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Folder ID Number: 13674-009

Folder Title:
Family Motor Coach Association 6/21/89 [OA 6345] [2]

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
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II.

Voluntarism

outdoor ethic

enviro

~~Ecology~~ SELF-RELIANCE, INDEPENDENCE, ADAPTABILITY

family values ~~fellowship~~ camaraderie

had your 25 thousand. last yr.

~~100,000~~

65,000 members -- active -- after the yearly expedition for weekends or migrating for months

people often cite Kerouac, Easy Rider

apocalyptic, anti-establishment

but in fact you follow, in a great, long-standing Am. tradition.

trad. values. ~~cowboy~~ wagon

Make America your Back Yard

6/21 MACKALLY/SIMON addendum

17

American Recreation Coalition

Dedicated to the protection and enhancement of every citizen's right to pursue health and happiness through leisure-time activities.

May 22, 1989

PLEASE DELIVER TO JAY PARMER, FAX 456-2820, ONE PAGE

MEMORANDUM

TO: Jay Parmer

FROM: Derrick Crandall

SUBJECT: Richmond Event

Details on the Family Motor Coach Association Convention in Richmond are as follows:

- site is the Virginia State Fair Grounds;
- attendance will be an estimated 10,000 (roughly 4,000 families); and
- most large events will be outdoors, utilizing the racetrack grandstand. A professional stage is being readied for the event. The Philadelphia Mummers will perform later on the 21st on this stage.

Information regarding June 21 specifically follows:

- ice cream social at 3:00pm (outdoors, no program);
- directors' award program at 6:00pm (grandstand area).

Indoor event is possible for 2-3,000 persons (estimate).

More info still to come.

DAC/epw
Enclosure

June 21

Suite 726 • 1331 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W. • Washington, D.C. 20004 • (202) 662-7420

17 cw

EVENT PROPOSAL - POTUS

THEME: Outdoors/Environment
DATE: June 20-22 Best = June 21
LOCATION: Richmond, VA
SPONSOR: Family Motor Coach Association

Nat'l Endowment for the Environment?

ACTION #1: Speech at outdoors location
Audience size: 5,000+
Audience composition: middle-class and up; large percentage are retired couples; suburban/rural backgrounds.
Comments: Themes of volunteerism; outdoors ethics; vision and individual actions; Take Pride in America; Bush outdoors record and initiatives.

→ volunteer awards

Bob Raley
343-1726

ACTION #2: Meal at gathering of leaders
Audience size: 50-100
Comments: POTUS listens to stories of individual actions - campground hosts; litter clean-ups; environment education programs. Receives souvenirs. Play horseshoes?

BACKGROUND:
In 1984, Reagan visited similar gathering of National Campers and Hikers Association. (See July 7-13 proposal). Comparison of audience: more affluent; comparable age range. All attendees must own motorhomes; average value of units at meeting $50,000+.

SUGGESTED LINK:
Visit to local site where volunteers have adopted park.

CONTACT FOR DETAILS:
(1) Derrick Crandall (202)662-7420
(2) Ginny Bauman (513)474-3622

Deanorell
- 387 - 6200

(804) 228 - 3270
Pam Kay
Robin Mari
Jenny Bowman

(202) 547-8955

804 228-3270

Anna Macon

Jeanie Cheneweth

Charles Chenowith

San D.

San

- S.D can crushers

- Fact Sheet

clean environment

- Party $

- 2 rallies per yr.

founded - Tom, Donna Santos of San Diego

roughly 140 members (coaches)

based in Calif - but nationwide

- Strictly

250 - Aprox. Chapters

for nearly 10 yrs

started by a person attending a rally - Weekend outing - covers Southern California —

Ecological Club.

- pool cash on refunds
- recycling

- Rep to Nat. Assoc.

Chenoweth

Jeanie + Charles

- (Marriott Richmond)

Richmond Fairgrounds

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CONTACT: Pamela Wisby Kay (800) 543-3622

Friendship Is "The Tie That Binds"

"What does FMCA do for me? Well, speaking for myself, the memories and the new friends that I have made are worth a trillion dollars. I will cherish the memories as long as I live." -- FMCA member Tony Bartolino.

If one were to query members of the Family Motor Coach Association with regard to what they have gained from their affiliation with that organization, a host of different answers invariably would crop up. Some of the members of this international association of motorhome owners would talk about how the emergency message service helps to ease their worries by providing a link with their home bases while they rove about the country. Others would likely speak favorably of the magazine and the wealth of

information with which the publication supplies them. Indeed, the membership services provided by the Family Motor Coach Association are of great value to many of its members.

But, perhaps the most important facets of the Family Motor Coach Association are the fellowship and camaraderie that are so central to the very being of the organization. Because of this, many FMCA members would likely express sentiments similar to those appearing at the opening of this article.

Through their association with FMCA, many motorhomers have developed lifelong friendships and have found frequent traveling companions. Indeed, this network of friends serves as the basis for the existence of the organization. Members of the Family Motor Coach Association share a common interest -- that being the motorhoming lifestyle. When FMCA members get together, they exchange information about places to visit, activities to enjoy, and even little mechanical or livability pointers that they've discovered in their travels. Most important of all, however, are the good times that they share.

In addition to providing opportunities for fellowshipping with existing FMCA members, who can be identified by the oval membership emblems -- "goose eggs" -- displayed on their coaches, the association serves as an

opener for meeting new motorhomers at campgrounds and other destinations. In fact, many of the members of FMCA were introduced to the association by fellow motorhomers who they met in their travels.

The Family Motor Coach Association is celebrating its 25th anniversary. The organization came into being in July 1963. Under the guidance of Bob and Jean Richter of Hanson, Massachusetts, a group of "house car" owners, as these vehicles were called back then, gathered in Hinckley, Maine, at the Hinckley school, for the purpose of viewing an eclipse, as well as socializing and becoming acquainted with others who shared their interest in traveling by "house car."

Twenty-six families attended this original meeting. In those days, motorized recreational vehicles were not all that common, and the families who gathered in Hinckley realized that it would be to their benefit to form an association, so that they might share information regarding maintenance techniques and ways to enhance their motorhoming lifestyles. On July 21, 1963, the Family Motor Coach Association was born. The organization was so named after the "house car" owners decided to term their vehicles "motor coaches." Out of the 26 families that attended the Hinckley meeting, 18 signed on as founding members of the

association. The organization accepted its first commercial member, Crown Coach Corporation, in January 1964.

Today, the Family Motor Coach Association boasts nearly 65,000 active members.

The organization recognizes more than 215 chapters. These subgroups are organized according to geographic location, make of motor coach, or a special interest. Among the special interest groups served by FMCA chapters are handicapped RVers, single RVers, golfers, and amateur radio buffs.

FMCA chapters serve a vital function within the organization, as membership in these groups greatly enhances members' enjoyment of the association. Although FMCA's international conventions allow association members to share good times together, because of the magnitude of these gatherings they take place only twice each year. FMCA chapters, on the other hand, hold rallies at various times throughout the year. Many of these rallies are held on the weekends and at sites not far from chapter members' home bases, thus supplying FMCA members with occasions for using their coaches more frequently and without traveling great distances. Many times these rallies are planned to coincide with a special event that is of general interest to chapter

members, which allows FMCAers to enjoy these events in the company of people who share their love for the RV lifestyle.

In addition to the opportunities for forming long-lasting friendships, chapter affiliation presents FMCA members with forums for exchanging information. Those chapters that are based on mutual interest in a common model coach or in a particular hobby or activity serve as pools of information drawn from the experiences and knowledge of chapter members.

Another valuable source of information enjoyed by FMCA members is the association's monthly publication, Family Motor Coaching, which has increased considerably in size and in quality over the years. Since its first appearance, Family Motor Coaching magazine has been an important part of the association. The first issue of the magazine was published on February 15, 1964, under the editorship of Bob Richter. It was published on a quarterly basis until February 1971, when it became bimonthly. With the January 1978 issue, it became a monthly publication.

Today, Family Motor Coaching remains a viable monthly publication that provides its readers with livability reviews of the latest motorhomes, motorhome maintenance and modification information, helpful hints to enhance the motorhoming lifestyle, association and industry news,

colorful travel features, and personality profiles. Members of the association receive this informative and entertaining publication (which normally carries a subscription price of $24.00 per year) as a member benefit. And, in a recent survey, FMCA members rated the magazine as their favorite of the myriad benefits that they receive.

In addition to the monthly magazine, the Family Motor Coach Association offers its members benefits the likes of trip routing, accidental death insurance coverage, emergency message service, mail forwarding, a group rate for emergency road service and towing, an antitheft program, and caravans and tours.

Membership in the association costs $35 for the first year (which covers the dues for the first year and an initiation fee) and $25 per year thereafter.

The association maintains its headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio, and employs a full-time office staff of 29 and a part-time staff of 12. It is governed by officers who are elected from within the ranks of the association and who offer their services on a voluntary basis. To accommodate the burgeoning growth of the association, FMCA recently completed a $1 million expansion project that provided the organization with a modern headquarters facility that encompasses 21,000 square feet.

The association will hold its first spring convention -- one of three conventions sponsored by the organization this year -- in Richmond, Virginia, at the Virginia State Fairgrounds, June 20, 21, and 22. Any motorhomer may attend the convention in his or her motor coach for a base fee of $80 (the gate registration fee for members of the association is $75). This entitles him or her to enjoy the full slate of activities -- the almost continuous entertainment, informative seminars, and a sizable RV show. The only portion of the event that is open to the general public is the RV show. Interested parties may enter via the public gate, where they may purchase a daily pass for $5.00; children under 8 will be admitted free. Show hours are from 11:00 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 20, 21, and 22.

The association is expecting more than 3,000 families to participate in its Richmond. Activities abound at these gatherings. In fact, one of the common complaints voiced at these events is that there is too much to do. Convention attendees often have a difficult time deciding how to divide their time at FMCA conventions. The choices are many.

One of the important elements of an FMCA convention is the RV shopper's bonanza that unfolds there during the daytime hours. Major manufacturers and dealers from across

the country gather to display their wares at FMCA conventions. In Richmond, convention-goers will be treated to a look at 1989-model coaches. Nearly 500 display coaches -- ranging from economical mini motorhomes to the most luxurious land yachts -- will be assembled at the fairgrounds. A host of coach components and accessories, as well as many items that lend themselves to use in the home in addition to in the RV, will be on display as well.

Nearly continuous entertainment will take place during the daytime hours of the convention, including a variety of local performers.

Opportunities for taking part in various social events -- including morning coffee hour and an ice cream social -- will present themselves to convention-goers.

A compendium of informative seminars centering around topics of interest to motorhomers -- including Chevy chassis maintenance and microwave cooking -- will be held.

Evenings in Richmond will be no less action-packed, as convention-goers will enjoy performances by top-flight entertainers each night of the gathering.

Sandwiched in between all of these scheduled activities will be numerous impromptu good times. Many chapters and informal groups take advantage of lulls in the bustling activity at FMCA conventions to gather with intimate groups

of friends to enjoy food and drink, to catch up on who's been where and what they've seen and done, and to simply enjoy one another's company.

And, even before the Richmond conclave comes to a close on Thursday evening, association members will likely be making plans to attend their next chapter rally or international convention.

--END--

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

May 17, 1989

Contact: Pamela Wisby Kay (800) 543-3622

THE ULTIMATE IN OVERLAND TRANSPORTATION

RICHMOND, Va. — Says an industry pioneer, "I don't think this business has even actually started. The concept of the motor home is in its infancy stage."

The motor home is considered by many to be a vehicle of maximum travel options. It is enjoyed by vacationing families; utilized by traveling businessmen; used by professional entertainers on concert tours; and employed to transport fishermen and other sportsmen. It is utilized by businesses to display products or to host conferences; it serves as a mobile dressing room for TV stars; and it functions as a remote mobile studio for television news/sports operations and for radio shows.

The motor home is a vehicle of countless purposes. Almost any travel need or desire can be satisfied by a motor home through the various innovations now being offered on the latest production and conversion models.

Motor homes are an increasingly popular travel option. Sales figures for 1987 indicated nearly a 10 percent increase in sales of motor homes over 1986 figures. Sales of motorhomes held steady throughout 1988. And according to a recent consumer study conducted by the University of Michigan, the potential for future growth in RV ownership in general in the United States is considerable.

A vast array of the latest motor home models and samples of bus conversion vehicles, along with related RV component and accessory products, will be assembled

→

at the Virginia State Fairgrounds for public inspection Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 20, 21, and 22. Show hours are from 11:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. on those days. Admission is $5.00; free to children under 8.

Major manufacturers and dealers from across the country will display models in all styles and in various price ranges. There will be approximately 400 display vehicles in all, some of which will be models of custom-made handiwork. Thousands of RV components, accessories, and products for both the home and the RV will be displayed as well.

The RV show is just one element of a national convention of a motor home owners' club, the Family Motor Coach Association. More than 3,000 families are expected to attend the three-day rally, which includes seminars on topics relative to RVing, top-flight professional entertainment, and various social events.

Any owner of a motor home can attend the three-day rally in his or her coach for a base fee of $80.00. The general public, however, can attend only the motor home and related products exhibits.

The Family Motor Coach Association offers to its members benefits the likes of mail forwarding service, message service, reduced rates on motor home insurance, trip routing, accidental death insurance coverage, special caravans and tours, group rates on an emergency towing and road service program, and much more, along with its monthly magazine, *Family Motor Coaching*, the latest issue of which consists of 320 pages filled with helpful information for the RV enthusiast.

The organization's national office is located in Cincinnati, Ohio, and can be reached toll-free — 1-800-543-3622.

The event in Richmond, called FMCA's "Colonial Heritage" convention, represents one of three FMCA-sponsored conventions that will be held this year at various locations across the country.

Would you like to see the kinds of custom-built coaches that are driven by entertainers such as Barbara Mandrell, Dolly Parton, and Willie Nelson? Or the type of unit used by Muhammad Ali? →

Are you interested in a mini motor home that registers approximately 20 miles per gallon of gasoline?

The greatest names, the most innovative craftsmen, and the pioneers of the industry will be in Richmond at the Virginia State Fairgrounds for three days only. All types of motor homes and thousands of items to put on them, in them, or under their hoods will be displayed during the three-day event.

You are welcome to stop by to witness the activities.

Please call if any questions arise.

The Family Motor Coach Association

8291 Clough Pike

Cincinnati, OH 45244

800-543-3622

■

HISTORY OF FMCA

In the Spring of 1962, Bill Christensen, F28, of Winona, Minnesota, wrote to 40 or 50 "house car" owners, suggesting that they form an organization. Some responded, but no immediate action was taken.

On June 20, 1963, a meeting of house car owners was held in Corunna, Michigan. The few who attended this meeting formed a casual group of motorhome enthusiasts, later to become the core of the Michigan Knights of the Highway Chapter of Family Motor Coach Association.

On July 20, 1963, under the guidance of Bob and Jean Richter L1, of Hanson, Massachusetts, 26 families from eight states and Canada met at the Hinckley School in Hinckley, Maine, to socialize and become acquainted with other house car owners. Here, the decision was made to organize themselves into a motorhome owners' common interest group.

The next day the Family Motor Coach Association (FMCA) was born, so named after the "house car" owners who decided to term their vehicles "motor coaches." There were 18 original member families, from the attending 26.

The following September 7, 1963, the first Constitution Committee met at Wolf Den State Park in Pomfret, Connecticut. The Articles of Incorporation were filed on October 15, 1963, and the following were elected as the first officers of FMCA: Robert L. Richter L1, national president; J. Raymond Fritz L4, national vice president; Mary L. Whiting F7, national secretary; Willard E. Whipple F15, national treasurer; and John T. Samuelson F19, Charles E. Owens L44, Dennis McGuire F11, Hubert S. Sharp F2, and Dr. George L. Whiting L7, national directors, the voting body of the association. The Constitution of FMCA was unanimously ratified December 15, 1963.

By New Year's Day, 1964, membership totaled 184 families from 31 states and Canada. Since that time, FMCA has experienced phenomenal growth. On December 29, 1965, membership number F1000 was assigned to William C. Lewis, Jr. of Big Flats, New York. There were 5,000 members by April, 1971; 10,000 by April, 1973; 15,000 by March, 1975; 20,000 by April, 1976; 25,000 by March, 1977; 30,000 by March, 1978; 40,000 by May, 1981; 50,000 by May, 1983; 60,000 by May, 1984; 70,000 by June, 1985; 80,000 by July, 1986; 90,000 by February, 1987; and 100,000 members by March, 1988.

In January, 1964, the first commercial member, Crown Coach Corporation, joined FMCA. Camperama, Inc. became the 100th member in November, 1967; Motor Vacations Unlimited the 500th member in September, 1972; World of Recreation the 1,000th member in June, 1975; Ocala Springs RV Park the 1,500th member in February, 1978; Powers Travel Center the 2,000th member in July, 1980; National Service Organization the 2,500th member in April, 1983; A.E.G. Telefunken the 3,000th member in March, 1985; Joey Bed, Inc. the 3,500th member in August, 1986; and Avery's Enterprises the 4,000th member in January, 1988.

Since its first appearance, FAMILY MOTOR COACHING magazine has been an important part of FMCA. Volume 1, Issue 1, was published under the editorship of Bob Richter on February 15, 1964, shortly after the inception of the association. It appeared regularly as a quarterly magazine until February, 1971, when it became a bi-monthly publication. In January, 1978, it became a monthly publication. Today, FAMILY MOTOR COACHING magazine remains a viable monthly publication containing livability reviews of the newest motorhomes, technical and coach modification information, helpful motorcoaching hints, association news, new products information, travel features and much much more. Sold at a normal subscription price of $20.00 per year, FMC magazine is a free FMCA member benefit.

The association has had several national offices during its brief 25-year history. For the first two years of its existence, it was located in a store-front office at the Richters' home in Hanson, Massachusetts. Then on March 15, 1965, the association moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, where it was housed in the family room of Kenneth T. Scott L63, who was named executive director and served as chief operating executive until his retirement in 1978.

In June, 1967, the association moved into "the ivy-covered cottage" on Beechmont Avenue in Cincinnati, where it remained until it outgrew its space. The fourth home of FMCA at 5200 Beechmont housed the association for over six years, from July, 1970, until November 30, 1976.

In early 1976, the association began to search in earnest for a new permanent headquarters. Attention was focused on a building at 8291 Clough Pike, which had first been spotted almost a year earlier.

At the summer convention in Centreville, Michigan, in 1976, plans to purchase the building – provided the funds could be raised – were announced to the FMCA membership. During that convention $260,000 in cash was raised by the membership to purchase the new building.

Two principal methods of obtaining funds were used. Fifteen members chose to make $1,000 donations to FMCA: these contributors make up the Thousand Club. Full lifetime memberships in the association were sold at $500 each; over 600 members are now lifetime members.

On November 30, 1976, FMCA moved into its new building with a staff of 15.

During the 22nd annual summer convention in Puyallup, Washington, the governing board approved a $1,000,000 expansion of the Clough Pike facilities which was completed during 1987. The present staff now totals 25 full-time and 10 part-time employees.

Ten men have served as president of the organization: Robert Richter L1, 1963-64; Raymond Fritz L4, 1964-66; Charles Owens L44, 1966-69; Tom Duck L257, 1969-72; Harry Palmer L481, 1972-74; Phil Johnson L3221, 1974-77; John Morris L4372, 1977-79; Harry Palmer L481, 1979-81; John E. Linebaugh L12971, 1981-83 (passed away while serving his 3rd term); Charles Cheneweth L9986, 1983-86; and Glen Key F26355, 1986 to 1988 present. Richard Hammann, 1988 to present.

FMCA continues to grow rapidly, and changes come almost as quickly. Over 100,000 numbers are now assigned and active chapters total 211. Chapters have been important to association members almost from the very founding of FMCA. Recognizing that it would be impossible to assemble the entire membership for as many activities and as frequently as the members wanted, chapters were formed based on locale, special interests or coach model. Three chapters were chartered on April 10, 1965: the Michigan Knights of the Highway; the Midwest Coachmen, operating in Ohio and Kentucky; and Northeastern, connecting Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and southern Quebec. A California chapter was formed in June that year, and each passing year, except 1971, has seen the formation of new FMCA chapters. Member benefits currently include FAMILY MOTOR COACHING magazine, motor coach insurance, trip routing, identification emblems, accidental death coverage, emergency message service, emergency driver program, classified advertising, youth activities, anti-theft program, KOA discounted value cards, legislative and legal advisory program, national conventions, stoppin' spot fellowship, local service information, mail forwarding service, caravans and tours. One of the greatest benefits of FMCA membership is the opportunity it provides for enjoying the fellowship of friends from all over the country who share a common interest, "motorhoming."

OF CONCERN NOW

HELPING HOMELESS FAMILIES

HOW WE'RE PUTTING YOUR MONEY TO WORK RIGHT NOW

By Margaret Daly; Photographs by George Ceolla

Nutritious meals and expert care keep homeless kids happy and healthy at a special day-care center in Albuquerque. Meanwhile, parents can seek work and receive counseling.

Boise, Idaho, homeless families find security in homes rehabilitated for long-term transitional housing. A community network of services helps families help themselves.

Sweetie gets a smooch at The Children's Shelter for the Homeless, which provides day care for homeless kids aged 2 to 6 in Phoenix.

Last October, we told you about The Better Homes™ Foundation, the nonprofit organization that we created to help homeless families throughout the country. Already, your generosity is hard at work. Here's our first report on just some of the ways your contributions are aiding families. Help us continue the good work; see the coupon at right. ▶

continued on page 22

The Better Homes™ FOUNDATION
HELP FOR HOMELESS FAMILIES

Yes, I want to help families overcome the crushing burden of homelessness. Enclosed is my gift to *The Better Homes™ Foundation* for:

☐ $15 ☐ $25 ☐ $50 ☐ $75 ☐ $100 ☐ $_____ Other

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APT #

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please check the appropriate box:
☐ Enclosed is my check
Please charge my donation to: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard
Credit Card Number _____
Expiration Date (month/year) _____

Please make your check payable to *The Better Homes™ Foundation* and mail it to:

The Better Homes™ Foundation
LOCUST AT 17TH
P.O. BOX 10879
DES MOINES, IA 50336-0879

Your gift is tax deductible.

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Dog foods are allowed to get their required protein from such unlikely sources as feathers and beaks.

So it's important to read your dog food bag.

With Purina O.N.E.® brand dog food, real chicken leads the list. Followed by yellow corn, wheat and rice—ingredients that contribute to a highly nutritious, highly digestible formula.

In fact, Purina O.N.E. has more protein and energy per ounce than the leading dog food.

So give your dog the optimum nutrition of Purina O.N.E. Because when it comes to good eating, feathers are no joke.

For that one dog. Yours.

Purina

Helping your dog wherever, however it lives™ © Ralston Purina Company, 1988

PURINA ONE

SHARING PROFITS

From real estate sales

"As soon as I saw the article about the Better Homes" Foundation, I wanted to join in," says Blake R. Hastings *(front, third from left)*, who started the McPheeters/Better Homes and Gardens" real estate agency a year ago in Eugene, Oregon. "You see lots of homeless here."

To help, the agency has pledged one-half of 1 percent of 1989 sales to the Better Homes" Foundation, which will share the funds with local projects in Eugene. "It's a natural," says Hastings. "It will be good for our community, and it will help people know about us."

CHILD CARE AND JOB SKILLS

Helping kids, training parents

Three years ago, Lauri Reiter was serving meals to the homeless through her church in Albuquerque, New Mexico. "I wondered how all those kids' mothers could afford day care so they could hold jobs," she says. "So I looked for a day-care center where I could volunteer my help. There weren't any at all."

Last December, thanks to perseverance, ingenuity, and funds from churches and other sources, Lauri opened the Cuidando Los Ninos Daycare Center in space she remodeled at The Second Congregational Church. The rent is free for three years.

A Better Homes grant solved a big problem by funding two head teachers to coordinate volunteers' work. "We needed paid staff in order to get insurance and open our doors," says Lauri.

Some of The Center's first clients were homeless mothers training for household management jobs through the local Women's Housing Coalition. "We needed a place for the mothers to put their kids," says the Coalition's Judy Ricci. "It was an ideal team."

Homeless mothers spend time with their youngsters at Cuidando Los Ninos Daycare Center for homeless children in Albuquerque before setting out for job-skills training and to look for housing *(above and right)*.

