

Keen Blog – Seattle & Hawaii

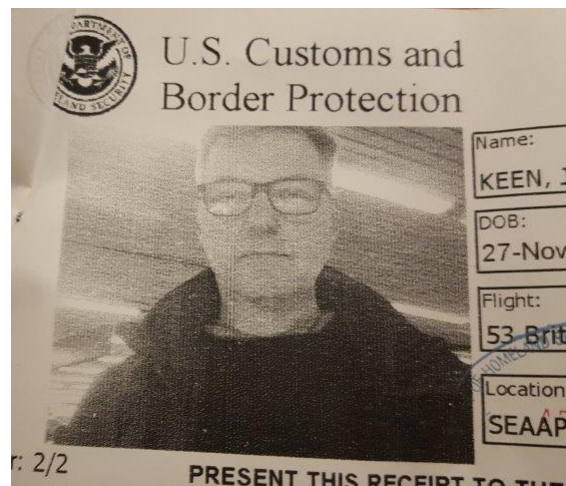
Hi all,

It is another Keen blog which means we are on our travels again. If you are wondering how we manage it (both working people), we have just taken a lot of time in a short stretch. I will be chained to my desk for the rest of the year.

We have a long flight to Seattle for the first leg of our trip. That is long enough but made longer by the fact that Mrs K insists on getting to the airport 3 hours before our flight leaves. Nothing changes. I receive an email from South West Trains to tell me about the daily disruption to service on the Sunningdale to Waterloo route. But I am tucking into a classic English breakfast courtesy of Gordon Ramsay at Terminal 5 so for once the email brings me a smile.

We arrive at Seattle-Tacoma after a 10 ½ hour flight and it is still not even midday. The plane was half empty which made it a comfortable journey and the door is opened almost as soon as the 747 pulls up at the gate and the few passengers quickly file off. On the way to passport control we stop twice because I have a nagging feeling that I have forgotten something. Its only when we get to baggage claim that I realise that I have left my camera on the plane. What follows are some tense words between me and Mrs K during which I blame her for rushing me. We find a BA employee. "Excuse me we just got off the BA53 from Heathrow". "Mr Keen, right? You left your camera on board". "Yes, how did you know?" "Don't worry sir, we found it and one of my colleagues is bringing it down". BA, my opinion of your service just went through the roof! I breathe a sigh of relief but Mrs K is still smarting at having been blamed. That will probably cost me.

Passport control has gone electronic which deprives me of telling you about a grumpy immigration official. Instead I can show you our electronic mug shots. Allow for the fact that we just got off the plane.



Outside, the famous Mr Dan Corry is waiting for us. For those that don't know Dan he was the lucky winner of \$1300 in my recent Masters Golf competition. It probably explains why he has a broad smile on his face. Despite my protestations he insists that he should pick us up and drop us at our hotel but I

am convinced it is either because he wants to collect his cash or because he wants to feature in the blog. More on Dan and his wife Jenny later.

By the way , the blog almost never was . Mrs K said no one would be interested but I have had a computer problem. Being in Seattle (one of the main sites for Microsoft) made it no easier – several hours of downloads and computer restarts. But I am back - more on that later.

Within a couple of hours of touching down we are in Pike Place in the market place, enjoying a lunch outside on a sunny verandah, overlooking the sound and the snow capped mountains in the distance. It is a very nice 21C. Nearby we find the very first Starbucks store (from 1971) where I relent and join the queue to buy a coffee and a mug for a certain young lady. After all these years Starbucks have still not worked out a way to speed up the process of buying a coffee.



From there we stride the streets of Seattle down to Pioneer Square where we join the 'Underground Tour'. It explains how back in the late 1800s parts of the city had to be raised by one storey to counter the effects of the tide bringing raw sewage back on to shore. There was a description of exploding crappers which you wouldn't want to hear if you had just had lunch. In its early years Seattle fitted the description of the wild west with a shortage of amenities and sanitation and too much corruption and immorality. It was probably saved by a fire in 1889 (on Mrs K's birthday) which forced the City to start

again from scratch. The first mayor was quite a character - he organised the first lottery to raise money for the City and was the first winner. Amazingly the people voted him back in.

