

# Gateway Gazette

Gateway Riders BMW Club  
The Legendary Riders of the Midwest



October 2015

Volume 43, Number 5  
Gateway Riders BMW Club  
www.gatewayriders.com

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**Deadline for the next issue is December 10, 2015. The Gazette is published in February, April, June, August, October and December.**



## Hello Club Members!

Al Schroer, President

Another rally is in the books. It was a very successful one due to great weather, an experienced staff of volunteers, some astute planning on the part of the Rally Director, and just plain luck!

It was not at all what we had planned: we sold more raffle tickets at the rally than we sold the whole 9 months of 2015 prior to. The ticket stub coffee bucket filled quickly. Jeff was continually shuttling money to a safe place. It was seriously more than we expected.

Our very own George Siede won the 1973 R75/5 raffle bike, which looked great sitting in front of the stage at the closing ceremony. With George astride the vintage bike, wearing his vintage hat, looking very much the Renaissance man that he is, it just seemed right. Congratulations to George!

Larry Floyd put on another great event which attracted over 600 attendees. All the club volunteers are due a big thanks for performing flawlessly and creating a seamless affair. The coffee was always hot and plentiful, the Lion's Den was a great place to hang out, and the registration desk dealt with the surges of travelers as they came in. We had no problems at the gate and no safety issues. There were a few campers up on the hill that partied hearty Friday night but no one seemed to mind. Tom Huff's gravel ride attracted a large group of 31. We had some minor bathroom issues and had to summon help for a water heater that would not stay fired up. The closing ceremonies were well attended. Everyone enjoyed the triple anvil blasts, everyone except Clayton Bode (and a dog huddling and shaking in the Lion's Den—ed.). But we need to give him some time, he recently turned two.

As I write this, I look forward to a crisp fall evening at the hot dog roast at Phil's house. We are a very thrifty bunch using up perishable leftovers from the rally. There is an email thread running around letting everyone know who is bringing extras to make a great party. This club knows how to have a great party. Its what we do best. It's why we exist.

Thanks to all our members who make this a fantastic club.

—Al

**On the Cover:** George Siede sits on his newly acquired 1973 R75/5 just after he won it in the raffle drawing at the Falling Leaf Rally. Sorry, Brad, your face is covered. Photo by Marilyn Roberts.

## Late Fall 2015 Events

Compiled by Jeff Ackerman, Events Director

*Note: The ride starting points depend on the direction we are going:*

NORTH: The QuikTrip at 2791 Dunn Rd.; it's the QuikTrip at New Halls Ferry and Dunn [the other (north) side of I-270 from the old location at the Home Depot].

SOUTH: The McStop at Pevely (Exit 180 off I-55 at Z) OR the south end of the Dierberg's strip mall on Hwy. 21, just south of I-270 (on the left hand or east side of 21 at the first light).

WEST: The QuikTrip off I-70 (exit 222) by I-370 at Mid Rivers Mall (on the north side in St. Peters); or the BP just south of Hwy. 40 (I-64) on Long Road; or the QuikTrip in Eureka, just south of I-44 (exit 264) on 109.

EAST: The Dierberg's on 21 (south) or QuikTrip at 2791 Dunn (north) – See above.

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Shop Rides: Forever Endeavor has shop rides every 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday of the month, typically meet at 8:00/leave 8:15 (next rides are Oct. 17 and Nov. 21), followed by a hearty breakfast. Meet at the shop at 518 East Osage, in Pacific, MO 63069. 636-257-8343.

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\* Oct. 25: St. John's Gildehaus Sausage Dinner; Take the scenic route down to the church. We'll leave early to beat the crowd. Meet at the BP on Long Rd. at 9:00/leave 9:30. Jeff Ackerman.

\* Nov. 1: St. Patrick's in Ruma (of Chicken & Strawberry Festival fame) has its Wurstmart (and pork loin) and Meat Shoot today. Meet at the Dierberg's strip mall at 9:00/leave 9:30 (NOTE – The GS group will leave at 9:15) – Depending on the road and weather, we may split into two groups with the GS group taking the lesser traveled levee roads with some gravel. The road group can take the Bluff Road. Mary and Jeff Ackerman, 314-239-4504.

\* Nov. 7: Chris has a late fall ride planned to Owensboro. Meet at the QuikTrip in Eureka, at 9:00/leave 9:30 Chris Kerckhoff, 314-422-1888.

