

Exchange rate this trip
about 20 pesos = 1 dollar

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Tues Dec 13, 2022

On the road 7:30. 32°, clear, light fog.
Highway 210 to Judy's in Newberg to avoid 99.
It was nicer & more rural.* Arrived at 11:30.
Judy made us Cuban pork stew & apple
strudel. Three hours flew by and we left
at 2:30. Arrived at Al & Marilyn's in Eugene
(*switchbacks through a forest caked in ivy)
at 4:15. In Salem the sun came out, though
only 43°. A lovely visit with A & M. Grilled
chicken, roast potatoes-carrots-mushrooms-red
peppers, salad with a dressing of olive oil,
balsamic, dijon, and Trader Joe's 21 salute seasoning.
I liked it. Out to the van at 8, tired from
driving & socializing.

Wed Dec 14

Our 8th wedding anniversary. 31° at 7 am.
After coffee and a fun chat with A & M
we went for a walk. A gang of wild turkeys
strutting around the neighborhood. They have
iridescent feathers, like oil sheen on wet
pavement. A soft-underfoot running & walking
trail runs past their house, on both sides
of a stream. On the road at 10.

Siskyou Summit bare, dry, above freezing,
and trees covered in snow dust. Beautiful.
Nap at Lakehead rest area from 4:30-5.
Arrive Redding Sundial Bridge 5:30. Parking
lot nearly full due to "Garden of Lights" event.

Chicken & cheese quesadillas. Grant went low right after we ate. I think this has happened on previous trips, the first few days.

\$15 for senior tickets to light show. Really beautiful displays, including lizards & butterflies, with music. A bit crowded but festive. 42°, chilly, they had bonfires & heat lamps. We spent about an hour. Worth doing for sure.

Thurs Dec 15

Up at 6. Chilly night. 46° in the morning felt like 40°. Went for a wonderful one-hour walk on the trail, down to the railroad bridge and back. Sunshine! A dusting of snow on the Sierras. On the road at 9. Cheapest gas we saw all day was \$3.59, but most was well over \$4, and even over \$5.

Stopped at 5:30 at Murray Family Farm in Arvin, on highway 58 east of Bakersfield. We don't like driving in the dark. Overlander said the farm (store, restaurant, gas station) allowed overnight parking, but they don't. You have to park outside their gate, and it's not super level. Egg & cheese tortillas wraps for dinner (with ham for Grant). 45° here. We're tired. Our driving abilities are definitely

slowing down with age.

Fri Dec 16

On the road at 7:30. Car says 35°. Highway 58 to Barstow then 15 north to Las Vegas (we braved a Costco gas on the outskirts; a traffic nightmare; grateful we only had to do it once, and we don't live here!). Mesquite is 80 miles east, near the Utah and Arizona borders. Lots of Joshua trees. Arrived at friends Mark Griffin & Mary Gleason at 4. Their new home is beautiful, with a gorgeous view of snow-dusted hills. Grilled chicken & baked potatoes for dinner. 39° at 8:30 pm.

Sat Dec 17

Mary & I went for a walk around the neighborhood. 28° this morning, but a dry cold, and the sun felt warm. This is a Del Webb Sun City community, and they are building like mad. The house was around \$700k with a view lot and upgrades. Nice trails all over the community.

Mid-morning Mark drove us to Valley of Fire State Park, about an hour west of Mesquite (Mary had an appointment and wasn't able to join us). It was stunning! From the

Valley of Fire NV

Visitor center we drove the White Domes road, stopping to walk mouse's Tank Trail (3/4 mile RT, lots of petroglyphs), the White Domes loop (easier to walk it counter-clockwise, wonderful slot canyon section), and the fire wave trail (peppermint swirl formations - magical). Back to the house about 4.

Watched the Mexico City episode of "Someone Feed Phil." Pork, rice, brussels sprouts with bacon for dinner. Then an episode of Taco Chronicles. 36° at 9 pm. Grateful we are plugged in and can use our electric heater. And top up the house batteries for the fridge. We love our new electric fridge!

Sunday Dec 18

28° at 6 am. On the road at 8:15, 33° and light overcast. 15 south to 515 to 95 south. Rest area in southern Nevada, 46° with a cold wind. Arrived at Jack Smith Park in needles around noon, to meet up with my cousin Ken Fisher, and his dog Sadie. After a picnic lunch we took Sadie down to the river to swim, and then strolled around the park a bit. I had hoped for more of a walk but the park isn't very big. The Colorado River was low and hardly even looks like a river. The town is named for the toothy mountains visible in the distance, but Ken jokes that it's named

for all the used needles lying around; it's a pretty depressed town. The nearest grocery store is miles away (the only one in town closed when their rent went up). The nearby golf course grass is brown, so they spray paint the greens! I'm glad to see they aren't allowed to water the grass.

On the road at 2:30. 95 south to Vidal Junction, where gas was \$6.79! We drove 17 miles east to Parker, AZ, and gassed up for \$3.55. 95 to the Junction was a great road, mostly empty, with jaggedy mountains all around, and no billboards.

From Parker we took Mojave Rd (not 95) south along the river through tribal land. A lovely, serene agricultural road with cotton plants bursting with bolls, stacks of hay, and green fields. Then I-10 west to 78, which zig zags south. By now it was dark and we still had an hour to go, on dark country roads. Oncoming traffic was minimal but blinding. Then we turned onto Ogilby Road (County road 534), a narrow ribbon of asphalt with scalloped edges, potholes, and undulations. Every rise felt blind, like you were knieeling into space. It was 20 miles of white knuckles for me. When we finally arrived at Sand Hills rest area in Winterhaven on I-8, I was shaking. 6 pm 53°. Egg & cheese tortilla rollups for dinner.

Algodones - Yuma

Mon Dec 19

35° at 6 am. Dr. Salinas is on AZ time, not Baja time. The tribal parking lot now takes credit cards (no fee). \$6 per day or \$10 overnight.

Arrived at Dr. Salinas' office at 9.

In addition to needing a crown for his implant, ^{Grant} ~~has~~ has a chipped crown and two cavities.

Left there at 11:30 and had lunch at Los Poblanos, near the park. My small cheese quesadilla was OK, not quite enough food, but a grande would have been too much. Grant's grande asada quesadilla was good but juicy and hard to eat. Next time he says he'll get pastor.

Short line across the border - maybe 20 minutes - and we were out by 1.

Couldn't find the ^{Yuma} public library and traffic was thick, so we went to Fry's on the east edge of town for a few supplies.

The store was crowded, and Grant was crabby due to high blood sugar. Arrived at Denise Slocombe and John's in Yuma about 2. They were out bike riding and we went for a walk around their neighborhood. A pleasant 64° - warm in the sun, cool in the shade, with a breeze. Foothills is a mix of trailer homes, stick homes, and nicer adobe homes. This is their winter home. Yuma Foothills is the area. Not super scenic, but ringed by wrinkly mountains.

We hadn't seen Denise in about 25 years. She is now 75 and he is 86. They both look much younger due to a lifetime of sailing, skiing, bicycling, Karate. Both engineers. Nice & interesting people. She made us chicken piccata (lemon, caper, sun-dried tomato sauce) with pasta, buttered ciabatta, and salad. All except Grant sat in their hot tub & chatted.

Tues, Dec. 20

40° 7 am. Denise fed us homemade spinach quiche and blueberry sour cream coffee cake with nut streusel for breakfast. We showed them our van & said goodbye at 9:40. It was such a nice visit. We have a lot in common.

Arrived at Dr. Salinas' office at 11. I got a new lower mouth guard for \$120, and it only took an hour and a half. Grant's crowns arrived ~~at~~ ~1:30 and we were in line at the border by 2, and at the car at 2:45.

The office was quiet today so I got to chat with Irene and her older daughter Daniela, on break from studying psychology in Mexicali. She's 23 and completely bilingual. I took an adorable picture of Deni & Irene.

66° at 3 pm. Crossing into the Sonoran desert on I-8, we marveled once again at the beauty of stately saguaro marching up the hills golden in the afternoon light, with puddled shadows.

Scottsdale

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Mom texted to say that Mark has Covid (he is staying with her). We arrived at 6:30, wearing masks. He stayed in his room, maskless, with the door open. We ate, put our masks back on, and I went out to the van. So far mom doesn't have it, but she isn't masking in the house either.

Wed. Dec 21

Chilly morning, slept late, stayed in the van until we got too cold. Went for a walk with mom. Lunch, showers, laundry. O'Reilly's for wiper blades, Fry's for Mexico staples. Grant & mom both a little crabby; on top of worrying about Covid, I got a stress headache. Lots of housekeeping chores today. Our ^{van} part finally came in so I made an apt. for when we return in April. Paid our backflow test invoice. Helped mom set up her artificial Xmas tree. Took the Seahawks Flag and license plate surround off her totaled van. Played ukulele. Mark was gone all afternoon. Dinner, watched part of a Dolly Parton Xmas special (not very good).

Thurs Dec 22

39° at 8 am. In the afternoon Kelly, Rob, & Lewi came to the pool for a visit. Then Emma, Susan, and Kylie

Scottsdale

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stopped by. Mom made cranberry chicken casserole for dinner. High today 64°.
I watched the first episode of season 3 of His Dark Materials.

Fri Dec 23

Frustrating day. Grant wanted to go walking before we'd planned, so I was rushing to get ready. Then he noticed a nail in our tire, so we drove to Discount Tire to get that fixed. Walked to Safeway while waiting. Drove to McDowell Preserve (Gateway Trailhead) to go hiking. On the way a guy road raged on us - very scary. After laying on the horn, he zoomed around in front of us and slammed on his brakes. Just before that a road rock chipped our windshield. When we went online to schedule a repair, the only time available was noon. So we had to do a shorter hike. The trail was mobbed at 11 am on Xmas eve. I'd also forgotten how rocky it is underfoot.

