

Diary of a Vacationing Woman, 1984

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June (No date & no year)

My traveling adventures have begun earlier than what I expected. Early this morning Mary and Judy called inviting me to go along with them to Bethany Beach for a couple of days. A friend of Mary's has a beach house that wasn't being used this week and Mary and Judy wanted me to join them, along with little Jordan.

Of course I quickly threw my bags together, since we were leaving in an hour or so. After loading the car we started on our way.

I knitted most of the way there. I have a great deal of excess energy and need a way to get it out.

We had a delightful lunch at Holly's. We had a hamburger, French fries and a wonderful chocolate milkshake! Considering our incomes at this time, leave something to be desired, we decided not to over do anything.

Finally, we reached our destination. The beach house was really very nice. It was a few blocks away from the beach. It was an end house mostly surrounded by forest. However, as soon as we got there two men told us that a new road would be going through the next day. And they were true to their word. They chopped down most of all the beautiful trees. I felt so bad. I know a lot of little animals were there when we first arrived I saw a precious little brown rabbit hop across to a neighbors yard, but after they had started chopping I didn't see him again.

That was what was really depressing. The beach has become so commercial. Houses are stuck up not two feet away from one another. It was just not what I expected it to be. I like the old beach houses with yards in front and old inns to stay at. These are just not easy to find any more.

We had a leisurely afternoon. I knotted some more, we talked played with Jordan and selected our rooms. Judy & Jordan had one room and Mary and I had the room across from her. There were three bed rooms, an A shaped living-dining kitchen area.

Later in the afternoon we rode over to the beach. It was beautiful. Jordan was amazed. I walked out and let him put his hands in the water. He held on for dear life. I don't think he quite knew what to make of it.

Then we walked through a few shops and to the grocery store, I had difficulty deciding what kind of tanning lotion I wanted, but I made my final decision on aloe up.

Our evening ended with dinner and a game of Trivial Pursuit. Of course, Jordan won.

June 19, 1984 Tuesday

Little Jordie got us up bright and early – around 8:00. Mary, after coffee, went back to bed and Judy and I relaxed. My sweater is coming along.

Finally, Mary gets up, we have lunch, pack up and go to the beach. By this time it's 1:00 or so.

The waves were simply breath taking. They were huge and as they splashed the white foam went every where. I took pictures, but I doubt if I captured the true beauty.

Jordan got into playing in the sand with his shovel and bucket. He loved getting in the water and we took a walk up the beach. He is such a riot. He just stared saying my entire name Doreese and he says it all the time. He is truly a cutie pie.

After we returned from the beach we took an out door shower and relaxed. Jordan was in full speed. After an hour I sat down with him and read him a story. Before I was through, he was asleep.

Judy and I went to the bakery again and while we were there we called Frank and Paul.

That night we drove to Rehobeth Beach, about 40 min. away. I really liked it there. It had a board walk and some old houses – more like a regular beach.

I couldn't believe the way I went out looking. My hair was a wreck, I had simply pulled it back here and there, and I had no make up on. Such a pretty sight!

On the way home, Jordan was in full spirits. We had to sing to him and tell him stories and a final bed time story. Needless to say we all went sound asleep.

June 2 (20th ?) Wednesday

We got up at 8:00 this morning and went to a little country restaurant for breakfast. After that we headed for the beach. For once in my life I actually covered up. I started to burn and felt it. When we returned the owners were there doing a few odds and ends and then they left.

We had an early dinner and round the table girl talk.

We ended the evening with a good movie Somewhere in Time.

June 21 Thursday

Home again, Home again. We packed our bags and cleaned the house and set off home.

We ate lunch at the same place we began our adventure and returned around 2:30-3:00.

I unpacked my bags only to repack for my big adventure that starts Saturday.

June 23, 1984 Saturday

The day I've been so excited about has finally gotten here. I love to travel! It really does something for me! It was no trouble for me to get up at 4:00. I quickly went through all my procedures and was ready to leave at 5:15. I had a 7:10 flight that left Baltimore.

Frank drove and took another route that I had not taken before. I was so excited that he said I had not wiped the grin off my face from the time I gotten up.

Then Frank decided he wasn't sure where we were – that he thought the air port should be any where near by. I thought I was going to die.

Actually, If he had caused me to miss my plane, he would be dead. However, the signs for B-W-A finally appeared and we got there after 6:00. I checked my bag and made sure it would go all the way and then we went to the café for him to get something to eat. After that we went to board my plane. After a few kisses goodbye, I got on and was ready to go!

I love the feeling of take off – that speed that builds up as it starts upward. The sun was on my side and the clouds were beautiful fluffs of cotton.

