

Special points of
interest:

- Getting to
Know Marie
Long
- Lessons
Learned by
Jackie Lewis
- President's
Croozapalooza
to Alma, WI
- Ride-In Pictures

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InMOTION

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Next Year in Greenville North Carolina

Just in case you haven't heard, the 2012 Ride-In will be in Greenville, North Carolina, next year. The Ride-In dates will be July 10th-12th, at the Crowne Plaza Hotel. .

A related item about AMA, Cris Baldwin, our fantastic WOW President, will be the WOW Representative to the new AMA Women Riders Council. Among other things, the council will try to determine how many women riders there really are, they will check into educational availability and they will help plan the AMA Women's Rider Conference, held every couple of years.

Now back to the 2012 Ride-In. The Crowne Plaza is located about six miles southeast of Greenville and has easy access to both I-385 and I-85. The hotel has two queen bed rooms or one king bed rooms; a 24 hour fitness center and a heated indoor pool; a Ruth's Steak House located within the hotel and an Atrium Café, located in the lobby area, that serves a buffet breakfast and

lunch and a full service lounge serving beverages, appetizers and dinner.

The hotel is six stories and yes, it has elevators. Some of the other amenities the hotel offers are:

- 24-Hour Business Center
- Ample & Complimentary Guest Parking
- Banquet & Catering Services
- Complimentary Airport and Local Area Shuttle Service (5 mile radius) for those who might need to fly into Greenville
- Complimentary Wired & Wireless High Speed Internet Access

Greenville is located in the Piedmont area of the Blue Ridge Mountains. With the mountains and foothills in the area there are some scrumptious rides, everything from sweeping

want to make a short side trip to do the Tail of the Dragon or a little bit longer detour to go through the Great Smoky Mountains to the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Greenville is between 651 and 672 miles from St. Louis and from Kansas City it is between



897-926 miles, depending on the route you take.

So, start saving those nickels and dimes in your piggy banks or mayonnaise jars, this Ride-In promises to be another good one. Start planning your routes and lining up your roommates because I think this one will be well attended.

Between the ride to and from the Greenville area and the fabulous potential rides in the Greenville area, this Ride-In could be a memorable week or so.



curves to twisties and switchbacks. The scenery in the Greenville area is some of the most beautiful in the eastern U.S.

If you have the time, you might



Getting to Know....Marie Long?



My name is Marie Long and I'm 51 years old. I share my life with my partner of eight years and my black Labrador BJ who is 15. I've been riding my own bike since 1995 and have been a WOW member of the Heartland Chapter since it's inception in April 1997. I've held the offices of Director, Treasurer and activity coordinator.

Years ago I met Cris Baldwin through another motorcycling organization. When that group disbanded, Cris called and told me she was starting a Women On Wheels® chapter and asked if I'd be interested. I immediately said yes. Our first meetings were held in Cris' kitchen. That was back in 1997 and I've enjoyed every minute of being a member of our chapter and the WOW organization. Through WOW, I've been able to grow as a person, have made many friendships and gone places that I never imagined.

When I was too young to ride on the back of a bike, my cousins would sit me on the gas tank of their bikes and we would ride around the Florissant, MO area where we lived. Every time they came over, I'd beg them to take me for a ride. The first bike I bought was off a friend. It was a 1970 Yamaha 650, inline four cylinders. It ran pretty fast. Then I graduated to a 1975 Virago 700. It's the bike I had when I joined the Heartland chapter. I rode that thing everywhere. But then I wanted to jump up in engine size and comfort, so I bought a brand new 2001 Vstar 1100. It's still my baby today. My dream bike is a HD Fat Boy and Honda Gold Wing. Someday when I am too old to hold up two wheels I'd like to have a Gold Wing trike. Better start saving now!

I am the younger of two children. I have an older brother who resides in Albuquerque, NM with our Mom. My Dad and Step-Mom live in St. Peters, MO. I was born in Florissant, MO and have lived in Hazelwood, Times Beach, Fenton, St. Peters and St. Charles. Yes, the same Times Beach during the time they were spraying the dirt roads with Dioxin contaminated oil. I graduated from Fort Zumwalt High School in O'Fallon, MO many moons ago. Attended Florissant Valley CC and St. Charles CC but never graduated. I would like to someday go back to college and graduate maybe with a degree in Criminology. Just not sure what I want to be when I grow up!

For the past 32 years I've worked at Virbac Animal Health, Inc. a French owned company. Although we originally started out as Ralston Purina, then we were sold a few times before Virbac acquired us. We manufacture veterinary pharmaceuticals for domestic animals and some farm animals. And I am happy to say we are growing. I worked in our QC lab as an analyst for the first 20 years and presently work in our QA department as an Auditor for the past 12 years. I always thought a fun job would be to take people on motorcycle tours through

the mountains, work with animals or be a farmer. I love animals and like to watch crops grow.