Family Motor Coach Association, Inc.

June 14, 1989

FAX MEMO

To: Mr. Rhett Wallace, White House Speech Writer
Fr: Pamela Wisby Kay PWK
Re: President Bush's speech

Dear Mr. Wallace:

Copies of the nostalgia columns that we discussed in our telephone conversation follow.

I was able to learn that although John Madden was once listed as a member of the Family Motor Coach Association, his membership is not currently on active status.

I hope that the information that I have provided you will be of some assistance. Please feel free to call if other questions arise.

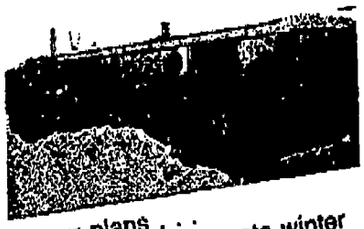
:pwk

8291 Clough Pike • Cincinnati, Ohio 45244-2796 • (800) 543-3622 • (513) 474-3622

ADVERTISEMENT

THEY WROTE THE BOOK!

All RVers have stories to tell about their first RV, their first big trip, folks they met along the way, and the



our plans . . . to miss a Minnesota winter

experiences enjoyed by them. Often Jordahl was admonished, "When you wind her up now, you must write a book about the trip!"

Now the book has been written and published . . . "The Joggin' Jordahls" . . . the memoirs of Jerome and Nona Jordahl, who purchased a 36-foot Spartan house trailer for their first home, and spent better than two years seeing the American West, between 1953 and 1955.

Jordahl worked as a linotype operator, and, as a member of The International Typographical Union, was privileged to carry a Traveler's Card which entitled him to apply for work at most all daily newspapers during the time they were on the road.

"Truly, it was an opportunity few are privileged to enjoy!", he writes. "Educational, most definitely, for it provided the possibility of working and visiting with folks in communities who exhibited a personal pride in pointing out places of interest to see and enjoy. At most points, we discovered it profitable to work the night shift, leaving days for pleasure."

The Jordahl sojourn came to an end in November, 1955. They settled down to raise a family in North Dakota, editing, publishing and printing The Velva Journal and The Granville Herald for the next 15 years. It was a good life, one filled with all sorts of warm memories from their two-year adventure.

In January 1984, Jordahl learned that he had cancer and immediately was placed on disability. Finally, he had time to write the book about the '50s trailer trip.

The paperback is stuffed with nostalgia and information, as well as black-and-white photographs, reminiscent of a family album. And, of course, that's what it is.

Copies are available for $5 each plus 95 cents for handling and mailing from: The Joggin' Jordahls, P.O. Box 210, Lake Park, Minnesota 56554.

Jordahl, Circle 111 on Reader Service Card

The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

By KEN T. SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

In FMCA's early days and on into the late 1970s, Ken Scott's "Pipe Dreams" column appeared as a regular feature in Family Motor Coaching *magazine. Those of you who have been FMCA members for some time surely will remember Ken's column, in which he shared news about association happenings, thoughts about the burgeoning RV industry, and, of course, pipe dreams for the organization's future. In honor of FMCA's upcoming 25th anniversary celebration, that column is being revived.*

Ken served as executive director of the organization from March 1965 until his retirement in 1977. He is now FMCA's executive director emeritus. To Ken and his wife, Dotty, FMCA is very much like a child that they have watched grow over the years. In fact, for 2½ years, the Scotts operated the organization out of the family room in their Cincinnati home. Over the years Ken has watched many of his pipe dreams for the organization become reality.

Should you chance to be friends of mine from the '60s and '70s, the title of my monthly greeting to you back then would have been "Pipe Dreams" rather than "The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces." Although the name of the column has been changed, and many of you reading it are newcomers to the organization, I'll wager that you are, as you were then, a fraternity of the world's finest people.

Those of you who were regular readers of my "Pipe Dreams" column will note that we've even resurrected the original sketch that accompanied that column. This sketch has an especially sentimental attraction for me, since it was sketched on the very day that FMCA was being formed, at a location just a few miles from the Hinckley School in Maine where FMCA's founding members met. But that's another story in itself.

If you chanced to read the June issue of FMC magazine, you may have noted that 1988 will mark the 25th anniversary of the founding of FMCA. Details about the meeting that fostered the birth of our organization undoubtedly will be recounted in this column in a future issue of the magazine; so, at this time I'll simply note that a man by the name of Bob Richter, L1, was the founding father of FMCA. He and his wife, Jean, gave birth to the precocious infant, FMCA, and nurtured her in her first months of growth.

Now, after 25 years, we will meet at the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana, to celebrate the silver anniversary of the Family Motor Coach Association. In South Bend we will commemorate 25 years of success and progress, much as Bob Richter did when he published the third issue of *Family Motor Coaching* magazine in the fall of 1964. In this issue he editorialized by posing the question "Where do we go from here?"

He continued with a review of some of the ground that already had

continued on page 182

PIPE DREAMER

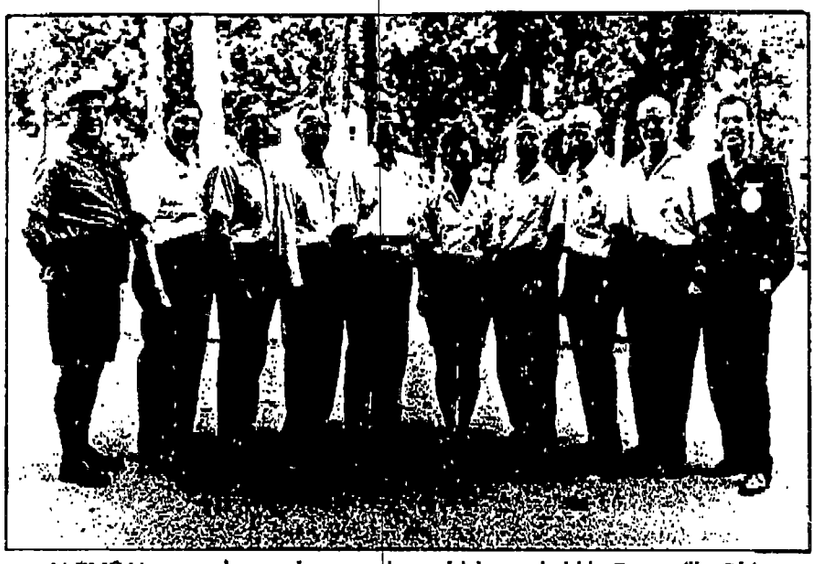
continued from page 14

been covered by the fledgling organization:

"During the first year of FMCA's tumultuous growth, from its simple beginnings to a national organization with more than 650 members, we've learned a lot. Both by what mistakes we've made, not few in number, and by what success the organization has thus far had, we have learned that starting a national organization is not an easy job.

"We have learned that there is need for this organization, and for the job that it can perform. We have also learned that, no matter how hard a few people try, they cannot anticipate and satisfy the wishes of everyone.

"FMCA has passed through perhaps its most exciting, and we hope its most trying, year of growth. Having weathered a financial crisis, it turns the year in good condition, with prepaid 1965 dues held in reserve for use in 1965, and with all bills paid. The magazine has become established as a major service of FMCA, and is paying its own way."



At FMCA's second annual convention, which was held in Greenville, Ohio, June 25 through 27, 1965, members of the board of directors gathered for this photograph. The folks pictured are, from left to right: Bud Sharp, F2; Bob Brackbill, F454; Tom Duck, F257; Dennis McGuire, F11; Ray Fritz, F4; Mary Whiting, F7; Hans Taschner, F13; Ken Scott, F63; Eric Webster, F16; and Charlie Owens, F44.

Bob's editorial (a portion of which was quoted here) has long since become a part of the association's 25-year history.

In subsequent issues of the magazine, this column will contain tales of people, conventions, and former officers of the organization, as the pipe dreamer reminisces.

You'll find Norcold's are surrounded by great names:

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Golden Falcon
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The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

Fort Ti Revisited

By KEN T. SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

In FMCA's early days and on into the late 1970s, Ken Scott's "Pipe Dreams" column appeared as a regular feature in Family Motor Coaching *magazine. Those of you who have been FMCA members for some time surely will remember Ken's column, in which he shared news about association happenings, thoughts about the burgeoning RV industry, and, of course, pipe dreams for the organization's future. In honor of FMCA's upcoming 25th anniversary celebration, that column is being revived.*

Ken served as executive director of the organization from March 1965 until his retirement in 1977. He is now FMCA's executive director emeritus. To Ken and his wife, Dotty, FMCA is very much like a child that they have watched grow over the years. In fact, for 2½ years, the Scotts operated the organization out of the family room in their Cincinnati home. Over the years Ken has watched many of his pipe dreams for the organization become reality.

Yes, I'm going back almost 24 years to FMCA's first annual convention, which was held on the grounds of Fort Ticonderoga in upstate New York. Actually, I want to pay tribute to our founder and first president, Bob Richter, L1. The many successes that FMCA has enjoyed can be attributed in large part to this man's foresight and dedication.

Fort Ticonderoga! What a host of memories that name excites. Those of you who were there will no doubt remember the Scottish bagpipers, the badges made of masking tape, the heat and humidity, the odor from the nearby paper mills, the low-hanging branch at the entrance, the Lady Cortez (Kathy Mudge), Ray Fritz's big hat, and the Centaur scooter.

The "Scooter Story" concerned Bob Richter, L1, and Fred Cunningham, F42. These two young men were having a friendly scooter race when Bob's bike hit a hole. He was deposited in an unceremonious fashion "over the handlebars" in the center of the parking area (thank goodness it was a grassy area). And we thought our only entertainment was to be provided by the bagpipers!

We were not permitted to have open fires on the grounds, so the motor coachers in the "Ohio Corner" improvised by using a gasoline lantern for a campfire. We gathered around, and the coaching camaraderie was fueled with talking and singing until the wee small hours.

Anna Fritz and Dotty Scott, jingling that well-known shoe box, made the rounds to all of the coaches asking for donations. With contributions

continued

from the approximately 100 coaches on the grounds. FMCA did manage to finish the year in a solvent condition.

Many FMCA members no doubt are unaware that Harry and Fanny Palmer, L481, were almost refused admittance to the convention. The Palmers already had experimented with a small van, and they came to Fort Ti in hopes of obtaining ideas for the type of coach they hoped to purchase. Once they, and their van, were admitted, the Palmers picked up many ideas for the several coaches that they eventually owned. As many of you know, Harry served as FMCA's president from 1972 to 1974 and from 1979 to 1981.

"Granny gear" was a common term — and sound — in those days.

Many of us who were in attendance at Fort Ti will remember the entrance of the Jennings family, L26, from Michigan. Genny and Howard arrived in their school-bus-type motorhome towing the "dormitory" — the sleeping facilities for their nine children.

There was the glittering Marmon Harrington owned by Ed and Dot Martel, L440. Ed has a propensity for stainless steel and chrome, and he has been fondly nicknamed "The Chrome Kid."

Then there is the story of O.D. and Birdie Wolf. When the Wolfs came within range of Fort Ti and of the Ticonderoga paper mills, the offensive odor from the mills prompted O.D. to stop and check his "septic system." (He was not aware of the paper mills in the vicinity.) After parking outside the convention grounds for several hours to await further developments from their supposedly scented septic system, O.D. and Birdie finally decided to come in anyway.

Remember the "five-mile mountain" on the western side of Lake George? Indeed, some of those early-day coaches were unable to make it over the mountain and had to take the "long way around" to the convention. "Granny gear" was a common term — and sound — in those days.

Yes, 1964 saw the first of our now-famous conventions. At that time FMCA had only three chapters — Michigan, Midwest, and Northeast. Fort Ti was attended by 106 coaches, and parking was no problem at all. No facilities were available, and you found your own spot. Now, nearly 24 conventions later, we have more than 200 chapters, and we expect to have 4,000 coaches in attendance at our 25th annual summer convention at the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana, in July 1988.

Our infant certainly has grown into a fine adult, and Bob Richter sparked this birth. That infant born in the East moved to the Midwest in early 1965. I had the pleasure of watching and helping it grow for the next 13 years. Yes, FMCA holds a host of exciting memories.

Scenes from FMCA's Fort Ticonderoga convention: Kathy Mudge, the Lady Cortez (top); the Marmon Harrington owned by Ed and Dot Martel, L440 (middle left); FMCA's founding father, Bob Richter (middle right); and several of the early-day coaches that were in attendance.

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The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

The Coffee Hour Tradition

By KEN T. SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

We spoke last month of the 1964 FMCA convention at Fort Ticonderoga, New York. Yes, it was great! We were thrilled with the fact that 106 coaches were present, and during that meeting we decided to gather again after another year had passed.

In addition to establishing conventions as annual events, those early gatherings — Fort Ticonderoga, New York; Greenville, Ohio; Glenwood, Minnesota; and Bowling Green, Kentucky — were significant in that we began to recognize our needs. To begin each day at the convention, we needed a "wake-'em-up, get-'em-moving, and start-'em-talking" idea. At the Greenville convention, an impromptu "do-it-yourself" coffee hour was born as conventioneers gathered in the morning with their own coffee pots, cups, rolls, and so forth. The idea was so successful that it was repeated at the Glenwood convention in 1966.

We of the informal "wake-'em-up" committee soon were assisted by a man named Bill Purser, who at the

In the early 1970s, Blue Bird outfitted two trailers to serve as coffee-and-doughnut wagons at FMCA conventions.

Scenes from past Blue Bird coffee hours depict the spirit of fellowship that reigns during this traditional convention wake-up ritual.

time was manager of the Wanderlodge Division of the Blue Bird Body Company in Fort Valley, Georgia. We continued coffee preparation under somewhat makeshift arrangements, climaxed by a hazardous experience at an early convention. On this occasion, Bill Purser and I found ourselves sitting in the middle of a field with various coffee pots arranged on the assorted tables that surrounded us. Several lamp cords ran from the coffee pots to the Eckerlins' motor coach. Although this arrangement didn't quite supply us with enough power to furnish us with hot coffee, the intention was good, and the coffee was, at least, warm. But most importantly, the coffee hour idea had been born.

By this time, Bill Purser had inherited the job of preparing coffee for the early risers who attended those first FMCA conventions. In Glenwood, FMCA furnished the coffee, and Bill and his wife, Ruth, did the rest. The Pursers found a Swedish bakery in Glenwood and, much to the delight of the bakery owners, bought all of the doughnuts and rolls in stock. Amply provisioned with pastries, the Pursers "opened shop" each morning in the Blue Bird coaches that were on hand.

At the Bowling Green, Kentucky, convention, the Blue Bird contingent arrived with three large urns, many pounds of coffee, and dozens of doughnuts for the conventioneers, all supplied compliments of Blue Bird.

After recognizing the situation as a ready-made promotional tool, Bill Purser and another Blue Bird employee, John Harris, carried the story back to the Luce brothers, owners of the Blue Bird Body Company. Obviously, the two told the story well, because Blue Bird's solution to FMCA's coffee complications was not only more sophisticated but also more effective than our lamp cords and coffee pots in the field.

Perhaps we can call it FMCA's good luck, or perhaps it was good management on the part of Purser, Harris, and Blue Bird, but whatever the reason, in the early 1970s Blue Bird outfitted two four-wheel trailers — one equipped with urns for preparing and serving coffee and cocoa and the other equipped with complete doughnut-making equipment. John Harris supervised the preparation of these vehicles.

Eventually, a pyramid of steps was arranged on either side of the "coffee wagon," and convention-goers climbed these steps to collect their coffee and doughnuts. Dotty and I can remember as many as four lines of people waiting for coffee and discussing the state of the industry, the state of the weather, or perhaps the state of the dump stations. We especially enjoyed being part of those lines and those early conventions. The Blue Bird crew expertly manned the coffee wagon each day of each convention, dispensing hundreds of cups of coffee and hundreds of doughnuts.

FMCAers owe a great debt of gratitude to the Luce brothers, to Blue Bird, to the Pursers, and to John Harris for helping to establish the coffee hour tradition that we still enjoy at today's conventions, as well as for providing the many thousands of doughnuts and gallons of coffee that have been consumed over the years.

Bill "Grits" Purser (at early conventions he also distributed Georgia peaches and later Georgia grits) will long be remembered both for his warm Southern hospitality and for his slow Southern drawl.

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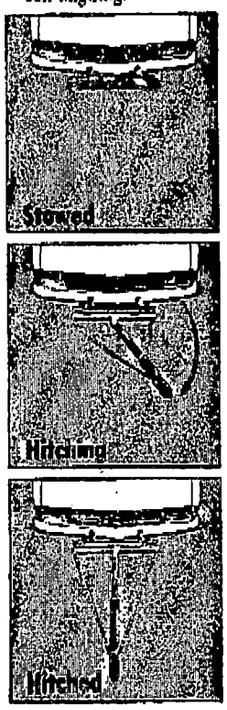

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The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

The Homes of FMCA

By KEN T. SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

When we think of the homes of FMCA, we envision motor coaches — from home-converted school buses readied for comfortable family traveling with the children and Fido to custom-converted 40-footers prepared for luxury touring and complete with all of the amenities, and then some.

But FMCA has had other homes — the ones that were built on concrete foundations and that have never traveled so much as one foot. They have, however, played vital roles in FMCAers' enjoyment of association conventions and of the camaraderie and companionship spawned by the association since 1963.

FMCA's first home. Pictured from left are Charles Owens, L44, and Kenny and Ken Scott, L63.

In the early days, back when FMCA was headquartered in Hanson, Massachusetts, we didn't have much money, but we did have an idea, a "pipe dream" if you will. We had a few members. We were enthusiastic. Bob and Jean Richter, L1, had started *Family Motor Coaching* magazine at 1115 Main St. in Hanson. The magazine was immediately well received by members of the association. As the duties that had to be handled at the FMCA office became more involved and more time consuming, Bob Richter asked for assistance, so that he could devote more time to his own business. He found help in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The still-fledgling association moved next to the Scotts' Cincinnati home.

Thus, FMCA found its second home — at 1380 Wolfangle Rd. in Cincinnati — in March 1965. The organization's business was conducted in the family room of the home owned and occupied by my wife, Dotty, and me. This arrangement worked reasonably well for approximately 2½ years, although the demands of operating the association during that time were such that we had to hire secretarial

continued

help to keep the fledgling organization afloat. This much-needed assistance rendered our home somewhat congested, what with the additional presence of two active teenagers and a generally in-the-way cat.

The "vine-covered cottage" prompted some unusual office procedures.

FMCA's first true business location served as the organization's home base for approximately seven booming years.

And, so, FMCA relocated to "the vine-covered cottage," which sounded rather nice but did present some inconveniences. First, the cottage was a private residence, and because of zoning regulations FMCA's executive director had to rent the building personally, on the presumption that the house was to be used as a dwelling. Secondly, small rooms and cramped space that was broken up among several floors necessitated some unusual office practices, such as stuffing mailings on the screened-in porch, which proved to be a taxing operation during Ohio winters. However, we managed, and FMCA occupied the vine-covered cottage in eastern Cincinnati for a few years.

At long last FMCA was ready for its first true business location — 5200 Beechmont Ave., also in eastern Cincinnati. With motor coach parking space, a one-story design, and no screened-in porch, FMCA finally was "in business." We occupied these

continued

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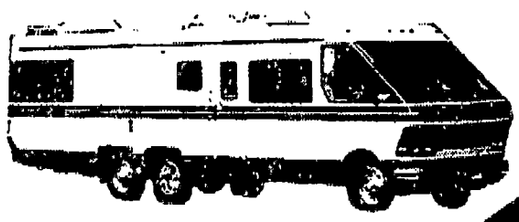
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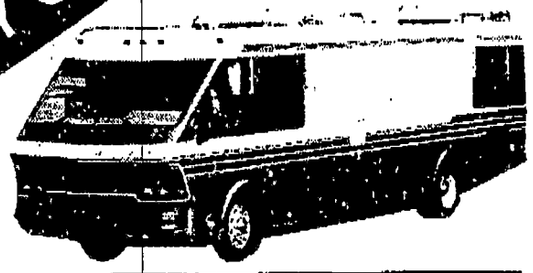
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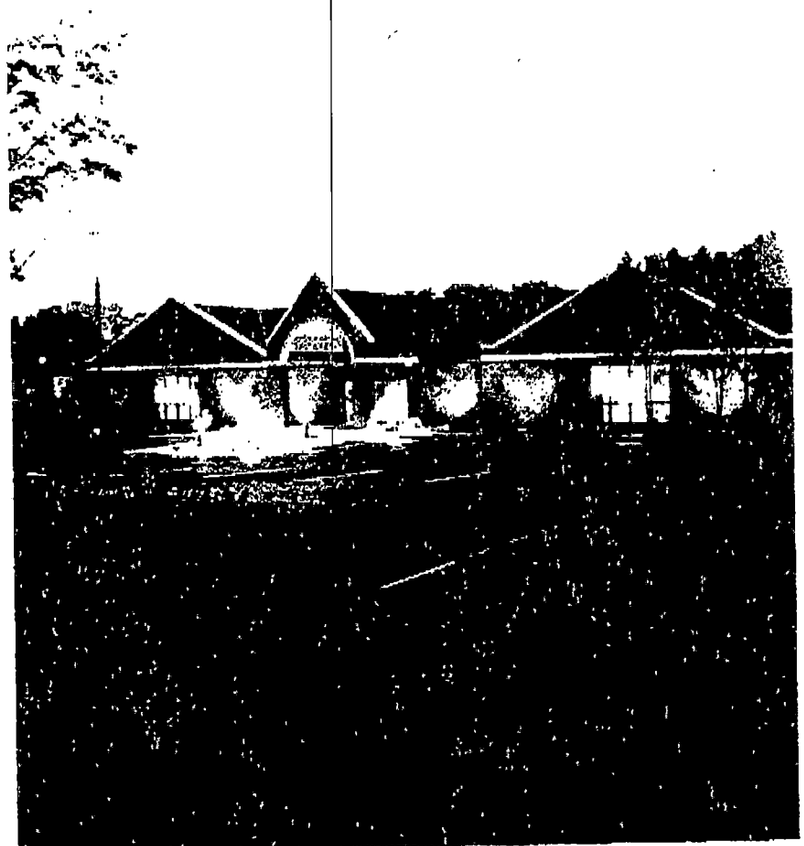
The life membership program was born to raise the necessary funds for the purchase of this property.

quarters for approximately seven years, years of consistent growth both for the industry and for the association.

As we outgrew this space, FMCA's leaders prudently decided that the association should invest in property rather than continue to rent from others. FMCA needed room for future expansion, without the confusion of hopscotching from one rental property to another. Although the nomad existence is the essence of motor coaching, it is somewhat less desirable for offices.

We chanced to come upon a good buy on a building and parcel of land situated near the intersection of Clough Pike and Eight Mile Road in Cincinnati, and the site seemed to be tailored to FMCA's needs. We were fortunate to have among our membership at that time such people as George Snyder, L1852; Jerry Rifken, L3068; and others who were instrumental in creating the life membership program, which was very helpful in raising the necessary funds for the purchase of the building during FMCA's 1976 convention. On May 21 and 22, 1977, FMCA hosted an open house to celebrate the purchase of its new "home."



The expansion project now complete, FMCA headquarters boasts a handsome new appearance.

This building served as the nucleus of the expansion project that was recently completed at FMCA's national office. This expansion more than doubled the square footage of our national headquarters, which now encompasses 21,000 square feet of space. In late 1986, FMCA purchased two parcels of land that lay adjacent to the organization's original plot, which increased FMCA's property holdings on Clough Pike to a total of approximately 2.64 acres. And with office space suited to the needs of an ever-expanding international association, FMCA is now "home."

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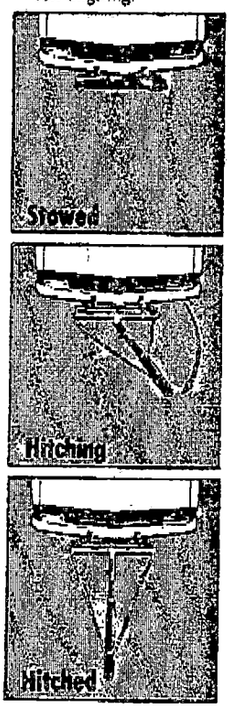

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The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

FMCA's Past Presidents

By KEN T. SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

I have often wished to introduce the early presidents of FMCA to the current readers of *Family Motor Coaching* magazine. So, I decided to devote this month's column to acquainting FMC readers with FMCA's nine past presidents. I came to know most of these dedicated men quite well during their presidencies, but I elected not to tell you things that I knew without first checking with these men. I wrote to each past president and asked him to provide me with a few paragraphs concerning his prepresidential and postpresidential activities, so that I might share this information with FMC readers.