\* Nov. 15: Fall ride with Larry. Meet at the Dierberg's strip mall at 8:30/leave 9:00. Larry Floyd, 314-223-5192.

\* Nov. 18: Wednesday General Meeting at Miss Sheri's at 9967 Manchester Road, St. Louis, MO 63122. When you come through the doors, the meeting room is to the left. They need us out by 8 pm, so arrive no later than 6:30 p.m. if you plan on eating. Meeting starts at 7:00 sharp.

\* Nov. 22: Take a late fall ride and enjoy the sights with Jim. Meet at the BP on Long Rd. at 9:00/leave 9:30. Jim Shaw, 314-566-1930.

\* Dec. 5 (Saturday): Christmas Party. This year, in addition to the Christmas party **there will be a separate December general meeting on the normal 3<sup>rd</sup> Wednesday of the month. No club business will be conducted at the Christmas Party.** This year's party will be held at: Ameristar Casino Landmark Buffet from 6 till 9 p.m. at 1 Ameristar Blvd, St Charles, MO – 63301. Upon arrival tell the Ameristar buffet staff you are there for the Gateway Rider's of St. Louis Christmas party and they will direct you to where we will be seated. The special is all you can eat prime rib and shrimp. The price will be \$10 per person with the club covering the difference up to the actual cost of \$28.83. That price includes the meal, non alcoholic beverages, tax, and a 15% gratuity. Servers will get beer, wine and or cocktails from the bar for an additional fee. Sharon and Larry Floyd will be collecting money for the dinner the night of the party. Please try to have correct change, or write a check. **Please RSVP to Sharon Floyd whether you will be or will not be attending the party no later than November 23, 2015** at: [Sicklegirl@att.net](mailto:Sicklegirl@att.net) or 314 892-7012. We have guaranteed the buffet an attendance of 55-65 members. The Buffet Center needs an exact attendance number no later than the week of the event. Failure to provide an accurate number will result in the club having to pay for meals contracted but not used. The holiday party is a fun event and a time to catch up with friends and enjoy each other's company. So come and have a great time!

\* Dec. 13: Rider's Choice if the weather is good; meet at 9:00/leave 9:30 from the BP on Long Rd. Ride leader needed.

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\* Dec. 16: Wednesday General Meeting at Miss Sheri's at 9967 Manchester Road, St. Louis, MO 63122. When you come through the doors, the meeting room is to the left. They need us out by 8 pm, so arrive no later than 6:30 p.m. if you plan on eating. Meeting starts at 7:00 sharp.

NOTE: Information on the Christmas open houses at Gateway BMW and Forever Endeavor will be distributed when available, probably at the November meeting and on the web and club Facebook site.

NOTE: We need a volunteer for the St. Patrick's Day (or Valentine's Day if that is what you really want) party. The events for early 2016 will be in the December *Gazette*, to be distributed at the December general meeting (not the Christmas Party).

Events that are starred \* are point events. Any rallies greater than 200 miles away or any BMW rallies are point rides, even if not listed. Note: See the MOA magazine or website: [www.bmwmoa.org](http://www.bmwmoa.org) for more rally information. **GR**

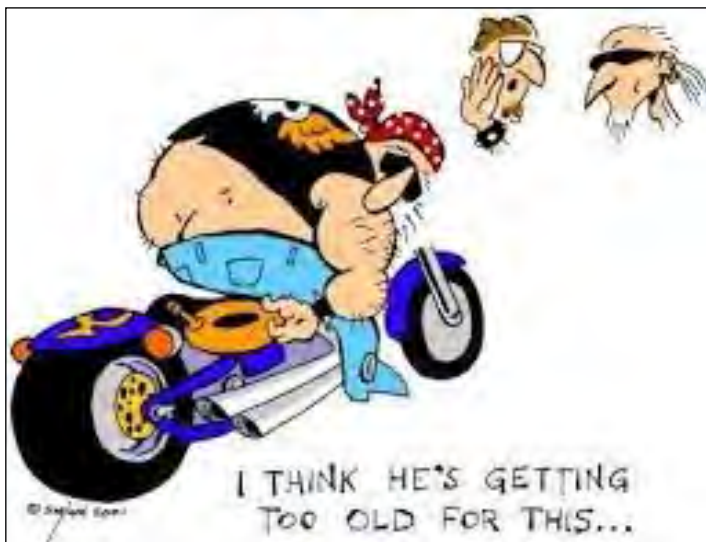
**Gateway Riders Christmas Party \*\*\*\* Saturday, December 5 \*\*\*\* Six to nine p.m.**