Besides riding motorcycles, some of the other things I like to do are spending time with my partner, my dog and friends, photography, camping, hiking, canoeing, gardening, travel or just sitting outside by our fire pit. I used to go backpacking with the Sierra Club and would like to get back in shape to do it again. To me it's the ultimate way of camping.

My first overnight trip on the bike was to the Ride-In in Cannon City, Colorado with Cris and Thomas Baldwin and a few other members. I remember being very nervous to the point of almost not going. That's all changed now as I love to travel on my bike. One of the furthest trips I've taken was to the Vermont Ride-in where we rode up into Canada and re-entered the states by Niagara Falls, NY. The longest day I've ever had was 19 hours on the bike coming home from the Ride-In in Guntersville, AL. We got held up in rain for quite some time. I think I pulled into my driveway at midnight, wet, cold and completely exhausted. One of the longest day rides I've been on by myself was 625 miles. Maybe I could do an iron butt! I have had many fun and exciting trips with my WOW family over the years. And look forward to having many more.



Marie riding for
Bike and Badge
Photo by
4 Real Photography

2011 MO Fall Ride to Lunch-October 1st

This years Fall Ride event used an entirely different approach than in previous years. In previous years, the chapters would meet somewhere and then ride together, have lunch and then head home.

This year each chapter rode to the Cooking from Scratch restaurant just off of I-44 at the Newburg/Doolittle exit.



The restaurant is not difficult to find because there is usually a 1/2 car 1/2 chicken parked out front. The food is good, the atmosphere fun and the service is friendly.



I counted twenty-five Women On Wheels® riders for this lunch. However, we aren't the only riders to discover this little jewel, I counted six other bikers, two from Colorado, that found the chicken. They might be



known for their pan fried chicken, but they have a complete menu that goes from soup & sandwich to seafood. All-in-all it was a fun time for the chapters last joint venture of the year.

Photos by Jan Stringberg



Getting to Know, cont.

There are several rides I'd like to do such as Provincetown, MA at the tip of Cape Cod, Key West Florida and many more. Those two places are a couple of my favorite vacation spots and to ride there would be totally awesome to me. Actually, to ride in all 50 states is on my bucket list. Guess I've ridden in almost half of the 50 states. Looking forward to all of them!

Some little known facts about me are, years ago I used to show my Old English Sheepdog and Cocker Spaniel in Obedience Class at dog shows and we would actually win. I have studied some Martial Arts and have a brown belt in Shotokan and

an orange belt in Kajukenbo style of martial arts. I love self defense. A few years ago, I worked out with a personal trainer who asked me if I wanted to be a power lifter. It sounded like fun, but I never pursued it. Always thought I'd like to be a personal trainer some day. I was a member of the St. Charles Imperial Dance Club. And think I'd like to take a hot air balloon ride. I'm not a fan of heights, but I also believe in working through my fears so as not to miss an opportunity.

I am so very grateful I found Women On Wheels® and Cris Baldwin who started our chapter. The trips and day rides I've

been on with my WOW sisters and brothers have all been very special to me. And I thank my God all the time for the opportunity to be part of such a great organization, the people in it and for the people I've meet along the way. I look forward to many more miles with all of you. Please know how special each and every one of you are to me.





Sometimes
taking the
wrong road
delivers a little
fun.

Cycle Chirps by Deana Foster

Well the summer is over and we are starting fall. I say, Good Riddance Summer! You kicked my butt with the heat and I hope not to run into you again for at least 8 months. Ok, I will miss riding but as luck has it October is looking to be a great month to add some miles considering there are 5 weekends in it this year, which doesn't happen but for every 800 some odd years so I have some time yet.

Though it was hot, I did manage to put on some miles and with those miles, I gained some motorcycle trip knowledge and insight. Here are the top 10 things I learned this summer:

Highway 50 really is a very lonely highway. Thank goodness I road it with friends because you can go a ton of miles without seeing anything but a squashed Jack Rabbit.

Jack Rabbits must be lacking their lucky rabbit's foot. As mentioned in item 1 above, there was a lot of squashed Jack Rabbits on the Loneliest Highway and yet I saw very few cars which means that each rabbit that ventures out on the road is getting squashed by the one car that might come by in a day.

I shouldn't attempt to walk down stairs without holding onto the rail the day following a full MSF course of dirt bike training. I discovered that my legs didn't want to support me and wanted to let me fall, all the while laughing

at my ignorance. As a matter of fact, I walked like an aging duck for a week.

I like riding long distances alone. I had always wanted to try it so on my way back from CA, I did and found that there is great freedom in making all your own decisions about where and when you start, stop, eat and rest.

