

July Shutdown 1993

The GM plants shutdown for 2 weeks every July, as an EDS employee at a GM plant, I must take 2 weeks of my vacation during the shutdown (no choose on vacation time). I was working on obsolete computer systems in the Dyno cells at the Romulus Engineering Center.

Day 1, Friday, July 30, 1993 – Canton, Michigan to Munising, Michigan

I left work a little early on Friday, July 30, 1993. I made it home by 3:20 PM and packed my car. At about 5:20 PM I left my Canton apartment and was on the highway to the upper peninsula of Michigan. The first night, I camped at a rest area near Munising, Michigan that said "No overnight parking or camping."

Day 2, Saturday, July 31, 1993 - Munising, Michigan to Carabou Falls, Minnesota

In the morning, I drove to Munising and caught a beautiful sunrise over Lake Superior. I drove towards Houghton, Michigan and stopped for a hike to Canyon Falls near Alberta, Michigan. In Houghton, I found out that the boats to Isle Royale only left once a day (8:00 AM) and I already missed it, so I changed my plans. I decided to take the boat from Minnesota instead of Houghton. Driving south, I found a nice bike trail to O Kun De Kun Falls (1.3 miles each way), near Bruce Crossing, Michigan and rode it. Then I drove to Wisconsin where I stopped for a swim in Lake Superior at Asland, Wisconsin. The lake is one that most people do not recommend that you swim in due to its extreme cold water. Well, it was not very cold on the top 3 feet of water, in fact it was a very nice swimming temperature. However, it was very cold if you went down a few feet, below the surface of the lake. I also visited the nearby fort and I meet an Indian from Laguna, New Mexico. This guy worked in Alaska and was taking the scenic way back to New Mexico. From there, I drove to Duluth, Minnesota and followed the north shore of Lake Superior towards Canada. I stopped at Twin Harbor and saw an old train and tug boat. Going north, I stopped at Gooseberry Falls, were I saw kids walking on ledges behind the waterfall (looked dangerous, but seemed like something I would have done if I were their ages). Next, I stopped at Palisade Head, which was just a tall cliff over Lake Superior. I camped at a rest area near Carabou Falls, this spot did not have any no parking or camping signs. Good thing I set up my tent (usually I do not set up my tent at the rest stop, I normally sleep in my car), it rained all night. I left the tent door open about 6 inches and misquotes kept getting in and biting my face.

Day 3, Sunday, August 1, 1993 - Carabou Falls, Minnesota to Isle Royal National Park, Michigan

I stopped at Cascade Waterfall on the way to Grand Portage, Minnesota, where I caught the boat to Isle Royale

National Park, Michigan (Windigo Harbor). Isle Royale National Park is 50 miles by 9 miles and has 1900 wild moose, some wolfs and no deer. I didn't bring my framed backpack (on my car trip), so I packed my day pack and carried my sleeping bag and tent 9 miles to Feldtmann Lake. It rained like crazy on the hike to the lake and there were lots of bugs. I saw two moose on the hike to the lake. The lake was very large and it dawned on me that the lake was on an island in the middle of a lake (Lake Superior). I hiked to Lake Superior and went for a swim. It was a bit colder than it was when I went swimming in Wisconsin. At Feldtmann Lake, I saw moose feeding off the lake bottom, most of the time there was at least one moose in the lake (not normally the same one). At one time, I saw 4 moose in the lake. It seemed odd that all the moose were feeding in the lake near the camp ground. All the cloths I had on were soaked, so I took them off before sleeping. It rained on and off that night, but I stayed dry in my tent.

Day 4, Monday, August 2, 1993 - Isle Royal National Park, Michigan to Giant Provincial Park, Ontario, Canada

In the morning, I checked out the moose, packed up (put my sleeping bag in my day pack), and hiked the nine miles back to Windigo, Michigan. At the boat dock, I met some people that just hiked the entire 52-mile trail from end to end of the island. They did not see as many moose as I did in their whole 4-day camping trip. After the boat trip back to Grand Portage, Minnesota, I drove to Canada. I decided to go to Sleeping Giant Provincial Park. It was a lot further than I thought. That night, when I was looking for a place to park and sleep, I saw a fox, a deer, a raccoon, and a small cat size animal. I slept in my car near the trail to Lion's Head rock (the misquotes where terrible, I opened the door and several of them came into my ear).

