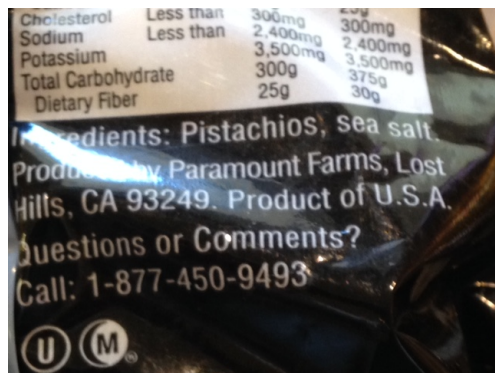


26 Cents Per Gallon and Other Miracles

As we enjoyed our dinner of reworked Casa Jimenez leftovers in our lovely Kingman AZ motel room, we noticed another Roadtrek RV pull into the parking lot. "They are new at this", I said to Susan as I watched their second attempt at parking. OMG! They appear to be even older than we are!

In the morning we meet Mary and Al. They are indeed older than we are. Al walked up to Susan and asked "Hey, I wonder if you can show me where to put the 'gas' in?" So we all got talking. They report that they bought the rig yesterday and are driving it home to Carson City. Their friend, from whom they bought it, had taken seriously ill and was not available to brief them on all the workings of their new rig. After chatting a while we learned that they had had a larger RV and even a 40 ft sailboat which together they had crewed together so this was not their first rodeo. Al admitted to being 86 and "a little more forgetful than he used to be" and Mary admitted that he was "a little more forgetful than he used to be". But he and Mary together still seemed to be a trim enough crew (Al admitted, "She's the admiral.") so we bid our new friends farewell with promises to drop by if we are ever in Carson City and, somehow, with renewed optimism headed up towards Williams and the Canyon beyond.

Williams AZ is famous for being the left turn you take from CA or the right turn if you are coming from IL off I40 to get to the Grand Canyon and being one of the last surviving small towns along what was US Hwy 66 (aka "the mother road" across the continental United States). It has a nice "Old Town" that caters to canyon tourists and Route 66 buffs. We stop in search of "gas" and the local Safeway.



As we entered the Safeway we see a large display of pistachios. Overcome with nostalgia for our just recently started trip, filled with home state pride and suddenly blind to any resource contention issues, we buy a bag.

Yum.

While we are packing our ice, beer, eggs and pistachios into Zillie we hear the familiar question, "How do you like your rig?" And we know we are about to meet new friends. The road and rig experience is a great social uniter. We offer them the tour. We get to chatting. They are from FL. As these encounters usually go, one spouse offers that they have a bigger rig and they are thinking about down sizing. The other spouse generally does a subtle eye roll or "tsk" at hearing this. We discuss features and mileage, the limits of the indoor shower, routes and roads. Then we all part cordially happy in the knowledge that we have done some small thing to contribute to world peace and understanding. On we go, looking for fuel.

Time has stood still in Williams, if you are to believe Main Street. Sadly the price of diesel was somewhat higher than the pump price for gasoline.



But lunch allowed us to regain our faith when we received a vision of our lady of perpetual mayo. Today we will make it to the canyon!

From the road,
Jane and Susan