



## Officers

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### Save the Date

**October 25-28** Region 12 Rally, Pismo Coast Village RV (Sold out)

**April 18-21** Cali Rally, V6 Ranch, Parkfield, CA (Wait List)

## President's Letter

Hello GLAACers!

Does anybody else like this intro or should I change it? With a big sigh of relief, Nancy and I pulled into our driveway on August 7. After over 2 months on the road, it is great to be home. Although I would be remiss if I didn't say how proud I am of all of our members who made the trek to the International. We had more trailers at the rally than any other club in the United States and that should make us all smile. Just today I re-read all of the entries in the What'sApp, and it was like re-living the rally. Thanks to all who participated in that fun collection of photos and snippets of before, during, and after the rally. I don't know if I've ever seen that many smiles and beautiful backdrops on one trip. That is what makes our club unique.

I would also like to personally thank all of our GLAACers who took the time to volunteer at the rally. From driving the people movers, to donating time and energy at the diaper drive, to announcing introductions at the different seminars. Without your help the event would not have been the success that it was, so all of you take a bow. Also, congrats to all the folks who won or received recognition for their unique talents. From our "Queen Mum" Gregg Landaker, to Liz's photos, to Cahill's Fanny for taking 2nd in costume, to Jean Amundsen's 1st in the the quilt contest, to our Ricky continuing his ribbon collecting with 2nd place, to Bryan and Bruce for their musical genius, to Pierre and Lauretta for Gold in the VAC for their trailer, to Zaynea's photos. If I have forgotten anyone, I apologize as my 73 year old brain takes a holiday once in a while. Our group is so talented it truly amazes me. We are all so gifted in our own way and I love it when we all discover someone else's secret skill that pops up at different times.



I also have to acknowledge the special talent of our own Denny Kennedy. Her spectacular singing of the Canadian National Anthem in three different languages and to have the entire opening ceremony audience give her a standing ovation felt very special. I was so proud walking across the stage at the opening ceremonies and waving our club's flag and having all of our members yelling and screaming with those noise makers courtesy of Carol Grisotti. Our club is one of a kind, and it is only because of the energy and involvement of each and every one of you that makes our club so admired and successful. Keep it up!

We have many great events coming up in the future, so check the website and get involved. Sedona is going to be a great rally with a spectacular private train car dinner for our group. How cool is that! Keep the energy up and find ways to get involved and our club will continue to thrive in this great pastime we all call "streaming". Travel safe in all your adventures and I look forward to our next meet-up. Remember to flash those headlights to all our fellow Airstreamers. Thank you for allowing me to be your President.

- Michael Jackson

## In The Spirit of Wally!

submitted by Denny Kennedy

The goal was set. We were heading to the Arctic Ocean on the Dempster Highway. It is one of the classic drives of life and it involves driving on a 737 km gravel road through the Yukon and Northwest Territories, starting south of Dawson City to Tuktoyuktuk. It is the only road in North America that goes all the way to the Arctic Ocean. Services are scarce, flat tires are many, and you are pretty much on your own.

Day one was bright and sunny as we started up the road. We picked a good weather window with no rain in the forecast. The road was bumpy and dusty from the start. Our first stop was the Tombstone Territory Interpretive Center with an immaculate 'Green' building, displays and a wonderful campground. It filled us with just enough confidence that we thought, 'This road is a breeze'. From there we pushed onto our first night of camping, Engineer Creek Campground. A beautiful government campground along a copper colored river and we were the only ones there, other than the hordes of mosquitoes and we were their only targets. A little dust on the inside, but a good day.

As day two started, we noticed there were less people on the road and it started to feel like an adventure. The road was more choppy, the dust more severe and when we stopped to do our first trailer check we noticed a lot of shifting took place inside. The Dempster was starting to show itself. Onward and upward we went. We reached what most people consider the half way point, Eagle Plains, the first fuel stop on the highway, KM marker 369.2. It is a left over supply area from when they were building the road. It has basic services but no glamour.