There were plenty of seats, but of course, I had to wind up beside an old man who smelled of old cigarettes. I hate that smell, but I endured it for forty minutes and read until we arrived in Pittsburg. I had a short lay over there and then I was on my way to Houston. ~~For some~~

This was a delightful trip. I had my aisle to myself. I knitted all the way and received many compliments on the yarn from the hostess' I also had a delightful break fast – pancakes, sausage and fruit. The plane was hitting some rough spots, but I loved it.

Upon arriving in Houston, for some reason, I became concerned about my luggage. I checked to make sure it was on its way to McAllen. It was. So I went to check in with my next plane. It was leaving – I was so confused – it was 11:15 and mine was to leave at 11:40, but they put me on anyway. And of course I arrived an half an hour early. As I went to pick up my baggage I had an inkling it wouldn't be there! I was right. I went to the air line window but there was nothing they could do until the plane left. As Lisa and I say I was really “monkeying out”. Then I heard a little voice and there she was. I was so upset that I couldn't give her the greeting I wanted to give. After we went for a beer and I had calmed down somewhat, I made a baggage claim and hoped my bag would arrive on the next plane.

It was so good to be with My little Lisie! I was then able to give her a proper greeting!

We went back to her apartment and had a delicious Roast beef sandwich lunch. Of course we gossiped and got caught up.

I really like her apart. It's very cozy.

After waiting the whole day I called again around 7:30 to find that my bag had finally arrived! What a relief. I had had so many horrid thoughts of my bag being lost and my entire trip ruined.

We decided on Italian dinner and to make it an early evening. I was exhausted even though I had napped earlier. And my cough, which I thought was going away had returned full force.

So it felt good to get in bed and giggle and talk until we fell asleep.

June 24, 1984 Sunday

We were up early. 7:00. Lisa made breakfast and we lounged around until we decided what we would do today.

We drove to Padre Island for a sea food lunch where we had eaten last year. The island had really built up. It has lots of new and modern shaped buildings or condos.

After eating we drove into Metamoris Mexico for Cherry Jubilee desert, where we had also eaten last year. I made sure I didn't drink any water this time.

Our waiters weren't too happy that all we wanted was dessert, but we had a good time any way.

After that we came home and had a leisurely evening watching, Rage of Angels and then went to bed.

Expenses

Sat.	\$2.00	- beer
	9.00	- dinner
Sun.	9.00	- lunch
	2.00	dessert
	4.69	cough med.
Tues	14.00	dress & sash
	5:50	blanket
	4:00	breakfast
	10:00	grocerys
	5:00	cough med.
Wed.	5.00	hamburgers
Thurs.	7.00	lunch
	5.00	dry cleaning
Fri.	3.00	breakfast
Fri.	dinner	7.00
	Cover ch.	6.00
	Drink	
Sat.	jewelry	87.00
	breakfast	4.00
	dinner	10.00
	miscell.	5.00
Sun.	Breakfast	6.00
	lunch	4.00
	jewelry	10.00
Monday	(no date)	

Lisa went to work and I sat home and watched soaps and relaxed. My cough has not improved much.

When Lisa got home we went to happy hour at Abrahams for free drinks – Ladies night. We got into some heavy duty talk – of course we were a little tipsey.

Then we came home and ordered pizza and watched Rage of Angels which bummed us out. There is just no justice in this – quote by Lisa.

Tuesday (no date)

We had a nice breakfast out and then we drove into Renosa, Mexico. It was a boiling hot day at least 100°. After we found a parking place and payed a policeman to look after it, we went to the market. I found a dress and a blanket. I'm more interested in the old Mexican style of dress and I hope to find it somewhere.

After we left the market the smells on the street mixed with the heat nearly turned our stomachs.

We went for dessert, but we settled for ice tea at "Sams".

When we got back home we went to the grocery store. Lisa made a delicious supper – fajitas, tortillias, and macaroni salad.

After that we were into dirty movies, but our dirty movie Emily turned into soft porn with Koo Stark – Prince Phillips' X

Wednesday

Lisa worked today. I took an easy day – my cough is a little better.

We went for hamburgers for dinner. Unfortunately I had a horrible coughing fit, but I was better once we got home.

Lisa has ants which she found in her pants and Lo and behold where did I find them – in mine.

Thursday

Lisa didn't wash. We had breakfast at home.

We went to her Oredil Union, the dry cleaners and the Plaza Mall. We had a nice lunch at Sahadi's – quiche.

Then Lisa went to fui "Twitwiller". When she came home we decided to make it a relaxing evening. After hardly a peep all day, I had a horrible coughing fit.

