

Greetings from Earp. Part 1 of 2.

Greetings from **Earp**, California, and the very beautiful **Emerald Cove RV Resort** on the Colorado River.



Emerald Cove RV Resort

Okay, where in the world is Earp, California, and does it have anything to do with **Wyatt Earp**? Yes, there is a link to the famous and infamous Wyatt Earp. The very tiny town of Earp is located on the California side of the Colorado River about 15 miles downstream from **Parker Dam**, which in turn, is about 20 miles south of **Lake Havasu City**, Arizona. Earp is directly across the river from **Parker**, Arizona. The town of Earp has a convenience store and a Post Office. That's it, that's the whole ball game. But wait, there's more. Between the town of Parker (and Earp) up to Parker Dam is some of the most beautiful river scenery you can imagine. The Arizona side is gorgeous and the California side is equally gorgeous. Both sides are populated with very beautiful RV resorts. There are also some very elegant riverside homes on the Arizona side. There are probably serious tax advantages to building on the Arizona side. We are staying about a week at Emerald Cove RV Resort. This is a very nice membership park associated with Colorado River Adventures. If we ever add a second membership chain to our Western Horizons Parks, it will certainly be Colorado River Adventures.



Parker Strip Colorado River

But back to Wyatt Earp. In some states, Earp was a famous lawman and at other times and in other places, he was a wanted criminal. At any rate, Earp had a small home across the road from what is now the Earp post office. The home is gone, but the town adopted his name and tries to capitalize on his fame. Next to the post office is a fake cemetery with a Wyatt Earp tombstone. We say fake because we know for a fact that Wyatt died in Los Angeles, California. He died peacefully at the age of 81 with his wife, Josie, at his bedside. He was cremated in Los Angeles and his ashes were taken to Colma and interred in the Jewish section of the Hills of Eternity Cemetery.

But back to our travels. When you last heard from us, it was Christmas and we were in **Chula Vista**, California, waiting for our friends, **Jerry, Judy**, and **Diana** to arrive so that we could all travel to Mexico together. And travel we did. On December 28, we crossed the border at San Ysidro (**Tijuana**), jumped on the freeway and headed straight for **Puerto Nuevo** for a serious lobster lunch. We had all the deep-fried lobsters and margaritas we could eat and drink and staggered out to shop until we sobered up and could safely drive. Oh, what a lunch it was!

The same afternoon, we rolled into a small RV park south of **Ensenada** (Mona Lisa RV Park.) We were there to meet Jerry's friend, **Bob**, and because the rates for full hookups were relatively low, i.e., only \$17.50 per day.



Chuck and Donna at Mona Lisa RV Park watching the sun set into the Pacific

We spent four nights there and toured around Ensenada, as well as a day trip to **La Bufadora**. Ensenada has some excellent shopping and the fish market is absolutely wonderful. Besides the excellent shrimp cocktails, we loaded up with lots of huge fresh raw shrimp at the super bargain price of \$11 per kilo (2.2 lbs.) La Bufadora is about an hour south of Ensenada and is famous for its blow hole. When the incoming waves are large, they are concentrated into a narrow canyon ending in a cave with a hole in the roof. The result is a dramatic water spout. This spectacular marine geyser explodes upwards sometimes as high as 80 ft. above sea level, producing a tremendous sound. This is the reason for its name, "The Blowhole". The invading ocean wave collides with the air that is drawn down in a pumping action caused by the force of receding waters after the previous spout. For an instant, trapped air and water choke the cave, then the compressed air and water explode through the only exit. This marine geyser is the second highest of the world, after Hawaii.



Ensenada Fish Market



Lunch at La Bufadora: Bob and friend, Chuck & Donna, Diana, Jerry & Judy



La Bufadora Blow Hole

After four days in the Ensenada area, we were getting bored since we have been to this area in the past. So, with Diana in our coach and Jerry and Judy in theirs, we set out for **San Felipe** via Highway 3 over the mountains. We particularly enjoyed the trip through the mountains since it was all new to us. About half way to San Felipe, we stopped at a tiny little convenience store/restaurant for lunch.

The owner spoke no English and our Spanish wasn't quite adequate. We knew that we were going to have the lunch special and that we were going to have "cuatro" of them. What the heck, it's all part of the adventure. Our surprise lunch turned out to be four small burritos for each of us. It was all fun and the food was great.

After crossing the mountains, we could see the Sea of Cortez, and turned south on Highway 5 and proceeded to the fun little town of San Felipe. We had no reservations so we parked the RVs and took Jerry's Jeep out looking for an RV park. There are lots of RV parks in the San Felipe area, but none are completely adequate for Jerry's 40 foot motorhome. Hey, it's all part of the adventure. We squeezed the two motorhomes part way into a couple of beach front parking spots within walking distance of town. Primitive, but a beautiful location where we could watch the fishing boats (pangas) go and come, and every morning we were greeted with a beautiful sunrise over the Sea of Cortez. If you want to know more about San Felipe, check out our newsletter from the previous year.



Our motorhomes with the Sea of Cortez in the background. Jerry's rig is getting polished.



The view from the coach windshield. It's dusk and pangas are returning with shrimp.



Full moon rising over the Sea of Cortez. Our windshield became a picture window.

After five nights in San Felipe, we packed up on January 6, and headed for **Yuma**, Arizona. It was necessary to get back to the States so that Diana could fly back to Boise, Idaho. Jerry and Judy moved to another park so that they could get a sewer hook up, stayed a couple more days, and then headed east on Highway 2 so that they could visit Puerto Penasco (Rocky Point.) They liked the Rocky Point area a lot and reported that there were many very nice RV parks. Traveling in Mexico, like traveling anywhere, has its pluses and minuses. The roads can be narrow and sometimes in poor repair. But on the other hand, good quality diesel is readily available everywhere and very inexpensive. Everywhere we traveled, diesel was well under \$2 a gallon.

To be continued...