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### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

## THE LIFE OF RILEY

by William C. Anderson

The holidays are the best times for reveling in a bit of yester-years. We peripatetic axle-geese are truly blessed with many memorable reveries that we may call upon from time to time. One of our more interesting recollections occurred a few years back when we happened to be moseying through central Kansas.

It had been a long day, and the felicity hour was fast approaching. Time to find a place to tie the nosebag on Rocinante. While my trusty redhead busied herself with the directories, Rocinante decided to take matters into her own Michelins, and veered off the freeway onto an off-ramp marked "Fort Riley."

"Where are you going?" queried the navigator. "I gave Rocinante her head, and it looks like we're going to Fort Riley."

"That's an army base. There's no place to stay at Fort Riley."

"It's an old cavalry base. Maybe Rocinante smells an old boyfriend. We'll see what she has in mind."

After a short drive through the beautiful woods of the military reservation, we came to the main gate. It was quitting time and an MP was directing the busy traffic. I pulled over and parked, just as a major approached, looking very officious. "Now you've done it!" hissed the redhead. "We're going to be thrown off the reservation."

I rolled down my window to address the officer. Figuring the best defense was a good offense, I fired the first volley. "Major, as a longtime taxpayer I own a small piece of this military establishment. Tonight I want you to direct me to my small piece, because I'm tired and thirsty and I'm parking on it tonight."

"Wow!" he said, surveying the motorhome. "What kinda mileage do you get?"

"Maybe a shade better than a Sherman tank. Now where do you want me to park?"

"Mind if I peek in?"

"You may come in and belly up to the bar if you want. *After* you tell me where to park this thing.

Surely this gargantuan reservation has a place to park a motorhome."

"Oddly enough, it doesn't. You self-contained?" "You better believe."

"Then I have an idea. Follow me." He jumped into a sports car parked in front of Rocinante and headed through the gate. He stopped for a moment to talk to the MP, then we were waved through behind him.

"What a gorgeous base!" enthused the redhead as we followed our leader through the residential section. "So lush and green. And those huge trees!"

"They've had a few years to fix it up. General Custer was stationed here."

"Go on!"

"I'm not kidding."

"Did you notice the eyelashes on that major? He's cute."

I looked at her askance. "You have this thing about uniforms. Cops and MPs aren't cute. They're hired killers."

"He has boudoir eyes."

Five minutes later the major stopped, leaped from his car and pointed to a grassy area in the shade of a huge elm. "How about pulling in right here?"

"It's a beautiful spot," I said. "You sure it's OK?"

"I just checked with the custodian. It's all right."

"Who's the custodian?"

"Me. That's my garage next to it."

I wheeled in by the garage, and with the major's help ramped Rocinante level. "I must say," I said, "you're about the friendliest MP I ever met."

He gave me a puzzled look. "I'm not an MP?"

"You're not? You were at the main gate there, and I just naturally thought..."

"I was just coming home from work. I'm assigned to Division HQ. Saw this beautiful coach and just had to come over and investigate. I'm a motorhome buff."

"Well, whaddaya know. This calls for a drink."

"So it do."

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