



The Capital Times

Washington DC Unit

Region 2 Unit 170

Vol 21 Issue 08 August 2020

PRESIDENTS LETTER from Jerry McConnell

Hi Campers

Hoping all are well and safe out there.

Been on the road since our awesome Crabby Rally so this will have to be a short note. We have stopped here in Montana for the week under beautiful big blue skies, but I am feeling for all our friends and family back east suffering the effects of Isaias, again hope all are safe.

We, unfortunately, won't be making it back east in time for the Penn Wood rally but the advance weather reports indicate it will be a beautiful weekend and I have always liked that part of PA.

We will however be back for the Finger Lakes rally and the Installation Rally and are really looking forward to those.

On another note, don't forget 2021 dues is now \$76, which breaks down to \$75 for WBCCI and \$1 for WDCU.

Stay safe and we'll see you down the road,

Jerry & Sonia



Lost in the woods and the Garmin website has just been ransomware'd..!

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Crisfield sunset.

Photo by Sonia McConnell

WDCU 2020 - RALLY SCHEDULE – MARK YOUR CALENDAR

- APRIL 23-26 – **CANCELLED** - CKR
- MAY 7-10 - **CANCELLED** – Winchester, VA rally
- MAY 21-25 – **CANCELLED** - REGION 2, KINGSTON, ONTARIO –
- JUNE 20-27– **CANCELLED** - International – Loveland, CO –
- JULY 16-19 – **FINALLY, but it's over** - Crabby Rally - THANKS KIM, DANEE, SONIA & JERRY!
- AUGUST 20-23 – PA Wilds - Penn Wood Airstream Park, 999 Kindle Road, Limestone, PA. Hosts: Becky & Marc Weimer. Please contact Becky if you are interested in attending becky@penn.com.
- SEPTEMBER 17-24 - Finger Lakes - Bath, NY - Hammondsport KOA Finger Lakes – Hosts: Rob & Gayle Sunde. **SEE RALLY INFORMATION AT THE END OF THE NEWSLETTER.** rsunde@verizon.net.
- OCTOBER 8-11 – Grover's Farm – New Hope, PA – Hosts: Peter & Star Grover. Please email Star to let her know you will attend. Groverstar66@gmail.com. More information about this rally in the Rally Information section.

Click any of the rally dates above and be sent to the RALLY INFORMATION where there may be additional information.



Good eatin'!



JOIN US / Renew – 2021 WBCCI Membership Renewal Information

It's time to pay your WBCCI and WDCU dues for 2021 which is now \$76.00 (\$75.00 for WBCCI and \$1.00 for WDCU). This amount reflects an increase of \$10.00 per year over last year's dues. The preferred and most efficient method to do this is to go directly to the following link airstreamclub.org/renew and pay with a credit card. The Airstream Club Headquarters Office will begin accepting renewals for the upcoming year on August 1, 2020.

To be listed in the 2021 Airstream Club Directory, dues need to be paid before December 31, 2020. If you have any changes to your Directory information, please note them on your renewal form.

Lifetime Members must proceed through the renewal process to inform the Airstream Club Headquarters Office that the member is active and in good standing.

Please contact Diane Sheridan by email Dianesheridan78@gmail.com if you have questions regarding your membership and/or dues payment.

2020 Unit Officers

President - Jerry McConnell #6249 – Jerryjmccconnell@gmail.com

First Vice President - Kim Alaniz #2468 – daneekim2468@gmail.com

Second Vice President - Patti Galupo #22010 pgalupo@icloud.com

Third Vice President – OPEN – Contact any of the current officers for information.

Past President - Erica Marquette #13270 – ericamarq15@gmail.com

Trustee 1 - Joy Spahr #8791 – spahr5@att.net

Trustee 2 - Greg Wilson #4582 g.l.wilson@comcast.net

Trustee 3 – Danee Alaniz #2468 – daneekim2468@gmail.com

Trustee 4 – OPEN – Contact any of the current officers for information.

Treasurer & Membership – Diane Sheridan – #3802 – dianesheridan78@gmail.com

Recording Secretary – Becky Weimer #15767– becky@penn.com

Newsletter - Linda Moore #15116 – lindamoorenh@comcast.net

Webmaster – RJ Marquette #13270 – rjm1@yahoo.com



Wallops Island launch.

