

The Hot Bun Burner Gold

By Brett and Barney glide

It started out as a plan to ride home from the Harley-Davidson Dealer show in Las Vegas. I had to be home for a week end of racing at Brainerd International Raceway. The group I rode out there with, my wife/general manager, parts, service and clothing managers were going to take a couple of days to get home, I on the other hand had to be home in a maximum of 36 hours so I was going to try to make it in 24.

I emailed and corresponded with a couple of riders from the Las Vegas area to be my start witnesses. I had planned on leaving about 6-7 am on Thursday the 17th of July. They both recommended that I leave earlier to avoid the heat when the sun comes up. So the plan moved up to 5:00am. John Emmons and Fred Droegemueller were very kind to come over to the strip in Vegas to sign me out. Running late as usual I showed up at 5:00 when I wanted to be there by 4:30 so I would have time to BS a little. Not having been awake long enough to realize, I rolled up to the pump and started fueling right away. In hind site I realize that I wanted to talk with my witnesses a little more before I left, but I had a good receipt and we exchanged our good luck and thanks.

Now it is 5:07 and I am on the road and it is already 86 deg. (dry heat my butt). It only gets warmer the whole first day. North out of town on US 15 to my first fuel stop in Cedar city UT. Now I didn't sleep very well and it is really warm and the Barney Glide is generating some heat also. Barney is my 1999 H-D Road Glide that is painted Buell frame color Nuclear Blue which when applied on to big surfaces looks more purple than blue, Hence the name. 1 hour into the ride I get the nods, Oh great I say to myself I am never going to make it if this is how I feel right away. I think to myself, Jodi and the rest left at 3:30 this morning I could just catch up with them and enjoy an easy ride and try to get some sleep tonight. NAH I've got to go racing tomorrow I need to get back.

First stop Cedar City UT, no pay at the pump <grumble..grumble> Oh well I need some water and something to eat any way. Two receipts, its 8:40 and I have 177 miles logged receipts marked and stowed then I am on my way. Stopped time totaled 10min. damn too long, need to work on that next time. Some food and hydration and I feel much better. It is now approaching 9:00am mountain time and the sun is up and blazing. The hopes of driving up to cooler temperatures and mountain air are futile. The heat begins to climb with no chance of cooling down till the sun goes down. Catch US 70 east through the fish lake National Forest beautiful country rising in altitude and temperature.

Next stop Salina UT at 10:15 mountain time. GPS is now showing 304 miles and averaging 70mph, good that is what I like to see. Getting better at stops and also learning how to text message my wife while riding. Sometimes technology is very helpful. I can keep her posted without having to sacrifice riding time. In a perfect example of two completely different types of riding, I passed Jodi and our managers somewhere before lunchtime and they stopped for the night west of Denver where I was through there before dinner time.

From Salina I continue east on US 70 towards Colorado. Across the eastern canyon lands of Utah I keep hoping for cooler temps but I am not getting any luck. It seems the heat is everywhere. There is some beautiful country out there. Even the

freeways offer some spectacular views. I am really glad for my timing on this ride and being able to ride the pretty part of the country during the daytime.

The next stop for fuel is in Thompson UT it is 12:15 Mountain Time and I have 435 miles on the GPS put in 3.7 gallons and head off with a fresh bottle of water. As I am leaving Utah and getting into Colorado with the Altitude climbing I keep expecting the temperatures to drop. Are you starting to sense a pattern? As I roll into Colorado I see some clouds over the mountains and think to my self a cool rain might feel good about now. The clouds are hanging on the other side of the mountains as I get higher in altitude and temperature. I was so looking forward to getting up into the mountains where the air is cooler, ya right!

A couple hours later and it is still hot as I roll into my next fuel stop in Eagle Colorado it's now 3:00 with 627 miles logged. I am 9 hours into this ride and I think the temperature is still the same as it was in Las Vegas at 5 am...HOT! While stopped in Eagle I grabbed a sandwich and some snacks for on the road and some fresh Gatorade and water and on my way. I should not need to stop in Denver either which should help with making time. I should also be through there before rush hour which will really help. As I get closer it starts to rain and I am getting to one of the highest points of my trip as far as altitude goes any way. I stop and put on my jacket thinking it will get colder with no sun in the canyons and rain. As I get further into the canyons I realize I am not going to escape the heat until after nightfall. There was just enough rain to get the roads wet but not enough to cool off anything. I did have to stop and take off my Jacket because it didn't cool off enough to need it. Thinking I have delayed my self enough I may end up in rush hour but I do end up getting through Denver before the traffic gets too heavy. And out of town a ways before I need to stop again.

Fort Morgan for this fuel stop with 824 miles on the GPS and it is now 6:00 Mountain Time. The sun is slowly setting behind me now and I continue to hope for cooler temperatures. Even the high plains of Easter Colorado are hot today. The scenery is becoming more bland and flat as I approach Nebraska, big surprise. The sun is not baking on my face any more and the temps are now tolerable. This section and the next few hundred miles will be less scenic and hopefully not too exciting with critters and nightfall. Traffic is falling off a bit and the trucks are thinning out a little also.

