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EXPLOSION OF THE BABY BOOMERS

by William C. Anderson

When one writes a column for a newsletter with the circulation of *GMC Motorhome News*, one gets a lot of fascinating mail. Once in a great while it is even favorable. But the interesting thing is that of late, more of it comes from younger people. The Baby Boomers are not only coming into their own, but are exploding upon the RV world with a hellacious bang. Two examples: the first from a gent in Atlanta, Georgia, who writes:

“Dear Mr. Anderson: Having read your column over the years, I sorta figured you ate your chow mein with one chopstick, because I could never understand your fascination with RVs. Particularly motorhomes. Well, sir, something has happened recently to change all that. Not about your bubble being slightly off-plumb, but I’m finally beginning to understand your love of RVs.

“It all started recently when I developed a ticker problem. I have a high-stress job, and my cardiologist said I should take up golf to lower my blood pressure. I dutifully complied. I donned a pair of golf knickers, bought a set of clubs and nearly totaled a golf cart chasing that little white ball around in the woods. To me, the only enjoyable part of the game was the 19th hole—the clubhouse after the game—where everyone meets over a tall, cool one and lies about their golf score.

“Realizing that golf wasn’t my bag, I did the smartest thing I ever did in my life. I threw away the golf clubs and bought myself a clubhouse.

“This neat little clubhouse has all the amenities: a shower, bar, kitchen, dining room—the works. Plus it has a feature no other clubhouse has: wheels. In reality, it is the slickest 26-foot motorhome that ever graced a freeway, and for me, it beats the heck out of driving a golf cart around the fairway.

“Just why do I enjoy our cavorting clubhouse so much? Partly because of Mary Jean, my child bride, who still loves to play house. Also, it has unfettered our horizons to include not just a golf course, but all outdoors. Most of us are born with the itch of adventure, and there is no better way to

scratch that itch than by strapping one’s buns into a motorhome cockpit, taking a swig of coffee brewed hot from the galley and giving the spurs to those frisky horses under the hood.

“To enjoy this great life to the hilt (as the man says, you only go around once, but if you do it right, once is enough), get a motorhome and the world is your oyster. To really extract the pearl, it’s nice to have two things: 1. a copilot who loves adventuring as much as you do, and 2. a sewer hose that doesn’t whiplash.

“I have been blessed with both, and like you and Big Red taking off in Rocinante, the child bride and I have set off in search of serendipity in Big Bertha, named after my mother-in-law. Although we have yet to unscabbard our lance and joust at windmills, we have unfurled our sewer hose and plugged it into a considerable amount of North American real estate.

“Since I tried golf, my cardiologist says I look great, and have lost 10 pounds. He doesn’t know I threw away my clubs and bought the clubhouse.”

And a young liberated lass from Dayton, Ohio, puts it this way: “Dear Sir: My Significant Other and I have pooled our resources and bought a nifty 23-footer. We plan to take a couple years’ sabbatical and see the world before we become eligible for the Geritol Set. Since you’ve obviously been around the horn (figuratively speaking), would you mind telling us your favorite spots to visit?”

Obviously, this is a tall order. After a little soul-searching with Big Red, we responded with the following that might appeal to the adventuresome thrill-seekers and the young at heart.

Our favorite camping locale begins, of course, with the good ole U.S. of A. Just one of the many great virtues of motorhoming is that you may dial in the climate of your choice simply by rotating your wheels. Ergo, southern climes are very popular in the wintertime, and northern exposures dominate during the summer. Just a few of our favorite

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