It is our loss that two of FMCA's past presidents, Ray Fritz and John Linebaugh, are deceased. Their widows have responded in the names of their late husbands, and I convey greetings to you from these ladies as well as from FMCA's past presidents.

Bob Richter, L1, founder and past president of FMCA (1963-1964), resides with his wife, Jean, in Hanson, Massachusetts.

Bob sends these words:

"1964 was a long time ago, so our doings since then cover a multitude of areas. Our principal job has been to raise two sons and two daughters as creditable contributors to society, and to see them through college — no mean trick! — and all attached, with three married and with five children between them. All of our four were at the Hinckley meeting; our youngest was two years old at the time.

"After 15 years as a manufacturers' representative for electronic compo-

Bob Richter, L1
(1963-1964)

nents producers, I joined the *Boston Globe* 18 years ago in the composing room where type is set for the newspaper. The technological changes in the graphic arts in recent years have been immense, as you well know; they spurred me into starting another nonprofit association, The Friends of the Museum of Printing Inc., in 1979. As president from the time of its founding up until this past spring, I've had to occupy nearly every spare

moment — and even some not so spare — on it since then, and it continues to require much of my time even now.

"Last spring I finally had to come to grips with an old health problem, severe osteoarthritis in both knees. So, on April 14 and again on July 28, I had 'total knee replacement' operations in Boston. The new titanium and plastic joints are doing well, and I'll be going back to work on November 15, 1987, after a seven-month 'vacation.'

"Unfortunately, this has prevented us from using our 1976 Coachmen motorhome (which bears Massachusetts license plate 'FMCA') for anything other than very short trips this year, but we do expect, by one means or another, to be in South Bend next July.

"Jean is still teaching fifth grade in Hanson, as she has been since 1968. Her schedule and mine have further limited our use of our motorhome, but we still enjoy coaching very much, as do our kids, who borrow the motorhome frequently."

Raymond Fritz, L4
(1965-1966)

Raymond Fritz, L4, was the second president of FMCA, serving from 1965 to 1966. Ray and his wife, Anna, suggested the name "Family Motor Coach Association" at the Hinckley meeting in 1963. Their suggestion was adopted by an official vote at that meeting.

After Anna's death, Ray married Gladys, who survives Ray and furnishes the following information from her home in Portsmouth, Rhode Island:

"Raymond retired from teaching and was doing jobs in his shop. People came from miles around to see his carpentry shop and also his machine shop. The motor coach, too, was his pride and joy.

"After Raymond died, November 6, 1986, the coach was sold to a Mr. Sherman in Jamestown, Rhode Island. Mr. Sherman has enjoyed the coach so much and marvels at the many unusual parts that Raymond made. The house, also, was a definite masterpiece.

"All who knew Raymond miss him very much. We belonged to a small club here in this area, and Raymond enjoyed making up songs about the members. There were only 10 to 20 active members. Bud Beauregard started the group some four years ago."

Charles Owens, L44
(1967-1969)

In those early days of FMCA, Charlie and Jean Owens, L44, lived in Cincinnati. Since he lived near the national office, Charlie occupied a "first bounce" position with the executive director. Consequently, he participated in many of the early decisions that needed to be made.

Charlie's story, related from the Owenses' present home in Indianapolis, Indiana, follows:

Twenty-five years ago, Charlie and Jean Owens built their first motorhome. The couple helped to form the Midwest Coachmen chapter of FMCA, with Charlie serving as chapter president. Charlie then served as FMCA national president, from 1967 to 1969. The Owenses also assisted in forming the Illini Coachmen chapter, and more recently they actively participated in the formation of the Hoosier Cruisers chapter. Charlie and Jean now travel in their sixth motorhome. Four of the coaches that they have owned have been home conversions.

During these active years of motorhoming, Charlie somehow found time to be employed. Up until 1973 he worked as a business manager in public school systems. After moving to Indianapolis, he owned his own business for five years. He is now the vice president of property development for Allied Grocery Company, a major wholesale grocery operation.

The Owenses report that they are looking forward to many more years of motorhoming and FMCA involvement. They want to find out if the second time around is even more fun: "We'll give it our best, if we can survive being grandparents!"

Tom Duck, L257
(1969-1972)

Dotty and I became well acquainted with Tom and Junia Duck, L257, of Tucson, Arizona, during the time that Tom served as president of FMCA, which was from 1969 to 1972. We also had the opportunity to visit with the Ducks in Tucson some years later. During our visit, we toured the corporate offices of the Ugly Duckling Rent-A-Car System Inc., of which Tom is president and chairman of the board. Tom established this company 10 years ago, and it now has approximately 600 franchised locations in 42 states. For the past four years, Tom's company has been included on *INC.* magazine's list of the 500 fastest-growing privately held companies in the country.

For 12 years Tom was a licensed securities representative under the National Association of Securities Dealers in California. Since March 1,

continued

1953, he has been a licensed underwriter with New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston. He is the principal owner of the Swanco Insurance Company, an Arizona admitted carrier.

It is worth noting that, in addition to numerous other accomplishments, Tom was selected as the 1987 Tucson "Entrepreneur of the Year" by the Entrepreneur Forum.

Harry Palmer, L481
(1972-1974; 1979-1981)

Harry and Fanny Palmer, L481, live in Sarasota, Florida. Harry's reply to my letter included the following: "This is in response to your recent letter asking for information on our activities before and after serving as president of FMCA. I retired from General Electric as manager of engineering of the specialty control department."

Harry served two separate terms as FMCA president — from 1972 to 1974 and from 1979 to 1981. Between his terms as president he served as treasurer of the association. Harry and Fanny have been very active in and devoted to FMCA ever since the first convention in Fort Ticonderoga, New York, in 1964.

The Palmers recently sold their motor coach and moved into a new condominium on South Tamiami Trail in Sarasota. In September 1987 the Palmers celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary.

Phil Johnson of Darien, Minnesota, lists numerous FMCA chapters and activities in which he and his wife, Fran, have been involved since joining FMCA at the Traverse City, Michigan, convention in 1969, and he recognizes Fran's support and contributions, which you will note as he tells the story:

"We joined FMCA in July 1969, at Traverse City, Michigan, during the summer convention. We also joined the Badger chapter that year and became quite involved in FMCA activities as a result. The Badgers won the honor of hosting 'Family Fun in '71,' the summer convention that was held that year in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, a mere 10 miles from our home in Darien. That convention led to a vice presidency in July 1972 and thence to my term as president beginning in 1975.

"In July 1977, FMCA was on to Syracuse, our 14th summer celebration, where I was destined to become a member of the past president's club. All of my official activities ended in 1979.

"Then Fran and I could reflect on the good times: Croton-on-the-Hudson, the crawfish festivals, five-state rallies, and a tenth anniversary with the Lone Star chapter to name

Phil Johnson, L3221
(1975-1977)

a few. Since 1979 our FMCA activities have been confined to attendance at as many summer and winter conventions, Badger and Over-the-Hill chapter rallies, and Midwest Area regional rallies as possible to see and visit with old friends and new acquaintances.

"Fran and I started out in FMCA with five children on our roster. We didn't increase that number — they did! All married, left home, and now we have 10 grandchildren — the world's greatest. Ask 'Gramma Fran!'"

John and Connie Morris, L4372, recently returned home from an extended trip and reported that they have connected with a new position that incorporates John's experience as FMCA president and as an owner of motor coaches. We wish him well!

John's words follow:

"The experience as FMCA president was a gratifying time. I enjoyed the friends that we made, and my sense of accomplishment made me feel as if the time had been well spent. In addition, I found the industry to be an exciting one, and as a result I wanted eventually to get back into it on a full-time basis.

"Because of my involvement in FMCA, I am now the executive director of the Winnebago-Itasca Travelers of Forest City, Iowa. It is a great job and the most fun I have ever had. So now I am realizing my dream of be-

John R. Morris, L4372
(1977-1979)

ing involved full-time in the RV industry and am loving every minute of it.

"We were charter members of the Empire State chapter of FMCA. We also had been members of the Northeast and the 20th Century Wagontrainers chapters before we left New York. I believe we joined FMCA in late 1969.

"We love motorhoming and hope to continue doing this for a long time. My job is good for me, since it allows us to continue our trips and, at the same time, I am kept busy with a job that has an incredible number of things that have to be done."

John Linebaugh passed away on November 21, 1983. He was serving as the president of FMCA at the time of his death. John is survived by his wife, Johnnie, who is the current national secretary of FMCA. For the purposes of this column, Johnnie asked that we use anything that was written about John and published in

continued on page 242

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PIPE DREAMER

continued from page 70

Family Motor Coaching magazine after his death.

In accordance with her instructions, we reviewed and excerpted portions of her words in memory of her husband from "Thank You All" in the January 1984 issue of FMC magazine:

"Dear Friends in FMCA:

"I know Johnny would want me to thank all of you for letting him be

John Linebaugh, L12971
(1981-1983)

your president for the last two and one-half years. He felt so honored by the trust you placed in him and the tremendous support of you members, national directors, vice presidents, board of directors, the national office staff, and the commercial members, because without all of you, he could not have accomplished what he did.

"We love FMCA, because we feel it performs such a tremendous service for people with a common interest for enjoying life and making friends.

"I am sure his goal for FMCA, if he could tell you now, would be to put aside any petty politics, personality clashes, or regional differences and live and enjoy the good life that you have with this organization.

"He loved it, and as one member said, 'He's just gone ahead to plan our one big convention up there.'"

Charles Cheneweth, L9986, is FMCA's most recent past president, having served from the time of John Linebaugh's death in 1983 until 1986. Charles and his wife, Jeanie, have been very busy during the past few months. They recently purchased a

new home in Bonita, California, in the San Diego area, and they moved around Thanksgiving time. The Cheneweths had previously resided in a home adjacent to the family's health care facilities in National City, California. Charles commented that one of the criteria in locating a new home was finding one where he and Jeanie could park their coach. He said that they eventually plan to have a coach house constructed for their coach to make it an integral part of their home. Right now, however, they are in the midst of a building project involving their business. "We are adding an additional long-term health care facility to better serve the needs of people in our area," Charles commented. Charles has been involved in the health care business all of his life and is a licensed administrator.

We owe each of these men a great debt and our most sincere thanks.

Charles and Jeanie are still deeply involved in FMCA. "As immediate past president of FMCA, I am still actively involved in FMCA as a member of the management and executive committees. In addition, Jeanie and I are members of approximately 10 chapters, and we attend as many local chapter functions as time allows," Charles said.

Charles I. Cheneweth, L9986
(1983-1986)

"I became involved in FMCA on the national level in 1980 when I was elected Western Area vice president, and I have been active since that time and have thoroughly enjoyed my involvement and the opportunity to represent this wonderful association of ours. I'm still looking out for the best interests of our association and looking for ways of meeting the challenges we face and hope to continue doing so for many years to come."

The roster of FMCA past presidents is a distinguished list of men dedicated to the idea that families can enjoy their leisure time together and appreciate the fellowship of kindred spirits while traveling with the comforts of home. The willingness of the past presidents to donate countless hours, to contribute a great deal of effort, and to deal with the myriad issues that are raised in a large association has had much to do with FMCA's effectiveness and its continuing success.

We owe each of these men a great debt and our most sincere thanks.

FMCA past presidents, we salute you!

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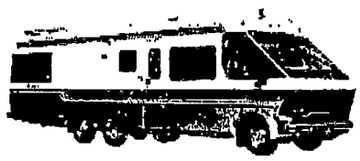

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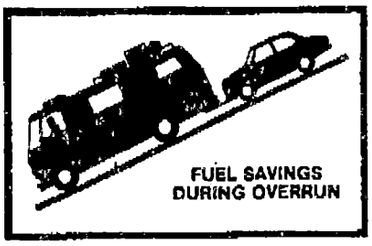

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The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

Fun Makes Conventions Alive

By KEN SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

FMCA was founded to promote family fun, and conventions were a natural time for fun. We began at Ticonderoga, New York; grew up a little at Greenville, Michigan; developed more at Glenwood, Minnesota; traveled twice to Bowling Green, Kentucky; met at Traverse City, Michigan; and then toured Costa Mesa, California.

FMCA matured a bit at each convention, as did the spirit of fun. Chapters came into being, and the members of these subgroups enjoyed their chapter meetings and the national conventions. Early conventions included Dotty-designed canoe battles, won in 1967 by the 20th Century Wagontrainers chapter and in 1968 by the Badger chapter. In 1969 the Illini Coachmen chapter reigned as canoe battle champion. Among other games and contests at early conventions were the chapter tug-of-war and the crazy hat contest.

And now, California here we come in 1988! Yes, we're going back to California (this time to the San Diego area, March 25, 26, and 27) for more FMCA-type fun. But we always had fun when we went to California. When "fun" turned to "funny," as often as not the Dixie Travelers chapter would be behind the "funny." The members of this chapter became the premier jokesters of FMCA.

The first time FMCA visited California for its convention was in 1970, in response to an invitation from the California chapter. Tom Duck was FMCA's president, and our site was the Orange County Fairgrounds in Costa Mesa.

As I prepared for the arrival of FMCA members at those early conventions, I remember thinking, "What's going to happen this time?"

At the Orange County Fairgrounds I did not have long to wait. The available coach parking space consisted of a very large rectangular lot that was devoid of everything except blacktop. At the appointed day and time for members to enter the grounds, a contingent of Dixie Travelers proceeded to set up near the center of the coach parking area.

Each of the Travelier coaches arrived equipped with a four-by-four board that sported nonfunctional electric and water hookups. Upon arrival, each Travelier would install his "stake," attach his "line," and start enjoying his "electricity." (At those early conventions, the locations could not provide power for most coaches.)

Obviously, the "hookup" of each was just for fun.

The repercussions were nearly immediate. The registration desk was inundated with member complaints about ". . . that bunch of coachers down there where the hookups are," and "Why weren't we told that there would be hookups available?" and "Who are those people that call themselves the Travellers?"

The Dixie Travellers sat about in their lawn chairs watching the reactions of newly arriving FMCAers not yet in on the joke but witness to the first of many Dixie Travelier pranks.

One quick-thinking FMCAer reversed the gag on the Travellers. Dr. Peter Guenther arrived in his motor coach at the area staged with "hookups." He politely inquired of the lawn-chair-sitting Travellers whether he might hook his land line to the plug that obviously was available only in their area. Dr. Guenther was advised by the onlookers awaiting this moment that he was welcome to hitch his line to the plug. As he maneuvered his coach into position for the hookup, Dr. Guenther began to realize that this special privilege had been obtained too easily and that he would do well to proceed with care and avoid becoming the most recent outlet for the audience of "friendly" men who had welcomed him into the midst of their chapter with such gladness.

Accordingly, before emerging from his coach to attach his land line to the "power," Dr. Guenther reversed the current in a small test lamp at the end of his land line. Then, in plain sight of his audience of jokesters, he attached the rigged light to the bogus stake, turned the switch, and had visible proof of the "current" connection. After concluding his "successful" test, he warmly thanked his new "friends" and asked where he might pay for the electricity.

The antics of the Dixie Travellers were of continuing interest over several years.

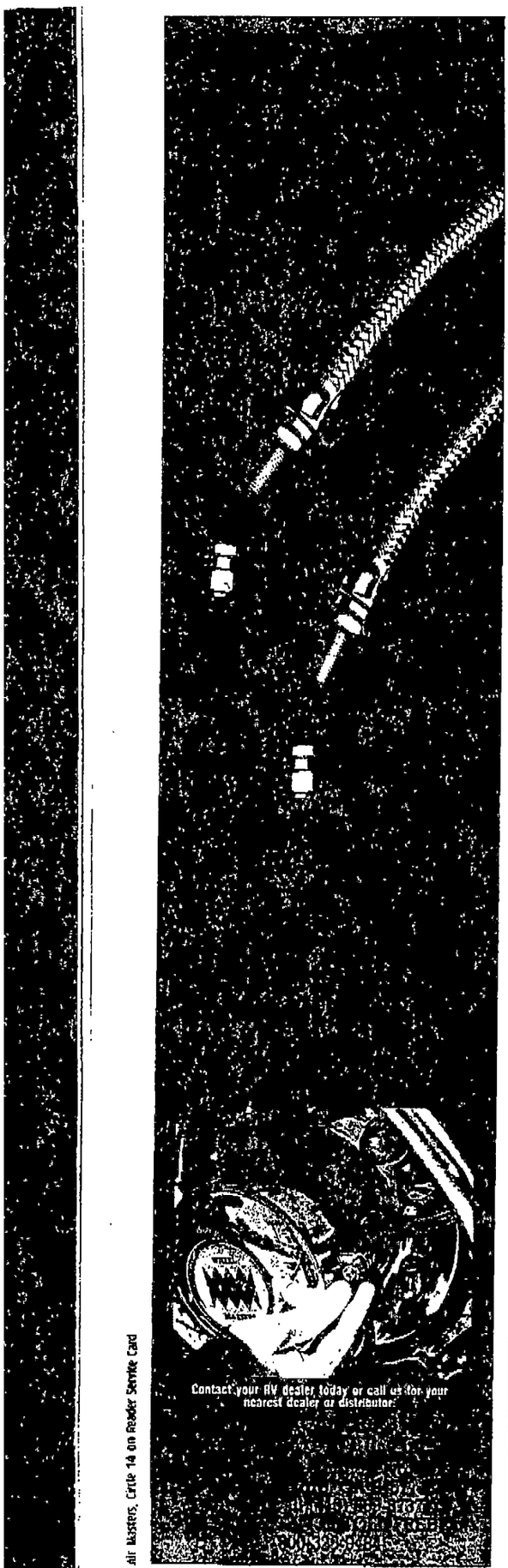
Also included in the baggage of the Travellers (their unwritten motto must have been "Be Prepared to Start the Fun") was a portable town hall and jail. They dubbed their town "Dixieland," of course. At the Orange County convention the Dixieland "marshall" was instructed to hunt down and incarcerate "Dashing" Tom Duck and "Slippery" Ken Scott. Unexpected "arrests" provided numerous temporary changes of itinerary and location for both Tom and me as we were located by the marshall and various civic-minded deputies of Dixieland.

Then there was the Elkhorn, Wisconsin, convention, by which time the Travellers had possibly reached the zenith of their audacity. The newest addition to their arsenal was an old-fashioned privy, the primary purpose of which was obvious. However, the Travellers had added modern conveniences, most notably sound effects and a concealed microphone. Upon the arrival of an unsuspecting man at the privy, a woman's voice would speak appropriate words of encouragement or discouragement. Should a woman venture to the Dixieland facilities, a man's voice would offer counsel with true Southern hospitality. By coincidence, of course, a number of Travellers just happened to be relaxing nearby on those perennial lawn chairs.

At those first conventions, the FMCA executive director often used early morning hours to complete necessary paperwork at the table in his motor coach. One morning as he worked and dawn began to break, he casually glanced out the window of his Flex, drew a short breath, and did a double take when he realized that he was seeing an effigy hanging from a noose tied to a substantial tree limb. He awakened his wife and family, who reacted to the phenomenon with understandable consternation. After quieting the clamor that ensued, he apprised them of the situation. As the Scotts somewhat more calmly ventured outside to further investigate, they noted a sign attached to the effigy. It read, "This Yankee Found Trespassing in Rebel Territory."

Such incidents are but a few of the myriad fun and funny times that we have enjoyed at FMCA conventions. Although I have related some early surprises and pranks, the spirit of family fun and camaraderie at FMCA conventions has not changed. In fact, with larger conventions and more members, even more opportunities for fun and entertainment present themselves. Although Dotty and I are no longer involved in operating the conventions, we have not missed attending an FMCA convention and would not think of doing so. And as we approach the registration gate of each convention, we think, "What's going to happen this time?"

Many early convention "funnies" were promulgated by members of the Dixie Travellers chapter, shown at top lounging in their "perennial" lawn chairs. Among the Travellers' antics were a town jail, bogus hookups, and a talking privy (photos at left and above).



Air Masters, Circle 14 on Reader Service Card

The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

Convention Bound

By KEN SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

It is possible that Bob Richter, L1, unknowingly at the time, characterized the drive and determination of many of his followers in FMCA as they attended those early FMCA conventions. After buying a used General Motors bus and experiencing those things that many of us have experienced in completing such a coach and making it livable, Bob departed in said bus for a meeting. In reviewing the saga of that trip, he commented that he and his family ran into a thundering deluge in Saugus, Massachusetts. To top it all off, the windshield wipers fell off in the middle of Route 1. At that point his son, Bill, then six years old, said, "Dad, you said we were going to Hinckley come hell or high water. Right?"

Bob Richter's problems with his used bus may not typify the average FMCA member's difficulties, but his determination does. Many of us in those early days endured privations and problems en route to and from FMCA conventions.

Of course, Dotty and I are quite familiar with FMCA conventions. We not only ran them for years but have continued to attend each one — both winter and summer — since that time. Being bound for conventions, or convention bound, incites a host of interesting happenings and incidents.

Some people are mechanics, and others don't wish to be. Junior Showman, L1007, was a mechanic and didn't mind being one. Back in those early days when it wasn't unusual to have mechanical problems, the word as often as not was, "Junior will be able to fix it." And, of course, the speaker would be referring to Junior Showman.

With such problems being a matter of course in FMCA's early days, it was not surprising to learn that when Junior and a group of coachers headed for the mountains of Colorado, Junior towed an extra Buick engine on a cargo trailer behind his coach. Happily, it didn't become necessary to use the extra engine, but it had been Junior's intention that should there be a problem with his friend's Flx engine, Junior would replace it with the engine he was towing, regardless of the fact that they were on the road rather than in a garage.

One other noteworthy "convention-bound" incident involved the Powell family of Millersburg, Ohio. For several years Dr. Powell had mixed his medical practice with visions of a self-converted motor coach. In the interim, however, he rented a brand-name coach for a family vacation. After they returned from that vacation, he and his family visited the FMCA national convention in Traverse City, Michigan.

continued

During the evening entertainment hour, master of ceremonies Larry Knipe, having inside information about the vacation, called Dr. Powell to the stage. The entertainment for the next half hour consisted of Larry interviewing Dr. Powell with regard to his recent motor coaching experiences. Much ado was made of the fact that the name-brand coach that Dr. Powell had rented for his family vacation had an engine that used great amounts of oil. Larry's adroit questioning revealed that during the Powell family's trip it had become necessary to stop every few miles and add oil to the ailing engine. Upon further questioning, Larry deftly gleaned that Dr. Powell was buying oil by the case in order to have enough to keep the coach running until he and his family returned to Millersburg.

Larry further determined that the muffler on Dr. Powell's rented coach had severed. In describing the incident, Dr. Powell said that the coach required a "rectal transplant," the description of which brought the house down and ended the interview.

On another occasion, Dotty and I, along with my brother Franklin, her brother Bob, and their respective wives, were en route from the St. Paul convention to Alaska. We were enjoying the luxury of traveling in a small group, which meant that we didn't need to hold a big meeting in order to make certain "trail wise" decisions. We agreed that the three men would take turns serving as "trail boss," or "wagon master," each day.

One day we had completed a routine lunch stop in the Banff area. Bob was the trail boss, and his vehicle was ready to move. He contacted the rest of us on our CBs and asked whether we were ready. Upon receiving our affirmative replies, he said, "All right. We'll move on." He drove on up the road.

In a few moments Dotty paged him on the radio and asked whether he had all of his gear aboard. He replied, "Yes. I'm fixed, and I'm on the way." At which point Dotty prodded him again, saying, "Bob, haven't you forgotten something?"

"No," came the reply. To which Dotty countered, "Where's your wife?"

"Oh, my gosh, I forgot her!" Bob exclaimed. Obviously, he wasn't too popular with Betty when she finally got on board.

Later, when Dotty radioed Bob to tell him that we were approaching the jewelry store area of the next town, she told him that we'd like to stop. Betty took their CB microphone and stated, "Yes, we want to stop, too." She proceeded to explain to Bob that they were going to the jewelry store also. She wanted to do some purchasing. Acting diplomatically, he didn't give her any argument. It became evident that she wanted him to go along.

