

In Seville, it is illegal to have standing passengers in a bus (coach). The first shuttle bus leaving camp was crowded with standing people. Nearing one corner a cop was sighted. The driver slowed down and instructions were given: "all standing folks kneel or squat down, to be out of sight." The bus passed the officer with only the seated folks showing!

May 28 the Caravan moved on to Granada, a drive of 156 miles. We parked on the paved streets of a large Subdivision that apparently had failed to make a go of it. No houses were ever built. Weeds growing in sidewalks, etc. Fancy street lamps had been broken and of course not hooked up. It is interesting, and perhaps questionable, that in leaving three days later we simply lifted the man hole covers and dumped into the pipes that were not hooked up to anything.

In our tours of Granada we learned that this was the last stronghold of the Arabs. They lived here from 711 to 1490. Granada was a city 600 years B.C. Rebuilt often. The Alhambra Palace (out of this world!) was very simple on the outside as their religion was against outward show. They did not believe you should make others jealous. BUT the inside was ornate & beautiful beyond belief. For some reason they concentrated on having the most beautiful work done on the ceilings - perhaps to enjoy while lying down. There were no stairs anywhere as they didn't want any sign of effort or work. It was against their religion to duplicate any form of life, so there were no statues or paintings of man or beast. All designs were of flowers & leaves. Water flows thru' the city from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, - is gravity feed to all fountains, and flows thru' the side streets. Built by Romans 2000 years ago.

May 31 drove the nine hours & 256 miles over to Villa Joypa. A beautiful drive thru' the Sierra Nevada range. Much like our California. Beautiful! Our campsite was out of this world! We were parked in an orange & lemon grove overlooking the campgrounds below.

This is our first day on the Mediterranean. Everyone excited. Walked the beach & waded in the water. Wandered thru' the orange grove picking a few lemons & oranges. Picked up some telephone pole insulators from abandoned poles, to be added to Ruth's Brother's collection.

This is the one and only time the Caravan tried to hold a pot luck. Cooked hot dogs & passed around dishes brought by each of us. Frankly, sort of a failure.

Visited town by bus. New modern high rise apartments or Condo's for vacationers, and the old, old town close by.

In general, have learned: On these big Caravans it doesn't matter how you try, you are always parked in the outer fringe.....miles from the "Center". You don't stop for gas, or to eat. You have "dried out" for 16 hours before departure to avoid bathroom stops, but you are still parked way out. You have also learned that all beautiful looking public shower rooms have cold water ONLY!

Should report our only mechanical break-down of the entire trip was a 5¢ spring clip that held the foot throttle rod to the carburetor. By the time the Airstream Repair Truck (which always brought up the rear) came along I had made a temporary hook-up with wire. In Barcelona it took 2½ hours fighting traffic in very narrow streets to find the Ford Garage and get back to camp. Arrived just before noon and all the Ford mechanics spent their lunch hour looking over our F250 Ford Pickup. They were impressed! The actual repairs were made quickly after lunch and they made no charge for the service. Just a smile and happy wave. And in the entire time there, not a word was spoken between any of us. The problem was explained by pointing & gesturing.

It was a fine sunny day for our 162 mile to Valencia, Spain. We are parked nicely across the road from the beach and will be here three days. The tours were well organized and worthwhile.

Valencia is Spain's 2nd largest Port and the 4th largest city. This is a vast farming area. Water to grow these crops is of vital importance, is drawn from the river, and used to the last drop. A dam holds out the ocean salt water. Each farmer has share of water according to amount of land he owns. His share might be from 2 - 4PM every Tuesday, etc. A Water Court is held every Thursday at 12:00noon. This is the oldest continuous legal court in the world. We happened to be there on Thursday, as part of a tour, and watched as chairs were brought out and placed in a nook at the front of the Cathedral. At twelve sharp the members of the Court, in black robes, came and marched to their chairs at the edge of the sidewalk... This has happened every Thursday for over a thousand years! No records are kept, all is done by word of mouth. They settle the weeks legal matters in a few minutes, and march back into the building. (we could use some of this in our country.) If a farmer has taken too much water, or at the wrong time, he is fined on the spot. We saw one such and he was fined 250 Pesetas (\$3.20). This court has been going on, regardless of change in type government, or ruler, for 1012 years, continuously!

Caravan has a rather active Square Dance Group and we belong. So far, EVERY SCHEDULED DANCE HAS BEEN RAINED OUT! We almost got two of them going but after squaring up it started to rain.