Just because the cameras my husband and I own are the same brand, I shouldn't assume it means that the chargers for each work in both cameras and it is really something you should double check before leaving on an once in a lifetime two week motorcycle trip to CA. Enough said.

Just because you think Wyoming is sparsely populated and you haven't seen anyone on the road for miles, you should NOT exceed the speed limit. Sure as shooting, that was not a squashed Jack Rabbit up ahead but a highway patrolman heading your way with the radar gun active.

Some men can admit when they make a mistake. While fueling the Goldwing in the middle of Wyoming, a guy asked me where "WE" were heading assuming that little old me wouldn't be piloting that big of a machine alone in the middle of nowhere. Once he figured it out, he

actually apologized and said my husband was very lucky. I of course agreed and mentioned that I too was lucky to have a guy that would trust me with his bike.

Missouri WOW members Rock! We had approximately 25 members attend the Ride-In in San Jose and I do believe that that was the most from any one state. Amazing!

Sometimes taking the wrong road delivers a little fun. Like finding an amazing swinging bridge over the perfect swimming hole. It was the refreshing dip we all needed after a hot days ride. Jeans and all.

I have the best husband in the world. He takes care of all of my motorcycle maintenance; he parks it in the garage for me after each ride, whether he has gone with me or not; he trusts me to ride his bike cross country; he trusts me to ride cross country alone; he supports me and approves of me going even when he can't; and he supports me in all my endeavors pertaining to the positions I have held with Women On Wheels®. Thank you honey.

So if you too learned some life lessons this summer while rolling down the road, share them with me and your MO WOW sisters on our Facebook page. I know we would all love to hear about them. Also, don't forget you only have a few weeks left to load on more miles for the Annual Mileage Contest and your ending form has to be postmarked by the 15th of November to count. Go Missouri!





"The more I
scrunched down
to hang on, the
harder I gripped
the handle bars
and the faster I
went."



Lessons Learned by Jackie Lewis

My first motorcycle was a five-hundred dollar basket case from a salvage yard. I had acquired my motorcycle endorsement by taking a MSF course for new riders, in 1998, when I purchased a new motorcycle for my husband. The reasons for this were two-fold: One, I could get a discounted rate on our insurance; two, in case of an emergency, I would be able to ride his bike. We went on our honeymoon, many charity runs, and a trip to the east coast for fresh seafood on that motorcycle; that trip is another story. I loved riding behind my husband on the back of that bike and I realized that I had been bitten by the riding bug long ago, when I was about seven years old.

Around 1960, a family friend brought his "Dresser" over to show my parents; it was big, had a huge seat with black fringe and large black bags with silver and fringe hanging off the sides. Man was it LOUD! I remember covering my ears when he kicked it over. Right away, I want a ride on it. Of course, the answer was NO!

In my teen years, we lived in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. During high school, I met and dated several young men and one had a motorcycle, his sometimes transportation to school; it was a 350cc Japanese make and one day he brought it over to my house to show it to me.

I asked him if it was easy to drive and he said, "Sure, let me show you". After five minutes of instruction on how to operate the bike, I drove down the street about half a block, turned around and came back. It felt great! I was driving a motorcycle, me, a girl! My ego was pumped, but I almost crashed and dropped the bike because I didn't remember how to brake. Thankfully, my friend was there to catch me and the bike. I remember how cool it was to ride down the street and then how embarrassed I was at not being able to stop!

We went out for a short ride and burgers, after my little ride, and when we got home, as I got off the bike, my friend said, "get off the bike on the other side", but it was TOO LATE! I was off the bike and had a tail pipe brand on my leg. The burn eventually healed and left a faint scar, but I didn't ride on a motorcycle again without long pants. LESSON ONE.

I attended college in Kansas City Missouri, where I met and dated a couple of gentleman who rode bikes. One had a Yamaha 250 Enduro, some sort of off road bike, but it wasn't much fun sitting on the sidelines while he rode around on the trails. He didn't care for riding on the streets, so we didn't do much riding together.

Another fellow I dated had a Harley. The first

time I rode with him, I left my hair down. It was so much fun riding the back farm roads of Kansas with the wind in my face and hair. When we got back, he said, "Uh oh". I said, "What!" He told me he should have suggested that I put my hair in a braid or a pony tail. Yes, my hair was long, very long, way past my butt and it looked like a rats nest. It took about two and a half hours to brush and comb it out. Hence, LESSON TWO.

