

Run What You Brung

September 2008

This is only my second rally ever. I rode in the 2008 Utah 1088, my first rally; manage to finish have a mug to prove it. I have found out that I'm not very good at following directions and that hasn't changed much; must be the hard headed German in me.

I really like the format of having the 30 days to plan a route, that is really fun for me to get out the maps. Lot of people read books but I can sit for hours studying maps. Sometimes I think I would be better off with just maps and throw the gps in the trash, I will explain later.

I head to SLC or Utah as RJ would say. I see a few familiar faces when I get to the motel, (very few names just faces) a lot of the same folks that rode the 1088 were already there and of course Mr. Chalmers always in a hurry and with a smiling face and glad to see another fish show up. Completed the odo check and then the big decision try to decide which route I would use. I had three planned routes, one was to head south toward Key West, second toward DC and the last one was a ride through the Midwest. The weather (Hurricane Katrina) pretty much ruled out the east coast or the south for me, which I knew that was where you needed to go in order to have a chance for a good finish. But what the heck this was just for fun and to see if I could set on my butt for five straight days. Didn't get a whole lot of rest that night, which I paid for the next night.

Day 1, pull out of the hotel parking lot at 0700 heading to Morton Thiokol, been there before so just a short ride stop, get out the pretty pink towel and take my picture on the bike and away I go heading to Maryhill Washington to get a picture of the Stone Hedge. Low and behold I look at the shadow of me and the bike, I have a flag, but it's no flag it's my rally towel flapping in the wind, probably better stop and pack that away. Loose that towel and the rally is over except riding the miles. Had no trouble finding Stone Hedge walked round got the picture and away I go. Next stop Nesplem WA. to get a picture of Chief Joseph's grave sight. It was getting late in the day and I had to ride along the Columbia river where the bugs were really bad. The windshield was a Grey-green goo; well there was no looking through it anymore. I arrive in the village of Nesplem, my luck, the cemetery wasn't marked very well to show where such a great man was buried, therefore I took the grand tour of town. Finally went to gas station that was open found someone that knew where

the Chief was buried (Sad the young kids working had no idea where the grave was) It's now darker than the inside of a cat and I'm wandering around in a cemetery on an Indian reservation not a pleasant place to be, found the marker and got my picture. I left the pin to my rally towel and this was just the start of me leaving things laying all over the country. Off into the night heading to Custer Battlefield in order to make it the Mackinaw Bridge by 0900. Great another night ride.

Day 2, 0700 I'm in Butte MT and about 5 hrs to the Battlefield. My hopes of getting to Upper Michigan were pretty slim. Leaving the battleground it must have been a 100 degrees; sweating like a pig but that didn't last long into the rain and did it ever rain about 400 miles worth and it didn't even touch the Grey-green goo. Out of Montana into North Dakota then dropped down to Mobridge SD to find Sitting Bulls Marker. I run around there in the dark in the rain for at least an hour so here I am again the middle of the night running around on an Indian reservation where they don't mark things, I had a nature call found a wide spot and bailed of the bike in the rain dancing a jig with all the gear on it turns into quite a task. This same car with a bunch of people passed me at least three time and you know I kind of think part of my entry fee went to those guys Mr. Chalmers is pretty clever. Finally found the marker and got the hell out of there. Pulled into a motel in Mobridge get a room walk out to the bike and no cord to my electric vest. Get my 4 hrs sleep and back to the Sitting Bulls marker and along the road no cord I couldn't find the place where I bailed off.

Day 3, off to Jamestown ND for a picture of the worlds largest buffalo. I'm on two lane roads no place to pull off another nature call, it's still raining, now I can't get my gloves back on put one on but not the other they were water proof but the lining was not sewed in and after about 20 minutes of frustration I cut the liner out put it on the outer but not water proof any more. Made it to a co-op and the only gloves they had were big blue fuel gloves you ought to see the reaction you get waving to other riders with big blue gloves, but my hands were dry. When was at the co-op I made my call in mentioned to Mr Chalmers I thought that he was a morbid SOB and he just said thank you; he knew I was just teasing. Steve really is a good guy. I wandered all over Jamestown , I used yahoo to find these locations and after this stop I would ride into a town and just ask someone, found the buffalo and left a new roll of duct tape laying on a picnic table. I was off to take a picture of the worlds largest walleye in Beaudett MN. Nice ride, the rain quit around Fargo. Arrived in Beaudette about 1800 just made to a hardware store and bought a few parts to build a cord for my vest otherwise it was going to be a long ride to Ironwood MI.

