

**MILO'S & JONI'S TRIP
TO THE
VIETNAM WALL
IN WASHINGTON D.C.
MAY 15-JUNE 7, 2007
Written by Milo Anderson**





• 2007
Washington
DC Trip

MILO & JONI'S TRIP TO THE VIETNAM WALL IN DC 2007

Day 1—Tues. May 15, 2007

The day was filled with sunshine and anticipation of another excellent adventure. My rat bike was packed & ready to go. I had done all the necessary pre-trip maintenance; oil, lube, air, chains, tires, & etc... Yes I take pride in the fact that I am the only one to work on my bike. In the 32 years of riding it, it's never been in the shop. Joni, my wife of almost 20 years, escorted me to the first rest area stop in Rogue River near Grants Pass, Oregon on her 2003 Heritage Soft-tail Classic, along with our 18 year old daughter, Danielle, on her Honda 250 Rebel & our good friend, Mark Myers, on his yellow HD Soft-tail. We met other riders at Love's gas station in Green by Winston. There was Ray Adams, from Winston; he was our chase truck driver & he has been going to this event for quite sometime. There was Barry & Tami Braz, from Oakland, OR who were on their Road King. Mike on his Honda Gold Wing trike & his brother, Tom, on his Road King. Ray, Mike, & I were the only three from Oregon to make the National Veterans' Awareness Ride (NVAR); last year. Tony joined us there as well & rode to Redding, CA

We left at 9:00 AM heading south. Our first stop was at the Rouge River Rest Area, about 75 miles south. There were about a dozen or so other riders to escort us on to the California border. While we were at the rest area, my wife rode up to me and said, "I've changed my mind; I want to ride with you all the way." Anybody who knows Joni knows that she always plans things months in advance, so for her to make a spur of the moment decision to ride all the way was over whelming awesome. I had tears of joy in my eyes when I realized she was serious. What a dream come true for my best friend to join me on a ride across our beautiful country to Washington, DC. We have ridden to Sturgis, South Dakota quite a few times together over the years, but this is to be her longest venture with me. In the few minutes that followed, we made plans for Mark to ride back with Danielle, pick up our 14 year old daughter, Andrea, from school & to stay at our house for the duration of our trip, so he could get Andrea to & from school, since she had three weeks left of school. Mark also had to take Andi to all of her horse lessons & shows. I can imagine the look on Andi's face when Mark picked her up that day from school & she asked, "Where's Mom?" Mark told her she went to DC with your Dad & won't be back for a month!! It took a couple of days for Andi to finally figure out it was true.

Danielle was wearing Joni's chaps, so Joni got her chaps back from her and we continued on to the California border. Joni had only the clothes on her back & was embarking on a month long, cross country adventure. Pretty cool!! Everyone stopped at the border for pictures, but Joni & I rode ahead to beat them to Redding, CA, so Joni could meet her sister, Lana, to get some Mary Kay makeup stuff. We then met the rest of the crew at a restaurant for lunch. It was around 100 degrees in Redding, not unlike last year.

We headed south on I-5 to Sacramento, where we rolled into the Days Inn motel, where we met a lot of good friends from last years ride. Wylie & Jackie Wilson; from Texas, who was to be our fearless leader across country once again. There was Steve (Head-Dog) & Tami Moore, Dennis (Monkey-Butt) & Sharon, and Buzz & Judy & Dennis (Strawberry); all from Indiana. Also in attendance was Rich & Sandy from Petaluma, CA. & Noah from Colorado; plus a few new riders. They had a BBQ ready for us, so we ate dinner & visited for quite a while. Then Strawberry took us to Wal-Mart where Joni got some female stuff & clothes etc... An hour and a half later we rode back to the motel. Joni kept looking at me and saying, "I can't believe I'm doing this!!" I also found it hard to believe that she was going to ride across country with me on a whim. Her bike wasn't ready, but we took care of that later.

We called home & Joni told Andi what to pack for her, then Mark took the box to work @ Oregon Tool & Supply and had them Fed-X it to our third stop in Wyoming. Dale's girlfriend, Sherry, works at Fed-X so she shipped it on her account for \$50.00. She sure helped us out a lot because it would've cost us \$180.00.

This ended the first day with a very good emotional high!! What a great feeling it is to be able to ride around the beautiful country, that God made for us & enjoy the friends, sights, sounds, & smells of the open road. Oh, Yeah!!!!

Day 2—Wed. May 16, 2007



Twenty three bikes left Sacramento after breakfast and a riders meeting at Denny's. We have daily rider meetings & prayer to start off each day. We discuss riding techniques (or lack of) & road guard duties to safely get our group, which becomes much larger as we go on, from stop to stop. We rode up Hwy 80

over Donner Pass to Reno, NV for our next stop.



This is where we were met by Reno motorcycle cops who escorted us to the Veterans' hospital. I took my helmet off a block before we pulled into the hospital and a couple of cops

didn't like it. They told Noah, our head road guard, to tell me to keep my helmet on. Oh well. We had a great visit for an hour and a half. A lot of people remembered me and my good ole rat bike from last year and were very glad to see us back again. We went into the hospital and spread out to visit with vets. I found a guy sitting in a wheel chair in the hallway. I introduced myself and found out his name was Troy and he was 92 years old. He was on oxygen and talked to me in between inhales. He served in the Army in WWII. He was in Africa in the tank corps. He didn't say much about it, except to say it was pretty hot in the tanks over there. I asked him if I could wheel him outside to see the bikes. His face lit up as he nodded his approval. We went outside & I wheeled him up to my bike. I told him a bit about it as he glanced around at the scene of motorcycles everywhere. There was a TV camera there also as well as radio station people too. After a while, I asked Troy which bikes he would like to see next and he looked at me and said, "Don't need to see anymore now, not after yours!!"

There were a few informational tables lining the front of the hospital with a family atmosphere. Troy asked to be wheeled around all of them, so he could say hi and get some candy for later. It was a feel good encounter with a WWII vet, a dying breed. We won't be



hearing WWII stories much longer, at least not first hand. Joni took another older vet for a wheel chair ride as well. His name was Mr. Strange. They toured the bikes & activities and talked before it was time to return him back inside. When Joni parked him back in the hallway and was on her way out, a nurse came up to her and asked if Mr. Strange had said anything to her. She said, "Of course, he talked quite a bit." The nurse expressed amazement because he had been there for quite a while and never talked to anyone.

That gave Joni a great feeling of making a difference in some ones life. The smiles on those vets' faces make it all worth while. A lot of them seem quite lonely because they don't get very many visitors and we all seem to brighten up their day; if only for an hour or so.