Dotty completed her purchases at the selected store. Betty then told the sales clerk, "I'd like that, and that, and that, and Bob is going to pay for them." He did. And never again did he forget his copilot, or that jewelry store near Banff.

We had another ridiculous experience while traveling across the United States. We had heard of a particular canyon in Oklahoma by the name of Red Rock Canyon. For some reason or the other, we decided that we'd visit this canyon.

As it turned out, Red Rock Canyon

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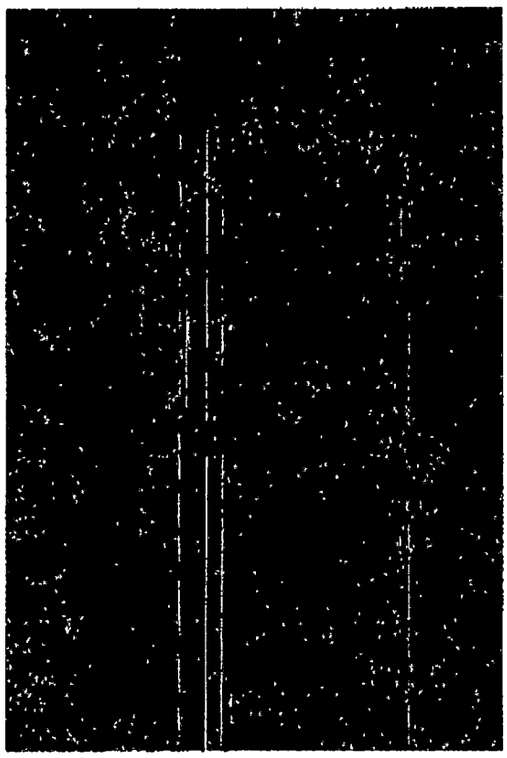

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was a gash in the smooth surface of the earth that was accessible from the highway via a twisting, narrow road upon which we could drive the Flx. To enter the canyon it was necessary to drive from the nearly flat tableland down a steep and tortuous highway that included three or four extremely sharp bends before reaching the valley floor.

We made it in the Flx, but in order for me to even begin to complete the hairpin turns along the route, I had to stretch the Flx across the entire width of the bends. All appeared to be well when we reached the valley floor. And since we had planned to exit at the other end of it, we enjoyed looking over Red Rock Canyon. I must admit, however, that I became considerably concerned when, upon discussing the exit route with other canyon visitors, I learned that the only way out of the canyon was back the same way we'd come in — the route with the tortuous turns.

After mulling over our predicament for two days, I explained the situation to Dotty and to our youngsters, Dee Dee and Kenny. I instructed each member of the family with regard to what I needed him or her to do to increase the probability of a successful climb. I told them that I would be driving the Flx. I wanted Dotty to station herself about 100 yards from the mouth of the canyon, up on the level land. She would be responsible for stopping any incoming traffic, thereby giving me maneuvering room at each hairpin turn. I expected both Dee Dee and Kenny to arm themselves with four-by-four chocks. I told everyone that if I was unable to negotiate either of two sharp turns or if the Flx engine was unable to push the coach out of Red Rock Canyon, then I would have to back it down. However, I would not want to attempt to back the Flx downhill through those hairpin turns at anything faster than a controlled crawl. This was the reason for the props with which the youngsters were armed. The chocks were to be tossed from a safe distance behind the wheels in case of loss of forward momentum.

After this briefing session, we walked toward the entrance, and exit, of Red Rock Canyon. Each member of the family chose his or her spot. I told them that when the Flx and I were ready, I would blow the horn, which would be Dotty's signal to stop any traffic and the young-

Chapter Historical Displays

By now most FMCAers are aware of the fact that FMCA is celebrating its 25th anniversary this year.

In light of this, special arrangements have been made for each chapter to participate, if they wish, in the historical display that is being prepared for FMCA's silver anniversary celebration July 19, 20, and 21, 1988, at the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana.

If, by any chance, any chapter has not yet received information about how it can become involved in the celebration, details are available from your area historians, all of whom are listed below:

Eastern Area Historian
Ralph Hoover, L5807
351 Valley View Rd.
Huntington, PA 16652
(814) 643-4672

Great Lakes Area Historian
Charles E. Owens, L44
7570 Holiday Dr., E.
Indianapolis, IN 46260
(317) 255-9063

International Area Historian
Audrey Stone, L3
10 Brook St.
Auburn, MA 01501
(617) 832-2684

Midwest Area Historian
Arlene Kaminski, F34411
P.O. Box 10445
Green Bay, WI 54307-0445
(414) 494-2857

Northeast Area Historian
Martha H. Dodd, F867
16 Round Top Rd.
Bernardsville, NJ 07924

Northwest Area Historian
Robert Braden, F37613
P.O. Box 1664
Ocean Shores, WA 98569
(206) 289-3707

Rocky Mountain Area Historian
Loren C. Watkins Jr., F1272
1006 Field Dr., N.E.
Albuquerque, NM 87112
(505) 299-0411

South Central Area Historians
Joyce Pittmon, L292
411 Pecan Dr.
DeSoto, TX 75115

Lee Pundt, L1390
2903 Gainesborough
San Antonio, TX 78230
(512) 342-7726

Southeast Area Historians
Carl & Edith Largdon, F2387
11855 N. Main St.
Jacksonville, FL 32218

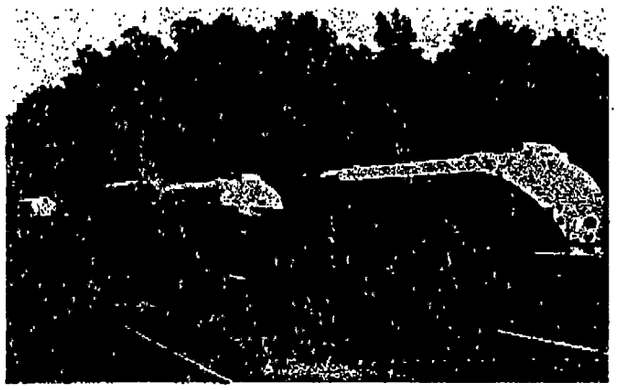
Western Area Historians
Herman & Margery Barbee, F55473
6133 Hayter Ave.
Lakewood, CA 90712
(213) 633-2429

Committee Chairpersons
Ken & Dotty Scott, L63
1380 Wolfangle Rd.
Cincinnati, OH 45230

Committee Assistants
Howard & Genny Jennings, L26
2201 N. M52
Owosso, MI 48867

Harry & Fanny Palmer, L481
7979 S. Tamiami Trail
Apt. 260
Sarasota, FL 33581

Dr. Powell, F1082, (far left) relates details of his unusual "convention-bound" experience during evening entertainment at the Traverse City, Michigan, gathering. Also shown (from left to right) are Howard Rush, L1253, with guitar; song leader Dick Gray, F845; and Larry Knipe (at podium).



A caravan of Flxibles en route to a convention.

When mechanical troubles arose, Junior Showman (second from left) often came to the rescue.

sters' signal to get into position.

When I was certain that each understood my instructions and his or her assignment, I boarded the coach, shifted into granny gear, and blew the horn. As the Flx slowly ground its way out of the canyon, I passed each of the youngsters without incident, and finally made it to the tableland at the top.

I was greeted by a tearful Dotty, who welcomed me and the Flx with relief and burst into the coach, saying, "Let's get out of here!" It was obvious that she had had enough of Red Rock Canyon, and that she was anxious to get under way — not to anywhere in particular, but just plain "out of here!"

It wasn't until several moments had passed that I was able to draw her attention to the fact that we had two youngsters back down the mountain whom we'd want to put on board before we left.

Myriad other stories of adventures and misadventures en route to and from those early conventions come to mind. We were either an intrepid or a naive collection of early motor coachers, but we had fun, and we continue to do so. Just look for us at FMCA's silver anniversary celebration in South Bend in July. We'll be the ones wearing FMCA convention hash marks enough for Patton on our FMCA jackets, with tales of skirmishes for each one. We do hope that you'll all join us in South Bend.

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The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

FMCA People

By KEN SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

As we reminisce about FMCA's first 25 years, what stands out in our minds are the people who made the memories. People shaped this association and directed its growth — people from all walks of life, from all parts of the country, and, indeed, from all over the world. Just think back to a particular year. That year conjures up images of certain people and their stories.

It's 1965. Do you remember? That year took FMCA to Greenville, Ohio, for the association's second convention. Back then FMCA's budget was tight at times, and nonexistent at other times. The only entertainment provided by the convention involved such unpremeditated events as standing around a raised engine cover peering knowingly at a technical malfunction of unascertained nature, observing coaches jockeying for position at the dumping station (if there was one), or debating about which vehicle was most likely to be mired in the mud when departure day arrived.

An illustrious attendee at that second convention was Hoosier entertainer-humorist Herb Shriner, F400. Whether any thinly veiled hints were dropped we do not know, but Herb graciously offered to perform a comedy monologue for the convention-goers one afternoon — at no charge. The FMCA crowd instantly, warmly, and gratefully took him up on the offer. Surely those in attendance vividly remember this kindly, gregarious Hollywood resident, who was right at home in the FMCA circle. His dry wit and Hoosier humor added a great deal to the Greenville rally.

Later that afternoon, Herb and his wife, Pixie, along with Dotty and myself were strolling through the grounds discussing the merits of various types of coach conversions. We had arranged to stop at a particular coach for refreshments. When our hostess saw us approaching, she waved and said, "Come on in." Two people walking behind us spontaneously responded to the wave of welcome and joined the gathering. Our hosts assumed that the couple was with us and stretched the food a bit. We assumed that they were previously invited guests. After awhile the "extra" couple left the coach. Our host asked who they were. None of us knew whether they were even with the FMCA convention. However, FMCAers always have been known for their hospitality, and that afternoon was no exception.

Herb Shriner believed his motor coach to be the first commercially "manufactured" motor coach. Built in California in the 1930s, the Shriners' coach featured single-unit, aircraft-style construction, with a riveted

aluminum skin over a welded tubular ...el framework. Absent was the ...al truck or bus frame. The ...riners' coach was powered by a ...ed truck engine, had independent...y mounted axles, and weighed four tons. In 1947 Herb and a former Marine buddy cruised from California to New York and back in this motor coach. At the Greenville convention Herb told us, "If you think folks stare at you in your coach now, ou should have seen them in those ays!"

Fittingly enough, the Shriners

Herb and Pixie Shriner (left) attended the 1965 convention in Greenville, Ohio. Vic and Vi White (right) were known as FMCA's "international ambassadors."

christened their unusual coach with an unusual name — "Graf Zip-A-Long," as it resembled a small blimp. (The "Graf Zeppelin" was a cylindrical, gas-filled blimp with rigid supports, a motor, and a propeller, that carried passengers in an observation room beneath its massive belly.)

We are sorry to report that Herb and Pixie were killed in an automobile accident shortly after the Greenville convention. However, with them at the FMCA convention was their son, Willie, who at the time was somewhat more interested in the availability of food than in the technicalities of motor coach conversions. This son, who had inherited much of his father's gregariousness, grew up, shortened his name to "Wil," and is now the host of a popular daytime television talk show, "The Wil Shriner Show." We believe Herb and Pixie would be quite proud.

It's 1966. Do you remember? The FMCA convention in Glenwood, Minnesota, was behind us, and we were wondering where we should go for the next convention.

Bob Miller, F620 (former national treasurer), was out touring about when he called me, elated about having found Beech Bend Park in Bowling Green, Kentucky. His advice to me was, "Get down here, and see what they have." We saw, and we arranged with Ed Isenberg, the Beech Bend park manager, to use that facility for the 1967 national convention, the convention that saw the first Canoe Battle, the first Tug-O'-War, and the first Crazy Hat Contest.

In reviewing the photos taken at that fourth convention, we found among them a photo of Dave Garvin (now chairman of Camping World) astride his motorbike; Ed Isenberg, the park manager; the park electrician, Okrie Wilson; Charles Garvin, Dave's dad; and James Massey, an early partner of Dave's, in front of their Camping Colonel store. Shortly after our stay at Beech Bend, Camp-

continued

ing Colonel became Camping World and henceforth began its growth from one store into a national chain of stores dealing in RV and camping equipment.

During that 1967 convention, and when we returned to Beech Bend for the 1968 convention, Dave was in his courting days. Dotty and I have colorful memories of Dave on his motorbike or in his sporty red Jaguar convertible, as he tooled through the camping grounds making sure that all was in order prior to calling on his lady fair. Those days are long past. Now Dave is happily married to Charlotte, and they have four youngsters. We've been in recent contact with Dave, as has he with FMCA. Dave sends his best regards to FMCA on its silver anniversary.

Another vivid memory of our Beech Bend days involves Dave's dad, Charlie, who had a rather independent way of doing things and the understandable attitude of a man born and bred to take care of things himself. We can picture Charlie and Ed Isenberg on their daily trek to collect the proceeds from the amusement park on the Beech Bend grounds. In those days, admission to the park and parking cost a total of 10 cents. The rides and games required similar small coinage. When the time came to collect these many small coins from various points, Charlie and Ed would tote a 12-quart milk pail in each hand and visit each collection point, returning to the counting machine at the office as well-laden farmers from the milking barn. Bob Miller noted that their counting machine was larger than any he had ever seen in a bank. But Charlie and Ed got the job done.

It's 1965, or it's 1969, or it's 1971, or it's 1974. Do you remember? FMC magazine reported on the travels and adventures of Vic and Vi White, F748, "FMCA's International Ambassadors." Long-time FMC readers are quite familiar with Vic and Vi, who hailed from Melbourne, Australia. Through numerous articles in FMC and several books, the Whites related the saga of their postretirement world travels.

Soon after I took charge of the administrative responsibilities of FMCA in early 1965, Vic and Vi arrived at the Pickwick Company, which was "furnishing living accommodations" for them in the form of a Traveliner motor coach. Vic and Vi became F748, and their motor coach became "The Happy Wanderer." After three years of touring the North American continent, Vic and Vi spent a few years exploring England, Europe, and Africa, including an at times difficult sojourn through Singapore, Thailand, Japan, and the Malay Peninsula.

Five years, the original time set aside for their world tour, became six years, and The Happy Wanderer was ultimately shipped home to Australia. After a short tour down under, Vic and Vi took The Happy Wanderer, again by steamship, along with them to Hawaii and then to the West Coast of the United States.

Only one critical incident marred the Whites' travels. While in Canada they experienced the great misfortune of catching the fixture on their propane tank on a projecting rock. A fire broke out immediately, and The Happy Wanderer burned to the ground. Vic and Vi managed to escape serious injury, but their worldly possessions were lost.

We'll abridge the next phase of the story, except to say that eventually the Whites purchased a new Vogue

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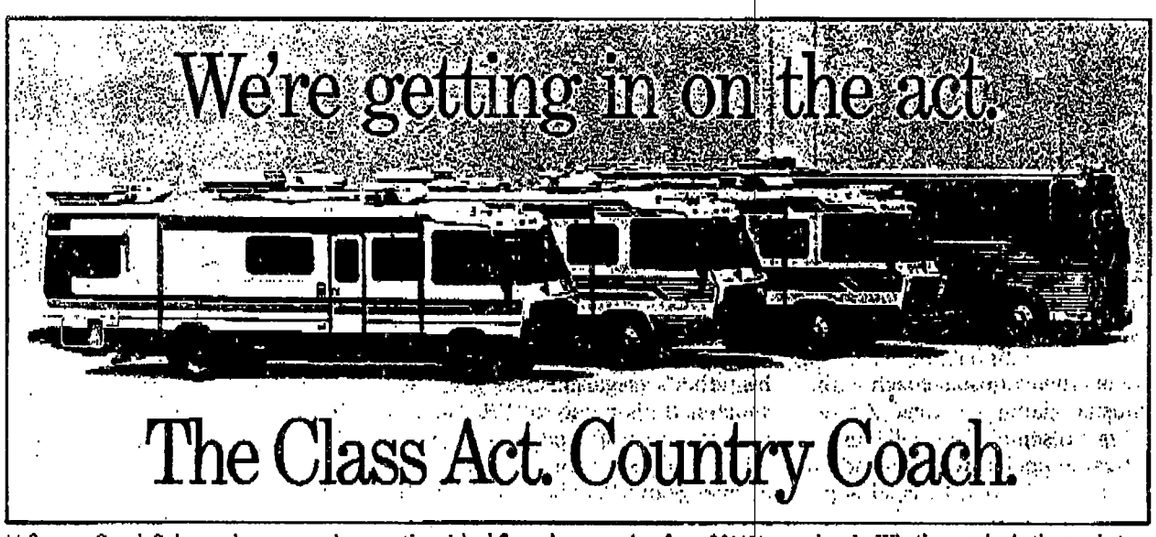

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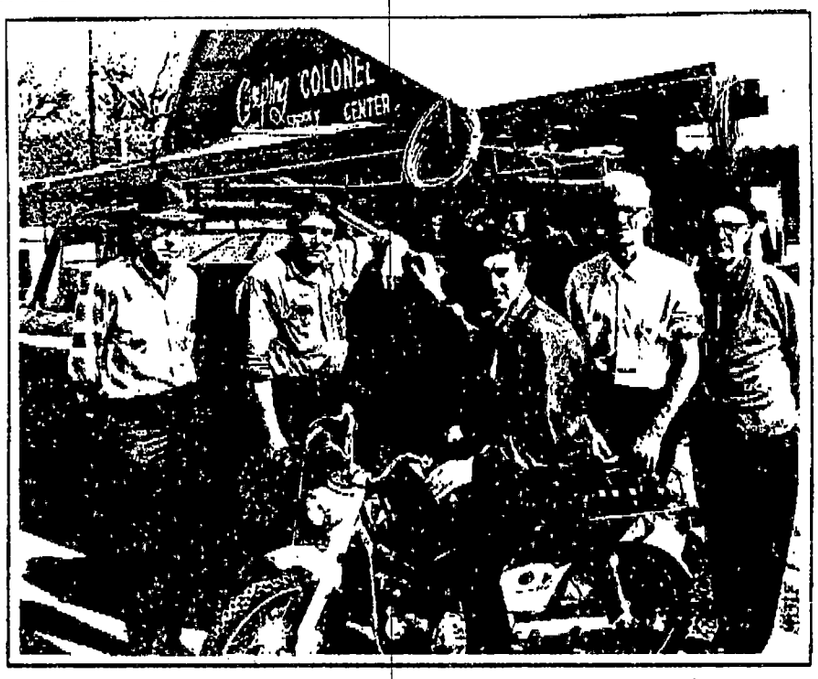

Friends gathered during the 1967 convention in Beech Bend, Kentucky. Left to right: Ed Isenberg, Okrie Wilson, Dave Garvin, Charles Garvin, and James Massey.

motor coach, renamed it "The Happy Wanderer," and continued their travels.

According to Vic's calculations, in more than six years of travel they spent $26,000, which included the cost of shipping The Happy Wanderer to five continents, maintaining the vehicle (much of which Vic did himself), shooting 25,000 slides, sight-seeing, and purchasing souvenirs. The pair spent an average of $83 per week, and, Vic said, "We lived very well but never ate in a restaurant!" They traveled in excess of 70,000 land miles, and the coach averaged eight miles per gallon of gasoline and more than 30,000 miles per tire.

After our retirement from FMCA, Dotty and I lost direct contact with Vic and Vi. However, we were pleased to receive a letter from Vi approximately a year ago. She indicated that for numerous reasons they planned to return to Australia and were going to take The Happy Wanderer with them.

Interestingly enough, when we received Vi's letter, Vic, by then some 85 years of age, was engaged in changing the steering mechanism on The Happy Wanderer to the right-hand side of the coach, as is required for vehicles traveling in Australia. Vi, describing the changeover, was most enthusiastic about Vic's accomplishment.

Originally the Whites planned to hoist The Happy Wanderer on board a steamship and drop it into the hold for the trip to Australia. As Vic and Vi knew from their experiences in Singapore, this method left something to be desired when it came to the projected longevity of their coach.

Through a later communication from Vi, we were pleased to learn that she and Vic were awaiting a "drive-on" type of ship, which would not require the "hoist-and-drop" routine previously tried with considerable misfortune.

Our third letter from Vi, dated October 8, 1987, was their *au revoir* to us as they and The Happy Wanderer departed for Australia. She expressed their thanks to the members of FMCA, and closed with the hope that she and Vic might one day have the opportunity to return to the United States.

Any recounting of the first 25 years of FMCA history should include many stories and fond memories of Vic and Vi White, FMCA's International Ambassadors. We take this opportunity to say *au revoir* to FMCA for Vic and Vi, and to wish this lovely couple many more happy wanderings.

It's 1988. We hope that you have many interesting and pleasant memories of the March FMCA convention in Del Mar, California, as you are now the people of FMCA about whom future stories will be written.

We turn our pipe dreams toward the future, toward July and South Bend, Indiana, with thoughts and visions of what promises to be FMCA's biggest and best convention yet — our silver anniversary celebration. We remember, and we hope to see you people there!

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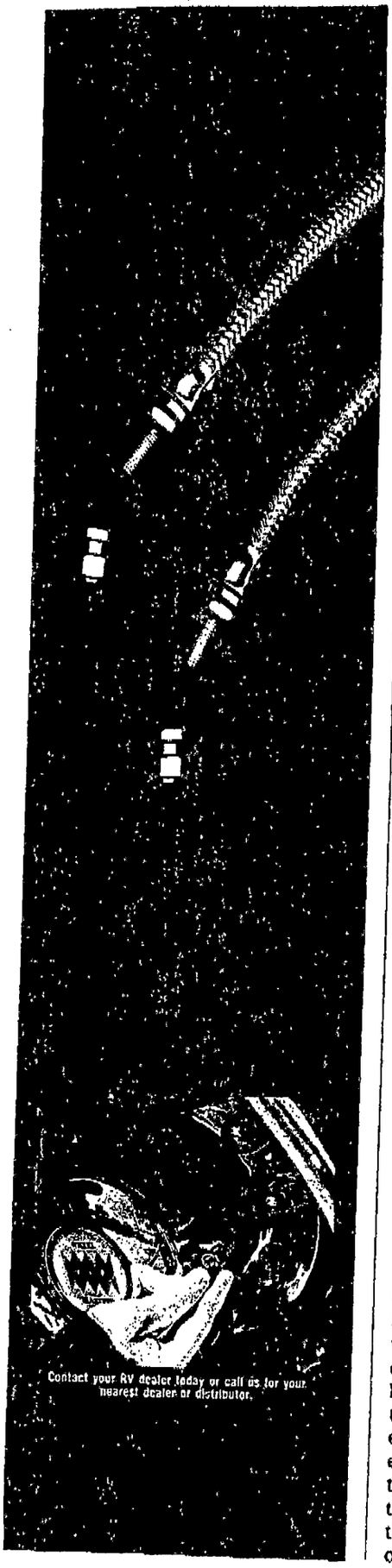

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The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces

Twenty-Five Years!

By KEN T. SCOTT, L63
Executive Director Emeritus

I've enjoyed visiting with you in this column, whether you're newcomers to the FMCA scene or are old-timers like Dotty and I. We look forward to meeting many of you at FMCA's silver anniversary celebration and international summer convention at the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana, in July. Many old-timers and short-timers alike will be gathering for these festivities. We'll enjoy renewing old friendships. We'd like to mention a few of the old-timers who will be attending FMCA's 25th anniversary celebration.

Garth Herd. While Dotty, Dee Dee, Kenny, and I viewed the 1963 eclipse of the sun from Damariscotta Lake in Maine, the Herd family, traveling in "Little Connie," watched the eclipse from a vantage point on Cadillac Mountain near Bar Harbor, Maine. (Previously, we reviewed for you the events that took place during that eclipse in Hinckley, Maine; namely, the meeting of motor coach owners that was to culminate in the formation of the Family Motor Coach Association.)

Little Connie was the roving second home of Grace and Garth Herd. This delightful couple joined FMCA in 1965, becoming F553.

Garth commented that Little Connie was "a sweet little gal" that accompanied the Herd family from 1949 to 1967. She proved to the Herds that motor coaching was the only way to travel. "Little Connie ate up the miles to the 1967 convention in fine style as she always did, all dressed up in her finest, fitted out perfectly for two," Garth said.

Obviously, Grace and Garth had enjoyed traveling with Little Connie; however, by the time they had joined FMCA it appeared that they had designs for their retirement, which would require more space than Little Connie could provide them.