In the larger cities of Spain, only the rich seem to be able to live in houses. Almost everyone lives in the 12 to 16 story apartment buildings. Each family has a balcony, 2, 3, or 4 bedrooms, a dining & living room, and one or two bathrooms. There is central heat for the entire building and elevators to each floor. These are Government buildings yet you buy your apartment for about \$25.00 a month over a 20 to 25 year period. There is a real problem for private owners of the older apartments as Franco has ruled that all apartments must rent or sell for the same price. Because of regulations, owners can't find buyers to buy, and they can't raise the rent. The law says "you can raise rent 10% every 17 years! So families pass them down through generations, Father to Son, etc., as many very fine 6 & 7 bedroom places rent for only \$20.00 a month. AND, by law, the Landlord must keep them up.....paint, repairs, etc. But if that original renter ever gives up the place, the owner can then do what he wants with his place.

As always on this trip, shopping was real fun. Never able to understand each others language, but became experts at hand signals. The many different monies further complicated things and we were never sure just how much we were paying. Here in Valencia, in particular we enjoyed the open air markets.....bought and enjoyed strawberries. And as far as the hand signals: we learned that in Europe holding up the first finger means two, not one. Holding up the first two fingers means three, not two. Only the thumb is one. Even if the thumb does not show, when holding up the first two fingers, it is presumed that the thumb is there, thus making the count three. Very confusing.

Want to return to Portugal for a minute. The motorcycle officers all looked alike.....huge, with goggles and big flowing mustaches. They seemed to be lurking at the edge of every town. Would pounce out and wave you to the side. Of course knew no English. Didn't know if under arrest or what. You would just sit there as they returned to their Observation Post. But once they had "caught" six or eight of us, they would leap on their motorcycle, wave to us to follow, and escort us through town. And at our final destination, it was a real blessing to have them escort us right into camp. With a wave, they would be off to pick up another batch.

And on the subject of hospitality: lets again point out the WONDERFUL treatment we received in each and every campsite. There was ALWAYS organized entertainment by local groups of artists, dancers, or etc. And welcome speeches by the Mayor, Governor, King, or whatever. Our leader Bob Smith was always impressive in his response, and presented them with a Blue Beret. (Should say that in those days we all wore the Blue Beret with pride and the recipients accepted them with real enthusiasm.

We Browns for past forty years have started breakfast with a glass of Apple Juice. Without success we shopped everywhere for Apple Juice. Suddenly, there it was, and Ruth bought six bottles! Libby's, packed in San Francisco, \$1.21 a 64oz jar! Later on trip, found concentrated apple juice, mix four to one. Bought one to try - told friends how good it was - went back next day first thing: SOLD OUT!

Will never forget driving through the many little towns of Southern Europe. The very narrow streets. Then suddenly wider streets and being unable to read the road signs. Should we get near the gutter to make a right turn, or ease out to the center for a left. Little cars by the millions passing on all sides: lots of horn blowing and some shaken fists. They were like swarms of troublesome ants.

The drivers of Southern France were all 100% mad! Like a race track all drove at full throttle. On week-ends and holidays the officials set up white tent hospitals all along the main highways. The opening flaps stood open, - bed & equipment showing, ready for service. Some were permanent buildings about 15 X 15' and were opened up on busy weekends. All have the large Red Cross. Ambulances were parked at the ready, drivers standing by, all along the highways ready for action. It was like WAR!

In the first few weeks of this Caravan we tended to blindly follow the trailer in front of us. Thus, sizable groups would go astray. By mid-June we had learned to do our own mapping (Ruth is very good at this) and we turned off when proper, and would watch the trailers ahead fade off into the distance. Then we would be all parked in camp by the time they had retraced their steps and staggered into camp. We tried not to look smug.

Under considerable protest, Ruth signed me up in a running Bridge Tournament at the first of the trip. On June 17, in Nice, it was announced that I had won in my section. Prize and everything. Also in Nice, the Police drove into camp and delivered a letter addressed to Lloyd W. Brown. Thought it was a death! But only a letter from my brother with a business type problem; should call him but our Nine AM was one AM his time. Not that important. Decided to call him during our bus tour to Monte Carlo the next day. This led to the problems of overseas phone calls from Monte Carlo in the year of 1971. Overseas calls only made from Post Offices and there was no chance to find one from the bus route and sure didn't want to "miss the bus"! Back in camp at 6:45PM and the public speaker was calling all of us to attention for a coming important announcement!

