

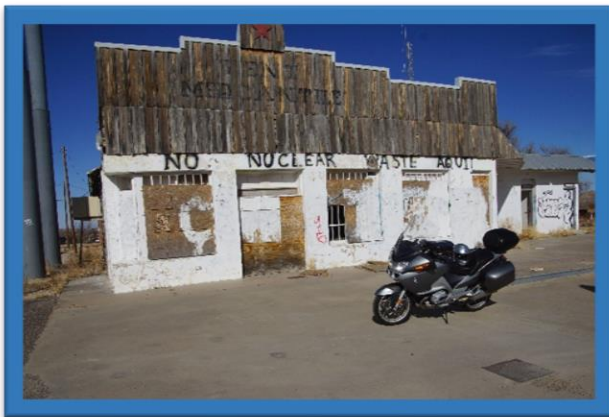
The Ride Goes On Forever

RIDES THROUGH 2020

As I write this it is mid-November, about a week from Thanksgiving. Last January, was there anyone who thought this year would be as crazy as it has been? I certainly did not. Also, given what we are not being told, even with an effective vaccine the coming year is also going to be a mess. I have heard many people say that 2020 has been the worst year ever. However, speaking only for myself, while 2020 has been a mess, it doesn't even make it into the personal top ten bad years. So, with that in mind, lets reviews some of the good times and rides.

January:

I started the year with a very nice ride out to Phoenix on the RT. When riding through this area I seldom pass up Big Bend, and didn't this time. Along the way I rode through the Sierra Madre Astrobleme. Many years ago, a large rock landed in West Texas. Thankfully this was before people. If not, we would likely have passed from the scene right there.



As always, the ride through the park was good but, I didn't linger long. I made it up Hwy 170, north though Marfa, Ft. Davis and eventually meeting up with I-10 at Kent where there are no nuclear wastes. Or so the sign says, but who really knows? This could be a clever disguise. Then it was up on the big road and heading west

to El Paso. Speed limits out in this are not much of a problem. However, be aware that when you get close to El Paso the speed limit drops and it can get expensive. After a nice evening in El Paso, with little problem, I found Hwy 9 heading west across New Mexico, just north of the border.



There is not a lot out here and trees are in short supply. So, in that absence, here is what they use.

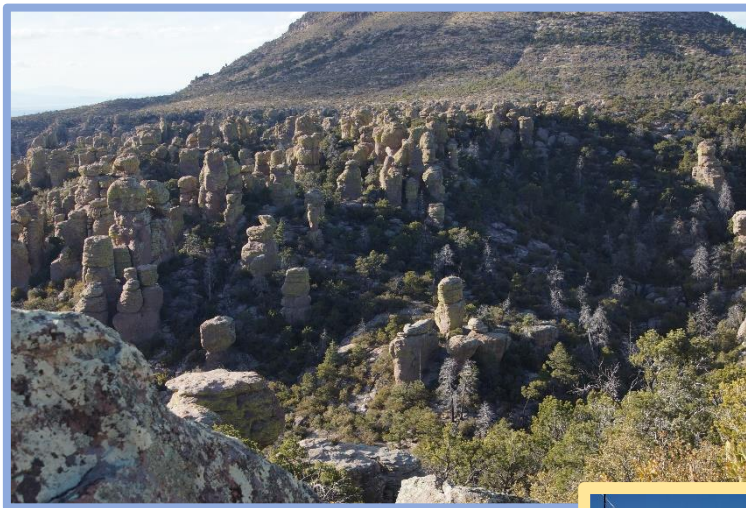
I also stopped and got a few photos of the border wall under construction along this route. Along about Hachita there was an interesting rest stop. Folks who live out in this country need a sense of humor.



I was heading for the Chiricahua National Monument which is located in SE Arizona. Mick and I had ridden through there several years ago and I wanted to give it another look. I had found some roads that looked like they would get me there. I rode

through Portal and then into Paradise. Thankfully I stopped at a visitor's center and the guy told me that the roads were still closed due to snow. I was surprised, this far south, I never expected that. Elevation makes all of the difference. So, with alternative directions in hand I made it about 40

miles down dirt roads, did a bit of interstate, again, did about 40 miles of dirt roads and presto, I was at the Chiricahua National Monument. The monument has some interesting rock formations as the photo shows.