After I married, my husband and I talked about getting a bike for me for several years, so when he and his friend (our mechanic) stumbled upon this \$500 "special", they brought it and a box full of spare parts. They called me and told me all about this "great starter bike". It was a 1974, orange and black Honda 750-4, 90% original, with a kick and an electric start, center and side stands and all factory installed. The guys told me that this was the muscle bike of its day. When I got home and saw this bike in our garage, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

The guys assured me that it had a good sound engine and that the rest was just cosmetic so, I sat on it. Actually, they held the bike up because I could not touch the ground even on my tippy toes. After about a month of work, which included a total rewiring, new head

Lessons Learned, continued

lamp and housing, newer shocks, new handle bars and grips, fenders, tires, battery plugs and plug wires, horn, turn signals and housings, carburetor rebuild and synchronized, a shock lowering kit and a smaller back wheel the bike became a reality. I had a motorcycle....my motorcycle, and I could straddle the thing too! Now, I had to learn to ride it. This was around 2000-2001.

Early on a Saturday morning, we took off to the local high school parking lot; it was big and empty and I was nervous. When I had taken the MSF course, I learned on a 450 Night Hawk. This bike was a bigger, heavier bike than what I had learned with and my feet were just a hair from being flat, if I wore my steel toe work boots. My husband and our mechanic friend coached while I rode back and forth, turning and braking. It was a good session, but I was tense and tired; I was ready to go home and I told them so. Besides, I didn't want to drop the bike in front of my husband, our friends or the other people who were beginning to show up for a track meet. They were parking far away from us and were giving me that "are you sure you won't crash into my car" look.

We did a few more Saturday practice sessions at a local park with some oval roadways in it. I practiced going up and down hills, turning, stopping, starting and shifting. One time, I had to actually ride my bike to the park from my house, on public streets with real traffic. OMG! I was terrified! It went well and my friends said that I had the basics and all I needed to do was get out there and practice riding.

And practice I did. We would take short rides on Saturdays, usually on back roads with hills and curves, building my confidence along the way. On one such ride, we stopped for a break on our way back into the city. My husband pulled into a parking space and I pulled up alongside of him. My husband was already off his bike and was asking me how I was doing. I told him I was OK, turned off the ignition and proceeded to lean the bike over. My hus-

band hollered, "Whoa, stop!" At that point, I was about half the way over and couldn't figure out why the bike wanted to keep going. I was stuck holding the bike, but I couldn't get it back up. He grabbed the handle bar and the seat and helped to get the bike back up, and then he put the kickstand down. Boy, did I feel stupid and, of course, everyone on the QT parking lot was watching. I guess I was in a hurry to use the ladies room. LESSON THREE.

Eventually, we would cruise on major roadways and interstates, getting used to large trucks, cars and many lanes of traffic. I really had to be on my toes. While cruising one day, I noticed a car coming up the ramp to the interstate; there was a large tractor trailer on my left and I had nowhere to go, except forward and quickly. So, I cranked the throttle. No problem. Well, the next thing I know, I'm flying down the highway at 85 mph, with the front end shakin' and I'm hanging on for dear life. The more I scrunched down to hang on, the harder I gripped the handle bars and the faster I went. I finally realized that the death grip I had on the throttle was the problem. I eased off the gas and slowed down. It took a quick minute for my heart to slow down and my husband to catch up. Needless to say, my husband wanted to know what the heck I was going. I just smiled and said, "Just wanted to see what she'd do". I found my limit that day. Yes, LESSON FOUR.

I had been riding for about two seasons now and occasionally, I would ride to work. On the way to work one morning the bike just quit; I knew I had gas; I just filled up the day before. The petcock was turned on, so gas was going to the carburetor. I panicked because I was going to be late for work, so I got on the phone and called our mechanic friend. He came by to help me and we discovered a blown fuse; he had extras and showed me where and

how to replace fuses. I was back on the road lickety-split.

I rode to work the next day and it happened again; I knew what to do, so I whipped out the tool bag, checked the fuse and replaced it. I put everything back together, started the bike and was on my way...for about three miles. Now I was really PO'd. Two days in a row! I didn't have any more fuses, so I called our mechanic friend and told him what had happened. He asked me if I had a gum wrapper or a piece of foil. I found one stick of gum in my backpack and chewed the petrified stick while I wrapped the foil around the old fuse and stuffed it in the fuse box. It worked!! The bike started and I was on my way to work. I was glad that I had a few tools and my mechanic's phone number. Oh yeah, and that nasty piece of gum. LESSON FIVE.

Soon after that, my husband's bike was not working and he decided to take mine out for an afternoon ride. As you can guess, he ended up in an accident and wrecked my motorcycle. Our mechanic friend helped me get the bike home and surveyed the damages; it took about a month to get parts and get her road worthy again. I rode my bike for the rest of the season and my husband never touched my bike again. LESSON SIX.

After that, I decided it was time to upgrade. Throughout the winter months, I researched and searched for a motorcycle that would fit me and be easy to handle in the city, as well, as cross country. I did find it, but that is another chapter of lessons.

