

9/24/2008

THE ROAD TO HELL IS NOT FOR RV'S!

The day started out simple enough, an escape from the Las Vegas mess. The roads north out of town are all torn up and narrow, bridge building, adding lanes etc.

We drove IS 15 north until, in Utah, I wanted to leave the highway and revisit the quaint little town of Kanarraville, frozen in time in the 50's. The old highway left the new one and rejoined it about 8 miles later.

Looking at my GPS, I saw an on ramp just out of town, which was closer. Wrong! As we approached the freeway bridge, there was no on-ramp. No problem, we just



cross the bridge and turn around the block and come back. Wrong #2!

There were only small dirt roads. No problem, there will be a place wide enough to turn around down the road. Let's go this way, the GPS shows a road returning back. Of course the road is dirt, and rocks, and is getting down to one lane, and is rutted, and going up a steep hill, and the idea of unhooking

the tow car and turning around had still not entered my old mind.

About a mile later, up and down 4 wheel drive road, we finally discovered there was no return road. An intersecting driveway provided a place to back into. The car was unhooked, and the route painfully retraced. Everything was falling off the table and sofa, what a mess! Looking back I don't think I would have tried it in the car.

We finally arrived at Cedar City to spend the night. Hooray! The morning required the heater on.

Dave & Bonnie