Seattle has a certain sophistication (think Frasier and Nialls) but also like any city it has its street people. Some look like they need a good meal but a few look like they should skip a few meals

Mrs K spots the famous ferry which you will know about if you have watched Greys Anatomy. We also see the location of the houseboat in 'Sleepless in Seattle'.



Thursday evening we try our best to stay up as long as we can but we are both asleep by 8pm. Unfortunately we are awake at 2.30am. Mrs K wonders whether she should go down to the gym but we manage to get another hour or so before she is on the phone sorting out some admin at home. Then to the gym and a stop at Starbucks on the way back to bring me some breakfast. I am online with Microsoft for a couple of hours.

On Friday the temperature has dropped but we are spending the day walking round the city so it is just as well. We take in the Chihuly Garden and Glass which is the no.1 attraction in town and deservedly so. Some amazing glass creations. We see a short demonstration on how to make a vase. Mrs K want to buy something in the shop but the prices are a bit steep (see the photo).



That evening our local driver (Dan) picks us up but this time has Jenny with him. They take us to the revolving restaurant at the top of the Space Needle which is 184m tall. We get a fantastic view of the city and the food is excellent. It's a spectacular spot. There follows a quick visit to Paddy's bar down at the pier where (as owners) Dan and Jenny are VIP guests. Naturally it is the best pint of Guinness in town.



Next morning we are in the Microsoft store trying to sort out my laptop and Mrs K convinces me I should invest in a new one. Like a dutiful husband I buy a new Surface book. Mrs K negotiates a nice discount for me with the sales assistant but I clock that it goes straight into her purse and doesn't stay there long either. Shortly afterwards we are in the Michael Kors shop where the discount Dollars disappear (and more). I don't get it. Just how many handbags does a girl need?

Saturday afternoon we are in a yellow cab on our way back to the airport for the 2nd leg of the trip. Next stop Kauai island, Hawaii. Wow.

Part 2 – Helicopters and Catamarans

It is 6.30am and I am convinced that Mrs K's loud flip flops are going to be waking the guests on our floor as we make our way to the lifts. It is a long walk but as our bell boy Shannon told us, the longer the walk, the better the room. We certainly have no complaints. Our room is ocean facing which means we have a view like the one below, though as I write this morning, the rain is lashing down outside. We are starting to get used to the fact that the weather goes in 30 minute cycles from stormy rain to bright sunshine. We are after all in close proximity to the wettest spot in the world – between 400-750 inches

of rainfall on the Kawakini peak every year which explains the hundreds of waterfalls which run almost constantly.



We are leaving early to make a boat trip which leaves from the other side of the island. Kauai (pronounced like Hawaii except with a K instead of an H) is a small island about 40 miles across but the middle is mountainous and cannot be passed by road, so if you have to go round it. There is also a section in the north west which is protected, so the road (if you think of it like a clock face) only stretches from about 11 to 9 clockwise. We are on the Northern shore in a resort called Princeville. We pick up our boat in the south and it will take us further round the clock to see the Na Pali coast.

I just this morning came across an amazing map which shows the contours – probably loses a bit in the photo but it gives you an impression of what I have tried to describe.



We arrive at the appointed place at the appointed time, having opted not to stop for a coffee en route in case we are late. In typical Hawaiian style the crew member rocks up 15 minutes late. We are told that Hawaii has 2 speeds – slow and slower. There is a group of about 25 people waiting to board the catamaran. We once went on a very enjoyable trip in Barbados when I remember the safety briefing put all its emphasis on the word ‘brief’ and lasted about 30 seconds. Here we are given a 30 minute lecture by Captain Cole including how to apply sun lotion, which trash cans to use for different items and where to step and not to step. Once at sea we start to realise that this will not be plain sailing. Fortunately, we

are dosed up with sea sickness pills and just as well as it is a pretty violent against the wind up the coast. We sight a massive pod of dolphins (I had to look that up). There must have been over 50 and a few of them were 'bow riders' whilst others showed off by spinning in the air and slapping back down on the water. We are not allowed to swim with them but get to do some snorkelling further up the coast – again very strict rules on where to swim as we are close to a coral reef.