We got to Safelite Auto Glass at noon and discovered that the appointment was for Dec. 28... Luckily they were able to get us in, but said the chip ~~would~~ might be too small to fix. In fact it was fixable and we were out of there by 1 pm. Arrived at Musical Instrument Museum about 1:15 and stayed until

almost 4! Tickets \$20 each. There is so much to see. Every country or region has a display with instruments, costumes, and videos.

David, Annie, and Ava arrived at 6:30. Mark moved to Denise's. Mom cleaned and aired, so hopefully the covid germs are gone. Mom & I made baked potatoes, salmon, green beans, and coleslaw.

Grant crabby this morning due to high blood sugar, and at the condo due to Christmas music playing.

Sat Dec 24

Long walk this morning. Gorgeous sunny day. Low 42°, high 70°. Denise hosted Christmas dinner. We all went over at 3. We left about 10. Susan made an amazing baked brie with pecans. Denise made prime rib with stuffing, brussels sprouts, broccoli au gratin, and scalloped potatoes. Pies, cream puffs, and macaroons for dessert. I ate way more than intended (it was the macaroons that did me in!).

I wasn't feeling super social. Tried to talk to people one on one. Had a nice chat with Brandon, who will soon graduate from high school.

Scottsdale

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Sunday Dec. 25

Had fun watching Ava open a mountain of presents, including a guitar and a sewing machine!

Walked the 1.9 miles to Denise's for a brunch of egg casseroles and leftover pies. Played lots of corn hole (Kylie was the super champ!), opened presents, sat in the warm sun (73° today!). I left about 1 to walk back *(Grant had left earlier).

Mon Dec 26

We tried a new walk today: the usual trail through Mt. View Park & down to the lake, but then instead of retracing our steps, back north on Hayden. Perfect length. David & Annie & Ava left about 11 to go quadding. We had lunch with mom and said goodbye about 12:30. Once in the van we tested for Covid (negative), got a few things at Fry's, and hit the road. 69° !

101 south to 202 west to 10 east (avoiding Leo). Stop at San Xavier del Bac mission south of Tucson. Spectacular! 18th century baroque interior. It's on the reservation. A family with a Hispanic name sold Mexican food out front. A short trail around an adjacent hill provides good views. The place has a magical sacred desert vibe.

Instructions to cross at Nogales

Arrived at Pilot Travel center on west side of I-19 at exit 12 at 5:30. This is also the exit to Peña Blanca Lake, which has boondocking. Met Carole & Brad here and got oriented for our border crossing tomorrow. Grant had tamales from the mission vendor, and I had a tuna sandwich. Gas \$2.89! The first we've seen under \$3/gal in a very long time.

Tues Dec 27 Tolls: 315 = \$116

43°, on the road at 7:15. Exit 4 Mariposa Rd. truck crossing. All vehicles first comes toll (\$6 p this year). Then all vehicles get inspected, but it was cursory. Note: set odometer for 13 miles (21 kms) because the km markers count down to zero and then go to something like 267 and count down to Hermosillo.

Very cold at the visa office waiting in the line outside. But the good news is that you can now pay for the visa at the application counter instead of at the bank window.

On the road at 8:45. Lunch at the second toll booth on the Hermosillo bypass. Arrive at San Carlos Wild Camp at 1:30.

82° with a lovely breeze. Brud's 80th birthday. Lots of garbage but not too crowded. Noisy hang glider. (Or whatever a self-powered flier is called.)

Tolls ~~to~~ Nogales to San Carlos 315 pesos ~ \$16
San Carlos

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Brud opened about 60 cards from friends near and far, collected in secret by Carole. We provided raisin bran muffins and a candle. Gorgeous sunset. "Marry Me?" in big standup letters on the beach, and later the strains of mariachis. Chilly when the sun went down so we got in our van about 7:15. 63°.

So far things are going fine with Carole + Brud, other than the dog, who always seems to be in the way. I expect we'll get used to her.

Shared smoked salmon from our neighbor Tom with crackers + cheese, then had a light dinner of eggs + tortillas. Osprey flew by holding a fish fore and aft.

Wed Dec. 28

Phone app said 51°, our thermometer said 39°. It sure didn't feel like 39°... cloudy. About 9 we walked down the beach to the estuary. There is no trail around the estuary, the access is from the beach. It's beautiful. A few kayakers. Mangroves, great + snowy egrets, marbled godwit, willet, brown pelicans, terns. No dolphins.

Grant headed back before the estuary.

I came back on my own, leaving Carole + Brud to lollygag with Isla. It was about 3 miles round trip and tiring walking! Sand, slope. Easier to walk on camp road, but of course not as scenic. This morning 12 dune buggies

full of gringos roared past us. 70° at noon. Lots of happy families on the beach by the condos.

Our nearest neighbor was alcohol and fuel-filled at 6 pm when he came over to say hi, and also at 9 am.

Brud found an entire puffer fish!

Around 3 Grant and I went for a long walk, north on the dirt road along the beach, past a forlorn palapa at "Playa San Francisco", out to the road, back along the (noisy) road, and in at the turn to the condominiums. We had thought there would be a road before that, but there wasn't. We were tired at this point, but luckily there was a shortcut so we didn't have to go down to the condos, 3.5 miles, for a total of 6.8 today. As we remembered, San Carlos is not an attractive town.

Rice & beans for dinner and into the van by 6:45. Cloudy & cool. Very stinky rotten fish smell when the breeze is blowing onshore. Lightly raining at 7:15. Guy came around just after dark selling beef tamales, 6 for 130 p. Grant ~~says~~ says they're very good.

Thurs Dec 29

Light rain most of the night. 60° at 7 am and mostly light. Leave camp around 8:30. Stop at ATM then drive up to mirador. Lovely vista despite the clouds, and no rain.

Stopped for gas and I got a champurrado: chocolate atole! Delicious. 25p for a large cup. Google maps does not know all the gas stations!

Stopped at the deer dancer statue, around km 16, a bit north of Ciudad Obregon. Note for future: turn in the 2nd (south) entrance. The north entrance has low branches and a ditch that Brud & Carole almost didn't make it through. The flat, overcast light today was good for photos.

Grant calls the 15 (highway) through Sonora the "Sonora Slog."

Arrived at Rancho Acosta campground at 3 pm. We came down the arroyo (~~turning off~~ just past Dolisa Hotel) and it worked great.

Tolls today 322 pesos ~\$16.

The campground is empty except for one rig. Carole & Brud bickering while setting up. We are serenely doing wifi by the pool, waiting to walk into town.

Carole & Brud tried setting up in one of the north side sites, where Sky, Bobbi, & Mary usually park, but couldn't make it work so sewer hose would reach, doors could all open, and awning could open. The south sites are mostly taken by campers and parked vehicles. So they^{C&B} took the big pad by the bathroom and we are next to them.

Finally walked into town at 4:30.

Carole is very slow. Her hips are sore from the long walk on the beach yesterday. I have to remember that they are 10+ years older than us. At 5 the market was winding down, but Norberto, the vendor we like, was open. He said he grows some of the veggies organically.

We got cabbage, carrots, zucchini, celery. Also chicken breast from the vendor on the outside of the market, called Los Chicos. I asked for one chicken breast (pechuga) and got two for 80 pesos (\$4), but I think maybe "one breast" means the whole chest, what we would call two breasts. Also got yogurt from Norberto. Also a bag of tortilla chips (totopos) and salsa from Los Chicos.

We quickly showed ~~there~~^{C&B} the main plaza (hopping with Mexican tourists for the holiday weekend) then back to camp. Too tired to cook, so leftover rice & beans plus cheese quesadillas for dinner.

Light rain off & on today. High 70°. Still 60° at 8 pm. Showers are cold so I'll wait til tomorrow.

Fri Dec 30

Walked into town about 9:30.

At the Hacienda de Los Dos Santos hotel

there was more security than usual. Carole wanted coffee but they said it was full of people and to come back later. They said it was OK to look around the lobby but no farther. We chatted with a Mexican guy who was also looking around and said that the Apple CEO was there and he saw him eating breakfast. Thus the extra security? It's a beautiful place but we weren't allowed to explore the grounds.

Brud + Carole got their coffee on the terrace by the bead lady, Celia. The beads are called chaquira. I showed her the picture I took last year of her and her ~~husband~~ husband and she asked me to send it to her, but I couldn't get WhatsApp to work.

Fish + shrimp tacos at "El Para" on Alameda Plaza. Now 35 pesos each! C+B bought us lunch. I ordered extra onion + they brought a whole order of fried onions, also 35 pesos, though delicious.

Before lunch + coffee we happened by a house where a man sold decorated cow skulls and horns. Interesting to be invited in to see more, and get a peek at the humble dirt courtyard of a typical home. He was boiling corn in its husk, standing upright sticking out of a pot, over a very smoky fire.

In the square we bought a small jar of cajeta (milk caramel), a jar of narahita marmalade, and a gordita de nata (cream biscuit), the latter for my afternoon snack.

Alamos

Back to camp about 2. 74°! I had a nice shower. Grant made everyone chicken stirfry for dinner. C+B provided rice. Ranchero music wafting in on the breeze. Still 62° at 8 pm, a lovely evening. A few no-see-ums (jejenes) biting this afternoon, but picaridin kept Grant happy.

