

A little 'box' packed with pleasure

July 30, 1986

It was a small, aluminum matchbox home on wheels with one window, and no bathroom.

Dad had to attach special, awkward, rear-view mirrors to the windows of our little green Rabbit to see around it while he drove.

When we stopped at a campsite, Mom would fish her way inside to pick everything up from where it had been dumped during the drive. She'd open the window and the door, and raise the green awning.

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The Blank Page

Karen Cubie

lay at the foot of a steep, hilly dirt road. The little green Rabbit almost didn't make it that time. Dad had to keep stopping to fill a plastic bucket with water from roadside duck ponds. One time he accidentally also scooped up a couple of frogs.

Once we got there, we discovered that the camp store offered everything — except toilet paper, that is.

Every meal was a cook-out then, and there were fewer chores. We ate an endless supply of toasted marshmallows.

By the end of the second summer it was obvious we had outgrown it.

A low hanging hammock had to be strung across the wide single bed to sleep my younger brother, and Priscilla and I were both getting too long for the bed we had to sleep on.

When we returned home that summer, my parents sent me to summer camp for one week.

When I left, the trailer was sitting in its usual spot on the driveway next to the side porch. To me, it promised other vacations and long family trips.

When I got home, it was gone.

"Why didn't you tell me you were selling the trailer?" I sobbed to my mother. "I never had a chance to say good-bye."

The people who bought it lived a few streets away from us, so Mom took me over for one last look.

After that, our vacations were never as long. One by one we got summer jobs, and it grew harder for us to even take family vacations.

For years, every time I drove by their yard and saw the aluminum home with its brown and blue plaid curtains I would remember those quiet summers traveling around the country.

The last few times I've driven by, however, the trailer hasn't been there.

Once again, I never got to say good-bye.

"I TOLDJA WE SHOULD HAVE SNUCK IT INTO PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT WHEN WE HAD THE CHANCE"