In the spring of 2003, I sold my 1974 Honda 750-4, with a manual and a box of parts, to a really nice man who wanted to restore it. She started up just fine and I cried when he drove her away. You guessed it; I sold it for five-hundred dollars.



President's Croozapalooza by Sandy Richey



Cris being interview by the Winona Daily News Reporter.

Picture by Kim Georgen



Picture by Kim Georgen

Cris' interview took over half of the front page, above and below the fold. WOW and hometown celebrity.

Sixty-seven bikes road in the 2011 President's Croozapalooza

The temperatures were already in the seventies when we met at the Phillips 66/Jack-in-the-Box at MO-N and I-64 and they were expected to hit 98-100 degrees.

I knew this ride was going to be something special from the start because we met a boy, about six, and his father. The father and son were going to spend the days on their ATV, "it's a Honda" the boy said excitedly and "I'll ride one of those bikes when I'm older", pointing at our bikes. A future biker was seeing us off to the President's Croozapalooza and I couldn't help but think that what we are doing on motorcycles now would impact how bikes in his time would be used and perceived by non-riders.

There were ten of us heading to Winona, nine from Heartland and one from KC. It took us about ten hours to make the ride from St. Peters to Winona, we pulled into the AmericInn parking lot about six o'clock.

There were already six bikes in the parking lot when we got there. Also waiting, was a reporter from the Winona Daily News.



Rita, Joan, Kim, Cris, Clara, Thomas, Jan- from KC, Mary and Alice.

After Cris finished her interview we headed to Perkins for dinner. We were joined by Cris'

Brother and Sister-in-Law, Scott and Bonnie, who helped out on the Crooz.

Needless to say, that after ten hours in the saddle most of us turned in early for a good night's sleep.



The next morning was rainy and overcast, but as we approached noon the rain stopped and the clouds broke up a little. We mounted up and did the pre-ride for Sunday's ride.

We stopped by Cris' parent's house, the Herold Farm. Where Norma and Verlyn welcomed us like we were family and gave us a little of the family history as she showed us around the house.



Photo by Bonnie Herold.

We stopped at the Alma Hotel & Bar for a light lunch about two o'clock before heading back to the motel.

As we left Alma it started to rain again and continued to rain all the way back to the motel. We took off our rain gear and hung it up to



dry.

We only had about two hours before we had to be at The Timber's where all the Crooz riders met for dinner.

The Timber's staff had set up tables and chairs for fifty on one side of the restaurant. Before long they had to set up three more tables to accommodate the arriving riders, but those filled quickly. Due to fire regulations, the remaining attendees had to sit on the other side, where the regular patrons were sitting. I estimate that the crowd numbered somewhere around seventy-six. **WOW!!**



Picture taken by Cris Baldwin.

That evening some of the riders played an exciting game of Dominos, while the rest got involved in various conversations.

Sunday morning, the breakfast room was filled to over-flowing with Crooz riders. We were due to start staging the ride at 8:30 with the ride starting at nine o'clock. The staging was

President's Croozapalooza, continued.

done behind the motel where a pot-holed road, more like an alley, ran under the bridge above one end of our motel.



Photo by Alice Stewart

There were sixty-seven bikes to line up, so Cris broke them into groups of 5-7 riders per leader.

The Trikes and a bike with a trailer were in the last group. The first group pulled out of the staging area at precisely 9 a.m.

By the time we crossed the bridge, taking us to the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi, the groups were already separated by cars and a couple of semi trucks.

I can't begin to tell you all of the highways, county roads and side streets we took, but they ranged from barely paved to newly resurfaced four lane highways. We had some beautiful twisties and hills, but the piece de resistance was the Buena Vista Park Overlook.



I always thought we had a pretty wide section of the Mississippi in Grafton Illinois, but

the river is so wide in some places up here they call it Lake Pepin; it must be three or four miles across in some spots and is forty square miles total area.



We stopped for lunch at the Pickle Factory, on Lake Pepin, in Wisconsin. They had hamburgers, potatoes salad and chips for us, but most of us were in the mood for coffee or hot chocolate. The clouds had started to move in again and the winds were gusting up to 35-40 mph.



Photo by Kim Georgen.

I'm not sure the riders sitting inside noticed the change in the sky and winds, but those of us on the patio definitely notice...clear to our bones. We had another brief shower that forced everyone inside, but eventually the threatening

clouds passed us and left us with an overcast sky.



While we were at the Pickle Factory, we were all invited to participate in Verlyn's (Cris' father) birthday.



Photo by Kim Georgen

As the activities wrapped up, many of the riders headed home or went on to further adventures on an extended holiday. The President's Croozapalooza was a big success, a good time and a super ride with all our WOW sisters and brothers.

As we headed home, we carried numerous new memories, renewed friendships and new friends in our thoughts.