With the monument seen, it was on down the road eventually stopping for the night in Tombstone. Winter is the off season, so a lot of it was closed down but I did get a nice meal and a decent place to stay which is always

welcome.

The next day I quickly rode through Tucson and then across the Tohono Reservation through Why and then Ajo.

As the photo indicates, this is a pretty desolate area, but it is still worth seeing and I enjoyed the ride.



From there I rode on up to Phoenix and met up with Jessica II for a nice meal and chat, I had not seen her for some time. She is a recent immigrant to the area and is liking it quite a bit.

And that pretty much took care of the January ride. There is not much to say about the ride back, I have done it several times. I picked up Hwy 60 and rode it to Vaughn NM, 54 to Santa Rosa and then I-40 to home. No problems but it did get a little cool and snowy in the high country around Springerville. There was nothing on the road and with the electrics it was not a problem.

February:

By the end of the month I was ready to hit the road again. This time I was heading out on the Honda. I wanted to see the Gulf Coast again.

With that in mind I pulled out heading down through SE Oklahoma and East Texas taking every backroad I could find. The weather was warm for February and got better the further south I rode. I was heading for Louisiana Hwy 82. I have ridden this highway many times and it is mostly always a pleasant ride.

It runs right along the coast with the Gulf, frequently, just a matter of feet away. Traffic is not heavy but you need to watch for feral hogs. Hitting one of those would not be fun.

I picked up the highway just out of Port Arthur and a short ferry ride got me on the highway. This time of the year is the off season and it was late in the day. From experience I knew heading east lodging and meals are not plentiful so I called it a day in Cameron.

The next day dawned clear and not cold with a stiff onshore breeze. I headed east enjoying the day and fresh air.

As the photos shows, there are all sorts of pullouts where you can commune with the ocean. Just be careful where you pull off and stop. Packed sand is not a problem, but get off on the soft stuff and you will not have fun. Heavy road

bikes



with street tires do not do well in soft sand.

I gassed up the bike and myself at Pecan Island. Shortly after the road swings north and as that



was the way I wanted to go, we went. I was not following a map, just heading north on any interesting looking backroad. As I was not on the GSA I did stick to paved roads. Along the way I ran across this company. Pretty much an unusual name for a company, as a guess, someone affiliated with the company has

some firsthand experience with cancer. I hope it turned out well for whomever it was.

And, you gotta love the name of this town. It is a little north of Alexandria on Hwy 167. During my travels I have seen quite a few towns with unusual names, Dark Tickle, Hairy Hill, Cut and Shoot, and a few others come to mind and now I will add this one to my list.

This was to be a fairly short ride as not so good weather was heading my way. Overall, I was heading north into Arkansas planning on picking up one of my favorite roads, Hwy 278. This is another of the many that make the Tail of the Dragon look pale, lots of curves, ups and downs, not a lot of traffic and little attention from Officer Friendly. So, do me a favor and don't tell all of your bike riding buddies about the road.

About the only downside to this road is that it runs through Hope, the home town of the ex-molester in chief (he should be in jail), Bill Clinton.

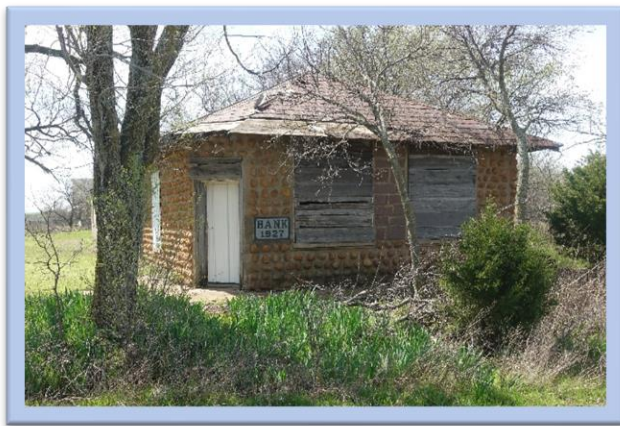
The ride so far was quite pleasant, but I could see the approaching front. It clouded over and the rains came. Not real heavy, just enough to make the roads slick, which turned out to be a good thing. After turning left at Umpire, the road winds around and up and down, a fun road. However, due to the weather I was not going very fast when I topped a rise and a buzzard bounced off of my windshield and helmet. Slow speed, light bird and flexible plastic resulted in no damage to me, but the bird did not fare well. It appeared to have a broken wing as it hopped off into the brush.

