

Charlotte & Buddy moved from Port Orange at some point that I don't recall, & our yearly excursions moved with them. I was older by now, & my tastes & expectations had changed accordingly. Orlando became an increasingly less common destination as we learned to feed our need for unique & good food in less touristy ways.

JB's Fish Camp served the best & most authentic crab I've ever had. A steaming bucketful of Old Bay-encrusted snow crab legs, potatoes, & corn dumped onto a piece of brown paper lining a picnic table, with vinegar & paper towels as the only table setting. Frappes was a mere hop away from the house but featured a surprisingly high class experience, the home of my first - & still best - exposure to duck. No farther away was Billy's Tap Room, a standard ~\$30 entrée location whose one distinguishing feature was amazing steak. Finally there was the restaurant in New Smyrna beach whose name escapes me but whose specialty was low key elegance with lots of butter. Always a treat until our final trip, when Buddy's chair made them relegate us to a flimsy outdoor picnic chair wedged lovingly between standing water & a trash bin. We left.

Trips to the Daytona flea market increased as the bargain hunter genes inside me began to be expressed, & the spa whose name I don't recall

started topping my list of desired activities. We put more emphasis on local gems, out of the way neighborhoods for Christmas light gazing & the like. As I slowly learned the streets as well as those in Brookhaven, Ormond Beach became a true second home.