

## Day 10: 16th October, Friday ~ National Horse Racing Museum.

Rita strolls down the bus with lighted flashing yellow earrings. I tease her "Glad they are not blue and red." The front of the bus is too hot, the back too cold. Winni offers to tape some of the overhead vents shut.

The Adirondack State Park is 6.1 million square miles, 50% of which is privately owned, but subject to restrictions on use.

It is unseasonably cold. Snow is clinging to the fir trees and icicles to the rocks along the roadside.

Winni chatters to keep us occupied. From small beginnings, Tauck now employs 260 tour directors and 150 office staff, but owns nothing. Coaches and planes are leased. There is one more New England tour after ours. The *twig tour*.

The racetrack at Saratoga Springs (pop. 30k), was established in 1863, which makes it the oldest track in continuous operation. Passing the track we head for the *Horse Racing Museum*. Here we watch a 20min film, cleverly presented to simulate three split screens. It traces the history and current activities on the track. Not being familiar with horse racing, the rest of the museum is of little interest.



[Horse Racing Museum.](#)

Down town we admire the Victorian turreted homes. Two police cars lurk in an alley. Paul circles looking for another place to stop. Along the main business road we choose Max London's for lunch. The room is narrow. A row of tables down either wall. We sit. The opposite wall is very old red brick, nicely cleaned. At eye level a mirror runs the length of the room. The ceiling must be 20ft high.

Saratoga is an unremarkable town, but its main street is six lanes wide with center median. Even with timed pedestrian crossings, we have to walk briskly.

We rejoin our coach at Congress Park. Just outside town, surrounded by apple trees, we pass an obelisk which commemorates the Battle of Saratoga in October 1777, a turning point for the Patriots in the war for independence.

This is farm country. Flat bottom populated valleys bordered by rolling hills. Two deer are grazing in a field.



We enter Vermont following a quiet winding back road and pass through Dorset and Manchester. These English names seem out of place. The *Country Store* is filled with surprises, old oddities and tempting snacks.

This is our last evening together as a group; with a reception before dinner at the Jackson Gore Inn. I talk to some of the folks who somehow I have missed along the way. We relax beside the crackling fire in the lobby and strike up a brief conversation with two other couples. This is a ski resort. They have a time share. With a few exceptions, our tour fills the dining room.

We dine alone. The halibut I order leaves much to be desired.