It is a blisteringly hot day and a good day to see the mountains from sea level. On Monday however we viewed them from the air. The worst part of booking a helicopter trip (apart from the bit when you find out about the cost) is when they ask you your weight. I assume they routinely add on 10-20% to whatever answer you give them. But just to make sure, at check-in we have to stand on the scales. And there is no room next door where you can go and sweat off a few pounds. We are only a few days in to our holiday and despite my best intentions I have not visited the gym once and have been enjoying American sized portions. Mrs K has nothing to worry about because she is literally 2/3rds the woman she was in January of last year and has been eating salad since we arrived. She has done really well. Amazing.



We are given numbers along with the other 2 couples on the trip, which will last about 50 minutes. As we approach the helicopter, no. 5 is called. That's Mrs K. She takes her seat right next to the pilot in the front row. I can only assume they took a look at us all and decided that in the case of an emergency Mrs K would be best placed to help the pilot. Mrs K described the pilot as a dishy young Hawaiian and is on first name terms with him (Trevor) before I have even taken my spot next to her in the front row. Mrs K is convinced she has been specially selected by Trevor. We will both have starring roles in the video of the trip which includes a cockpit camera. We haven't watched it yet but it might show a slightly panicked Mrs K reaching out to grab something as the helicopter lifts off the ground. For a moment I thought she was going to grab the joystick but fortunately not. Trevor remained intact and so did we all.



The flight is an amazing way to see the old volcano and the spectacular coast. Like Trevor described it, it is like someone rolled out a green carpet across the whole island. It is totally green apart from the canyon which cuts into the mountains. It is a sunny and clear day and even though it hasn't rained that day, the waterfalls are all gushing water down the side of the mountains. If you ever get a chance to do this, I recommend it. So much of our references to places are through TV and film. Since being here I have been thinking Five-O ("Book him, Danno"), Magnum, Fantasy Island. On this flight we replicate the flight of the helicopter in the first Jurassic Park movie as it arrives on the island.

Afterwards we visit the nearby St Regis hotel which looks over the Hanelei bay and watch the sun set. It is an amazing vista and there is standing room only on the hotel terrace to watch it. Several drinks there

and a stop at the restaurant at our own hotel for desserts and a nightcap before crashing. We are 11 hours behind here in Hawaii so never really sure what time of day it feels like.



Yesterday, having been bruised by the brutality of the voyage we drive down to Popai Beach in the south which is rated the nicest on the island. We relax on the beach before enjoying a very pleasant early dinner overlooking the sand and crashing waves before the long drive back. I am enjoying the convertible Mustang we have rented but over here they are two-a-penny and difficult to fully appreciate given that the speed limit is often 25mph. Like I said everything is slow here.



We are here until Saturday when we fly to Maui. Not missing the snow in London.

Part 3 - Blane and his pigs

Why did the chicken decide not to cross the road? Because he saw a convertible Mustang coming in a hurry. We are out early again for our next adventure. The island is covered with chickens and the roosters are out early making a racket.

Thursday was a day of great achievement, mainly due to the fact that I managed to get Mrs K into a kayak. The incentive was the chance to see a waterfall up close and experience a bit of the Hawaiian rainforest. We meet up with Blane at the Wailua Kayak Centre for our guided tour of the river and the trail where we will make our way up to the falls. The centre is actually just a shack by the river. Just across the road is a derelict country club where apparently Elvis filmed "Blue Hawaii". Hard to imagine it now but Blane tells us later that 'they' are going to redevelop it soon. Blane seems to be a man of few words as he loads up the kayaks on the trailer and we load ourselves and our picnic lunch. We are lucky that we are the only ones on this trip so Blane will be our personal guide for the morning.

Maybe the hardest bit for Mrs K is getting into the kayak but she manages it very easily. We set off leaving a very loud group of Americans behind and start making our way up the river away from the sea and towards the mountains. We are in a 2-man kayak, Mrs K at the front and me at the back. There was no initial training, just jump in and off we go. The next tricky bit is the steering. Mrs K finds it difficult to work out which side she needs to paddle to go in different directions. We switch to a system whereby I call out which side she should paddle on but that doesn't go so well either as Mrs K is not good with left and right. Luckily we only have to paddle a few miles upriver but I reckon we paddle a bit more than Blane as we zigzag most of the way.