Sat Dec 21 31

52° at 6 am. Grant and I left for El Pedregal around 9:30. We took the road & not the arroyo. It took ~~35~~ 40 min. and was about 1.5 miles. We heard chachalacas but saw no birds. They had put out watermelon, but the oranges were dry and the hummingbird feeders were cloudy. We walked north to Panaderia Alba. No cinnamon rolls so we got two telera rolls, two ham/cheese/chili rolls (gave one of each to C+B), and one leche cookie. Grant said the roll was delicious. Back to camp 11:30 - 2 hours and about 4.8 miles. 79° at 1 pm.

Lunch, laundry, sit in the shade by the pool & bubbling fountain. Walk into town about 5 for Sonoran hot dogs at Hot Dogs Balta on the Alameda. 35 pesos each. He says he opens around 1 pm. Walked to Plaza de Armas. Pretty with the lights on the palm trees, but quiet.

Perhaps people come out later for New Year's?
 Back to camp at 7:30. Music from parties,
 laughter, cohetes, fireworks.

High today 80° , 67° at 7 pm. There was
 music all night, but with earplugs I never heard
 a thing, not even fireworks.

Sun Jan 1, 2023

51° . No anapa trees blooming yet.
 Haven't seen any magpie jays or parrotlets.
 Did see a Vermilion flycatcher & a social
 flycatcher. Went for a short stroll around the
 cemetery perimeter (all doors were locked). They
 are building a cemetery addition. For now
 it is a cyclone fence & a banner showing
 drawings of the planned entrance arch &
 walkways.

Grant reports that half a telera roll
 was too glycemic for him, as was the ham
 & cheese roll.

At 10 we walked to the Sunday market,
 but learned that it happened yesterday,
 due to the holiday. They call it a tianguis.
 We left CAB in town & walked back
 to camp for lunch (limited street food options
 in town, and nothing looked good). Made
 the leftover chicken into tacos. Carole & Brad
 had shrimp cocktails in town & said they
 were delicious. They also did a 1-hour
 tourist ~~taxis~~ ride and said it was wonderful.
 It went up & down many streets, plus to

the cemetery (pantheon) & mirador.

I walked up to the mirador around 2:30 and it was absolutely mobbed with cars & people. It's a windy day, which kept me cool on the climb. Many families, cute kids, little boys in cowboy boots & hats like dad. I talked to a family from Ciudad Obregon who were here to visit family. He said his sister-in-law is from a place outside of town in the mountains and there are lots of "mafioso" there, so it's dangerous to go there.

On my way back at 3:30 the cemetery was empty. No families visiting like 4 years ago.

We've run out of things to do here, since C+B can't walk far, we don't want to pack up to drive to La Aduana, and there is no one else here at the campground to socialize with. So we've decided to leave a day early. That will give us time to stop at La Rinconada, which is hopefully still open.

After a simple dinner of cheese, crackers, salami (for Grant), almonds, carrot sticks, Carole & I walked into town. Got groceries at the store on the corner by the carnitas guy: eggs, cheese, lunch meat, avocado, and orowheat seed bread. The Plaza de Armas was hopping! Lots of people out strolling. We sat on a bench and watched for a long time.

Enjoyed a fresh hot bag of popcorn. Walking back to camp we saw families out in their yards, sitting around fires, music playing.

Both nights in town we saw a young woman playing viola in kissing alley (callejón del Beso). Busking for travel money on her bicycle journey around the world solo! Her name is Evy & she is from Baranquilla Colombia. Such bravery! The mom in me wanted to take her out for a good meal. Although I suspect she would rather have the money.

Two young women in the plaza parading by in their matching shiny white Go Go boots with blocky heels. Short shorts are in. A beautiful little girl with a big ribbon in her shiny black hair and a big smile as she steered a low electric cart with colored blinking lights around the plaza. Two young men on a bench, one with dark sunglasses, the other with dangling braids, the picture of disaffected youth. Fun to have some girl time with Carole to people watch. People eating cocteles de elote and tostilocos.

Mon. Jan. 2

58° at 7. Light rain in the night. Paid 300 pesos per night. Said goodbye to Maria. She has a new grandson in Tucson. A family of barn owls nested in the palm trees for the first time this year. They fledged two babies

Jardine Rinconada, Culiacan, Sinaloa
Tolls 312p = \$19

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about a month ago. Maria has also been seeing flocks of actual parrots. Her daughter got married and divorced (no kids) and lives in Alamos. Still works for the moto-x went company.

On the road at 9. The southbound route to 15 is nice, avoiding many lights & potholes. Stopped at Oxxo for caffeine for Grant. Vendor selling coyotas (cookies filled with piloncillo) for 25p. I had one from the bakery the other day and liked it, but didn't get one today. Our 5.5 hour drive took almost 8 hours with stops.

Saw a guy pushing a shopping cart along the shoulder, with a dog in the cart standing on his stuff. We were asked to show our ~~FIP~~ at the Sinaloa border. Cloudy & 73° mid-morning. Roads worse than Sonora, but not as bad as 4 years ago. Bumpy with patches.

Long lines at the toll booths today. Everyone heading home after the holidays? Smoky piles of bricks being fired. No detours at all so far. Lovely green fields - mostly corn - and mountains crisp against a mostly blue sky. Stops for lunch & gas. Arrive Jardine Rinconada 4:45, exhausted. No one out front so we let ourselves in the gate. Manuel found us soon after. Price is now 500p per rig, up from 300 four years ago. Dark by 5:45.

Allow 1.5 hrs for every hour of
actual driving time.

PS 23

Eggs, cheese, tortillas, cabbage for dinner.
I can barely keep my eyes open. A bit
crabby too. TMT? It's also a bit tiring
playing tour guide for C4B. They drive
slow, although I actually like going slower,
although it takes longer to get anywhere.

La Rinconada is empty of people & peaceful.
In my short walk before dinner I saw a little
blue heron with olive green legs and feet, and
a tri-colored heron holding its wings out to entice
fish with the shade. Crickets chirping. A few
no see ums at dusk but no mosquitoes. High 80°
today.

Tues Jan 3

This ^{lake} place is known as Cascabeles,
which means rattles. 57° this morning. A dark,
quiet night, windows open for air & bird
sounds. Heavy dew this morning. No feral dogs.
No water in the bathrooms.

Early bird walk: kiskadees chattering in trees;
great, tri-colored, and little blue herons; anhinga
(females & immature have cream-colored heads
& shoulders); vermillion flycatcher; woodpecker
(backlit); great egret croaking; osprey; green
kingfisher; cinnamon hummingbird; frigate;
all-yellow warbler.

Fisherman tossing a net caught two
lobina (bass). He said they're delicious cut
in cubes and "cooked" in lime juice, like
ceviche. Another fisherman catching a different
kind of fish.

Fog rolled in about 8:30 but burned off in an hour. Another walk after breakfast. Dozens of picnic tables overgrown with trees & shrubs, from an earlier era when this place was busier I guess.

Groups of glossy ibis floating in. Great egret caught a large fish but couldn't swallow it - too big. After about 5 minutes egret dropped the fish.

On the road at 10:45. Easy drive on decent roads (15 to cutover to 15D). Arrive in Celestino Gacca at 12:30. Lunch at La Fortaleza. Very windy. Grant loved the shrimp taco best. Neither of us loved the marlin. Grabbed a few groceries. Arrived at camp at 2:30. Best site yet, on the grass behind the palapa. Noe's daughter, Noelia, is now 9 and very friendly. She speaks English & French, plus a little Russian and Mandarin!

Walk on beach, cook potato & egg dinner. Chat with Noe. He's owned this place since 2006. Golden years until 2009, then the dollar crashed & Mexico got more dangerous. They used to have a store, and sites in the lot next door. He says the phosphorescence has been beautiful lately. Beautiful red sunset. Lovely warm evening. 66° at 8 pm. Wind died down by 5 or so.

Wed Jan 4, 2023

No wind this morning, 59° low. Tai Chi on the beach. Walking with Grant. High tide, no shorebirds. Green iguana about two feet long climbing the ~~palm~~ trees ⁱⁿ camp. Our neighbor is 76-year-old Adele, a little pixie from Saskatchewan who comes down here all by herself. She's very talkative! C4B walked to town for lunch. I played ukulele at last (it's been hard to find time).

Walked into town. The beach is idyllic at low tide - wide & flat & hard. Abarrotes Don Rafa still closed. Took 30 minutes to town entrance on beach, and another 10 to the corner store. Got limes for an experimental salad dressing, plus tostadas and two bakery snacks sweet bread called pan betun?, made fresh there (delicious; round with crosshatch pattern) and a large sugar cookie (dry but tasty).

Restaurant called Mariscos el Chapo is flashier ~~& prettier~~ than La Fortaleza, but looks popular. Families pay to park next door under shade palapas then romp on the beach. Lots of people harvesting oysters on the beach at low tide.

Back to camp about 3. C4B low on power. Their generator is broken & surge protector must be upright to work, but receptacle at their site is too low to the ground, so they had to move to a different site.

For future reference, the nearby town of La Cruz has a Ley's. It's also where Noelia goes to school.

New salad tonight: avocado & cucumber with dressing made from sour cream, yogurt, lime juice, salt, garlic powder. Delicious! Didn't feel like cooking and dishes, so we just had tostadas & cheese. Another gorgeous sunset sky in bands of crimson.

Sat for a while and watched for phosphorescence, but the moon is full & bright.

High today 78°, 68° at 7:30. So lovely to sit in the van with the door open. We've seen four mosquitoes here only, and those were all in the van last night. I slept through the zapping with our new rechargeable bug zapper rackets.

