



Above: Approaching Atigun Pass from the South, I see it will be fogged in. **Left:** With Prudhoe Bay in the distance, my bike goes down in the deep gravel.

of to a brake line on the bike frame. Then to my amazement the throttle opened and closed normally, and the engine ran just fine! Still I went to bed discouraged, with the idea that I would ride south for home as soon as the roads dried out.

The sun shone all night, and the shiny morning found my energy renewed. The roads were drier, my throttle was work-

ing fine with the shock cord, so let's take our chances and ride for Deadhorse! I rode off north quickly, before better judgment might change my mind. I was sure I could make the 240 miles on one tankful, though other bikes I saw here carried extra fuel. Incidentally, most of the bikes around here were BMW GS types, plus a few KLR's and one R1150RT exactly

like mine. This one had left Fairbanks the morning after I did, but the intelligent owner rode during the hot dry day instead of the cold rainy night.

The six-hour ride to Deadhorse was beautiful. About half of the 240 miles is paved. The dirt sections were only a little wet. The main hazards on the paved area are deep potholes and sunken road sections, often just beyond the crest of a hill, and slippery surface gravel.

Deep fog covered the Atigun Pass (4,800 ft) in the Brooks Range, where the temperature dropped to 25F on this July noontime. For several miles I could only see 15 feet ahead and I hoped the dampness all around would not be converted into icy patches on the road. What looked like frost in the dirt