Lo and behold, "Big Connie" showed up at the 1967 convention in Bowling Green, Kentucky. What a delightful combination of circumstances! For sale at that convention was a product of the Custom Coach Company, coach number 223. Grace and Garth saw that coach, purchased it, and promptly named it "Big Connie." They placed a "For Sale" sign on Little Connie, and within hours

she was sold. For the Herds, much of the remainder of that convention was spent in tearful leavetaking of Little Connie and joyful adoption of Big Connie.

During the convention Dotty visited the Herds to inspect Big Connie. She suggested that they call her "Constance," in recognition of her fine appointments and dignity. This comment brought forth the derivation of the name "Connie" for the Herds' coaches. Garth explained, "Little Connie was born in the spring of the year 1949, really making her a forty-niner. Like all newly conceived things, she came to us 'bare,' and, like proud parents, it was up to us to clothe her and deck her out in proper manner befitting her illustrious lineage — the Conestoga wagon. Hence, the name 'Connie.'"

We're delighted to learn that Grace and Garth plan to join the silver anniversary celebration at Notre Dame in July.

Ed Martel. Dotty and I recently returned from the DEL MARvelous Experience — our 37th FMCA convention (24 summer, 13 winter) — which was held at the Del Mar Fairgrounds and Racetrack near San Diego, California. While we were there, we had occasion to witness an unscheduled but practically perennial event, having taken place at almost every convention since the first one at Fort Ticonderoga, New York. A knot of men gathered around the gleaming Marmon-Herrington coach owned by Ed Martel, L440, all marveling at the magnificent expanse of stainless steel and chrome that Ed has used in rebuilding his fabulous coach. As we observed the knot of men surrounding the open engine hatch of the Marmon-Herrington in Del Mar, I recalled a comment made by an interested viewer at Fort Ticonderoga: "Ed, everything is chrome around that engine except the head bolts." To which Ed replied, "Come back next year, and the head bolts will be chrome also." Of course, the next year the head bolts were chrome.

While in Del Mar, Ed and I reminisced about the Fort Ti "head bolts." And now, 36 conventions later, the head bolts and myriad other items

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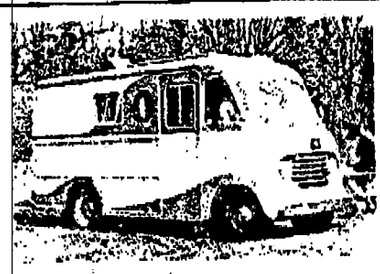


Grace and Garth Herd (above) sold Little Connie (top right) and purchased Big Connie (bottom right) at the 1967 convention.

Ken Scott (left) chats with Eric Webster at an early convention.

Chrome engine parts gleam in Ed Martel's Marmon-Herrington.

Kirwan Elmers (far right) of Custom Coach Corporation has attended almost every FMCA convention. He's shown here with (left to right) Bill Purser, Genny Jennings, and Ken and Dotty Scott.

are chrome. What is even more amazing is the fact that Ed Martel and the stainless-steel-and-chrome Marmon-Herrington have a nearly perfect attendance record at national conventions. Understandably, Ed's universally known nickname is "The Chrome Kid." We hope to see Ed opening that chrome engine hatch at South Bend in July.

Eric Webster. Another of the 4,328 coaches participating in the Del Mar convention was that belonging to Eric Webster, L16. During our 25-year association with Eric, he has owned eight coaches, ranging from 35-footers to one of the smallest coaches owned by a member of FMCA. After some prodding at Del Mar, Eric reviewed and identified these coaches, starting with the Prevost that he purchased in 1948, which he drove to the organizational meeting at Hinckley School in Maine. His next coach was an MCI Mark II, which he purchased and converted in 1959.

In 1963, Eric purchased and converted an MCI Mark V A, at that time one of FMCA's largest member coaches. Eric and his wife, Ibby, attended the Greenville, Ohio, convention in 1965 in this beautifully appointed MCI, which was complete with custom grained-leather-upholstered walls. He was pleased to show his coach to the many enthusiastic idea-seekers in attendance. However, he had not counted on the newest addition to the souvenirs provided by Bill "Grits" Purser of Blue Bird Wanderlodge. Bill had earned his nickname by customarily distributing packages of hominy grits from his hometown in Georgia while at conventions. However, at Greenville, Bill added a new twist. He provided fresh, very ripe Georgia peaches. Since many of the callers at the Webster coach recently had seen Bill Purser and were enjoying the "fruits" of their visit, Eric spent considerable time removing peach juice from his new leather upholstery.

Following that MCI, Eric and Ibby purchased a Travco 210, in which they traveled to the Bowling Green, Kentucky, conventions. Next Eric acquired an Xplorer, which he and Ibby used to travel through southern England until Ibby's death in 1974.

For many years, Eric enjoyed a 1973 GMC 230. In 1984, Eric, now married to Jane, arrived at the winter convention in Fort Myers, Florida, in a Kiwi Kamper that he had purchased in New Zealand. As I've noted, the coaches owned and used by Eric have ranged from gigantic MCIs to the Kiwi Kamper, which is perhaps the smallest coach used by any member of our coaching fraternity.

Eric and Jane currently are under way across the United States in a 1987 People Mover, which Eric discovered at an airport. He thought that the People Mover would make a good motor coach, so he promptly purchased it and converted it.

We will be looking for the Websters at Notre Dame next month.

Kirwan Elmers. Another old-timer and staunch supporter of FMCA who we look forward to seeing at Notre Dame is Kirwan Elmers, F145, of the Custom Coach Corporation of Columbus, Ohio. Kirwan was in attendance at that formative meeting in Hinckley, Maine, and rarely has he missed a convention since. Kirwan began working with his father, Miles, in 1963, and in 1966, he purchased Custom Coach Corporation from Miles.

At the Del Mar convention Kirwan and I reviewed numerous early FMCA happenings. Kirwan recalled and described a mystifying event that occurred at the Bowling Green, Kentucky, convention in 1967. He had tied his dog, Shelly, beside the motor coach while he sat inside to complete some paperwork. Kirwan chanced to glance out the window and saw Shelly bouncing into the air with all four paws leaving the ground at the same time. Shelly would stand still a moment, and then "off she would go again," said Kirwan. This phenomenon was repeated at irregular intervals as Kirwan hurried to investigate the unique behavior.

As it turned out, the electrical current at the campground was being overloaded by the motor coaches in attendance. Shelly was being shocked by electrical charges transmitted through her metal collar. Kirwan removed the metal collar, thus "grounding" Shelly, who remained earthbound for the duration of the convention.

* * * * *

As I conclude this series of "The Pipe Dreamer Reminisces," I reflect on our first pipe dreams of motor coaching. Often while standing watch on the bridge of the Coast Guard cutter *Tampa* during World War II, my pipe dreams would be of Dotty, the lovely lady I would be marrying soon, and of a way to travel and enjoy our time together with the family we hoped to have.

In August of this year, Dotty and I will celebrate our 45th wedding anniversary. Over the years we have enjoyed raising our two youngsters, and have enjoyed traveling both with them and by ourselves in three converted coaches and one factory-built coach. Those early pipe dreams were fulfilled beyond our expectations.

We feel more strongly than ever that family motor coaching is the best way of life. We have enjoyed it since 1949, and we continue to do so. Many of our pipe dreams have been fulfilled for the Family Motor Coach Association during the last 25 years. We have witnessed the growth of a fraternity of the world's finest people, and it has been our pleasure to meet the nicest folks traveling in the coaches bearing the FMCA emblem.

Now our pipe dreams are of FMCA's silver anniversary celebration in July at the University of Notre Dame. We're looking forward to meeting the newcomers and to reminiscing with the old-timers. If you see us there, please say "Hi!" We'll be looking for you.

cise sessions focused on mildly strenuous exercise routines that can be performed while on the road. During the Tuesday morning session, participants learned techniques for alleviating stress and fatigue by evaluating the body, working in the areas of the shoulders and neck, and learning proper breathing and relaxation techniques. On Wednesday morning, the participants discussed how to sleep better in the coach, and Mrs. Luby demonstrated the correct way to strengthen the back and hips and to flatten the abdomen. On the final morning of the convention, the exercise participants set about learning a simple maintenance program that they could perform on the road or at home. Mrs. Luby led the group in analyzing their feet and knees, so as to obtain the maximum benefit from their physical activity.

Achievers International, FMCA's new handicapped chapter, was formed in Lexington. Officers elected were (shown below, left to right): Ed Both, F33981, alternate national director; Leola Ball, L1004, logo chairman; Kaye Holbrook, L10271, national director; Elsie Vokovich, L781; newsletter editor; Janet Biersach, F59150, secretary/treasurer; Steve Busick, F45180, vice president; and Neil Franklin, L10592, president.

Many FMCAers took advantage of the educational opportunities that were afforded them at the Bluegrass convention in the form of seminars, workshops, and forums that were presented. A complete wrap-up of the seminar proceedings can be found beginning on page 70 of this magazine.

In the midst of the exhibit area was the FMCA Hospitality Tent, where many FMCAers took time out from their morning and afternoon activities to enjoy the entertainment that took place there. Alice Detrick was first up on the stage each morning in the Hospitality Tent, serenading convention-goers with her sweet country sound. Those who had the chance to catch Alice's show are well aware of why Alice has come to be known as FMCA's sweetheart. Alice's music and her gentle personality reach out and touch each member of the audience. Alice once-again appeared courtesy of Executive Industries and A&E Systems.

Following Alice's morning performance each day was a concert by those zany Frustrated Maestros. The antics of this chapter never cease to amuse those who are privileged enough to catch their show.

Rounding out the afternoons in the Hospitality Tent was singer-songwriter Tim Lake, who treated the FMCA audience to an array of musical compositions ranging from contemporary country banjo renditions to pop music, modern gospel, and tunes featuring a hard-driving fiddle. This talented guitarist and banjo player is a Lexington native, so he was right at home within the environs of the Horse Park.

Making its debut at the Bluegrass convention was FMCA's Nostalgia Hour. Ken and Dotty Scott, L63, of Cincinnati, Ohio, served as hosts of the program, in which FMCAers were treated to glimpses of their organization in its early days. Ken and Dotty shared the story of how they came to be involved in FMCA — an involvement that apparently came about by happenstance. Back in 1963, Bob Richter, L1, sent invitations to a group of "house car" owners and invited them to travel to Hinckley,

continued

Maine to view an eclipse and to socialize and become acquainted with other "house car" owners. Ken and Dotty Scott weren't in attendance at this first meeting, but it just so happened that they were traveling in Maine at the time. The Scotts were headed from Ellsworth, Maine, to Bar Harbor, Maine, when they made an unexpected stop at a gas station en route, after a woman turned in front of the coach and Ken's emergency stop sent a bowl of strawberries that had been sitting on the table flying onto the yellow sofa in their coach. Needless to say, Dotty was a bit unhappy. When they pulled into the gas station to try to clean up the mess, the Scotts found themselves in the company of several other "house car" owners. Today such an occurrence might not be unusual, but in those days these vehicles were not as common. The Hinckley meeting had taken place the weekend before, and the "house car" owners told Ken and Dotty about the motor coach (as they had decided to term their vehicles) owners' organization that they had decided to form.

Ken and Dotty's interest was peaked. At the Nostalgia Hour, Dotty remarked that back then Ken had commented that membership in such an organization could be a lot of fun if there wasn't too much work involved. Ironically enough, in March 1965, the headquarters for the Family Motor Coach Association was moved into Ken and Dotty Scott's family room in Cincinnati, Ohio. Ken, who was a schoolteacher (as was Dotty), was named the executive director of the organization, and he served in that capacity until his retirement in 1978.

For those of you who may have wondered, that is how FMCA came to be located in Cincinnati. The headquarters was relocated from the Scotts' family room in June 1967 to a Beechmont Avenue location, until it outgrew its space there. The office was then moved to another location on Beechmont Avenue, where it remained for six years — from July 1970 until November 1976. In 1976, FMCA moved to its current location at 8291 Clough Pike — also the site of the association's new building project.

Nostalgia Hour began with the showing of home movies taken in FMCA's early days by Virgil and Marilyn Lovitt, F157. The films began with some scenes from early gather-

ings of a group of coach owners from Ohio, who tossed around the idea of forming their own organization, but learned about the group that was forming on the East Coast – FMCA – and decided to join that group instead. This group from Ohio was the forerunner of FMCA's Midwest Coachmen chapter, which was chartered in April 1965.

Next the Lovitts' film transported FMCAers back to Fort Ticonderoga, New York, and to the site of FMCA's first official convention, which was held from July 17 to 19, 1964, with approximately 100 coaches in attendance. The FMCAers camped on a 10- or 12-acre field near the fort. In those days, production-line coaches were few and far between, and most of the coaches on hand were converted buses. The only formal entertainment at this first gathering was a Scottish band.

The Lovitts' film also includes scenes from FMCA's second annual convention, which was held at Greenville, Ohio, in 1965. With nearly 200 coaches on hand, attendance at this second convention was almost double that of the first convention.

Following the Lovitts' film, FMCA's original movie – "The Peaceful Invasion" – was shown. Avco Productions filmed this FMCA documentary at the 10th annual convention in DuQuoin, Illinois. The film opens with interviews with some of the residents of this small Illinois town – population 7,500 in those days. Residents expressed concern about the influx of people. One gentleman commented that he hoped that the town had sufficient police protection; others worried about the crowds, the noise, the hubbub, and whether there would be sufficient medical supplies. In followup interviews, these same people commented on what a tidy and well-behaved group the FMCAers had been. The town even showed its appreciation for its guests by arriving en masse in fire trucks and other vehicles to express their welcome.

Some convention traditions have faded with time, among them the canoe battle and the inter-chapter tug-o-war that were part of the festivities in those early days. However, some of the elements that are in place today were in existence even in those early days, including Blue Bird Coffee Hour and chapter talent hour. At the DuQuoin convention, the Midwest Coachmen entertained their fellow

continued

members. The TATS were active at FMCA's 10th annual convention as well. Members of the TATS group sponsored a slave auction, with the proceeds going to charity. FMCAers could bid on a TAT and then have the young person who they "purchased" perform chores for them throughout that afternoon. So, in addition to raising money for a worthy cause, the TATS gleaned much enjoyment via the auction.

The temperatures in DuQuoin, Illinois, during that convention soared into the 90s, but FMCAers found ways to cool off, including swimming in a pond on the grounds and squirting one another with a garden hose.

The Statler Brothers and Up With People were among the entertainers at the Jubilee, as this convention was dubbed.

During Nostalgia Hour at the Bluegrass convention, one occasionally heard commemts from members of the audience as they pointed out someone who they recognized in the films, perhaps even themselves. Many of those pictured in these films had the opportunity to take a look at their old coaches, and at their old selves!

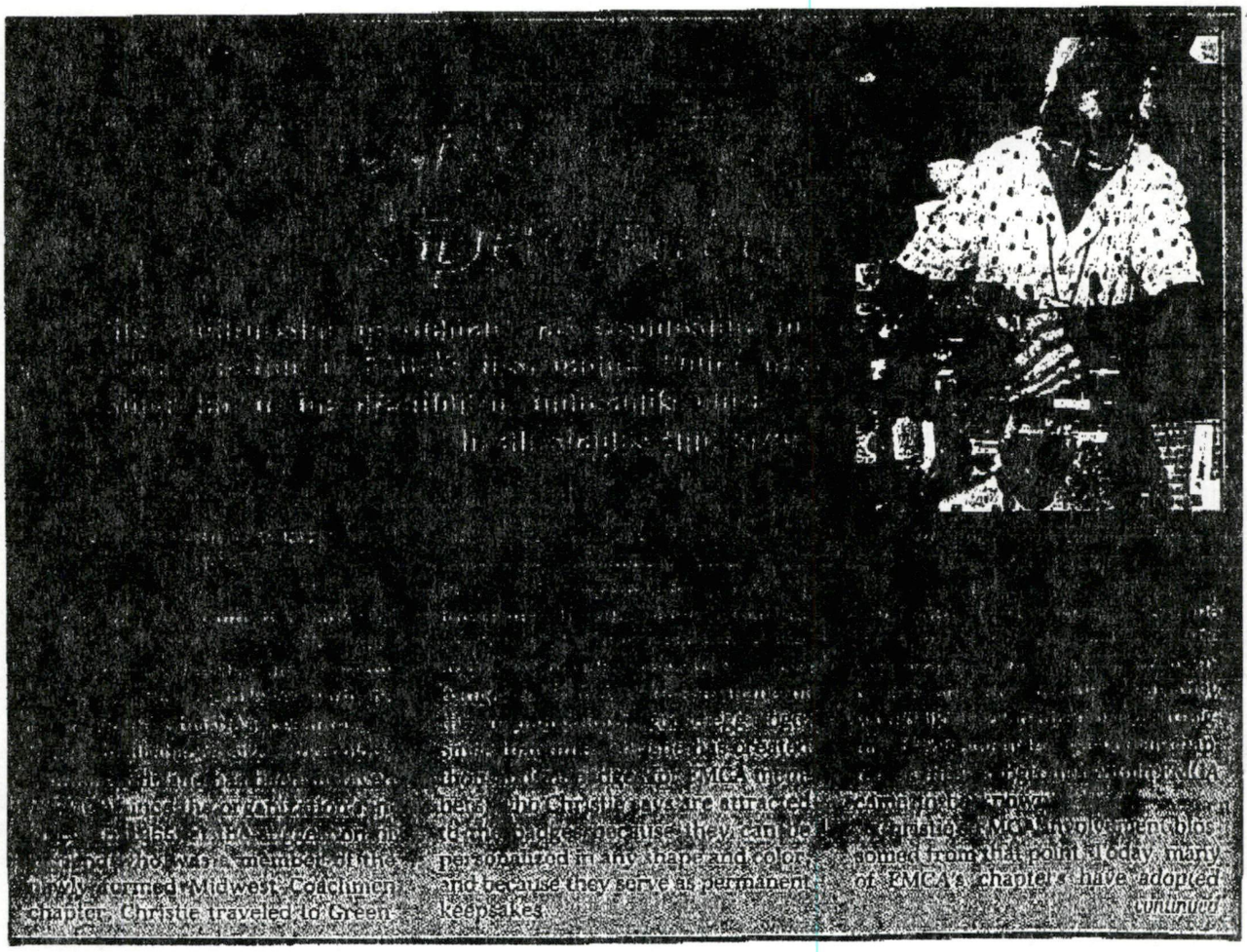
Even newcomers to FMCA enjoyed reminiscing about the early days and about "the way we were."

While this was FMCA's first-ever Nostalgia Hour, judging by the enjoyable time that was had by all, it certainly won't be the last.

TATS and Tots. The TATS (Teenage Travelers) enjoyed a host of activities at the Ride Through the Bluegrass convention. Even without leaving the grounds, TATS found plentiful activities at the Horse Park itself — among them the museums, the Parade Of Breeds, and the Hall of Champions. Many TATS amused themselves in the TATS tent, which was equipped with cards, video games, and a juke box. Some TATS chose to hop a shuttle in order to visit the nearby Sports Center and Water Park, where they cooled off in a one-acre wave pool and on the Rampage — an exciting water slide that rises from zero to eight feet and rustles up four-foot waves. In addition, TATS could take advantage of the center's facilities for racquetball, trimnastics, Nautilus, free weights, and aerobic dance, along with several spas. In the evenings, the TATS gathered at the Big Barn. On the first evening of the convention, they enjoyed the sounds of Paradox, a rock band whose playlist includes the most contemporary hits and a number of old favorites. On the following nights of the convention, TATS enjoyed dancing to the most current hits, spun by a disc jockey known as "Slipped Disc."

A child-care service was provided for FMCA Tots. Youngsters who visited the Tots tent enjoyed games and one another's company, in addition to the antics of Cambo the Clown and a roving magician who frequented the tent.

Business matters. In addition to all of the fun activities that transpired at the Bluegrass convention, a number of business-type meetings were conducted. Among these was the annual Governing Board meeting, which took place on Monday afternoon prior to the opening of the convention. Representatives from 130 of the 175 FMCA chapters attended this meeting, along with 15 members of the Executive Committee. For com-



newly-formed Midwest Coachmen chapter. Christie traveled to Green- ... MCA involvement blos- ... somed from that point. Today, many ... of FMCA's chapters have adopted

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3RD STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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August 1, 1988, UNITED STATES EDITION

SECTION: LIFE/STYLE; Pg. 58

LENGTH: 1268 words

HEADLINE: These Folks Are Really on a Roll

BYLINE: JERRY ADLER with KAREN SPRINGEN in South Bend

HIGHLIGHT:

Thousands of motor-home owners gathered last week to celebrate the joys of life on the road

BODY:

All day Monday, they streamed into South Bend, Ind., along Interstate 80 from the places they call home: the Outdoor Resorts RV Resort and Yacht Club in Hilton Head, S.C., the Amarillo Kampgrounds of America in Amarillo, Texas. In orderly ranks and rows they filled the parking lots outside Notre Dame Stadium -- little 19-foot Winnebago Warriors side by side with magnificent Custom Coach cruisers, the live-in version of a 40-foot Greyhound bus. As the sun set behind the familiar haze of diesel exhaust, the satellite dishes swiveled companionably, searching the heavens for Dan Rather, and the fields came alive with the homey blue glow of 4,600 TV screens. Yes, there was another convention in America last week, the 25th Anniversary Celebration of the Family Motor Coach Association. If there was less talk here of Where America is Headed, you could certainly pick up some clues as to where it's been.

The Pacific Coast Highway, the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the Skyline Drive. Louisville, Portland, Mexico, Guatemala. The average motor homer spends around two months a year on the road, according to a survey done for the association, and travels 8,650 miles. If anyone in South Bend last week had not put four wheels in every state south of Alaska, he kept it to himself. Many of them, in fact, have been to Alaska. The scenery is wonderful, although it's almost impossible to get a dial tone on a cellular mobile phone.

But as always, the psychological journey is the most interesting. The 60,000 members of the Family Motor Coach Association (median age: 60) have kept alive in perfect balance the yin and yang of America, the two irreconcilable impulses that have echoed through our culture from the days of Daniel Boone to Donald Trump: romantic wanderlust and middle-class self-satisfaction.

Free and easy: By and large, the people who drive motor homes tend to imagine themselves as the last truly free people in America. With tanks full of fuel and water and a rack full of videotapes, they need stop for no man; and as Family Motor Coach Association president Glen Key, a retired Oklahoma banker, puts it, "If you want a cup of coffee, your wife can go back and get you a cup of coffee." The allure of motor homes is "closely tied into the concept of freedom," explains Robert Richter, a Boston printer who founded the FMCA among a small group of campers who met in a town in Maine one summer evening to watch an eclipse. Among the virtues it cultivates are courage, adaptability and self-reliance; and, says Julius Land, 71, a distributor of the popular Xplorer models, "You're not tied in with hotel reservations."

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That's one side of the motor homing, of course, the pioneering spirit that impels middle-aged grandparents to bundle themselves into overgrown station wagons and hurtle at 55 miles an hour down the open road. But oddly, these are the same people whose sense of adventure is so attenuated that they can be unsettled by the differences from one Holiday Inn to the next. "When you stay in a motel, every motel is different," Richter warns darkly. Suspicion of commercial lodging establishments is rampant among motor homers. In your own vehicle, says K. L. Toolson, president of Monaco Coach Corp., "you always know who stayed in the bed before you."

These carefree vagabonds cling fiercely to their middle-class roots. They are adamant in maintaining the distinction between "motor homes" -- self-propelled, self-contained vehicles intended for recreation -- and "mobile homes," which can't be driven by themselves and convey the proletarian whiff of the trailer park. "When you have a $ 400,000 vehicle rolling down the road and it's obviously a $ 400,000 vehicle, it feels good," says Richter. (In founding the FMCA, he considered making that point explicit by calling the machines "land yachts.") Richter describes the typical motor homer as a "responsible, intelligent, nonlittering owner of considerable wealth. There are a great many executives." They socialize together at campgrounds and parks and recognize one another with numbered oval plaques called "goose eggs." Motor homers, in fact, tend to regard the highway as a more wholesome environment than a neighborhood of houses. Says Cliff Berchtold, who traveled to the convention from his home in Monroe, N.Y. (by way of St. Louis, Colorado and Nebraska), with his wife, Marcy, and their 10-year-old daughter, Sarah: "It keeps us off the streets."

