

Hello Adventurers!

Today we start with a survey/poll...

Answer... **You are a...**

- 1) Fundamentally sympathetic care-giver, or...
- 2) Hard-hearted, mean-spirited creep

OK, all of you who answered #2 can go home now. Turn off your computer ☹️

The story starts below, with a view of my crumpled body lying in a ditch, the photographer (un-named, a gentleman who checked #2 above) asking me medically-oriented questions such as...

- A) Can I have your stereo?
- B) Can I borrow your bike tomorrow?

In fact, just to be sure you're "my kind of reader"...

In order to continue, you must answer YES to either of the two below questions...

- 1) Is this bike cool or what?
- 2) Is this person *truly suffering*?



[Mac-fact] You can not re-size pictures with Mac iPhoto. Resolution-you-shot is resolution-you-get. This totally sux. Don't like it? **Buy an aftermarket program.** Trust me, when it comes to idiot-synchracies, Bill Gates got-nuthin' on Steve Jobs ☹ So, the pic above was 1.2MB (120kb in Windows) and I had to send it to my PC, re-size it, send it back to my Mac where the story was being developed.

Moving-right-along...

At the conclusion of the UT riding (in the spectacular Uinta National Forest) and OBTW the above-shot was **not** the end of my riding (testament to my toughness/stupidity) I had to get back to L.A.

But note me in the Uinta forest the day after my crash. Yes, "I hurt".  
But this riding was not to be missed eh?



And oh-yeah "my buddy" for whom I sacrificed my body, and organized this trip-of-a-lifetime, well here he is (below pic)... on a Kawasaki 250 moto-cross race-bike ("pure race bike") and trust me although its' been 30 years since he last rode dirt, this bike was *fast*... even faster cross-country (in the woods) than my 450R.

No, I didn't give him my stereo ☹️

No, I didn't loan him my 450R for the Sunday ride ☹️



Heading south from Heber UT, I decided "take the scenic route". Once again, "not one of my better decisions" but here we go...

Rt.6 west out of UT, then south on Rt.93 to Las Vegas. This is a "designated scenic route" and the terrain (heading east) looks like this shot taken at a rest-stop (still in UT)...



...and is on a 65mph-limit road, notable for amazingly low traffic.

I passed through a number of "living ghost towns" which were sad examples of people struggling to make a living literally in the middle-of-no-where ☹️

Along this strip of beautiful desolation, that there was a rest-stop (with a water-pump!) was even more amazing...



LIFT LEVER  
AND WAIT

---

DO NOT  
PUMP



Scooting down the road, I was stopping and shooting-pics at "interesting spots". I had no agenda, no schedule. Everything I discovered was a surprise.

My first *Wow!* was the Little Sahara Recreation Area administered by the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) which seems to own most of the southwestern U.S.

This area is "natural dunes" and is 60,000 acres!



Sometimes shooting pics right out of the car window, I saw route-signs (all on dirt roads) that seemed interesting/challenging rides. To do this, I will need a ride-buddy as this area is far too desolate for solo travel. Here, satellite-phone and GPS-navigation is a must...



I got a kick out of this! *U-dig trilobites!*



As you can see from the below pic, the road was dirt, but smooth and very well-maintained (or never used?). As tempted as I was to visit, it seemed just too far out of the way...



Note in the above pic that while I parked so as to give a neat-pic, there is not enough room to U-turn the car/trailer. Uh-oh. So I had to motor down the road a bit to find a wide-spot. How's this (below) for "desolation"?



More Off Highway Vehicle ("OHV") areas below...

The Amasa Basin beckoned, but again too-far-away and I had no info whatsoever as to what-exactly was there.

Hey! I need a ride-buddy!



In the area of the Great Basin National Park (who ever goes there?) was the below dry-lake. Vast. Incredible, and just-off-the-road. It is the white-ish strip in the distance. Hmmm I must explain that in the dirt-bike-crash that started this story, my digicam was smashed, and I was able to put it back together only in the wide-angle mode. So, "limited creativity" in my shots...



Below is another shot from the Great Basin area...



...which I just snapped out-the-window. This is early September, about 94F outside, visibility "forever" 😊