With a full tank we headed up the road to our first major destination, the Arctic Circle. The sign sits on a beautiful rise in the road overlooking beautiful lush valleys. It was probably about 78° and sure didn't feel like the Arctic Circle the way we perceive it. We shared the beauty with some of our road mates who started their journey when we did.

A trailer check now with all the cabinets and doors fully taped, everything was in the cabinets, but the dust level was rising. Road management is divided up into districts. Some sections are maintained better than others. The section after the Arctic Circle became more rocky and dusty but the views of the Ogilvie Mountains and mountain passes were beautiful beyond compare. It is the 'Top of the World Highway' times ten! EPIC! That night another beautiful government campground, Rock River Campground. Night is a relative meaning, since the sun didn't set until well after 1:00 a.m. which worked to our advantage because clean up was big that day. Lots of dust, lots of unknown screws on the floor and a cabinet panel dislodged, laying on the floor. On the walk around check for damage, Stuebe noticed that one of Dot's tire was going flat AND we had a water leak. While I was inside cleaning, Stuebe did a PEX plumbing repair and changed our first flat tire, while being devoured by mosquitoes. The peace and solitude of the campground was a relief for these road weary travelers.



Denny & Stuebe

Next morning we were on the road again looking forward to the two ferry crossings ahead of us. First crossing was the Peel River Crossing which was a ferry on a cable, short ride and fun. The booming metropolis of Fort McPherson with a population 700 was our next destination for another fill up and tire repair. Unfortunately, the repair guy took the day off so we were out of luck. We did find the world renowned Fort McPherson Tent & Canvas store where we bought a large canvas tarp to keep the dust off our bed. While at Fort McPherson, we did stop and pay homage to the 'Lost Patrol', the four North West Mounted Police officers who succumbed to the winter elements on a botched trip from Fort McPherson to Dawson City. Their remains were found by Corporal William Dempster, who the highway was named after.

Ferry number two took us across the junction of the MacKenzie and Arctic Red Rivers. It is a three way ferry as there is a community of Inuit living on the river bank with no road access. While waiting for the ferry we did the trailer check and were shocked at what we saw. Our three-year-old Dot looked like a 30 year "barn find" just think 'pig pen' from Peanuts, only the whole trailer.

Onward we go, our destination Inuvik for a couple of nights. After finding a campsite at Happy Valley Campground, a primitive campground in the middle of town, our work began. This is where the midnight sun worked to our advantage with five hours worth of cleaning and the sun setting after 2am. The next morning the search for a tire repair began which is a huge business in this town. Stuebe succeeded and we were back in business with two spares. Inuvik, a small Inuit community has a population of 3,100 people plus a guy from Denny's hometown Teeswater, Ontario.

## In the Spirit of Wally...continued

submitted by Denny Kennedy



An interesting fact, all of the pipes in town are above ground, including sewer and water due to the permafrost. We dined at the best restaurant in town, a school bus in the front yard of the owners family house called Alestine's. We took a few hours as tourists and drove around to explore the local area. Next morning, destination Arctic Ocean.

The road to Tuktoyuktuk aka Tuk, was not part of the original Dempster but was completed in 2017 to connect the hamlet of Tuk to the rest of the world. The ride was pretty uneventful. The big points of interest along this road much to our surprise were groups of randomly parked snowmobiles with sleds waiting for winter to come so they could spring to life. I guess when the snow melts you just walk away. The other, Pingos - they look like small hills but are actually filled with ice. When they melt it leaves a donut-like lake. As we drove thru the tundra, in the far distance we could see the hamlet of Tuk coming into view. A stop at the visitor center to sign the visitor book and purchase a couple of stickers and we were on our way. We drove thru the colorful fishing community to get to the spit where the much sought after sign was, 'The Arctic Ocean'.



