldest standing brick house in Salem. We liked Salem. It has a lot of touristy "kitschy witchy" stuff like museums and re-enactments and witch stores, but it's also a beautiful historic town. Many houses have date plaques. We walked back on the Collins Cove trail. 2.7 miles.

Left Salem at 9 am. Like so many towns and surface roads out here, the roads were potholed and bumpy. I-95 was smooth. Official interstate signs in NH said "liquor store and lottery tickets."

In Maine, a sign said "Watch for moose in roadway." Maine has lots of evergreen trees, estuaries, ponds. From I-95 we took 295 and then 1. In Boothbay Harbor we stopped at the grocery for ice (they had block, yay!). Oh, before that we stopped in Wiscasset for lunch at the Sea Basket, where we had eaten 17 years ago. Haddock chowder and a haddock sandwich. Tasty, but not as good as we'd remembered. \$22 + tip.

Arrived at Leslie's about 1:30. Showers. Sat on her deck in the sun. So great to see her and get caught up after all these years. Out to dinner at Lincoln Bay Resort with Leslie's sister Lisa and

partner Curt, plus friends Andy, Liz, & Gifford, at Kineakon Bay Resort. Leslie treated, which we felt funny about, so we will try to give her some cash. (She ^{also} gave me a wonderful book about Togo.) Grant had a burger and I had a crab cake. He said his was great, but mine was so-so. (Spicy aioli and no tartar.) The house-made chips were great. We sat on an enclosed porch but I got very chilled, and was shivering by the time we got in the car. 55°. Lots of great stories were told, although it was hard to hear. Moose & bear close encounters, how to call a male moose in rutting season, getting caught hopping a train to a Beatles concert in 1966, ~~in~~ roll starting a VW bus all the way across the country when the starter went bad, getting stoned with Hunter S. Thompson before he was famous, Leslie's kids in Mali discovering a nest of baby snakes. Quite an entertaining, if chilly, evening!

Thurs June 23

Colin's 29th birthday! 57° at 7 am, overcast. Woke to bad dreams - I think I got too hot with the second comforter!

Leslie, Sister Lisa, Grant, and I drove to East Boothbay Harbor to walk a 2-mile loop along the coast by Little River (?). It was absolutely picture-perfect gorgeous, with lobster

De-tailing: pulling over to let the cars behind you go by

pots bobbing, boats, quaint houses, adirondack chairs gazing out to sea, rocky shores. Another perfect day, blue sky, warm sun, light breeze.

Back at Leslie's, she went for a haircut while we chatted on the porch with Lisa and her partner, Burt. Lisa was in the Peace Corps in Kenya in the late 70s, and Burt served in Senegal about 10 years ago. He's now a Vermont state legislator (he lives in Burlington). He has pancreatic cancer :)

Leslie returned and we had lunch on the porch and chatted about our Peace Corps experiences and all sorts of interesting things. Leslie told more of her delightful and funny stories. Her oldest son, Ian, joined us. Leslie had told us that he is doing Ketamine therapy for depression and anxiety, and it is helping. We played "10 countries" (think of all the countries that have four-letter names).

At 1:30 we said reluctant goodbyes. We gassed up in town (\$4.89/gal).

(Leslie & Lisa mentioned that they don't remember there being ticks when they were kids, and that there is now less small marine life than there used to be.)

We took a zig zag path to Bridgton on highway 302, then 112 west, called the Kancamagus Highway. It goes through (Leslie lives in "mid-coast Maine")

white mt. ntl. Forest. We stopped at a
Maraford store in Bridgton for groceries,
then drove another half hour or so to
a Forest Service campground called Blackberry
Crossing. It's a bit steep at \$25 a night,
but we pay half with our pass. It's in
a mixed hardwood-conifer forest. Bay Greek
caesar salad and quesadillas for dinner.
There are a few bugs, so we're staying
inside. No signal here, so we get a
break from correspondence.

Fri June 24

61° in van at 6. Dark night and pin drop
quiet except for the rat-a-tat raindrops. The
sun is now breaking through. Walked across
the highway to see the beautiful covered bridge
and walk along the quiet road. The boulder-
strewn river looks like Washington, but the forests
are more deciduous than evergreen.

On the road at 9. Beautiful drive. Kancamagus
Pass 2855'. Scenic viewpoints, many trailheads.
The town of Lincoln was hopping. ~~- turns out~~
~~it's only 20 miles from~~ Continue on 112 west
into clouds, then 89N and sunshine. Ben & Jerry's
factory in Waterbury. Tours closed, but I loved
the flavor graveyard and other displays.

Arrived at Dave Goodrich's at 2 pm. met
his lovely wife Lisa and daughter Tessa. They
live in Essex VT.

Brian Yarwood and his wife Wendy came over. Dinner of BBQ chicken, grilled zucchini & potatoes, plus ice cream and cake pops. Then Brian, Dave, and I played music until 11 pm! what a blast!

Saturday June 25 87°/65°

After a nice morning chat on the patio we drove to the farmer's market in Burlington. It was a hot day! We had mango lassi then got lunch from various booths. I had a spinach and feta stuffed bread that was tasty if bready. Grant had OK Nicaraguan. Then we drove to Red Rocks trail on Lake Champlain. The shady forest was a good choice on a hot day. Beautiful views of the enormous lake filled with people swimming and boating. New York and the Adirondacks on the other side.

Then we stopped for vegetables at a little natural foods grocery, got ice, and headed back to the house. A cool shower was most welcome. Grant made stir fry for dinner, then Dave and I played music. He's so talented and has written many great songs.

His job is to restore old documents and records.

Mayo QC

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Sun June 26

88° / 74°

On the road at 8:30. 89 N about one hour to the St-Armand / Phillipsburg crossing. Took about 40 minutes to get across. Easy crossing, but we were randomly selected to do a Covid test. You have to set up an online account, then wait for a video call where they talk you through what to do and watch you take the test. Then you either have to drop off the test or request a pickup. No pickups ~~were~~ available at Gary and Renée's, so we'll have to drive an hour round trip to drop it off. Only one of us had to test, so I did it.

Left the border at 10. Everything is in French, with almost no English signage. Stopped at a grocery. Everyone speaking French. The checker said something that sounded like "Hermi?" I stared at her blankly. I never did figure out what she was asking. 88° at 12:30.

Montreal traffic wasn't bad on a Sunday. Turns out people are coming back from a three-day weekend.

Arrived at Gary & Renée's at 2:30. Lovely visit on their breezy porch. Tofu and beef brochettes with onion, tomato, pepper. I realized that I am getting kind of burned out on socializing, and I wasn't a great conversationalist. Out to the van at 8:30.

Gary turned 71 this week, Renée is 65. They have sold their garlic business. Renée retired four years ago. Heavy rain in the night; they've had a rainy spring.

Mon. June 27

Hair cut, laundry, van chores. Grant and I walked around the property to see the gardens and fields. I helped Renée string a pea trellis and plant cabbages while Grant helped Gary load his seed planter with a mix of cover crop seeds. Bean and flower seeds they've collected, when they're past their prime, get added to the mix. First you chop them up in a machine, then winnow out the chaff. Gary explained that heirloom seeds absorb more minerals from the soil, so the crops are healthier.

We packed a picnic lunch and drove to Chutes de Plaisance, a waterfall that was the site of a historic mill town. The falls were thundering, due to all the rain. We had a picnic lunch, and Renée and I walked down to the river, below the falls. \$6 entrance fee for seniors (over 55). G + R insisted on paying.

Back to the house at 2:30 and we crashed for an hour. We're definitely noticing we get more tired

than we used to!

Monarch butterflies summer here and eat milkweed. Turkey babies are around, but we didn't see any. Gary planted a field and let Grant follow in an antique tractor. Renee made an amazing salade niçoise with beans (green), lettuce, tomato, avocado, salmon, peppers, and more, plus sauteed garlic scapes (steam first!), leftover brochettes, and a beet and apple salad. Carrot cake, ice cream, and strawberries for desert. They grow about 80% of the produce they eat. After dinner Gary showed me the root cellar, dug into a hill, where they store carrots, potatoes, and more all winter. They grow produce all winter in a large greenhouse.

Gary regaled us with farming lore and what he sees as the inevitable resurgence of more organic methods, as chemicals kill the soil and reduce productivity. Renee regaled us with stories of her work all over the world, helping women form and run cooperatives. Although it's great that local people are now running many programs, it often makes sense to have someone from the funding country run programs to ensure accountability and reduce corruption temptations.

Grant was very happy to finally see a beech tree in person today. We also learned that birch and poplar look similar.

Tues June 28 74°/55°

After a sad goodbye to Gary & Renée, we were on the road at 8.

Aside: we saw a groundhog on our walk up the road; chubby and cute but destructive. Gary planted mugwort to use for smudges when he was a massuer, and it has spread and taken over their yard. Note to self: never plant it!

Stopped for gas, \$1.99 a liter.