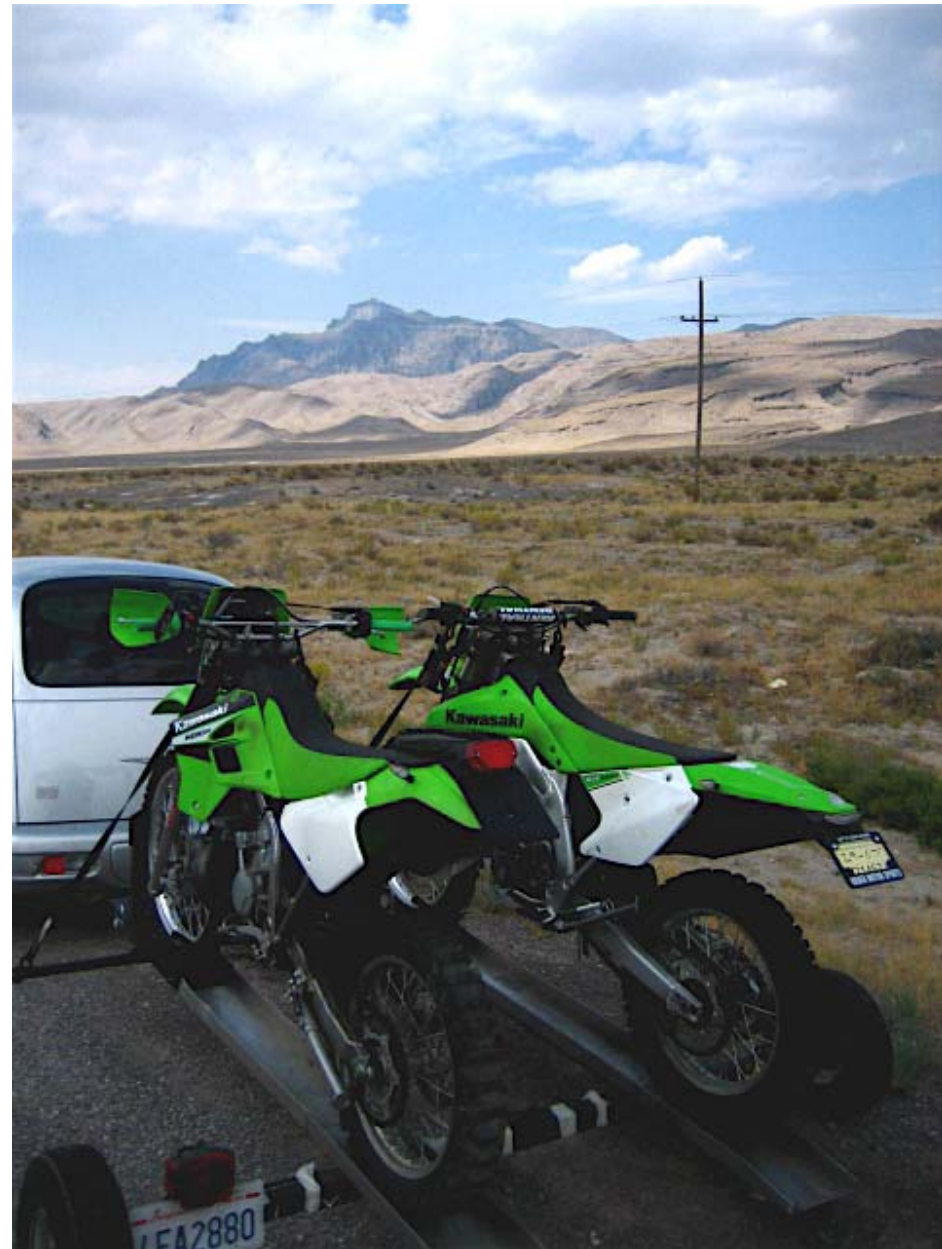
In the below pic, note the BLM symbol. BLM is everywhere! Absolutely none of these BLM-points are on any map that I have. Oh how I would love to go back and see these destinations!



The below sign points down all-dirt-roads, perfect for my dirt-bikes. Still, as previously stated, best done with a ride-buddy, sat-phone, GPS-nav, and plenty of water/spares...



Also note that "other than on Rt.50&6 Westbound" I have no idea where I am...



More "beautiful desolation" and about 1 car per 10 minutes went by.



Same spot, shooting to the right...



[Below] Not on any of my maps!



But, if you'd like to visit Eskdale or Knoll Springs, below's the road!



WooHoo! Welcome to Nevada! One of the few times I knew exactly where I was (UT/NV state line, on Rt.6&50, westbound).



Huge Bummer! I had gassed-up in Delta, UT. The sign said "next gas, 120 miles". OK, I thought "easy". But wait!

That "next gas" was in Ely (pronounced Eee-Lee) NV but **I wasn't going to Ely!** Approx 30 miles short of Ely is the Rt.93 south cutoff, the road to Las Vegas. And guess what... The first sign I see tells me there is no gas until Caliente, and towing my trailer from Delta, UT, ***I do not have enough gas to make it! So I must divert to Ely for gas, a 60-mile 1.5 hour diversion that kills both daylight and my timeline!***



Ely is known to glider-pilots as both...

- 1) The literal "end of the earth"
- 2) Whopper "thermals" to 30,000'

Also, it seemed, not really friendly to tourists...



And... Oh yes... Ely is both hot and high which means towing uphill and ummm have we ever seen the below pic before?

When I gassed-up, I shut off the engine and heard the coolant boiling up through the catch-tank. Uh-oh. But... I caught it in time, let the engine cool for 20 minutes, added water, and was on my way!

Poor PT Cruiser! I am working it far beyond the "design specification".



Here's the Caliente gas-stop. Literally a spot right out of the old sci-fi TV series *The Twilight Zone*...



...and yes it looks "ordinary" but Trust Me the "cast of characters" here was spooky!

Darkness fell, I was running 4 hours late by this point (yes I had "no schedule" but naively thought I'd make Las Vegas by nightfall). Way-wrong! I didn't make 'Vegas until 10pm!

And, actually, the goal wasn't 'Vegas but the town of Primm, which is on the CA/NV state-line (approx a half-hour out of 'Vegas). This would yield a cheap/comfy/convenient stay. Of the 3 casino's there, Whiskey Pete's, Buffalo Bills, and the Primm Valley Resort/Casino (all owned by the same guy) I chose the Primm "Resort" (I use the term loosely; this place has "seen better days"). But then again... The rate (tax incl) was \$48 and the a/c was frigid. The room clean/comfy hey a Good Deal!



Breakfast was (my weakness) at the all-u-can-eat buffet for \$8 (w/tip/tax \$10). Healthy eh? And I didn't have just 1 plate either 😞



But still, in the morning I was a happy/smiley guy and here's proof...



The ride home was un-eventful (but hot; 'Vegas was 92F at 10pm, and 94F when I left in the morning). Lots of construction, the road constricted to one-lane. This would be bad-enough, but "significant distractions" lined the route, the best I thought was this guy who rolled his truck (nobody hurt, lots-of-cops, little activity) and the driver (?) who was calling (his boss?) to hmmm "explain the situation"?



Well, fellow-adventurers...

Again...

Thanks for reading along!

Paul P.