The rain never did get bad and eventually stopped before I hit the Talihina Drive. So, all in all the return ride was uneventful.



March:

I did a fair amount of riding in March, but I really did not go anywhere. Or, at least anywhere far. I rode up to the Tallgrass Prairie which is always a nice ride. In case you don't know, the Prairie is in Osage County and the land has never be plowed. They run a bunch of bison on it and you can ride (or drive if you must), but don't try to pet the bison, they are not tame. This is one of two places in Oklahoma where the bison run loose, the other is the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge down by Lawton.



Speaking of Lawton, I also headed down that way and got this photo of Cooperton. Cooperton is a little east of Roosevelt and is not doing all that well. But they did have new street signs, no idea how or why but they do. There are a lot of towns throughout Oklahoma and other states similar to Cooperton, Roosevelt and others. People tend to move to the county seats and the small towns just shut down.

April:

Now, we come to April, about the time that people started going crazy about the virus. I was wanting to ride down to Big Bend as it is really nice in the spring. However, it was not meant to be as the park was shut down. I did make it down to Marathon, Alpine and the general area, and from that aspect it was a fairly nice ride. Only fairly as the weather was not the best it could have been. I did catch this photo a little east of Alpine. This is Alpine's answer to the Prada store that is over west of Marfa. One thing I did notice. There were signs stuck up all over the place saying everyone was complying with CDC guidelines and there were so many variations it was pitiful. No one, not even the CDC knew or still knows what the CDC guidelines are.





So, more than a little disappointed I headed back to the house and for the rest of the month just rode around Oklahoma. Here is something I had never seen before. St. Louis is a little nothing of a town a bit east and south of Shawnee. Why they chose pyromaniac I do not know. I guess they thought it was funny.

I like this photo. I took it in Carnegie as I

stopped for fuel. This young lady had a ball, a car without tires on a cart and she was being pulled around by her daddy on a riding lawn mower (no blade assembly) and appeared to be all right with the world. Not at all concerned about any virus.

May:

Spring arrived and was doing well. Temps were mild and everything was greening up and growing. I was not really planning a long ride anytime soon but, still, I was wanting to go somewhere. The Flint Hills up in Kansas are the north end of the Tallgrass Prairie and are nice in the springtime. I had been to the Tallgrass earlier so I thought, why not do

the
Flint
Hills.



And, the hills did not disappoint. The weather was fine, sky clear, everything green and growing. I headed north east through Pawhuska, into Kansas on Hwy 99. When I hit Hwy 54, I turned right and called it good in Ft. Scott Ks. I checked into a motel and followed suggestions to a good restaurant, and it was good.



The restaurant was in an old general store and had display windows with an interesting display. I don't know if this is an actual Tequila container but I really liked it. I have never seen another.



At this time Kansas was not yet doing the masks but the motels had all done away with their version of the hot breakfast which overall is not a great loss. However, it did not cause them to lower their price. And the (becoming) normal confusion was present. You could pick up a breakfast burrito and a glass of water, but if you wanted coffee you had to get that from behind the front desk. When ask the difference between pouring your own water verses coffee all I could get was "company policy, following CDC guidelines".



I headed east and after an expensive stop in the Grizzly store in Springfield I hit some interesting roads and sights heading into Arkansas.

This was on the north side of the road a little northeast of Branson. You can't tell due to the brush, but the car is sitting on top of what appears to have been an old garage. No signs or anything else, just sitting there.

I headed SE into Arkansas to Mountain Home riding some of my favorite roads and eventually decided to call it a day in Russellville. While starting to check into a motel I saw something I had never seen before or since. At first, I thought it was just the one motel chain but was told it was statewide. As it was not all that far to Oklahoma I declined and hit the road stopping for the night in Roland Ok., where all I had to do was pay for the room. The next morning it was a short ride down I-40 back to the house.