**Ameristar Casino \*\*\*\* St. Charles, Missouri**

**\$10/person—member or guest**

**Reservations due by November 23**

**See more details in the Events section**



## Painting the Shed By Marilyn Roberts

In late September Al, Phil and I journeyed to Potosi to paint the rally storage shed. Al seems to head up most of the updates we make to the rally grounds and in this case, the item was ours. Al drove, wanting to get his Toyota out of the garage because it doesn't get driven much. Each of us schlepped paint trays, rollers, brushes, rags, roller extension, and other painting supplies... except a paint can opener or screwdriver. Phil came to the rescue with his multi-tool.

We stopped first at Potosi Lumber to get some paint samples. We collected all manner of yellows and headed to the rally grounds to see how close our choices came. It didn't take long to chose "Heirloom" by comparing it to the Lion's Den. Now you might ask, "What part of the Lion's Den did you compare it to?" If you were at the rally you know that the Lion's Den is badly in need of painting; what paint that remains is faded into many colors of yellow and much of the metal structure is showing. We got close and Heirloom was a nice color. How could you go wrong with something called Heirloom? Most everything at the rally grounds *is* an heirloom. We briefly discussed spray painting the Lion's Den in the future but in the end decided it would be better professionally done. The front of the outer bathroom building? That's a different story and it may get some paint in the future after permission is granted.



Back at Potosi Lumber Al bought 2 gallons of paint and a brush to scrub the dirt off the lower portions of the shed. We used Liz Huff's discount, thank you very much Liz. After breakfast #2 at McDonalds we set to work. This is when we noticed that we had no way to open the paint cans. You should have been there. The paint sat on a picnic table with the 3 of us standing around it with dumbfounded looks on our faces no-doubt. We were all alone with the paint. Did anyone bring a paint can opener or screwdriver? No. Did Al have a tool kit in his car? No. Would the Lion's Club have tools available on the grounds? No. Ummm.

I scrubbed the lower part of the shed while Phil got organized to paint trim and cut-in. Al would roller. I rolled after I finished scrubbing, quickly going to the shady side because the sun was hot, leaving Al and Phil in the sun. Had Al not been so stingy with paint application, we would have run out of paint. As it was, we used every last drop. Damn, we are good!



None of us was hungry yet for a late lunch so we decided to drive north and eat at Off the Hook, a popular club ride destination. Drat, it was closed that day. We continued north to DeSoto where we ate at Coyol Mexican Bar & Grill. This is a good place to eat if you like Mexican. Coyol, what does it mean? We wanted to know. The waitress went to ask someone in the back, returned, and said it was a kind of leaf. Nope. It's a kind of palm tree from which coyol wine is fermented (from the sap); it's a common drink in southern Mexico. According to Wikipedia: "In order to produce the wine, the trees are cut down and drained of their sap, which is left to ferment in the sun. The result is a cloudy, pale yellow, moderately alcoholic beverage. Coyol wine is most commonly produced and sold by private vendors often seen selling the drink, on the side of country roads and at small kiosks, in used plastic bottles that originally contained water, soft drinks, or other similar beverages." Eww. There, now you've learned something from the *Gazette*. **GR**

## Trouble is My Middle Name

By Jay Green

After missing the rally in Billings, I was thrilled when Larry Floyd invited me to spend a week in the Smokies riding the twisties with Phil and Jeff and Mary Ackerman. I enthusiastically accepted the invitation to ride the Dragon and other roads around our base in Maggie Valley. By dumb luck, I noticed that Thunder in the Smokies was scheduled in Maggie Valley the same week resulting in lots of noise, pirates and no motel rooms. Larry changed the destination to Boone with no degradation in the quality of the roads.



This is the piece of metal that was inside the tire. Its length is about an inch.