Thurs Jan 5

All ready to go at 9 when we got word that the highway is blocked due to cartel violence. Members are protesting the capture of one of their members. So it looks like we'll be spending another day here in paradise!

Walked to Mariscos el Chapo (means "shorty") for lunch. Pricier and not as good as La Fortaleza. Also they were playing really obnoxious music with an

endless driving beat. The town is very quiet today due to the lockdown and blocked highway.

Walked up to the store. Closed. There are several others, but supplies were running low because trucks can't get through. We got a cucumber and a "pan ochito," a brown sweet bread with ginger. Also a coconut bandera (flag) bar. 80° today with a light breeze. It was very warm in the sun walking back.

A Mexican family from Tucson got stuck in the road blockade and made their way here. Noe is trying to organize food for the people stuck on the highway. It's still blocked and could last a while. Carlos, the Tucson, guy told us that tomorrow is Kings Day (Día de los Reyes Magos, or Epiphany). He speaks English and said it's the day when the "three wise guys" came. We all laughed heartily, including him, when ~~he~~ realized what it meant. His daughter later told me that the cartel pulled up next to them in a car, waving guns, and tried to steal their truck. They had to back up, drive through a ditch, and go the other way. The cartel car couldn't get through the ditch.

Friday Jan 6, 2023

They say the road is open to Mazatlan but there are roadblocks south of there. So it looks like we'll get another day here. Grant is not happy about this. He's in a foul mood. Not much fun for me.

I love doing tai chi on the beach, with the waves right in front of me.

Change of plans - the road is clear so we'll get while the getting's good. On the 15D by 11 am. The road is eerily empty until mazatlan. Two free toll booths guarded by army. Saved us 200 p (\$10). Four burned truck carcasses.

Arrived at the Pemex around km 240 with the restaurant we remembered from four years ago. It says Taqueria and is called Taquiza Che Mar' HS. There's also a Subway here. Grant had a chorreada (corn tortilla with turned up edges with beans & cheese) guisado with machaca (beef potato stew). I had a quesadilla with pollo con crema - tasty & not too spicy for me. 50 p each. Bought a cocada from a vendor for 30 p. A bit overcooked, but tasty. The gasoline guy said there were 7 carjackings near there yesterday. No drivers were hurt. They took trucks & big SUVs.

On the road we saw rivers filled with water, green fields, mango trees, & many more burned truck carcasses.

Lots of happy families at the gas station & all seemed well, but at km 151 we hit a roadblock (before that was a 215p toll booth, and alas it was open; \$11). Oh, also before the roadblock we saw yellow flowers on base-limbed trees. At km 185 ~~on~~ the southbound lane was blocked by a truck carcass and it was jungle rules to get around it. Many carcasses still smoldering.

At the km 151 blockage everyone was turning around. We could see guys standing on the road ahead. We went back to the closest Penex, about 20 km. After about 20 minutes we heard the block was clear. So glad I speak Spanish! (As we were approaching the roadblock a guy flashed his lights at us and we wondered what it meant. It meant "problem ahead".)

10 miles north of the state line we hit another roadblock (i.e., burning vehicles). We couldn't go back because there was already another block behind us. It took a little over an hour to clear. Guardia Nacional came by, thumbs up, leading the convoy northbound. Lots of people cutting into line before that. 83° and toasty while we waited with the engine off.

One of the many burned semis we saw today (several dozen) had carried tomatoes, which were heaped in a charred pile next to the road. Strong burnt smell as we passed each carcass. People working to clear debris & salvage scraps.

30

Nayarit

Tolls 580 = \$29

would have been 780 = \$39

Lots of people on the road. I think heading home from holidays. Many CA & WA cars full of Mexicans.

At last we crossed into Nayarit, yay! Traffic still very slow. 365 peso toll! \$19 Arrive at the Pemex 2 km past the toll booth (Los Sandovalles) at 6 pm, just as it got dark. Decided to eat at the Subway but there was a long line and we didn't get our food til 7. I was crabby. Talked to the friendly guard when we arrived and he told us where to park.

The guy making our sandwich at Subway was very excited to practice his English.

Sat Jan 7

Tolls 180 = \$19

Quiet, warm night. 58° this morning. On the road at 7. Lots of dense fog, made for tough visibility, so we stayed behind a truck with bright tail lights.

Arrived in San Blas La Tovara about 9:30. Bought banana bread at the first stand we saw. 50 pesos per loaf, or 40 if you buy three. Other stands sold it 3 x 100. many kinds of bread & muffins for sale. The vendor spoke fluent english. The boat ride is at the big "La Tovara" sign, just before the bakery stands. Easiest to park at La Tovara and walk to bakery.

Grant had a rough night & didn't want to come on the boat ride. So I paid 400 pesos (\$20) and C+B paid 400 (minimum 4 people per boat). Our guide was Viktor, a young man just learning the birds. We left at 10:30 and it took about an hour to go to the springs. We did not pay the extra 200 peso (total; 50 peso each) to go to the crocodilario (captive critters, including crocs).

The mangroves are called manglar. We saw crocs, turtles, black vulture, anhinga, tiger herons (one of them gulped down a huge pez diablo), green herons, wood storks soaring, two kinds of kingbirds, a common black hawk with a hooked beak for prying open snails, black & yellow crowned night herons, iguanas, and three boat-billed herons (garza pico de bote, or garza canela). Termite nests.

At La Tojara springs we disembarked so Carole could swim in the crystal clear water, along with many happy Mexican families. We had tasty marlin tostadas for 85 pesos at the restaurant. Three tostadas per order. We got two orders and each had two. I could have eaten three.

Our guide on the way back was Eduardo, older & more experienced than Viktor. He told us a lot about the birds. He also recommended Santuario Laguna de Zoquepan for birds, here in Nayarit. He said the best time to come here is early in the morning before many of the birds that roost here leave to go fishing.

He recommends 6 am and says you can make reservations to go before it's open to the public.

By about 11 am, boatloads packed with spring-bound non-bird watchers were streaming past us. Saturdays & Sundays are busy.

We got back about 1:15, so just under three hours round trip. When you're ready to leave the springs there are boats waiting to take you back. Very warm in the sun - high around 85° today.

We drove to Aurora Bodega in San Blas for supplies, but they don't have produce. Found a fruteria on the way out of town, with a limited selection.

Drove up to the fort (La Contaduria) to see the view. 20 pesos per person. The vigas are falling down & the roof will probably collapse soon. Built in the 1700s as a Spanish fort and it's a shame to not preserve it. Not really worth spending the money to visit. The Coco mural is gone at the adjacent cemetery, sadly.

There is a nice bird watching spot on 74, just west of the 12 junction but we didn't have time to stop.

Arrived at El Chaco Hotel & Restaurant,

south of San Blas, at 4 pm. It was recommended by several people. Playa Amor is kind of a dump, so we decided to try it. He wanted 600 a night to park in the RV area! There's room for about 6 big rigs. It's right on the beach, which is awesome, with wide, flat sand. not much shade though. He agreed to let us park in the lot overnight for 300. Carole talked him down to 400 in the RV area. Everyone is happy. The restaurant closed at 5 and it's quiet here. I swam in the lovely pool & showered in my swimsuit. Perfect temp water. There's a dishwashing sink & toilet near us.

C&B are getting tired of the fast pace. We'll see if they decide to stick with us all the way to Oaxaca.

Tolls 807 = \$40

Sunday Jan 8

Quiet night, lovely temp with windows all open, no fan needed. We could hear the ocean. 62° at 6 am. Drips plinking on the roof from condensation on the palm trees above. Full light by 6:30.

Long walk on the beach to the pier. About 2.5 miles and 50 min. round trip. Beach is walkable even at high tide. Few bugs here. Garbage on beach. The beach is kind of a mix of dirt & sand.

Cormorant = pato buzo = diving duck

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If we ever come back here to this area, I would stay at El Chaco. The pool is wonderful and the grounds are ~~not~~ well maintained. Much nicer than Playa Amor (which we are told is now sans any buildings).

Sunday Jan 8 Tolls 2802 #401

~~Up at 6. Tried to do tai chi on the beach but too many bugs. Grant and I walked down to the pier~~

On the road at 9. New to us toll road from San Blas to Tepic is really nice, both the road & the scenery. Valleys patchworked with fields of sugar cane, blue agave, corn teepees, ringed by nappy green hills. Up we climbed into pine trees, then desert. A stretch of jagged black rock resembling black ice crystals. We crossed into Jalisco and Central Time. We got on the 15D and remembered how much we loved this stretch of road, through the mountains. Tequila country: Paisaje Agavero.

Stopped at a rest area to stretch. Tequila sets for sale, including bottles shaped like guns!

B+C missed a turn and had to pay two extra tolls to get turned around. We arrived at ~ 2:30

and they rolled in about half an hour later.

The port-a-potti expanded when we crossed the mountains, and when I released the pressure by opening the slider, it poofed droplets in my face!

Today is the last day of winter holidays, and many people enjoying the pools here. I went for a refreshing swim, and enjoyed watching how much fun people were having.

A big tank fills with water, then tips over, spilling a waterfall onto the gleeful people standing below.

A few bugs here but not too bad. Grant wants to skip the coast, so we gave Brad & Carole the choice of slowing the pace & staying up here in the highlands, but they chose the coast.

An extra hour of light now, dark at 6:30. High 81°.

The couple with the permanent trailer and the wood pizza oven horno aren't here yet because she's having surgery.

Mon Jan 9, 2023

48°. Swam in the thermal pool at 7. Delightful! They fill it fresh each morning. The moon just past full, a pale wafer high in the sky. Chatted with Mike & Debbie from BC.