We dipped our feet in the ocean and we had completed our mission, but really only half way as we had to get back, We basked in the glory of our accomplishment while touring the area. Tried to eat lunch at the only restaurant in town, but the owner/chef also drives medical missions to Inuvik, so it was closed for the day. Our misfortune. We visited some local merchants where we purchased some items from local artisans. Then we passed a small fish camp where we saw a couple smoking fish that were caught right there in the bay. We were invited down for a conversation which in the end had us purchasing one of their smoked fish. We learned a lot about the Inuit traditional smoking of fish that day. The reason they smoke the fish is so they can preserve it throughout the winter, where they dig holes into the permafrost and use it like Mother Nature's freezer.

Phase two, the drive back to Dawson City. After a brief resupply in Inuvik, our goal was to reach the halfway mark of Eagles Plains our first day. With Dot a little bruised and dirty but still in good spirits, we headed back down the road, knowing that we had a new challenge to face, fires that had sprung and grown since our trip up. Dilly dallying was not part of the journey back. First ferry crossing we knew we had to take the detour to Tssigehtchic, a small hamlet of 100+ people. The ferry operator tried to talk us out of it, but we were not having it. Off we went with Dot in tow and started our exploring. While buying a t-shirt at the general store, we ran into a woman who had purchased so much food, it raised the question, 'Why are you purchasing so much food'? She went on to explain that she was preparing food for a community meal at a fish camp that was teaching traditional fish preparation and smoking to the community members including the youth. She invited us to stop by. After a drive down a desolate road we found the camp. We were immediately welcomed with open arms where we watched them prepare the fish. We sampled fish and drank willow tea. One of the elders told us a funny story about seeing a real chicken for the first time in her life last year. As we watched the clock we knew it was time to go. We took a quick visit to the historical church perched on the hill that over looks the river junction. We met another transplant who gave us history on the church and the Tssigehtchic sign that also overlooks the river much like the 'Hollywood' sign overlooks Hollywood. While at the ferry stop, this was obviously payback time for the ferry operator as we were forced to wait longer than normal to get back to the other side.

Back on the road we did a quick fill up in Fort McPherson and made our way down south. A quick stop at the Arctic Circle because really, when are we going to be there again! It was there that we met a couple from Sweden who informed us that the road was closed at Eagle Plains because of fire. In a split second decision we decided we would boondock here at the Arctic Circle. What an awesome night. There were three different families there that evening. The Swedes in a tent and the German family with three children in a Land Rover Overlander camper. Denny held a mini concert because 'why not' and lulled our fellow campers to sleep. The next morning we rose early, saw someone coming up the highway from the south and knew this was our opportunity to make haste. At Eagle Plains we filled up for our last time and collected some fresh water for Dot. We heard the road conditions were questionable at best and headed out before they had a chance to close the road again. The road got smokier and smokier the further south we went. Pretty soon we realized there was no one else on the road coming north and nobody was behind us going south, the road must be closed. Onward we went soon to encounter a tunnel of flames,

There was no turning back. Eventually the flames moved further from the road and the smoke started to subside. We trekked onward because the finish line was in sight. By the time we got to Tombstone Territorial Park which was our first stop on the way out, the smoke had subsided, the campground looked clear, so we stopped for the night and what a great night it was. Our last night on the Dempster Highway. A few hours of clean up, a good night's sleep only to wake and enjoy an early morning hike of the surrounding area.

The last 72 km on the Dempster were bitter sweet. The usual dust and bumps but somehow they didn't feel as grueling this time. We knew the journey of a lifetime was coming to an end. Check the box. Would we do it again? HELL YES, but next time we will send Dot to a resort while we do it in some rental company's vehicle.



## Meet a Member!

submitted by Charlie & Alicia Andrews

Our path that led us to our 33' Classic started at a beach on a holiday weekend 15 years ago where we came upon two couples who parked their Pleasure Way van in a parking lot. They had a living area between them and it looked fantastic. I thought what a great way to be at the beach and have the comfort of home. The couple showed us around and it left an impression. As life took over and we traveled by car over the next few years we would comment on the places that the van would be perfect to park for a night.