Later in the month Kylie and I did a car trip out to San Diego and that was fun as I had not spent any time with her for quite some time. As much fun as the VW is, and it is fun, especially with the top down, it is not a bike so we will pass on that.

Clarion Inn & Suites- Russellville, AR
Arkansas Travel Ban Exception Form

04/07/20

This form should be completed, signed and dated as checked:
The Arkansas Department of Parks, Heritage and Tourism wishes to share important information for anyone considering travel to the state. The new future in an effort to further restrict the spread of COVID-19 in Arkansas, Governor Asa Hutchinson has mandated new measures for commercial lodgings, short-term rentals and other lodging operations. Stayaway in such facilities will be limited to the following with further notice: (If you do not fit the criteria below you cannot stay in Arkansas.)

Please check your exception status below:

Arkansas Resident Healthcare professional Fire responder Law enforcement
 State or federal employee or official business National Guard members of active duty Airline crew member
 Patients of hospitals and long-term care facilities Journalist
 Persons unable to return to their home due to COVID-19 travel restrictions
 Persons in need of shelter due to domestic violence or homelessness
 Employees of hotels, motels, or other service providers/contractors of a hotel/motel
 Persons away from their home due to work or recreational travel
 Arkansas citizens unable to return home due to exigent circumstances such as fire, flood, tornado or other disasters
 Truck Driver - Delivery to _____ Work Order Yes / No
 Company Name _____ Company Phone # _____

Runners Down on Highway _____ Driving This to the next State (Minimum 1 Night Stay in Arkansas via check-out)
 Garage Company _____ Phone # _____ (Minimum 1 Trip if Stay or visit vehicle per Trip)

Permanent Resident - Check-in Date _____ Company Name _____
 Address # _____ Phone # _____
 Construction / Job Site - Address of Site _____ Phone # _____
 Work Order Yes / No # of Days on Site _____ # of Rooms Rented _____

Registration Name: _____ Room # _____
 Driver's License # _____ Expiration Date _____ Phone # _____
 Car Make _____ Car Model _____ License # _____

of Adults in Room _____ # of Children in Room _____ Date: Yes / No Yes / Other Kind _____

I have read the above questions thoroughly and I understand the above questions and have answered them truthfully. I agree to the statement of my own free will and have not been coerced by any party or person for any reason or otherwise of any kind. I am aware that the motorist/participant will be able to use this form any time from 6:00 to 10:00 hours on Orders from the Governor of Arkansas. Any falsification or omission of any true information made on this report or use will be used as a result of not being truthful and will be treated as a violation of the law in Arkansas, Russellville, AR, and pay fine of \$100 to \$1,000 or imprisonment. The state and inventor of Clarion Inn & Suites- Russellville, AR will not be held responsible on what answers have been placed on this form.

I HAVE UNDERSTOOD THE INFORMATION I HAVE PROVIDED WILL BE VERIFIED BY OUR LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENTS AND AN EXTENSIVE BACKGROUND INVESTIGATION WILL BE DONE.

Signature _____ Date _____

June:

June was a long and nice ride. Sometime back Bobbe sent me a newspaper story about some roads in the area of the Ancient Bristlecone Pine National Monument. I knew of this and I had been in the vicinity of it several times. Why I had not visited it I really have no idea. Sort of like why I missed Devil's Tower all those years. Who knows? Well, anyway it sounded interesting and it needed visiting. I also figured I would throw in the North Rim of the Grand Canyon (the parks were declared to be open) and anything else I could discover.

I started off with a ride out to Farmington to visit Mick and Kathy, stay overnight and pick up a plug-in air pump I had found at the Farmington Harley shop. I was on the GSA and when you hit dirt roads it is usually a good idea to lower the tire pressure and I wanted to be able to pump them back up.

After a pleasant but short visit I headed west. The ride to Page is always pleasant, I have done it many times. This sign was at the Page gas stop, just in case you are interested. Myself, the US Army let me shoot all the guns, machine or other, I wanted so I will pass.



