



In Search of El dorado

A daily journal of my travels and adventures in my.....Search for Eldorado

Hello to Family & Friends

Friday, March 12th 2021 Day 54



I'm not sure what is going on down here with the wind. Is it always so windy in the spring? Every day/night has had gusts up to 35 mph. I was a little more sheltered last night by a semi and a Walmart, but occasionally I would get rocked around.

I did some shopping, I dumped the RV, I filled the water tank, I filled the gas tank, and away I went. It took me a good half hour to find this trailhead. There is no sign on the road. The road, by the way, is US 90 with a speed limit of 75 and only two lanes. Not the best of circumstances for trying to make U-turns in an RV.

The Ocotillo cacti are all dead. Most of the bushy stuff is all dead. The spikey plants are all dead or dying. The prickly pear cactus seem to be going strong. It was a desolate landscape.

Below - I had some visitors along the trail.



The first herd I came across took one look at me and ran off in the other direction – the same reaction I get when I look in the mirror. The group above took a look at me and ignored me – the same reaction I get from most everybody else. The ones below, on their side of the fence, just started walking along the fence line. The trail followed the fence line on my side, so I kept about fifty yards behind them until my trail turned away.



This is called the Figueroa Trail System of Amistad. It is not listed in AllTrails. If you search on Google it takes you to the visitor center five miles away. It does not appear to be used all that much, maybe more during the hunting season. Although what they are finding to hunt here besides sheep is anybody's guess.

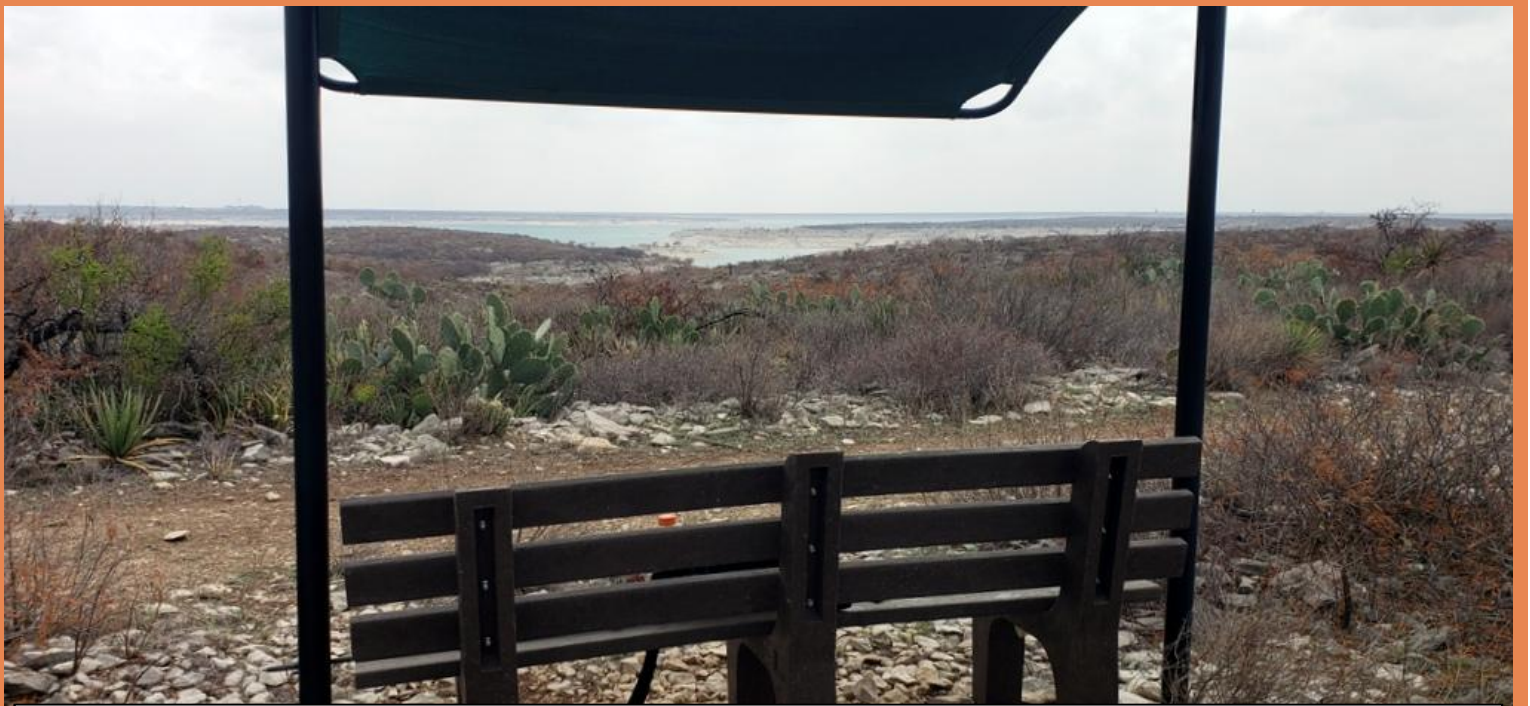
Below - You can see the bridge from yesterday in the far distance. It turns out this is the railroad bridge and the vehicle bridge is next to it. Somewhere by the bridge is the RV.