Grant had a bad night (mosquitoes).

He slept while I swam and then went bird watching at the causeway. Fabulous spot! Saw blue-winged & cinnamon teal, shoveler, pintail, ruddy duck, grebe, white pelican, jacana, great & snowy egret, black-crowned night herons, white-faced ibis, sora, gallinule, kingfisher.

Around 11 we walked one mile into town: across the pedestrian bridge over the highway and down Hidalgo street. There's a lovely main square with arches, a very old church (1624!), and a small market (the big market is on Tuesday). We bought a big bag~~s~~ of produce, then went into the market to look for the juice vendor we remembered from several years ago. Luis made us a delicious mix of grapefruit & orange juice - great combo. We also bought a piece of "pie de queso" (cheesecake) for later.

The line at the ATM was long. The woman in front of us lives in the states & spoke English. She explained that Mondays are always busy at ATMs, and also people are catching up on chores after the holidays. Sugar cane~~s~~ ashes were drifting down over the plaza (from burning the fields). (Trucks piled high with cut cane on the highway.)

We popped into the old stone church, then walked back to the restaurant we thought Ralph recommended for chomorro (pork shank). Came with tortillas, rice, salsa, to make tacos. The place was a little

funky. Turns out we had the wrong place. There are two Pemex's, and Ralph's restaurant is by the Pemex on the Chimalco side of the highway. I had chicken (rotisserie) and it was good. Leftovers will go in our stir fry. Back to camp about 2. 77°, lovely in the shade. Lots of Quebecois camping here.

Note: Don't use green beans in stir-fry unless they are steamed first! Grant did not like the Chamorro meat or sauce. He mixed them into his stir-fry & then couldn't eat it. My leftover chicken was good in mine.

After dinner I joined C&B, Mike & Debbie, and Cynthia & her husband for a chat on the clubhouse patio. Nice people. Then I did an enormous mountain of greasy dishes in the dark with a few mosquitoes flying around my head.

A lovely 67° at 7:30.

Tues Jan 10, 2023 Tolls 362 = \$18

45° this morning. Walked back to the causeway. Saw fulvous whistling ducks. They have blue bills and are supposedly uncommon here. Also saw little blue herons & gadwall.

On the road at 9. Highway 54 south to Colima is really nice. Tolls 362 = \$18. Crossed a large dry lakebed with signs that said it was an area of tolvaneras (dust storms).

The woman we met in town yesterday told us that there are more agave fields than there used to be, but it ties up your land for about 7 years before you can harvest. She said her grandfather plants about $\frac{1}{3}$ tequila + $\frac{2}{3}$ corn. ^{Agave} Plants create babies that can be harvested & transplanted.

Lifesize African animal sculptures on either side of the road (elephant, rhino, hippo) advertise a game park. We drove through a long flat valley - a dry lake bed - cattle grazing, cane fields burning + filling the air with haze. Active Colima volcano (12,500') to our right. Many jaguar crossing signs.

The toll booth receipts include a roadside assistance number, assistance included with the toll cost.

As we exited 54 onto 200 in Tecoman we hit a traffic jam. Citizens were protesting police brutality. Signs (when we finally got close enough to see the protestors), said "stop the abuse,"

"Women beaters," "you need to take care of, not extort us," "the law doesn't protect me because the state police violates my rights." Vendors came by selling water, juice, fruit, popsicles. I bought a pineapple popsicle. It was sweltering, 85° . We tried not to run the AC & burn gas. The marines

(marina) were keeping watch but not intervening. Every half hour or so they'd let a group of vehicles go through. It took 2 hours. Finally we were rolling at 2 pm. 15 minutes later we hit another block at the other end of town. This one had tires + trucks blocking the road and no police presence.

I was chatting with a trucker in the shade of his truck when he said, "There's a nice beach just over there, with hotels, restaurants, pools..." I was practically swooning imagining cooling off in a pool.

He said if the three trucks in front of us would move we could go straight to the beach, missing the block. At 3 pm, 45 minutes after arriving at the second block, the trucks kindly pulled forward enough to let us through! I didn't even have a chance to properly thank the trucker. What a nice thing he did for us! May his kindness be repaid 100-fold!

At 3:15 we arrived in El Real de Tecomán, a string of restaurants, hotels, and rental houses along the Pacific Ocean. We weren't sure where it would be safe to park, so we drove to Hotel Araguate + talked to the manager, Jonathan. He said we were welcome to park out front, for free, and use their pool + bathrooms too. He even turned on music while we were swimming.

Tecomán

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We split an order of coconut shrimp at the restaurant across the street. Tasty, but the sides were gross (cold mashed potatoes, really sweet potato ^{coleslaw} ~~salad~~, rice with chunks of potato & carrot). The restaurant had about 500 seats, under a huge palapa, right on the beach, with two swimming pools full of happy kids. (Did I say that the hotel pool felt like heaven?) A guy at the restaurant said it's safe to park anywhere overnight here. Dinner at \$12 seemed steep but Mex is not always cheap.

78° at 7:30, feels great with our fan running.

The soccer team that is staying at the hotel pulled in about 7:30 (due back at 6, hope they didn't get stuck in the blockade). A coach-type bus disgorged a flood of high school kids. Earlier I had seen their towels & workout equipment strewn around the hotel pool & balconies. We heard them whooping & hooting for a while after they got back. Hope they won!

Grant was in a foul mood today due to the heat & blockades. Scowling, negative, unwilling to swim in the pool to cool off, unsociable. Sometimes like these I wish I had a different travel partner - or none at all. (Though I can't see myself doing trips like these alone...)

Wed Jan 11, 2023

68° at 6 am. Our fan pulled in cool air & we slept great. On the road at 7:30. A bike trail runs a long way along the road toward town, and has exercise equipment stations. Tractors & trucks filled with workers going out to the fields. Some gave us a V sign. Worker busses too. One said it was for aquaculture, and we saw a shrimp farm (camaronera). A truck filled with small watermelons. Closer to the coast, on highway 200, we saw banana orchards with blue bags (protects fruit & enhances growth). A mango packing plant. Brick kilns belching wood smoke. A garbage dump burning...

The road today was slow, narrow, windy, lots of topes, but lovely and rural. We feel far from everything. Stopped at the mirador 11 km north of the campground. Not a good photo op because the morning sun was in our faces. But the view was as spectacular as we remembered.

Stopped in La Placita for avocados & gas. The gas guy told me there have been road blocks there, I think due to teacher protests.

Arrived at Rancho Buganvillas campground at 9:45. Gave Brad & Carole the spot closest to the ocean because I didn't want to feel selfish. All spots here are nice. In the common area patio there is a

Rancho B, La Placita

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lovely breeze & ocean view. Sandy, the owner, says a series of earthquakes since September has destroyed a lot of his infrastructure, but he's rebuilding. His girlfriend is Elia, and her ^{smiley} 18-month-old grandson is Angelito. Mark & Debbie from Florida are parked next to us. This is a wonderful place. \$300 per night plus metered electric. Showers (hot), dish sink, ~~frig~~washing machine. About 8 other rigs here.

We ended up moving to a space closer to the water when some campers left. Lovely breeze & shade! Lots of chores today - laundry, shower, windshield wash, prep mangoes, dishes. 83° high today. Electricity out for a while.

Walk on the long, sandy, empty beach lined with coconut palms. Sand a smidge soft, but still a great walking beach, just a bit hot in the sun.

Sandy drove into town for taco takeout. Grant got a "gringa" (quesadilla with carne asada, beans, cheese, salsa). I had leftover stir fry. Chachalacas serenaded us. Electricity came on & I had a much-enjoyed shower.

Today chatted with one of the workers, Quirino. No kids, so unusual in Mexico. Elia's son, Angelito's dad, died before his son was born.

78° at 8 pm - feels delightful.

Kathy, woman traveling alone - could I do it?
 (In van.)

No bugs here. Cute tiny lizards scurrying around. Sandy, the owner, is very nice. Reminds me of Mike Clifford. He bought this property in 2006. He doesn't own the coconut palm beachfront property, but has permission to cross it to the beach.

The earthquakes damaged the school in La Placita, so the kids are going to school in the plaza.

~~Stick bug~~ Praying mantis on our stove. Sandy got rid of his goats because they kept knocking people over (butting them).

Thu Jan 12, 2023

Slept most of the night with the door open! Cool breeze, sound of the waves. 71° at 6 am. On the road at 7:20. Lots of condensation inside & out - we had to keep defroster & wipers going, side windows down, and mirror defrosters on!

The first stretch of road is narrow, with no shoulders and hairpin turns. Between the headlands are straight flat stretches.*

Yesterday I asked Quirino, who is a laborer, whether he wanted me to use tu or usted, and to my surprise he said usted. So now I know to use usted by default with adults.

We heard chachalacas yacking as we drove past the thick trees lining the road. They sound like protesting springs on an overloaded car.

* So many very similar scenery to California's highway 1.

Small pueblos appear along the road.

Topes, piles of smoldering leaves & garbage, dirt tracks leading off into the bush. So reminiscent of Africa.

We stopped at Maruata to show CAB the rock formations, but they proved elusive, and we didn't have a lot of time - long 6.5 hour drive today. A woman working there asked if Carole was my mom! Indigenous people own this land. We drove through a stream loaded with white ibis and blue herons.

I drove for a while after that, which I enjoyed; I could go at my own speed, and I got to listen to music. The road was mostly empty. Lots of papaya trees. A large iguana ran across the road and leaped into the brush.

Many Mexicans we meet have spent time as farm workers in eastern WA.

