A few of you are receiving this letter a second time.  Didn't want to change the group list.

Thursday, June 05, 2008; 4:45P.M. c:/wklylt8.8wc29

2008 NHN&WR letter/story #10

**Home on a Shoestring.**

We’ve returned to North Hero from a delightful sojurn with an old friend who lives in State College, PA., ... friend being Art Ward. Old being a 70 year acquaintance. We being Bailey & Ken. We talked, looked at H.S. year books, talked, played games, talked, ate & drank, talked, re-stocked an antique display and talked. We won’t go into a count of words said, ... let’s just say Bailey did not utter a single word and Ken wasn’t too far behind her. This long association began with a 6th grade elementery school play in 1938*, "The Black Knight".* It turns out that Ken’s sister Beth has a color film of this classic. Current plans are to locate surviving classmates and offer to send them this classic gem. Was a wonderful visit and we will not let years go by before another get-together.

The trip home was also sort of a classic. The Saturn has a penchant for displaying little reminders on the dash. Like, ... *"Change oil soon".* (To the Saturn the dash is like Ken’s coffee mug to Lucile, i.e.; notes like *... "Garbage smells, take it out.")* We change oil more by date than mileage. Half the time the ‘miles’ sticker put on the windshield by the changer is a ‘kilometer’ sticker and can become confusing with a miles odometer. (Is anybody following this?) Anyway, we ignore all *"Change oil soon"* displays. (In this way the Saturn dash differs from the coffee mug, we don’t dare ignore java notes.) About a month ago a new display appeared, *"Service engine soon".* Concerned? Hardly noticed it.

Back to State College. An early start home was gotten and the little party was heading east on Interstate 80 by 8:30 and darn, darn, forgot water again. ‘Green’ lavs on Interstates present a problem for dog owners who forget to bring water. You know the ones, ... hold your hands under the spigot and the water comes on, ... if someone has just used the lav the water is warm. Bailey doesn’t like warm water. M.O.: turn into rest area, lots of cars, abort to next area. Not many cars, park, go in men’s room, hold Baileys dish under the spigot for a few seconds, before water gets warm, move to the next sink. Just something we’ll have to endure on this trip. Soon there was something else. The engine started making strange noises and vibrations. Sort of like when you put regular gas in a car that requires premium, knocking/mis-firing. These became more magnified on steep grades and this being central Pennsylvania, we are now in a very bad situation. On one extremely long upgrade *"Service engine soon"* became much more aggressive and started FLASHING. Good Grief, ... flashed by an internal combustion engine. (North Hero, ... We have a problem.) The very next rest area, still 300 miles from home, we stopped to ponder the predicament. After performing ‘Operation Cool Water’, it was Harvard man vs Saturn. Knocking/mis-firing/vibrations? A thought, ... gas tank is at 3/8ths. Go to first gas station and top up with the superest premium gas they have. Good plan, Bailey, ... let’s go. In the back of our minds through all this was the Nancy/David Jefferson saga when their car simply refused to go at all. The car started, we backed up, ... SCRAPE!!! The trim on the front had become hung up on the parking curb! Ken stops the car, exits and surveys the situation. Yes, it had happened once before, and there hung the right side lower front trim assembly, sagging down about 6 inches from where it should be!

*"Goodness gracious me!"* Yeah, ... right. (Like the forest fire in VA and the flat tire after the GA hockey game huh Phil?) Saturn 2, Harvard Man 0. What to do? At least had seen this problem before. Got running shoe out of the trunk, took out a shoe lace, threaded it through holes in the frame, raised trim back pretty close to its desired position and tied it off with the lacer. Back in the car. BP probably 190/100. What to do? As we had left State College, Art had given us a couple poems his daughter Heather had written. You know what, ... I’m going to read one. I did.

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5/29/08

Sympathy

by

Heather P. Hardy

*Look at us, aren’t we great!*

*Is there room for sympathy on our plate?*

*Not an inch. We’ve filled the Earth with only our faith.*

*Hold on tight human race, God is everywhere around this place.*

*You won’t find anything you’ll need to feel sorry for here.*

*Forgive, hold on to what we have. Dream and be all you can.*

*God is always protecting, forgiving and loving,*

*this finest and respected man.*

Thank you Heather, ... BP estimate, ...somewhat normal.

OK, ... we’re five hours from home, let’s go! Better gas and 60 mph top made a difference. Shoe lace held. Made it to the Grand Isle Ferry. On board we were first car in our row. All engines must be turned off on the ferry. Easy to visualize the piece de resistance of this caper. Saturn chooses not to start and being ignominiously pushed off the ferry in front of angry drivers. Didn’t happen. Made it home. Good for you Saturn. Thank you Heather. I’ll never keep you in the car 9 hours again Bailey.

Saturn engine is being serviced and trim secured Tuesday, June 10th at ten A.M. Should we send this letter to Lucile in Ottawa for editing before we go there to bring her back to North Hero on June 12th? Don’t think so. (Feel we must say, ... this Saturn had gone 75,000 miles with absolutely no problems of any sort, and of course we ignored the warning.).

Safe & Sound in North Hero, enjoying double martini & marrow bone.

Your partial NHN&WR Staff, Bailey & Ken.

Reg. Dist: 78

cc: Heather Hardy, Kevin Ward, Dick Buck, Ayers Auto.

P.S.: Car fixed, arcing plug wire. Been to Ottawa and back. All in N.H.