I met a guy named Red, who was a member of the Branded Few Motorcycle Club. He was quite impressed that a Shovelhead Rat was making the journey across country. I was then asked to visit a guy in room # 134 named Dennis. He just had his foot amputated. Dennis is a member of a clean & sober motorcycle club. I guess he was about my age, 52 years old or so. I showed him a picture of my rat bike and gave him a postcard of it. I had Geri at work make me a few for giving to folks along the way. He asked me if I was in Elko, Nevada two years ago. I told him I was, for a lunch stop on the way home from Sturgis in 2005. I was riding with Jeremy and we rode to Glacier National Park in Montana, Sturgis, & down to New Mexico. I then rode alone to Utah to get my daughter, Danielle. Jeremy stayed in New Mexico for awhile longer and met us in Wendover, Nevada. We rode through Elko and Dennis spotted my bike there as he was also there for a motorcycle ride. I gave Dennis a copy of my story of last years

NVAR ride and told him to enjoy it, our paths may cross again. Wow, what a great first Veterans' stop, (Second for those who got to California early.)

Then it was off to Lovelock for fuel and then to Battle Mountain for the night. JD and some other vets had a dinner waiting for us. Joni did some laundry there with what little clothes she had to wash. I noticed my clutch cable was getting a little soft. I pulled my spare out of my pack and proceeded to change it out. When I took the cable off the handle bar, only two wires were holding it to the barrel on the end. Wow, it probably only had one or two more pulls left before it would have broken. Perfect timing! Yes, I always carry a spare clutch cable, throttle cable, inner tube; fix a flat, etc... Lots of repair items to help me and other people in life as well. A few people were amazed that I had a spare clutch cable with me. It was there that I met Larry from the Chicago area. On the way out west he looked down at his GPS unit and Vito stopped in front of him. He rear ended Vito and totaled his bike. Vito was able to go on, but Larry had to stay in Cheyenne, Wyoming to wait for an insurance guy. Two days later he got tired of waiting and bought a new Gold Wing and met us in Battle Mountain. Larry helped me get my cable through and then it was time to clean up. Very greasy job repairing a clutch cable on a rat bike!! I got a paper, went to the motel room where Joni was already done with laundry and ready for bed. Another great day!

Day 3—Thurs. May 17, 2007

We had breakfast at the motel and then rode over to the school. There we met Joe, a Pearl Harbor survivor and a Native American vet. JD brought Joe out of the hospital just to come over and visit with our group. It was then that Rich turned around to ride back home. His wife, Sandy, left Sacramento on day one to go back home in her car; they had other commitments. We then rode where ever we wanted to. We went to a casino for a buffet. Back on the bikes and into a salt flat into Salt Lake City. Hospital there. A lot of us visit long term Alzheimer variety of severe problems. was a WWII Flying Ace. He pulled my hand up and kissed it quite a few times and wouldn't let go. He started crying and saying, thank you, thank you over & over for being here. Wow! I finally pried my hand away and went to another vet. He started crying right away so all I could do was thank him. This was a very emotional stop! Joni had the same heart tugging experience as well. We finally made it back up to the normal floor to do more visiting. Barry found a vet in a wheel chair outside and found out he taught English at Douglas High School in Winston, Oregon in 1955 & 1956. That is the school our daughter goes to now and is the ninth grade. People who work at



the hospital remembered me & my bike from last year as well. There was more visiting with vets outside by the bikes. Then off we went to Evanston, Wyoming.

When we arrived to our motel, we were met by Jerry from Chicago, who rides a Triumph, and Jenni who is also from Chicago and some other riders from last years ride as well. A dinner was waiting for us in a large meeting room. We had a good reunion with people from last year also. A cowboy met me in the hallway and asked me if that was my bike outside. He asked me where I got all that stuff and I told him people give me stuff everywhere I go. He thought about it and then handed me a bottle in a paper sack, it was a quart of hard booze. I thanked him and handed the sack back to him and told him, "I don't drink." He looked relieved that he didn't have to go back and buy another bottle.

Joni's box was also waiting for us that had been Fed-x from home. It was a challenge to decide where to put all of Joni's new found "stuff". We arranged it all ok. Good night sleep for us, since Joni had her medicine with her now, which was good.

Day 4—Fri. May 18, 2007

Breakfasted at the motel with the riders and had our morning meeting, then headed out at 8:00 AM as always. It was very warm going across Wyoming that morning. Our next food stop took us into Rawlings for lunch. A guy riding with us knew a guy who owns a truck stop,



restaurant, so he called ahead and they had a seafood buffet waiting for us at \$8.00 each. Big Mistake!!! Quite a few of us got sick, including me. My stomach was bad for two days, along with other people in our group. Next time, make a note, seafood in San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Maine, etc... Not in the Mid-West!!! Then it was off to

Cheyenne Wyoming.

We had a good visit with a lot more vets and heard more stories. The VFW Hall had spaghetti feed for us that Joni & I missed. We rode to Maverick Harley Davidson shop to have the oil changed and a new back tire put on Joni's bike. We walked a block away to a Mexican restaurant to have dinner while the shop worked on Joni's bike. The guys stayed an hour and a half past closing time to fix us up. They called my cell phone just as we were paying the bill. Perfect timing!! The service manager gave me his card and said if I ever wanted to sell my rat bike he'd buy it. Naturally I told him I would never sell it. I asked him, "How many people did he know that has been



riding the same bike for 32 years and well over 540,000 miles so far?" He said, "Not to many, if any at all." He understood. We paid the bill and followed him to our motel, Holiday Inn, where his wife works. He wanted to show her my bike. Nice motel!! Watchdog, Taco, & Steve rolled in about then too. They are from Michigan City, Indiana. Other people met us there also to join the ride.

Day 5—Sat. May 19, 2007

We rode over to the American Legion Hall for a very good breakfast. Tami's dad, Andy & his wife Shirley Ann, who are from Colorado, met us there too. We were up to about 40 bikes by now.

We headed off into Nebraska and into North Platt for fuel & lunch at Burk's Harley Shop.



Many more riders joined us there, maybe 40-50 or more to ride for a day. We left the Harley shop and took off on a two lane country road for quite a while. A great change from the interstate. We ran parallel to train tracks, where I had fun talking to train engineers with my train horns. Andy & Shirley Ann were doing the truck horn signal with their arms & found out later that a few rows back, I was opening my train horn & the

engineer would do the same.

We pulled into Grand Island, Nebraska to a very large State Veterans' Home. It was a very big reception with fire trucks, a giant American flag, & a large BBQ. People were rolling around ice chests giving away frozen treats as well. A few



people spoke to us and thanked us for our mission. A lot of Veterans were out enjoying the sunshine & camaraderie. What an awesome stop. Joni's nephew, Josh & his pregnant wife Meagan drove down from the north for a couple of hours to visit with us. We had a very good visit with them too. At around 11:00 PM

they left to drive back home after we had dinner around the corner from the motel.

