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Dear Virginia and Dale,

I am delighted to have this opportunity to offer even a small contribution to help you remember those "fun days" with the Monterey Bay California Unit..... of course, we always referred to it as the "M B C U". You added a great deal of pleasure to our Airstream activities. How fortunate we were to have been with the two of you.

You were usually involved in at least one memorable event whether at a rally or travelling together on a caravan. To illustrate, let me recall some gems that I savor.

Picture... the Swiss Rifle Club... 1976... beautiful Saturday morning... an early spring rally... a new couple arrived in a Bambi... parked rather casually nearby... **NOT Comrie Style!**... 'twas our good fortune to be parked nearest to you... as other novice couples, you were inclined to keep a low profile and listen... you made a very good impression... like "smooth water running deep"... Eleanor and I were inspired to encourage your return at our next rally... you kept coming back... whenever Virginia's Girl Scouts released her....

Picture... King City... Fairgrounds... the 1977 WBCCI 12th Region Rally... we got to know you well... happened when we; Virginia, Dale and I, met in a shower bath... I was quietly invited (conned) to "assist"... we had no problem showering in *our* trailers... the Bambi had no shower... hundreds of Caravanners came to see *How to Take a Shower in a Bambi*... those in the know were more than somewhat curious but unaware of the ingenuity of the likes of you... at the appointed time we appeared on stage... Virginia draped in her robe and wearing a shower cap... Dale with a stove, water pot, a large ladle... perched atop a ladder, I was to supply steady support for the ladle filled with *just right temperature water* to be poured into the shower above Virginia's head... Dale warmed the next pot of water on his nearby fire while firmly holding the privacy curtain to protect the vanity of the bather... the action was enhanced by Dale's professorial explanation of the entire operation... his droll, humorous and vivid description evoked a warm appreciative response from his audience... new members only a few months earlier... you had been hiding your talents!

Our deeper appreciation of you which began with this eye-opening event has nurtured a long standing and valued friendship...

During a Baja caravan led by Lloyd and Ruth Brown, another very memorable event occurred.... Picture Baja... roads notorious for blind curves, unguarded steep edges, non-existent shoulders and erratic native drivers... in the latter phases of the tour... travelling northward... only a few miles south of Mulege, driving a road matching the

description above... you were performing tail-end "sweeper duties" that day when I suddenly realized you had disappeared from view... (We always tried to keep the trailer behind us in sight while also trying to see the trailer ahead.)... the Bambi failed to appear when expected... motivation to be ones brothers' keeper was never higher... this after more than a thousand miles of safe group travel... was not taken lightly... I stopped in one of the very few wide spots on the highway... unhooked my trailer... raced back up the road to locate you... only a few minutes had passed... enough to permit Dale to conclude that his "cornbinder" (International station wagon to you) had gone the full limit of its' capability... the noises which had distressed Virginia meant *something serious*... with Bambi stopped right on the very narrow road... Dale unpacked his bicycle... advised Virginia that he was going to get help... there was absolutely nothing in sight to encourage the least optimism... a few moments after his departure... I was racing as fast as safely possible to his aid... while rounding a sharp curve I came upon Dale very calmly pedalling along... we returned to meet Virginia and to remove the trailer and tired International to the safest spot we could find off the road... Virginia had, after Dale's departure, dutifully marked the road by placing rocks and cans in the road to warn oncoming motorist of the hazard ahead... a time honored practice in Mexico, particularly in Baja... the three of us were discussing what to do next... a lady, whose arrival went unnoticed, stood next to Dale... looked straight at him and in perfectly good English asked "Aren't you Dale Leipper?"... with eyes widened, he turned to her with his confirming response... the lady was an American resident... a neighbor to Dale's brother who also had a vacation home in Mulege... brother had suggested that she watch for you... tell you that he had returned to the States...

Meeting a friendly face under these circumstances should be enough for one day but there was more.

The "cornbinder" was coaxed into a roadside, palm shaded repair shop(?) operated by a local mechanic who spoke not a word of English... by some ingenious sign language exchanges, Dale conveyed the idea that he needed some help... the obliging mechanic just smiled and was soon seen hopping into his aged machine to disappear to the east... Virginia, who must have either had complete confidence in the outcome or was showing signs of too much tropical sun, calmly retired... with books and a chair she sat in a quiet, shaded spot under the mechanics ramada... let matters take their own course... since fate had provided a new found friend and a mechanic who, although no conversationalist, seemed to be doing *something*, I returned to Eleanor... attached my trailer and set out to catch the others... on passing the Leipper safe haven we determined that nothing had yet happened but Dale was full of hope and confidence... Virginia was absorbed in her books...

A few miles further down the road... at happy hour that evening, near Santa Rosalia... the Coxes, Gormans and Kellonds sat, comfortable in the meager shade of a small tree, but sadly concerned about the Leippers... just as we agreed to stay until noon the following day to let Bambi catch us... the cornbinder, Bambi, and you arrived... what a welcome sight... a great relief came over all of us. Throughout the entire trip

you had been pillars of strength and inspiration as well as sources of wisdom and never ending mirth and pleasure.

My recollections could run on for many more pages than you would like to endure... but, let me mention... the experiences we had at Las Brisas RV Park near Cabo San Lucas.... Joe didn't know how mean Eleanor could be... until she thought that he stole her seat at breakfast... the stop at Juncalito beach and Joe Gorman's mechanical woes and Glen Coxe's mechanical prowess... those rare occasions when you provided oral reports at rallies... reports that gave new perspective on your subjects... like trains, weather etc... always resourceful, you still hold the world record for the highest mass ratio of tow-vehicle to trailer... who else arrived at the lumber mill rally north of Santa Cruz with a rig to match?... that year when Dale was President of MBCU and those years of refreshing readings of the minutes by Virginia... all in good humor... recall our meeting in Jackpot, NV... we homeward bound and you enroute to the Boise International?... and on and on... so many pleasant memories.

I do hope that my recollections of these events will give both of you as much pleasure as I derive from recalling them.

To both of you I offer my deep affection and congratulations on your Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. May God bless you with many more years of good health and marital bliss.

Very sincerely,

Art

P.S. Kitty joins in extending our very best wishes & Congratulations.