

Day 17

7-31-06 Mon

Mile: 2393

At 6:45am, I received a call from a lady named Beth who said she had my dog! The day was already looking better. I quickly gathered my stuff up and headed over to pick Sadie up.

She was only a few hundred yards from where we broke down. Funny how I never saw her while working on the bike for over an hour. Well at least I got her back. She had a scratch on her head, 3-holes in her left front arm and her toenails were tore up. But she still had enough energy to wag her butt when she saw me! I thanked Beth for the call and headed down the road to a local veterinary hospital. They wanted almost \$400.00 dollars to check her out which I surely couldn't afford on this trip. Down the road I went through downtown Bozeman, MT. It's kind of weird sitting at a stoplight next to a cop.

I pulled into an Albertson's grocery store to get a few things for me, and some first aid stuff for Sadie. Next I took the frontage roads about 30 miles west to Livingston. There - I pulled into a local Yamaha dealer where Dave Powers & his crew went above and beyond to help me. From 4pm - 6:30pm they allowed me to pull my transmission apart in the parking lot. I used some of their tools and parts washer at Alpine Yamaha. This dealer also sells the Bosski ATV Wagon trailers.

I paid \$173.36 dollars for another belt, grease and some seals. Again - money I don't have, but what do I do?

After fueling up, I hauled butt out of dodge running from potential rain clouds towards Big Timber, MT. I put on my bright reflective yellow raingear just in case. I look like a damned bumble bee! On my way southeast to Big Timber I saw many deer & almost hit on at 35mph! Riding along at 45mph now, something smacked me square in the mouth! I thought it was a bird. I pulled over to find the ugliest black beetle in my right step! Good thing my mouth wasn't open.

Day 18

8-01-06 Tues

Mile: 2,655

I camped at the rodeo grounds in Big Timber. I pulled the bike between the concession stand and the bleachers. It was a tight squeeze to say the least. I'm just glad it didn't rain on me last night.

It's about 58° degrees at 7am. I'm sitting at about 4100' feet elevation. The sky is cold and cloudy until about 2 - 3 o'clock I wore my raingear. It only got up to 65° degrees during the day, plus wind chill. I took a nap at the "chief plenty coups" state park. I woke up the sun shining in my face. Later that afternoon I pulled into the "Little Bighorn" battlefield where Custer got his arrogant little but kicked.

It was a beautiful sunset leaving the battlefield going southeast. I rode pretty late from here. It was so cold I had to put on my thermals, insulated camo overalls, sweatshirt, coat, helmet & gloves. I couldn't find anywhere to camp. I finally pulled into a church parking lot under the light to get us something to eat around 11pm. Security came up to show me a campsite behind the church. Again - another cold night.

Day 19

8-2-06 Wed

Mile: 2840

Sturgis Baby! I pulled in here around 4pm. Holy crap there's a lot of bikes here. The rally doesn't start till next Monday. So far they license their bikes here in South Dakota. "Quads that is". The fuzz haven't givin' me any problems. The bikers can't believe I rode this from Reno to Canada and then Sturgis. There is a lot of skin here.

Around 8pm I hooked up with this lady named "Liz". She said I could stay at her house till Sunday or so - do laundry & such. After that, she has some bikers renting it out.

Day 20

8-3-06 Thurs

Thursday was a day to really check out the town. People & Bikes are pouring in here by the dozens. Liz & I went in to the vet supply store to get some stuff to fix up Sadie's leg. She just ended up chewing the bandage off anyway. Everyone loves Sadie, and wants to take pictures of her.

8-4-06 Fri

Day 21

My lazy butt woke up around 10:30am. Boy that mattress sure is comfy.

Just another day of cruisin' the strip. I contacted some people at Yamaha Motor Corp in California. I'm still waiting to hear back from the head honcho.

I pulled over today for a couple that ran out of gas on their Harley about 1/4 mile from the gas station on the outskirts of Sturgis. They gave me \$20.00 for about 1/2 gallon. They were just happy they didn't have to push the bike.