Fate or Destiny? - By Patti Galupo

Fate: Noun

1. The development of events beyond a person's control, regarded as determined by a supernatural power

Destiny: Noun

1. The events that will necessarily happen to a particular person or thing in the future

While academics debate the proper meaning and context of these two terms, some layering **fate** as something you cannot change, and **destiny** as that which you are meant to do, you decide what forces were in play that brought me to the Washington DC Unit of the Wally Byam Caravan Club International.

Let's return to 1968, where this story begins.

It was really my mother's idea.

My parents were career teachers, which meant the Galupo family, had summers "off." June, July, and August were simply code for spending all of our time on the Jersey Shore where I was raised. I have scars where Coppertone failed to live up to its expectations. It would prevent sunburn, and my current dermatologist reminds me twice per annum, that it didn't protect against melanoma. Maybe a summer away from the ultraviolet rays of the sun was in order.

Armed with a modest inheritance from her grandfather, it was always Mom's dream to travel. To my surprise, a shiny new Pontiac Catalina station wagon showed up in our driveway; it was burgundy, loaded with all of bells and whistles of its time. I couldn't wait to take a ride. But there was one other thing. Mom announced that we would **GO CAMPING, ALL THE WAY TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK; ALL THE WAY TO WYOMING!**

Up until that point, I had only been to neighboring Pennsylvania and once to New York City on a class trip.

Off we went, to Stones Camping World in Berlin, NJ. This in and of itself was a big adventure; we rarely migrated too far from the beach, and this business was closer to Philadelphia than Atlantic City. We settled on a little Apache Pop-Up. It couldn't have been more than 7 feet in length and slept four. Two double beds fully extended provided that perfect tent-on-a-platform look. The floor, composed of vulcanized rubber, would make for easy cleaning for a certain obsessive-compulsive teen (stay tuned). Mom and Dad would certainly claim one of the beds, and my sister Bev and I the other. Where would my brother Jeff and our German Shepherd, Schultzie, sleep? Certainly not on that rubber floor?! Enter the air mattress. I must admit, I felt badly for Jeff, but that soon dissipated when I learned that he would share in the driving. He was 17. I was jealous; I wanted to drive, too! I was a newly minted teenager at 13, and my sister Bev, 11.

Here's another thing about the Galupo family, my father didn't "do" tools, or fix things. As the salesman began the tutorial of the little Apache's operation, I glanced over at my dad. He had a disinterested look on his face. I was certain he was thinking about going to the race track. Somewhat of a teen oracle, I also knew what Jeff was thinking; he didn't wanna be caught dead on some stupid camping trip with his parents and two sisters.

[Click here](#) to cont. for the remainder of Patti's article.

Goin' Campin' Granola - Here's Amy's granola recipe, adapted from Jamie Oliver's "Food Revolution" version:

Preheat oven to 350 degrees

On a sheet pan, measure:

2 cups old fashioned oats
1 cup mixed nuts- walnuts, almonds, pecans, whatever is your favorite
1/2 cup of pumpkin or sesame seeds
1 cup of unsweetened shredded coconut
5 Tbsp olive or vegetable oil
5 Tbsp honey
Cinnamon
Raisens or dried cranberries

1. Mix together with clean hands
2. Drizzle about 5 tablespoons of olive or vegetable oil over the top and then stir the mixture together with a spatula or spoon.
3. Then spread the mix evenly and then drizzle it with approximately 5 tablespoons of honey and mix again with spoon or spatula.
6. Next sprinkle 1-2 teaspoons of cinnamon over the mixture and stir again.
7. Bake 15 minutes and then remove from the oven and stir. Bake another 10-15 minutes for 25-30 minutes Total.
8. Remove from the oven and stir in 1 1/2 cups of cranberries or raisins while still warm.
9. Once cooled, package in freezer bags or airtight container.
10. Granola will keep for 2 weeks at room temp or freeze for a while.

Pro-tip:

If your granola sticks to the pan, turn on your stovetop on low, and put the pan on it. Use a spatula and oven mitt (safety first!) and scrape the pan. This is also a good way to start cleaning the pan!

Happy Breakfasting!