Day 5, Tuesday, August 3, 1993 - Giant Provincial Park, Ontario, Canada to Bismarck, North Dakota

Made the short hike to Lion's Head rock. When I left the park, I was killing misquotes in my car for about 100 miles. I stopped at Kakabeka Falls. I met this girl from Australia and gave her a ride to Rainy River, Ontario, Canada. She had been traveling for 2.5 years. She went to Central America, South America, Egypt, Europe and was working in Canada (Jasper and Nova Scotia). I was searched at the border, going back into the United States (I almost said I was from New Mexico when they asked me where I was from, I think that is why they searched my car). The drive through Minnesota and North Dakota was very boring, just flooded farm land. A couple of the highway on ramps were closed due to flooding and the first rest stop was also flooded out. I slept at a rest stop near Bismarck, North Dakota. My feet really swell up either from dirt or misquote bites. At the rest stop several misquotes got in my car when I opened the door to my car.

Day 6, Wednesday, August 4, 1993 - Bismarck, North Dakota to First rest stop in South Dakota from Nebraska.

On Wednesday morning, I woke up with a swollen lip and I was itching all over. I guess it was time to take a shower. I stopped at the first truck stop and bought a \$3.00 shower. Sure, felt good to get the 5 days of dirt off. The ride was boring until I made it to western North Dakota. The prairie reminded me of Albuquerque and made me a little home sick. Then when I arrived in the Black Hills of South Dakota, it reminded me of the Sandia Mountain Range (evergreens and rock cliffs). I stopped in Deadwood, South Dakota and rode my bike around. This town had several gambling casinos, a mine, and several historic buildings. Then I went to Mount Rushmore, no fee great. Then I went to Crazy Horse, the Indians own this land and wanted to charge \$6.00 to see a partially carved rock. When I asked the guy where I could turn around (I was not going to pay \$6.00 for that) he said at the top of the hill. At the top of the hill, you could probably see the whole Crazy Horse. That day I saw an Antelope, a deer and a cat. Then I drove to Nebraska, so I could add that state to list of states that I have visited. I slept at the first rest stop back in South Dakota.

Day 7, Thursday, August 5, 1993 - First rest stop in South Dakota from Nebraska to French Creek, South Dakota

On the way back to the Black Hills, I saw a coyote, a deer and some cows. I saw some mountain goats near Mount Rushmore. I went to Custer State Park and hiked around Sylvan Lake, to Little Devil's Tower, the Cathedral Spirals, and then to Harney peak. On the way to Harney peak the sign was confusing and I took a wrong turn and ended up on the trail to Sylvan Lake. Also, I saw a mountain goat at Harney Peak. Then I drove up the scenic Needles Highway, where I saw several inspiring rock formations. I stopped at the first tunnel and looked around. There was a famous rock formation, Needles Eye, but I did not see it. I drove along the highway and saw some people and asked them where Needles Eye was and when they told me I already passed it. I took my bike off my car and rode up the mountain to see Needles Eye (too lazy to turn car around). After I got back from Needles Eye, I drove towards Center Lake, on the way to the lake I saw 6 Rocky Mountain Sheep. At Center Lake I went for a swim, then I found a free warm shower and cycled the dirt trail called "walk in fishing trail". It was a beautiful ride through a lovely canyon and I had to ride through the stream 14 times. I drove up to Mount Coolidge, a short rough dirt road. The view from the fire tower at the top was mostly a burned-out forest (lightening fire). On the way back to the highway I saw 2 deer, one was a very young with white spots. I drove the Wildlife Loop Road where I saw Prairie Dogs, wild Ponies, an antelope and Buffalo. I decided to camp at French Creek (where I needed to get a permit and then drive to it) for \$1.00/night, I arrived late to the visitor center and talked the ranger into opening the doors and writing me a pass. Then I realized I needed some film and spent 1.5 hours looking for an open store. I arrived at the trail head to French Creek at about

11:00 PM on my bike that was loaded with my camping gear. After crossing the knee-deep stream 3 times I saw a tent in the moon light, I figured that I was at the campground and slept under the stars.

