



## SH\*\*\* HAPPENS IN AND AROUND LAS VEGAS

On the eve of a departure day, it is always on me to inspect the motorhome and the jeep: water, oil, acid batteries and the important air pressure of our 10 tires ..... The next miles in heat and dirt should be completed without problems. In the meantime, Beate stows all movable parts inside the RV, sweeps, wipes and cleans the carpets or the floor. Most of the time we are "ready to move" at the same time. All this has become a well-established ritual. Then we slide the bedroom and the living room in, hook up the jeep, check the lights and we are on the road to our next destination.

So we did last week, when we left with heavy hearts Parker and the Colorado River, to visit our friends Lee-Anne and Larry in Las Vegas. We choose a well-known and unspectacular route, which leads partly over the former Route 66. We wanted to be in Vegas as soon as possible. The mood on board is good and the schedule is right when my cockpit indicator light comes on: overheating of the cooler. This happens once in a while when you push the 15-Tonner too fast up a slope or you push the accelerator pedal to far. So on this day in the Mohave desert of Nevada with about 94° F and I or better our Alfa fought well against an enormous spring storm. "So slow down, choose a smaller gear, watch the temperature display Rudy...." Everything so far is routine and not a cause for concern. Even when I stopped and visually examined whether there was still enough coolant in the radiator, I was not frightened. But the temperature display kept on rising, an annoying warning tone is intrusive to it and one of these hated red display announces excited flashing: STOP ENGINE !! Crap. Still 30 miles to Las Vegas - the first casinos are already on the horizon and I must turn right.







My serpentine-belt ripped. This 6.3 ft-long belt drives almost everything that has rank and name: alternator, water pump, air conditioning, power steering booster, compressors for air and the large fan in front of the even larger radiator. So, not an inch more without repair. Since no mechanic comes to you in the USA, I called AAA. They took great care of us. I really recommend them. It's our 3rd time, we needed help and they helped. No questions ask! I could even choose were I wanted the RV to be fixed! After a relatively short waiting time, a transporter came, took Berta on a piggyback ride and took us to a workshop that friends recommended to me.





The driver of the truck, for thirty years in Vegas in business, however, did not know the address I gave him. "Is there a workshop for large RV?" was his first comment. Very constructive!! When we arrived near the famous Las Vegas strip and I saw in the area more ladies of the night than RV repair facilities, I got really nervous. But we were kindly received by a Vin Diesel look a like. He assigned us a parking lot on the road. Was the guy a workshop owner or rather a pimp? "Tomorrow morning we will be there for you at 08:00 clock." Well, then good night. In this area? How wonderful. But leaving the RV behind, was no option. The best wife in the world, by the way, did not hesitate for a second and made a wonderful dinner. So we stayed.



the breakfast table .....



some other cars in this shop



not far from the strip



under our bed





The rest is quickly told: sharp at 08:00 a Greek, an Argentinean and a mechanic from Samoa went to our fat Berta, fiddled a few hours at the engine under our bed and finally installed the new belt. In a RV no easy task, since everything is very tightly installed and almost always something in the way. At the dealership they would have removed the radiator, the fan and asked me for 1000 dollars and more. In addition, I would have spend at least 5 days in a hotel. So, I got off with only 300 dollars and two bottles of German beer as a thank you for this great job.







As readers of my newsletter know, we love the little Italian village on Lake Vegas. The reason why a beer instead of a wine festival took place here last weekend, is beyond my understanding. It is as it is. But when we saw, that they are asking 60 dollars entry, we are discusted. Then a man approaches me and asks me, why I don't drink a beer, because I would look like a real beer drinker (where did he get that idea ???) After a brief explanation of my financial situation he immediately pulled 2 VIP tickets: "Welcome to the United States my friend. Enjoy the day and our beer ". Beate and I are baffled! How nice is that! You can drink as much as you want at the 50 different brewery. Sounds good - but it is not, since about 80% of



the offered beers contain additives such as smoke, strawberry, cactus, tequila, whiskey, tomato, bacon etc. Mostly simple yaack. Or the beers are so bitter, e.g. various IPA beers, that my tongue just simply rebels. I must admit, that the beer of the Aktien brewery from Kaufbeuren/Germany and the Pilsener Urquell from the Czech Republik were the best varieties on this day for both of us. But you don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

We had a great afternoon!