Tomorrow looks like it might be the last day I stay with Liz. I need to find a dirt road somewhere.

8-5-06 Sat

Day 22

Well, I took my final shower and gathered my stuff up at "Liz's" house. I headed into town and met up with "Smokin' Joe". An old hippie biker dude - but he also owned a Yamaha Grizzly so I figured he couldn't be half bad. He's gonna let me sleep in his garage for the next few nights free of charge.

I was pulled over today by South Dakota's finest motorcycle cops. They claim I made an illegal right turn at a stop sign. I personally think they were just ATV envy.

I almost forgot - yesterday I almost hit a motorcyclist who was layed over in the road. I cautiously slowed-up to him, but I jackknifed slightly. Although I didn't hit him, it scared the hell out of both of us. Somehow oil was spilled on the road and caused him to dump it. I thought it was water at first.

8-6-06 Sun

Day 23

Today I got to meet a couple of Yamaha Reps. Bill Hearne is a dealer in Spearfish, S.D. He wants me to contact him when the dust settles.

Also the "star" motorcycle rep "Kevin Reed". He took down some notes about my trip and wants to contact me later.

Around 9:30pm we got rained out. I made a mad dash for the bike to get the raingear. I was at the bar on my 2nd beer too. I hauled butt for Joe's garage and took cover.

8-7-06 Mon

Day 24

Still hangin out in Sturgis waiting for my Fed-ex package from Reno. Cathy sent me my 1/2" Dewalt impact gun. Good thing too. While I was at Yamaha this morning - one of the guys noticed I had a rip in one of my CV joint boots on the rear axle.

Day 25

8-8-06 Tues

Mile: 3170

I picked up my Fed-ex package, said my goodbye's to everyone, & made preparations to head out. By now it was about 2 - 3 pm. Kind of late, but I already stayed longer than expected. Besides, there's only so much noise and Harley traffic I can handle. Sturgis turned into a jungle overnite.

I passed through the historic town of Deadwood where Wild Bill Hickock was killed. Again this town was infested with bikes.

I went south to Keystone, S.D. where I saw Mt. Rushmore for the first time. It was a steep climb to the top. I got a profile picture from the side of the road but had to keep moving.

They wanted \$8.00 dollars to park in the garage, & my dog had to stay in the trailer. So I turned around and headed down the other side.

It was a beautiful drive down the hill going towards the Wyoming border. Just outside of Custer, S.D. - I witnessed a motorcycle accident involving a deer. His injuries were to the head.

I pulled into Custer to get gas and call Christy. She told me I made the Sturgis website. That made my day.

By now the sun had set to reveal a bright orange moon coming up my backside. As I pulled into the community of Newcastle, Wyoming - a

man & his teenage son in a pickup flagged me down to ask me to pull over in the parking lot next door. His name was "Gary Howell". A.K.A. "Grizzhopper".

Turns out Gary had the identical Grizzly as I did - same color blue. Also we B.S.ed in the parking lot for over an hour. He showed me all of the modifications he's done. This is the only Grizzly I know that can do a wheelie at 5,000 plus elevation with at least a 300 pound man riding it! Refer to the video.

Gary led me to the fairground where I made camp.

Day 26

8-10-06 Thurs

Mile: 3,366

The day started with locating a Yamaha dealer. I needed to fix that C.V. boot before I do any damage.

I gathered up all the stuff I needed to do an oil change & repair the C.V. boot. I finally put my center skid plate back on. I think tomorrow I'll check out the trailer axles. I messed with the alignment a little. I won't know just how well it is until I drive it for a ways. Anything is better than it was.

Sadie got a little maintenance too. She got a bath whether she liked it or not. So did the bike. I had to pressure wash the dog crap off of the lid of the trailer.