The Hell with the announcement.....I had to make this call back to Brother Noel in good old USA. Only oversea's operators at the Airport. Arrived but our Pickup was too wide for the automatic entrance gate. Bells ringing, ticket projecting, gate all set to lift as I grabbed the ticket, but we were stuck in the "shoot" as too wide! Cars behind tooting as all in rush to catch planes. Attendant running over to help ..... climbed curb & drove over sidewalk. Then only one girl running the Post Office & Over Seas phone, and she spoke no English. And she was busy with many customers. But she was cool and quite intelligent and by sign language we got our call thru'. NOTHING IMPORTANT!!

Must return to our leaving Spain to enter Southern France. There was always the problem of exchanging or using up all coins of one country before entering the next as there is no exchange on coins out of a country. And you know Airstreamers.....they are frugal! We were instructed at Drivers Meeting to be sure to hold on to two lots of 60 Pesetas each in coins to be ready for the two Toll Roads we would cover between camp and the Border the next day. BUT we never did find either Toll Road and 150 trailers carried 18,000 Pesetas out of Spain and of course they were then worthless. Some tears were shed.

June 19 we drove the 61 miles over to Genoa, Italy. This was a very tiring & trying day. We were told there were no French Toll Roads before the Italian Border so we spent our last Franc. Then hit Toll Ways! Had to bribe our way through! We were also quoted a small amount of Italian Lireo that would be needed for Italian Toll Ways once over the Border. Ruth & I had purchased some money of most countries before we left home. So, had \$50.00 worth of Italian money. Many Caravanners had none, and there was not time to buy a supply. So the Browns were Good Samaritans and sold off most of our \$50.00 worth. BUT, it cost a lot more than quoted for the Tolls and we used up all we had left. It is Saturday and Banks will not be open until Monday.....and we leave Monday at 7:00AM before Banks open. We need groceries & supplies and there are Toll Roads ahead on Monday's drive. WHAT TO DO FOR MONEY!

To beat City traffic which is MURDER we start dumping at 5:15....leave at 6:00AM. 120 mile trip to Trrenia and we arrived at 12:30 noon. Many were lost, many took different routes. The roads were very rough and two hitch balls were broken off. Three trailers were side-swiped and there were two mechanical breakdowns. The Toll Road had 57 tunnels. An interesting drive. (Also 2 more Mirrows knocked off.)

Lets return to our Genoa, Italy stop. We were all parked right on the piers in this deep water harbor. Sure wonderful to set up our chairs for a quiet evening drink and watch the freighters go by. Yet we were close enough to town to walk in for lunch. Then square danced with the group. Enjoyed a tour of Columbus's home & the many historic spots of this old City.

And we had a wonderful time at Trrenia. We were parked right on the beach. Nice to walk the sands barefoot, altho the water sure was not clean looking. Typical of all the Mediterranean we saw. And while reporting: we could not get over the French Riviera, which we have always read so much about. We saw no sand at all.....only acres of smooth round rocks, from pea to golf ball size. The bathers spread towels or blankets to lay on. Of course I paid no attention to the hundreds of young ladies laying there. WOW!

Back to Trrenia: As with almost every stop, the town gave us a tremendous and warm welcome. Many little fires were started with grape cuttings. Fresh caught sardines were loaded in large wire holders and barbecued over these fires, enough for all 300 of us. Lots of wine was served, and the fish was served with cheese and French bread. A very merry Party. The Mayor then made his speeches, our Leader Bob Smith responded, and the Mayor was given the usual Blue Beret. Our short, deaf Caravanner, who had been staying very close to the limitless wine supply, announce to the Mayor that he had been there in World War 1.. The Mayor shouted "COMRADE" and kissed him on both cheeks, and raised his glass in a toast. Then more toasts, more COMRADES! More glasses, more kisses on each cheek, etc. Our little man barely made it back to camp, and then slept thru' the second wine tasting party of the afternoon.

The next day was our tour of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. It should be reported that, on every non-travel day of this six month Caravan, there were tours available for sight-seeing of the local area. What a wonderful, wonderful arrangement. The AAA Travel Agents would visit our camp some days or weeks ahead and lay out what would be available when a city was reached. You then signed up for the tours of interest to you and all arrangements had been made when the Caravan arrived at that stop.