Highway 50 to 17. Cross the river at Grenville. Then highway 40 to 30 to 10. Toll bridge \$4.50 (we were category 2-2, ~~weight~~ meaning over 230 cm and two axles).

Groceries at a Marché du Village.

Pricier than the states, and the products are different. The highways are so green here. Dropped off the Covid test at the Purolator office in Sherbrooke - yay!

Arrived at Micheline & Michel's at 1:30. I met Micheline (Mimi) at line dancing when she lived in Kirkland. They moved back to Quebec in 2019. They live in Sherbrooke. Mimi took me walking around Lac des Nations, about 15 minutes away. It's a beautiful three-mile trail with sculptures, a board walk, and access to downtown. Grant and Michel stayed home and chatted and played pool. Their house is beautiful. She has a real decorator's eye.

They served us hors d'oeuvres, and

Sherbrooke QC

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then dinner of pork brochette, small potatoes (grelots), asparagus, sliced tomatoes, cucumber, and crème brûlée for dessert.

M + M say that housing affordability is a big problem in their area. They have many of the same social and political issues as the US, but to a lesser degree. I loved hearing Micheline's stories about growing up in the tiny enclave of Le Tuque, 7th of 10 children, raising chickens & pigs, studying by lantern, and walking to the one room schoolhouse in the deep snow (when she was 5 or 6, her brother would carry her on his shoulders). If the teacher wasn't there when they arrived, her brothers would get the wood stove going. (Mimi made lemonade w/ maple syrup instead of sugar - yum!)

(Today we saw a semi-trailer with brakes burning and flames engulfing the back undercarriage. Tractor was safely disconnected, a fallen

Wed June 29 fire extinguisher sitting on the pavement next to it.)

Lovely breakfast chat with M + M - they had set a colorful table for four, but Grant didn't join us. They are such welcoming hosts! Left at 8 and drove to PharmaPrix to buy a bottle of insulin for Grant. \$38 CAD (\$29 US). No prescription required. The pharmacist spoke English but the tech didn't.

On the road at 9. A beautiful sunny day. Hwy 112 to 55. Rest area is "Halte Routière." The highways were green and forested but a bit boring. Then we came to the St. Lawrence River, so brown & wide it looked like a dry lake bed. Then the road got prettier,

R'n R = river + railroad

49

With farms and hay bales. Wind pushing the van around. Stopped in the blink-and-you'll-miss-it burg of St-Pascal for gas at Esso. It had the old fashioned pumps with the lift lever on the side and no way to pre pay. Grant went inside and they said to fill up and pay after! When is the last time that happened?

Many churches have silver steeples (aluminum paint) and square towers with cut-out openings. Unique and beautiful.

Watched a semi tire disintegrating and spewing tire pieces all over the road.

Many rivers were marked "salmon river." Many "watch for moose" signs, and one section of the road was fenced.

Stocked up on groceries at the Super C in Mont-Joli then headed east on 132.

Rain off and on. Yellow, white daisy, blue lupine blooming along the roads. Logging trucks going by. Arrived at Amqui town hall parking lot at 5:45. They welcome "voyageurs nomades" to spend the night!

Salad and quesadillas for dinner. More rain but it's 70 degrees.

Tracadie NB

50

Thu June 30 73° / 55°

Rain in the night. On the road at 7. Quiet & peaceful night. Drove east along a river with a railroad track. People fishing from canoes. This area is called Matapédie and is popular for fishing and hunting. Lots of "reserve fauniques" (wildlife preserve) signs.

NB is apparently the only officially bilingual province in Canada. The signs are all in French & English. After 5 weeks on the road, we made it to the Maritimes!

At Campbellton we followed signs to a Visitor's Center, looking for a bathroom. After a circuitous trail through town, the center was closed. Down the road in Dalhousie we found a restaurant "truck stop" with nice public bathrooms. We are now on Atlantic time, one hour ahead.

Lots of people picking wild strawberries along the sides of the road.

We arrived at Village Acadien Historique about 11:30. It's on the Acadian peninsula near Caraquet. After lunch we went to buy tickets (\$40 total). We spent four hours there.

I loved it! The weather was perfect, about 73°. There were a few mosquitoes, and repellent would have been good, but they weren't too bad. There are 33 buildings built between 1773 and 1949 and moved here from other parts of the peninsula. Costumed interpreters tell the story of each building and the people who

lived & work there, while demonstrating baking, spinning, weaving, and the many other skills that were needed. There are gardens and animals. You walk on dirt roads through the forest. Many buildings are painted a warm butterscotch color, which is still popular.

We drove through Caraquet, the commercial center of Acadia. Everything is French. The sidewalks are rainbows. Stopped at a very upscale IGA for a few groceries. Arrived in Tracadie about 4. Parked across from the marina at the Visitor Information Center. Beautiful view of the water and a short boardwalk trail.

Rice/bean/corn stew, with a fried egg on top for Grant.

Fri July 1 Canada Day

53° and sunny. A quiet night, despite some loud heavy metal music for a while (good music but we could mostly only hear the thumping). Hit a nearby gas station for ice and a bathroom, then on the road at 8. Hiway 11 along the coast of the Acadian Peninsula is quite picturesque. Banks of locking mailboxes at street ends must save the postal service a lot of driving.

We stopped at Kouchibouguac Ntl. Park visitor center to buy a park pass, then hightailed it to Kellys Beach before it got too busy. 9:30. A beautiful boardwalk crosses the lagoon to the dunes. Park staff were installing a stout walking mat to guide people down to the water's edge. There were only a few people. It's a nice walking beach with a firm shelf of flat sand. Purple jellyfish stranded on the sand. Common terns darting about catching fish. They are much smaller than gulls. When we left at 11, people were pouring in.

Next we hiked the short bog trail. With our head nets on. A 20-foot tower provides a vista over the expanse of peat bog. A boardwalk trail takes you through the low-growing trees and shrubs, like a forest of miniatures. Laurel blooming, orchids, pitcher plants, all exotic-looking.

We left the park about 1 and drove south to ~~Kouchiboo~~ Bouctouche, which has a lovely wharf and marina at the mouth of the river. 80° with a nice breeze. I walked the gravel trail along the water and saw a big statue of the town's most famous resident, KC Irving, who started the Irving oil empire. Chatted with a local man who was a medic in Vietnam with the US army, then came back here and worked as a medic. He said it was very rewarding. Happy kids jumping off the wharf into the river. They say this area has the warmest water north of Virginia.

There are about 2500 people in this town. There are many immigrants working in the fish processing plants and on the farms because there aren't enough local people. This morning they had a Canada Day flag raising ceremony and community lunch. No fireworks here, only in the bigger towns. They had games and activities for kids at the park across the river.

Slept in a parking lot across from Kent company. View of boats coming back to the marina after a day of sun & fun. A guy in a truck and a gal in a white four door talked for over three hours in French, parked next to us. We were there when they arrived, so who knows how long they'd already been there. Like a socially distanced date.

Sat July 2

63° and ~~sunny~~^{overcast}. A quiet night. We realized we were in the wrong lot. This one said "Kent employees only." The one on Overlander was a little farther toward the marina. After moving the van, we walked across the street to the arboretum and used their nice bathrooms. Then we walked on the waterfront trail to the wharf and across the street to the

farmer's market, with indoor and outdoor stalls selling veggies, baked goods, and more. We resisted temptation and walked back to the arboretum for a quick loop through the forest (skeeters!), Elizabethan flower garden, and rose garden.

On the road at 9 am, sun breaking through. South along the coast to Aboiteau Beach in Cap Pelé. The showers were out of order, so we continued on to Prince Edward Island, over the long Confederation Bridge. (No toll to get to the island, but you have to pay to get off!)

Flowers blooming along the road: fireweed, daisies, roses, purple vetch. Many road kill porcupine. On PEI the roads lined with multi-colored lupine. Yellow ~~mustard~~ blooming in fields stretching to the horizon. Lots of farmland. In Summerside we walked a section of the Baywalk boardwalk trail, but turned back when a wall of black clouds approached. Back to the van in time for a torrential downpour with thunder & lightning. Warm. We had our first lobster rolls at JMK Fish Mart. Toasted, buttered white bun with mayo, chunks of lobster, lettuce. Delish, but lobster doesn't have a lot of flavor. Oh, the sandwich was also drizzled with lemon and melted butter! I think it would have been delicious without the lobster! \$25 each with tax (CAD).

Stocked up at Sobeys, a big grocery in town, then north on 2 (green but boring) and 12 (quite scenic) to Jacques Cartier Provincial Park for free hot showers! No day use fee. Filled our

water jugs. Light rain but warm, about 66° . I walked on the beach on a strip of coarse red sand, flat & firm. The shore was soft eroded shapes of red rock covered in neon-green algae. Green and white bits of seaweed scattered on the beach like confetti. Bonaparte's Gulls bobbing on the water. They are a small gull with a black head.