Amy and Jeff



Smith Island

RALLY REPORTS –

...Crabby Rally – Hosted by Alaniz and McConnell – July 16-19. Finally, a rally that was not cancelled. It was a welcomed opening of the camping season, albeit late. Usually we start months ahead with the CKR. Then covid happened! There were 15 rigs in attendance.

What a great place to have a rally! The American Legion is situated on the water on a small jut of land. Our back window The Legionnaires were very welcoming, and we were told we would be able to go into the lodge for drinks and food. Their food was great! Each night they featured a different home cooked meal along with a few others menu items to choose from. Beer was cold, a plus in my book.

Wed - Commander Deke had told Kim there was going to be a rocket launch from Wallops Island near Chincoteague, VA on Wednesday 9am. We had nothing planned, other than sleeping in, but this took priority. We got up early and made the trip to Wallops Island in plenty of time to park and wait for the launch which was delayed due to unauthorized watercraft in the 'stay out of this area dummy' area. I was hoping the launch wouldn't be scrubbed. With a half hour delay (or so) countdown started. We were able to hear it on a live YouTube feed. 3-2-1 IGNITE. What a spectacle, it was awesome to see. Our vantage point was on the water across from the launch pad. We were able to see the launch staging and the flames from the ignition. The rocket went up and there wasn't a sound from either the people watching or the rocket. A full twenty seconds later you could hear the roar and the shaking in your tummy. We were also able to see stage 1 jettison and then stage 2. What a once in a lifetime experience for us. I would never have thought we would see such a thing in VA.

Thurs - We decided to take a boat ride to Smith Island, a small island known for crabbing and the famous Smith Island cake, official cake of MD. Weather hotter and more humid so the boat ride was a welcomed activity. On the ride a nice young man, who was part of the crew, was very outgoing and friendly and struck up a conversation describing the islands as we were passing by them. He was very informative on history and goings on each one. While on the island, we rented a golf cart, which was a huge waste of cash. You could not go far, and the area could have been covered by foot easily. Oh well, the slice of Smith Island cake made up for it. The ride back was just as refreshing as the ride over and we were excited to see more Airstreamers that had arrived while we were gone.

Happy hour was great even though we had to make sure we were physically distanced. It worked and we were all happy to just be there. We did not have any food sharing for happy hour or dinners.

Fri - was a low key, hang out kind of day. Weather even hotter and more humid. We did spend some time at the ice cream parlor, which was the afternoon activity.

Sat - was almost like a regular rally. We made sure we were physically distanced, but dinner was a low country boil with crab, shrimp, potatoes, artichokes... It was delicious. Kim did a great job of orchestrating what needed to go in the pot.

Breakfast on Thurs through Sun was cooked up for us by Amy Parker and Jeff Sutton. Great job guys, it was delicious.

Sun – Day to leave, which is always a sad day. I think everyone had a great time and was thankful the rally was able to go as planned.

UPCOMING RALLY ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

...PENN WOOD AIRSTREAM PARK- Aug 20-23, 2020, 999 Kindle Road, Limestone, PA.

Hosts: Becky & Marc Weimer.

Please E-mail the following information to becky@penn.com

Name (and spouse/SO)

Address

Email

Phone number

WBCCI number

Number of adults attending # of children

- Limit of 12 trailers.
- Rally fee per person to be determined, approx. \$20 per person.
- Camping fee is \$35 per night includes water, electric, sewer and wifi (no streaming, please). Cash or check payable to Penn Wood, envelopes available at park office. No buildings are open to the public, no restrooms or showers.
- Nearby are two breweries, one distillery and a couple of wineries.
- Horseback riding, go carts, hiking, kayaking and canoeing are available.
- An organized float down the Clarion River will be done, weather and river level providing; canoes, kayaks and tubes are available for rent at Cook Forest State Park. If you have them, bring your own; transport can be arranged.

Friday Night - Pizza Night.

Saturday Night - Catering from local farm-to-table restaurant.

We are in need of an Easy Up and a couple of tables as we cannot use the lodge for our meals.

Come and see the Weimers' new personalized campfire ring!



...FINGER LAKES RALLY - Sep 17 - 24, 2020- Hosts – Gayle & Rob Sunde

CONTACT: rsunde@verizon.net LOCATION: Hammondsport/Bath KOA Resort (formerly Hickory Hill Camping Resort) 7531 County Route 13, Bath, NY 14810, 607-776-4345 or 800-760-0947.

