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WESTERN AVE.



Thru life on 2 wheels

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## **My life on 2 wheels**

So many roads - So little time

### **Foreword**

I have had this on my mind for a while, and have written a couple of intro's, yes even some half chapters, but after my latest journey it felt a bit more viable than before. I have thru the years collected a lot of material, and of course, when the camera has been a faithful companion,

I also have a lot of photos. My writing has previously resulted in some 30 articles published in motorcycle magazines, mainly in Sweden but also spread out in Europe and the U.SA. but now is the time to take things to the next level, a book. Initially, i thought about how to share my experiences, in the form of stories from my US trips, where I had gone primarily for the Brotherhood I belong to, has its international meetings every second year. But, as time passed, so the topics have been expanded and now covers everything from the time when it all began in 1965 until the summer of 2015, that is about 50 of those years that I had contact with the two-wheel motor vehicles, but also such in its vicinity, witch can be connected with this. Examples of what will be affected, for example, Why motorcycle people waving at each other, trip planning, clothing, meetings, what a daily magazine and a plastic bag has to be connected to life on the motorcycle, friendship, war veterans, ride'n'eat, maybe not in that order, but you get a hint of it will concern extremes of what has been a thread running through life, namely biker life - life where anything can happen. A little tip. If you have a map or atlas provided it is easier to follow where I am or where I going to. <https://www.google.se/maps/>

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## 1. First memories

8 years I was when I first got close contact with motorcycles. Must admit that from a very young age I was fascinated by this vehicle, each time I travelled along the roads, either by foot, on pedal bike, by car or by bus, and there was a moped or motorcycle, then I followed it with my eyes until I could not see it anymore.



**Image 1** – The man that opened my eyes for motorcycles, Inge Pettersson

I saw the riders hair, scarf or clothes fluttering in the wind, and this was probably what gave me a premonition of what is called freedom. Then, in the early and mid-60s, especially when I was born and grew up in the countryside, outside Helsingborg, in Sweden's southernmost province, Scania, as was the occupational group called police, a phenomenon that did not belong to the most common and every time I saw them, then I knew that it was important to behave and do as I have learned, and to reach out my

arm when I should make a turn, and looking back over my shoulder,

such a small detail, which followed me through the years . I was learned early, "Watch out, and take care" said the adults every time I left.

Where I grew up, I was surrounded by dirt roads, and you had to drive several miles before coming to any paved road, consisting of either oil gravel or asphalt. Our neighbor Inge Pettersson ran often his errands to the village or town with its small Bedford truck, but sometimes he took out his red Husqvarna 118cc and left in the flannel shirt and dungarees, bareheaded, and only when he probably would someone long distance, then he took the leather hood and goggles. I was equally impressed every time I heard him start up the bike and always ran away to our access road, to get as good a view as possible. Often I was down at his place to help as best I could with simple tasks in his greenhouse cultivation, it could be anything from folding cardboard boxes for cucumbers to carry the heavy 12lb. box of tomatoes, or to fight with the huge chrysanthemum bundles. Or so I just stood in the greenhouse and watched as he drove with the rotary-cultivator. One day after work Inge said, "Today you will get a reward." And so he went into the shed, where his Bedford, tractor and motorcycle had its place. He came out on the bike, and said as he passed: "Come out to the field behind the barn." It did not take many steps before I stood there. The field was just harvested, and it may be just what is called stubble field, when only the lower couple of inches was left of it, that a few days earlier was a corn field. Inge started the bike, explained what each gadget was for and how it worked, I listened very carefully, and finally he said, "Now run a few rounds in the field here behind the barn, so your mother and father don't see what we are doing away from their kitchen window." I had just turned 8 years, and it was my first contact with this

vehicle, which was the beginning of what would become a life on two-wheels. As you can understand, I spend many hours in the neighbor's greenhouse, and as a reward I could use the bike, first only on the field but then also on gravel roads in the surrounding area. This bike is probably the one ridden more miles on the fields of Scania, than any other. My parents saw between the fingers on these innocent adventure, coz they let me be, there was no major crimes committed.



**Image 2** – "Json" let me testride his bike, similar to the one i began with.

Yes, they were well aware of what was going on there behind the barn. The next step was about my grandfather Per, who was a florist, and had a blue Monarch 50cc with carriers both front and back, it was equipped so that he could run the bouquets for customers. I do not know how many miles, I spent on the rear rack, witch I had to travel on to deliver the flowers, to get

the tip obtained, grandpa had never received any money, but as that little kid, I was considered well be worthy this compensation.