We met for breakfast at Denny's in south county at seven and then proceeded across southern Illinois on two lane roads. As usual, Larry had mapped out an interesting route including the most interesting--read curvy--roads between St. Louis and the mountains of North Carolina. As we entered Benton, Illinois in heavy traffic I heard one of my tires howling. I thought it was the front. Mary waved me into a gas station and noted that my rear tire was very flat. The guys returned when they noticed Mary and me missing. We found an irregular gash in the tire. Jeff tried to repair it with a Stop n Go plug but it still leaked air. I tried a string plug and that held air, but the tire looked too bad to chance a long twisty ride. Larry checked the local auto tire store. They wouldn't dismount or replace the tire after repairing the hole. I wasn't eager to ride on that tire anyway. Larry checked distances to BMW dealers. Grassroots was the closest at about 75 miles back west. I called them and they had a tire and promised to get me back on the road quickly. I elected to ride to Grassroots, praying that the repair would hold, and meet the gang at the motel if it did. The rest of the group pressed on to the motel in Livingston, Tennessee.

The folks at Grassroots were waiting for me when I arrived and took me right in. They found a large, sharp piece of metal (above) inside the old tire. An hour later I was on the road again heading to the motel via interstate highways. I arrived very tired about 10 p.m.

Larry had a challenging route to Boone, North Carolina laid out for us the next day. TN 85 is the twistiest road I have ever ridden with seemingly endless first gear hairpin turns one after another. They were on the uphill side of the mountain. A stall would have been very ugly resulting in a get off with the bike and rider sliding down to the previous straightaway or worse. They were too steep to pick up a fallen bike with any less than three big people. My GPS just showed a bunch of Zs and was frantically trying to reset the screen with the direction of travel up. The short straightaways, less than 100 feet, didn't give it time to sort it out. I'm happy to have ridden it, but I'll pass next time. The rest of the ride to Boone was pleasant, curvy, and scenic. We arrived in late afternoon in time to rest up before dinner at the BBQ restaurant next to the motel.

The forecast was for scattered showers the next three days. Larry and Phil mapped out three loops that avoided the worst of it. One loop east, one south and the other northwest. They were all great roads and we encountered only light showers. Two of the loops included part of the Blue Ridge Parkway. The only hard rain came minutes after Phil and I parked under the motel portico.

Jeff and Mary left early to ride all the way home in one day to make a tee time. For Larry, Phil and I another curvy route was laid out for the first day of the return trip. It seemed like we crossed back and forth across the North Carolina-Tennessee border every half hour. We even touched Virginia at the Cumberland Gap. After we gassed up in McKee, Kentucky, my bike wouldn't start. The battery was completely dead. Larry came to the rescue with a small jumper device and we headed for Richmond, Kentucky hoping to find a Walmart to buy a new battery. A few miles out of town my bike just quit running and wouldn't restart by letting out the clutch at speed. I found a place to pull off at the bottom of the hill and the others returned to see what the problem was. There was no cell phone service in the "hollar" to call my AMA service. After reviewing the alternatives, Larry went back to McKee to see if they could help or direct him to the nearest Walmart. The first person he approached seemed to be mentally challenged, but the conversation was overheard by a guy who seemed to be the local cop. He volunteered to call the auto parts store owner to see if he would come in, open the store and sell us a battery. The owner said he was just working in the yard and would be happy to help. While Larry waited for the auto parts owner, the "cop" drove out to Phil and me to let us know what was happen-

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Trouble, continued from previous page

ing. We had a nice chat, then he turned off his flashing lights and headed out for a BBQ. His big Ford was running on at least 6 of the 8 cylinders. While Phil and I were waiting, another local stopped to see if he could help and chatted a while. He was also a rider. Soon Larry arrived with a new battery for a Honda that fit exactly and all was good with the world. We stopped in Richmond, Kentucky for the night.

On the last day of the trip, Phil smelled the barn, wicked it up and explored the upper RPM range on the interstate. Larry and I took the interstate at a more leisurely rate into Indiana, then dropped down into Kentucky on the two lanes. We crossed into Illinois at Shawneetown and picked up IL 13 across the state. It was a fun trip, with great roads and good company.

