

The Bainbridge Blabber

Holiday Edition

December 2010



Merry Christmas

A time for friends and family to reconnect and renew our relationships

Greetings! Time really flies and it's hard to believe it's time to write the "Blabber" again. For those of you "lucky" enough to receive it, this is our 21st newsletter, and the 14th edition of the "Blabber". So here we go again on our merry ride through this year's adventures.

Travel Report – Tex-Mex, Crowdads, and Diamonds:

Shortly after Christmas we took our RV and went down to the "Texas Tropics" for a few weeks. We stayed a couple of weeks at a park right on the Rio Grande River. The serene setting was punctuated by the 50 cal. machine guns setup by the border patrol at the boat ramp, with strategic views up and down the river. After our stay, we heard that the Mexicans had been shooting across the river at that site. Geez! We moved on to another park near Brownsville and ventured across the border to the quaint little town of Progreso. The whole town is only about 6 blocks long but there were armed Mexican troops driving up and down main street wearing masks, with manned bunkers at the street corners. Any notion of making a trip to Mexico in the near future has been put on semi-permanent hold as far as we are concerned. Bob tried to do some shore fishing on S. Padre Island with little success, but we still enjoyed the beach and the ocean views.

In May we took an 11 day, 2,000 mile motorcycle trip with another couple down through Louisiana to New Orleans. One of the highlights was touring Blaine Kern's Mardi Gras World in New Orleans where most of the floats are made. Mostly, we ate our way across Louisiana feasting on "crowdads," "Po Boys" and Cajun food, and even got to enjoy lunch on one of the balconies at a restaurant on Bourbon Street. Returning over the Lake Pontchartrain causeway, we drove the entire 440 mile length of the Natchez Trace National Parkway from Mississippi to Tennessee. Initially, Bob thought he would be "saddle sore" from the ride, but he soon adapted and thus declared himself "Old Iron Ass"!



In September, we took another motorcycle trip with our friends to the Crater of Diamonds State Park in Southern Arkansas. This is the only park in the world which will let you dig for diamonds and keep what you find. Sandy and her friend had big eyes as they envisioned the Hope diamond that they would each find. Emphasize the word "hope" here, as that was about all that they found. Digging involves searching a 37 acre field for diamonds that have come to the surface from below. Sandy knew we were in trouble when the video describing searching techniques called for washing your dirt

samples in the sluce and using a tweezers or tip of a pocket knife to find the diamonds!!!! She vowed that the next "diamond dig" would be at the jewelers.

Squash Tournament: Bugs win!

This year the vegetable gardens were a bust. Between the long wet, cool spring, and the hot dry summer, the poor plants really had a struggle. Then, we fought infestations of flea beetles that totally destroyed the eggplants, and squash bugs that took care of the melons, cukes, and zukes. To make matters worse, the control on our irrigation system failed, which finished off the tomatoes. Even the deer just shook their heads in disgust at our poor performance. Oh well, better luck next year.

The Bainbridge Blabber is published annually for the enjoyment of a few select individuals. Any and all viewpoints expressed herein are absolutely the opinions of management. Comments are welcome and may be submitted to:

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Got Milk?

This year for our anniversary, Bob took Sandy to Branson for a romantic gourmet dinner at the Keeter Center, a conference center located at the College of the Ozarks. The college offers degree programs in a variety of disciplines including culinary arts and agriculture. As we arrived for dinner a bit early, Bob drove around the campus and came upon the milking parlor for the dairy cows used in the agriculture program. We spent about 20 minutes talking to the students and watching them move the cows through the milking parlor. Sandy was amazed and dumbfounded by the quantity of milk that comes out of one cow. That Bob, he really knows how to show a girl a good time!

There's a whole lot of fishin' goin' on...

Bob has been having a wonderful time learning to fish thanks to one of the friends he has made at the Walleye Club. But, Sandy says that every time he goes out to fish, he comes home with notions of more lures and fishing stuff that he "needs" to buy. Still, she has no cause to complain as he has actually been catching fish. Presently, he is learning to "winter fish". The lakes here don't freeze in the winter, but the fishermen sometimes do, as the temps are still cold when sitting in a boat. Bob longs for the snowmobile suit he sold when we moved down here! Who knew?



Talk about balls...

Sandy is always difficult to shop for on her birthday, but this year, Bob outdid himself. She had been complaining about one of the toilets rocking so he got her a special metal toilet flange as a gift. She could hardly contain her joy at such a unique gift. One of Bob's fishing buddies was bragging about his new toilet and its flush (...this is what guys talk about in the boat?) so we decided to upgrade out toilets and bought two super flush jobs that can handle up to 27 golf balls in a single flush. We're anxious to try this out, but have collected only 17 golf balls so far. If you find you have a need to flush golf balls down a toilet, just give us a call.

Bras replace Sows Ears:

This summer Sandy discovered that while you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you *can* make one out of a bra!!! Her Red Hat group decided to make bra purses to take to a Red Hat event at the local college to show their "support". While initially skeptical, Sandy's creation turned out "right fine" as they say down here. Still, its use will be limited to Red Hat events since her normal purse contents would cause its cups to runneth over!

Wildlife Report:



The deer are still plentiful and Sandy still spars with them over the visual vs. culinary enjoyment of her flower gardens. Recently, Bob shot a wayward armadillo -- a common pest in this area (and known to carry leprosy) that does much damage in the garden and yard. As it expired, Sandy watched to see how long it would take for our resident vulture population to hone in on the good eats. A Black Vulture was on the scene first within three minutes. Ten minutes later a Turkey Vulture arrived, then another, then another. In a few minutes there were 15 to 20 Turkey Vultures in the trees and on the ground, but refusing to challenge the one lone Black Vulture. We had been expecting a "food fight", but apparently, the Black Vultures don't share or play nice. Perhaps all those Turkey Vultures should be re-named "chicken" vultures!!

Come visit us - our door is always open and the welcome mat is always out. There's always something happening here in Arkansas.! Merry Christmas to you all, and God's blessings for the new year.

Bob and Sandy Bainbridge



May this Christmas Season be one filled with love and joy for all of you, and may you find the New Year filled with blessings and all good things for you and your loved ones.