

Day Three - And Do You Know How To Use It?

We wake up to a chilly morning at Samuel P. Taylor State Park where we are camped. We prepare ourselves psychically to turn on the heat. Miracle of miracles, it works and we are warm and toasty while Susan makes me my morning coffee. OK. This is nice. Today is going to be an easier day.



The Samuel P. campground is beautiful. It is quiet because there are few people there. It is mid-week and off-season. We take a morning stroll. We have a pleasant breakfast and launch for our "stretch goal" of Bodega Bay, about 40 miles away. That would be three or four days by wagon train.

Susan is driving. After a few harsh words to the backup camera we are off and on the road. "Why is the tire pressure warning light on?" "Oh Crap! I knew that right front tire looked soft when we picked the rig up", I say to myself wondering if I should confess this to Susan. "Why didn't I say something?" ... Better not to tell Susan. We pull off on a side road. "Watch out for that low hanging branch!"

We park and get out to inspect the tires. It is our lucky day! A CHP officer is driving down the same road we just pulled up on and asks if we are in need of assistance. We both silently acknowledge to ourselves gratitude that there is a god because, in spite of the advanced Law and Engineering degrees, and in spite of the fact that we both use to cut down tall pines with a hand ax to build cabins on the frontier and rebuild complex machines with just a manual written in German, we are terrified at the thought of having to find the tire gauge that we know must be in the rig and apply it appropriately. We describe our plight to officer Sally. She reports that she has a tire gauge. "And do you know how to use it?" I ask and then bat my eyes. "I use to run the motor pool." she replies. "I think I can handle this." We are five pounds low in the right front tire. "You can safely make it to Point Reyes Station," she tells us. "Thanks," we say to the kind officer and we are on our way. Should we be embarrassed?



We pull into Point Reyes Station and find, almost immediately, a gas station with an attached garage. Are we dreaming? Is this 1967? Could this be what used to be called a "service station" before we started the transition to the "self-serve nation"? We pull in in front of the garage and within seconds a nice fellow comes out to greet us. "Are you with the Garage?" I ask. "No", he replies. "I own the gas pumps that you are currently blocking." We describe our dilemma and he tells us to pull over to the

other corner of the lot that has the "Air and Water" sign displayed. We are happy to comply. He checks our pressure and we agree on a figure to which they should be filled. He fills them to that pressure. We thank him and tell him we just rented this rig. He smiles and says "I know." We wish each other a very good day and we are on our way again.

We hope to get a camp spot at Bodega Dunes, the site of our last camping attempt in Woodsy. We ended up aborting that attempt and taking refuge at Inn at the Tides. This was the vacation event that led us to coin the term "five hundred dollar bathroom". Our intention is to rewrite this piece of personal history. We are going to do this differently. This time we are bringing our own five hundred dollar bathroom!

We get to the campground and see the entry kiosk is empty and the sign in the window says "campground full". We look at each other "We are old and crippled. They can't turn us away." Oddly enough this turns out to be true. (Good news, bad news?) We settle in for the night at a nice accessible camp site, cook a nice dinner with local lamb and spinach.



Tomorrow will be easier.

From the road ...
Jane and Susan