Expensive toys: There, by God, is the difference between the respectable owners of land yachts and the raffish lot known to hang out on the ones that go in the water. (Would Gary Hart's career have collapsed as precipitously if he had been photographed with Donna Rice in the front seat of a Winnebago?) In defiance of the obvious fact that they are indulging themselves with expensive toys, they insist on demonstrating the practical virtues of their vehicles. A generator-equipped motor home in the driveway is the perfect family retreat in case of a power blackout, suggests Pamela Wisby Kay, editor of the FMCA magazine. And Ron Frank, head of what claims to be the first motor-home manufacturer, Frank Industries, recommends them for energy-conscious consumers, since they are more efficient to heat or cool than a big house -- an advantage that disappears, naturally, once they start moving, at the rate of six to 10 miles per gallon.

Practicality! Self-sufficiency! Earnest seminars all week long: "Towing Roundtable." "Potpourri Wall Hanging and Crafts to Do While Traveling." "Refrigeration Roundtable." Hundred-pound deep freezers, 200-gallon gasoline tanks! Was ever a race of nomads so ingeniously encumbered? The thrust of motor-homes design, evidently, is in the direction of making it unnecessary not just to leave the vehicle itself, but even to stir from one's seat within it. Many models now have at least two television sets, one in the bedroom and one up front in the passenger seat, so that the wife can keep her Ulysses company between coffee runs. The "cockpit" itself is coming to resemble less an automobile dashboard than the control panel of a small airplane. Increasingly, functions that once required exertion -- such as checking the water tank or leveling the parked vehicle with chocks of wood -- are now performed mechanically from the driver's seat. One of the hottest accessories among the 400 or so exhibits at the convention last week: a closed-circuit TV system to fulfill the function of the old-fashioned, neck-wrenching,

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constantly-in-need-of-adjustment rear-view mirror.

Open road: And all in service of the American Dream, to breeze through Indiana in your $ 262,000 "Free as the Wind" Country Coach cruiser, complete with customized mural. Motor homes confer "that element of independence that's gone from American life so much," says Land, the Xplorer salesman -- although the only conspicuously independent-minded conventioneer last week was Peter Suwak, who drove up in a converted highway post office that he had painted in camouflage colors. He uses it to transport veterans to reunions of his old Army outfit, the 644th Tank Destroyer Battalion. For the rest, it is enough to heed the call of the open road that is as old as America itself, pulling up to a campsite a thousand miles from home and finding that you already know everyone else parked there, rolling to a stop by a lake streaked with gold from the setting sun, defrosting hors d'oeuvres to share with your mate as you unroll upon the virgin American earth an Astroturf lawn mat.

GRAPHIC: Picture 1, Convention: The last free spirits, D. GORTON -- ONYX; Picture 2, Custom Coach: Vagabonds who need stop for no man, D. GORTON -- ONYX; Picture 3, 'Land yachts' for sale: Romantic wanderlust strikes the middle class, D. GORTON -- ONYX; Picture 4, Independent thinker: Peter Suwak with his camouflaged former post office, PHOTOS BY D. GORTON -- ONYX

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1ST STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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Automotive News

November 28, 1988

SECTION: AUTOMOTIVE NEWS EXTRA; RVIA; Feature; Pg. E 24

LENGTH: 741 words

HEADLINE: Retirees find freedom in RVs;
Older Americans like the lifestyle that recreational vehicles offer

BODY:

Home is where the RV goes, say millions of mature Americans who are using their new-found time and independence to travel the country and meet new people in motor homes, travel trailers, truck campers, folding camping trailers and van conversions.

According to a University of Michigan survey of the RV consumer, nearly 10 pecent of all heads of vehicle-owning households over age 55 own 30 percent of the nation's 7.5 million RVs in use. Based on current ownership and rental trends, the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP) estimates 9 million senior Americans use RVs on an annual basis.

"Mature travelers are good candidates for RV travel because many have the time, discretionary funds and desire to see and experience the small towns, big cities, popular attractions and natural beauty of the U.S.," says Ron Noe, AARP's member services specialist. "RVs provide them with an enjoyable, comfortable and economical way to take it all in and enjoy the social benefits of camaraderie on the road."

AARP reports RV trips account for 18 percent of all trips taken by seniors -- surpassing flying in the 55-59 age group -- and 72 percent of all RV trips are made by travelers aged 50 and over.

While not all retirees are able to backpack or camp out in a tent, anyone can enjoy outdoor living at a campground with an RV. In an RV, seniors are surrounded by home comforts. RVs come equipped with comfortable living, dining, sleeping and bathroom facilities. Their modern kitchens help senior RVers follow special diets and vacation more economically and more often by avoiding high-priced restaurants and hotels. On-board closets and storage space eliminates the need to pack, unpack and carry bulky suitcases.

The RV lifestyle also fosters a sense of community and offers seniors a valuable network of friends with common interests. Camping clubs, which hold annual conventions, regional rallies, campouts and other events to bring RVers together, provide an active social network on the road. The Good Sam Club, Family Motor Coach Association and Loners on Wheels are among the national camping clubs that are popular with retirees.

Whether it is for frequent vacation hops or "snowbirding" to warmer climates for months-long migrations, mature Americans choose RV campgrounds with expanded facilities and a focus on the older traveler.

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Campgrounds offering a variety of activities such as golf, tennis, shuffleboard and social activities are popular with this group. When they are not staying at the campground, senior RVers often are found using their rigs as a guest house for visiting or entertaining friends and family.

The flexibility and economics associated with RV travel encourages greater RV use by seniors. Kept packed and supplied, RVs are ready for frequent getaways with little preparation.

A new vacation cost comparison study conducted by international accounting firm Pannell Kerr Foster found that RV vacations are overwhelmingly more economical than traditional trips by car, bus, train or airplane, regardless of trip destination or duration. RV vacations cost anywhere from 52 to 78 percent less than comparable vacations, due in part to the $ 13.66 average daily campsite cost at the 16,000 private and public campgrounds located nationwide.

Seniors who don't yet own an RV seek rentals to experience the RV lifestyle and, in some cases, to evaluate a particular model. Rentals are available through local dealers and through national rental chains.

Since the over-50 generation is the fastest-growing segment of the population, it's likely that both their RV ownership and use rates will rise proportionately based on demographics alone. Currently, the 60 million Americans over 50 represent more than 35 percent of the total adult population and control 76 percent of the total assets in the country. Their income totals $ 886 billion, of which about three-quarters is discretionary.

As important as their numbers and spending power are their travel habits. Mature Americans travel more frequently and take considerably longer trips. Compared to travelers aged 50 and under who averaged only 4.8 nights per vacation, travelers in the 50-plus group average 6.5 nights per trip, while those 65 and older average 8.2 nights. These travel durations hold true for senior RVers as well. They spend up to three times more nights in their RVs as their under-50 counterparts.

GRAPHIC: Picture, Folks of any age can enjoy the RV lifestyle. ANKERS PHOTOGRAPHERS INC.

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2ND STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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August 14, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

SECTION: Section 1; Part 1, Page 14, Column 1; Foreign Desk

LENGTH: 1136 words

HEADLINE: Call of 'Mush, You Winnebago!' Fills Yukon Air

BYLINE: By JOHN F. BURNS, Special to the New York Times

DATELINE: DESTRUCTION BAY, Yukon

BODY:

More than 150 years after Americans in covered wagons began opening up the lands west of the Mississippi, a new brand of adventurers is out in force this summer on one of the continent's last frontiers.

As they have in growing numbers throughout the 1980's, Americans using the late 20th-century version of the wagon - mobile homes that range from $1,500 pop-up shelters on the back of pick-up trucks to $500,000 palaces-on-wheels - are exploring along the Alaska Highway. They are following a trail blazed by Americans in 1942, when the United States Army punched the rough-hewn roadway through the Yukon bush to connect Alaska to the lower 48 states.

For most of the travelers it is pioneering of a genteel kind, with air-conditioning, soft beds and hot-and-cold showers, along with satellite dishes atop the better ''rigs'' that capture late-run movies from Home Box Office at mobile home parks that are within a half day's drive of the Arctic Circle. But although there are no marauding Indians to unsettle these latter-day pioneers, the unexpected can still make life awkward.

Recently, after weeks of heavy rain, a landslide buried a 600-yard stretch of the roadway outside this remote settlement, which lies about 1,000 miles north of the Alaska Highway's starting point at Watson Lake on the Yukon-British Columbia border. Another landslide farther north trapped hundreds of voyagers for four days, blocking the way north to Alaska or south to Whitehorse, the Yukon's capital, and to the Alaskan port town of Haines.

Sharing Food and Movies

Huddling together beside the road to share food and video movies, the mobile home owners watched as helicopters and DC-3's passed overhead with cruise-line passengers who had to be ferried across the blocked-off portion of the highway so as not to miss ship connections in Anchorage or Haines. Outside, a careful watch was kept for bears and wolves, which are plentiful in the thick forests carpeting the lower slopes of the St. Elias Mountains between here and the glaciers that flow down to the Gulf of Alaska.

It was a rare challenge for men and women who are mostly in their 50's and 60's, travelers eager to see the world but not keen for too much of it to come as a surprise. In Dawson City, the old gold-rush town northeast of here, Glenda Bolt, a 26-year-old guide for the Canadian Government's parks service,

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described the American mobile home owners who account for about 60,000 of the 200,000 visitors to the Yukon each year as cautious people.

''They're people who want to go somewhere where they won't be nailed to the wall for being Americans, where people speak the right language and where they use money they can understand,'' she said.

Mobile home owners from almost every state are clogging ''R.V. parks'' in the Yukon; the initials stand for ''recreational vehicle,'' the term used by an industry that has its own magazines, conventions, and an association, the Family Motor Coach Association, with more than 100,000 members. The owners include people who have driven their own vehicles, or rented ones, across Australia, through Europe, even into the Soviet Union, where many main roads make the Alaska Highway seem like child's play.

A $60,000 Home on Wheels

But most travelers are like Bob and Doris Radtke, a Brooklyn couple who moved to Greentown, Pa., after Mr. Radtke, now 60, retired from the New York City Fire Department. From a start tenting out with their children in the Adirondacks in 1960, the Radtkes have moved up to a 34-foot, $60,000 motor home that serves as their home for about five months every year. In November they move to Florida, Arizona or Texas. Last winter they went to an R.V. park in the Rio Grande Valley that had its own heated swimming pool, billiard parlor, and woodworking shop, as well as aerobics and dancing classes.

For their trip through the Yukon and Alaska, the Radtkes paid $2,500 to join a 44-day, 25-vehicle convoy organized by a New Orleans-based company that runs such odysseys all over the continent. The payment gave them the services of a ''wagonmaster'' who had covered the route in advance, as well as guaranteed spots in R.V. parks to hook up to electrical power and to sewage disposal. Along the way the wagonmaster, George Shaughnessy, had set up entertainment, from campfires and cocktails to a night at the ''Franctic Follies'' in Dawson City, as well as cooking lessons for the ladies in such delicacies as rhubarb pie.

''It's the poor man's Hilton,'' Mr. Radtke said, as he showed a visitor over the plushly upholstered sofa and chairs, the shower room and kitchen, and the comfortable twin-bed boudoir at the rear of his rig. Nearby sat the class of the convoy, a $250,000 converted motor coach with a roof-mounted satellite dish belonging to a trucking company owner, Bob Williams. With the permanent daylight of the sub-Arctic night fading to twilight, Mr. Williams could be seen flicking through television channels that looked as clear as they might have been in his home town of Los Angeles.

Emphasis Is on Slow

Between agreed-on start-up hours and ''hitching'' hours at the end of each day, convoy members are free to make their own time on the road, usually slowly. ''We're more likely to be ticketed for blocking traffic than speeding,'' said Mr. Shaughnessy, a 61-year-old retired ''troubleman'' for a Miami power company. Still, a group gathered outside Mr. Shaughnessy's mobile home agreed on the greatest menace on the roads. ''The elderly person, going so slow he'll have a half-mile of traffic on his tail and not know it,'' Mr. Shaughnessy said.

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Beyond organized itineraries and help with breakdowns, the comforts of a convoy are those of any club. Among these, it seemed, are shared viewpoints. Much of the talk was about the cost of gasoline, which, at 30 percent higher in Canada than in the United States, raises costs considerably for vehicles that run 5 to 7 miles per gallon. More aggravating still for most owners was the state of the Alaska Highway in the northern Yukon, a gravel washboard that is slowly being paved, thanks to United States Government grants.

J. G. Jarrett, a retired construction manager from Stockbridge, Ga., offered the view that Canada might be better off without a border. ''I think it should be open, clear right from Mexico all the way to here,'' he said.

Away from the group, another owner was of a more philosophical bent. Over a coffee in his living area, he said that he had been reading Jack Kerouac's ''On the Road,'' a semi-autobiographical novel about a writer's wanderings across America in the 1950's. ''I don't suppose Kerouac's highways were too busy with blue-rinsed Nixon Republicans,'' the man, in his mid-60's, remarked with a chuckle. ''I guess we're chugging to a different God.''

GRAPHIC: Photo of motor homes moving south along the Alaska Highway near Whitehorse, Yukon (NYT/John F. Burns); map of the Yukon indicating the Alsaka Highway (NYT)

SUBJECT: MOBILE HOMES

NAME: BURNS, JOHN F

GEOGRAPHIC: ALASKA HIGHWAY; CANADA; YUKON TERRITORY; ALASKA

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Happy Campers

Themes of volunteerism
outdoor ethics
take pride in America
Bush outdoors record

Richmond, VA. — farm
fairgrounds

Bob → get NEXUS
on R.R. 7/12/84 addres

TO: MARK

FROM: RETT

RE: Major US Metropolitan Areas

Dime Box, Texas

Intercourse, Pennsylvania

Scratch Ankle, Alabama

Gnawbone, Indiana

Humptulips, Washington

Brooklyn Bridge, Kentucky

Nameless, Tennessee

Moscow, Idaho

TO: MARK

FROM: RETT

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Scratch Ankle, Alabama

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Brooklyn Bridge, Kentucky

Nameless, Tennessee

depending on the depth of the well, but they all look like iron hobby horses.

The units we were supposed to spruce up were monsters that had been baking in the sun for weeks. That meant trouble, because the only way to paint a pumping unit is to move, top to bottom, straddling the main beam as you go. Imagine riding a hot branding iron without a saddle and you've got the picture.

Hugh Evans had been down that road before and wasn't about to make the same mistake twice. So he began working the base of the largest unit, taking it slow and easy. After about five minutes, he stopped, lit a cigarette, and ambled over to a nearby shade tree.

From that point on, I was painting solo.

"Hey, George, you know what the thermometer read when we left the store?" Hugh bellowed from ten feet below and twenty-five yards away. "A hundred five degrees. But out here it's dry heat, so you don't feel it much."

I looked down to see him lighting up another Camel. He was leaning against the shade tree, blowing smoke, lamenting the injustice of it all.

"One hell of a day to send folks out to paint a damn pumping unit, if you ask me," he said. "It just ain't fair."

This was vintage Hugh, figuring if he got someone teed-off at Bill Nelson, he'd overlook the fact that his coworker wasn't coworking. From the start Hugh had me pegged as a young eastern sucker, a college boy who knew the books but not the angles. And he was right. I still had a lot to learn.

But whether he meant to or not, Hugh was making me look good. Bill Nelson knew that whatever work was being done it wasn't Hugh's. I figured that sooner or later Bill would tell Ideco's Dallas office that this new trainee Bush was working out okay and deserved more than $375 a month.

The hours passed, the temperature fell. It couldn't have been more than ninety-eight degrees by the time the job was finished. I was wrung out and my rear end was roasted. But every last pumping unit had a fresh coat of Ideco black and orange.

"Mighty fine, George," said Hugh Evans, appraising our handiwork. His eyes took in the units, then slowly came around to me, sunburned, and paint-stained. Hugh obviously had something on his mind. "George," he said, "would you mind if I ask a personal question?"

"That depends, Hugh," I replied. "What is it you want to know?"

"Just tell me," he said, "whatever brought you to Texas?"

The question called for a long, drawn-out answer, but all things considered, I settled for a short, simple one. What had brought me to Texas, I told him, was a chance to learn the oil business and make money. Hugh listened, then shook his head. "You've come to the wrong town then," he said. "Midland's where the money is."

He was right. Midland, twenty miles northeast, up Highway 80, was where other newcomers were settling in those postwar Texas oil-rush days. It was the town where the oil deals were made, whereas Odessa was the town where the oil field equipment was sold and the drilling contractors stored their idle rigs.

Midland had the speculators; Odessa had the contractors. Midland had the geologists and engineers; Odessa had the hands-on drillers, roughnecks, and roustabouts. Midland had the money; Odessa had the muscle.

In short, Odessa wasn't the place for a twenty-four-year-old Navy veteran to get rich, quick or otherwise. From a straight economic standpoint, I'd have done better taking my uncle, Herbie Walker, up on an offer to join his stock-brokerage firm.

But money alone wasn't why I'd come to Texas. The full reason had to do with where I came from, where I'd been, and where I hoped to go in life—from Greenwich, Connecticut, to the Bonin Islands, to Yale, and, finally, to what Odessa represented to me and my wife Barbara in that summer of 1948.

. . .

What literally brought me to Texas that summer was a 1947 two-door coupe, one of Studebaker's streamlined postwar models that cost $1,500 during my last year in college. Crimson red, with wraparound windows and a low-slung ultramodern design. A little garish by New Haven standards, but after three years in the Navy, I'd come home with my own ideas about what I wanted out of life.

It wasn't so much that I knew what I wanted as that I knew what I *didn't* want. I didn't want to do anything pat and predictable. I'd come of age in a time of war, seen different people and cultures, known danger, and suffered the loss of close friends. Like a lot of other veterans who'd come home, I was young in years but matured in outlook. The world I'd known before the war didn't interest me. I was looking for a different kind of life, something challenging, outside the established mold. I couldn't see myself being happy commuting into work, then back home, five days a week.

Fortunately I'd married someone who shared these ideas about breaking away. Barbara and I had married in the last year of the war. While I was still majoring in economics at Yale, we talked a lot about doing something different with our lives; and we didn't put any limit on our imagination either.

Once, after reading Louis Bromfield's book, *The Farm,* we seriously considered going into farming. We were attracted by the idea of being self-sufficient, as well as the basic values Bromfield described as being part of farm life. There were Grant Wood visions of golden wheat fields under blue midwestern skies, and bringing up a family in the farm belt.

Then we started looking more deeply into the economics of life on the farm. Not just what it might take to operate a successful farm, but how much was needed for an initial investment in land, stock, and farm equipment. It was more than we could afford: we didn't have the money; we didn't know where to raise it. One thing for certain, it wasn't the sort of business proposition to take up with our families.

My father, Prescott Bush, Sr., was a successful businessman, a partner in the investment banking firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company. He'd made money and our family lived comfortably but not ostentatiously. Dad believed in the old Ben Franklin copybook maxims when it came to earning, saving, and spending. In other ways, too, he and my mother embodied the Puritan ethic, in the best sense of the term. Their children—my brothers Pres, John, and Buck, my sister Nancy, and I—all grew up understanding that life isn't an open-ended checking account. Whatever we wanted, we'd have to earn. From an early age we knew that if an illness or something really serious occurred, our folks would be there to help, but once we left home, we'd make it on our own, in business or whatever we entered in later life.

If I'd really believed there was a solid business prospect to discuss, I wouldn't have hesitated to go to Dad. No matter how we looked at it, though, George and Barbara Farms came off as a high-risk, no-yield investment.

But there was another, even better reason why we never considered going to our families for seed money. Breaking away meant just that—living on our own. I'd saved up three thousand dollars in the Navy. Not much, but enough to get us started independently. We were young, still in our early twenties, and we wanted to make our own way, our own mistakes, and shape our own future.

Actually, I was only doing what my own father and mother had done a generation before. They were Midwesterners who had migrated to New England to make a life for themselves. Dad came from Columbus, Ohio, and Mother, born Dorothy Walker, from St. Louis.

My father first traveled East to go to school. After finishing college at Yale, he enlisted in the Army field artillery when the United States entered World War One. Sent overseas, he rose to the rank of captain, then returned home to

Carolina, N.Y.U., and Illinois—and it never occurred to us that losing our final game could ruin an otherwise good season.

We could thank our coach, Ethan Allen, for that. He always kept things in perspective. In addition, most of us had served in the war. We knew there were worse things that can happen to you in life than losing a ballgame. In any case, when we left Kalamazoo in 1948 we were only disappointed, not devastated.

I headed straight home from Kalamazoo to gas up my '47 Studebaker, say good-bye to Barbara and little George, and start the long drive to Texas. Graduation ceremonies had been held before the series and my job with Ideco was waiting. Heading south, I stopped over to see a ball game in Birmingham, Alabama. Frank Quinn was already there, earning his bonus for the Red Sox's Southern Association team. The luck o' the Irish.

I was headed to Odessa after considering and rejecting several options, though in some cases the options rejected me.

One option was applying for a Rhodes scholarship. Graduating with honors and being a two-letter man in sports, in addition to other college activities, gave me a good shot at a Rhodes, according to my faculty counselor. But attractive as that possibility was, it would have meant putting off my entry into the business world. Even if I were accepted, there was no way that Barbara, little George, and I could spend a year in England without outside financial help. The same was true of graduate school in general.

And again, I'd lost four years in the war. I wanted and needed to get into the real world, to get a job. So like other seniors, I began my job search. Procter and Gamble, for one, had a training program going. I interviewed, but nothing came of it.

Then Neil Mallon entered the picture to lend a helping hand, and not for the first time. A close family friend, he was surrogate uncle and father-confessor to all the Bush children while we were growing up. Recalling my wartime

experience in Corpus Christi, Neil had a suggestion—and a job offer to back it up. "What you need to do is head out to Texas and those oil fields," he said. "That's the place for ambitious young people these days."

Neil was the head of Dresser Industries, parent company of Ideco (short for the International Derrick and Equipment Company). They had an opening for a trainee in West Texas. I went to Dresser's main office—then in Cleveland, Ohio—where Neil outlined the job. "You'll be an equipment clerk," he explained. "There's not much salary, but if you want to learn the oil business, it's a start." He might have added that if I really wanted to find something different in life than what I'd known, the place to find it was West Texas.

Heading into Texas in my Studebaker, all I knew about the state's landscape was what I'd seen from the cockpit of a Vultee Vibrator during my training days in the Navy. There was ranchland, some of it rolling, other parts flat. The countryside had looked sparsely covered, but nothing like what could be seen traveling down Highway 80 toward Midland-Odessa. Once past Abilene, it was all dry topsoil, tumbleweeds, and a few trees. I'd had the impression (probably from watching Randolph Scott movies) that Abilene was cattle-grazing land, but it was hard to imagine how the barren area around me could support cattle, or that underneath this arid soil might be a fortune, even several fortunes, in minerals.

Just outside Abilene I pulled over to a wooden-frame restaurant for my first West Texas–style lunch. There were the signs advertising beer outside the roadstop. They added up to more evidence that Texas was in a different world:

LONE STAR . . . JAX . . . PEARL . . . DIXIE

Inside I passed over the national brands and asked for either a Lone Star or a Pearl, to mark my arrival in Texas (but not as a Texan; that didn't come as easily). My eyes ran down the menu, falling finally on "Chicken-Fried Steak." Nothing like that had ever been served at the Corpus Christi Naval Base mess hall, but after calling for a local beer there was nothing to do but go the full West Texas route.

"Chicken-fried steak," I said, as if knowing what I'd

ordered. Would it turn out to be a steak fried like a chicken, or a chicken fried like a steak? The waitress nodded, picked up the menu, and headed toward the kitchen. About ten minutes later she reappeared with the answer: It was a medium-grade steak smothered in thick chicken-type gravy. At the time I weighed about 180 pounds, thin for my height. Calories meant nothing, and at age twenty-four I couldn't have cared less about cholesterol, even if I'd known what cholesterol was in 1948. But even now, at 195 pounds, and nearly forty years older, I count chicken-fried steak as one of my favorite Texas delicacies. The only difference is, I don't eat it at midday, not when I have an afternoon workload.