When I got home, I called Donny, the auto parts store owner, to thank him for his help. He was surprised but appreciative. The following week, I took my bike to Gateway BMW for service and Tommy found a nail in my new tire. Fortunately it was short and didn't go through. It would have worked its way in as the tire wore. **GR**


## Falling Leaf Rally Door Prizes By Marilyn Roberts

We knocked it out of the park with door prizes at the rally this year. There were 54 of them! Thanks to all of you who contributed items. Although some rally-goers seemed a bit overwhelmed, they liked the selection. We've used milk cartons for the tickets for a few years now and Cathy has come up with a great idea. We will save the large plastic coffee containers from the coffee area. By doing that we can avoid having to recycle the one-use milk jugs, and we won't have to cut the jugs open. We'll put a slot in the coffee can lid, and because the lids are removable, getting to the tickets will be easy. We'll save the plastic cans from year to year. **GR**

BMW Motorrad Dealer	<b>Gateway BMW Motorcycles</b>
<b>Address</b> 2690 Masterson Ave. St. Louis, MO 63114	<b>Tom Huff</b> Motorcycle Sales
<b>Telephone</b> (314) 427-9090	
<b>Cell</b> (573) 701-4872	
<b>Toll Free</b> (877) 221-9090	
<b>Fax</b> (314) 427-9195	
<b>Website</b> www.gatewaybmw.com	 

<b>Dave Clark's Forever Endeavor Cycles</b>	
518 E. Osage Pacific, Missouri 63069 www.abcbmw.com 636-257-8343	
Your St. Louis Alternative Beemer Center and Ural Dealer	

<b>F&amp;M MOTORCYCLE REFINISHING</b>
<b>Larry Floyd</b>
<b>4601 Crestline Drive St. Louis, MO 63129</b>
<b>314-892-7012 bmwmotorfloyd@att.net</b>


BMW Motorrad Dealer	<b>Gateway BMW Motorcycles</b>
<b>Address</b> 2690 Masterson Ave. St. Louis, MO 63114	<b>Bob Honz</b> General Manager
<b>Telephone</b> (314) 427-9090	
<b>Toll Free</b> (877) 221-9090	
<b>Fax</b> (314) 427-9195	
<b>Email</b> honz@gatewaybmw.com	
<b>Website</b> www.gatewaybmw.com	

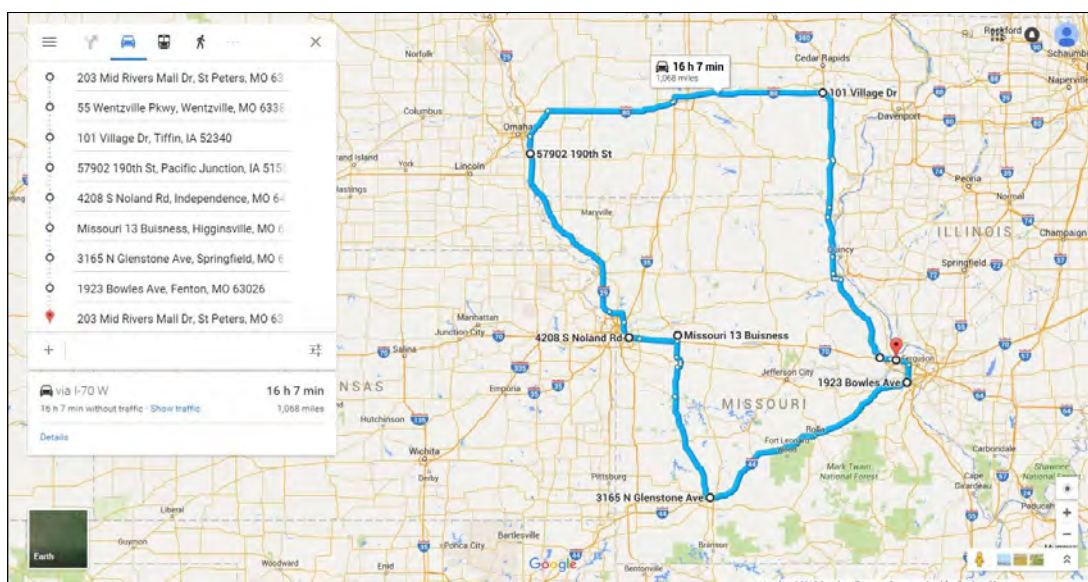
# A Bucket List Item: My First Endurance Ride

By RJ Campbell

I have had an odd fascination with endurance riding for some time. More than a few hours have been spent on the Iron Butt Association (IBA) forum and following the Iron Butt Rally every other year. This summer I decided to quit thinking about it and give it a try. I should not assume that everyone knows what a Saddle Sore 1000 is. The challenge is fairly simple: you have to ride 1,000 miles in 24 hours. Those 24 hours are clock-on-the-wall time, not riding time. From the moment you start the clock for your ride you have 24 hours to finish. How hard can that be, you only have to average 42 miles an hour! When you complete the ride you send your information to the Iron Butt Association for verification. Once verified, you are a member, you get a certificate and the coveted Iron Butt Association license plate frame.