To reserve a camp site, you must contact the campground directly. Ask for Elaine (x211) and let her know that you are camping with the Washington DC Unit Airstream group. We have reserved 20 sites which will be held for us until 1/31/20. Please make your reservations early. This will be our final rally at this place. Remember, it is easier to cancel a reservation than to make a late one. If you are bringing any pets, you must bring proof of their immunizations.

The campground is an all-inclusive facility with multiple pools (one is adult only), playgrounds, mini-golf, game room, pedal carts, laser tag, and geocaching. The campground can arrange for discounts of area attractions and tours. Nearby attractions include the Corning Museum, the Glen Curtiss Museum, the Finger Lakes Boating Museum, the Great Western winery, many other wineries and breweries, plus beautiful lakes to explore. For more ideas of things to do, check out “Mr. Cheapskate’s guide to Keuka Lake: 10 fun things to do for under \$65” at <https://expo.syracuse.com/life-andculture/g66l-2019/08/08c94df5d99e4/mr-cheapskates-guide-tokeuka-lake-10-fun-things-to-do-for-under-65.html>.

The schedule of events will be: Happy hour each day around 4:30 and Continental breakfast (8:00AM to 9:30AM) at the hosts’ site starting Friday 9/18 through Wednesday 9/23.

- 9/17 - arrivals all day
- 9/18 - more arrivals;
- start of continental breakfasts
- 9/19 – potluck dinner #1, 6:30ish at the hosts’ site
- 9/20 - explore on your own
- 9/21 - more exploration
- 9/22 - pot luck dinner #2, 6:30ish at the hosts’ site
- 9/23 - final day of continental breakfast
- 9/24 - say our “Good-byes” and head home
-

Please complete the registration form below and return it, along with your rally fee of \$20 per person (age 12 and under are free) to: Robert Sunde, 18 Watergate Ct., Silver Spring, MD 20905.

Make checks payable (in USD) to “Wally Byam Caravan Club International, Washington D C Unit” . If you need to cancel, your rally fee will be refunded. Also, before you cancel with the campground, please let us know so that we may be able to fill your site with someone who was unable to get one of our reserved sites.

NAME: _____ WBCCI# _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____ EMAIL

ADDRESS: _____ CONTACT PHONE

NUMBER: _____ RALLY FEE:

of adults _____ X \$20.00 = \$ _____

of children (age 12 and under) _____ (no fee)

....INSTALLATION RALLY – Oct 8-11, 2020, Grover’s Farm, New Hope, PA - Hosts: Star & Peter Grover
groverstar66@gmail.com.

Come to one of Eastern Pennsylvania’s most scenic and culturally stimulating areas to participate in a truly unique WDCU installation rally. The site will be at Star and Peter Grover’s circa 1760 farm with a park-like atmosphere and a “Clubhouse” just right for rally activities.

Purge time! An area will be set up for give-away items. Items for sale can be by your trailer.

This rally is limited to 25 trailers so please mail the coupon, so it is received before September 25, 2020! First come first served others will be put on a waiting list.

.....
PLEASE REPLY BY FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 2020

Checks PAYABLE to: WDCU & Mail to: Star Grover, 7066 Phillips Mill Rd., New Hope, PA 18938

Name _____

Address _____

Telephone _____ E-Mail _____

RIG SIZE AND TYPE (trailer or motor home) _____

_____ WDCU Members (0170) only Adults 19 and older @ \$5.00 each _____
Does not include Affiliates.

_____ All other Units Members Adults 19 and older @ \$30.00 each _____

Total _____

Questions?

Contact Star Grover 215-962-1763

Contact Peter Grover 215-962-9843



Photo by Linda Moore

FATE or DESTINY continued.

“Come on guys, pay attention!” I thought to myself.

I knew it was only a matter of seconds before the collective glances would send mysterious directives my way.

In almost perfect unison Mom and Dad, using their best teacher’s voices, declared, “Patti, pay attention, this will be your job!”