Continued north on 12 to North Cape. Buildings with weathered cedar shingles in shades of gray. Big fishing boats with gracefully flared bows parked in yards, towering over the houses. Colorful lobster buoys stacked neatly against garages, bins full of rope, piles of pots.

We passed on the \$6 wind interpretive museum. I walked part of the Black Marsh trail along the cliffs. Wind turbines whooshing, light rained turned to bright sun. Red cliffs, seabirds bobbing. Breezy but warm. Beautiful here. Three other overlanders. Eider ducks.

PEI is English-speaking.

Sun, July 3

quiet night except for a local car squealing in, doing a few donuts, and zooming away. A startling way to be awoken! Lighthouse light sweeping the sky. 64° and sunny. On the road early to catch the boats

coming in to Seacow harbor, but apparently the season hasn't started. Prosperous spreads here, many big houses, multi-car garages, and toys galore. Perhaps some combination of lucrative lobstering and lower cost of living?

Lots of potato fields - the province grows a lot of them. Apparently growing conditions are ideal. The red soil is rich in iron oxide.

Stopped at the provincial park to use the bathroom. I sat on the beach to eat my breakfast. The tide was in so I sat on the life-guard chair and the gentle waves lapped at the legs. A perfect day, warm with a light breeze. A young woman came down to swim. She said the water was chilly but not cold. She's from Cape Breton and had taken the ferry to PEI for the 3-day weekend. She said lobstering season varies throughout the maritimes. Most of the catch is shipped by air to Asia. She said PEI in winter is nothing but white, and because it's so flat the wind scours the snow so you can't even cross country ski.

We stopped at Northport Harbour in Alberton to look at the lobster boats, traps, and buoys, all ready for season opening in a few days.

My favorite boat name: Weather Oar Knot.

The water smooth as glass in the harbor.

We drove across the bridge to Lennox Island, home to a Mi'kmaq community. There were big invisible speed bumps! It was like being back in Mexico. The cultural center was closed, and the Trail of our Forefathers hike

looked buggy, so we continued on.

We drove along the north coast, past the popular beaches of PEI Ntl. Park, to Greenwich Dunes. Grant had an upset stomach, so he stayed behind while I walked the trail. It's about three miles round trip. A long stretch is a floating boardwalk across a freshwater pond. Magical, like floating in a waterworld. Then you climb over a dune and you are on a long sandy beach lined with dunes. It was the last afternoon of a holiday weekend and the crowds were thinning.

Impressions of PEI: red soil, oyster farms are rows of black dots floating in the water, hundreds of black and white seabirds dotting the water, the combination of bright blue water and bright green land.

We drove out to East Point, the easternmost tip of the island. Saw grey seals and a big ferry heading to the Madeleine Islands. It's not especially scenic here, but we had to come to the easternmost point! We are spending the night at the Confederation trailhead in Elmira. There's also a train museum here. It's a lovely spot, with a view of lupine, fields, and wind turbines. The only sound was birds until a little dog started yapping and a lawnmower started up.

65° at 7:30. Campbell's Chunky Chicken Corn Chowder was good. Buttered bread.

Mon July 4

Grant had to use the port-a-potty in the night and got mobbed by mosquitoes. Some followed him into the van. He spent a long time killing them. We both got a bunch of new bites. Otherwise a quiet night. Up at 5 am, 60°. Rain in the night but sunshine by morning.

On the road early. The holiday weekend is over and folks are heading back to work. Saw horse and buggy signs and an Amish man, tall and thin, in neat black pants and a straw bowler, pounding in a "strawberries for sale" sign. Lots of Scottish influence here, names with "mac", and signs advertising music events called ceilidhs. A bagpiper playing at a burial in a cemetery.

In Charlottetown we parked at Victoria Park and walked the awesome waterfront boardwalk made of stout wood timbers. An absolutely gorgeous day of blue sea & sky, warm sun, light breeze, everyone saying hi. Saw the Victorian cathedral, candy-colored old row houses, wharfs with parks and eateries. A charming and walkable town! As we passed Province House, where the confederation documents were signed in 1867 to create Canada, we learned that it has been under renovation for four years, and at that very moment they would be doing a partial unveiling. We sat on a bench with a small crowd. The woman next to us was the proud aunt of the project manager. One of the speeches was by a native elder. She carried an eagle feather and said a lovely prayer.

The unveiling itself was anti-climactic: they only dropped three of the sheets draping the building and you couldn't see past the scaffolding. But still cool to be there.

59 Next stop was Victoria-by-the-Sea, an uber cute tiny town with a waterfront park, and four square blocks of shops and art galleries in beautiful old houses. Watched a semi with a large trailer haul a big lobster boat out of the water. The town was busy! A long line at the restaurant. 65° with a lovely breeze.

Drove 116 to 10, [which turned out to be dirt roads with potholes, so we reluctantly got back on 2, which is a 110 kph highway.] Stopped at Marine Rail Park next to Confederation Bridge to get a good look at the bridge and take pictures. It's 8 miles long! The toll to leave the island is \$50.25 CAD!

Impressions of PEI: Blue sea, red soil, green fields, purple lupine, the scent of wild roses, the brightly-colored Adirondack chairs in public places. Gas \$210.7 per liter.

Crossed the bridge back to New Brunswick. Took some back roads to avoid 2, (see * above). Stopped in Moncton for a break, parked on a side street. Big fire truck parked in front of us and a bunch of guys in gear got out to do some kind of house inspection. Arrived in Hillsborough at 4:30. They have a free RV parking lot with a nice restroom! It's so nice to not have to be stealthy. Walked to the nearby grocery and bought two potatoes, since we can finally cook outside. Potatoes (fried), eggs, salad for dinner. No bugs!

Some people who were heading back to the States gave us five avocados and some eggs!
60

Tues July 5

I took a benadryl last night to help combat the cumulative effects of so many mosquito bites. It knocked me out until 6:30 am (I went to sleep at 9). 55° and sunny.

Arrived at Hopewell Rocks ^{on the Bay of Fundy} about 9:30, two hours before low tide. I was glad we got there early because by the time we left, around 10:30, people were pouring in! We took the stairs down to the beach to walk around the mushroom-shaped "flowerpot" rocks eroded by the sea. We're a bit jaded by West Coast scenery like Oregon seastacks. These were nice, but not super special.

You can't walk on the mud, so it's tricky to go out very far. The main critter is tiny mud shrimp, the size of a grain of rice. Plovers stop here on their way south, starting in mid-July, and stock up on shrimp calories. It cost us almost \$30 CAD to get in, with tax. The water is brown because there's no slack tide to allow the silt to settle so the water is constantly churned. We came back up the wheelchair ramp instead of the 101 steps. It's about 2 miles RT walking, including the beach walk.

Fundy ntl. Park. We did the very short Shiphaven hike, a marvel of wooden boardwalks and stairs through the forest, with views of river and estuary. The ~~morning~~ visit was marred when I ~~Fundy Board~~ forgot to attach one of the shelf bungees (despite notes reminding me)

and the dish/pot crated and stove came crashing down onto the floor. Scared the crap out of me. Nothing appeared damaged, but I sobbed angrily as I cleaned it all up. It was kind of the last straw. I dreamed about my dad last night for the first time in a long time, and it left me feeling sad & fragile. (He came back from somewhere, smiling and happy, dressed in a colorful jumpsuit, I couldn't hug him because of covid. He asked me to call mom to pick him up, but I couldn't get my phone to work. Kelly was there with her phone, but she got a call from Ian. I said, "Hang up! Tell him you need to call mom!" A dream about wanting him to come back but he can't...) I'm also exhausted from all the driving (rough winding roads are scary for me, and Grant drives faster than I do), and from all the planning and navigating; it's a lot of work, and Grant can seem impatient with how long it takes.

The park itself has lots of hikes, beaches, and other amenities that we didn't have the time or energy for. We continued south to the ~~Bay~~ Fundy Trail, a 19-mile parkway along the coast. \$20 for a day pass. It's a beautiful drive with many scenic viewpoints, hikes, & picnic stops, but the Oregon coast is prettier. We had forgotten to

Salisbury NB

62

gas up, and arrived in the town of St. Martin with 50 miles to spare. After filling up, Grant said he was "tank full".

Hiway 111 north was heavily patched, like a monochrome artist's palette with broad brushstrokes of greys and black. Stopped at a Sobeys grocery in Sussex for deli salads and spanakopita twists.

Spending the night at an Irving Big Stop truck stop near Salisbury. We're exhausted. Tried to do a lot in one day. It's hard to know which "must dos" are really our thing, or how long we should allow. It started raining when we arrived. Perfect timing, after a sunny warm day of sightseeing. Night in the mid-70s.