We stopped a few times today for supplies, gas, picnic lunch. These tiny towns are food deserts, with mostly junk food. We bought some delicious banana chips. The only kind of milk the store had was mixed with vegetable oil!

No cell signal until we got close to Lazaro Cardenas. Then it was an urban slog until 31D bypass (only 54 p = \$2.70). After the bypass, 200 was smooth & excellent all the way to Zihuatanejo. Then back to sbw the last 45 minutes

or so to the campground. Mountains of watermelons for sale.

Arrived at Casa Rayo del Sol at 5 pm, after a 9-hour day door to door. We were tired but not exhausted. You enter through an unmarked black gate. They were completely full up to a few days ago, so we got lucky. Mark, the owner, has added new things since we were here four years ago, including a two-story viewing platform. Our spot is right on the ocean! The best spot in the place! High today was 87°, but by the time we arrived it was comfortably warm, with a lovely breeze. Gorgeous red sunset. Even Mark, who has lived here for years, was taking pics. He says he never gets tired of it. The sound of the waves crashing is so soothing. Perfect temperature & no bugs.

Fri Jan 13, 2023

Low 71° last night. Perfect sleeping temp, no fan needed. The closest I think I've ever slept to the surf. I slept so well, like being in a womb, hearing the heartbeat of the earth. Tai chi on the beach early this morning, the warm water washing over my feet, pelicans & terns wheeling past, the sky filled with mist. A moment of joy & connection. This is a great walking beach, with clean soft sand.

Mark, the owner, may be a bit OCD because the place is spotless. There's even a tub of water to rinse the sand off your feet when you come up from the beach. OCD is a great thing for guests! He & his worker, Dimas, are also big pot smokers. I guess that helps you feel mellow during the lazy, hot days. There's not a lot to do here except lie low when it's hot! Dimas spent the morning making Zen-like rock gardens from the big round cobbles on the beach.

Mark spent the morning surf casting for fish. He caught one & threw it back. Two guys were walking down the beach with fishing gear. One of them ran out to grab the next two fish mark caught. Sometimes you can see fish in the waves as they break.

G & I walked south along the row of palapa restaurants (workers raking the sand under the tables). The rocky point was filled with birds fishing, dozens of them. Great & snowy egrets gobbling little silver fish, a ~~tri-colored~~ heron, little blue heron, dozens of cormorants, brown pelicans diving & gulping, terns, & gulls. It's like a water world here, as if the inland world doesn't exist. The vibe is extremely laid back. One couple has been at the campground for a month. I can't imagine how they don't get bored.

Casa Rayo del Sol

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Later I walked north on the beach, across a sandy headland to another long, sandy beach. You could walk for miles. Patches of black sand. Few signs of human life. Black vultures & cormorants standing together on the sand. Various shorebirds.

Mark's dad bought this place about 25 years ago, along with some other people I think. Mark just bought out the last co-owner this year and will try living here full-time. He says it hasn't changed much here, although there are a couple eco villa type places just north of him now. Fashion designer Betsey Johnson (I'd never heard of her) owns a fancy villa nearby.

There's a rip tide here, and the waves are full of sand.

87° today. Hot in the sun but pleasant in the shade, with a nice breeze. Around 4 I walked down the beach & joined C&B and their new friend Charlie at one of the restaurants, where they were having a drink. Charlie's from MN and bought a house here a few years ago. His son works at the university in nearby Petatlan. He says the Murdoch family bought the land next to his property and are going to build condos...

Had a nice chat with Mark & his 82-year-old mom, Sue. She left her motorhome here during Covid & it burned up!

Only 250 per night with 15 amp power (300 for 30).

Tolls \$17
231p

La Tortuguita, Playa Ventura

Sat Jan 14

72° this morning. Tai Chi on the empty beach at first light - magical. On the road at 8 am. Brad had trouble turning his rig around - it's just a smidge too big for the lower spots.

We have a new system for tope watching - instead of saying "tope", the person who sees it first points, and the other one points in acknowledgment. (Unless the driver points first, in which case the passenger doesn't have to point.) It seems to work well.

Many townspeople hose down the dirt in front of their stores, I guess to keep the dust down. The air today was very smoky, mostly from cooking & debris fires, including another garbage dump burning plastic and who knows what else.

The road at first was ^{curvy} ~~windy~~ & mountainous climbing up from the beach, with many topes. The rest of the day we were inland, where it was hot, dry, and not very scenic. The Acapulco bypass started way north of Acapulco and had lots of topes. First toll was 40p.

Gas & lunch stop at 11:30. Lots of women working at gas stations this year. They were playing English-language pop music by Sia, which sounded pretty good. 5 Km. north of the 95 turnoff.

Then we reach the actual Acapulco

bypass (total toll 197 p, \$10) and the road was excellent. Then we turned onto 200 (off 95) and there was another toll booth. We had just paid to get off the 95. Luckily I remembered to show them our receipt, and we didn't have to pay. Unfortunately I was not able to get the message to Carole (no signal). It belatedly occurred to me that I should have said something to the toll operator.

Saw little kids mining garbage by the side of the road. The inland road is hot, dry, and unappealing. The only produce we saw was watermelon, coconut, & bananas. We were wishing we'd stocked up on papaya & mango this morning.

In Playa Ventura we saw a huge outdoor wedding being set up, with lighting towers, stage, and canopies. We found one store that had tomatoes, cukes, avocados, & eggs.

Arrived at La Tortuguita campground, 2 km north of town, at 3:30. 7.5 hours door to door for an estimated 5.5 hour drive.

Kind of pricey: 180 per person per night plus 50 for electricity + 85 for internet. no cell signal here.
That's \$18 a night plus \$2.50 plus \$4.25.

Viktor is Swiss. His girlfriend has owned the place for 30 years, and created all the infrastructure (pool, house, bungalows, palapas, showers, outhouses, small bar & restaurant).

Viktor has been here 4 years, so must have been here just gotten here when we were ^{last} here.

As other chapters have reported, A cute young Mexican couple are staying in a bungalow, and there's a gringo couple camping. ~~Some~~ A German-speaking couple drove in to use the beach. ~~After 2132 entries.~~

No turtle nests & no turtle ^{info} signs. Looks like they stopped doing that program.

Cabbage & grilled cheese sandwiches for dinner. Short walk on the beach. The water is a bit cooler than yesterday's camp farther north.

79° at 8:30. Viktor says Swiss people are not called Gringos.

Sunday Jan 15

Cool, comfortable, bug free night. 72° this morning. Walked down (out) to the beach to look for dolphins & whales (no luck yet) and saw Viktor coming back with a sack of turtle eggs, so they are still doing the program! The enclosure is in a new spot. He found a nest with 100 golfinas (olive ridley) eggs. I told the story of dad's nest (sponsored by Susan) hatching on the first anniversary of his death. Viktor was amazed, and said it was truly something special.

Grant & I tried walking on the beach but it is not a walking beach. It's too steep and the sand is too soft. It was a good workout though!

Playa Ventura

51

A large group of Mexicans was cavorting on the beach (I counted 36). The waves here are very strong (it's also not a good swimming beach), so they were holding hands as they tried to stand in the water. One of the women struck up a conversation in rapidfire Spanish. She said they were Jehovah's Witnesses. At that point I extricated from the conversation, not wanting to be proselytized. I had heard the group laughing uproariously last night, and I'm glad they're having a good time. They're tent camping.

I tried going for a walk on the road, but by 9:30 it was already too hot. I could see the estuary across the street but couldn't get to it to look for birds.

It's hot here, but not too humid. There are a few invisible bugs, but they're not a nuisance. Solarcain spray stops any itches. The pool & breeze make the heat quite tolerable.

C&B have moved into the side road, on the beach, so Isla can run free (Viktor's dog is too territorial inside the fence). It's sloped & they don't have leveling blocks. Grant doesn't want to offer ours. It feels wrong for me not to offer. We did suggest they buy some but they chose not to.

The large beach palapa is the perfect place to sit in the shade, with a breeze.

Viktor says mango season isn't until March, and we won't find any here now.

Grant helped Viktor repair & rebuild the electrical panel. Carole & I had a sing along, which was fun. She has a nice voice. Isla and Shira had a fight.

Viktor says it's a lot of work to run the campground, bungalows, & restaurant plus the turtle work. He says he gets very little sleep because he's patrolling the beach looking for new nests. He would like to raise money to hire someone, but it's hard to find people who want to live here because it's so small and isolated.

He also contends that gringo only refers to people from the US & Canada, and not to Swiss people.

We made potatoes & eggs for dinner, then watched a red sun sink into a band of clouds. Carole & Bud had dinner at the restaurant & said it was very good.

Mon Jan 16

72°. Viktor found a turtle nest & came back to camp with the eggs around 7:30. Carole & I watched him bury them & asked a lot of questions.

Manialtepec, Puerto Escandido 53

He has a permit to collect turtle eggs & has to give data to the government. 4 out of 5 nests get robbed by people and the soldiers who are supposed to guard turn a blind eye. The sand at the nest depth is warm! The owner, Viktor's ~~wife~~ girlfriend, Esther, is also Swiss.

On the road at 8:15. Stopped after 30 minutes in Marquelia to go to the market. It's about 6 kms from Playa Ventura to highway 200. The market ~~is~~ was great! Our first real market this year. Got a honey pineapple, queso aro (salty, like queso fresco), fresh soft bread, oatmeal atole. Seeing more black faces and many indigenous faces.

Back to camp: lots of mosquitoes last night; pelicans following wave contours like surfers; Viktor says wave intensity is increasing, and a few years ago 8 meters of beach got sliced off in front of the campground.