I turned west at

Lee's Ferry, heading for Jacob's Lake, but first I made a short stop at the Vermillion Cliffs National Monument.

At Jacob's Lake Hwy 67 runs south to the north rim of the Grand Canyon. It is a very nice scenic road, but, be

aware it is closed through most of the winter. Approaching the canyon from the north side is very different from the south side, it is a totally different world.

The Canyon view is, as always, something else. I parked and walked around a bit snapping a bunch of photos. There is a lodge on this side also, and it is quite a bit newer than the one on the south. The lodge has a large patio right on the edge of the canyon and it has a very large fire place. It would be very cool to visit this place when there is a full moon, sit on the patio on the edge of the canyon, sipping a toddy in front of a roaring fire. Make your reservations ahead of time.



If you look closely at the photo, those mountains in the background are on the south side of the canyon.

As there is only one road in and out, I had to backtrack to Jacob's Lake and then headed west. I rode through Colorado City and then on to St. George where I called it good for the day.

I hit the road early the next morning. I was riding through Las Vegas and NE out of there through Beatty. June is not the best time to ride a bike through this area and I did not want to do it in the heat of the day. Thankfully, no one is all that interested in your speed so I made good time. A bit north of Beatty I turned west on Hwy 266 towards Lidia and eventually the Bristlecone Monument. Hwy 266 is a very nice scenic ride but not one you are going to make any time on. At Oasis Ca. I picked up Hwy 168, also a nice road, and after a bit came to the turn off to the Monument.



The first 12 or so miles are paved but the road is narrow and very twisty and the views are spectacular. There are signs limiting the size of the trailer you can tow up this road and I would advise not towing a trailer at all.

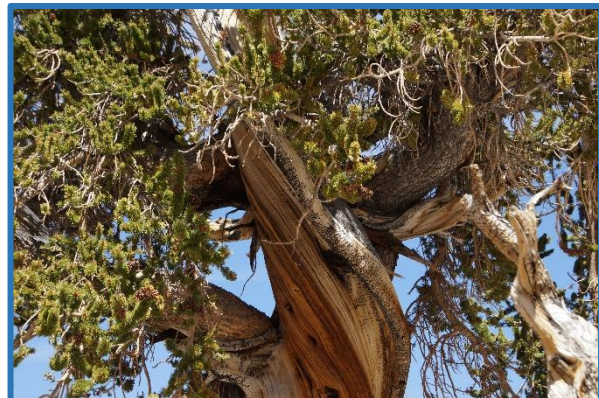
After 12-13 miles you come to the visitor's center with the usual trails leading through the trees. At this time the center was closed. From there an unpaved road (18 miles?) leads to what is called the Patriarch Grove. While the road was not difficult, it

was slow, lots of ups and downs, steep in places, twists, turns, the whole bit. I did a lot of it standing up. If it is dry, this could easily be done in a normal car but go slow and expect to be bounced around.

It was a slow and interesting ride. Eventually I arrived at the parking area and gave things a look over. First off, the elevation is over 11,000' with snow still around. The soil is mostly rock and there were Bristlecone Pines all over.



The Bristlecone Pines don't look much like a normal pine tree. They grow very slowly and many are very old. Some supposedly over 5,000 years old. That is older than the Sequoia's but they are not nearly as



large. They live in a very harsh climate with very poor soil. Many of them had bark only on the downwind side, yet, they are still alive.

They are impressive, to say the least. I looked around a bit and then it was time to head down the mountain. The ride back was just no faster than the ride up, but just as much fun. The views go on forever.

That is my road heading across the slope and up the peak.



I was impressed by this place and have no idea as to how it had slipped by me. However, I am glad I finally got there. Eventually I got to the bottom and headed west towards Big Pine and I ran through something interesting. Hwy 168 is a secondary highway and while fun to ride it is not all that wide but at one point, for about 100 yards, it narrowed down to a one lane one vehicle at a time road. Here I am guessing, but it appeared to me that the rock at this point was some type of

schist and was so hard the DOT decided not to fully widen it. There was no creek or river so it had to be something else. If so, that is some hard rock.