I was so proud. Of course, I’ll accept this promotion! Always a tomboy, I loved getting dirty, climbed trees and could disassemble and reassemble my sting ray bike in a matter of minutes. I submitted to memory, and then practiced putting up the support bars, getting the canvas to fit over them just right. The Coleman Company benefitted greatly from this shopping spree. A gas lantern (with their namesake fuel!), cooler, two burner stove, five sleeping bags, and one heater later, we were on our way.

On our way?

Well, not really. On departure day, the rookie campers forgot to check the trailer lights. They didn’t work. After a good 20 minutes of finger pointing and flared tempers, we headed back to the dealer. Four hours behind schedule, and for the very first time, the Galupo family would be chasing sunsets instead of sunrises. We headed west.

My mom kept a little notebook of this trip. She recorded all expenditures-- gas, food, campground fees etc. I have all of these logs. It’s a treasure that makes me shed a complex mixture of happy tears and an occasional saltier version of the same. I miss her so much. And little did I know that intractable grief would someday lead to something so special.

We slowly worked our way across Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. I became an ace with the setup. My mom managed to make fantastic meals on that little stove. I loved everything about camping-- exploring, the pine scent of endless forests, rock climbing, meeting new people and other kids, and that earthy, rustic smell of the bath house. Many years later, and well into adulthood, my family tipped-toed around revealing a family secret unbeknownst to me, because it was *about* me. They claimed it was nerve racking having to stop every couple of days or so to wash and vacuum our new car. I wore a whisk broom down to its nubs, obsessively sweeping the Apache’s rubber floor. Since then, a few “shrinks” have kept me on the couch longer than expected in an attempt to unravel this childhood case of OCD!

I even took a perverse pleasure in the occasional fights with my siblings, sparring for that sacred window seat. When I gave up, I climbed to the way, way back of the station wagon and nestled myself somewhere in between the red Coleman cooler and Schultzie. It was then, with my skinny legs stretched out, that my life would be altered forever.

I think we were in Indiana.

I have perfect recall of that day. It was clear and sunny. The sky was that kind of cobalt blue that it only becomes after a hard rain. I marveled at the symmetry of the landscape and daydreamed about being a farmer or perhaps a writer for National Geographic. I knew farmers worked hard, got dirty, and at the end of a long day, would sit on that cozy front porch. I could almost taste the highly coveted, ice cold, freshly-squeezed lemonade they earned after toiling in the fields long before sunrise.

And then it happened.

A silver shiny object had just passed us going in the opposite direction. The glare was blinding. I hollered to the front seat. "What was *that*?" My mother said, "An Airstream." To this day, I'm not sure how and why she **knew** that.

But I knew something too. I could feel it in my bones. One day, that shiny object would be mine.

We camped in New England, Florida and Michigan over the next couple of years—minus Jeff. That trip to Wyoming pushed his limits! The final foray for me in the Apache ended with a ceremonial grounding. I was now 17 and begged my parents to let me borrow it for a couple of weeks and set up in a campground close to home. I wanted to use it as my own little apartment. Of course, the contract had many stipulations. No guests and no parties. How did that work out you might ask? I was a responsible, hardworking teen by day. I worked as a counter girl at Case's Pork Roll on the Atlantic City Boardwalk. It was tough work! Serving throngs of summer visitors that local South Jersey fare, I felt like I had earned the right to host a few parties. Daytime birch beer was replaced by nighttime Rolling Rock beer! Busted; my camping days with the family were officially over.



Over the next few decades, life happened. My parents slowly upgraded, first, to a Coleman hard-top and finally to a Tioga Class C RV. They traveled the country and I went off to college and then a 25-year career in federal law enforcement.

I have a complicated family history and losing my mom to brain cancer in 2005 kept me in a very dark place to what felt like forever. She was only 74.

Coupled with a badly injured back and four operations to fix it, most of the middle 2000s were lost. My father became gravely ill in late 2012. He and I had a complex relationship and when he passed in 2013,

I felt like I was barely treading water. It was time to make some changes. I was fully retired. A marriage had ended in divorce many years earlier, and I was single.

Shortly after his death, my best friend from college took me to the Cayman Islands for a few days. I was swimming alone, way past the safety line and buoy. There were no lifeguards to whistle me in. It felt like all the darkness in my life had rolled up to that exact moment. Tears began to form.