Wed July 6

Heavy rain all night and most of the day. 60° this morning. Super nice bathrooms and small store. Highway 2 west. Light traffic but heavy rain and road spray. No scenery to miss. Took highway 4 to bypass the toll section of 104 in Nova Scotia, because they don't take credit cards. 4 was empty and only added a few minutes. Then highway 104 to Truro and "Glooscap Trail" road to Maitland and the Fundy Tidal Interpretive Center. This is one of the tidal bore viewing locations. I wanted a schedule of bore times in case we're able to stop by on our way back from Newfoundland. Then we drove 215 along the coast. The tide was low and the exposed

Kejimkujik NH Pk

63

mudflats reminded us of a forlorn reservoir waiting for rain. They are a dark, reddish brown, and so is the water in the bay. It's kind of unappealing, and not especially scenic. Stopped for lunch next to a small white church and graveyard. Stopped at a couple small stores looking for ice. The ice truck was overdue. One store still had a few bags.

Arrived at Grand Pré Ntl. Historic Site around 2:30 and the rain stopped! So I was able to walk around the memorial to the Acadian expulsion that began in 1755. It's a beautiful park with a reproduction Normandy-style church, and statues of Evangeline and Longfellow. Then we drove to nearby Wolfville, home to 3500-student Acadia University. There's a long gravel trail along the waterfront. The town has lots of great shops and restaurants with a hip college town feel. We walked for a bit, and grabbed a few groceries. Food more \$ in Canada.

A boring 90-minute drive on 101 and 8 got us to Four mile Stillwater Trailhead, a gorgeous spot on a rocky river. Surprised to have cell signal. Soup & grilled cheese sandwiches for dinner. We arrived about 5:30, so it was another long driving day, but with some nice stops. I don't see too many bugs here, but Grant doesn't want me to open the door, so we are just looking at the view through the windows.

Farm Sign today: "Pictures of the cows are free,
but the bull charges."

64

Often on these trips it's the unexpected or unplanned stops that turn out to be the most memorable.

Thurs July 7

A dark & quiet night. So many stars. 48° at 6 am. Sunshine & mist on the water. Beautiful. Drove to Keji ntl. Park & took hot showers at the beach facility! By 8 am when we emerged there were people waiting in line. Keji lake is beautiful. The river is foam flecked and tanin-colored and had mist floating on it. We decided not to hike here. Even though we didn't see many bugs, we didn't want to be in the dark forest on such a beautiful day.

Highway 8 to Liverpool, past many sparkly blue lakes. Battered roads. Arrived at Keji Seaside adjunct at 10. Chatted with a friendly guy named Bill who owns a trail building company. He gave us suggestions of things to do in Newfoundland. He travels the world building trails. We walked the 3-mile round trip trail to an absolutely stunning beach. Saw pitcher plants, frogs, seal heads bobbing. Warm with a light breeze to keep the bugs away. We had the place to ourselves, but by the time we left people were pouring in. While walking I could smell the wild roses warmed by the sun.

Next stop was Lunenberg, which was very touristy. Colorful houses overlooking a harbor.

Decided to skip Peggy's Cove, which is also very touristy, and drove to lower Prospect instead. A tiny fishing village nestled in a very picturesque harbor. We were getting very tired. We pulled into a park in nearby Terence Bay and are hoping it's OK to sleep here / park overnight. About a dozen local old guys are playing horseshoes. Grant and I are both crabby. Part of me wants to go out, say hi, and ask if it's OK to stay here. But what if they say no? It would be very hard to pack up and move. I'm not feeling terribly social, alas.

Quesadillas for dinner. There are five fishing boats anchored in the harbor, each a different vibrant Crayola color. We're only 30 minutes from Halifax. The horseshoers left about 12:30 — the park had lights. I crashed about 9:30 and never heard a thing.

Friday July 8 $54^{\circ}/76^{\circ}$

No knocks in the night. Quiet and peaceful. Water smooth as glass. 54° at 6 am. Thirty minutes to Halifax. Groceries at Sobeys. The most unusual layout, nothing linear, hard to find things. Prices seemed high. Hard to be in city traffic after the back roads we've been on. All parking is pay. Found a spot but it took forever to get the parking

Eastern Shore N.S.

66

app set up. Grant gets very frustrated when he has to wait for me. The waterfront boardwalk is very nice, with many multi-colored adirondack chairs to sit on, cute eateries, boat tours, little parks. We walked about 3 miles, down to the end and back, and to and fro to the car.

Another perfect weather day. Cute little passenger ferries ply the harbor. One had rainbows and said, "Ride with pride."

We drove up to the Public Gardens and parked again. The gardens are one square block, small but pretty, with formal Victorian garden beds, an ornate gazebo, and statues. We chatted with one of the workers, a very chatty guy about Grant's age. He told us that people from Halifax are called Haligonians.

Heading out of town we were surprised by a bridge toll that required either a "Mac" pass or \$1.25 CAD. We had neither and had to drive through. We'll see what happens...

Maybe our EZ Pass worked? At this point we were stressed out by city driving. We pulled into a gas station to eat our lunch, then continued about 1.5 hours to Taylor Head provincial park, arriving about 1:30.

Windmill blades look like long, slender dancer's legs. Gas has dropped 20¢ a liter. \$183 in Halifax.

I'm sitting on the crescent-shaped sandy beach enjoying the sound of the waves, watching happy children dash in and out of the freezing cold water. Grant is chilling in the van.

No overnight parking in the park so we drove 10 minutes to an iOverlander spot on

highway 7. crazy fast drivers on some of these rural roads! The spot was closed. Feeling a bit tired and discouraged, we continued on. Soon we spotted the visitor center in Sheet Harbour. It's a lovely spot on a rushing river with a boardwalk trail. The VC is also a museum, with items donated by local people. There are some wonderful old household items and nice interpretive signs. They said it is fine to park here overnight. We can hear the river. Roasted potatoes (pre-cooked from the deli case) and eggs for dinner.

Sat, July 9 56°

Walked on the short boardwalk trail along the frothy, tumbling river. A footbridge crosses near the mouth, where the river spills into the bay. Beautiful. On the road about 8. Gorgeous coastal scenery. A heron on every point. Signs opposing the creation of a Marine Protected area here.

In Sherbrooke we went to the grocery store and the drug store. ~~then~~ Small town life, everyone saying hi to each other. Heading inland to the west side of the island there were many lakes, hay fields, and the smell of cows. It feels remote and rural.

Song ideas: Broadband Baby (she's wide, and so is her broadcast signal) [68]

"Left at the stop sign, right at the light"
Crossed the bridge to Cape Breton Island.

Near Long Point we stopped at Christie's Look-off (aka lookout, or viewpoint) for lunch, warm sun, coastal scenery. Access point to the multi-use coastal trail that runs along here.

This area has strong Scottish heritage and road signs are in English & Gaelic.

We stopped at the Murphy Pond music festival in Port Hood. A small harbor with lobster boats and a co-op that sells fresh fish & lobster when they have it. Lobster season is May & June.

The festival was a small local event to raise funds for town projects. The music got a late start (three musicians cancelled due to Covid). I chatted with a volunteer fireman and a lobster fisherman. The fireman was a huge Seahawks fan, recently retired from Nova Scotia power company. Now he's a "storm chaser" helping clean up power lines after storms, including in the US. He said that Newfoundland is pronounced newfunland, with the a pronounced like the a in hat. Mi'kmaq is pronounced migmaw.

Covid is going around. The fireman is fully vaxed, but the lobsterman says he "sanitizes from the inside." He said lobstering is quite safe as long as you don't do anything stupid. They had a good catch this year. They don't get a lot of snow, but it's cold & windy in winter and sometimes the harbor gets ice. The season can get delayed if there are still icebergs outside the harbor. There are

jobs here, and some people work the oilfields in Alberta, 2 months on, two months off.

Finally the music started but it was fiddle and piano and a bit boring. I enjoyed seeing the community having fun and socializing. Boat name: Haul-A-Day.

We drove back to Boardwalk Beach, one of the town's five beaches, and went for a nice walk on the boardwalk, along an estuary, and back on the firm, sandy beach. Another idyllic weather day!

I really wanted to go to Red Shoe Pub in nearby Mabou to hear the Celtic music, but it just didn't seem prudent with Covid. We entered the Cabot Trail at Margaree and started north. Instant lovely coastal scenery. Spending the night on a bluff near Grand Etang with a gorgeous view of the Gulf, and the sound of waves. A young French woman named Coline parked next to us. She's traveling alone in her car for 2 weeks. After working in Canada for 6 months, she'll be heading back to Lyon. Potatoes and eggs for dinner. Watched the sunset and got a great picture of the Van & sunset.

Sunday July 10

60° at 6, sun, breezy. On the road at 7:30. Flora's local crafts store wasn't open, so I peeked in the windows. Couldn't see any hooked rugs. This area is known for them, and I was curious to see what they look like.

The town of Cheticamp has a nice vibe, with shops, restaurant, and beach cottages, but it doesn't feel kitschy. It also has a large silver-steeped church.

Cape Breton N.P. visitor center has an adjacent campground with nice washrooms and showers. Tent sites are \$27 a night. It wasn't full. Apparently this is not quite high season.