At Big Pine I turned right on Hwy 395 and at Bishop I picked up Hwy 6 and as you can see from the sign, it pretty much runs across the country, and I have ridden a goodly part of it.



It had been a long and eventful day, but I still had some miles to make. As California was and still is crazy, I did not want to stay in Bishop. The next port on the road was Tonopah and that is where I headed and stopped for the night.

Out in this part of the country it is easy to make the miles. From Tonopah to Ely it is 170 or so miles and there are no stops for anything. Past Ely to Delta there is not much more. However, one thing I did want to see was a place where I could dig some Trilobites. Just a bit west and north of Delta, down about 20 miles of dirt road is a Trilobite quarry where you can dig yourself some 500-million-year-old bugs. Well, not the bugs themselves but the for sure neat fossils.



If you don't want to dig them yourself, they will be happy to sell you some they have dug.

Fossils secured; it was back down the dirt road to highway 6 towards Delta. After a bit, I discovered that the shoe tree Bobbe and I had seen in 2012 and Mick and I at a later date had finally fallen, all that was left was one limb.

Then, it was onto Salt Lake City and a good dinner at the Blue Iguana. I had a strong tailwind and even though I was running past 80 just to keep up with the traffic, I still got 45 mpg. The dinner at the Blue Iguana was as good as normal as was the Bohemia.

The next morning it was basically heading home and on roads I have ridden before. About the only thing notable was while changing riding gear I left my phone on the luggage rack when I rode off. Thankfully, an honest person found it before it was run over, called Mick, got my address and sent it to me. Other than that, it was just make the miles back to the house.

July:

July was no a bike ride so I will just mention it in passing. Bobbe and I took the VW and drove through Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Yellowstone, into Montana then back to Denver. Those are the Tetons in the background. Great view.

If you have to go by quadracycle there are for sure worse vehicles that the VW. It is a fun little car, well powered and if you



keep your foot out of it, gets real good mileage.

One our more interesting stops was the Tate Geological Museum in Casper, here is the address.

<https://www.caspercollege.edu/tate-geological-museum/> Not only is it a very interesting museum, we might possibly be related to the man who founded it. That Tate migrated to Wyoming from Perry Oklahoma. Perry is just south of Blackwell where our branch of the family first came to Oklahoma.

August:

The car trip down the Beartooth Highway got me wanting to do it on a bike, so that is what I did in August. But, for no other reason than I wanted to, I decided I would also go to Williston ND and see if the oil patch was as bad there as in Oklahoma. Spoiler alert, it is.

Since its last outing the RT had received a new front tire and a complete driveshaft complete with



u-joints so it was ready to go. I headed north on Hwy 81 with a few detours. This was in Pond Creek Okla., the well-known birthplace of Don Norris. On the south side of Wichita, I discovered there are enough people in this area that play polo that they support a sizable polo field area. Who knew?

On north I went until I decided to call it a day in York Nebraska.

The next day I was heading to Vermillion SD which supposedly has a nice museum. At a pullout overlooking the Missouri I chatted with a couple on rented Harleys. They were from Spain and had been on the road almost a month. They were in the process of covering as much of the country as they could and were heading to Sioux City to get the bikes serviced.



It seems the museum in Vermillion was closed for renovations so that was a bust. I did ride through De Smett and visited the Laura Ingles Wilder homestead. From there, it was on to Mitchell where they have the Corn Palace and then on north. I think I got this photo in Doland, if not, somewhere close.

As I have noted many times, there are places in this country where they have miles and miles of miles, and South Dakota is one of those places. I eventually called it a day in Aberdeen and checked into a motel I

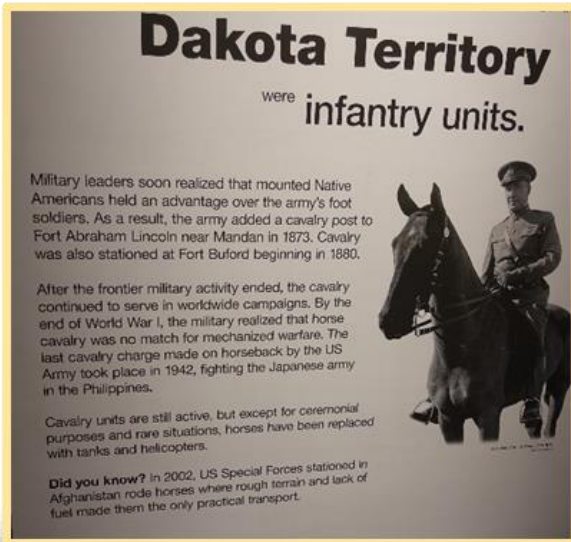
had stayed at in 2018 and went next door for a fairly decent meal.