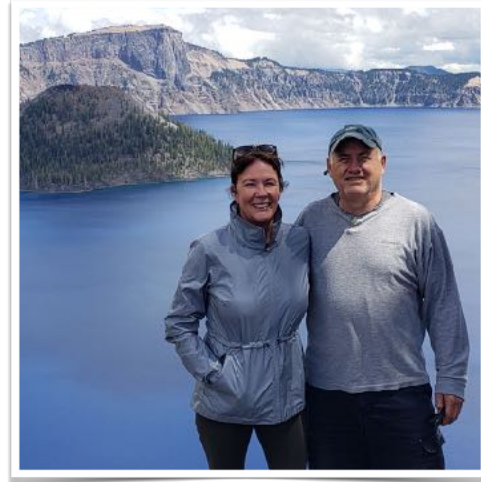
Fifteen years went by in a flash and with retirement upon me, we purchased land in Tahoe to build a house. Covid hit and the costs to build became a problem. Additionally, the HOA board became militant and we decided to sell the property and move on and that is when it hit us. We needed a mobile home!

So we went looking. The journey started with a 40-footer and then went smaller from there. After deciding that we needed something smaller to fit into national park campgrounds, we focused on 35 feet or less. One day I was looking through a magazine and found an ad for Los Angeles Airstream. Since Covid was ramping up they did not have many to look at, but they did have a 33' Classic and Alicia went inside and said, "This is it".

We left and I started to look around. One was in the Sacramento area but the owner would not budget on price. Later, I found out he let it go for \$7,000 less than what I offered. Then I found ours, in the Orlando area. We made an offer which they declined and then called me back 30 minutes later and accepted the offer I made. My first thought was something was wrong with the unit. So pending an inspection we were new owners of a 2018 33' Classic FB. Inspection came back with minor issues and we made plans to pick it up in August 2020.

But first, I needed a truck. We both had never owned a trailer much less towed one. So it was off to researching again. It came down to the Ford F250 or a GMC 2500. We found a 2019 Denali in the Orlando area and purchased it online. The adventure was just beginning for us.

The airports were a ghost town in August 2020. Covid was in full swing and airline tickets were basically free. Our dog cost us more than two one-way tickets to Orlando. We arrived at the Orlando airport and the dealer whisked us away to our new truck. I had signed all the papers online so it was simply pick it up and off we went to our friend's house where we had shipped



Alicia & Charlie

a number of items to their home including a Hensley Hitch. We were then off to the hotel for the night to be close to the RV dealership for our morning pick up.

Arriving at La Mesa RV we saw for the first time our new Classic. I had my checklist in hand and proceeded to go over all the points that they needed to correct before we were off to our very first campground to outfit our rig for the journey back to Los Angeles.

After five days of putting the rig together we were off. We planned our route to see family and friends. Our first stops included Georgia, South and North Carolina (mooch docking), Tennessee and then high tailed it to the Airstream dealership in Temecula for service. What a trip it was and towing came natural to me. Alicia even drove the rig a bit!

Our next couple of adventures took us from LA to Port Aransas, up the Pacific Coast and then back across the country to Jackson Center, Ohio and back. Then we met the Greater Los Angeles Airstream Club and found new friends and adventures. The future is bright as we plan our Alaskan trip (I drove the Alcan in 1981), a northern states trip to Maine and down the eastern coast to Florida. As a pilot, I flew across the country and always wondered what was between the major cities, well, I am finding out. As I add these trips and the GLAAC events to our agenda, retirement will be busy.

See you all on the road or at the campsite!

## Our Favorite Campground

submitted by Cheryl Musser

For more than 25 years we've been camping at Anderson Meadow Campground in Fishlake National Forest which is located about four and a half hours north of our home in Las Vegas, just outside Beaver, Utah. There are five or six rustic campgrounds on the mountain, however, we always gravitate towards Anderson Meadow Campground, one of our favorites.