So this was our tour of the Leaning Tower. What a great visit! To stand there and look at what one has seen so often in pictures. And to stand on one of the upper floors and have the feeling that you would slide right off the edge of the balcony. This tower was started as the usual bell tower built thru-out Italy, along side the

churches. By the time the first three floors were completed, the building began to tilt, due to the soft ground. So they waited one hundred years then built the rest of the tower, making the pillars longer on one side to correct the lean. Thus the building is curved, but is still sinking. Now 14 ft. out of plumb, in 200 years will be 16 ft., at which point it will fall down.

The Chapel was built in 1063 and is Moorish & Roman in design. It was rebuilt in the 1600's and still in use. In this Church is the body of a local Saint, so well preserved that it has been paraded around town in an open casket, every June 14 festival day, since 1173!

June 23 moved into Rome for our five day stay. Beautiful campsite on the outskirts of the City. Old Roman Aqueduct passed thru corner of our field. "Half way House" from ancient times stood close by. A poor little local farmer arrived with fruit & vegetables he had grown, expecting to sell them to these rich Americans. I'm truly ashamed of the way the Caravanners treated him. Hagled over prices. Claimed he short changed them! Claimed he was too high priced! Spent millions to buy equipment and get here and yet fought the native over the few pennies he asked for the fresh produce. Could Kill Em!

Several Caravanners had bought musical air horns down in Naples. Played tunes such as "How Dry I am". Well, there was time here in Rome to install them - and, TRY THEM OUT! They were sounding off at all hours, but during Siesta Time was too much. Bob Smith (our Leader) announced "NO MORE OF THIS!"

In case not mentioned, let me explain that our tow vehicle was a 3/4 ton Ford Pick-up. By now we have been out almost four months and have been buying things at every stop. And there were things brought from home that we were not using. This was an idle day here in Rome. Ruth went to town with a few ladies. With her gone seemed a good time to clean out the back of the truck. A Flea Market arrangement was set up under our awning - except, nothing was priced - everything was free. Just take it away. But you know these Airstreamers.....even then they grumbled. Barbecue grate with 50 lbs. of briquettes from home. Oversize urn pot (pottery) bought from a fellow on a donkey in the hills of Madrid. Piles & piles of stuff. Most trouble getting one of our fellows to take an almost new pair of Nunn-Bush

shoes. They fit him, were free, but he was not sure. Told him I would even polish them, and he took them. (Saw him two years later at International and he was wearing them!)

Today was the exciting tour to Pompeii, Sorrento, Capri, etc. Ruth & I were assigned bus #2 and we got people safely aboard. Left camp at 7:00AM, returning tired but happy at 11:45PM that night. It was a long but GREAT trip, one of the best of the Caravan. Of course I helped the attractive young lady guide at each stop. Someone told her I was the "El Captain" - and she relayed this information in Italian at each restaurant, each stop, etc. I had Head Waiters, Guide Leaders, Police, ...all bowing!

For me, Pompeii was one of our most interesting visits in Europe. This was a great city before the time of the Romans. One thousand years BC it was a busy spot. In the time of the Romans it was a wealthy holiday resort and an important seaport. Behind it stood Mt Vesuvius. In AD 63 the Earthquake occurred and Mt Vesuvius erupted. The entire city was buried in ashes and preserved exactly as things were at that very moment. All streets, clothing, implements, household furniture.....were there when the ruins were carefully opened up starting in 1748.

Our day to run the shuttle bus in Rome was a bad one! Weather hot! tempers hot! Rode into City, dropped our passengers, took aboard those ready to ride back to camp. But, while doing this, the driver got out and disappeared. Sat in the heat for two hours while the Airstreamers built up steam. I searched the local bars & eating places but could not find him. When he finally returned as if nothing was wrong, I had trouble getting him to start the bus & return to camp. No one in all our group spoke Italian and he understood not a word of English. FOLKS MAD! I finally turned on the key & whished him on with hand signals. At camp, we learned he had been given wrong instructions and had no intentions of returning to camp for still more hours. So, it could have been worse.

Later on we did our grocery shopping. Always fun pointing to things and signalling amount wanted. Then to understanding what the cost was and the handling of their money. Ruth also had time for a complete trailer clean-up.

June 27th was Sunday and almost everyone (including Ruth) took the bus tour of the Vatican and to see the Pope come out on his little balcony to bless the folks. Our Airstream group almost 300 strong held up various medals they had purchased at the local stores and the Pope mentioned the word Airstream as he waved his blessing over these. Ruth had special ones which she gave the Castles months later when we had returned home.

Having no interest in the Pope visit, I stayed in camp. Some time back the Caravan Kitty had bought a 1½" water line which would be run out during our longer stays, such as in Rome. There was no thought of individual water