Next day, it was on to Bismarck and the state museum. It was easy to find and very much worth the time. Apparently, it is also quite popular for wedding photos as there was one group when I was going in and one when I was coming out.

The museum covered all parts of N. Dakotas history with lots of displays. This one I liked. The last calvary charge was in 1942. Who would have though?

Sort of like the Charge of the Light Brigade, a lost cause, but, if you know you are going, go down swinging.

That done, it was on down the big road with a



stop at Dickinson for the Dickinson Museum Center. This was a small but really nice museum and they had some very good displays, for sure worth the stop.

From Dickinson I headed north to Killdeer and when west towards Grassy Butte.

Along this road I ran into a bunch of road construction and in the process got tar on the bike. I think it will live. It was a nice ride into Williston, across the prairie. As I

pulled into Williston, I realized it looked quite a

bit like many places where the oil patch has died. Lots of closed businesses, equipment yards with weeds, sort of sad. Glad I got into the environmental business when I did.

With lot of miles to cover I pulled out fairly early the next morning. The weather was clear and

warm with a bit of wind, the road good and the bike wanting to run. As a plus, no one but me was interested in how fast I was running. About the only problem on this leg of the ride was the low flying killer bugs.



These are my boots at the end of the day. Strangely, most of the bugs were on the lower part of the fairing, not that many on the windshield. Maybe they were so full they could not fly high. I think we can safely say I took out my part.

I rode through Joliet, the home of Engle's Coach Shop and ran across something Bobbe and I did not see when we came through here in July.

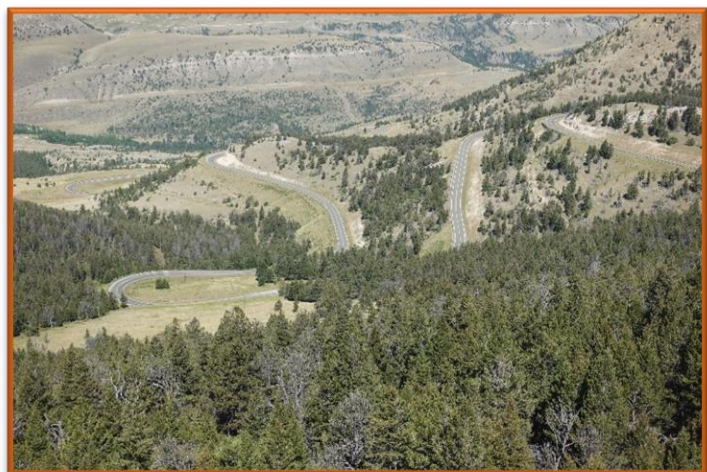
I have always maintained that I see more when I am riding on the bike. And, Bobbe and I both agree, we did not see this when we came through in the car. A few miles down the road I called it good in Red Lodge, had a nice meal at the Pollard Hotel and settled in for the night.



The next morning, after a nice breakfast at Prindy's Place I headed towards the Beartooth Highway, one of my favorite rides, and it did not disappoint. Over the years and miles there are several roads or sections of roads that I have come to call my



favorites. There are not that many, but this is one of them. Mick and I first rode this back in 1970 and I have ridden it several time since, and once in a car. It is just spectacular and thankfully, far from anything so it doesn't usually get that much traffic. At the south end of the Beartooth I turned left, heading over the Chief Joseph Highway, another of my favorites, and as with the Beartooth, it did not disappoint. There was a little road repair action, but not enough to spoil the ride.



Although I did not know it at this time, I was heading for Baggs. In an earlier Facebook post Barb and Paul had mentioned riding some roads in the southern part of Wyoming and I wanted to give it a shot. Baggs is the west end of that road and that is where I stopped for the night.