Made it into Duluth around 2130, left there and thought I was riding through a canyon all the way to Ironwood, the next morning I discovered it wasn't a canyon just tall trees. I arrived around 0200 made a pass through town and discovered there were police all over, so I just got a cheap room. What a great stop, ate a can of chili was it ever good cold but good the jerky is starting to get a little old. Hot shower and 4hrs sleep changes a persons outlook,worth the time and the money.

Day 4 , 0630 tank of gas and directions to the worlds largest Indian. Time to start heading for SLC. La Cross WI worlds largest Six Pack and you know I rode right by it had to ask directions again me and cities I just don't look around, I focus on staying alive I guess. Off to Darwin MN for a picture of the worlds largest ball of twine. I stopped for fuel just before I get to the Twin Cities and I forget to turn the extra tank off ,when you do that it will over fill the main tank flood the engine. I'm running 75 in the inside lane and the engine starts loosing power and surges really bad I get the valve shut but it takes a couple of miles to clear up; that kind of puts your heart in your throat, it just happened to be around 1700 hrs here I am in the fast lane and trying to keep from being Grey-green goo on somebody else's windshield. Next,the exit I need is detoured around in the city of Minneapolis what a mess hour later I'm out of the city. Make it to Darwin get the picture of the ball of twine,ugh that man had way to much time on his hands. Next stop Blue Earth MN for the Jolly Green Giant this is where Tom Tom and I have a little problem it wants to go back to the twin cities, I won, the off button worked this time (the next day though it wouldn't shut off). and I had to get the map out. Took some cool back roads to I 90 get there after dark hard to get a good picture of the green giant. On to Sturgis for a photo of a gas station, I plugged in the electric vest and it didn't work and it gets pretty cool in MN after the sun goes down in Sept. I rode as long as I could stand it which was around 0130, frozen to the bone. I pulled into Mitchell ND was able to get a room ,I checked in at home the reception I received was not very warm; she has never has been a morning person.

Day 5 , The last day where did the time go? I was sad that it had to end, even though things didn't go as planned. The ride had turned to the point that I only worried about staying alive and going one more mile. As I pulled into Sturgis filled up, took my picture I checked my miles it appeared that I would be very close so instead of heading south to Alliance NE I stayed on I90 heading west to Buffalo WY then south to Douglas WY. It all went well except for bladder size,not many rest stops in that area but was able to make do. I got my picture of the worlds largest Jackalope. Then punched in Alliance NE the GPS said something like 7 hrs, decision

time could I go to Alliance or would it be so far I couldn't get to back to SLC on time.. I just took the long ride back to the rally headquarters. One of the longest rides I have been on since we left lots of time to get there so no hurry and the adrenalin had left and it was really dark that night. I made it in around 0300 rode 1200 miles on this day had to get up for check in then back to bed.

Summery I had so much fun on that ride. I rode the 10n10 it was just as much fun the frustrations is what it is all about for me, how will you handle adversity. Will I ever win one of these rallies no (unless they come out with an old farts class, then I might have a chance) but that really doesn't matter, it all about having fun. I realize that this is not for everyone neither is golf or fishing but unless you try it, you will never know. It is almost two and a half years since the RWYB III I still remember it like it was yesterday. I would like to thank Steve for his good nature and willingness to let anyone ride in the MERA events. He is always looking to catch another fish I know he has hooked this one. Congratulations to Brian Roberts and the Torters for there outstanding preformances. I hope they had as much fun as I did. I gotten to know a lot of good people and excellant long distance riders who have it all together. I'm very honored to be able to ride with these good riders. I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I did writing about my ride, not record setting but most of all it was just plain old fun.

Be safe and have fun:
Gary Deitrick aka Krazytator.