Thanks Cris, Thomas, Verlyn, Norma, Scott, & Bonnie.



Some of the Crooz attendees



Nine WOW Days by Sandy

Day One: 503 miles

We started our trip in St. Peters, on June 29th, and allowed six days to get to San Jose. We had done our homework of looking at maps from each of the states we would ride through, writing out our directions, completing our packing lists, getting our park passes, changing oil and filters, replacing tires and having our bikes checked out at local dealer. We were ready!!

We had made a decision to make it to Salina Kansas for our first nights stay, this was 400 miles. However, there was a change in mid-stream and we went on to Hays, some 500 miles. The last 100 miles was the worst because the temperature had gone from the mid-nineties, in Salina, to 108 degrees by the time we reached Hays. Thank God for Camelbaks.

We reached a motel and literally fell into the couches and chairs in the lobby, where we sat guzzling lemon water for half an hour before we were able to unpack our bikes and head to our room. Needless to say, we ordered dinner in and went to bed early.

Day Two: 430 miles.

We rose early to beat the heat, but it was already 84 degrees at 6 a.m. We hit the highway only to find that we were fighting 40 mph head-winds. The temperatures of over 100 degrees and high head winds made it necessary to stop more often to cool down and because our gas mileage went down by twenty percent.

We headed toward the Denver area and the trip went well until we got NW of the city where

we stopped for gas. Judy found that she had lost a nut from one of her foot boards, but she was able to fix it. At this point we ran into the evening rush hour traffic and the bumper-to-bumper traffic slowed us down significantly, but just as we got out of the heavy traffic, we hit a heavy, although brief, downpour and had to pull over to get into our rain gear. The brief rain did cool us down and that was a relief....for a few minutes. We headed for Silverthorne Colorado on the other side of the mountain.

Yes, you guessed it, the mountain pass was cold, so by the time we reached the La Quinta we were pretty chilled and to add to the misery the winds had picked up to about 30 mph because of the approaching storm. As we pulled under the roof of the unloading area the storm reached us, the rain came down hard and the wind blew the rain almost horizontally. This combination made unpacking our bikes more of a chore than usual. The winds were blowing the cart so much that we couldn't keep it in one spot.

Day Three:

Today our goal was to reach Moab Utah where we wanted to go through the Arches National Park. The day was beautiful with a bright blue sky, light breezes and temperatures in the low nineties. We had stopped for gas about

twenty miles before reaching Moab, where the gas was \$3.59, but decided to go the 12 miles additional miles and fill up with gas and food at the Arches exit.

When we pulled into a poor excuse for a gas station with gas at \$4.69 and their "food" was even worse, just snacks and microwave sandwiches. Unfortunately, one of our riders had a small tank and had to fill up here, but the rest of us waited until we went into Moab, some 30 miles further.

The Arches Park was beautiful and because of our pre-purchased



park passes it was free. We stopped for some great pictures.

We had planned to stay in a La Quinta in Moab, but we ended up staying in a Super 8 in Green River. The parking was flat and we could pull our bikes right outside of our window. A couple of us had some small items to rinse out and we were able to hang them on a make shift clothesline strung between two of the bikes.

Day Four:

We had planned to swing north, to go through W. Wendover then down to Salt Lake City, but again we changed our plans. Instead, we headed straight to the Nevada border where we got on the "loneliest highway", US 50 and spent the night in Eureka Nevada. By the



Brenda, Mel and Dee at meet up in St. Peters.

"fighting 40 mph head winds....gas mileage went down by 20%."



Brenda, Judy and Dee at the Arches National Park Visitor's Center.

Nine WOW Days, cont.

way, if you're looking for a wild time after a long hard day on the bike, don't stop here because they roll up the sidewalks at six thirty on a Saturday night.

BTW: We stayed at a Best Western and when I came down the next morning, I was greeted by a full door, iron collapsible gate (like you'd find on old elevators) blocking my access to the outside and lobby areas and no night clerk on duty. If it hadn't been for a work-out room door being left open, we would have been trapped. I wonder what guests would have done in case of a fire.

Day Five:

We were treated to a rare treat on this stretch when we were able to see about 2-4 inches of standing water on the desert floor. It seems they have a system where water can be let out from the flooding rivers, when over abundant spring rains or melting snow from a bad winter exceed the normal river flow. You wouldn't have known the water was there except that the desert floor was reflecting the limited plant life and occasional fence enclosure.

This road is notorious for the lack of gas availability, but it wasn't as bad as we thought it would be....we had planned well and knew where the gas was located along the way.

We stopped at the Middlegate



Middlegate Station Nevada

Station for a great sandwich, un-

usual memorabilia and a much needed break from the monotony of this ultra-straight road.