Elizabeth (Teach) had a problem with her tail light flashing on & off and asked me if I could fix her import bike. I looked at it and found a loose screw holding down her bulb assembly. Fixed her right up and she was happy. I wonder why she asked me if I could help her. We had another good night sleep.

Day 6—Sun. May 20, 2007

We had a good breakfast at Grandmamax restaurant. Our rider meeting was a larger crowd. Headed east for about an hour and got off the freeway and right back on again. A few dozen more bikes were all waiting in line to join us. The Omaha riders I figured, we all headed to Council Bluffs for another ceremony. They just completed an awesome memorial in the middle of town. We were treated to another great lunch. After lunch a couple of the vets gave us \$200.00 cash, from their club donations, for the chase truck. Really cool!!



is a fellow Shovelhead rider. We heard an ex POW from Korea talk to us about his plight of three years or so as a POW. Joni bought his signed book, "Limbo on the YALU and beyond." I later read about his story and found it quite interesting. To have heard some of his story and then read more about it, was pretty cool!

We then rode to Trophy's Bowling Alley Bar & Grill, where they had an outside large

Our next stop took us to "The Rock". There is a guy who paints different themes on it on a regular basis. Very patriotic, I might add. We were lucky enough to catch him there redoing it yet again. Nice guy, named Ray Sorensen, with a big heart to do what he does because he wants to. Pictures of this patriotic rock can be found all over the internet as well.

We rode to Des Moines to the Iowa wall. There we were joined by Tom & Vicky, Wild Bill & Lucy, and a couple of other friends. I met the four of them last year. Tom



BBQ, with tables and umbrellas set up. Joni & I were near the back of the pack. We pulled to a stop just inside the parking lot and watched a couple of bizarre things happen. Teach dropped her bike in the street just before turning in. She had a dog cage on the back and her dog took a spill too. They were both ok. The row of bikes was pulling through the parking lot with cars parked into spaces on both sides. It took a while for all the bikes to get through to the upper parking lot. The bottle neck had people sitting on running bikes waiting to proceed. A little red pick up, was backing up into a gal on a fancy purple Road Glide. She was honking her horn, yelling and revving up her engine, but the guy backed into her and knocked her and her bike over. She gracefully did a roll over and jumped up. A lot of guys helped get her bike up. The guy gets out of his pickup and said, "I didn't see the bike." I got in his face and asked what planet he lived on. I counted three mirrors on his pickup, walked him over to his driver side mirror where the front half of her bike was in plain view. "What part of her bike couldn't you see?" I yelled at him. Seventy to eighty bikes had come through and he couldn't wait for all of them to get clear. We had a few more words of which he didn't like. The police showed up to take a report. Turns out he was in a hurry to get to the airport. He missed his plane!!!

Joni & I saw the whole thing unfold along with a lot of other people (except the guy backing up the pickup)!! It was right then and there that Joni & I met our girlfriend to be, Mary Beth Dunlap. She rode down from Palatine, IL. She was ok after the spill, but it messed up her custom painted saddle bags, scratched the handle bars, & clutch lever. We visited for a while and visited with the ex POW too.



After a long day, Joni was ready for the motel room. We didn't eat. Tom & Vicky rode with us to the motel and I got Joni checked in and then I rode back to Trophy's with Tom & Vicky. I heard about their Sturgis misadventures. Quite a good story there, but you have to hear it from Tom!! We visited until dark and they rode with me back to the motel again. They said they would ride with us the next day for a while. (Tom told me that last year too, but never showed up.) I got in the hot tub with Ray, Tom, and a couple of other people, and then it was off to the room for a good nights sleep.

Day 7—Mon. May 21, 2007

Back to Trophy's for breakfast & our rider meeting. We then went to the Des Moines Veterans' hospital and converged on the patients again. Some of my fellow riders convinced a VA cop I needed another ticket. This time it was for "Illegal display of road kill, bugs, guts, furs, & etc..." Another classic conversation piece that I have laminated and it's on my bike,

along with last years ticket of “Impersonating Sanford & Son.” Then it was on to the Iowa City Veterans’ Home for lunch.

Tom and his Shovelhead made it this year to join us for a day ride. We visited with another bunch of patients there. Then our venture took us to Davenport, Iowa to the Iowa State Veterans’ Home. We saw more people who were on last years ride there. There was a great ceremony & color guard at the graveyard. They had dinner waiting for us at the mortuary, but a few of us decided to skip burgers, dogs, & beans.

We went back to our motel for a steak dinner instead. There were about a dozen of us and dinner took forever. The first waitress who took our order disappeared and another waitress had to come out and get our orders again!! We probably scared the first one into quitting right then & there!!! My medium rare steak finally came so brown it was closer to well done. I sent it back & had to wait another 20 minutes or so. All in all we were probably there over two hours. At least we got to watch the season finale of Jack Bauer & 24 on TV in the restaurant. Service was so bad they split our bill in half by giving us 50% off.

While we were at the table getting to know Mary Beth better, I put my arm around her and said, “Joni & I just took a vote, we voted you to be our new best girl friend.” We started hanging out and riding together. Mary Beth was only going to ride for a couple of days until we got to Michigan City, Indiana then go back home to Illinois. It didn’t take too much talk to convince her she needed to ride “All the Way” to DC with us.

I told Mary Beth I would take her & Joni on my rat bike in the Rolling Thunder Parade in Washington DC. She shared a room with Jenny the rest of the way. We heard about not eating with everyone else at the mortuary, we were expected to join everyone else for the BBQ that our gracious hosts provided. We were told the ex POW’s would be glad to eat burgers, dogs, & beans. Point made, we didn’t mutiny anymore. We were all good boys & girls the rest of the way.



Day 8—Tues. May 22, 2007

This beautiful day took us to Marseilles, Illinois for a ceremony at a fairly new

Middle East Conflict Memorial. The names of about 3500 service people who were killed in Afghanistan & Iraq were etched into a few marble panels. They said they needed to do a few hundred more new names (unfortunately). They had a couple of empty panels waiting more victims. It



was a beautiful setting on the banks of a large river. The Chief of Police introduced himself to Joni & me. We talked for quite a while. He saw the handcuffs on the front of



my bike and the two fun tickets as well. He told me, “Milo, I’ve been chief since 1989 and they finally gave me a new brass name badge, I’d be honored if you took my old badge with you in your travels.” He then proceeded to take it off his uniform and give it to me. It says James Houvious, Chief. I pinned it square in the middle of my fairing, right above the handcuffs. Jim also told us that on June 16th they have a freedom ride where approximately 20,000 motorcycles ride into town for the weekend. He invited Joni

& me to attend and stay. He said, “You will stay at my house, no motel, no camping, but at my house.” That was pretty cool, an invite from the Chief of Police for a rat bike rider & his wife to stay at his house.