You see, I had spent a lifetime quelling these emotions. But the emerald water seemed to have a supernatural calming effect. A sea bird was steadily perched on top of one of the buoys. My presence should have spooked him. But it didn't. He seemed to be staring at me and I was transfixed. The message was loud and clear. It was time for me to shed the darkness and start anew.

I raced out of the water, and declared to my buddy, "It's time for me to do something bold. I'm buying a truck and an **Airstream!**"

And I did.

I hurriedly found an Airstream dealer online. Great! There was one close to my home in northern Virginia. Before heading down there, I had googled my way into thinking that I only needed a 16 ft. Bambi. After all, it was just me. I didn't need any more than that, so I thought.

Really, I was just going to look.

On Memorial Day weekend, I purchased a brand new 23 ft., International Serenity and later, a Ford Expedition to pull it. I don't need to explain how a 16ft. Bambi turned into a 23 ft. Serenity. You guys have all been there! I was simultaneously full of fear and excitement.

A few weeks and one small tornado later, it was time to pick her up! (Of course, she got damaged and I had to wait for a replacement from Jackson Center) Was this how my camping career would start?

Traveling down the asphalt highway known as I-95 on one scorcher of a July morning, I felt a bit choked up wondering what my parents were thinking. I would be bringing this new shiny thing home. With a vociferous amount of sweat oozing from my pores, I tried desperately to pay attention to the guy showing me how to work everything. This was no '68 Apache!

I tucked her away in her new storage location. I would name her Streamer. Not very creative, but that's what came to mind.

This was now real. I would be doing this entire adventure alone. I was scared.

Staunton, Virginia, sits neatly in the Shenandoah Valley between the Blue Ridge Mountains to the east, and the Appalachian Mountains to the west. This little town holds a powerful spell over me. Stay with me off-road for a minute, I can't continue without it!

A few years earlier, I was driving from Roanoke to my home in Alexandria on State Route 11. Stopped at a red light in the middle of town, I looked to my left and saw the Woodrow Wilson Presidential Library. An avid reader of US History, I was intrigued and made a mental note to one day return to this quaint town. Plus, I smiled knowing that Wilson had served as governor of my home state of New Jersey. But it wasn't this Jersey data point that captured my heart. There was *something else*.

My gaze turned to the intersection itself. My car was idling on BEVERLEY STREET.

My mom and little sister are named “**Beverley.**” Most people spell it *Beverly*. This must mean something! I took a picture of that intersection only to discover a few months later that my parents had been camping near there in the 1990s. In another one of her scrapbooks, I found myself staring at the exact same picture. It brought tears to my eyes. I decided to take each of these pictures and frame them together for my sister Bev for one of our birthdays. Yes, I said one of *our* birthdays. We were each born on June 10, two years apart. Like I said, Staunton holds supernatural powers!

Of course, Staunton easily won the bid for the upcoming shake-down run. It marked the official beginning of my journey to the WDCU.

The next two years included a number of trips all over the country. There were, of course, a few snits here and there, making all of the rookie mistakes (thankfully, none that required a call to the insurance company). It didn't take me long to master the operation of the little aluminum condo on wheels. I had pulled a boat in the past and was a big proponent of reading manuals and understanding how things worked. I learned how to ask for and accept help, and sometimes found myself nursing my ailing spine when I tried to do too much.

I dreamed of going to Newfoundland; but also understood the limitations. This would be a massive undertaking on my own. I am, by nature, an extrovert. I enjoy and draw energy from other people. I loved my new hobby but at times, felt a little out of place, and self-conscious of traveling alone. I just wasn't fully comfortable in my own skin. On occasion, I would travel with some of my college friends and my sister. The Serenity just wasn't handling the extra passengers to my satisfaction. The bathroom felt confining. The air conditioner was loud, and I suffer in the heat. Also, the Expedition wasn't suited to haul gear and tools around. How are we going to *fix that?*

Easy. Head back to the dealer. And trade in the Serenity for a 2015, 25 ft. Flying Cloud with ducted air conditioning, and while we're at it, swap the Expedition for a Ford F-150.

Silver.

To match Streamer.

Did I tell you that I can be impulsive? And when the urge strikes, I move quickly.

This set up was perfect. But something was still missing.

Trust me. I had seen other Airstreams during my travels that had the bold red numbers plastered to the end cap. I would quizzically stop each and every time an owner was in shouting distance. Some loved the club, others felt it was too structured and didn't allow for independence. I tucked the idea away in my head.