It is located in the mountains about a 30 minute drive on an oversized one-lane forestry road with pull outs. Honestly, coming up and going down the mountain are my least favorite part of this camping experience but in 25 years we have never had an issue. There always seems to be just enough room to pull over to make room to pass by.

Wildlife sightings in the area are plentiful. The national forest is open range for grazing cattle. It is not unusual to see a half dozen or so cows grazing in the meadow near the Anderson Meadow Reservoir.

On a quiet day or evening, you can hear the mooing from a quarter mile away. There have been marmot and wild turkey sightings on our drive up and down the mountain, too. City people like us get excited about all sorts of wildlife. There is a doe that comes through the campground each evening. This has been a regular event for years, so much so that we wonder if it is actually the doe's daughter or even granddaughter coming though.



When we get to Anderson Meadows, we know that there will be some great reservoir fishing. Rainbow and Brook trout are regularly stocked in all of the mountain's lakes.

There are no hiking trails but there are ATV trails. We avoid those and go walking through the meadows near the reservoir. When we escape to Anderson Meadow, we plan on fishing and doing as much relaxing (aka doing nothing!) as possible. Anderson Meadow Campground fits that bill perfectly for us.

THE APRIL 2024 CALI RALLY HAS FILLED. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ATTENDING, PLEASE PLACE YOUR NAME ON THE WAIT LIST.

<https://form.jotform.com/232105672872052>



## 66th International Rally, Rock Springs, WY in Review

What a ride it was! From the night before the rally at Echo Island Campground; Opening Ceremony, the rally seminars, meals, impromptu cocktail hours, activities and tours, VAC 80s and Western parties, to the Flea Market, various contests and ribbon winners, gathering with friends from across the country, jam sessions springing up around the park; all the way to the Closing Ceremony, the Rock Springs International was outstanding! Enjoy this review in photos and thank you to members for sharing the photos!

Of course a rally this size depends on volunteers and GLAACers stepped up, big time! From seminar room monitors, working with children, Chip Clip makers, ceremony host, flea market vendors, jam session participants, seminar hosts, blood donors, our club's very own songstress, diaper drive helpers and contributors, members of the band; the list is endless! THANK YOU to Paula, Kay, Nancy, Muriel, Jim, Denny, Bruce, Denise, Jim, Bryan, Stuebe and Mona. What an amazing cast of characters!

We'll look for you in Sedalia, Missouri at the 67th International Rally, October 2024!















### Editor's Note

While our club newsletter is formatted, edited and delivered to your inbox by the editor, it is truly *your news* which makes it interesting. With this in mind, I am reaching out to all our members for participation.

- 1) With each issue we'll have an opportunity to *Meet a Club Member!* Members will be tapped to find out what you enjoy about Airstreaming; how it all began; any lessons learned on the road; what you did prior to club life. Maybe share something we don't know about you!
- 2) We have also incorporated *My Favorite Campground* where you simply write a few sentences about your favorite site and include a photo taken at the campground. With all the rolling we do, this will certainly inspire club members to try a new location!

Feel free to send one, or both of these items to me at anytime and they will be included in future issues of the Urban Update.

- Lynda

### Get Your GLA Swag Here!

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- Call Lands End with questions. They are happy to work with you! 800.587.1541
- Lands End apparel will not be 'blocked' in red as shown in the logo
- Watch for the occasional discount and/or free logo

### Greater Los Angeles Airstream Club Member Photo Directory

Our club is in the process of assembling its first ever membership photo directory and we need your help! This directory, when completed, will be posted on our Members Only website and will be helpful in putting a face to a name. To date we have about 1/3 of our membership participating, but of course we would like to have a 100% response rate! Please send your photo (jpeg format works best) to Carolyn at [cbtomlinson@cox.net](mailto:cbtomlinson@cox.net).

Editor's Note: Thank you to our members who submitted photos for this edition and to those photographers whom I pulled photos from Facebook. And a special *Thank You* to those who provided an article, you make the Urban Update the outstanding club newsletter that it is!