A little later I drove into Odessa for the first time. It was another eye-opener because of the difference between the landscapes I knew and West Texas landscapes. I knew what industrial towns looked like back East, but I'd never seen a whole townful of equipment yards. As I headed toward the Ideco store—just a small, rectangular tin-roofed building, with a loading dock—I passed drilling masts, derricks, and draw works; rack on rack of casing, drill pipe, and tubing; and row on row of sucker rods. At the time, of course, I didn't know that's what they were called. But I learned, in a matter of days.

My coworker, Hugh Evans, saw to that.

Barbara and young George came to Odessa after I'd located a place for us to live: a shotgun house on East Seventh street, with a makeshift partition down the middle that divided it into two apartments. We had one bedroom, a small kitchen, and a shared bathroom. An old water-drip window unit that cranked up like a West Texas dust storm drew cool air into the bedroom on hot summer nights.

The unit wheezed but wasn't noisy enough to drown out the socializing on the other side of the partition. Our neighbors, a mother and daughter, entertained a long line of male guests every night. We shared one of the few indoor toilets on East Seventh, and the guests kept it occupied from dusk to dawn.

One house over lived an Oklahoma couple, Jack and Valta Ree Casselman, and across the unpaved street was Otis Miller, a native Texan who listened patiently for a month while his new neighbors from the East mispronounced his name, calling him "*O*-tis" when it was really "*Ah*-tis." It was our first lesson in Texas phonetics, but there would be others, as I visited nearby oil fields, traveling through towns called Muleshoe, Wink, and Notrees.

The summer months passed, and the daily temperatures fell, bringing on "the Season"—not just autumn, but the one thing in Texas that ranked equal to, if not greater than, oil prices as the subject of morning coffee conversation at Nell's diner.

Barbara and I were sports fans, but we'd never seen anything like the football fever that overtook West Texas from September through November. When the Odessa Broncos played Abilene, San Angelo, or Midland—especially Midland—there wasn't any point trying to talk about anything else, either twenty-four hours before or after a game.

It was during the peak of the season of '48, my first autumn as an Ideco trainee, that Bill Nelson gave me my first real sales assignment. A tough one: the prospect neither understood nor spoke English.

"Dallas is sending over a customer," Bill said glumly after hanging up the phone one morning, "a foreigner."

"Where from?" asked a field salesman, Leo Thomas.

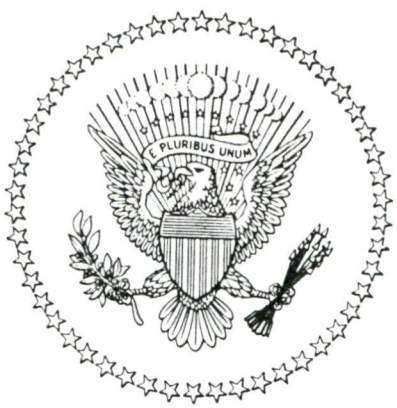
"Yugoslavia," said Bill. "Not just a foreigner, but a damn Communist."

This was the early postwar period when the United States had just begun giving foreign aid to Yugoslavia to encourage Marshal Tito's split with Moscow. But Bill had his own foreign policy, and he wasn't too happy about babysitting a Marxist engineer, sales or no sales. He looked at Leo Thomas. Leo looked at Hugh. They all looked at me. The message was clear: As the closest thing to a foreigner in Odessa, Texas, I'd just been nominated to show our Yugoslav guest around.

I felt sorry for the guy from the moment he stepped off the train, a bewildered expression on his face and a Yugo-

PUBLIC PAPERS OF THE PRESIDENTS
OF THE
UNITED STATES

Ronald Reagan



1984

(IN TWO BOOKS)

BOOK II—JUNE 30 TO DECEMBER 31, 1984

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1987

I urge all Americans to join with our good neighbors in Canada in observing this Anniversary. Let us celebrate together a quarter century of partnership in the spirit of friendship and cooperation that has long marked United States-Canadian relations, and pledge our continued support of the international Seaway which links our two countries.

In recognition of the valuable contributions of the St. Lawrence Seaway to the Nation, the Congress, by House Joint Resolution 567, has designated 1984 as the "Year of the St. Lawrence Seaway" and June 27, 1984, as "St. Lawrence Seaway Day," and authorized and requested the President to issue an appropriate proclamation.

Now, Therefore, I, Ronald Reagan, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim 1984 as the Year of the St. Lawrence Seaway and June 27, 1984, as St. Lawrence Seaway Day, and I urge all Americans to join in appropriate observances.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this eleventh day of July, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eighty-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred and ninth.

RONALD REAGAN

[*Filed with the Office of the Federal Register, 10:10 a.m., July 12, 1984*]

Memorandum on the Delegation of Authority for Reports and Determinations Concerning El Salvador
July 11, 1984

Memorandum for the Secretary of State

Subject: Delegation of Authority for Reports and Determinations Concerning El Salvador

By the authority vested in me as President by the Constitution and statutes of the United States of America, including Section 621 of the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961, as amended, and Section 301 of Title 3 of the United States Code, I hereby delegate to you the functions conferred upon me by the Joint Resolution "Making an urgent supplemental appropriation for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1984, for the Department of Agriculture" (Public Law 98–332), insofar as they relate to El Salvador in an unnumbered paragraph entitled "Military Assistance" and to Section 108.

This memorandum shall be published in the *Federal Register.*

RONALD REAGAN

[*Filed with the Office of the Federal Register, 1:52 p.m., July 13, 1984*]

Note: The memorandum is printed in the Federal Register *of July 17.*

Remarks to the National Campers and Hikers Association in Bowling Green, Kentucky
July 12, 1984

The President. Thank you, Porky. Thank you, and Secretary Clark, Congressman Natcher, it's a great pleasure to be back in Kentucky. And I'm delighted to join all of you, members of the National Campers and Hikers Association, here in this beautiful setting.

Audience member. We love you!

The President. Thank you. I know you've come from all over this land, and I've just come from Mammoth Cave National Park. [*Laughter*] And I want to give special thanks to those who make it possible for us to enjoy Mammoth Cave and all our national parks, our National Park Service.

Many of you have used camping facilities maintained by the Park Service or hiked on trails the Park Service has blazed, so I'm sure that you join with me in a feeling of great gratitude for the men and women of our National Park Service.

Now, I'm told that there are more than 20,000 of you here today, from retired couples to young families with infant children—an all-American gathering of people from every walk of life firmly united in enjoyment of the great outdoors. For more than 20 years, your National Campers and Hikers Association has been helping to enjoy the land, but in addition, in many cases, helping to preserve the beauty of the land itself.

Ever since taking office, we've urged Americans to become active in voluntarism programs, and your conservation work provides an inspiring example. You maintain wildlife refuges; you plant trees, clean up streams, parks, and highways. You've raised funds to protect endangered species like our nation's symbol, the bald eagle, and you've worked with the Department of Agriculture to control the spread of the gypsy moth, which is a blight on our woodlands.

There's another aspect of your association that I want to applaud, your support for the family. The American family is the foundation of our country's goodness and strength. Take away the sense of purpose that raising a family gives to men and women, take away the love, support, and training that children get from their parents, and all that we hold dear in this land will be in jeopardy. But by promoting activities that everyone from grandparents to toddlers can enjoy, you're keeping families together, and you're keeping them strong.

Today I want to speak about a matter that concerns us all: our efforts to protect our country's national heritage. It was near the turn of the century that concerned citizens, naturalists, and explorers first brought to the Nation's attention a series of grave threats to our environment. They pointed at dwindling resources, unprotected wilderness areas, imperiled wildlife, and a public that was uninformed.

One of the central figures in that movement, I know, has been mentioned already here today—Theodore Roosevelt, a great President, who for the first time outlined the legitimate role of the Federal Government in protecting our environment. He also, I think, was the fellow that was responsible for adding the West Wing to the White House, where the offices are, because his wife told him one day, when the White House was also all the Presidential offices, she said, "If I'm going to raise a half a dozen kids, you're going to get your people out of here." [*Laughter*]

But he said, "of all the questions which can come before this nation, short of the actual preservation of its existence . . . there is none which compares in importance with the great central task of leaving this land even a better land for our descendants than it is for us. . . ." Well, I know that all of us take pride in the measures that were set in motion by President Theodore Roosevelt and the environmental movement of his day.

In 1916 our National Park Service was created, and today it cares for 335 sites, with a total area that is bigger than Tennessee, West Virginia, and Kentucky put together. Our parks include wonders like the desert majesty of the Grand Canyon, the icy beauty of Mount McKinley; and last year alone, they were enjoyed by some 254 million visitors.

In the years since the founding of our National Park Service, other landmark environmental legislation has been passed. 1964 Wilderness Act called for areas to be set aside in wholly natural environments, lacking even roads. In 1973 the Congress passed the Endangered Species Act, one of the most far-reaching laws anywhere—anywhere in the world—to prevent the extinction of plants and animals.

During the sixties and seventies, we became aware of the growing threat of pollution, and in 1970 we created the Environmental Protection Agency. At the time some claimed that, despite the EPA, eco-

nomic progress would bring in its wake more and more pollution. But advances in science and technology, born out of our system of free enterprise, combined with the work of the EPA to prove just the opposite.

There has been a 60-percent increase in coal-fired electric generation capacity during the last 14 years. Yet powerplant sulfur emissions today are lower than they were in 1970. During the decade of '70 to 1980, the number of miles traveled by cars and trucks on our highways increased by nearly 40 percent. Yet, at the same time, total pollution from those cars and trucks actually dropped by almost 20 percent. Over the same period, we've seen dramatic improvement in the quality of surface water throughout the country. Today salmon and trout are returning to rivers and streams where they haven't been seen for generations.

America has built a proud record of achievement in protecting her natural heritage over the past three-quarters of a century. At the same time that our population was growing by leaps and bounds and we were building the most productive economy on Earth, we were protecting our lands and wildlife and working successfully to keep our air and water clean.

Sadly, though, in recent years our environmental efforts began to lose some of their energy and direction. Indeed, by the time our administration came into office, the Federal Government had become somewhat negligent in its care of our natural heritage. Our parks have suffered funding declines for maintenance and were in disrepair. At Yellowstone National Park alone there were health and safety hazards that would require millions of dollars to correct.

America's wetlands were in grave danger of disappearing. State plans to combat pollution had been allowed to pile up in an enormous backlog. And the vital task of preserving endangered species had been neglected, because the Government had failed to complete the necessary recovery plans—even though those plans had long ago been mandated by the Congress.

Well, a few years ago we were faced with the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression and a weak and vacillating foreign policy that had lost the respect of friend and foe alike. Yet, even while we moved to address these twin crises, we were determined to move quickly and effectively to deal with the Federal Government's lagging efforts to protect our environment.

One of our most important efforts has involved hazardous wastes. Where wastes were mismanaged in the past, we've moved aggressively under the Superfund program. By the end of this year, the Environmental Protection Agency expects to have undertaken more than 400 actions to address contamination threats. At hundreds of other national priority sites, long-term work is underway to remove wastes and eliminate contamination of valuable land and groundwater. And as I told the Congress in that State of the Union Address, I'm committed to seeking an extension of that Superfund law. Negligent handling of toxic wastes threatens the health of thousands of Americans. And I pledge to you that your government will take all the necessary steps to protect the American people against the menace of hazardous wastes.

To combat water pollution, our administration has established more stringent standards for 19 critical industries. To deal with the threat of lead poisoning, we've issued regulations that sharply reduce the amount of lead in gasoline. In controlling pesticides, we're handling more reviews of new chemicals, and we've moved against the dangerous pesticide EDB, ethylene dibromide.

And as a first practical step to deal with acid rain, our administration is conducting extensive research. Now, some have suggested that, oh, this is just government studying something to death. No, it isn't. The more we've learned, the more we've realized how little we know about the problem that is causing some of our lakes to die and some of our forests to be affected. And so, during the coming year, we plan to spend $127 million on further research, so that before we turn loose recommendations as to what must be done about it, we'll know really what we're talking about; and we won't be wasting your tax money or that

of business and industry which would increase the prices for things that you buy. As this research produces answers, we're going to put that information to work. And we'll keep working until we provide reliable protection for all our natural resources.

Each of us knows the thrill we get when we see an eagle in the mountains or a deer in the forest, and I'd like to tell you how we're trying to preserve the rich beauty and bounty of our lands and wildlife. We've added many miles to our National Trails System. And we've put scores of historic sites on the National Registries of Historical and Natural Landmarks. And to expand our National Wild and Scenic River System, we proposed adding 245 river miles along 8 different rivers.

We have a proposal that, if enacted by the Congress, will be the first comprehensive effort in our history to protect our nation's wetlands. And our Coastal Barriers Resources Act is already protecting large sections of our Gulf and Atlantic coasts, including more than 700 miles of dunes, beaches, and marshland.

To preserve our wildlife, we're working with the State of California to create a wildlife sanctuary that will protect thousands of seals and sea birds. In Texas, we're helping the State government at Aransas National Wildlife Refuge to protect the whooping crane. And we've completed recovery plans for more than 80 endangered species. Today the California condor, the Atlantic salmon, the peregrine falcon, and many other magnificent creatures have a new chance to multiply and flourish and to be here to greet our great-grandchildren.

And this brings me to a measure that I know is close to your hearts particularly: our work to refurbish and beautify our national parks. Like everyone who's ever seen them, we view our national parks as the crown jewels of the American land. And when we took office, we reversed a decline in funding that had been going on for their upkeep and inaugurated a 5-year, billion-dollar effort to give our parks the improvements they so badly needed. And I'm delighted to announce that this vital program has proceeded so well that it will be finished in 1985, a full year ahead of schedule.

From Independence Hall in Philadelphia to the Redwood Forest in California, our great national parks are getting the treatment they deserve. At Mammoth Cave National Park, our park restoration and improvement program has funded a universe of repairs and improvements. And I was just shown some of them a little while ago. Throughout the park, for example, cave trails and footpaths have been reworked to keep the caves accessible to their millions of visitors.

No treasure, I don't believe, means more to the American people than the Statue of Liberty. And right now, that grand lady in New York Harbor is getting special attention. With help from Lee Iacocca, the chairman of Chrysler, and his advisory commission, we've begun an effort to raise $230 million to give the statue and Ellis Island some sorely needed repairs. Already the American people have contributed a sizable amount.

And schoolchildren across this country have sent dimes and nickels that total more than a million dollars for this refurbishing job. The repairs will be completed in time for Miss Liberty's 100th birthday celebration on the Fourth of July, 1986. It's going to be quite a party, and you're all invited. Maybe we can announce that it's the greatest facelift that's ever been given. [*Laughter*]

But just as we believe in preserving our natural heritage, we're committed to putting it to the best possible use for the American people. Today some 175 million Americans over the age of 12 regularly participate in outdoor recreation. That's a substantial increase over past decades. And as members of the NCHA, you won't be surprised to hear that some 46 million Americans are campers. But perhaps you didn't know that more than 50 million are boaters, and some 64 million are fishermen, and about a hundred million are swimmers.

Now, make no mistake, the American land belongs to the American people, and we intend to keep it open for the American people. You may remember that under past—well, over the years past, there's been—well, there were some efforts to deal with energy shortages by attempting to ration gas and trying to keep you from

using your recreational vehicles, your RV's. At one point, the Department of Energy even proposed a Sunday ban on motorboating. Now, officials admitted that the ban would have very little effect on gas supplies. But they claimed that it would have symbolic value. Well, they were right about that. The proposal did symbolize a government that had grown a little arrogant and intrusive, a government that seemed to believe that the American people should be kept away from their own lakes, rivers, and parks.

Well, forgive me, but we take a different view. We believe the environment includes people and that they, now and always, have a right to enjoy the American land. But I'm happy also to say that under our energy policy, I don't think we should ever again face a severe shortage of gasoline. Indeed, when we decontrolled, oil prices—or oil supplies increased, and today the price of gas at the pump is actually lower than it was in 1981. But if we do face a gas shortage, this administration will never respond by trying to keep the American people from enjoying the great outdoors.

In short, we believe that you can be a friend to the people at the same time that you're a friend to the land. And we're convinced that working through the wonders of science and technology, the human mind can enable our economy to grow, providing new jobs for millions, while at the same time enhancing our precious natural resources. And on these principles we have proceeded and we shall continue to act as long as we hold office.

Three thousand years ago the psalmist wrote, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." The American writer and naturalist Henry David Thoreau, whose 167th birthday we celebrate today, expressed a similar belief. "In wildness," he wrote, "is the preservation of the world." Well, today in this great open field, we know that those two writers, though separated by the centuries—what they both thought and felt.

Here in the open, close to the land, we feel refreshed and free. Here we see clearly what is important in life—the liberty our country offers, the love of our families and friends. And here it is that we're given a strong sense of the majesty of our Creator. I just have to believe that with love for our natural heritage and a firm resolve to preserve it with wisdom and care, we can and will give the American land to our children, not impaired, but enhanced. And in doing this, we'll honor the great and loving God who gave us this land in the first place.

I thank all of you for what you're doing. And God bless you all. And God bless America.

Mr. DeCabooter. Mr. President, the National Campers and Hikers Association, since it is a family camping organization, would like to present to you, President Ronald Reagan, and Mrs. Reagan—membership into the National Campers and Hikers Association.

The President. Thank you very much.

Mr. DeCabooter. And along with that, a little memento welcoming you to the National Campers and Hikers Campvention, 1984, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

The President. Thank you very much. I appreciate these and am honored by them.

I want you to know also I'm not a stranger to what it is that you love so much out there. As a matter of fact, I haven't had as many chances to do that now as I would like. But the last time I remember taking a pack trip into the High Sierras. And we had our small son along with us at the time, Nancy and I, and when we picked a place to stretch out our sleeping bags on the ground, he decided he was going over there between a couple of pine trees. And he went over there, and then we settled in.

And all of a sudden here he came—with his sleeping bag—[*laughter*]—and he put it down right by me. And then I heard the most wonderful words in the world. He says, "Well, here we are—all huddled around old dad." [*Laughter*]

Thank you all very much.

Note: The President spoke at 12:12 p.m. at the Beech Bend Campground. In his opening remarks, he referred to Richard (Porky) DeCabooter, president of the National Campers and Hikers Association, who introduced the President and Secretary of the Interior William P. Clark.

Earlier in the day, the President was briefed on the park restoration and improvement program by Robert L. Deskins,

Superintendent of Mammoth Cave National Park, and then was given a tour of a portion of Mammoth Cave.

Following his appearance at the gathering, the President returned to Washington, DC.

Message to the Congress Transmitting a United States-Denmark Fishery Agreement

July 13, 1984

To the Congress of the United States:

In accordance with the Magnuson Fishery Conservation and Management Act of 1976 (Public Law 94–265; 16 U.S.C. 1801 *et seq.*), I transmit herewith a governing international fishery agreement between the United States of the one part and Denmark and the Faroe Islands of the other part signed at Washington on June 11, 1984.

This agreement is one of a series to be renegotiated in accordance with that legislation to replace existing bilateral fishery agreements. I hereby commend this agreement to the Congress.

RONALD REAGAN

The White House,
July 13, 1984.

Remarks at a White House Luncheon for Elected Republican Women Officials and Candidates

July 13, 1984

Good afternoon, and welcome to all of you. I'm delighted to see you. And before I get into my remarks, I have to share some news with you.

You probably got this news in the briefings that have taken place already. But just in case you didn't—and if you did, it's worth repeating—our goal for the American people is a strong, growth economy with stable prices. And this morning it looks like we hit the jackpot, made a triple play. Industrial production in June was up. Retail sales in June were up. And producer prices were unchanged for the third month in a row, 0.0.

So, now I can go on that it's good to see so many old friends and also to meet some new ones, and to be joined by two of the favorite women in my life, Nancy and Maureen. I want to begin by giving each of you my heartfelt thanks for all that you've done for the Republican cause.

Politics is often fun and sometimes glamorous, but in the end it's the hard work of people like you that makes it possible for us to put our beliefs into practice. Your role is especially important because you demonstrate a Republican commitment to American women. And that's a commitment that runs deep.

It is kind of appropriate today I should be saying this—[*laughter*]—because, you know, some people have tried to keep this very fact I've just mentioned a secret. Well, first it was the Grand Old Party that gave its backing to women's suffrage. And then it became the first to elect a woman to the United States Congress and the first to elect women to the United States Senate who are not just filling out unexpired terms.

Today the two women in the Senate, my friends Nancy Kassebaum and Paula Hawkins, are Republicans, the only two women in the Senate. And we have nine outstanding Republican women in the House of Representatives. And I really bring this up

American Recreation Coalition

Dedicated to the protection and enhancement of every citizen's right to pursue health and happiness through leisure-time activities.

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THIS IS PAGE 1 OF 2 PAGE DOCUMENT

AMERICAN RECREATION COALITION
1331 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, NW, SUITE 726, WASHINGTON, DC 20004

The Family Motor Coach Association has 235 chapters, mostly regionally-focused. Many of these chapters are involved in community service efforts. Two examples are the San Diego Can Crushers and the Achievers International.

For more than a decade, the 100-plus families belonging to the San Diego Can Crushers have been actively involved in aluminum can recycling. Former FMCA President Charles Chenewith and his wife, Jeannie, for example, have been involved with the chapter's roadside clean-ups as well as its efforts to boost ongoing can recycling programs.

Achievers International, another chapter, includes several hundred member families in the US and Canada. Many have faced handicaps personally, while still others have become personally involved in aiding others in their communities with handicaps. Through FMCA, they form a support network from one side of this great nation to the other.

[Better Homes Foundation/Literacy Volunteers of America newly launched efforts]

(Lange/Wallace)
June 15, 1989
8:00 a.m.
[CAMPERS.DOC]

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: FAMILY MOTOR COACH ASSOCIATION
VIRGINIA STATE FAIRGROUND, RICHMOND
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1989
5:45 P.M.

Thank you, _____. [Acknowledgements]

[[You know, there must be a new spirit of openness in the Soviet Union -- I got a phone call from Mr. Gorbachev last week. He asked me what's really so much better about America. I said, "Well, we have democracy, and freely-elected government." He said, "We do, too."

So I said, "We have drive-in restaurants and banks." And he said, "That's not so very impressive." So I said, "We have cable television, and satellite dishes with dozens and dozens of channels." And he said, "So what?"

But then I <u>finally</u> got to him. "You know," I said, "in America we have houses that can do 55 into a headwind..."]]

[[Is this a great country, or what?]]

It is wonderful to be visiting with such an outstanding group of Americans on the move. You know, when this organization

was founded by a handful of families in 19__, no one could have predicted that 25 years later, you'd be 65,000 strong -- and growing.

But you're an example of a long-standing tradition in this country. When people think of the chronicles of modern-day American travelers, they often cite Jack Kerouac, or biker movies -- but there are a few of us that can think back a little farther than that.

In fact, yours is a tradition that began 150 years ago, when Americans in covered wagons set out to explore the lands west of the Mississippi River. Today you continually re-discover the miracle of America's abundance.

[[Some of you cover more ground in a year than a politician covers in a lifetime. But unlike politicians, you don't add to the global warming problem as much -- good thing you run on unleaded instead of hot air...]]

Whether you escape for weekends -- or migrate for months at a time -- all of you have found and fostered a special fellowship in the camaraderie of the road.

And no matter how many miles roll out beneath you, it seems that your kind of people become ever more firmly rooted in

traditional American ideals -- ideals of freedom. Self-reliance. The love of nature, and of this nation. And above all, the nurturing of family values.

Such values deserve to be preserved. And you know, they often find their best expression when you see the great outdoors through the eyes of a child, or grandchild. That's one reason I believe **it's time to renew the environmental ethic in America**.

The natural beauty that you and I enjoy today is a sacred trust. We must do more than simply limit the damage we've done. Henry David Thoreau's ideal was that if you borrow an axe, you should return it sharper than when you got it.

In equal measure, our natural heritage must be handled with care -- recovered and restored -- and handed to the next generation better than when we found it. The American spirit of exploration must be joined with a new sense of **restoration**.

That's one reason we need to take longer strides on behalf of our national parks. They're an original American idea, that the rest of the world admires -- and that we must improve upon. Winston Churchill had it exactly right, when he said, "The national parks are America's unique contribution to the Democratic ideal."

It's true -- our parks are among America's most democratic institutions. Eighty million acres of the most spectacular terrain on the planet, open to the wind, the sky, and the stars -- and to every traveller with the spirit to stay a moment and appreciate nature's beauty.

We need to make that kind of experience available to even more Americans, in more parts of America. So I've proposed to Congress an increase of 177 million dollars a year for recreational land acquisitions through the National Park Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Bureau of Land Management, and the Forest Service.

