



Durango, Colorado

Thursday, 2, July 1987

It was a Thursday night in Albuquerque, New Mexico and I had outrageous plans for the coming three-day weekend. Since I work the night shift, I had loaded my bike packs that afternoon in preparation for a 1:00 AM departure for Durango, Colorado.

Friday, 3, July 1987

Fifty miles into my ride I was feeling sleepy. It was cold, so I put on my sweat suit and took a nap. Two hours later I woke up still tired and nearly frozen. I remounted my bike and peddled to a nearby hot springs (a hot springs north of San Ysidro, next to highway 44) where I slid into the warm soothing water.

When the sun rose, I hopped on my bike and rode another 30 miles. I found a comfortable, grassy spot next to a small pond. Here I fell asleep again. Suddenly I heard a loud splash. Looking toward the pond I saw three large cows staring at me. I lost no time in getting to my bike and continued my ride. By then I was seriously hungry. Entering a small New Mexican town (I think it was Cuba), I saw two Indians selling fry bread and burritos out of the back of their station wagon. After eating I told the Indians about my night and my future plans. They, like everyone else I spoke to, were amazed. After this I ventured northward again. Feeling tired, I stopped for another nap. I fell asleep so fast that I never noticed the anthill beneath me. A half-hour later, with the ants crawling on my neck, I hopped up and got out of there in a hurry. The sun was high and it was hot. My water was almost gone. I crested the next hill. There below was a building surrounded by cars. As I pulled up, I realized all the cars were filled with people drinking and saw that it was a liquor store. One man offered me a ride. When I refused, he gave me a word of caution. According to him some drunk might throw a beer bottle at me. The idea of being hit by a 60-MPH beer bottle frightened me. I mounted my bike and peddled quickly away. It was getting dark and I was approaching another town (I think it was Bloomfield). After 160 miles

a good night's sleep was what I needed, so I stayed in a motel. (Total miles about 160 miles/ I did not have a bike odometer on my ride to Durango.)

Saturday, July 4, 1987

After a ten-hour hibernation, I awoke the next morning realizing that I had only another 50 miles to go! I took off like a speeding bullet and twenty miles down the road I heard a loud bang. My heart almost stopped. I thought I had been shot. It turned out to be some kids in the back of a truck throwing firecrackers. Now it was 2.5 hours since I left the motel and I had completed my final 50 miles to Durango. I had risen 2000 vertical feet. After an excellent meal at Burger King, I felt great and decided to ride to the local ski area. This was an additional 52-mile round trip and another 2000 vertical feet. It was an exhilarating ride up the mountain with green grass, snow-covered mountain and lots of fresh air. Once at the ski area I decided to try the Alpine Slide. To ride the Alpine Slide, one goes up in the chair lift and rides a rectangular disk down a cement ramp. After trying this I coasted back to Durango to complete a two-day, 270-mile bike ride. Back in town, I treated myself to a steak dinner. I ended up staying with a high school friend's brother (Marty Jaramillo brother Mark) that night. He asked me why I did not drive my car. I told him I was training for a ride to California. (I was riding about 400 miles a week in training)

Sunday, July 5, 1987

The next day, I took a bus back to Albuquerque, New Mexico. (Total miles about 270 miles)