We then rode to a small town of Munster to visit another Veterans’ memorial. It was about 90 degrees out so a lot of us stayed in the shade. We got a police escort out of town and then we proceeded to Michigan City, Indiana, where a lot of our fellow riders are from. We arrived at a gas station at the edge of town. We were greeted with an open set of gas pumps. The City Exchange Club donated \$1,000.00 to fill all of our tanks & the chase truck as well. Fuel only came to about \$500.00, so the other \$500.00 went to fill the chase truck down the road. Pretty neat!! Then we followed a fire truck escort into town. People lined both sides of the street to wave at the procession and wave American flags. We arrived at St. Josephs Men’s Club for dinner and a visit to the Harley shop. I picked up a bolt for Joni’s rear running board that disappeared somewhere along the way. They opened the front of the store after hours, (the service dept. was still open doing stuff for the rider’s machines). Joni got a white & pink HD hat and we went back to the motel. Mary Beth tried the hat on and we convinced her she looked good in it as well. Mary Beth & I rode back to the HD shop & I told Jeff that my wife got one, so my girl friend needed a matching hat too! We rode back to the Super8 motel. We were supposed to stay at the Knights Inn, but the Super8 was much cleaner.

Day 9—Wed. May 23, 2007

Off to the American Legion Post for another very good breakfast & riders meeting. The good ole Indiana riders arranged for a police escort all the way through the state. When we reached a county line, our escort would pull over and the next county cops would take over. Very cool! The whole state came out to cheer us on all along the back roads (well it seemed like it). School kids were all out waving American flags all along the way. Farmers were sitting on their tractors saluting us too.

We pulled in to one school and visited for five to ten minutes. It was a quick in, say hi, and out again. We had about 130 bikes by then.

Then it was back on the road to the Indiana State Veterans' Home. We had a very good lunch and lots of vets were out waiting for us. I had my picture taken with Ruth last year and she found me right away. She was looking for the rat bike so she could have another picture & visit some more. She seemed very happy that we made it a stop there again. Last years ride saw a vet come up and ask me about all the stuff on my We talked for a while and he pulled his dog tags out from inside his shirt. He one of his tags off the chain and handed me. I told him to put it on the bike himself, it would have more meaning. hung it on the front with a good smile on face. This year a guy came up to me, reached inside his shirt and pulled out his with one dog tag on it. He held it in one hand and grabbed the other dog tag on my bike with his other hand, smiled very large and simply said, "Thank you, it's great to see you again." Wow, what a great feeling to be able to put smiles on peoples faces, with such a little gesture that means so much to them!



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On to our next stop into Ohio, with lots of traffic on the road as we came into Brookville, Ohio. We went to the American Vets building for a great dinner. Boy did they have a spread of food & deserts laid out for us. Fantastic!! John & Lisa were really glad to see me back again. John joined us for the rest of the ride. Larry & I played a game of horseshoes with a couple who had been playing & drinking for quite a while. We beat them 24-3 and the other guy didn't seem too happy, so we left. Joni & Mary Beth left to go to the motel so they could do laundry, so I stayed for a while longer.

When I got to the parking lot, I met some more locals, Louie, Lisa, Tory, & Hawkeye. They asked me if I wanted to a bike night at a bar a few miles away. I followed them about fifteen miles to just of Dayton. It was a 150 year old barn converted into a bar with lots of room, Jackass Flats. There were 600-700 motorcycles there. It was a giant get together. I rode in doing my siren and horns. That attracted the attention of a people including Terry, the owner. He me a personal tour, took me to his retail and had me pick out any shirt in the place, it was on the house. It was a very warm



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reception from a lot of people there. People came up to me and said, “I saw you in Milwaukee in 2003 for Harley’s 100th and in Sturgis in ----.” There were lots of pictures taken and conversation. My escort rode me back to the motel to a very worried wife. All’s ok and another fantastic day!!

Day 10—Thurs. May 24, 2007

Off to the VFW Hall for breakfast. A guy at the hall presented me with an electronic bull horn which plays a lot of tunes and you can also talk very loud. Don’t know why he gave it to me!?

Approximately sixty bikes left for the next to the last leg of our journey. After our first fuel stop we rode to a K-12 school. Every kid in school was out waving flags and cheering for us. We parked the bikes and assembled by a podium



and chairs already set up. A few people talked for a while including a couple who just lost their son in Iraq. We all gave them hugs and their sons’ kids sat on mine, Joni’s, & Mary Beth’s bikes for pictures. Joni commented on their shirts, an American flag on a deep red color with a cool saying on it. We exchanged info, business cards, and when we got home a package was waiting for us. They sent us each a shirt and picture of them by the bikes and a great heart felt card of thanks.

Then lunch was brought out by the kids.

This was a surprise stop for us and a super good one, with all kinds of food & desserts. Someone (Jenny, I think) went into the office and asked an office gal to make an announcement. Over the intercom came the words I’ve heard before, “Milo Anderson, please report to the principals office immediately!” Ok, ok, very fitting and a good laugh. Only problem was at that time the principal was getting a tour of my bike by me. Great visit & I know we made an impression on a lot of the kids. (Good, I hope.) Their school band played for us too. I reckon it was a pretty big thing for those Ohio school kids.



It was turning into another hot day and the helmets went back on at the West Virginia border. Bummer!!

Our next stop was to the VA Medical Center. The cops & staff all glad to see me and the rat bike again. A TV camera crew was so I volunteered to be interviewed. went very well! I didn't see it on that night, but other people in our did and said it looked good. Pam, head nurse, sat on my bike for a picture, like last year. There was good visiting inside the hospital, well.



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Then it was off to another VFW Hall for dinner and our last official night together on our journey. A lot of people at the dinner, at the VFW Hall, got up to tell their take on this years travels. I got up and spoke second and told about how lucky I am to be able to



do this ride with all these great people. The bonus and best part this year was having my wife, who is my best friend, able to be on this year's mission with me. A proud moment indeed! No matter how I tried to explain the feeling of this mission and the excitement of seeing the good we were doing for our Veterans', it's not the same as experiencing it. Having Joni being able to experience it with me said it all. She said, "Now I understand your level of enthusiasm about this ride, I'm

going with you next year too!" Our hearts feel super, pondering the past 10 days of this adventure.

Then off to our motel where Joni rode to a Wal-Mart for more medicine. I rode to K-Mart and bought a 3x5 American flag & a 7' beach umbrella. I strapped it on my bike, opened it up, and rode down the street. There wasn't enough support to make the high speed parade route without it flying off, so I put it in the back of Ray's truck. At least while waiting for the parade to start, we will have an umbrella to shade us in the hot sun.