Friday

Lisa was up early but I slept in. She cleaned up the apartment.

We went for a breakfast a real speacial - \$1.99.

We got our things packed. We poured ourselves a glass of champagne & O.J..

Our taxi lady arrived and we were on our way. Charlie, Lisa's land man, helped us with her bag.

And here we are at Renosa air port – three hours early. I am getting caught up on my days and drinking a Carta Blanca beer.

The plane finally arrived. Customs was a real hassel, but we got through it.

We had a lay over in Mexico City. It felt like coming home. I had not forgotten any thing about the airport.

Then we boarded our plane and were on our way to Acapulco. The people who sat around us were a riot! They were younger and all travelling together. There were four boys and a couple of girls and a baby. One could speak English a little. They wanted to get together the next day, but we never heard from them.

We arrived in Acapulco around 9:00. Our taxi man was there to greet us and put us on our bus to take us to our hotel. It was a rather long ride down a mountain.

Our hotel is huge. Three buildings. Ours is the middle one. Our room, or should I say suite, is great. It faces the beach and we slept with the door open to hear the waves. Our room is on the 9th floor. We have a living room area and bedroom – two double beds. I think we really got a good deal.

After we showered, we went to dinner. We took a horse ride to Carolos' and Charlies where we ate.

After that we went to the Disco Jackie O's. We didn't dance, but it was fun to watch. The men who worked there were nice – helped me down the stairs and into my seat.

He also was very nice looking – black tux etc.

After that we came back to our room and went to sleep.

Saturday

Had breakfast in the hotel. Then we went out on the beach. As soon as we were there we were surrounded by women, children and men selling all sorts of things. Of course those who got us early were like bandits. I love to bargain. As the day went on I felt like the bandit. But, I didn't mind if I did get ripped for a few dollars. Those people really have to work hard. They stand for hours in the hot sun. One woman who was so pretty, was pregnant. We met a guy who could speak English whose name was George. He had been to New York before. He wanted to go on our tour with us, but he wanted us to sign him up. I told him – sign yourself up – he replied – “do you think they would let a black like me go?”. I was really set back because he was really darker than the others. Then he asked me if it made any difference to me. I told him no and he replied – to others it does.

There were children as well. One little girl, who was simply precious, tried to sell us some things – when we didn't buy she cussed us out in Spanish – and she was only seven.

I also did something I've never done – buy a hat and covered up. I cannot stand the sun anymore. I feel good as it shines on me, but I feel its effects more.

We ordered room service and had lunch in our room after we returned from the beach.

Since it is the rainy season there was a late afternoon shower that lasted until after 9:00. We had drinks in the lobby. After the rain stopped we walked and this is no lie, at least four miles. Lisa wanted to go to a restaurant that she had seen have high ratings. What we didn't know was how far it was and what was worse we didn't know or realize how far we really had walked.

The place was like a tropical jungle. It had a real deer and a couple of monkeys in one area.

However, the food was expensive and not all that great. The way to the bathroom was wild – there was nothing but mirrors fixed in a maze. I'm glad I wasn't in a hurry.

We decided to get a taxi to go home. On the way I asked him about Bora Bora, but he said it is no longer the place it use to be.

July 1, 1984 Sunday

We got up rather early and had a breakfast buffet.

Then we headed for our cruise. It took us around the island and showed us some beautiful villas – one, a huge blue one, once belonged to John Kennedy. Another, which I really liked, belonged or belongs to Frank Sinatra.

We stopped on another in of the island for the passengers to swim, but I didn't go in. Several little boys were waiting on the boat and wanted us to throw pesos' down to them. They seemed to have always gotten them before it hit the bottom. Then they would put the coins in their mouths. One boys cheeks were filled.

After we returned to shore Lisa and I decided to keep up our exercise and walk to a market we had seen. Of course it was further than what I thought, but we got there. And of all things that should happen to me I didn't look and see a small step and I started to fall – In the process of catching myself I twisted my ankle. It swelled immediately. The booth owner was so nice. She got me a chair and massaged my foot and told me she didn't think it was broken. I don't know what happened. The hot sun on the way must have done me in. I knew I felt funny, but I didn't realize how much – but my trip to the market was ruined – I didn't really get to look at anything – I was so disappointed and my foot was killing me. We quickly got a cab and returned to the hotel. We decided I needed to see the hotel doctor. He didn't think it was broken but probably fractured. He put an ace bandage on it and gave me some medicine and keep off of it for 4 hours. All of this for the tune of \$50. I almost went thru the floor. He also told me if the pain got worse to come back – no charge.