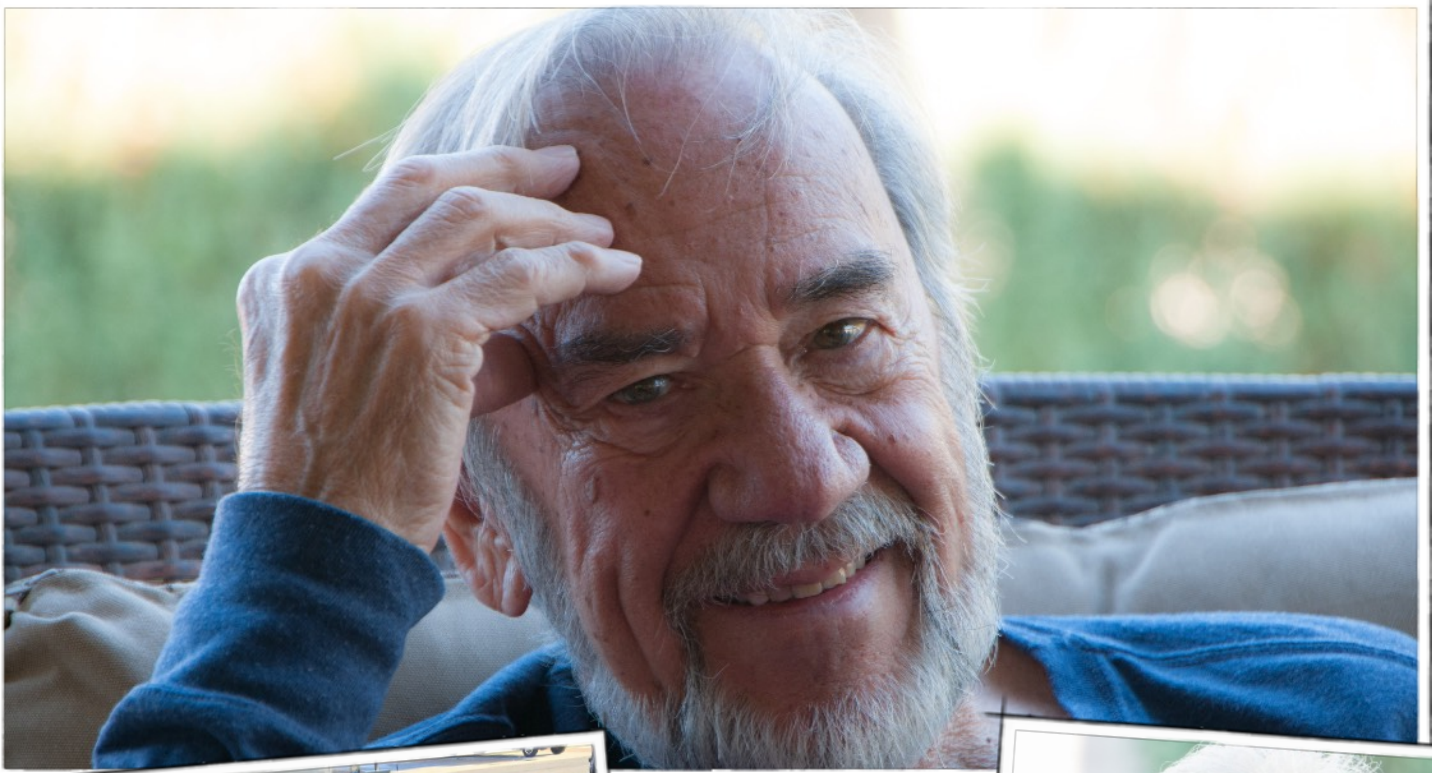


MONTELAGO  
VILLAGE RESORT  
**BEERFEST!**



  
**Beerfest**





# F.R.I.E.N.D.S



These friends are the reason we went to Vegas this May.





We met Lee-Anne and Larry on our first visit to Custer, South Dakota and have met each other over the past two years. This time we are in their hometown Las Vegas. However, you can not experience this couple alone: siblings, children and grandchildren live here and we must all get to know each other! What a fun, since at least 4 men are called Larry, some are married again and therefore not every son / grandson / great-grandson is assigned to one of our friends! With english not our main language ... Fun, fun, fun.



**In spite of a serious illness, we know only a few people who sprout so much joy, love and kindness as Lee-Anne and Larry. Each moment with both of them is a true gift. For us this couple is a role models in many ways. We love you guys!**



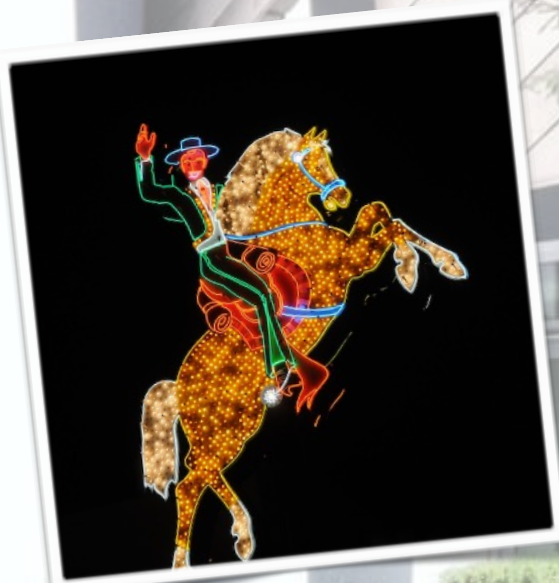
During this stay we visited the Strip only once. After about 28 visits to the Sin City, the charm of glitter and neon lighting has gone a little bit. In addition, Vegas has not changed for the better: no more free parking, less and less "free" attractions, countless busloads of tourists pushing you unbraked over the Strip. Especially this year we felt disturbed by very rude Chinese travel groups. Not 10, not 30: more than 80 we counted in 120 minutes. Nevertheless, Vegas is always worth a trip. Again and again the visit of the botanical garden at the Bellagio Casino, its water fountains, the fire-breathing mantis in downtown or the crazy building of the clinic for brain diseases. Oh, and the New York-New York, the Luxor, St. Mark's Square in the Venetian .....















the Venetian



Yesterday we left our friends, glitter, neon and temperatures around the 95°F and broke north. After the repair two weeks ago, my eyes did not move an inch from the water temperature gauge! Now we are 50°F colder, 6000 ft higher and 50% cheaper in Panguitch / Utah. Here we will explore the orange-pink sandstone formations around the national parks ZION, BRYCE, CAPITAL REEF and the GRAND STAIRCASE - ESCALANTE National Monument.



old Route 66



## LOST AND FOUND: WAS SONST UNS SO BESCHÄFTIGTE

I thought there is not such a thing in real life.

Well, in front of a supermarket here in Vegas the parking lot was newly paved.

However, not everywhere ...



We are heading to the mountains and wonders of nature:  
the "Grand Circles" of Utah and Arizona.

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That's it for today.

We are 651 days on the road.

# Your 3 Gefeke's