Day 11—Fri. May 25, 2007

We had breakfast at Eat & Park and the last riders meeting. We left at 7:45AM to try and roll into DC a bit early. We rode about 95 miles for fuel and then another fourteen miles to the Maryland Veterans' Cemetery where there was another wreath laying ceremony with our guys doing it. The Jr. Marines were there as well. There were



about twelve to fifteen of them from five or six years old to mid-teenage guys & gals. They formed a line and we all passed by, shook their hands and thanked them for what they were doing. Fifty-six miles later it was a free for all lunch at Burger King, Wendy's, or Big Mac, where ever we wanted to go. I asked Vito how to draw the face over the fence that said "Kilroy was here." He showed me and when he wasn't looking, I took my felt pen and drew it and wrote "Larry was

here", on his right hand saddlebag. Larry & Marge is a great couple. They are going to bring a couple here from Norway to our house in the middle of July on a ride about the western US. We are looking forward to that.

Off we went to DC with approximately 60-65 bikes. About forty miles from DC, bikes & cars were scattering across all lanes about eight to ten rows of bikes in front of us. It seems a couple of guys, in our group, collided at about 50 or 60 MPH. Rich, I heard, did a super job of missing a van, but the guy in front of him slowed down way too fast & Rich hit him and went down. As his bike was spinning around, going down the freeway on his left side. Something unique happened; his oil bath fill plug had screwed itself all the way out on the drive system and left oil on the freeway. Rich scraped his hands up a bit, but was ok.

Bikes were starting to form a neck by stopping by the scene. started yelling, "Don't stop; keep going. When Ray Adams got to the scene, was pulled over to the side of the road. They loaded it into the trailer and went on going. The guy who slowed up to merely got a scratch on one of his bags and he kept going and rode

At the motel, I over heard him on phone call in the lobby, saying he was calling a tow truck to come & get his bike because it was too damaged to ride. He must have been talking to his insurance company, because he was demanding to get a new bike



bottle Someone going!" the bike road. kept quickly saddle into DC. on a called a that it have

delivered to him NOW. People like that never get too far trying to do something underhanded like that. I heard he had just bought a new bike & leather jacket about a week before the ride. A couple of days earlier, he lost his new leather jacket off his bike while going down the road. A few of us saw it, but were going too fast to stop and get it. Too bad, so sad!!

The guy even tried to blame Jenny on the wreck, which is B.S., because Jenny was way ahead of him. I recon we don't have to deal with him on next year's ride; it seems he's not so popular now.

We finally made it to DC about 3:00 PM. We found a few places to park, which was not easy. On Friday afternoon it was already quite packed. We went directly to visit "The Wall", which was quite crowded as well. We then went to the Lincoln Memorial.

Joni, Mary Beth, Gary, Nancy, & I were up visiting old Abe's statue inside the shade. It was quite warm out, so shade felt good. Mary Beth remembered



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had to be back to get our bikes by 4:00 PM, that was tow away time. Our bikes were almost the last one's on the street, everyone else was gone, but Recon. He showed us how to get back to the freeway.

I got us off at exit 3B and went right to our motel. We checked into a nice cool room. We walked to the laundry mat where Joni, Mary Beth, & I did a load each. We then walked across the street to a Chinese Buffet for dinner. Almost everyone else from our group was already there.

Back at the motel we had a good visit with our fellow riders. Joni & I got to bed around 10:00 PM or so.
Day 12—Sat. May 26, 2007

Joni & I slept in until 7:30 AM or so. What a treat, from getting up at 5:30 AM every morning. We headed off to Fort Washington Harley



Davidson dealer. Mary Beth rode with Ray, who finally got to get his bike out of the trailer to ride. Joni rode with me, Gary & Nancy led the way. John from Ohio rode with us as well. Three different trips were planned; we chose to ride to the HD shop. We signed up to get our free Hog Run pins, for Rolling Thunder, to be mailed to us. Ray got his oil changed at the shop while we were there. A few people came up to me and said they remembered me from last year. Still a few more couldn't understand how a rat bike like mine could make it all the way across our country from Oregon. I always invite them to ride with me, if they can keep up; to show them how good she runs. We then rode to Arlington National Cemetery and took the tour bus ride to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and all throughout the cemetery.



Mary Beth presented a Scooter trash sticker on the bull horn of my bike.

We then rode over to the DC Ramblers Club House. Their motorcycle club has been in existence since 1937, celebrating seventy years. They were very cool, straight shooting older guys & gals and younger people too. Very friendly and had a good hot lunch waiting for us. It was to be our last free lunch of the trip. After visiting with them for a while, we rode over to Thunder Alley, by "The Wall".

There were lots of vendors with shirts, pins, leather goods, & etc... I bought a sleeveless Rolling Thunder shirt. It was a very hot day.

We all left to go back to the motel for a few minutes & joined Larry & Marge for a ride to an Outback for dinner, which was about ten minutes away. It was a ride back in the dark around 10:00 PM or so, but we were soon back in a nice cool motel room.

Day 13—Sun. May 27, 2007

Up at 5:45 AM again & I rode to gas station for a couple of bags of ice the long wait for Rolling Thunder #20 parade. Gary & Nancy gave us a styrofoam ice chest that I filled with pop and water and then duct taped it very good. We put it on the back of Barry's bike.

We left the motel at 6:20 AM to the Pentagon parking lot. The lot was about 1/4 full. Our guys pulled up



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into line about thirty bikes back from the front. They were parking us in rows very close to pack us all in. I rode around our group and waved them to follow me. I rode all the way to the front and started my own line with our group following behind. “Yes, it worked again!!” Ride where you want to and pretend you know what you’re doing and nobody says a thing.

I set up my 7’ umbrella and tied it to back of my bike for shade for us. It was time again. Quite a few people came up to that saw me last year and said it was good see the ole` rat bike made it again. Lots more pictures & conversation!! After a hours of talking to people about my bike, someone in our group asked Joni, “Does he ever wear down?” She said, “No, he can talk about stuff all day!” This time I got to introduce Joni as my wife and Mary Beth as my



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girl friend. They were both wearing matching halter tops and hats. It was turning into another warm day and the umbrella came in very handy.

The main parking lot was full and bikes were filling up another lot. A lot more bikes than last year.



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finally started, bikes were going 25-30 MPH down the five or six mile journey. At 12:00 noon, they released two rows of bikes at a time. Each row was so long, it took 2 ½ minutes until another batch could be released. We went out at about 12:35 PM with Joni right behind me and Mary Beth behind Joni.



The rat bike with me and two beautiful gals on the back got a lot of cheers and attention. Between my train horns, sirens, & waving, it was a great parade. There was probably the same amount of bikes in DC as was in the parade. DC was packed with



bikes & I hope our politicians took notice. They had to!

Fifteen minutes later I pulled off the road and parked by the Washington



Monument. We all walked over past the WWII, WWI, & Korean Memorial on the way to the Vietnam Wall. The Korean Memorial was very cool with all the soldiers having a different stance and looks on their faces. I hear it's very eerie at 3:00 in the morning.