There are three trails here 1) six miles round trip to the corral 2) 2.5 miles round trip to the Rio Grande 3) one mile round trip to a Devils River overlook. Two and three branch off from number one. I did one and two. Yup, six miles round trip to the derelict corral. I found that the corral could not be REALLY old, I don't think they poured concrete back in the 1800's.





Very near the trailhead for the Rio Grande overlook is where I stopped to eat lunch. Not too bad a view. The weather this morning was a very, very light misty rain. It evaporated as soon as it hit anything. The clouds were nice at keeping the sun in check and the good breeze kept me fairly cool.

Below – Don't ask me why, because I've never been there (yet), but the view below made me think of what the African Savannah might just look like.



Yes, it's too bad there is a tire out here, but my question is, "How the heck did it get out here?" The trail is not wide enough for motorized vehicles; we are a mile and a half from the nearest residence; we are way above the water line and a ways away from it yet; and I don't think someone carried it out here to get rid of it. I am just baffled is all, something that happens quite frequently.





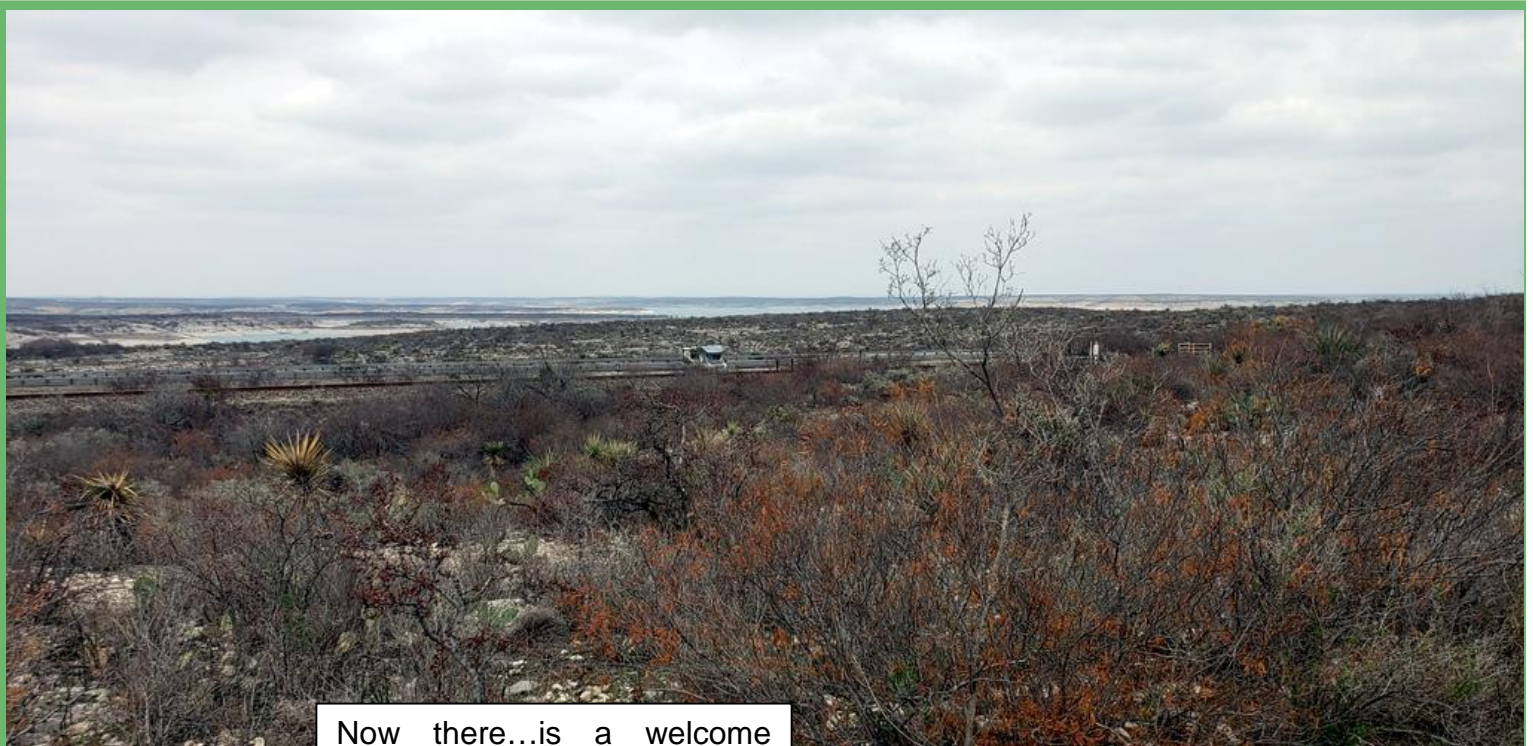
The dam across the Rio Grande is in the upper left. Mexico is in the upper right. To the left of the dam is the confluence of the Rio Grande and Devils Rivers. Below – If you read yesterday’s newsletter there was an info placard that told us about the “bath tub ring” of bare ground between the water and the vegetation. I think I am clearly standing in the bath tub ring here at the end of the trail. It’s pretty high above the water, it seems to be a lot more than 45 feet elevation drop to the water.