Arrived at the enormous Skyline Trail parking lot at 9 am and it was almost empty.

It's a wide, smooth, almost flat trail through asboreal spruce & birch forest out to a high headland overlooking the gulf. When moose populations got too high a few years ago they did a cull using native people. Now the population has dropped, but probably due to other factors. Moose don't like the heat and spend summer days in shady forests. The hike is 3.9 miles round trip and took about two hours. The view from the headland is spectacular, and the forest is beautiful. The trees are gnarled and stunted. There are upright bunches of bright green ferns, like bouquets. Ran into Coline. crowds pouring in by 11am.

Next stop was MacIntosh Brook for lunch, then Lone Shieling to see the hardwood old growth

sugar maple forest and stone "shieling", or copper's hut. A copper was a shepherd. It's a lovely short trail along a rocky stream.

Now we're at Cabot's Landing park, approximately where John Cabot landed in 1497. The long sandy beach is spectacular, with crashing waves.

On to White Point, where signs were non-existent and we couldn't find the trail. Instead we parked in the small harbor, watched crashing waves on the cliffs and lobstermen unloading empty crates with a small boom attached to the dock. Then to Neil's Harbour and a mediocre, overpriced dinner of fish + chips + chowder at the Chowder House. 15% tax here! Great view though. We're both a bit crabby because of the disappointing meal. Grant's tummy is also acting up again.

Mon July 11 63° / 70°

The low throb of ^{lobster}boat motors woke me about 4 am. Awake again about 6. A calm and lightly overcast morning. On the road at 7:30, the lobster boats coming in. Broad Cove campground for hot showers and fill water jugs. Drove to Middle Head trail near Keltic Lodge in the National Park. Grant's blood sugar level didn't allow

walking, so I went by myself. A moderate 2.5 miles round trip. Roots and rocks, some ups and downs, lovely views out over the Atlantic, no bugs, rocky coastline, scent of wild rose, fireweed blooming. Grant found a nynets hat.

Next we drove to Ingonish Beach and walked on the sloping, sandy beach, with the waves crashing. A yellow lobster boat checked pots in the bay. Northern gannets soared and plunged for fish. A tall pile of grey, rounded cobbles runs the length of the beach. People have built cairns. Warm and windy today.

At Cape Smokey picnic park there wasn't much of view so we continued on. From here the road plunges down Smokey Mountain and back to the coast. Stopped at The Clucking Hen bakery for carrot and bran muffins (one of each). The carrot were called "morning glory" and had coconut and raisins. Both were delicious!

We took the Englishtown cable ferry, a 410-foot crossing. Hiway 105 to 125 to 22 towards Louisbourg. Called the ferry to see about going to Newfoundland a day early, but no spots tomorrow, so we'll stay a day longer and come back on the 20th. Realized that five days in NL wasn't going to be enough.

Stopped for the night at an Esso on highway 22. Peek-a-boo view of water, shady spot with trees.



Tues July 12 57° / ~~74°~~ 74°

Arrive Louisbourg Historic Site 9:15, opens at 9:30. Big fight en route. Too much togetherness (TMT) = TNT. That's the trade-off on these trips - constant togetherness in exchange for seeing the world.

Louisbourg Fortress historic site was amazing. We spent almost three hours and could have spent more. Entry was included with our ^{nth} park pass. A shuttle takes you from the parking area out to the ~~fort~~ fort. Costumed actors greet you as you enter. The fort existed to harvest, salt, and export cod to France and its colonies. One quarter of the fortress has been faithfully reconstructed based on detailed drawings and death inventories. At 11:45 we watched them fire two cannons, which was quite fun. I loved talking to the actors, each of whom was based on a real person, and knew their life story. It's extremely well done and highly recommended.

After a late picnic lunch we drove to Sydney for groceries, ATM, gas. Then to Indian Beach park, right across from the ferry terminal. Big gravel lot on the water. 74° and windy. Fishing boats coming in trailing clouds of gulls like fluttering white veils.

Watched one ferry leaving and another arriving. A beautiful place here, surrounded by water and the sound of waves.

Wed. July 13 63° / 64°

Grant watched a fisher on shore for a while!

Windy and overcast but warm. Packed some food and supplies for the ferry trip and got in line at 8:50. You can arrive up to 4 hours early. Our boat is called Blue Puttees. They inspected under the van with mirrors, looking for what I don't know. Cargo trucks started loading early, and they flagged us on at 9:30. Cormorant nests on top of all the light posts. Watched two babies poking at mom's neck for food, and a mom regurgitating food.

We were settled in our seats at 10:45 and the ~~boat~~ boat left promptly at 12:15.

The seats are comfortable. They have lots of amenities like cafes, and various kinds of seating areas. We parked on level three and sat on level 7. Levels 8 & 9 are mostly cabins. The seats recline. The only complaints were that the cabin got too warm, and you couldn't get away from TVs (thankfully all with the sound off).

It was a very smooth crossing, sunny and warm on deck, with no wind. We sat amidships so I wouldn't feel any rocking motion. That plus dramamine and I felt fine.

75

I didn't try to read, just listened to music and slept a lot (dramamine makes you drowsy).

We pulled into Port Aux Basques, NL, 15 minutes early, at 6:30 local time. NL has its own time zone, called NT, Newfoundland Time. It's a half hour ahead of Atlantic Time, 4.5 hours ahead of Seattle.

We drove up to Scott's Cove Park, where they were having live music. Colorful vendor shacks were selling food and souvenirs. The band wasn't super polished, and they fell short on vocals, but they played a fun mix of songs, including some Newfoundland songs. It's a perfect evening - sunny, warm, light breeze. We're parked here for the night. I love listening to the newfy accents - some are very thick and hard to understand. But charming to hear!



Trout River NL

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Thurs July 14 Bastille Day &
my birthday

54°, pink sunrise, the bay like glass, no wind. Another quiet night! I woke up ~~just~~ as the night ferry was leaving, all lit up like a fairy boat. ^{The next morning} walked the short boardwalk, past the shacks, each painted a different cheery color. They still pull 8 million pounds of fish out of the sea each year here.

On the road heading north about 7 am. Past Codroy Valley (where cod was once king). The scenery is reminiscent of Iceland, with more ~~elms~~ trees, or of the PNW, with shorter trees. Mixed conifer-deciduous forests, the conifers pointed, up to about 50 ft. tall. Lots of trees, but it still feels very open. Many sparkling blue ponds, lakes, rocky streams, and rivers. A beaver lodge in almost every one. Patches of snow on the hills.

From Deer Lake we took highway 431 to the south side of Gros Morne Ntl. Park. The Discovery Centre visitor center had excellent displays of Mi'kmaq culture, geology exhibits, and views of Bonne Bay and the surrounding mountains and tablelands.

The 4 km round trip Tablelands hike was fantastic, through an ancient, rocky landscape with streams cascading down from patches of snow. Harebells and pitcher plants blooming. Beautiful vistas of rounded peaks.

Then on to the little town of Trout River, with a walkable, gravelly beach and

and a mix of shops, restaurants, and weather-beaten buildings. B&Bs and vacation rentals too. There's a park campground nearby. A surprising number of people here, given how far off the beaten path this feels, but nothing like ^{the crowds} in a small town near a US national Park. The trail was busy today as well. No bugs, even with all the bogs and standing water. The park appears to attract people from all over the world. It's a warm day in the sun, just perfect with the breeze.

We splurged on a birthday dinner at the Seaside Restaurant, recommended to us by Bill Goulding, the trail builder we met in Keji, and also recommended in all the guidebooks. We made reservations for a window table. What a view! Beach, bay, headlands. I had halibut cheeks and Grant had cod. Pan seared, with fried red potato chunks, steamed broccoli and carrots, and warm white rolls with butter. Grant proclaimed it the best cod he'd ever had. I could only finish half of mine. \$70 with tax & tip. We met the owner, Jenny, ~~who~~ and said hi from Bill Goulding. ~~she~~ She said the town discourages overnight parking, but we were welcome to park in her lot (and use her wifi). We talked to the bus boy, a handsome high school kid with braces. We asked if he liked living here

Trout River NL

78

and he said it was okay, but he didn't love it. There's not even snow in the winter because the wind blows it away; it's just bitter cold. He'd like to go away to college, maybe Ontario.

So here we are again, parked by the water, listening to the sound of the waves. It's 64° at 7:30, and the sun will set in about two hours.

Commercial cod fishing is closed up here, and we asked where the restaurant gets its cod. Turns out that private fishing (recreational) is allowed, with a limit of 5 fish per day.

Friday, July 15

53° , overcast, calm. I climbed the stairs up to a viewpoint above the town. The houses here are in general a bit rundown. On the road at 7:30. Magenta clover lining the roadsides. The Trout River road, 431, is in rough shape, with lots of scalloped edges.

The scenery here is a cross between Iceland, Norway, and Alaska.