For much of this road I believe you could tie your handle bars so they're perfectly straight then lean back and take a nap, just make sure you have a full tank. Until you reach the curved roads through the mountains, you can go fifty miles down the road and there's probably not a two inch vari-



Dee, Judy, Sandy and Brenda @ Middlegate Station

ance in the road's course.

We arrived in Carson City Nevada in time to look for the local H-D dealer, so Dee could get a charm for her bracelet. We pulled into an abandoned bicycle shop parking lot to call for directions to the dealer. The lot had a slight grade to it and I slowed down a bit too much in the turn. Before I knew it, I was laying on the ground reaching for my kill switch. There was no damage to the bike, but the fall had me landing with my right elbow under my ribcage and at my age with decreasing bone density that fall resulted in two cracked ribs.

We finally got the directions to the H-D dealer, which was across town from the bicycle shop. We spent a while in the cooled dealer's showroom talking to other travelers who had some minor bike problems.

Once we left the H-D dealer we headed for our next stop via Lake Tahoe. The Tahoe area was packed with cars, campers, motorcycles, teens in bikinis, huge boats, and hundreds of kids being pulled along by mom or dad. So, we decided to pull in for lunch at

the local I-Hop to let the traffic and crowds die down a little.



Lake Tahoe from the Nevada side, near town.

After about an hour, we headed for our next stop in Coleville California at the Meadowcliff Lodge & RV Park, on US 395. This location literally had the Sierra Nevada Mountains out our front door...you could almost touch them...if there hadn't been a fence which prevented anyone from walking up to them. The picture below is deceiving because although the entrance was

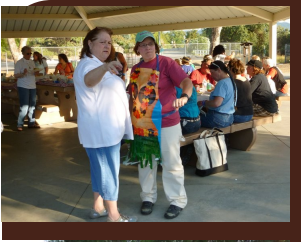


paved, the narrow road up to the rooms was loose small gravel.

Day Six:

We started the day off by pulling, pushing and guiding our bikes onto a cement slab about 25 feet from our room. The slab was reserved for handicapped guest parking, but no one was using it, so rather than try to load our bikes and back them out in three inches of loose gravel we opted to use the slab. Each bike had its rider, someone pushing it backwards and two of us stabilizing the bike on each side. Once the bike was back far enough to turn, the

Nine WOW Days, cont.



Pictures from the picnic.



pusher moved to the back of the bike and the people on each side aided the rider in moving the bike onto the slab heading out toward the gravel road. We loaded our bikes and drove down the hill to the Meadowcliff Restaurant for breakfast.

After breakfast, we rode a hundred miles to the Yosemite National Park. This park was packed! Every pull off, every parking lot and every wide shoulder was filled with cars towing trailers, motorcycles and RVs.



We had one close call when a large white luxury car decided to pass us and a car in a no passing zone. She barely made it back into our lane...coming pretty close to the lead bike as she cut back into the lane. A few minutes later, we pulled over to take pictures and the lady who had passed us so recklessly was parked in front of us. I didn't tell my sister riders until she pulled away because I figured we wouldn't make it to the Ride-In on time if we were in jail.

The roads weren't really to curvy or hilly until we started down the mountain, then there were severe twisties, switchbacks and hair pin curves. Now I'm OK with some of the above mention goodies, but I have to admit that I was not used to doing all of these things while going down a eight + percent grade with two cracked ribs. Once I was at the bottom of the mountain, I was hoping I wouldn't have to do another twisty or hair pin curve for at least a week.

We still had another 180 miles to San Jose, so we stopped for gas and a snack in Big Oak Flat. When we stopped in Oakdale for lunch the temperature was about 30 degrees higher than in the park.

We got to within a couple of miles of Dolce Hayes Mansion, but couldn't seem to locate the street we needed, so we called Brenda's daughter, who was waiting for Brenda at the Mansion, and she told us how to get to there. We pulled up to the entrance about ten minutes later and were dang glad to be there.



Day Seven:

On Tuesday, the Ride-In got underway. We registered and picked up our packets. Some did some

sight-seeing while others perused the vendors, attended workshops or meetings and learned their way around the Mansion property.



Cris conducted the opening ceremonies and introduced Joy Medved, the primary workshop presenter and keynote speaker for the Ride-In, and Tigra Tsujikaswa, the Marketing and Special Events Manager for the American Motorcyclist Association.



L-R: Medved and Tsujikaswa

After the scheduled events, some of the Missouri chapter members gathered at the Mansion's small bar for libations. I only had one because the bar tender actually put alcohol in the drinks, but I can tell you that some present had more. I wouldn't have wanted to have their heads the next morning, but after traveling so far, I think everyone just needed to unwind. I have to admit that the evening was allot of fun.