I did find a little bit of color, a little life in the bleakness around me, and my guess is that it’s a weed.



My feet don't really hurt, my back seems fine, but my hips, ouch. This gravel/stones/rocks trailbed is not the best material for a nine mile hike. I feel fine by the time I'm writing this, but I had to take advantage of the strategically placed benches along the trail.

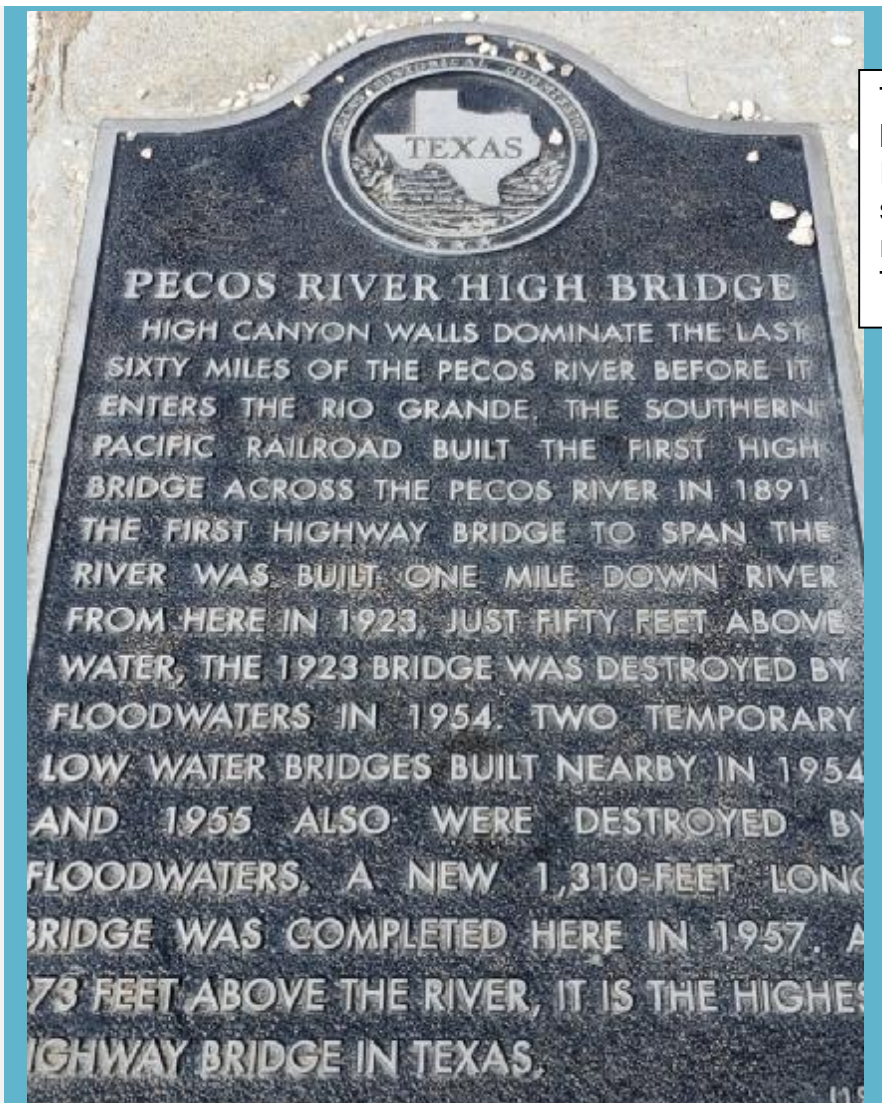


Now there...is a welcome sight, especially today.



The Pecos River, looking downstream. I had intended to spend the night at this scenic overlook. But once again, the winds up here are pretty fierce. Below is looking upstream.





The sun was over my shoulder and I had to hold the camera up high to get the shot, so I couldn't tell I cut off the sides. The last sentence reads 'At 273 feet above the river, it is the highest highway bridge in Texas'.

If you look closely at the downstream photo, you can see a road and a vehicle down near the left bank of the river which looks like it might be a boat ramp. But there is no signal, zero, nada, on this overlook. Not good for trying to publish a newsletter to the web. Seminole Canyon State Park is just down the road and I was able to tap into their wifi long enough to text the girls that I may be incommunicado the next 24-48 hours. I also forgot to mention the sign saying no service for the next 88 miles.

Then I thought I would go back nine miles to Comstock, write the newsletter, get it on the web and send emails, then back to the overlook. But as I drove towards Comstock I noticed gravel roads along both sides of the highway going behind the cuts for the road. Maybe I will try that for the night.

Back in Comstock, where I can see four cell towers from where I'm parked, I have no signal or maybe one bar. I give up.

I drove to one of the gravel cuts to write, than I will park at the overlook. The wind has died considerably and it feels much safer where other campers are. I am only a river and mile from Mexico.

So, you guessed it, you will not receive this newsletter, probably until Sunday or Monday, and then you will get Saturday and Sunday and possibly Monday all at one time. Don't worry, people know where I am.

Until next time.....