

The Loneliest Road

Leaving Grand Junction, we are looking to put some serious miles behind us in the next couple of days. The rock forms and mountains in south eastern Utah are stunningly beautiful. The air is cool and clear. The sky is blue. The green of spring softens and enriches the landscape adding dimension and contour it will lose later in the year. There are pools in the canyons. After two hundred and fifty miles the land flattens into small-town agricultural Utah and we arrive in Delta. Unlike most Mormon towns, Delta does not appear particularly tidy or prosperous.



We stay the night at the "Last Chance, Jesus Loves Me But He Can't Stand You RV Parking Lot" (not its real name). We keep our heads low and manage to register and occupy a site without actually having to talk to another living human.



As we are settling in we notice a couple of Sheriffs have come to the park and are having some kind of extended discussion with one of our neighbors. The neighbors do not appear to be happy about this and neither are we. After a while the Sheriffs leave without having drawn weapons so we pull the shades down tight, have a nice dinner of weenies, potatoes and sauerkraut and plan to leave at the break of dawn and make a run for the border.

US-50 picks up in earnest as one leaves Delta. It is, as far as we can tell, Delta's only virtue. The road will take us out of Utah and across southern Nevada. Its official nickname is "The Loneliest Road In America". Geologically speaking, we are driving through the "basin and range". For long stretches it is just us and the road. The outside temperature is 48 degrees. It is grand. Later in the year this road will not be quite so lonely. The rent-an-RV crowd will set off to discover America. We are happy to be here now. We have driven this road before but it has always been later in the year and never so beautiful.



Our best ever miles per day in Zillie has been a little more than 300. Today we are hoping to do 400. We are in the big empty. The road surface is decent. It is not too windy. It is not snowing. We agree to trade driving every 100 miles and stop frequently to walk around and rest a bit.

We roll into Eureka around 10 AM. The town is one third of the way through Nevada. We stayed in this town years ago on some past road trip. The motel was nothing to write home about but we recall having a really good steak dinner in the Owl Club Cafe and Saloon across the street. We notice the Owl is still there and open for business. Susan wants a hamburger.

We go in. At first it seems like no one is there but we call out and a young woman appears who, after a brief consult with the kitchen, agrees to make us a couple of hamburgers. They are REALLY good hamburgers. The road holds many surprises. Some are more enjoyable than others.

On to Fallon for the night.

From the road,
Jane and Susan