Stopped at BonTours in Rocky Harbour to make a reservation for the Western Brook Pond Boat tour on Monday. We don't pay until we arrive, and if the weather's crummy we

won't go. Stopped at the Visitor's Center in town. It's bare bones. So glad we went to the Discovery Centre yesterday. Showers at Berry Hill campground (the kind you have to push a button every 5 seconds - but they were warm!). On the road north at 10. Yellow primrose blooming along the edges. Highway 430, "The Viking Trail" is in good condition through the park.

Bill had warned us we'd be driving through "miles of moose ponds" but it would be worth it. The road is right on the coast most of the time and it's lovely. Moody and northern feeling today. These mountains are the northern tip of the Appalachians.

In one small town we saw a sign for Gospel meetings, and another had a Pentecostal church. Made me curious what rural Newfoundland politics and religion are like compared to the US.

We got very sleepy and pulled over to take a break. I crashed like someone gave me a knockout pill, and Grant had to wake me after an hour. A rain squall blew through and the sky is grey.

Big piles of logs next to the road, and wooden sleds with snow runners. I later learned that the logs are delivered by truck, each pile belongs to someone, and no one steals

other peoples' wood.

Gas is more expensive here than Nova Scotia. \$2.02 at the south end, \$2.05 farther north.

You can see Labrador across the straight. The highway got rougher. Grant said he was "deftly dodging depressions." Clouds floating over the water look like icebergs. The towns look like Iceland, but Iceland houses are more picturesque. The coast here is sloping shelves of shale. We arrived in Hay Cove, near L'Anse Aux Meadows, at 4:15. The site listed on iOverlander had a truck, trailer, lobster pots, etc., on it. Two guys were bucking up logs. I went to ask about parking and had the great pleasure of meeting Sean and Barnaby, brothers from Hay Cove.

They said no one owns the land, people use it for storage, and we were welcome to park there. They were super friendly, and happy to chat. They order logs delivered by truck from a nearby town and buck them up for firewood. Of the six kids in their family, five live in NL and one in NS. Their 96-year-old mom died a year and a half ago and they miss her terribly. It was so sweet to hear them talk about her. They said she cared more about people than money or material things, and was kind and generous. She was still running a chainsaw at age 93! They recommended we try "fish and brewis" (pronounced "brews"), boiled

salt cod and hard tack with bacon and onions. I loved listening to them talk. Newfoundland English has a lovely Irish lilt to it. I surreptitiously recorded them. They let me take their picture, and proudly posed with their chainsaw and log hook.

They said their favorite season is fall, when the trees are turning color. The winters here are getting shorter and milder. Sean's favorite job was working on a nearby farm that grows potatoes, cabbage, and turnips. Neither brother ever married or had children. They told me about a trail that went up a hill with a great view of the coast and the town. Really beautiful.

I saw an iceberg! (Grant had spotted it earlier from the road.) Whales are often visible from up here, but not today. Mosquitoes here, but a headnet did the trick for walking.

A road trek pulled in later. The rain stopped and the sky cleared at sunset. Sunset almost 9:30. High today 67°.

Sat July 16 50° / 61°

Overcast day. Drove a short distance to L'Anse Aux Meadows ntl. historic site. Wonderfully evocative setting at the northernmost tip of Newfoundland! Windswept and wild and very beautiful. The sun

emerged and the wind died, so the weather was perfect.

The visitors center shows an excellent film about the site, called "Connecting the circle," also available online. There are artefacts, good interpretive signs, and a replica boat (the sails were made from woven wool cloth!).

The site itself comprises the actual mounds where the buildings once stood. There are also three replica sod and timber buildings with costumed interpreters demonstrating weaving, wood turning, and forging. One of them talked about current life in New Brunswick Newfoundland. Electricity is very expensive, so people heat with wood and oil. Fruits and vegetables are expensive, and the island has a high rate of obesity and diabetes. Stealing is rare, because anyone who does it is ostracized from the community, and won't get help from others, which is essential to living here. He said this has been a bad weather summer compared to usual.

We walked the 2.4 km Birchy Nuddick trail along the coast. Gorgeous! Subarctic coastal tundra - so many beautiful plants. Half a dozen exquisite fairy houses are tucked into rocky spots along the trail. Intricate and detailed, they must have taken hours to make, yet they are completely unprotected from hikers or the elements, and there is no information about them. Beautiful purple beach-head iris blooming. Sun sparkling on the

water. After a picnic lunch we reluctantly headed for St. Anthony. We stopped at Dark Tickle store (recommended in guidebooks), but their local berry products were too pricey.

St. Anthony is a pleasant town on the Atlantic with lots of services. We got cash at an ATM, gassed up (\$2.05/litre), and got ice and a few groceries. It was our first NL grocery store, and the prices didn't seem that bad.

We continued on to Fishing Point Park and hiked the short Iceberg Alley and Whale Watch trails. We saw some porpoises, but no whales or icebergs. The sun came out between rain squalls. We have reached our farthest point from home, after seven weeks and 8500 miles.

About 3:30 we turned around and started back toward home. 90 minutes to an overlander spot in Nameless Cove. Lots of rain until about 7, and then the sun came out and the sky turned blue. It's a cobbly spit right on the water. The shore here is staircase blocky ledges, with blocks of grey rock tumbled about. An old lighthouse and cottage on an island just offshore. Super picturesque! Two other rigs here, both from Quebec. Local teens happily roaring around on ATVs. The houses on this coast drive have all looked pretty tidy and prosperous.

Port aux Choix

28 84

Sunday July 17 54° / 70°

Went for several walks in the evening.
Saw a loon. Peaceful night, overcast morning.
mottled dark grey ducks with sloping noses
feeding in the shallow water where the
tide is retreating.

Drove 1.5 hours to Port aux Choix. Visitor
center said there might be moose by the
lighthouse, so we drove down there. No moose,
but a nice ocean view. Port aux Choix is an
archeological history site going back about 6000
years, with several different archaic peoples.

There are stone artefacts, but other than
that there's not much to see. Mostly you get
a sense of place, and can imagine ancient
people living here. It's a beautiful peninsula.

Back at the VC we saw two caribou, an
adult with big antlers and a young one with
small antlers, still shedding its white winter coat.
Like deer in general, they are mostly unafraid
of people.

We hiked out to Philip's Garden, 3 km each
way, across limestone barrens, bog with pitcher
plants and many interesting low-growing plants and
flowers, and through stunted, dense forests of
trees called tuckamore. We startled a moose
about 50 ft. ahead. It ran down the trail
and into the forest. They are tall animals
with long legs! It was exciting to see one in
the wild, even if briefly, and even if a bit
scary. The scenery on the coast at the end

of the hike was spectacular, with no one else there. There were even red adirondack chairs and we had a nice picnic. A perfect sunny day with enough wind ^{to keep} bugs away.

After perusing the VC (they have an amazing seal skin outfit) and several of the memorial archeology installations, we drove to the French Bread Oven and watched them bake rolls in a wood-fired oven like the ones that have been used in this area for several hundred years. The French Shore Historical Society fires up the outdoor oven at 10 every day. At 2pm they scrape out the coals and pop in pans of rolls. For \$10 CAD you get two rolls, jam (we chose blueberry and tart red partridgeberry), margarine, and tea, coffee, or lemonade. The bread was very white and soft, also warm and moist. We ate one each and kept the others for dinner. They had a slideshow playing with beautiful pictures of the area, including in winter. The women working there were all about my age and very friendly. They wore period dress (early 1900s?).

We drove about an hour south to Arches Provincial Park. Beautiful coastal scenery all the way. The park boasts fabulous arches. Just after we got settled in for the night it started raining - perfect timing! We arrived at 4 pm.

Gros Morne NP

86

Mon July 18 60°/74°

Partly overcast, on the road at 7:30. Reluctant goodbye to another beautiful place!

The tall white flowers blooming everywhere are cow parsnip (not cow parsley, which is queen anne's lace). to be confused with

Arrived at Western Brook Pond parking lot about 8 am. Packed lunches and walked to the "pond" (actually a lake). It's 3 miles round trip on an easy gravel road-like path. Very windy but sunny, so we decided to do the boat trip.

The hike goes past some ponds and a lot of wildflowers and "tuckamore" (wind-stunted trees).

A lot of people waiting for the boat. It's one hour up to the head of the fjord, past towering rock faces and waterfalls. Beautiful! Is there such a thing as beauty fatigue?! Sometimes I think my eyes and brain can't possibly absorb more gorgeous scenery or interesting information!

At the end of the fjord the boat pulls over to drop off hikers who are doing a 3-day, 35-km, off-trail traverse hike to Gros Mountain. Five hardy souls disembarked. The boat staff gave interesting commentary about the lake and the rocks and local history. For the last half hour of the trip they played upbeat Newfie music, very sea shanty-like.

Then we hiked back to the car (first we ate our picnic lunch on the boat dock deck by the lake) arriving about 1. (On the boat we learned that moose were introduced

to Newfoundland in the late 1800s.)