From there I hobbled to lunch and then onto the beach, which was really refreshing. I propped my foot up and began bargaining. Because I was in such a lousy mood I was really mean and when I decided on a price I wouldn't budge. I met a precious young girl. She had a lovely face and I motioned her back. After ~~+~~ she had left and took her picture. We went back and forth and when she finally gave in we both burst out laughing. Another man hopped we would remember him and a little girl wanted her picture taken if we would pay 30 pesos to her. They are truly amazing people. My heart goes out to them.

We went back to the room and relaxed as well as napped.

After we napped we went to eat at D joint. Our waiter was a real cutie. He gave us the same card to get into a bar called Magu – our waiter from the night before gave it to us. So we decided to go try it out. However, they wouldn't let us in. It was very strange and the men at the door acted very peculiar with us. After talking it over we went to the bar across the street for a drink. Not much was happening so we left and went back to our hotel.

July 2, 1984 Monday

Awaking early we packed our bags, ate breakfast, checked out and headed on our way to the air port. It was quite a scenic ride.

Our plane was late, but we finally were headed to Mexico City. It felt so good to be back here. For some reason I really like it here – it must be because it is a city. I got us a cheap ride on a bus to the hotel. The hotel interior had changed some because they had remodeled.

Another difficulty cropped up. Our travel agent had not sent the hotel word saying we had payed for our room so I had to pay again and take care of it later.

After getting settled in our room we walked to a restaurant to eat. When we got back to the hotel I had diarrah. We took a nap and then got dressed and went to Sanborns to get some Kaopectate. It's so cheap here.

We went to a bar up stairs. I had a 7 up hoping it would settle my stomach – wrong – After I got back to the room I was deathly ill. I vomited and had diarrah for the rest of the night.

July 3 Tuesday

I woke up feeling like I had been hit by a truck. I decided I was really sick so I called the doctor. I'm glad I did – I have a gastronical infection. He gave me a prescription and charged \$45 for his little visit.

I slept the whole day away. I felt better when I got up. I tried eating some soup. The Lisa and I went to the hotel bar. Our friends, that we had met the night before were there. I stayed for about an hour and returned to the room. Just as I was ready to fall asleep someone rung our busser. It was Fredirico. He wanted to know why I had left and wouldn't I come back down. I explained to him no I wanted to remain in the room. He took my hand and kissed it and was going to kiss me on the mouth, but I turned my head and he kissed my cheek instead. Finally, he left. As soon as I closed the door the telephone rang. It was a bell boy who had gone by and seen Fredirico at my door. He called to see if there was a problem with the gentleman. I thought that was so nice.

July 4 Wednesday

Feeling much better we decided to go to a pawn shop and a market. They were both in the heart of the city, but I no problems getting around. I followed a map and asked for help. The pawn shop had great jewelry at prices I really couldn't afford. The market was great. I bought some beautiful jewelry. A shop keeper I met was wonderful. He was kind sweet. I bought a beautiful necklace from him. He came down on the price. We talked and he suggested I try teaching at the university of Mex. Next summer. That would be lots of fun. And he said – who knows maybe you'll marry a Mexican.

We stopped at Sanborns which is also part of the house of Tiles. It was really beautifully decorated.

After that we got a Taxi back to the hotel.

We ate out. Our dinner was delicious, but I could only eat half of it.

Unfortunately July 4 didn't go off with a bang.

July 5, 1984 Thursday

A very miserable day what we had hoped to be beautiful turned out cold and rainy. We didn't get to go anywhere. Plus we were out of money. So we sat in the hotel lobby all afternoon.

Our taxi didn't show up so we had to hire another for \$5000 pesos.

When we got to the airport I tried to get our money from the other taxi, but he had the ticket stamped saying he had been to the hotel, but I never heard him call for us.

Finally, our plane came and we were on our way home. I have never felt so cheated in all my life. I wanted to turn around and start over. The only thing that soothed me was the great jewelry I had purchased.

At Renosa we got a Taxi to the boarder and from there he had a friend who took us home. Of course, we had to stop for customs, but we finally were home.

July 6, 1984 Friday

We relaxed the morning away and ate breakfast late.

We drove to Metamorís and went to the market there. We had a great time and I finished shopping. I got some great blankets and a dress for me. I had to give the shop keeper a kiss for the dress because he brought it down in price.

Lisa barbecued our dinner. It tasted delicious – my first meal.

July 7, 1984 Saturday

We really didn't do much today, but watch T.V. and hang out.

July 8, 1984 Sunday

My plane left at 6:00 so we were up extra early.

I was home by 12:30. Frank met me. It seemed strange to be home.

I spent the day arranging my jewelry and trying to relax.

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[On very last page of diary, the word Emetrol]