Day 27

8-11-06 Fri

Mile: 3,575

After packing the bike at Brian's house, I headed westbound on Hwy 220 towards Lander, Wyoming. Halfway through the day, we pulled off the road to take a picture & get something to drink. After a couple of minutes, Sadie jumped on the trailer and we headed out, or so I thought. About 15 miles down a desolate highway I noticed she was missing. Not again! The next few hours were spent backtracking looking for her. Once in a while I would talk to truck drivers on the C.B. radio, but with no luck.

About 120 miles west I landed in "Lander, Wy". I downed a few & watched a couple drunk "&fat" indian women fight.

Around 2am while setting up camp at the rodeo ground, I received a call from a guy who found my dog. He drove over 100 miles by car to return her to me at around 5am.

As the sun was on the rise, my dog & I bonded. It was kind of romantic. But not for long. Storm clouds were dropping rain in the distance, so we set the bed up on the bucking chute inside the arena.

We never got rained on - but I don't want to find out what it's like to get woke up that way.

Day 28

8-12-06 Sat

Mile: 3,822

I left Lander, Wyoming around 10am & headed south west where I climbed a long steep grade with beautiful red rock & soil. The summit was about 8,100 feet elevation. My carbureted engine was sure to remind me of this. I believe this is called the Red Canyon Rim.

At the top of the summit I turned left towards "Atlantic City & South Pass City". These are two historic gold mine towns. I checked out a restored ghost town "South Pass City". It is definitely worth checking out again.

Heading south on 28 towards Farson, Wyoming those purple clouds off in the distance dropped rain for the next couple hours. The temperature dropped twenty degrees to 54° in 20 minutes. After getting drenched and pelted by 40mph raindrops, I took cover inside a nearby rest stop with several other bikers. Two of which were from Reno, NV also.

The clouds parted & so did we. I finally ended up in Kemmerer, Wyoming as the sun set. I was hoping to find a place to stay but the motels were either out of rooms or wouldn't accept my hairy girlfriend. I ended up riding 2 hours to Montpelier, Idaho.

I was able to get the last room they had because the people who reserved it didn't show up. And of course I had to perform a quality check at Butch Cassidy's Saloon.

Day 29

8-13-06 Sun

Mile: 4,038

Thanks to my phone ringing at 11am, I woke up in time to be late for checkout. I was sure to grab one last shower anyway.

After my usual gas station routine, I headed west towards Preston - Malad City Idaho. I went through many acres of dirt road that had been burnt by a lightening fire the week before "according to a local rancher".

I passed through Juniper, Idaho and several other communities that I came through last year. Just outside Malta, Idaho I requisitioned a couple ears of corn from a field next to the road. It was really sweet. Sadie likes corn too.

I made Burley, Idaho around 10pm. I pulled into Wal-Mart to see if they had my tires but they didn't. The two rear tires on the trailer won't hold air anymore.

I tried to find a place to camp behind the fairground but it was hard to get into so I just got a room across the street. Sadie talked me into it. I personally would have preferred to freeze my ass off outside.

Day 30

8-14-06 Mon

Mile: 4,190

All morning & afternoon was spent dealing with tires. I got a hold of a guy I met here last year "Chase Blair". He works part time at a Suzuki dealer called "Lets-Ride".

I paid \$40.00 dollars for four used take-off tires for my bike, with the money I saved, I bought two new tires at Wal-Mart for the rear axle of the trailer.

The owner of the bike shop let me use his tire machine for free because I did all the work. Four used tires - two new tires - disposal equals \$165.00.

Around 4pm I headed south to Oakley, ID. Then on to City of Rocks Park. City of Rocks is a granite rock formations that spans several hundred acres. This area was also a major passageway for early immigrants heading west.

I saw several rock climbers scaling the steep mountains of granite. Better them than me. As I left the area - the sun lit up the clouds with beautiful orange & yellow colors. Soon those clouds would chase me with rain.