Again, for those not familiar with this particular insanity this is how you track your progress. Verification requires a number of items. First, you need a witness to sign your start form. This form contains information on you and your bike, the odometer mileage when you started, the date and the time. There is a matching finish form that also needs to be witnessed. Because I was starting and ending at a gas station near my home, my wife was available to sign both forms. Additional pieces are your gas receipts. Each receipt needs to have the gas station address as well as a time stamp for your purchase. The final item is your route plan. I plotted mine on Google Maps with all gas stops indicated. The IBA uses these to track your progress as well as your time.

OK, my mind is made up and my wife has given consent to the challenge. Now it's about planning the route and deciding on when. For your first attempt, experienced riders on the forum and the IBA suggest you do either a one-way 1,000 mile route or a simple out and back that adds up to 1,000 miles. These are easier to plan and can be done on straight interstate which makes the challenge easier. I decided to do an out and back for my first challenge. Because I live in St. Peters and very close to I-70 the route was going to be simple: Head west on I-70 until I was about two thirds of the way across Kansas, turn around and head east on the same interstate until I got home. Simple route, easy to find fuel, fast for making time and mind-numbing BORING!



OK, time to think of other options. If not an out and back you can also do a large four corner route. The additional challenge to this route is the verification. You need to stop and get either fuel or some type of time stamped receipt (ATM's work) at each corner. That's OK, I can figure that part out. I started looking at various options for a four corner and settled on one that would allow for a couple of family visits. The plan changed to going west on I-70 to Wentzville, then north on Highway 61 up to Iowa City. Next I would go west on I-80 across Iowa to Omaha, Nebraska. From Omaha I'd go

south on I-29 to Kansas City and then east on I-70 for a bit to Highway 13. I would take Hwy 13 south through Warrensburg and all the way to Springfield, Missouri. Then I would jump on I-44 and head east back to St. Louis and home.

Now that I had the route, I spent time planning it out on Google maps with stops for gas indicated and locations to reach by the hour to track my progress. My goal was to complete the ride in 20 hours, which was reasonable. With the route established, it was time for a little logistical planning. The ST1300 can go 300+ miles on a tank of fuel. But there was no reason to push it with the time that I had. I decided to stop every 125 miles to get off the bike, and fuel up every other stop. This really eats up your time but it kept me very fresh for the long day.

I chose a weekend in September and prepped the bike. I put new tires on front and back and had an oil change done. Everything else was up-to-date so no added service was needed. My bike was loaded with a few more items than normal. In addition to the Camel-back for water I had some Cliff Bars, energy chews, flashlights, wet weather gloves, a more extensive tool bag, and my flat repair kit. I was very nervous the week leading up to the ride. I assume it was a bit from the unknown mixed with the fear that I may fail on the attempt. The thought in the back of my head was that I would be so sore or uncomfortable that I would need to stop before reaching the end. The nerves were there and I thought of canceling the attempt many times, for whatever reason.

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I went to bed a bit early on Friday, September 18 with the plan to rise early and be riding at 4:00 a.m. The weather forecast looked terrific with clear skies and high temperatures in the low 70's. Rain wasn't forecast for any location on my route. Everything started as planned and I was geared up and out the door just about 4:00 a.m. The temperature was in the 50's at that time so heated gear came in handy. I stopped at the Mobil by my house to top off my tank and get my receipt that starts the clock. 4:04 a.m. and the clock had started. My goal was to be back my midnight; would I make it? Now it was time to start ticking off the miles and the hours.

I stopped at a QuikTrip when I headed north on Highway 61 to show that corner of my route. Now it was time to get on the road, set the cruise and eat up some miles. As I headed up Highway 61 I was still having the "what the heck am I doing" thoughts. Should I just turn around, head home and put an end to this foolishness? No, can't wimp out now. Too many people know what I am doing and I don't want to chicken out.