We reach a mooring spot and switch to land for our hike through the forest. By the way, the seemingly quiet Blane has not stopped talking since we set off. He is not put off by my 'right! Right! RIGHT!' and just carries on regardless. We trek through what he describes as his backyard as he was born and bred here on Kauai just up on the ridge above us. He is ex-marine (special forces) and can't tell us where he served (top secret). The further we go into the forest, the more radical Blane becomes, talking about how the US stole Hawaii from the natives and how they are now treated like 2nd class citizens. We talk about Trump too – Blane definitely fits into the disenchanting group of voters but Trump might not have Hawaiian natives as his highest priority minority! Mrs K is egging him on which is like throwing fuel onto a fire. The only gap in the diatribe is when we reach a river which we have to wade across by holding a rope to help keep balance with the strong current. Mrs K handles it brilliantly.



Blane tells us about his hobbies which include hunting. He hunts pigs in the forest which outnumber humans by 10 to 1 on the island. I pictured him quietly moving through the forest looking for pig with a knife between his teeth until he gets his phone out and shows us a video of his pack of dogs ripping a pig to pieces. He explains he wouldn't normally let the dogs attack the pig for so long but he is training a puppy. He also adds that he is quite humane. If he captures a boar he doesn't kill it, he just castrates it.

After some tiring climbing we finally reach the waterfall which is spectacular. The place is quite busy with tourists (maybe 20 or so) and chickens. They are here for the picnic lunch and we tuck into our sandwiches with a couple of roosters in very close proximity, watching our every move.



Blane tells us to avoid standing directly under the waterfall as occasionally rocks and other debris come down. The water is freezing so I don't stay in very long anyway.



On the way back, Blane picks up from where he left off and is telling us all about the problem he is having with some tyres he bought for his pickup truck. Chapter and verse. I block it out but Mrs K is right in there.

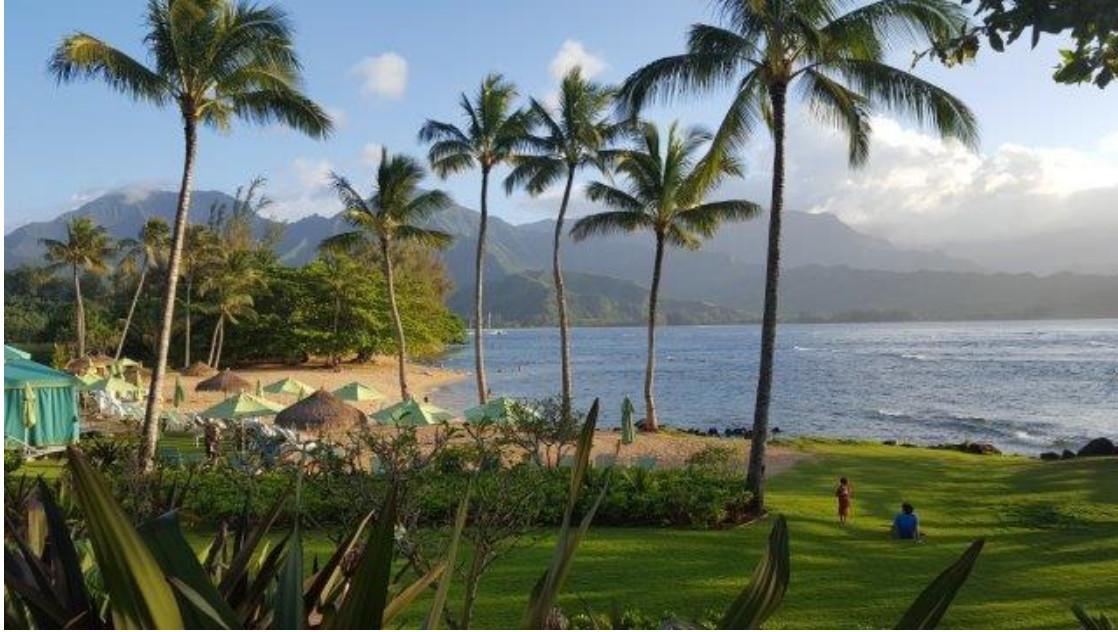
The paddle back is tougher into the wind but Mrs K starts to pick up some technique and apart from a slightly close encounter with an overhanging tree we do really well and catch up a group way ahead of us downriver. It has been a really hot morning and the 5 hours of exercise is the first I have had so far. I also have a touch of sunburn and blisters from trying to compensate for Mrs K's paddling.

