

turned, and didn't squeal when it was off the ground. I couldn't get the wheel off to check the bearing, so I called Rick, and he said to force some grease into the bearing, and maybe that would get me home. I did, and it stopped the noise, so we are good to go for tomorrow. While we were looking at the bearing, Blake discovered that the valve stem on the same wheel was puffed up like the one that failed, so we will be watching that tomorrow as well. Tomorrow, we head for home, and coffee on Sunday night, about 300 miles left to go.



**In front of the USMC Mountain Warfare Training Center near Bridgeport.**

**June 26, 2010 - Day Eleven, Day Three of the Return Home.**

As it turns out, the people in the other car did stop at the Red Lion. John and Nancy Carvalho from Modesto, so we all got together for dinner last night at the seafood buffet at the Red Lion, it was very good. We left Elko at 7:30, it was cool again, so Blake was again wrapped up in his coat and blanket. Driving conditions were excellent, the wind was either non-existent, or slightly to our rear, the cars ran real well, we consistently averaged 50 MPH. We ate breakfast in Battle Mountain with Dave and Trudy, and gassed up lots of times, because we were afraid that gas would be scarce out in the wide open spaces. We split with Dave and Trudy at Fernley, Nv, They headed for Reno, and we headed South. We drove until we got to Carson City, then stopped for a mid afternoon meal. We gassed up at Costco again, then headed for California, all the time, the truck was running great. It was 90 in Carson City, so hot, but not unbearable. After we crossed into California, I took Blake to see the USMC Mountain Warfare Training Center, because I thought he would enjoy seeing it. After we left there, Blake told me he heard a squealing sound, I heard it too, but it sounded like the wind. Bridgeport was about 13 miles away, and we agreed that we would stop for the night, about 400 miles for the day. We made a pass through town, turned around, then I heard the squeal. Figured it was either a hung brake shoe, or a wheel bearing. Seminar time again. After we checked into a motel, we took the wheel off, and sure enough, the wheel bearing was burned. Not bad, the wheel still



**Our facilities for the night. Neat clean, and old, but the owner was very helpful trying to fix our wheel bearing problem.**



**Seminar time again.**