Baggs is also suffering from the oil patch blues. Rooms were plentiful, the food, not terrible. I have stayed in better I have also stayed in worse.

The next morning, I headed east on Hwy 70 and it has everything to make it a pleasant ride. There were mines all over this area. In Encampment a historical sign says that there was a 16-mile-long aerial tramway to bring the ore from the mine to the smelter. That is a long way today, it would have been really something then. A little north of Riverside I picked up Hwy 130 and headed east to Centennial and eventually Laramie. This portion of the road has an unusual concentration of Aspens and it dawned on me that it would be something else when they turned. I put that in the back of my mind.



As the photo shows, the views on this section are something else. This is a large exposure of dolomite and was the source area for a very large glacier which flowed to the SE during the last ice age.

After a very nice ride I picked up the big road in Laramie and then pretty much headed for home. I cut across Wyoming, some in Nebraska, then into Colorado, Kansas and eventually back to the house.

September:

While I was riding Hwys 70 and 130 through Wyoming I noticed an area where there was an unusual concentration of Aspens. I thought that when the trees turn it would be something to see. Checking on the web I found this area is called Aspen Alley and I found a number for a ranger station in the area. Catching the trees at the peak of color is difficult at best, but when you do it is memorable. With that in mind and after several calls to the rangers, I loaded up the Honda and finally took off to see the trees.

The first day's ride was pleasant, riding the backroads across Oklahoma and Kansas. The weather was changing, it was very windy but otherwise, ok. I ran across this a little north of Oberlin Ks. About this time, it was getting late and I called it good in McCook. After checking in to a motel I rode over to the Taste of Texas BBQ, yeah, not so much. Real dry, no flavor, sort of like what they call BBQ in Colorado. Oh well.



The morning was cool but not cold, but the wind was still blowing and was to keep it up all day. I headed NE on Hwy 6, the same one I rode last June in California, Utah and Nevada. I fueled up in Sterling and at Stoneham turned north across the Pawnee National Grassland and at Kimball turned left towards Cheyenne.

I hit the big road from Kimball to Laramie and then got on to the interesting roads, but not as interesting as I would have liked. It seems that I was a few days late for the trees. Curvy mountain roads are a ball on the Honda, and this one had the curves, but, as for color, Aspen Alley was a bust. As I mentioned earlier, regarding Aspen color, timing is everything. So, I just enjoyed the ride. At Baggs I headed south and called it a day in Craig.

A few years ago, Bobbe and I did a car up and over Grand Mesa and now, I was going to do it on a bike. From Craig I headed south through Meeker to Rifle, took the big road to De Beque and headed south on Hwy 65. The views were great from a car and better from the bike, and, low and behold, color in the trees. The road up is a lot of fun and when you top the mesa it is still a fun ride. At Delta I headed south for



Montrose, and all the passes towards Durango.

As the photos show, the aspens were showing off and the weather was near perfect. I had left the wind up in Wyoming and there was not a cloud in the sky.

I followed Hwy 550 all the way down to Farmington and said hi to Mick and Kathy and called it a day.





The visit was just an overnight stop so not so bright and early the next morning I headed east of Hwy 64. Highway 64 through this part of New Mexico is a great road for a bike. I have ridden it many times in all seasons and it is always fun. One of the best parts is east of Tierra Amarilla where the road climbs up a very large ridge and at the top you get a great view to the west. I pretty much always stop for the view and this year the colors enhanced the view.

Past Taos the road narrows and carries more traffic but it opens up at Angel Fire. Speaking of fires, the smoke was really bad from Angel Fire and past Eagles Nest. At Cimarron I picked up Hwy 58 and eventually 412 to Clayton and then it was just making the miles back to OKC.

October:

What started out to be a nice October ride didn't turn out all that well. I have covered that in emails. It is just one of those things, like hitting the elk and other mishaps. I am pretty much over the results and am aiming for an end of the year ride to somewhere.

With the exception of the error over in Missouri it has been a good year for riding and I am looking forward to the coming years rides.



The Ride Goes On Forever