That evening we attend a Lu'au which is a mini festival of local music and dance. It includes a Hakka and the obligatory Hula girls. The whole thing is really well done, really professional though quite drawn out. Having arrived early I get stuck into the Mai Tai cocktails. Mrs K takes a shine to the fire dancer. Luckily he is very good and doesn't burn the marquee down which apparently happened at another Lu'au recently.



Having woken up this morning slightly sore from our exertions yesterday we treated ourselves to a massage and then relaxed for the afternoon by the pool playing scrabble (3-2 to me in the series).

Mrs K drove back as I enjoyed the local beer. It might have been my chill moment, driving back in the early evening with the top down in perfect conditions. The only problem is that we always have to drive past the Maaki golf course which looks so inviting. But sometimes you just have to say 'No!'



Part 4 – Looking for humpback whales and driving

The Hawaiians don't think of the islands as theirs. They are merely guardians. They look after the islands and the islands look after them. They are in perfect harmony. I am not sure about that but I am feeling in pretty decent harmony with the local pale ale here in Maui.

This is an amazing place. I usually get a bit fidgety if we stay a long time in one place but as soon as we arrive we are both thinking we wish we had more than 5 days. I know that sounds ungrateful but it's honest.

We arrived on Saturday after a short hop across from Kauai. This time we get on the right rental car shuttle bus. In Kauai Mrs K got us on the Hertz bus by mistake. She is not used to getting on buses. Having enjoyed the Mustang in Kauai, we opted to upgrade again here, anticipating some long drives. Have had the police radar gun on me at least once so far - will have to see how tolerant they are of tourists.



On Saturday we went into the capital Lahaina which is just a small town. Had a fantastic lunch where I tried coconut shrimp for the first time and loved it. Then we took a boat trip in search of humpback whales. The whales like the shallow and warm water between the islands but most have left for Alaska by now. Apparently there are a few mothers and calves left but unfortunately after a couple of hours cruising around we didn't see them. We will have to come back a bit earlier in the year! However we did see another group of dolphins - bottlenose this time which are larger than the spinners we saw in Kauai. Just like flipper. They put on a mini show for us, swimming on their backs and jumping out of the water.



Yesterday was a big day. We were up early and away from the hotel by 7.30am to make the drive to Hana. It is a long and windy road around a part of the island which is sparsely populated. On the map it doesn't look much, probably only 50 miles but it takes 3 hours. We are warned to stock up with gas and food before we set off. I assume this is all exaggeration by Americans who are only used to driving in straight lines but to be fair it was a tough drive. It was worth it though to see the coastline and we invested in a fantastic phone app which gave us commentary all along the road and pointed us to the best places to stop. It is a cloudy and rainy day but that is normal for this side of the island due to the way the prevailing wind blows onshore and meets the mountain.



Our first stop was a breakfast diner called Charleys in a place called Paia which was at the start of the coast road and really the last proper restaurant for miles. Often we have sat in restaurants and seen ice hockey on the TV which just doesn't seem real in a place like this. This morning we look up and see Chelsea vs Tottenham about to kick off. It is difficult to tear ourselves away but we have a long road ahead of us. We are accompanied by 5 Live sport commentary in the car up until Kane scores and then we lose signal. Just as well. Glad to see Hazard came good at the end of the season. Congratulations Leicester.



Thanks to Mark for sending me this picture. Funnily enough, Jeff Keen has been following us here in Hawaii. He is staying here with his wife Pamela. There was a slightly awkward conversation with a Westin representative who got me mixed up with the other one. I told her Pamela is my other wife.

We being older generation never cease to be amazed by the fact that we can stay in touch with the kids from the other side of the world via Facetime. Even car to car or car to bus on occasion. There is no escape but we like it that way.