With the sun already down, I made my way to Montello, Nevada around 11pm. I was able to wake the lady up at the motel to get a room for the night.

Day 31

8-15-06 Tue

Mile: 4,337

Around 7:00am I was having a dream about a siren. As I awoke, I realized the fire department horn was going off. There was a lightening fire on the nearby mountain. I needed to get up anyway.

I went down to the "cowboy" bar to grab some breakfast and catch up with the locals.

From Montello, I headed north towards the Winecup Ranch - then south on Hwy 93 for 26 miles of pavement to Wells, Nevada.

Here I fueled up and dealt with another tire problem on the trailer. After plugging the tire, it went flat just as quick as I fixed it. So I just took it off and strapped it down on top of the trailer. Sadie is running out of bed space. As I headed out of the dirt road from Deeth, NV - I could tell I was heading directly for a brush fire. Sure enough, I was stopped by BLM firefighters. After a 45 minute delay, I made my way through the smoke and fire.

About 30 miles south of Jarbidge I made camp in a valley with a gentleman I met on the side of the road. He had a chevy pickup & two horses. They were trying to escape the fires up the road. We watched "The Dukes of Hazzard" movie on my DVD player while the dessert burned up a couple of miles away. I didn't want to climb that mountain leading to Jarbidge anyway at night.

Day 32

8-16-06 Wed

Mile: 4,380

It got down to about 48° degrees last night. When I woke up around 6am, everything was covered with ash from the fire. The whole sky was filled with smoke. The guy I camped with had already left horseback to check on cattle a few miles away.

I made my way to Jarbidge around 7:30am. About 10 miles up the road I came across a BLM fire camp. One of the guys gave me a sack lunch. Hey - free food right? After climbing, then descending two 8,500 foot passes I landed in Jarbidge. I was still so tired from being up half the night, I got a room mid day and took a nap. I woke up around 5pm to eat, drink & listen to Johnny Cash. The excitement level was just too high for me, so I headed off to bed. I think the highlight of my day was doing laundry.

Day 33

8-17-06 Wed

Mile: 4,534

I got up early and ate breakfast at the Outdoor Inn. I met up with a local "Ken Heil" and a few others for a 30 mile quad ride through the historic backways of the Jarbidge area.

We climbed hills over 9,000 feet elevation. I had to leave the trailer in town because of the steep grades. Sadie held on for her life behind me on the seat. We stopped to eat lunch on top of this ridge overlooking a deep canyon below. There was a rock formation here called the Indian Princess. It was a profile view from where we stood.

Ken & I headed back the same way, while the others took a longer route back to town. By now it was 1pm & I needed to get back so I could fix the trailer tire & head out.

When I got back, one of the locals I met on previous trips "Blaine Mowrey", had already fixed my tire. I hitched up & repacked the bike so I could get on my way by 3pm. I hurried the 60 plus miles west to Mountain City before the gas station closed.

By dark I arrived in Taylor Canyon & got a \$30.00 dollar cabin for the night. I was too lazy to set up camp. Besides - it was pretty cold.

Day 34

8-18-06 Fri

Mile: 4,895

Once again, I got a 11am start. I headed through Toscarara, NV then west to Midas, NV where I stopped around 1pm for lunch.

Just outside of Golconda, NV I broke another drive belt. So there I sat on the side of the road with no cell phone signal. A couple of miles ago I called Christy to tell her I would ride all night to meet her. Now what! After sitting on the side of the road for about 20 minutes, a delivery driver for Western Nevada Supply stopped and towed me the remaining 10 miles towards town where I found a small shade tree to put on my spare belt.

An hour later I was back on the trail. Mile after mile the last remaining hours drug on. The sun had set and I still had 150 miles to go.

I took a short cut around Pyramid Lake to get home quicker. I arrived home at around 1:30am.

361 miles in about 14 hours! My personal best so far. Christy greeted me with open arms at my home in Reno. To say I was sore would have been an understatement!