These funds will go for everything from "Parks for People" in urban areas, to valuable habitats as close as the James River and the Eastern Shore here in Virginia. Some of the other acquisitions range all the way out to Big Hole River in Montana, the Bizz Johnston Trail in California, Pelican Island in Florida, and Mount Baker in Washington. Many of you will see those places. Take a few pictures for me.

Actually, I found out that the White House is part of the National Park system, too. You ought to come visit some time. Not much wildlife, of course. Except for the pups.

[concl.]

I understand the Philadelphia Mummers will be performing on this stage later on. I'm glad I got up here first. They're a hard act to follow...

(Lange/Wallace)
June 15, 1989
3:30 p.m.
[CAMPERS.DOC]

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: FAMILY MOTOR COACH ASSOCIATION
VIRGINIA STATE FAIRGROUND, RICHMOND
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1989
5:45 P.M.

Thank you, _____. [Acknowledgements]

[[You know, I hear a lot at the White House about new technological achievements. Scientists tell me about our latest advances in electronics, computers, biogenetics. And that's all very interesting.

But you know, I still can't get over the fact that here in America, we have houses that can do 55 into a headwind...

Well, you may remember in The Wizard of Oz, Dorothy's Auntie Em did better than that. Probably got better mileage, too. Of course, it's not really a fair comparison. She had a pretty strong tailwind...]]

It is wonderful to be visiting with such an outstanding group of Americans on the move. You know, when this organization was founded by a handful of families in 1963, no one could have predicted that 25 years later, you'd be 65,000 strong -- and growing.

But you're an example of a long-standing tradition in this country, that began 150 years ago, when Americans in covered wagons set out to explore the lands west of the Mississippi River. Today, you continually re-discover the miracle of America's abundance, through the romance of the road.

[[And every morning, when a convoy packs up and takes off, you give a happy new meaning to the phrase, "There goes the neighborhood."]]

You've come to know the America most of us only hear about now and then. You've traded in real estate for "wheel" estates. Travelled to and through towns with names like Dime Box, Texas. Scratch Ankle, Alabama. Brooklyn Bridge, Kentucky. Gnawbone, Indiana. Moscow, Idaho. And one of my favorites -- Nameless, Tennessee.

Whether you escape for weekends -- or migrate for months at a time -- all of you have found and fostered a special fellowship in the camaraderie of the road.

And no matter how many miles roll out beneath you, it seems that your kind of people become ever more firmly rooted in traditional American ideals. Ideals of freedom. Self-reliance. The love of nature -- and of this nation. And above all, the nurturing of family values.

Today these fundamental American values must be reaffirmed. We are at a point in our history when there can be no standing still. We must either move forward, or risk sliding backward.

It is time to renew our commitments -- both to nature, and to our fellow man. The American spirit of **exploration** must be joined with a new sense of **restoration.**

The natural world that supports us -- and the society that sustains us -- both need our help.

You know, the natural beauty that you and I enjoy today is a sacred trust. So we must do more than simply limit the damage we've already done. We must work to preserve and restore the integrity and richness of this continent's natural splendor.

You never feel that more fully than when you see the great outdoors through the eyes of a child, or grandchild. That's one reason I believe **it's time to renew the environmental ethic in America.**

Henry David Thoreau's ideal was that if you borrow an axe, you should return it sharper than when you got it. Equally true that our natural heritage must be handled with care -- it must be recovered and restored -- and handed to the next generation better than when we found it.

That's why we need to do more for our national parks. The idea of a "national" park is an American original, that the rest of the world has come to admire -- because those parks are wide open, for **everyone** to enjoy. Winston Churchill had it exactly right, when he said, "The national parks are America's unique contribution to the Democratic ideal."

It's true -- our parks are America's most open institutions. Eighty million acres of the most spectacular terrain on the planet -- open to the wind, the sky, and the stars -- and to every traveller with the sense and the spirit to stay a moment and appreciate nature's beauty.

We need to make that kind of experience available to even more Americans, in more parts of America. So I've proposed to

Congress an increase of 177 million dollars a year for recreational land acquisitions through the National Park Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Bureau of Land Management, and the Forest Service.

These funds will go for everything from "Parks for People" in urban areas, to valuable habitats as close by as the James River and the Eastern Shore here in Virginia. Some of the other acquisitions range all the way out to Big Hole River in Montana, the Bizz Johnston Trail in California, Pelican Island in Florida, and Mount Baker in Washington. [[Many of you will see those places. Take a few pictures for me. They don't let me out enough.]]

I want to preserve and extend our scenic byways -- those picturesque roads that offer powerful views of the nation's natural splendor. These are the roads Americas love -- and we'll be working closely with Congress to make scenic byways an integral part of the 1991 highway bill.

To protect our wetlands, we've set up a Federal Task Force to deliver on our pledge of no net loss of these precious habitats. We've asked for nearly $200 million in new funding for acquisitions under the Land and Water Conservation Fund. And I'm looking to Congress to provide a comprehensive wetlands bill that I can sign **this year**.

Ten days ago, I outlined badly-needed reforms to the Clean Air Act. If Congress will pass that legislation, the degradation to our lakes and streams caused by acid rain -- and the damage to

our forests caused by wind-blown urban ozone -- will stop by the end of this century. All categories of airborne industrial toxic chemicals will be cut by three quarters, by the end of this century. And twenty years from now, every American -- in every city in America -- will breathe clean air. **That's what I'd call progress.**

It's good to hear that so many of you are reaffirming the American ethic of conservation, by getting involved in the Take Pride in America Program -- promoting the careful stewardship of our public lands and resources. I know that Barbara is delighted to be serving on the Panel for that program. This is just the kind of voluntary, local effort it will take to bring us into a better partnership with nature.

On that note, let me pay my respects to a great group of rambling recyclers out there -- the San Diego Can Crushers.

But I mentioned a second commitment a few minutes ago -- to our fellow man. We must take that commitment to heart, as well. For **even as we work to restore nature to its balance, we must also restore the fabric of the society we have woven between us.**

That means renewing our neighborhoods. Restoring shelter to those who have lost it. Providing the power of literacy to those who lack it. Offering support and an example to children who need it. And lending a hand to the vulnerable, the infirm, the forgotten.

Many of you have already put your belief in the value of shared strength and strong family life to work -- reaching out to

help the homeless through the Better Homes Foundation -- with transitional housing, day care, medical care, counseling, and job training.

Out there today, I know, are members of Achievers International -- who do outstanding work with the disabled.

Other FMCA members have joined forces with the Literacy Volunteers of America, in a "Roundup for Literacy" campaign, to provide tutoring through 350 community programs in 38 states. I'm told that in the past two years alone, the number of students and volunteers grew by 47 percent.

One former student said, "I see the world in a totally new way." Another said, "I feel as though a light has been turned on in my life." As good as that student felt, imagine what it was like for the tutor. There is no greater feeling that to have someone depending on you -- and to live up to their expectations.

Your involvement makes you part of a constellation of concerned citizens, **committed to building a better America -- both in her natural beauty, and in the qualities of her citizens.** Let me add my voice to those thanking you -- and let me encourage you to do more. It won't be easy. But it <u>will</u> be worth it.

You know, many of you have probably read the book about life on the road called <u>Blue Highways</u>. It's about a man who travels all over America, avoiding the big roads, deliberately taking the older, smaller roads -- the "blue" ones on his maps.

There's a lesson there, that so many of you have already learned, and are living -- a lesson that more Americans must

heed. More of us must feel outselves compelled to look beyond the wide and easy path. To follow a narrower, perhaps older route. Sometimes it's more difficult. It's often more time-consuming. But it's always more rewarding.

It is a path where progress is measured by the good we do for others. On that score, many of you have already travelled light-years.

Those of you who have travelled widely, and seen America's broad expanses, you **know** how much we have been given as a people -- and your spirits have grown accordingly. The expansive spirit of America has boundless capacity to do good.

So I'll leave you with a simple request. In whatever effort you make to restore this country's natural beauty -- or to help other Americans in need -- **make it a pilgrimage with a purpose.** Work to make a difference. I'd ask that you stop, not simply to smell the flowers along the way, but to help them grow.

Thank you. God Bless you. And God bless the United States of America.

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A NEW HIGHWAY PROGRAM FOR AMERICA

by Lester Lamm, President, Highway Users Federation

The 1956 Federal-aid Highway Act set the national highway policy under which we still operate. Over the next two years the Interstate System will be completed and Congress must devise a new national highway program to succeed the 1956 program and meet the changing needs of a growing America over the next 30 or more years.

The Highway Users Federation believes that the new program should provide for consistent national treatment of scenic and recreational driving opportunities and encourage the expansion of those opportunities on public lands and through the entire public road system.

Not everyone agrees. Some don't accept that the automobile has any legitimate role in enjoying America outdoors; others simply don't appreciate the magnitude of scenic and recreational uses of the highway nor the contribution that highway tourism makes to our economy. We believe that these attitudes are wrong, and there is strong evidence that most Americans support our view.

Most Americans can and do enjoy scenic beauty through their windshields, and learn of our nation's geography, history and culture the same way. In fact, tourism is among the top three "industries" of 40 states, and 80% of that tourism involves travel on highways.

We believe that this legitimate objective of a national highway program can be met in an environmentally responsible way, and we recognize that many states have had experience in doing just that. The case studies called for in H.R.1087 and S.432, the Scenic Byways Study Act of 1989, would assemble these experiences and allow others to learn from them. The bill also calls for updating the inventory of scenic and recreational opportunities, and studying the very real impacts, positive and negative, which will result from making scenic and recreational driving opportunities available to more Americans.

Because these studies will take time, and because Congress will begin forming the new highway program early next year, quick enactment of the Scenic Byways Study Act of 1989 is vitally important.

BACK COUNTRY BYWAYS PROGRAM UNDERWAY IN BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT

The Bureau of Land Management has issued instructions to its state directors to implement a new "Back Country Byways" program. Details on the program's goals, selection criteria and the "dedication" process were sent to state directors in March. The instruction memorandum asked for two byway selections in each state by mid-June and for complete plans for implementing the byway program by September 30, 1989.

. The first Back Country Byway was dedicated May 19 in California by Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan. The 11-mile Wild Horse Canyon Back Country Byway is in the East Mohave National Scenic Area in eastern San Bernadino County. Scenic sights include colorful volcanic formations, canyons, mountain ranges and dunes.

Back country exploring or pleasure driving is one of the major uses of public lands administered by the Bureau of Land Management. But according to BLM officials, not enough people are aware of the wide range of recreation opportunities on BLM lands. Through the Back Country Byways program, BLM hopes to increase public awareness of its recreational attractions, meet growing demand for back country driving experiences, facilitate partnerships, and contribute to local and regional tourism growth.

The American Recreation Coalition (ARC) is working with BLM to locate national partners for the program to help with publication of brochures and maps, placement of signs and information kiosks, and other marketing efforts. For more information on the Back Country Byways program, contact Bill Civich at BLM: (202)343-9353 or Derrick Crandall at ARC: (202)662-7420.

SCENIC BYWAYS '89 CONFERENCE SET FOR WASHINGTON, D.C. IN NOVEMBER

The 2nd annual national conference on scenic byways will be held at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Crystal City in northern Virginia, November 4-7, 1989.

Scenic Byways '89 is expected to draw several hundred individuals from a wide variety of public agencies and private organizations involved with scenic byways. Discussions will focus on how a national scenic byways program can be designed to enhance the work of existing federal, state and local scenic road efforts as well as advance new programs. Time will also be available for sharing information about specific programs and issues related to scenic road development.

Speakers will include key national figures from Congress and the Administration and a variety of people involved with scenic byways programs and issues. Registration forms and information will be included with the next newsletter. In the meantime, mark your calendar for November 4-7.

COLORADO GOVERNOR APPOINTS SCENIC AND HISTORIC BYWAYS COMMISSION

Roy Romer, Governor of Colorado, recently signed an Executive Order creating the Colorado Scenic and Historic Byways Commission to "guide the development of a network of Colorado roadways which have exceptional scenic, ecological, cultural and historic attributes, and to support promotional activities associated with designated byways." The commission is made up of twelve voting members, including one Colorado Highway Commissioner, one member of the Colorado Historical Society Board, and one member of the State Tourism Board. Nonvoting members include the Executive Directors of the Departments of Highways, Local Affairs and Natural Resources.

The Commission is charged with developing recommended criteria, evaluating nominations, recommending designations, coordination with Federal, state and local groups, and developing funding sources for promotional and interpretive programs. The Colorado Highway Commission will have final say on the Byway Commission's recommendations. Sally Pierce is the contact for commission activities and can be reached at the Colorado Department of Transportation, (303)757-9011.

FS NOW HAS 43 SCENIC BYWAYS; PLYMOUTH PARTNERSHIP PAYING OFF

The U.S. Forest Service continues to process nominations from the field for new Forest Service Scenic Byways, with 43 the "official" number of byways designated during the first year of the program. The Forest Service is finalizing the national logo and signs will begin to go up. An overview of the FS program and listing of their 43 scenic byways is on the insert to this issue of the newsletter.

250 people attended a dedication ceremony for the River Road Scenic Byway in the Huron-Manistee National Forest in Michigan May 19. Representatives from Plymouth, the National Forest Foundation, Consumer Power Co., local Chambers of Commerce, state and county DOT, and local Boy Scouts all attended and pledged their continuing support. Consumer Power unveiled a full-color brochure on the River Road published free of charge, two radio stations broadcasted live from the dedication, and eight film crews recorded the festivities for local TV and cable feeds.

To the local communities, "the byway is not a stand-alone program," according to Forest Landscape Architect Ross Frid. "It is a way to help them promote tourism and accomplish broader economic goals." The area is rich in scenic beauty and wildlife, and contains historic remnants of the north woods lumber industry. The scenic byway uniquely draws these elements together and gives the small communities surrounding the River Road a way to effectively promote their communities and their businesses.

The state and county governments are also supportive of the new byway, and will help fund and construct a new rest stop/visitor center at one end of the River Road. The FS will help design and manage the center, while Plymouth will pay for interpretive signs and displays.

The office of the Forest Education Foundation -- coordinator of the FS/Plymouth partnership -- is currently receiving 50+ requests a day for information on scenic byways. The requests are being generated by news articles and a new traveling exhibit, paid for by Plymouth, that promotes the FS Scenic Byway program and a related contest. Coleman and Huffy are also sponsoring the exhibit and contest prizes. A special Plymouth advertising section in the July Reader's Digest that talks about scenic byways is sure to generate many new inquiries.

WHO'S INTERESTED IN SCENIC BYWAYS

"Scenic roads are rural roads," according to **National Grange Master Robert Barrow**. "The scenic highway program fits into the Grange's three-year program of upgrading local roads and bridges..." He was quoted in the April 14 issue of View From the Hill, a newsletter published by the Grange.

The **National Park Advisory Board** was briefed on scenic byways at the invitation of board member **Earl Harmon**, Idaho tourism industry leader.

An article about scenic byways was included in the May 12 issue of **USA TODAY**. The **Recreation Vehicle Industry Association** included the article in a special "Family Travel Guide" featuring the RV lifestyle.

National Tour Association leaders continue to beat the drum for scenic byways. Immediate past president **Pete Anderson** (Maupintours) is working with the **Kansas** governor and state legislature, while NTA board member **Charlie Presley** (Great American Vacations) is keeping scenic byways up front on the **Senate Commerce Committee Advisory Board**, on which he serves.

JUN-14-1989 16:53 FROM AMERICAN RECREATION TO 94566218 P.05

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

July 15, 1988

TO ALL OF THOSE PARTICIPATING IN THE
"TAKE PRIDE IN AMERICA" AWARDS CEREMONY

I love to hunt and fish, and I have been lucky enough to experience much of America's great outdoors. We have been blessed in this country with a bountiful and beautiful land -- fertile soils, great forests, magnificent mountains and rolling plains. These have been part of our heritage and have helped shape and inspire the American spirit.

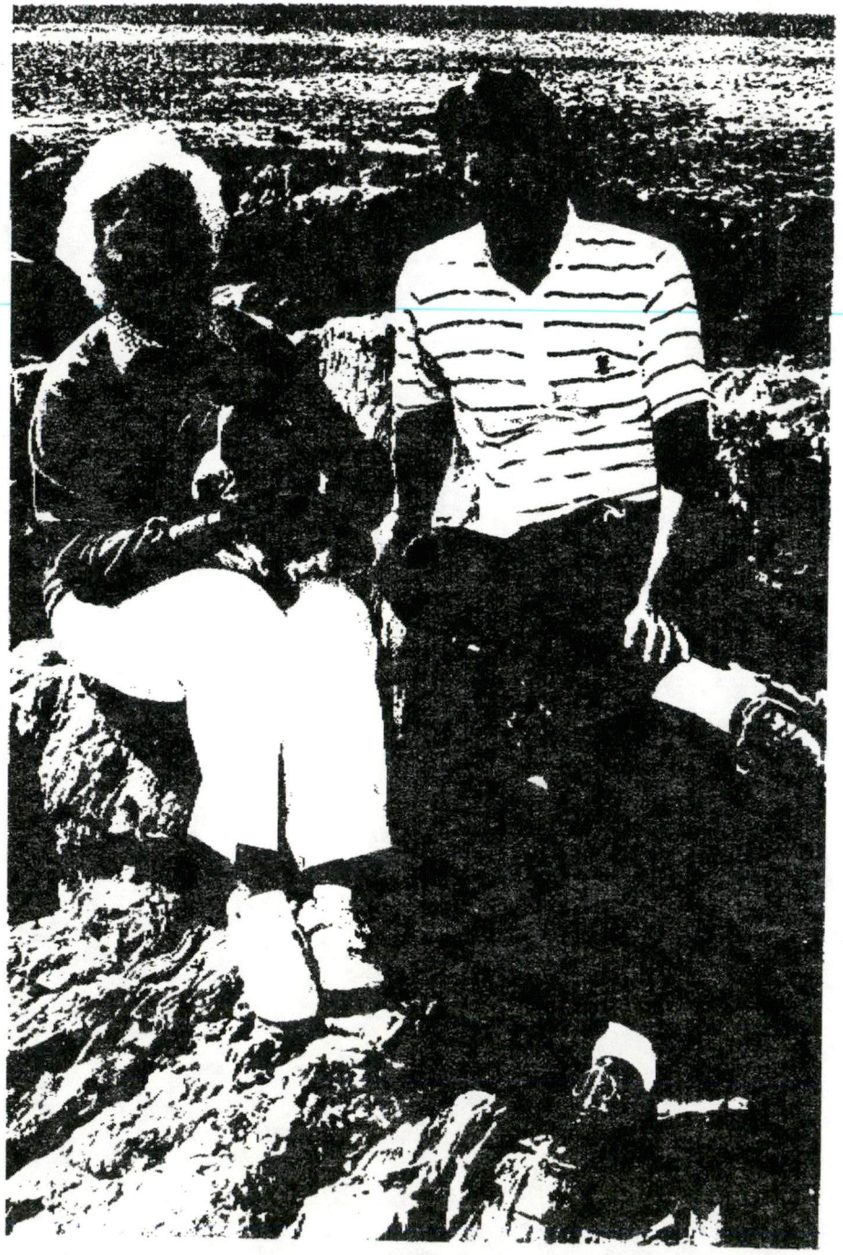
The Take Pride in America campaign encourages wise use and discourages misuse of our Nation's outstanding natural and cultural resources. This partnership of Americans from sea to shining sea is giving its time and love to ensure that the parks, forests, wildlife, waters, and monuments enjoyed today will also be enjoyed by future generations. Individually and collectively you are making a difference.

We all have moments and places in America's vast outdoors that have a special hold on our memories and our hearts. You have worked hard to protect this Nation's natural bounty -- not only for our own benefit, but for the benefit of our children and our grandchildren.

Best wishes for an enjoyable and memorable awards ceremony.

Sincerely,

George Bush



Take Pride In America News Release

For Information Contact: Take Pride In America, National Campaign HQ, Washington, D.C. 20240

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Contact: Bobby Railey
or Trudy Harlow
(202) 343-1726

FIRST LADY BARBARA BUSH TO BE HONORARY CHAIRMAN OF BLUE RIBBON PANEL

First Lady Barbara Bush will serve as Honorary Chairman of the Blue Ribbon Panel of Judges for the 1988 Take Pride in America National Awards Program, Interior Secretary Manuel Lujan, Jr., today announced. Mrs. Bush accepted Secretary Lujan's invitation to serve by saying, "The recognition of outstanding stewardship activities that is part of the Take Pride in America campaign is a wonderful way to encourage citizens to do their part in caring for our public lands."

The awards program recognizes individuals and groups that conduct outstanding stewardship action or awareness efforts on behalf of federal, State, local, private or Indian lands, and the natural and cultural resources they hold.

"Of the over 500 nominations submitted for the 1988 awards program, almost 200 finalists have been identified representing 44 States, the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico. These nominations illustrate the spirit of volunteerism which permeates American society and which is working to preserve and protect our natural and cultural heritage," Interior Secretary Lujan said.

"We are privileged to have such a distinguished group of panel members to review these outstanding stewardship activities of 1988. The job of the Blue Ribbon Panel -- to select the most exemplary of the finalists to be national winners -- will be a challenge."

-more-

The Blue Ribbon Panel results are expected to be announced in May 1989, and a ceremony for the 1988 awardees is planned for the summer in Washington, D.C. The ceremony honoring the 1987 winners was hosted by President Ronald Reagan on the South Lawn of The White House.

Take Pride in America is a national public awareness campaign to reduce abuse and promote wise use of the Nation's public lands and resources. The national awards program was established to recognize outstanding stewardship activities and to inspire others to get involved.

Forty-eight States and two U.S. Territories have joined nine federal agencies and many private sector partners in the Take Pride in America campaign and awards program. Award nominations were received from these States, many of which held their own awards competitions. Applications also were received directly from groups and individuals in non-participating States.

Nominations are made in the following categories: constituent organizations; businesses and corporations; youth groups; civic/citizen groups; media; educational institutions; individuals; public and private partnerships; local, State and federal governments; and private lands.

# # #

NOTE TO EDITORS:
A LIST OF THE BLUE RIBBON PANEL MEMBERS IS ATTACHED.

1988 BLUE RIBBON PANEL OF JUDGES

Mrs. Barbara Bush
Honorary Chairman

Honorable Manuel Lujan, Jr.*
Secretary of the Interior

Honorable Lauro F. Cavazos*
Secretary of Education

Honorable Clayton K. Yeutter*
Secretary of Agriculture

Mr. Frank Bailey
President
VOLUNTEER: The National Center

Mr. Blanton Belk
Founder & President
Up With People

Honorable John Breaux
United States Senate

Ms. Lovola W. Burgess
Vice President
American Asssociation of
Retired Persons

Ms. Elba Garcia Burke
Outdoor Advertising, Inc.

Mr. Derrick A. Crandall
President
American Recreation Coalition

Ms. Kelli Evans
Immediate Past Student President
Future Farmers of America

Ms. Ellen Galinsky
President
National Association for the
Education of Young Children

Honorable Richard Greene
Weber County Clerk, Utah

Mr. Gilbert Grosvenor
President
National Geographic Society

Mr. David Hall
Vice President & General Manager
The Nashville Network

Dr. William P. Hytche
President
University of Maryland, Eastern Shore

Honorable Joseph Kyrillos, Jr.
Assemblyman
District 13, New Jersey

Mr. Ben Love
Chief Scout Executive
Boy Scouts of America

Mr. J.W. Marriott, Jr.
Chairman
The Marriott Corporation

Honorable Sue Myrick
Mayor
Charlotte, North Carolina

** Co-Chairmen*

Honorable John McCain
United States Senate

Mr. Steve Meyer
Director of Governmental Affairs
National Association of
Conservation Districts

Ms. Bea Pickens
Chairman
U.S. Fish & Wildlife Board

Ms. Betty Pilsbury
President
Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.

Mr. Roger Powers
President
Keep America Beautiful, Inc.

Honorable Don Ritter
House of Representatives

Mr. Dana Soukup
Student President
Future Farmers of America

Mr. Andy Tobin
President
United States Jaycees

Mr. Alexander Trowbridge
President
National Association of Manufacturers

Honorable Barbara Vucanovich
House of Representatives

Ms. Ruth Wooden
President
The Advertising Council, Inc.