Stopped at the campground for showers and water, then drove to Jennies House in Norris Point to ogle the view of Bonne Bay from up high, and try their molasses muffins. These turned out to be gingerbread. We got one of those and a carrot muffin.

Two more hours to our stop for the night, a gravel spur next to the TCH a bit south of Stephenville Crossing. Cloudy and a few showers.

Tuesday July 19 60° / 65°

Mosquitoes got into the van somehow and kept Grant awake for several hours. I put a headnet on ~~me~~ and was able to sleep. I woke up with one ear partly swollen shut by a bite however!

It rained a lot in the night but this morning it's just overcast. Driving south to Port aux Basques through the green landscape, crossing rocky rivers, it feels a lot like Seattle when the sky is grey.

We took hiway 470 from Port aux Basques east to Rose Blanche, the end of the road. Along the way we saw the Barrachois Falls trailhead and pulled over. A half-mile gravel and boardwalk trail leads to a beautiful waterfall cascading down a rocky cliff. We got lightly

Port aux Basques

88

sprinkled on. The scenery on this part of the coast is beautiful. Tarns and pools rimmed in green, stunted trees and expanses of meadow and bog that look like the Scottish moors or a high alpine mountain above treeline, like the Enchantments. The coastal parts reminded us of Iceland. The whole effect was enchanting, even on a drizzly day.

We drove the steep, narrow road to the lighthouse, but by then it was raining and foggy. Plus it cost \$7 just to walk out to see the lighthouse. The gift shop, like most we've seen here, had local books, music, t-shirts, tchatchikas, and an assortment of locally-knitted socks, mittens, and sweaters. None look especially durable, and prices are high.

By the time we left it was pretty soaked in. Traffic is light on this road so we were able to go slow.

Parked at the empty wharf in Margaree. Naps, reading, rainy day recess, then we'll have an early dinner in town. The view of the boats moored in the harbor looks very authentic in the rain.

The fish & chips at the Seashore Restaurant were good, 8 out of 10. Crunchy tempura-like batter over big chunks of thick flaky cod. Everything was a bit underseasoned, and folks seem to like the fish wet when battered (we prefer it dry). The Kraft tartar sauce is a bit sweet. But

other than that it was great. Poured absolute buckets while we ate. They said it's been raining here the last couple of days, so there might be a wetter micro-climate down here. The three teen waitresses were tall and thin. The older women staff (I counted four) were quite large. The woman at the register called everyone m'lone or sweetheart (it's an endearing Newfie thing). We got a blueberry crumble to go. Now we're parked at Scott's Cove Park near the ferry terminal. No live music tonight!

At the restaurant they told us every table would be full for supper (dinner) starting at 5, mostly tourists. The blueberry crumble was delicious, not too sweet, made with wild blueberries.

Walking on the wharf here we saw three young fishers cavorting on a dock. (Grant saw them and came to get me.) They were adorable, running and chasing and splashing in puddles.

We heard a foghorn and the ferry emerged out of the fog, looking enormous.

Cape Breton, North Sydney

90

Wed July 20

61°, overcast, windy, rain off & on. Grabbed ice and in the ferry line at 7:45.

MV Highlanders this time. Loading at 10:35. The sea was a bit rough, but taking Garrol (Dramamine) and sitting amidships did the trick and I felt OK all the way. We were off the boat at 6:45 nova Scotia time. 68° and sunny here! The rain stopped about half way across the straight. Parked for the night at Indian Head Park, across from the terminal. The dramamine has left me feeling woozy & weird. Went for a short walk in the nearby neighborhood. Older houses in varying states of repair with nice views of the water. Breezy. Grant is getting bit up by something that isn't mosquitoes.

Thurs July 21 60° / 86°

A beautiful, still, sunny morning. On the road at 7:15. South along Bras d'Or lake, which is beautiful. Two foxes crossed the road in front of us! Took the toll bypass via Wentworth, and stopped at the Provincial Park there for lunch. It was 85°! We went for a short walk on the forest trail, but it was too hot. Stopped for ice and the woman said at least the heat was good for drying hay!

We spotted a big sign for homemade ice cream about 4:30, when we were in need of a break, and we couldn't resist. McCabes has been in the family for 40 years and the ice cream was incredible. Creamy and smooth. We had the raspberry, made from fresh, local berries. He said raspberries have been hard to get this year because no one wants to pick them.

We're parked for the night at Douglas Flaten park in Oromocton, right next to the river. Lots of people out boating on this hot evening.

~~Wednesday~~ Fri July 22

68° overcast muggy. A quiet night. Highway 105 goes right next to the river. We liked it.

Parked in Fredericton in a free lot next to the river by the walking bridge, an old train trestle converted for bikes and ped's. Very nice. We walked across the river, along Waterloo to see the old mansions (some beautiful maintained and others needing a bit of TLC), up the hill to the university (nice campus but no views of the river), then back to town. Square dancing

Fredericton NB

92

convention in town, and they were dancing on the grass in front of the legislative building, with live music, a caller, and everyone dressed in boots and cute outfits. Grant headed back to the car and I walked to city hall for the changing of the guard, but it didn't happen. A "shopping cart lady" gave me a solo concert on the public piano next door. She was very talented.

83° at 1 pm, we are wilting.

Arrived at Mike & Cathy Mockler's in Hanwell, just outside Fredericton, about 1:30. They're friends of my mom's who winter in Arizona, but about our age. They're really nice. They have an acre and he built the house. They made us burgers for dinner. After dinner we sat out on their deck and there were no bugs. They said the bugs are in June. It was interesting talking about his job with the power company, his talks with my dad, their house (which he built), the recent changes in Canada's guest worker program that have made it harder for farmer's to harvest their crops.

One impression of the Atlantic provinces are that the roads are clean - no litter - and everything feels pristine and unsullied by man.

93

Sat July 23 64°/88°

On the road at 6:15. Highway 2 to Rivière du Loup, then south to Montreal (the traffic and drivers felt insane after three weeks out in the country). Peak fireweed bloom and the roadsides were beautiful. Back on Eastern time in Quebec.

Although I love forests, driving through miles of them can get monotonous. So we were happy when we got into farm country, where there is more to look at.

Endless construction on the roads, with slowdowns, narrow lanes, drivers jockeying for position. No one pays attention to the work zone speed limits. I find it scary and exhausting, like being on a runaway roller coaster.

Took an hour-long nap at a rest area. It had a forest loop road with shady parking spots, 86°, but we were comfortable with our fan on and windows open. Grant said he was "in the mood for miles," so we slogged through Montreal, and by the time we finally emerged out the other side I was a wreck, shaking from adrenalin and hunger. Grant does not understand why I find high speed urban aggressive driving so scary and

Quebec border

94

exhausting. Feels like being inside an arcade game.

Pulled into a gas station to make some dinner, and there was a souvlaki place. Pork souvlaki gyro for him, chicken gyro for me, and great wedges of soft and crunchy Greek potatoes slathered in some kind of mayo sauce. Delicious.

Parked for the night at a travel plaza near the Quebec border. Still 81° at 8 pm.

8.5 hours of driving today was too much for me. Part of the problem might have been mild motion sickness. The bumpy roads make it worse.

Sunday July 24 71° / 77°

On the road at 8. Nice rest area with 24/7 gas, store, bathrooms, wifi. High overcast. Hay bales in the fields are picturesque. Black-eyed Susan, lavender-blue chicory, magenta loosestrife (invasive but beautiful), and rust-red sumac flowers a profusion of color along the roads.

Ottawa bypass was completely painless on a Sunday afternoon. Highway 17 is fairly scenic, with lots of farmland. Nice break at Riverbank Park in Deep River and I went for a walk. Started to rain. Got a few groceries. Gas \$1.79 in town, \$1.58 on the

95

First Nations land. Arrived at a rest area west of Sudbury at 5 pm in a thunderstorm. We had to pull over for a few minutes because our wipers couldn't keep up. The facilities are closed but the road is open.

Monday, July 25

Dark & quiet night, one other boondocker here. 57° at 5 am. Light by 6, and on the road. Saw several Amish buggy signs, and one buggy.

Took 5 minutes to cross the border in Sault St. Marie. Back in the US at 9:40 am. Gas \$4.79. Ice only \$2 (half the price of Canada).

Highway 28 along the shore of Lake Superior was beautiful. We missed the turn to stay on 28 and ended up doing a 20-minute detour north on 41... 28 was dotted (scenic) and empty.

Stopped for roast (rotisserie) chicken and Caesar salad at a grocery in Ironwood MI then stopped for the night at a rest area a few minutes away in WI, which doesn't have "no overnight parking" signs in their rest areas the way MI does. Arrived at 5:20 Central time, 6:20 to us. 500 miles today, but no

Jamestown ND

big cities, and pretty empty roads. 96

Tues July 26 54° / 78°

Hiked nearby Interstate Falls, about 1 mile round trip on an easy trail through a lovely forest. The falls are beautiful, cascading in multiple branches down a knobly outcropping of rock. Cool sunny morning, perfect for a forest walk.