This stop is in North Platte NE. It is now 9:30 Central time with 1010 miles on the GPS and the sun is going down and nothing but prairie and miles between here and home. When I get ready to leave North Platte I throw on my jacket thinking it is going to cool off now since the sun has set. Well as you can tell by the title of this report it just does not cool off at all! 5 miles down the road and I am peeling off my jacket and leaving it hang behind me on my back rest. Most of the way across Nebraska I left my jacket hang there so I would have to stop and thinking that I am going to need it. Thinking it has got to cool off sometime in the wee hours of the morning I had better not put it away and waste time having to stop again later.

In York, NE I stop for fuel again it is now midnight and I am showing 1186 miles on the GPS and it is just after midnight central time. I finally come to the conclusion that it is not going to cool off anytime soon so I might just as well put my jacket away. Now I don't really like riding without any gear on especially at night but it has been so freakin hot this whole trip I didn't want to be too warm as it makes me even sleepier. So in York I get fueled up and the receipt does not have the address on it but it does have the city. I

had the attendant write in the address anyway just to be safe. In eastern headed for Omaha and the timing is good another good sized city without having to worry about traffic. It is an easy ride through Omaha/ Council Bluffs Iowa.

A short ride into Iowa for my next stop in Avoca Iowa at 1:10 am CDT with 1329 miles on the GPS and I grabbed some snacks and a power bar (yuck those things taste nasty but they do work) before I headed back out on the road. I am still feeling ok at this point other than clammy from being hot all day. I continue to plug on to Des Moines before I make the turn north.

I get to Des Moines and find a gas station as I am starting to finally get chilled after being sweaty all day. I get my receipt in Des Moines at 3:30 Central time and 1421 miles. I wanted a receipt here because it constituted a turn that in documentation verification there could be a shorter way. I continued to Des Moines before heading north because I knew I would be able to find a good receipt between Iowa and Minneapolis if I didn't have time to make it all the way back to St. Cloud which turned out to be a good idea. I did finally have to wear my jacket when leaving Des Moines but it was still an in-between temperature and I was clammy warm/cold tired and getting sleepy. I did get lucky and being wee hours of the morning I didn't have any traffic here either.

In southern Minnesota and Northern Iowa it goes through some lowlands and river valley's so it can be chilly and sometimes foggy. I end up having both but am still borderline uncomfortably warm. As I get to Albert Lea I note that I have gone 1571 miles and stop for an ending receipt it is 5:40 CDT. Whew the pressure is off and I can relax for a minuet now that the pressure is off I can continue home. Now I start thinking about how to get an ending witness. I had planned on being closer to home so I could have fellow IBA rider Allen W. and Paul (Hootis) N. sign for me. Since I have until 7:07 officially to finish I rode on towards home and if I happen to get another good receipt before 7 I will but if not I have what I need.

As I get in to the outlying suburbs of the Twin Cities metro area I realize that I am going to be getting into some heavy traffic. So when I get to Lakeville I see a good gas station and pull in to get my final receipt. It is now 6:45 CDT and I have 1645 miles on the GPS. I am done with the ride for sure now. I get my receipt document my stuff on it and ask the attendant if he could witness for me and explain my ride. "I cannot leave my station and I have all this work to do" he says. I explain that it will only take a second but he is really not interested. So I call a friend in the Lakeville area he is an insurance agent here he should be around. No answer so I left him a smart assed message, called Allen and he said to meet him in Monticello and we can finish the papers there. Cool as long as it won't jeopardize my documentation. With his assurance I headed toward home and stopped for breakfast with him in Monticello. We had a good breakfast and shared some stories and signed the papers. Now on to the shop and get my final signature from Paul. I then headed for home got cleaned up and grabbed my shaving kit out of the bike and off to the motor coach I go its time to go racing!

I already had most of the race gear and bike packed and I just had to pull out of the pole barn and head for Brainerd. I get there early and set up so I can sleep. I get decent nights sleep and on Saturday I get up get some practice in and the bike is ready to rock. Then 4 laps into the trophy dash it makes a funky BANG noise in but continues to run although not very well. I thought it blew apart the exhaust pipe. But after pulling off

the track and inspecting it I found nothing wrong externally. I then thought maybe I had an intermittent electrical problem causing a back fire. Thought I had it fixed until I ran practice on Sunday Morning when it just wouldn't get out of its own way. Upon further inspection I found an oil leak at the rocker cover which led me to pull said cover off, to find a broken rocker arm thus ending my racing weekend and destroyed a very expensive head on my race bike. Jodi (my wife) said, "Do you think god is trying to tell you that you are doing too much." "Naw" I replied, "Just that I shouldn't have cut corners and bought the cheaper rocker arms."

The pinnacle of these few days, I finished one of the more challenging rides that the IBA certifies and I got to go home and sleep on Sunday!

Peace and Good riding

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