Now it was just about the riding, stopping to stretch, riding, getting fuel and riding some more. I have no problem riding interstate and chewing up miles. There is still plenty to see that occupies my mind. This first part of the journey was spent waiting for the sun to rise. That is one of my favorite parts of a road trip. I was constantly looking over to my right, waiting to see the sky begin to change color. When it finally appeared, what a beautiful morning! The scenery slowly changed from black and white to beautiful color. Everything was going well and I was feeling good. I ate a Cliff Bar for breakfast at an early gas stop and kept hydrated from the Camelback that I wore.

Next corner, Iowa City. I stopped for fuel there to mark my corner and headed west on I-80. I have made the trip to Des Moines a number of times but not all the way west to Omaha. This is a beautiful interstate. Iowa is all rolling hills and the western half is dominated with majestic wind farms. Everything was on schedule and I felt good. It was 8:22 a.m. when I fueled in Iowa City and I expected to reach Omaha about 1:00 p.m. That was my planned lunch stop as I have a sister visiting her son in Omaha. A double family visit in one. I find my nephews house and my sister has a nice meatloaf sandwich waiting for me. I visited with them for about 45 minutes and let my nephew's two young daughters sit on my motorcycle before I left. The temperature was now in the low 70's so that heated liner went in the side case. I was back on the road and heading for my next gas stop when I realized that I didn't take pictures with the family. Oh well, next trip.

I-29 south to Kansas City went by quickly. After a quick stop for fuel to mark another corner I headed east on I-70 towards home, but only briefly. Highway 13 is about 60 miles east of Kansas City. This was my road south to Springfield. Warrensburg is thirty miles south of I-70 on Highway 13. I met my son and his girlfriend for a quick dinner. Another family visit taken care of and I am on my way. This is the part of the ride that we all dread a bit. I am heading all the way to Springfield on a state highway as dusk approaches and the sun sets. It is time to watch for any sign of shining eyes on the side of the road. Like all riders, I worry most about a deer strike at this time of the day. I really think this is what kept me alert down Highway 13 to Springfield and for most of the ride east on I-44. This was also my first logistical error, but nothing major. As I left Warrensburg it was beginning to get cooler. I did not want to put on my liner yet, I figured I could make it to Springfield. Bad decision! As the sun set it got cool quickly. So I found an exit, took off my jacket and gloves, put on the liner, suited up again and got back to the highway. Total time lost was only about 10 minutes and I had plenty to spare. But, if my time had been close this is the type of rookie mistake that can end the quest.

I hit Springfield at 8:24 p.m., fueled up to mark another corner and headed home on I-44. I had been on the bike for a better part of 16 hours and I was still feeling very good. My body was not sore and I was not feeling fatigued at all. There had to be a bit of adrenaline going based on the excitement of my first long distance try. My body felt so good that when I reached Sullivan I started to rethink my Saddle Sore 1000 attempt and contemplated stretching it to a Bun Burner 1500. That is 1500 miles in 36 hours. My thought was to continue my route to my home, sleep for a couple of hours and then head east on I-70 towards Indianapolis. When I got past 250 miles I could head back and have 1500 miles. How hard can that be? I have ridden this far. But, I put those thoughts aside and decided to just go with the original plan and leave that one for next time.

I hit Fenton at 11:40 p.m. for fuel and to mark another corner. Then I headed up I-270 to I-70 rode west to St. Peters. At 12:20 a.m. I got my final fuel receipt at the same Mobil where it all began just 20 hours earlier. The final tally was an odometer reading of 1,083 miles and 1,067 miles according to Google Maps. I rode a mile to my house, parked the bike and it was time for nice night's sleep. Many people have asked me why I did it. "Why did you spend a full day doing nothing but burning gas and using up your tires?" Well, I figure our weekend club lunch rides are often 200 to 300 mile days with a meal in the middle. I got three rides done in one day. I rode for breakfast at a gas station, lunch with family in Omaha, dinner with my son in Warrensburg and then home via Springfield.

I fully understand that this is not for everyone. But I can say after getting this done, I am excited for my next one. This was truly one of the most fun days I have ever had on a motorcycle. The planning was enjoyable. Tracking stops and estimating the time to reach each location was a challenge. Pushing to do something that not everyone can or wants to, adds to it.

So what will I try next year? A longer ride? An extreme ride like 1500 miles in 24 hours? Maybe a 24 hour rally where specific stops and bonus locations figure in. So many choices! **GR**

# The Gateway Gazette

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### Events

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