On the road from Marquelia at 9:30. Roads today slow, but the last hour or so was new pavement. Narrow, no shoulders, many towns & tope, but a lot of lovely inland scenery. High today 86° . Lush, green. On one tight curve a semi pulling circus equipment came around a corner and we had to creep by on the shoulder. Amazing that such a huge rig can navigate those curves.

Our bug zapper works 10 times better

than a fly swatter when driving!
There were a lot of bugs in the car today.

I drove most of the way today and wasn't able to take many notes.

We arrived at Centro Turistico La Alejandria at 4:30. It's on Laguna Manialtepec. It's lovely here and peaceful. Great breeze and no bugs until dark. not too many even then. Wifi in building. Crocodiles are in the lake. Rice & beans for dinner.

Sara & Jonathan from Germany chatted for a long time. They're traveling & sleeping in a Dodge Caravan.

Mangroves & palm trees here. The palm trunks are painted white, & some are growing in the water. We aren't sure if the water is brackish. For a few weeks at various times of the year there is bioluminescence here.

The cheese I bought today is "criollo", which means creole. The vendor said was "queso criollo de aqui." Tracker memorials along road made of a shiny new wheel & two stacks.

Tue Jan 17

69°, on the road 7:37. Puerto Escondido was very congested. Then the road was good until we turned onto 175. Then we had to navigate a super crowded

& tight town.

Yesterday Carole bought grenadillas at the market. Small, orange, with translucent seeds inside, covered in a translucent gel. Nice flavor.

*Sock-like bird nests hanging from trees.

175 is ~~extremely~~ extremely sinuous, narrow, precipitous, and scary. I had to drive or I would have been terrified. There were few places to pull over. Quite a few restaurants with space for one or two vehicles. We didn't feel we could use the spaces if we weren't clients. Found a wide shoulder for a lunch stop. A Mexican man said hello in English. Then he climbed up a steep bank and picked a big bag of orange fruit. He came down the hill and offered us one. They turned out to be orange lemons! Orange on the inside too. He said he was in prison in California for 3 years; I didn't ask why.

The houses up here are often made of wood, and there is a lot of lumber and firewood for sale. Many houses & buildings are on incredibly steep slopes. There are landslide scars at regular intervals.

When we arrived at the hill town of San José del Pacífico we turned right up a very steep, narrow street. I was worried we'd get stuck & would have to back down. After a moment of confusion we found our destination down a steep, narrow dirt drive. El Derrumbe rents cabanas & there is a little restaurant called Carnitas Ramírez.

But there is no one here. We arrived at 2:15, about 6.5 hours door to door for a 4.5 hour drive per Google maps. We're somewhere around 8000' elevation, 55° at 4 pm. We're in pine forest. Cloud mist is rolling up from the coast.

Grant and I walked down the hill to town. The town is known for magic mushrooms (in season). Lots of stoner-looking gringos walking around, bare feet, long hair, dreadlocks. Lots of new construction. I wonder how the original inhabitants feel about gringos coming here to get high. I'm sure it injects money into the town. A guy offered Grant some mushrooms, not interested.*

There are shops selling mushroom objets, incense, alebrijes, plus quite a few restaurants, coffee shops, and places to sleep. Lots of tuk tuks zooming around. Corn growing on impossibly steep slopes. A mirador tower at the top of a long steep flight of stairs. At 60 p (#3) I think I'll pass!

By dark the mist had closed in all around us. * Plus they apparently lose their potency when dried.

Wed Jan 18

55° at 6:30. I walked down the steps to the house below to use the clean bathroom (flush toilet - where

does the sewage here go?) and 4 four-month-old puppies came tumbling out of their little shelter. Mom guards the place with some bark but no bite.

The lovely owner stopped to say hi on her way to her job as a primary school teacher in a nearby pueblo. She even offered to let us use the bathroom in their rental cabana! She was extremely welcoming. We gave her a 50 peso per person donation.

The mist has lifted & the view toward the ocean is lovely, with layered hills. Clouds on the horizon obscure the ocean itself.

Carole & I walked down to the tamale & atole place at the fork in the road. Tamales Juany - she says she's on Instagram. She makes 100-150 tamales per day, starting at 5 am. Mole, rojo, verde, champiñon. Grant liked the mole. I had champurrada (like hot chocolate). A customer said "you are from Washington! I saw you yesterday at the gas station in ~~Pochutla~~ Pochutla." Impressive, because we weren't in our cars this morning. He is a chiropractor from 8 hours away, here visiting family.

I took a lovely brisk stroll down to the highway & back, about 10 mins. each way. Quiet at 8:30, few stores open. Many of the wood houses here look reminiscent of Swiss chalets or Turkish yaylas. A mix of yucca & pine trees. On the road at 9. One hour of curves, past more temazcals (steam lodge ceremony),

mushroom art (~~the~~ fungus is hongo), piles of large, green chilacoyote squash, nurseries selling plants, and alebrijes.

After an hour of curves you are down out of the high mountains and into the Oaxacan desert, with columnar cactus, nopal, yucca. The road straightens out. Lots of topes & congestion.

Pemex lunch stop at 11:15, 72°. I drove until lunch. Arrived at El Rancho RV Park in Santa Maria El Tule at 1:30. It's a walled compound with about 15 other vehicles. A family area with a playground, a huge grassy area for us older folks, a pool, communal kitchen, nice bathrooms. We're on the shady side, which is most appreciated, as it's 84° in the shade. But no humidity, and it's quite pleasant.

Walked into town^{of El Tule} at 5 (20 min walk) for dinner. Paco, who runs the campground, recommended El Milenario, near the main square. It was fine, & reasonably priced, but the waiter misunderstood our order. He brought Grant's tlayuda but not mine, and I had to wait another 20 mins. for mine. They were good though. I had beans, quesillo (oaxaca cheese), avocado, tomato (no asiento, or lard). Grant had cevino (meat) (enchilada, or covered in chile) on his tlayuda and liked it. On the way back we saw a girl doing her quinceañera photo shoot, dressed all in pink & carrying

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a doll wearing a matching dress. (Symbolizes leaving behind childhood.) The mom invited us to the church for the mass on Saturday at 4.

At the campground this afternoon we met Sylvia from Brazil & her daughters Rose & Sol (about 9 & 7). They appear to live on the road with their dad, and the children are home schooled. Also met Dennis & Olga from Germany, and their young daughter, Lota. Lots of families with children here, and lots of French Canadians, & Germans.

66° at 8 pm. Crickets sawing.

Thurs Jan 19, 2023

50° at 6:30 am. I dreamed about my dad last night & woke up sobbing. Heavy clouds began to lift & by 9:30 it was warm & sunny. At 9:30 we walked out to the main road (taking the route away from El Tule) with C+B+Isla. The collectivos here are red taxis that seat 5 plus the driver. It's 15 pesos to Oaxaca City. Our driver was very friendly & dropped us off at the zocalo. We weren't sure if that was above & beyond, so we gave him a tip. He explained that taxis to ~~El~~ Tule start in front of the baseball stadium, called the "Volkswagen" for the old VW van apparently permanently parked there. It's a 30-minute walk from the center of ~~Tule~~, or you can take a

yellow taxi for 50 pesos. At this point we split up with Cat B.

Our first stop was an ATM (north of Zocalo). By 20 November market some young women had a sign for free men's haircuts. They were students practicing. Grant didn't want to let them practice on him, alas!

Grant had found an article about food in the city, so we walked up to a taco stand across from Carmen Alto church (Tacos del Carmen) to try their rolled tacos. Grant had chile relleno (very spicy) and I had mushroom. Both were tasty, filling, hot, and cheesy. 25 pesos each. Then we headed across the street by the church plaza to try *niece's! *torta quemado for me and tuna for Grant. Delicious! 30 pesos (\$1.50) for a small cup, but it was a big serving.

Next we walked back to the Juarez & 20 November markets (they are back to back) and bought baking chocolate for Alex, palenquetas (peanut candy), cocadas (coconut bars), three kinds of dried chiles for Grant to try, and some bread. Grant was feeling weak & dizzy so we sat in the 20 Nov. market & shared a hot chocolate with milk & cinnamon. It comes in a big bowl, frothy & warm, & is served with a big roll for dipping. Ambrosial. (I didn't try dipping the bread, instead (*nieces are sorbet)

saving it for lunch tomorrow.) 40 pesos (\$2).

After that we sat in the zócalo in the shade for a while. nice breeze. 85° today, but not uncomfortable if you take breaks. A little caffeine restored Grant's energy.

No protesters in the zócalo, unlike 8 years ago when the whole area was packed with tents + people giving loud speeches.

Public bathrooms cost 5 pesos and are very clean, with paper, soap, paper towels.

Didn't see as many gringos as expected, and the ones I saw all seemed to speak Spanish well.

Decided to walk back to the taxi stand. En route we passed our "honeymoon" hotel from 8 years ago: Hotel Maela on Constitución. We sat in Juarez Park (El Llano) for a while and then ^{walked} the rest of the way to the taxi stand by the baseball stadium. It was a pleasant walk with plenty of shade.

The taxi to ~~Tule~~ Tule took 17 minutes - our driver drove like a maniac. In ~~Tule~~ Tule we bought a bag of mole negro + a chocolate ~~volcano~~ "volcano" (puffed rice covered in Oaxacan chocolate - we saved it for dessert + it was delicious). Yogurt + manchego cheese at the creamery in town. Back to camp at 5. We walked 6.5 miles today. Spaghetti for dinner. We are tired!