Then it was off to the wall again.

They were starting to have people talking on the stage, facing the Lincoln Memorial. It

was set up at the end of the reflection pool. We found our group and found a fallen soldier's name on the wall, of whom we dedicated this year ride to. A couple of his relatives were there as well. A song was played by Dana on the bag pipes as we watched Head-dog lay his picture; signed by all of us on this ride by his name on the wall. was very emotional, as all the pictures, wreaths, & flowers were adorning the wall, as all the people crowded by. What a scene!!!



It

Joni & I, Tami & Barry walked back to our bikes and made our way through the end of the parade route again. It was still going on 3 ½ hours later. We found Hwy 395 south with no wrong turns. Joni was hot and tired so she lay down in the motel room for a few hours.



I took Mary Beth on the back of my bike and went to KFC drive thru. I rode up to the pickup window the wrong way. I said, "We want a big order of chicken." He said I had to go to the order window to order. There was nobody else in line, nor in the parking lot, we were the only ones, so I told him to start making chicken & we'd be right back. I again rode the wrong way to the order place. I was presented a hand held bull horn, megaphone a few states

back, so Mary Beth was ordering through it, (quite loudly I might add). Quite funny!! Once again I rode around the building the wrong way and was back at the pickup window. The guy asked me to park off to the side and he would bring it out when it was done. Still no one else around, so I waited there to get our food. We rode back to the motel with Mary Beth on the megaphone the whole time!!! We shared chicken with everyone and Joni got up for food.

Ray finally got back so I got my & filter out of his trailer. I got a plastic trash can from a room and drained my oil in the plastic lined can. After I put new oil in my bike, I dumped my old oil the empty oil container and the plastic liner went into the dumpster. A couple guys said they were wondering what I going to do with the old oil. They didn't figure me for just draining it in the parking lot. I told them a lot of years on



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road, you learn to adapt, overcome, improvise; (thanks Clint for letting me use your line.) As soon as I got done changing my oil the skies opened up and let loose big time rain. The storm behind us finally caught up to us while we were at the motel. Perfect timing.

It was an enjoyable but sad evening, as it was to be our last with everyone before Joni & I rode southwest AM the next morning. We were in DC three nights so it took a while to cram all stuff to be ready for the road again.



at 6:00
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AM,

Day 14—Mon. May 28, 2007,
“Memorial Day”

Up at 5:00 AM on the road at 6:00



with no wrong turns leaving DC this time, unlike last year when it took me twenty minutes to find the freeway at 5:00 AM. Joni & I had a great ride together. 512 miles later we arrived at her parents' house in Anderson, South Carolina around 3:00 PM. She couldn't wait for them to come out so she went around the corner & her father was very surprised to see their daughter. They were expecting me to show up, but had no idea that Joni

would be there. Kathy, Joni's mom saw Russ hugging some gal and it took her a while to figure out it was Joni. It was a very happy reunion. Joni's sister, Terri & her husband, Bobby, came by to say hi and they said they would be back for dinner tomorrow night. We visited, relaxed, had dinner, & went to bed early. We plan to stay a couple of days, so Joni can get her parental fix. I'm happy to be a part of it too.

Day 15—Tues. May 29, 2007

For the first time in two weeks our motorcycles didn't move except for Joni's. She pushed it twenty feet so she could wash it. She lost her throttle rocker so her and her mom went to the Harley shop and bought another one. When she returned & was drying her bike she found her first one wedged between the windshield and the headlight tins. Now she has a spare!



Terri & Bobby arrived for dinner we had a good visit.

We decided to go to Illinois and Joni's Grandmother, who is in an Alzheimer's home, so we prepared for another long day on the road tomorrow.



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visit

Day 16—Wed. May 30, 2007

Up at 5:30 and on the road by 6:30 AM. We were following Joni's parents through a maze of rights and lefts meandering out of South Carolina to the North Carolina border. As I stopped at the border to put my helmet on, I saw Joni continue riding, she forgot to stop. I hurriedly put on my helmet and raced to catch up to her only to feel my helmet leaving my head at about 75 MPH. I forgot to strap it on, so I had to



walk back and get it!! Joni finally



stopped and got her helmet on. We then came to Tennessee, Indiana, & finally Illinois. It was beautiful country side in all the states.

We arrived at Joni's Grandmothers' empty house where we were going to stay. We then went over to Joni's Uncle Doyle & Aunt Joanne's house where Russ & Kathy were. We went 694 miles that day. After dinner, on the way back to her Grandmother's house, Joni said we were six miles short of her first 700 mile day. I followed her three miles out and back to make 700 miles. She said, "My husband would do it, so can I!!" She was very tired but she handled it very well. Another successful riding day!



Day 17 & 18—Thurs. & Fri. May 31 & June 1, 2007

We spent a couple of days visiting Joni's Grandmother in the home. When we walked down the hallway to see her, Joni said, "Hi Grandma, it's me, Joni." Grandma said she couldn't stay and talk that she had company coming. Joni said, "It's us, we're your company." We visited for a while and left. Sad situation, when ones brain can not engage to recall relatives. Hope it never happens to us. We had a good time visiting with Joni's parents and others.



Day 19—Sat. June 2, 2007

We left Rantoul, IL at about 6:30AM. It looked like rain everywhere. The weather channel showed all rain all over the Midwest. Tornadoes and one inch hail was just 130 miles north of us in Chicago. We had planed to go

north and catch I-90 but the skies didn't look friendly, so we took a small highway west and saw lightening on both sides of us but we kept dry. We only had a few minor sprinkles on us for about ten minutes, very lucky so far. Looked like lots of rain just ahead of us between Sioux City, Iowa and our location, so we went into a gas station where they had a little deli and had some pizza & coffee. It let loose big time just as we got inside and thirty minutes later the storm went south of us.

Back on the road making Hwy 29 north to Sioux Falls, S.D., rain finally found us and Joni put on her helmet & I my ski mask. It only lasted ten minutes or so, off with the mask and all good until three or four minutes before we pulled into Sioux Falls, S.D. We got off at the first exit and found a motel right away, at around 5:00 PM or so and 620 miles. Very good ride by dodging most of the storms!

Day 20—Sun. June 3, 2007

On the road again; with good looking skies going west on 90. My brother, Brion, lives in Blackhawk, S.D. which is about minutes from Sturgis. We took a detour at the Badlands National Park, where I bought an annual park pass. Last year they were \$50.00, now they are \$80.00. Wow! No rain at all and 375 miles later we got to my brothers house around 1:30 PM. Good ride! My brother works



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at a Ditch Witch company in Rapid City. He bought a used R40 trencher for me and fixed it up with a lot of new stuff, new gears, bearings, bolts, & paint, etc... It looks great!! Hopefully he will bring it out in August, as he likes to leave town during the rally time. Yes, he rides too, 1975 Shovelhead. When you live there you want to

escape the madness.