Gas prices are dropping. Surprised that gas on the Indian reservations in WI cost more than in town. Cheapest gas we saw today was \$3.39 in MI.

Stopped in Duluth to walk Grassy Point trail and say goodbye to Lake Superior, but the trail was very short.

Highways 20 & 200 West are very blue-rural with light traffic. Saw a turkey family with 10 little babies (poults) by the side of the road. 10" tall and fuzzy.

Stopped at Leech Lake for lunch and a short walk. Watched two stately loons preening close to shore. Overcast and 71°.

34 West to 10 West in the rain. Then onto 1-94. Groceries in Fargo. Spending the night at Jamestown rest area, in ND.

Wed July 27 60°/83°

Truck idling all night just a few feet from the Jan. Luckily it was a steady tone and not throbbing. White pelicans in clumps fishing on lakes. This area of ND is drift prairie (glaciated). Sunflowers blooming along the road edges: small wild ones, so bright and cheery. Hay bales dotting the fields are so picturesque, like a colorful Grandma Moses painting.

We drove a few miles south on the "Enchanted Highway" to see a few of the big metal sculptures. We didn't feel like driving the full 32 miles each way to see them all.

North Dakota is very pretty this time of year. Stopped at Painted Canyon in Roosevelt National Park. The layers of colored rock are especially lovely now with all the summer green. A bit warm for hiking, and the trails are steep. The loop road in the south unit of the park is partly closed, so we continued on. We did see a stunning lazuli bunting, his head a dazzling blue.

Fields of flax are blooming - wow! A heartstopping lavender blue - takes your breath away.

In Glendive MT we parked by the river, walked across on an old railroad

Roundup MT

98

bridge, then along the river. Toasty warm but it felt good to walk. Walking past a really funky trailer park made me feel so sad that anyone has to live like that. Grasshoppers by the gazillion, rising up in clouds as we walked.

Alex called to say she got a receptionist job at Merrill Gardens! She is very happy and so are we.

Some nice scenery: chunky, flat-topped hills ~~out~~ of multi-hued rock. Grasshoppers splatting against the windshield as we drive sound like pebbles. 94 to Forsythe then 12 west. Very scenic, nice road, light traffic, no billboards! Sleeping at a rest area in a city park in the tiny town of Roundup. Shady trees, no trucks allowed. Very warm but a nice breeze is blowing.

Thurs July 28 55°/100°

Today is the first anniversary of dad's death : Wish I were home to keep mom company. Cool morning so we went for a long walk. Down to the river, where there is a free campground, along a river trail, across a bridge adorned with dozens of mud swallow nests, up the main drag past the nish mash of mostly low-rent downtown businesses, past the courthouse -

which had an impressive bronze statue of a cowboy driving oxen across a river-, and past the community pool. Saw a young Amish family driving their horse and buggy through town - she was holding the reins and he was holding the baby.

We were woken in the night when the sprinklers on the lawn next to us turned on, making a loud thumping noise on the van. We raced to close windows!

Highway 12 is much more scenic than 200. We never got bored looking at the rimrock, rolling hills, hayfields, and pronghorn! We saw a horse with a tail extension, swatting flies with a longer reach.

85° in Helena. We found a shady place to park and I went for a stroll around the copper-domed capitol while Grant napped with the fan on. I was horrified to see a big stone tablet inscribed with the 10 commandments on the capitol grounds. What about separation of church and state?

Arrived at Quartz Flat FS CG at 5 pm. 100°! We're sitting outside with our feet in basins of cold water and swabbing off with wet washcloths.

Sloway MT

100

Fri July 29 65° / 101°

Sweaty sleep for a while until it cooled off, and then it was delightful - even needed a blanket. Trucks idling at the nearby rest area, but it wasn't too loud. We walked a nice trail loop down to the Clark Fork River. Red bark with puzzle shapes - nice to be back in ponderosa pine forest. On the road at 3:45. Stop at Darlow's in Superior for groceries. Arrive at Sloway CG on the Clark Fork at 10. Quite pleasant in the shade. 101° today.

A lovely day hanging out in the shade, taking dips in the river, playing uke, reading. When Ken arrived we talked for hours about family history. (Ken Fisher is my second cousin, grandson of my great aunt Eleanor.) He's really nice and we have a lot in common.

Sat July 30 60°

On the road at 6:30. Lovely cool morning.

11,800 mileage start

total gas \$3450

24,528 end

27¢/mile

Grant total 12,728

Grant

5-26 gas \$77

5-27 gas 77

wiper fluid 4

5-28 gas 85

5-29 gas 55

5-30 gas 74

5-31 gas 52

6-2 gas 64

6-4 gas 85

6-5 gas 85

6-7 gas 66

6-8 gas 61

6-8 gas 75

6-11 gas 101

6-19 gas 75

6-19 grocery 28

6-19 ice 3

6-22 ice 3

6-22 dinner 40

6-23 gas 92

6-23 grocery 19

6-25 grocery 29

6-25 lassis 12

6-25 lunch 20

6-26 gas 63

6-28 gas Econo 78

6-29 gas St Pascal 124

6-30 gas Caragnet 102

6-30 grocery 16A Caragnet 7

7-3 gas PEI 122

7-5 gas St Martins NB 93

total gas 1706

other 265

Karen

5-27 gas 58

5-26 gas 79

5-29 ice 2

6-1 grocery 1

fish 27

grocery 5

(Grant's Karen paid 6)

6-2 grocery 13

6-3 grocery 5

6-4 ice 2

6-4 milk 2

6-4 lunch 37

6-5 grocery 20

(Grant's Karen paid 7)

6-7 grocery 18

6-5 grocery 7

6-10 grocery 31

6-10 restaurant 26

6-13 bagels 12

6-13 groceries 50 43

(Grant's Karen paid 11)

6-16 groceries 7

(Grant's, Karen paid 7)

6-19 Mystic tix \$52

6-19 ice cream \$8

6-20 Groceries \$ 21

6-21 taffy 8

6-21 lunch 11

6-22 lunch 25

6-23 camping 13

137

396

G

7-6	gas Windsor NS	88
7-7	gas NS	127
7-6	grocery Wolfville	13
7-9	grocery Sherbrooke	63
7-9	gas Margaree	86
7-9	Shoppers Drug Mart	19
7-11	Cluckington Cafe	
7-11	Ice Ingonish	118
7-10	Chowder House	28
7-12	Sobeys gas Sydney	78
7-14	Gas Deer Park NL	
7-16	Foodland St Anthony ice	
7-16	Irving St Anthony gas	110
7-18	Irving Corner Brook gas	106
7-20	Ice, pop Pab NL	8
7-21	Gas Ultramar	78
7-21	" "	45
7-21	McCabe ice cream	
7-22	Gas Irving	70
7-23	Gas PetroCan	114
7-23	Souvlaki rest.	20
7-24	Esso	64
7-24	Shell	93
7-24	Valumart (coke b/cad)	12
7-25	toll	1
7-25	gas	77
7-26	gas	82
7-26	gas	48
7-27	gas	100
7-27	gas	89
7-27	ice	3
total gas		1455
other		167

K

6-26	IGA coke - Grant	7
6-26	Super C	4
6-28	toll	4
6-28	Marche du Village	39
	groceries #7 coke	
6-29	ice Esso	3
6-29	grocery Super C	35
6-30	Aadian Village	31
7-1	ice Tracadie	2
7-1	NHL Park Discovery Pass	104
7-2	JMK lunch Summerside PEI	39
7-2	Grocery Sobeys PEI	35
7-3	ice PEI	325
7-4	ice PEI	3
7-4	Grant's pop Hillsborough NB	8
7-4	Confed. Bridge toll	39
7-5	Hopewell Rocks	23
7-5	Fundy Tr Pkwy	16
7-5	Sobeys	19
7-7	ice	16
7-8	Sobeys Halifax	42
	coke = \$7 CAD	
7-12	Sobeys Sydney - pop	62
	#4 + tax	
7-12	ATM Sydney BDM for boat trip	18
7-14	Ice Pab NL + rice	3
7-16	Foodland St Anthony	13
7-14	Seaside Restaurant Trout River	54
7-16	ATM Scotiabank St Anthony	126
7-18	muffins Norris Pt	4
7-19	Seashore Rest Margaree NL	29

763

G

7-28 gas 71
7-28 grocery 3
7-30 gas 81

total gas 152
other 3

K

7-21 Sobeys 64
7-23 Ice Petrocan 3
7-24 Ice Couche-Tard 3
7-24 bread shell 3
7-25 toll 3
7-25 ice 2
7-25 grocery 30
7-26 ice 3
7-26 grocery 13
7-28 camp 8
7-29 camp 3
7-29 grocery ~~34~~ 34
(Grant's coke) 5
7-30 ice 3
7-8 Parking Halifax 7
6-29 Ferry NL 309

488

Total trip cost