Day Eight:

This day was filled with rides, MSF Dirt Bike School, workshops and meetings. When we weren't



**Diane Racovan
recognized for her
design of the
25th Anniversary
Ride-In pin.**



Pin Diane designed for Ride-In.



Deana right after the Mileage



Pictures by Alice Stewart

Nine WOW Days, cont.

busy with one or more of the above events, we hung out on the patio outside of the conference building.



Day Nine:

Thursday was a full day with morning rides, a picnic lunch at Alamen park, a councilman presenting a certificate of recognition for WOW to Cris, a certificate of appreciation to the CHP officers and an awards banquet in the evening.

The picnic was outstanding with plenty of good food, soda and desserts. However, the best part was talking to all the different groups from all over the continental United State, Canada and Nova Scotia.

Cris was presented a declaration, on behalf of Women On Wheels®, from a councilman from San Jose. The councilman also presented a commendation to the CHP California Highway Patrol (motorcycle officer) for their fine work.



The parking lot for the park was jam packed with motorcycles, but a few cars slipped in before we got there. However, the CHP Officers managed to give us a demonstration of their prowess via sharp turns, figure eights and two circles becoming one. These maneuvers were done on large bikes in a small space, weaving in and out of the other bikes with great precision.

After lunch, we headed back to the Mansion to shower and change for the evenings activities.

Of course, everyone would have a different opinion of what the highlight of the banquet was for them, but most of the Missouri riders would agree with me. It was the award presented for the mileage contest. Yes, we won for the sixth year in a row, but the margin was closer this year be-

tween first and second place than ever before. It is clear that we'll have to ride more miles than ever, if we want to win our seventh in a row.

One of the other great highlights of the evening was the recognition of one of Missouri's own. Diane Rackovan, from the Heartland Chapter, was recognized for her design of the 25th Anniversary Pin. They also recognized the designer of the Ride-In t-shirt design and the Ride-In pin.



As in the year's before, we were told where the next Ride-In, in 2012, would take place, in Greenville South Carolina, but this year, we received an extra bonus. The 2013 Ride-In will take place in Billings Montana.

Of course, the mileage is not as great to either of these sites, so we'll have to increase our mileage for the rest of the season, in order to be in contention for the mileage award.

Last but not least, this was a super Ride-In, with great rides, interesting speakers and well coordinated events. Everyone was very prepared to help in any Ride-In related situation from laundry locations to shipping information. **Kudos to the California chapters and Cris Baldwin for all their hard work to bring this event to fruition.**

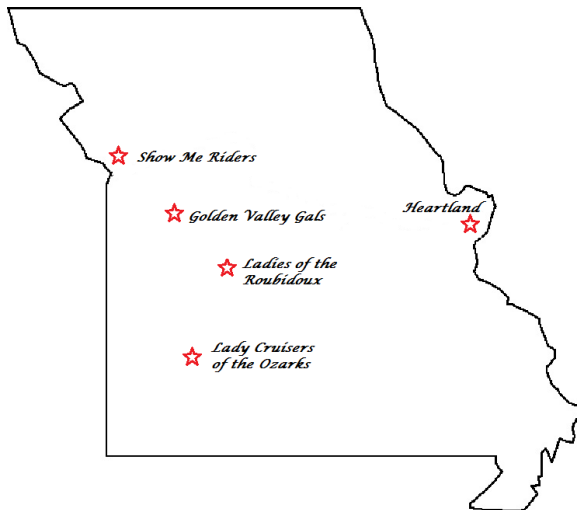


The ten day trip back to Missouri is another story.



Women On Wheels®

Missouri WOW Chapters



Missouri

Women On Wheels®

Our Mission:

To unite all women motorcycle enthusiasts for recreation, education, mutual support and to promote a positive image of motorcycling.

Having a Halloween Party?

Getting together for a
Thanksgiving Dinner?

Celebrating with your WOW Sisters and
Support Members at a

Christmas/Holiday Party,

send in your pictures and stories for our
January-March issue.

Mileage Contest Ends Oct. 31st

Don't forget to send in your Mileage End Form. The form must be postmark (snail mail) or received (via email) by **November 15th**.

Whether you send in a paper form or you e-mail it, be sure to make a copy or digital scan of your paper form or be sure to save your "Sent" e-mail to a folder in your Inbox, just in case it would get lost.

As you know, the Missouri chapters won the mileage contest again this year, but it was close. The second and third place totals were much closer than we'd like to see again.

So, ride as much as you can between now and October 31st because I know you'd like Missouri to win for the seventh time in a row.

We want to bring home another plaque from South Carolina, next July, and every mile counts. So, even if you're new and have only have a few miles or have only been able to ride a few miles this year because of illness or work or due to major down time due to bike repair, those miles



Picture by: Alice Stewart

might make the difference between first and second place, so send in your mileage.

Missouri Rules!