In the summer of 2017, I started out on my boldest trip yet. I scratched Newfoundland from the itinerary, and instead, chose Prince Edward Island to anchor the adventure. But before that, I settled in the easternmost town of the United States, Lubec, Maine. I had read about it in some travel magazine and decided it would be the perfect launching pad to visit Campobello Island in New Brunswick, Canada. My interest in history again had drawn me to the summer home of President Franklin Roosevelt.

Then, fate, or destiny or whatever you want to call it rolled into my little campground around sunset. There they were four vintage trailers with THOSE red numbers.

Really, a magnetic force exists up there, because in a matter of minutes, we were drawn to each other. It's that thing when fellow Airstreamers spot each other in parts unknown. I was conspicuously void of the big red numbers but found myself excited to meet these wanderers. One in particular, seemed to be the ringleader. They invited me to cocktail hour. I had no offerings tucked away in my fridge, but like all good hospitable Airstreamers, insisted that I come.

As it turns out, the ringleader was none other than Pam Bleakney of the New England Unit. She asked why I hadn't yet joined a unit. And I really didn't have any *good* reason that I could safely articulate. I've always been a joiner and a team player. I played sports my whole life, joined a sorority in college and have remained loyal to every friend known since childhood. I stick with people, things, and institutions. But I could feel the butterflies accumulating in my stomach.

I'm gay, and I'm a recovering alcoholic. I've been sober for 28 years now.

This is the first time I've written these words down for public consumption. The gay revelation was a later in life discovery. I was always a party girl in school, but somehow thought that an excellent report card would somehow justify the behavior. It doesn't work that way! Working in law enforcement in the 70s and 80s added to the justification to continue what was becoming a big problem. So, I decided to do something about it and quit drinking when I was 36. I struggled with placing such personal information in this article, but after much reflection decided that the story cannot be told without it. I don't say it out of some dramatic *People* magazine disclosure, but simply as being part of my truth; part of being authentic.

I didn't unload my whole life story with Pam and the others. I simply declined alcohol and had a great time for the next couple of hours. We quickly got down to the nitty gritty.

In the true spirit of a Marine Corps drill sergeant, Pam declared: "You are going to join the Washington DC Unit, and you will love Linda Moore."

That was it.

In the next five minutes, sitting on a picnic table with my iPhone, I had joined the club and paid my dues to the acronym, WDCU. It had a great ring. Being a career civil servant and mindful of 25 years of organizational charts and the chain of command, I was somewhat confused as to how people from New England or Canada fit into a DC Unit. Or was it my OCD flaring up? I lived in Northern Virginia and knew that they had a club. Why shouldn't I join them?

Pam quashed that idea with the simple declaration, "don't overthink it, she said, the WDCU will be a perfect fit for you."

They then explained the big red number thing, and before you know it, I had chosen my ATF badge number "2201," and settled on 22010, as the other had been retired.

Now a member, the butterflies returned as it was time to sign up for a rally. I had rotator cuff surgery in February of 2018 and knew that I wouldn't be able to camp until late summer. I decided on an August rally in the Finger Lakes. It was appealing for one main reason. It would be cooler up there!

The ride up was uneventful. I loved the scenery but got a little nervous as I pulled into the campground. (Note: it was hot up there too!). Within a couple of minutes, I was greeted by Rob and Gayle. My anxiety lessened. They couldn't have been nicer. In quick order, I met Nancy and Carl, M-L and Dave, and anxiously looked for "Linda Moore" – I thought it would be appropriate to salute the Bleakney charge?

We finally met. I liken the New England personality traits to the Jersey DNA. Direct. To the point. And I sensed the same kind of loyalty. This was going to work out just fine.

Within the hour and over the next couple of days, I met the rest of the team who attended that rally. We got to know each other around the fire. We sang in unison to 70s music. I tested the strength of my new shoulder by swimming in Lake Keuka every morning. And when it came time to say goodbye to my new friends, I felt like I had come home. *Really come home*. I felt accepted, and all of that internal strife simply melted away. These guys would be friends for life.

Last summer marked another noteworthy milestone. I signed up for the International in Doswell, VA.