My niece Krista & nephew Jessie came over to visit; as well as Craig & Kathy. We did a lot of laundry while we were there. It seems that oil



likes

to escape from my supposedly closed system on my Shovelhead. I discovered that my front rocker arm shaft nut had a broken red plastic insert and was pumping oil out of the opening. I took one off of Brion's Shovelhead and it's all good now. I just hope he remembers to get another one before he goes for a ride.

Day 21—Fri. June 4, 2007 Up at AM with good looking sunrise! Joni isn't happy about this up before 6:00 AM stuff. left Brion's house around 7:00 AM, westward HO!! Got on Hwy 90 again to Buffalo and off on a secondary road to Tensleep & Worland on US16 and up to Greybull and then into Cody.

Earlier in the day we stopped at an parts store and I bought a can of carburetor cleaner. Oil was still leaking from my heads somewhere. I sprayed down my rocker boxes and heads to see where it was coming from. The rear head was letting oil escape from the gasket between the head and rocker box. I got some old rags from the parts guy and stuffed them behind the head to catch the oil before my leg did, seemed to work, ok.

As we were going down the road rags were flying everywhere. Guess I should've wired them on. I wired some more rags into place between my oil bag & head and all ok for now. Got to Cody Custom Cycle and blew my train horns. As I was backing up to the curb, Ray came out & yelled, "Milo, good to see you again." The last time I was there was in 2003. We visited for an hour or so, traded T-shirts again. He said, "Cool, my last Oregon Tool & Supply shirt was getting worn out." I got an orange Cody Costume Cycle t-shirt from him.

Then it was off to Yellowstone Park. We had slow going, loose gravel & lots of road construction for the first seven miles. The road was all tore up! Joni did a great job in the gravel and other obstacles. What a great ride through the park with lots of buffalo standing by the road; just a few feet away from us on our bikes. I think they would've won if I was ever challenged to a head butting contest.

We rode through Norris and out the north entrance. Neither Joni nor I have ever been in or out the northern route. There were giant boulders that looked like moonscape or giant dinosaur droppings and they all landed on each other. What a sight!! I recommend for people to try that route once thru the park, it's very wild looking. The first town out of the park is Gardner, Montana. A typical tourist trap, small town, all motels were full except a Comfort Inn on the outskirts of town. We had a good steak dinner before retiring for the night. 520 miles of another beautiful day!



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Day 22—Tues. June 5, 2007

Up at 6:00 AM and out by 7:30 AM. The weather channel said a big storm was coming at us from the northwest and will cool everything off quite a bit. We were ok the first couple hundred miles into Butte, Montana, where we ate at Denny's and proceeded to put on our leather pants. We already had all our bags wrapped in garbage bags; onward into Missoula and only a few light sprinkles.

When we arrived in town, I noticed my rear rocker box was moving up and down on the right side over the push rods. We pulled over behind a truck stop, gas station, and I got out my tools, loosened my gas tanks and got to some of the bolts that were a wee bit loose. After I tightened three bolts that I could reach, my oil leak stopped. All things happen for a reason. I got to take the oil soaked rags out and wow, no more leak!! A ten minute fix and it's all good. Also no more burning oil smell from my hot engine, even though people expect it from a rat bike. I like to make sure I got a long distance runner of a Shovelhead.

We were already at the intersection where Hwy 12 goes over Lolo Pass and through Idaho on a very scenic river route for a hundred plus miles until it gets it to Lowell. That is my favorite motorcycle riding route. It is very similar to our Hwy 138 up to Diamond Lake from Roseburg.

It started to rain pretty heavy before the summit so we pulled over and got our helmets on and other gear as well. After a while we had to pull over again because visibility wasn't very good for us. After two to three hours of the wet stuff we were kind of miserable (in Joni's words). We pulled into the small town of Kamiah and got a cup of coffee and a yuppie "capa" something!!

That rejuvenated us; we both put on dry gloves and were off again. It was down to a light sprinkle again finally. We pulled in to Lewiston, Idaho and Joni pulled up beside me and said, "I want a room, here, now!!" I kind of got the feeling that she was done for the day and didn't want to ride anymore, so we rode over the river to Clarkston, Washington and got a room at the Super 8, turned the heater up all the way and started drying our leathers and our other damp clothes.

I walked across the street and got lasagna to go and brought it back to the room for Joni & me. Joni was on the phone to Mark & Andrea back home. We just found out that Andi wants to play basketball and needs \$100.00 shoes. Not yet she doesn't! 500 miles for this day and we were getting dried out; even a wet riding day is better than a no riding day. That is my words of wisdom (I don't think Joni will agree).

Day 23—Wed. June 6, 2007

No rain, but a cold front brought a lot of wind. We got all our dry leathers on and headed to Pendleton, Oregon. Ten to fifteen minutes into the day it was so windy, Joni's bubble blew off her helmet and flew away. I turned around when I didn't see her behind me & I found her walking along the ditch looking for it. She found it and put it in her bag. The wind was really blowing over the SE Washington farm lands; pushing us around a lot. We rolled into Pendleton for fuel & coffee and went west on 84 following the mighty Columbia River Gorge. It seemed we only went a little bit more and needed fuel again. My rat bike doesn't like headwinds as I only got about 22-MPG on that fuel run.

We were still on 84 and stopped at Biggs Junction. The wind was blowing us side ways. We ate at Biggs Restaurant and off to the west again. We almost got to the Portland turn off when Joni came up beside me and said my spare red helmet was hanging down close to the ground and swinging quite a bit. We pulled off the freeway and found it was being held on by an S hook from a bungee. That's all!! I ran a bungee through the strap and another one over the helmet to double secure stuff. Not good enough this time. Still it was another lucky situation. Wow!!

We finally got to I-205 and out of the major wind storm that is normal for Hwy 84. Through Portland, OR and then to I-5; we got fuel again and headed south. Around Salem we felt a few more rain drops and looked at each other and that was all it took to get a room because we were done for the day.

We treated ourselves to a Jacuzzi suite room for our last night on the road. It was a 398 mile day with around 300 miles in super windy conditions; made it feel like we rode 800 miles or so. A much needed rest was great. Our upper body, arms, & neck sure felt it. We walked a couple of blocks for dinner and when we returned, three guys riding Harley's from Florida were at the motel. We talked to them for a while and exchanged shirts with one of them. He was happy as can be with an Oregon Tool & Supply shirt to take back to Florida. I later found out that they tailored their bikes up to the northwest and were only riding for a short while. People like that miss all the fun; the smells, sights, & people to visit with. It's such a super world we live in when we are able to ride anywhere we want to.