Ocotlán, Oaxaca

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Fri Jan 20

Today was not a good day. We left the campground at 8:20 and drove to the Friday market in Ocotlán de Morelos, 41 km away. It took us 1.5 hours to get there. The first hour was intense congestion on the outskirts of Oaxaca City. Grant's blood sugar was high and he got very angry. At one point he got impatient & almost clipped a truck fender. It scared me and ^{he} got really mad at me for freaking out. Then he turned left abruptly (trying to second guess Google maps) and almost hit a bicycle (the rider had to stop abruptly, almost fell, and gave us a very angry look). Then he wouldn't listen to me when I said a street was one way, turned into it, and then had to turn around. By then he was screaming at me. We found easy parking on the next street, close to the market. I was so shaky from fear (of his anger) that I had trouble walking at first. If I could have gone off alone without him I would have. Lesson learned: Grant should not drive when his blood sugar is high!

The market was just getting going at 10 when we arrived. I would have enjoyed it a lot more if I wasn't so upset. It fills the streets around the church, square, and regular market. It's a true local market (tianguis) - we saw 8 other gringos, mostly indigenous

people. Many tiny women in skirts & aprons with long braided hair. No colorful clothing. Sapote fruit is black inside, with a consistency like chocolate pudding, and not much flavor.

We had rolled tacos at a busy stand. I got plain pork, but I think it was sutiido (all parts chopped together) and it was barely edible. Amazingly hard to order what we wanted. Everyone else got toppings - why didn't they even ask us if we wanted them?

Then we got a custard-filled cone pastry. I'd had them before and liked them, but these ones were gross, with jello-like, flavorless custard wrapped in stale pastry. I couldn't eat mine.

Loud PA systems blared vendor ads, mostly for snake oil medicines.

Santo Domingo church, in the center of the market, has a beautiful blue, white, & gold facade and ornately painted interior.

We sat in the park and people watched a bit. Enjoyed the bread hall in the main market - hundreds of loaves piled high - and the colorful produce displays. Saw a few alibrie vendors, but Grant didn't see anything he liked. He wants a dragon. One vendor told us that dragons symbolize dreams & imagination. Lots of woven mats & baskets for sale, & green pottery.

At noon we went back to the car. Two hours was enough, given our moods. I drove back to camp. A few minutes after leaving Grant got terrible stomach cramps. Thank goodness for our new porta potty. I had a pounding headache (stress). Traffic was lighter on the

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way back and it took 80 minutes.
We arrived at 2. 80°.

Our neighbors serenaded us with
guitar, violin, flute, & percussion.

Sat Jan 21, 2023

Spent the morning in camp. Haircuts, music, puttering. Grant's stomach still upset, so I walked into town myself after lunch. Along the campground road I saw a tejate vendor. I asked if I could taste it before buying a cup. She gave me such a large taste that I felt too full for more. It was delicious! It's made of corn masa, chocolate, & sugar, and tastes like chocolate milk. As I was drinking it a man stopped on a bicycle to buy some. If you drink it there they serve it in a red half guard covered in decorations. He said hello in English & said he lived in California for 8 years. His name was Armando and he works 6 days a week at the brick factory. He wanted to pay for my drink! The vendor said it was a free sample. He shook my hand goodbye. I gave the vendor five pesos because it was such a big sample.

I arrived in the square just as

a wedding was leaving the church. There were dancers in Oaxacan dresses, a band, a guy twirling a giant red heart, a guy twirling a big white balloon piñata that said "our wedding, Leo & Rox". The bride & groom came out of the church and started twirling with the dancers. Some of the women attendees were dressed in ornately embroidered Oaxacan dresses. Then a parade formed, with cohetes (big firecrackers) and wound through the streets, followed by people carrying food & flowers.

I wandered all over the small town. It has a nice pedestrian promenade, and a shady park with a shrine & fountain. Couples & families strolling, an occasional gringo. A quinceañera photo shoot, the girl in a red and white dress with roses, a little girl in a matching dress, three handsome guys in shiny black suits with red lapel flowers. The Christmas tree & nativity are still up.

I had coco & nuez (pecan) nieve and both were delicious.

At 4 Carole met me at the church for the quinceañera, but there was a funeral instead. The church worker suggested we try the chapel down the street, but it was empty. I must have misunderstood the date, time, or location.

Back at camp I made stirfry for dinner (Grant was feeling better). The maintenance guy (~~I think this name is Pepe~~)

Oaxaca

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stopped to chat while I was washing dishes. He talked fast but I was able to understand him pretty well, and it was good practice. He said he's worked here 10 years and it was an event space before becoming a campground. He works 7 days a week here and gets 3-4 hours per day to go to his house, 20 minutes away by bicycle, and see his wife. He is the night watchman, cleans the bathrooms at 4 am, and takes care of the grounds. He says the messy, destructive kids are "Viboros" (vipers). They create a lot of extra work for him. His name is

No 13893

BAÑO
\$5.00
DONATIVO

INSTITUTO DE ARTES GRÁFICAS DE OAXACA
Macedonio Alcalá 507. Centro.

^{TOUR}
Bathroom receipt. Pay bathrooms are clean, with paper, water, soap, and often paper towels.

Cali (sp?). He also said it's been several years since Oaxaca had much rain.

I chatted with Colin today and it was nice to hear his voice after almost 6 weeks!

Sunday Jan 22

Today was a good day, although it started out rough. Grant & I had a heart-to-heart talk about his mood

lately, and he agreed to continue caravanning with C+B but be more tolerant. Then I talked with C, who cried & wondered if we should go our separate ways. We agreed to continue to Puebla and see how it goes.

About 9:30 we walked to town & caught a beat up collectivo taxi with a surly driver. He dropped us at "Volkswagen" by the baseball stadium. The beat up VW Van wasn't there. It's a short walk from there to Juarez Park (El Llano) where there were all kinds of activities happening: Zumba, rollerskating lessons, kids' obstacle courses.

Then we walked south. La Olla restaurant (recommended by Ralph) is closed on Sundays. The Hotel ~~en~~ Quinta Real, inside a former convent, is gorgeous, with leafy courtyards, swimming pool, restaurants, and a vast, stone refectory.

The soaring, rounded front of the green-domed Teatro Macedonia Alcalá is a work of architectural art. I think the only way to see the ornate interior is if you have tickets to a show.

At a shop whose name I didn't note, I bought a jícara, or calabash, used for tejate, painted bright red with swan designs, 45 pesos, about \$3.25.

At the Artisanal market Grant found his dragon alebrije! 1600 pesos (\$80). It's signed by the artist, with the village name. We really liked the vendor, a woman who told us all about how each village or family has different

designs, and each member of the family has a specialty animal.

Next we got Grant's glasses fixed (screw fell out) for 15 pesos, before heading to 20 November market for lunch. Grant had carne asada with rice, black beans, and silky soft white corn tortillas. He said the meat was a little tough, but good. I had chocolate con leche with bread. I dunked the bread & it was good! I was quite full after a large hunk of bread & a big bowl of milk & chocolate. 130 pesos total, about \$6.50.

We walked through the Pasillo del Humo, or smoke hall, where you choose your meat (sausages, long strips of bacon, wafer thin slabs of beef) and they cook it right there. Each meat counter has a grill. They have vent hoods, but they aren't turned on, so the place is hot & smoky.

I found a cloth wallet (for bills & coins) for 40 pesos (\$2). Then we hit the zócalo, where a big band was playing music by a Oaxacan composer & folk dancers in traditional dress swirled. We caught the last 3 or 4 songs, and it was great!

We tasted mamey fruit & did not like it - like soft raw winter squash. Bought a glass (cup) of tejate in Juarez Park so Grant could taste it. He liked it but wanted me to drink most of it.

A huge bouncy slide set up in the park, and other kid + family activities. Teens working on choreographed pop dances. A pleasant walk through the "hip" Jalatlaco neighborhood to the taxi stop. High 82° today felt much cooler than the other day.

Few taxis today, but a kind lady told us which bus to catch. 8 pesos (40¢) each.* It dropped us at the west end of town. Grant wanted to buy chicken, so we walked to the east end of ^{the} town where we finally found a place that had a chunk of raw chicken left (all the rotisserie chicken was sold out or closed by 3 pm on a Sunday).

Back to camp about 3:30. We walked 7 miles today! Had a nice chat with Ian. We cooked the chicken + mixed it with the leftover veggies + rice from last night. Delicious over tortillas.

I wanted to be social + go visit other campers, but after dinner, dishes, ukulele, and journaling it was dark + late, and I am tired! A guy arrived on a bicycle tonight. I can't imagine the courage + stamina it would take to ride through Mexico on a bicycle! I'm enjoying the sounds of happy children playing.

* ~~We took the bus back from town. 8 pesos each. But the seats are for short people and Grant gonged his knee.~~

Monday Jan 23

On the road to Hierve el Agua at 8:20,

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Hierve el Agua

It's a pleasant, easy drive, with light traffic. A big section is toll road (89 pesos each way, about \$9 total). The last 5 km or so wind through the narrow streets of a small town. The town charges 20 pesos (\$1) per person, and there is a 50 peso per person entrance fee (\$2.50).

San Lorenzo Albarradas, Tlacolula, Oaxaca

Cuota de recuperación para el mejoramiento del Camino
entre San Lorenzo Albarradas y San Isidro Roaguia

este NO INCLUYE el pago \$20⁰⁰
para ingresar al Parador Turístico pesos
"Hierve el Agua" N° 116782



We arrived about 10. 64° and few people. The trail down to the base of the falls is tall stone steps. Very glad we had trekking poles. Nice viewpoints along the way. When we got to the base of the tallest falls we were told the loop