I felt the hairs behind my neck stand at full attention as our unit fell into formation for the convoy of the ages. It was that kind of hair raising that only happens a few times in a lifetime. The WDCU, in one of the hottest summers on record, ambled through the rolling roads of central Virginia. We were one. And on our own grassy knoll, we braved the heat, exercised our brand of humor, sat together, ate together, and proudly saluted our team's flag during the opening ceremonies in the cool of the farm bureau. We stand out, we stood out, and we are the "Squad!"

A merry band of brothers and sisters. All different. Yet, all the same.



On the last day of the International, the departure was bittersweet. I longed for the cool of my own living room, but also knew in the fabric of my soul that something special had just occurred. I had searched for Pam the entire rally, and she finally appeared down our neck of the woods. I wanted desperately to grab a picture of Pam, Linda and myself. It seemed only fitting. We finally got that picture. The circle was complete. The dream of that little girl so many years ago crystalized in that very moment. There we were, three middle-aged women connected by that simple, shiny object, with many adventures yet to come. Of all of the experiences in my life, this one marks an important passage of moving into a transparent, authentic life. So, at the ripe old age of 65, with my Medicare card tucked neatly in my wallet, I can simply breathe.

I love you guys.

Thanks for ushering me into this new world. Whether fate, destiny, or a combination of both, I'm exactly where I am supposed to be.

ONE MOORE THING...

What a great time we had at the Crabby Rally! It was great to finally be away from home and staying in our Airstream. I think everyone had a great time!

It is time again to start renewing for the 2021 year. Please note WBCCI dues starting in 2021 is now \$75. WDCU dues remain \$1 so the total that would be due is \$76. It is WAY easier to renew online at WBCCI.

This month we have an article from Patti Galupo. Please make sure you read her article. Thanks Patti for accepting my request to write something up. I am sure everyone will enjoy it as much as I did!

Please send me pictures. I am always looking for filler pictures and would like to start putting in your pictures of you, your airstream, your travels, or all of the above.

And lastly, I had received an email from the daughter of one of our members. Terry Tyler has been in our unit for some time. I remember meeting up with Terry and his wife Sandy in the VAC area of many Internationals in the beginning 2000's. He is selling his two restored vintage rigs and the information is after One Moore Thing. If you are interested, please contact Cher at this email cherbear_b@yahoo.com.

Please submit your news articles by August 31, 2020 as a word document OR just type it on an email. Please let everyone know what you're up to while hunkered down.

Stay well, be safe!

Just campin',
Linda #15116



AIRSTREAMS FOR SALE

My name is Cher Balkcom and I am the daughter of Terry Tyler, WBCCI#6477. We are in the process of getting ready to sell my Dads two Airstream trailers.

He asked me to reach out to you to find out if you can help us get the word out through your newsletter.

Below is information for both of them.

Thanks in advance for your help

Cher Balkcom cherbear_b@yahoo.com

1989 Excella 1000 32" Foot Airstream RV. Asking \$ 25,000

- Has 4 solar panels(4x 75 Watts each) to charge batteries 2 deep cycle marine batteries (12 volt)
- Solar panel gague
- 30lb propane aluminum tanks
- Hensley 1300 lb. capacity hitch
- Rear bedroom w/ 2 twin beds and underbed storage
- Pull out double bed
- Full bathroom (full shower stall)
- water filtration in bathroom and kitchen
- Air conditioning
- Cedar lined triple door closet
- Oak galley cabinets
- 4 retractable awnings
- Full spare tire under A-Frame hitch
- CB radio

1967 Safari 22" Airstream RV Asking \$30,000

- Vintage Airstream quality
- Completely refurbished and upgraded
- Water, sewer and electric systems upgraded to 2017 specifications
- Replaced entire suspension system- new in 2017
- New A-frame hitch
- Mirror finish polish
- New heated wood floors with thermostat
- 2 solar panels (2x 55 watts each), inverter and 4 deep cycle marine batteries
- 30 lb. propane tanks (upgrade), mirror polished
- Propane lamp in dinette area
- Fold out double bed mid cabin with 2 additional beds in front
- Propane catalytic heater 6500 btu
- Tub shower stall in bathroom

Contact Cher at (203) 278-3535 cherbear_b@yahoo.com



SEE YA DOWN THE ROAD!

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