



◆ WEST BANK RIDER ◆

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THIRTY-EIGHTH RIDE: WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, PUTNAM'S GARDEN, ST. PAUL'S WEST SIDE. R.C. ANDY PUTNAM. A REALLY LARGE TURNOUT, AS ALWAYS. THE RIDE WAS MARKED BY LOUD PIPES AND BURNOUTS AT THE POP STOP. (THAT'S FINE DOWN AT THE JUNCTION, BUT NOT JUST ANYWHERE!!!) THE PUTNAM YARD WAS, AS ALWAYS, BEAUTIFUL. ON THE DOWNSIDE, LISA LOST THE POPCORN POPPER, WHEN SHE CHANGED JOBS. NO FRESH POPCORN! (GROAN!)

THIRTY-NINTH RIDE: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, DAVIS RALLY, NEW HAMPTON, IOWA. R.C. TONY O. WE TOOK THE STRAIGHT ROUTE DOWN, WITH A SIGN-IN AT MCDONALD'S, AT THE FIRST ROCHESTER EXIT. (IT WAS A "SPORTS MCDONALD'S", FILLED WITH SPORTS MEMORABILIA.) THE RALLY WAS A LOT OF FUN, AS USUAL. TONY FOUND OUT THAT HE HAD THE "PLAINEST JANE" GOLDWING AT THE RALLY. THE OFFICIAL RIDE (THIS ONE), WAS A TEN A.M. LEAVE. ANOTHER RIDE LEFT AT NOON, TO A DIFFERENT DESTINATION. —THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE OFFICIAL RIDE ON A WEDNESDAY, OR SATURDAY, SO THAT SECOND RIDE WAS STRICTLY UNOFFICIAL. —BACK TO THE DAVIS RALLY. LOTS OF BIKES, VENDORS, PRIZE DRAWINGS, GOOD FOOD, GOOD PEOPLE, ETC. ETC. MORE OF YOU SHOULD TRY IT NEXT YEAR, MAYBE.

FORTIETH RIDE: WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH, BEACH BAR, LAKELAND, MN. R.C. PAT STITZEL. NICE ROADS, AS ALWAYS, TO THE BEACH BAR. A COUPLE OF POOL TABLES, FOR THE HUSTLERS. PLENTY OF GOOD COMPANY.

FORTY-FIRST RIDE: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, CANTERBURY PARK, SHAKOPEE, MN. R.C. ROGER RIMNAC. BRENT GREENE SHOWED US ALL HOW TO DO THE SLALOM COURSE. WE HAD A MINOR DISAGREEMENT ABOUT RIDING STYLES. I SAID I WOULD RIDE ANY BEULL AS LONG AS I DIDN'T HAVE TO RIDE THE ORANGE ONE WITH THE PURPLE FRAME. AND THAT'S THE ONE I GOT FOR A DEMO RIDE. IT WAS A GREAT TIME FOR ALL, WISH I WOULD HAVE HAD TIME TO SEE THE RACES. ROGER SAID IT WAS A BLAST.

FORTY-SECOND RIDE: WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, HILLTOP BAR, ROGERS MN. R.C. TOM WEGLARZ. TOM FOUND YET ANOTHER ROUTE TO THE HILLTOP, MANY OF US CITY SLICKERS WERE

TOTALLY BAFFLED AS TO OUR WHEREABOUTS. IT WAS A COOL NIGHT, SO WE RETIRED TO THE INSIDE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT TO DISCUSS STRATEGY FOR EXTRICATING OURSELVES FROM THE "STICKS". INSIDE, WE FOUND FRIENDLY NATIVES, THE FAMILIAR POOL TABLES, SPIRITS AND EDIBLES. IT WAS A GREAT TIME, AND IN THE END, NOT NEAR SO DIFFICULT TO FIND OUR WAY BACK TO CIVILIZATION, AS WE HAD FIRST FEARED

FORTY-THIRD RIDE. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH. BUSHY'S (?) BAR, URNE, WIS. R.C. TONY O. BACK TO COUNTRY AND TWISTY ROADS—THE ALPHABET: FROM AA TO ZZ, WE ROAD A BUNCH OF 'EM. IT WAS A REALLY NICE DAY TO BE RIDING. CHUCK B., AS USUAL, FORGOT TO FILL HIS GAS TANK AND WAS ON FUMES BY THE TIME HE FOUND SOME PETROL IN DURAND. (AFTER TONY SENT HIM TO ARKANSAW, WHERE THERE NO GAS STATIONS, ONLY MOSQUITOES AND ONE LONE BAR.) PERHAPS HIS NEXT BIKE SHOULD BE EITHER AN ST 1100, OR GS 1000PD, THEN HE MIGHT HAVE ENOUGH GAS TO COMPLETE A RIDE. JUST CAN'T RESIST PICKIN' AT YOU, CHUCK!!! BACK TO THE RIDE. THE "URNE CURSE" WAS FINALLY BROKEN. NO ONE FELL DOWN, OR BROKE ANY BONES, OR ANY OF THAT CRAZY STUFF THAT POPS UP ON A TRIP TO URNE.

FORTY-FOURTH RIDE. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH. GREENE'S GARAGE, EAGAN, MN. R.C. BRENT GREENE. BRENT AND TAMMY HOSTED THE MIDWEEK RIDE AND GET-TOGETHER AT THEIR PLACE. WE HAD A RATHER LARGE GROUP THIS NIGHT, AND AS WE PULLED UP, THE NEIGHBORS ALMOST IN UNISON, LOCKED THEIR HOUSES AND CLOSED GARAGE DOORS. AS ALWAYS, THE LOCAL GENDARMES CRUISED BY—AND AS ALWAYS, AT LEAST ONE OF OUR GROUP LIGHTS IT UP AND GETS PULLED DOWN AND TICKETED. GOTTA LEARN TO WATCH IT!!!

FORTY-FIFTH RIDE. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH. WHEELER, WIS. R.C. JIM MORIN. AFTER A REALLY LATE START, DUE TO A SWITCH IN R.C.'S (NOT THE FIRST TIME), JIM TO THE RESCUE, WITH A GREAT RIDE TO WHEELER (A LITTLE TOWN THAT WE USED TO GO TO A COUPLE OF TIMES A SEASON, BACK WHEN CAMPING WAS A REGULAR THING.), FINDING SOME REALLY NICE ROADS, THRU SOME FANTASTICALLY 'FALL-PAINTED' VALLEYS.