Tuesday is a much needed day of rest after the drive yesterday. We are installed on a shaded sun lounger for most of the day. It is a really hot sun and bright but tiny (and welcome) drops of rain force their way through. Really strange weather.



Early to bed tonight as we have another big day tomorrow – last before the last leg of our trip

Part 5 - Sunrise on Haleakala, Rock Stars and arrival in San Diego

The queue at Maui airport for security is like something you would see at Disney. That is probably unfair to Disney and there are no videos to occupy your time or fans to keep you cool. There are a few people in the queue worried about missing their flights. They are told “if you miss your flight just tell your airline it was the fault of the security queue”.



It was a VERY long day yesterday. We were up at 2.30am. After an exhausting day of driving on Monday (the drive to Hana) Mrs K has had enough of the Mustang passenger seat but I get an email from Steve which guilted her into agreeing to the drive to the top of Haleakala mountain (10,000 ft) to see the sunrise. YOLO! Steve you are in trouble mate....only joking.

Unsurprisingly the roads are clear and we make good time to the foot of the mountain. From there it is much slower going, about 20 miles of tight hairpins but we make it to the top by about 5am which is about 45 minutes before the sunrise. It is pitch black as we arrive but after a few minutes it starts to get lighter. We are above the clouds which are drifting around the mountain and the stiff breeze is creating

a chill factor, dropping the temperature to something around freezing. We don't have much by way of warm clothing so we are both wearing multiple layers of t-shirts. It is an eerie feeling as we wait with a crowd of around 200. Everyone is trying to get the best viewing spot but we are shouted at by the park rangers for standing on rocks in case we step on insects which are endangered species. A child steps on a rock right in front of us. Mrs K makes it known that the child is not going to block her view. "No!"



It is a spectacular sight and, as the sun breaks over the horizon, a national park guide breaks into some kind of chant. Then she shouts "This is the first day of the rest of your lives. Start by loving the people you are with. If you are not with anyone, politely start a group hug". To watch nature in its purest form is a humbling experience but soon after our focus is back on breakfast. We start the long cruise back down the mountain. About halfway down we stop at the Kula lodge which is just opening at 7am. We get an amazing view of the island from our prime spot while enjoying our 'sunrise breakfast'. The guy on the next table orders the same but doubles down on the eggs (4 instead of 2) and orders 4 pancakes with syrup on the side. This is America.



We arrive back from the mountain drive and catch a couple of hours sleep. Then I head out for a late afternoon round of golf at the Royal Ka'anapali golf course. Mrs K would rather not ride round with me and unfortunately as it is a bit cloudy opts to head for the outlet stores. It turns out to be another very expensive round of golf. But I am placated with a gift for me - a pair of socks. Mrs K cannot leave Maui without buying a pair of Maui Jim's. If like me you have never heard of them, they are sunglasses. Yet another pair for the collection. Anyway the golf was fun. Jack Nicklaus has his name on the door of a locker in the changing room but I doubt he has played here for a while.



On Tuesday evening we had a fantastic meal at Roys (recommended by Marcus) which overlooks the golf course. A great combination of cuisine from sushi to prime rib. We haven't done fine dining while we have been away and we check the dress code online. 'Resort casual'. It seems that just about includes everything - flip flops, shorts and baseball caps are the standard. We are a bit more dressed up and Mrs K is looking fabulous as always.

Remarkably we are still going strong into the evening on Wednesday after the early start so we take the short drive into Lahaina and have dinner at Fleetwood's (of Fleetwood Mac). George Harrison also lived out here – until he found a woman eating a pizza in his house, and then shortly after he was stabbed in his London flat. Mrs K's cab driver tells her he once opened a door for Yoko Ono. We eat on the rooftop overlooking the ocean and listen to a live rock band which is really good and it is the perfect way to end our stay in Hawaii. The waiter is not quite on his game, frequently forgetting our orders but Mrs K thinks he is cool. At the end of the evening he tells us we should visit Encinitas when we go to San Diego - it is a short journey down the coast on the Amtrak. Why? His Mum came from there.



