

## DUCK, DUCK, GOOSE LAKE!

October 1, 2004

The non-spectacular countryside eased by the coach windows like watching a series of boring television programs. For us old folks, the trip to Reno is a two-day jaunt. While passing a large lake that actually had water in it, we saw a sign for the Oregon State Park of Goose Lake. It had electric hookups, so we pulled in for the night.

It was a nice 40-space park. The first thing we noticed were all the beautiful quail running about. They were the top knotted type with all their features outlined by a yellow border. We soon saw a deer, then two or three more and finally thirteen deer browsing about the park, even 25 feet from our rig. They were totally unafraid of the campers. A dog was tied at one site and it just stood and looked at the deer. The deer approached the dog curiously transfixed; their necks stretched forward and their ears erect. They finally went about their business. There were apple trees in the park and the deer would stand on their hind legs and pick off the apples to eat.



Goose Lake, it seems, was named for the millions of Canada geese that stop over here during their migration. The honking was a cacophony of sounds and we saw vee formations heading south.

The trees are turning to the fall colors, just like in the east. Reno is calling us to the south.

Dave and Bonnie

