

The Big Dirty Adventure

-Kim Pixton and Jon Dziedzic

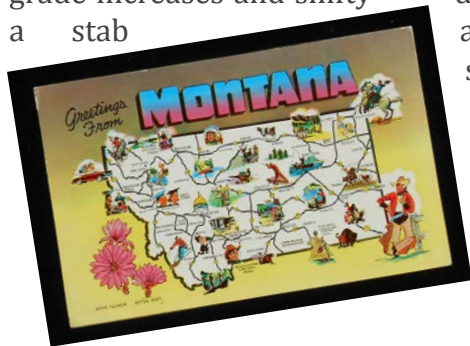


It seems like something that everyone likes to talk about. “Hey wouldn’t it be cool if we traveled around on our motorcycles?” Jon and I have both owned our own bikes for about 5+ years now. We’ve gone through the stages; dirt bikes, street bikes of different varieties, and our current rides, (and I think we would say, the best of both worlds) the adventure bikes. We have been riding to Canada for the last three summers, but 2014 was “The Year of the Big Dirty Adventure” - Utah to Canada and back via (mostly) dirt roads.

The first day was really just a straight shot to Dillon, Montana on I-15. Get outta dodge, and get out fast! We stayed at the KOA in town and ate at The Taco Bus - yum.

“The cows seemed to be impressed...”

From there on out it was a mix of dirt and asphalt. Our first dirt road was a simple two track that eventually led to some serious grade increases and shifty a stab

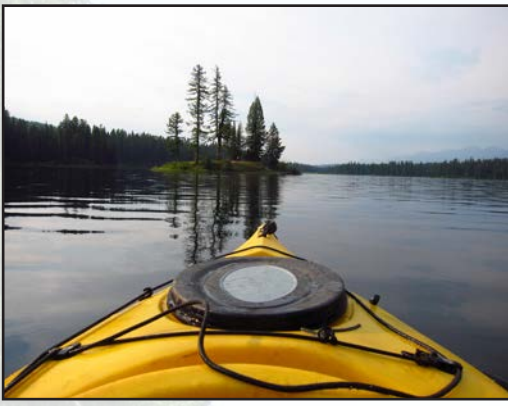


at it and for my first time on something like this, I did pretty good. The cows seemed to be impressed and I only dropped my bike once with Jon looking on in confusion. We ultimately cut this section short as we weren’t expecting it to be as technical and time consuming. The good news was that the area around Flathead Lake had some awesome views and some great winding roads.



If you are planning on camping at any lake in Montana on a Friday night, get there early! We rolled in and out of campgrounds repeatedly doing the ride of shame. Slow sad lap after slow sad lap, unable to find a spot. I was ⇨

beginning to think we were screwed, but we crossed paths with a camp hostess who would be at another camp ground for the evening and offered us her site at Lake Alva, free of charge. Imagine a stoner version of Martha Stewart, and that would be our camp hostess, Anastasia. This camp was adorable.



The campsite included a private beach where we could bathe in the lake and then take the resident kayak out for a quick spin before dinner and some much needed rest.

From Lake Alva, we took a classic two-track trail with lovely and straight sections for some fun at higher speeds. Eventually, we made it to White Fish where we stayed at the Bike Retreat, some “hostel”,



held luxuries like hot showers and a kitchen with beer in the fridge – both a welcomed treat after a long day of eating dirt.

This was the last place we would stay that had plumbing and electricity for some time. From there on in, the trip consisted of landscapes, ascents and descents, and windy roads of discovery. The riding was followed by lazy nights spent drinking wine, eating Lays potato chips, talking about the wildlife and the god forsaken gravel that Canada seems to love, and deciding where we might venture off to tomorrow.

Once we crossed into Canada, we stopped in Fernie for the night. From Fernie we traveled to Kananaskis Country. More specifically, we stayed in Peter Lougheed Provincial Park. The road was substantially wide and covered in ⇨



fresh gravel. Mid way, the road transitioned to more dirt than gravel and we were able to pick up speed. 2014

Want to see the whole newsletter?
Become a member by visiting
www.utahrat.com/join



more easily reached, but the reward is not near what this house and view can offer! Remember to bring cash. ⇨