America is a dangerous place, even when you are in Hawaii. Drugs are advertised on TV and if you listen to the warnings they can all 'result in death'. Down the coast a guy narrowly escaped a shark attack. Apparently it bit mostly on his surfboard - he was lucky. A scientist was on TV this morning saying that the San Andreas fault is 'locked and loaded, ready to go'. Hopefully not in the next 2 days please.

As we lift off from Maui on our 5 hour flight to San Diego I am left with 2 key questions. Why does the Hawaiian national flag have a union jack on it? After all, the French and British were largely to blame for wiping out about 90% of the native population. Not with the gun or sword but with the diseases they brought from Europe. Secondly and more important why do the Hawaiians include brussell sprouts in almost every dish? Answers on a postcard please.

We arrive in San Diego. One of the shortest taxi rides from the airport to the centre of the City (only 10 minutes) to our surprisingly posh hotel. The US Grant is named after the 18th US president and the hotel has a very traditional feel. We are kept waiting at check in but it is worth it to be upgraded to nice corner room which overlooks Broadway and 4th Avenue, just on the corner of the Gaslamp quarter. We have about 40 hours to explore the city. On our way back from dinner we get caught in the rain. Not Hawaiian style, more like London rain. And the forecast is not good for Friday.



Part 6 – Last days in San Diego

I am still chomping through my salad in the Seaport restaurant when the waiter starts running through the dessert menu. Such are waiters in the US. Mrs K doesn't care because she is trying to decide which cheesecake she should go for. We are in the Cheesecake Factory after all.

On Friday morning it is raining heavily. You have to step over a torrent of water to get from the taxi to the kerb. But it brightens up and we spend the day touring the City on a trolley bus tour which is a good way to see the city if you can put up with the bad jokes. One very helpful tip though. If you separate bananas from the bunch they will ripen much slower. Didn't know that. Good tip for me as I like my bananas green and crunchy. We take the bus out to Coronado island and visit the Del Coronado hotel which is like going back 100 years in time. A guy bought the island for \$110,000 in the late 1800s and then sold off pieces of land shortly after for over \$2m. Nice business.



We while away the afternoon next to the bay as the sun comes out. We are chilling and so is a seal, floating on its back about 50m out from shore.



Friday evening, we venture out into the Gaslamp District again for dinner. Tonight things are a bit more lively but we are a bit disappointed that we are not in the right age group to be approached to see if we

want to go into the various clubs. We end up in an ice cream parlour (Ghiradelli's) where even one serving between two is enough to make us both feel like we have overindulged.

On Saturday morning we set off to see the no.1 attraction in San Diego which is the USS Midway aircraft carrier. Commissioned in 1945 just after the end of the second world war, it did not see much action until the Vietnam war when it was involved in helping the rescue of refugees. The ship is now a museum but what makes the visit interesting is that it is staffed by veterans, some of whom flew the planes on the ship. We meet the original 'Viper' who allowed his name to be used in Top Gun and we see one of the Tom Cats. Mrs K confesses she has never seen the film which I am shocked by. Below decks we visit the main galley and meet up with Charlie the head cook from the 1971-2 tour. Mrs K engages him in conversation for several minutes and suddenly he quickly checks behind him and says "Tell you what, follow me". We go through a door which says 'Strictly no entry' and Charlie takes us into the bakery. There were 4500 men on the ship so it was a big job to keep them fed. Charlie had 50 cooks working for him in 7 different galleys. He shows us where the dough was mixed, the proving cabinets and the ovens. Amazing to speak to him about his time on the boat and hearing how tough the conditions were in the heat of the kitchens while in Asia.

While in Hawaii we heard that the Japanese flock to see Pearl Harbour – 1942 was probably one of their finest military successes. The battle of Midway (which is a tiny island somewhere between Hawaii and Japan) on the other hand was their greatest and most humiliating defeat as they outnumbered the US fleet by 2 to 1. The Japanese government kept it a secret for 18 months. I must admit this is a bit of history I knew very little about. Very few Japanese in sight in San Diego.





The rest is planes and taxis and an uneventful trip home and back to reality. Thanks for reading and sharing in our fantastic trip. Till the next one.

Jeff