Day 24—Thur. June 7, 2007

Slept until 7:30 AM, Wow!!! We had breakfast at the motel with the guys from Florida. Gerald had quite an accent and wants to come back and ride all the way next time. They were riding to Diamond Lake, Crater Lake, and back to southern Idaho to put their bikes back in a trailer to go home.

We ran into Dick & Joanne Reymer's daughter Tracy. Tracy was quite surprised to see us in Salem. She lives in Redmond, OR and goes to Salem on business.

We hit the road again around 9:00 AM. After 7500 miles and 3 ½ weeks later, we arrived in Roseburg again. Oregon Tool & Supply was our first stop. Good reunion there and it was good to be back, but I was still ready for more.

We went up to the house, hugged the kids and I started working on my bike. I took the outer primary off to adjust the loose primary chain and found it very dry and stretched out. I ran the adjuster up all the way and I still had two inches of travel. I called Gino at Umpqua Cycle and he wasn't there, so I called Ed at Dixonville Cycle. I got on my 2000 Road King and headed to Ed's. I stopped at Oregon Tool first and found my friend Kyle Cannon, from Washington, there with Dwight. They were on their way to the Redwood run and just rolled in to see it I was there. They followed me to Ed's where I got a new primary chain, Teflon shoe adjuster, oil & filter. We all rode back to my house and I started putting my bike back together.

Kyle called Norm & Chris and discovered they were at the Butcher Block in Green getting beef jerky for the run. They left to meet them and ride to Eureka, as we normally do.

Mark, who stayed with our daughter, was going with me and we were leaving on Friday. I took my tanks off and was able to tighten all the bolts on my rear rocker box. All tight, all good!! Loaded my tent, sleeping bag, and clean clothes and was ready to go for my next round to the Redwood Run #30. This is to be the 29th time I've been to the Redwood Run since it started in 1978. I missed 1992 because Andrea was born on June 16th. Good reason to miss one.

Day 25—Fri. June 8, 2007

Mark & I left to go to Winston and meet Ray Adams for breakfast at the Treasure House Restaurant. We stopped by the jerky place and I got three pounds of good honey jerky. We met Gino at the gas station and we were on the road by 9:00 AM going south.

Our usual stop in Cave Junction at the Red Garter Salon where I was given a 12-14 inch long real stuffed monitor lizard, that was hanging behind the bar with a sign on it, "Waiting for Milo." It's another great gift for the rat bike.

We then rode down 199 to Crescent City for lunch at a restaurant that Ray's friend owns. Then down to Eureka for fuel and just past that, it was time to shed leathers, it was getting warm by then.

We got to the check in place by Piercy and got our wrist band & down into the Apple Flats Campground where they were saving tent space for us. Gordon & Vicky, Keith & Rachel, & our friends from Washington were already set up. Good visiting with a lot of other people who we only see a couple times a year. Good music Friday night!!

Day 26—Sat. June 9, 2007

Today brought the bike show. I entered it, but they didn't sign me up. John Gerard (Teach), also from Oregon, was there too with his woodworking displayed in his

sidecar. When it was time for the awards, they called me up to the mic. They said since I've won every rat bike award over the years that they now call it, "The Milo Award" and had me present it. A gal named 'Boots' won it with a good looking Knucklehead. Not a rat bike, just dirty. She was pleased as can be to get the award. Somebody asked me how it feels to have an award named after me while I'm still 'Alive'!! I recon it feels pretty good!!

We watched the games and went to town for a beverage run. We had our normal steak dinner that is issued at the run. Watched some more good music and hit the tent by 11:00 PM or so.

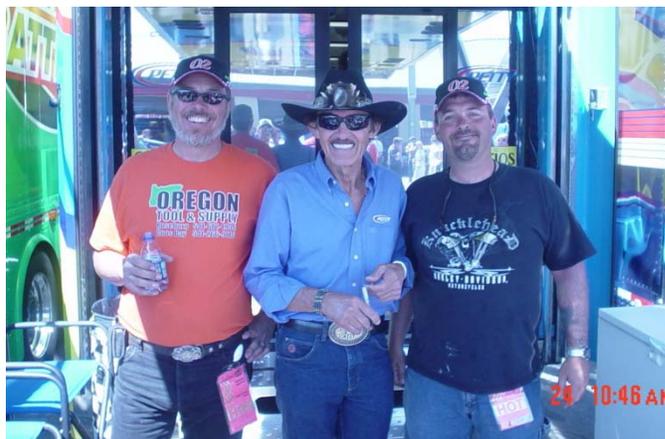
Day 27—Sun. June 10, 2007

Packed up Sunday morning and on the road by 9:00 AM I guess. We said good-bye to people and started on our journey north again. Beautiful country we have here in the Northwest. All went well on the way home and made it before dark. It was another good day on the ole` rat bike and it was about a 700 mile round trip to the Redwood run and back. When we got back home, I noticed oil still leaking from my inner primary. It's a bitch taking the inner primary off, but when got it all off, I was sure glad I did. The rear chain had worn a hole in the aluminum and the oil was escaping. No wonder I had a dry and stretched chain when Joni & I got back. I got my TIG welder out and built up the aluminum again. I should be good for quite a while now, and not as much oil leaking out!!

A couple of weeks later on June 21st, Mark & I rode down to the Bay Area to go to the NASCAR races at Sears Point, Infineon Raceway. I help sponsor Brandon Ash with a Nextel Cup car. Friday was qualifying day, but unfortunately Brandon didn't qualify. After we left the track, Mark & I were riding back in the fast lane just getting off the bridge when cars in front of us were diving to the right very quickly and acting very weird. All of a sudden I'm face to face with a wrong way driver. We were going about 70 MPH and I figured the idiot in the car was going about 40-50 MPH. I got over to the right as fast as I could and signaled Mark to do the same. A tour bus behind us got over in time also. Randy was in his truck with his brother way back in the traffic. He was stopped on the bridge until they could get the wreckage cleared off the freeway.

Someone behind us didn't clear the wrong way idiot and sheared the front ends off two cars. Randy said car parts were everywhere, but he didn't see a sheet covering a body. I guess everyone involved got lucky. Ah, the challenges of riding in the city!! big

By sponsoring Brandon, I Garage "Hot" Passes, which mean got we can go anywhere we want to in the the garage, Pit Road, etc...where all



big boys go. My brother-in-law, Randy, and his two sons joined us for the races on Sunday. Everyone loved being able to go places where most people can't. It's awesome being that close to all the big names in NASCAR. After the race, Mark & I rode to Hwy 101 and went north. This was the first time going to a NASCAR race on my bike. No problem getting in or out. Rode on the shoulder by the gridlock of cars & trucks and off we went. Piece of cake!! We stayed in Garberville and made it home on Monday. Another 1100 mile ride that was all good too!!



See You Next Year