Day 8, Friday, August 6, 1993 - French Creek, South Dakota to south of Sioux City, Iowa

On Friday morning, I woke up with misquotes biting my face. When I realized I was not at the camp site, I set up my tent, put my gear on my bike and started riding up stream looking for the campground. The trail was rough for the bike and I decided to park it after 3 more stream crossings. After 2 (8 stream crossing from car) more stream crossings I made it to the deserted campground (fire pits, camp sites, and an outhouse). After returning to my car, I started my drive, back to Michigan. On the side of highway 90 I saw a rolled over gas truck and I could smell gas as I passed. It was scary to think what a match could do. I took a slight detour and visited Badlands National Park, South Dakota. Then I stopped at the Missouri River, near Chamberlain, South Dakota for a swim (it was a very hot and humid day). I stopped and visited Sioux Falls, South Dakota. In Sioux City, Iowa there were people country western dancing at the park under the Pavilion. I drove over to Nebraska to see how much it cost to camp. I decided \$8.00 was too much and headed south. I stopped at the first rest stop south of Sioux City and tried to sleep. It was too hot and there were too many misquotes. I meet an old guy who was also having a tough time sleeping. This man was kind of unique. He told me he was on his way back to El Paso, Texas from northern Ontario. He told me when he was younger (around 1930) he would jump freight trains to travel across the US. Another funning thing was what he talked about the free trade agreement with Mexico. He did not like it and said, "everyone should boycott GM, Ford, and Chrysler products." I decided to drive south and try sleeping at the next rest stop. The only way I could sleep was if I periodically turn on the car and air conditioner.

Day 9, Saturday, August 7, 1993 - Sioux City, Iowa to Illinois

Driving east I saw lots of flooded farm land. In Des Moines, Iowa all the rivers were over flowing. It started raining really hard for the next 74 miles. It got so bad that one could only see a few feet in front of the car. I stopped at a rest stop and a tree actually blow over while I was there. Then I drove to Chicago, Illinois and walked around down by the Lake front (Lake Michigan). Then I stared heading back to Detroit and took short naps at several places on the way (Julie Oscos, Rest Stop and freeway on ramps).

Day 10, Sunday, August 7, 1993 - Illinois to Canton, Michigan

I made it to Kalamazoo, Michigan at about 7:00 AM thinking there was a big bike ride (I was a week late). I made it back home at about 11:00 AM.



July 1993 Road trip route



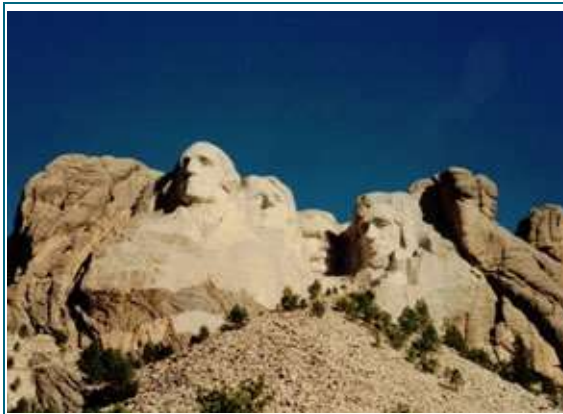
O Kun De Kun Falls near Bruce Crossing, Michigan



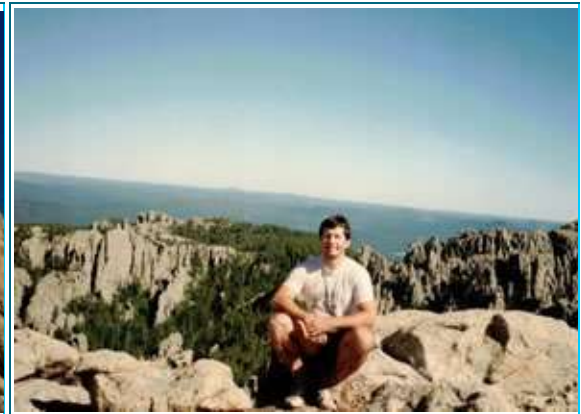
Moose in Feldtmann Lake on Isle Royal, Michigan



Deadwood, South Dakota.



Mount Rushmore, South Dakota.



Harney Peak, South Dakota.



French creek near Custer State Park,
South Dakota



Camping at French creek near Custer
State Park, South Dakota



Stream crossing French creek near
Custer State Park, South Dakota.



Badlands National Park, South
Dakota.



Sioux City, Iowa.



Chicago, Illinois.