

Day Seven - Migration To The Sea

It is Tuesday morning. We wake up happy and refreshed. We plot our course for the day to the Mendocino Coast aiming to stay the night at MacKerricher State Park north of Fort Bragg. On the way out of Hendy Woods we inspect the “RV facilities”. We now feel like we have acquired some expertise in their design and use and feel it is our citizen duty to inspect every station in the state park system in order to prepare the full health and safety compliance report we have vowed to deliver to the Governor’s office. We are happy to find all that was lacking at Bodega Dunes is in place at Hendy Woods thus confirming our assessment of BD’s inadequacies and justifying our complaints to underpaid and indifferent park staff.

Letting go of our OCD a little, we stop on the bridge on the way out to watch a Common Merganser snorkeling up river looking for its next little bite to eat.



The previous day we had been hailed by a man in the parking lot of Ray’s Grocery. We were certain it was to upbraid us about my parking job (“What? It’s mostly in the lines. What’s the problem?”) and are relieved to hear him ask, “How do you like your rig?” (We have learned that “rig” is a term of art among the RV people. Yes, there are numerous web sites devoted to helping “Newbies” decode this language. Ain’t the internet great?) We swell with pride as we realize that he has not assumed that it is a rental. We have a nice chat during which he tells us about a great beach at the mouth of the Navarro River just south of Albion where “no one will be mid-week”.

Navarro Beach is classic majestic North California Coast. It is sunny, brisk, very windy and nearly deserted as promised except for a construction crew restoring the historic Inn built by a retired Scottish sailor in 1865. We have a grand time exploring the beach and its extraordinary geology after donning our snowsuits. We are not certain what that geology is exactly. Lots of volcanics of some sort. We mumble to each other “Now if this were our “rig” we would have the mobile reference library which includes the entire “Roadside Geology” series for the



western states. We notice that we have started using this phrase “if this were our rig” more frequently.



After our exploration we settle into a nice lunch of Italian Tuna, Marin French Cheese Company Petite Camembert on Fort Bragg Baguette. (Note to our readers.



You should now start to be cautious of product placement in this narrative. Have they figured out how to get paid for this? Our NDAs require that we leave this as an exercise for the student.) As we sit comfortably out of the wind enjoying our lunch we amuse ourselves by recounting the times we have made meals in howling gales, freezing cold or under threat of torrential rain storms on stick fires we started with flint. Was that you chuckling, Woodzilla?

We make our way to MacKerricher by late afternoon and find a nice camp spot for the night. We walk the short distance from our site through the trees to a path along the low cliffs above the beach. We see whale spouts. Mothers and calves are headed north this time of year. Could these be the same whales we had heard about earlier in the week at Bodega Head that had been seen rounding Point Reyes? We like to think so.

We make ourselves a nice taco dinner with the leftover pork and amuse ourselves with stories of how we use to sleep on the ground with only a tarp for padding and a sleeping bag and cook trout Susan had caught with her bare hands on hot rocks. Woodzilla just sighs. We are getting used to her little wheezings, grunts, moans, creaks and rumbles. Motors, pumps, heaters, compressors all adding to the rhythm of life on the road. Woodzilla has quite a distinct personality. We go to sleep listening to the muted rumble of the rising surf.



From the road ...
Jane and Susan