So, I learned early to earn the money, and also understand the value of money. Grandpa taught me a trick. If you do not got a penny for the trouble you would quiet bend down and pick up the hall carpet, which usually was behind all the doors, and then home owners wondering what you did, then you would answer, "I'm just looking for the tip!" And after this somewhat bold approach was rarely allowed to leave empty-handed. Must, however, admit that in most cases did it without using my "grandfather special", I always used to get some kind of money. Maybe it was the year after that grandpa would trade up himself and get a new scooter, and when the deal was completed, then it happened you could not even dream of. Grandpa came home one day to us and gave the old Monarch to me, and said it is obvious that the kid must have the old scooter coz he is so happy about it. There can not be that many 10-year olds that got that oppertunity. As you know, one should of course be 15 years to drive this type of vehicle, and the rules applied also when I was little, but like I said, I grew up in the countryside, and the risks were negligible for this prank was revealed. This scooter last probably some years because of the harsh treatment it receives. And eventually this was replaced by several other second-hand moped. My parents gave me a promise, which was that if I did not start smoking until my 15th birthday, I'd get a moped from them, a new moped. This about smoking I held, even if I at age 12 started to use snuff, and when the birthday occurred so I can choose any scooter of the supply that was with "Edman cycle and engine", in town. The reason was probably so simple that father and Mr Edman were good friends, but I didn't care, since they could offer the dream moped, namely a Mustang Super TT equipped with



Zündapp engine, the best engine that was available



**Image 3** – My first own moped, a Mustang Super TT.

The engine came of course in Germany in a 100cc version, and was built with German quality and could stand to be tuned, something that gave early on, however, to begin with dubious results. Instead of grind a jack in the piston so more fuel could enter the cylinder, so I saw the piston straight off so much that when the piston was in the top position, it was completely

open for both intake and exhaust at the same time and it was not even possible to start, one have certainly improved since then.

However, many pistons later, I had found the right path in the tuning jungle, and you guessed it, I was a loyal customer to the moped dealer who not only provided me with pistons, Oh no, also bought a 70cc cylinder, the biggest one could use without to be revealed. There were even 90cc and 100cc, but they had significantly larger cooling fins, and it revealed exactly what you have been doing in the garage or workshop. I was not satisfied with this, I also equipped the engine with larger and more generous carburetor with adjustable nozzle, the head was adjusted, the air filter was removed and I always used the best petrol, with a maximum octane rating. Last but not least, always 4% oil mixture instead of 2.5-3% recommended, for the simple reason that they wanted to have good lubrication of the precious elements, I could not afford to blow the engine", and therefore had to afford that the moped spewed out some extra blue smoke than would have otherwise been the case. Must interpose a detail, the cylinder-head was an adventure in itself. When you do not have access to advanced tools or machines, so people learned that it completely flat concrete floor in the basement of the home of Axa, a good and inventive friend, very well could work for this engine adjustment. Said and done. One friday evening we gathered there, with a little extra head-gaskets and a can of Permatex sealing paste. Then you took off the cylinder-head, knelt on the smooth floor, and rubbed cylinder-head to the floor back and forth, back and forth, with great care until the desired result occurred. And at the morning hours of saturday could fit the parts together again, had an incredibly sharp Zündapp engine. The only detail was that housekeeper in the area could never understand why some parts of the basement floor sparkled metallic in the glow of fluorescent lights where we leveled our mopeds cylinder-heads.

These years, from 15 onwards, was a fun, instructive, but tough time.

When I turned 15, I moved away from home, a tool shed (trailer) I bought from the local construction company. It was at 25ft x 15ft, consisting of two rooms and a kitchen. It got I piece of land that belonged to my parents. I finished school and started working, and for various reasons began a time of much work, much money, many friends and a far too heavy alcohol intake, and with these so called friends and with work colleagues that you looked up to, which was more than 10 years older than me. It was clear that I should behave like those adult role models. But time in the trailer, which lasted eight years, was a very educational time, I had to learn to take care of myself, house and home would be in order, food to survive, the garden I created should be handled, and last but not least , the garage, which was next door, equipped so people could repair and take care of the vehicles. The friends who came, were traveling in different vehicles, mopeds were the most common at first, but when we got older, the bikes took over. Of course, there were cars in the picture, witch also was equipped with the engine, and the fuel was even in the case of petrol, the corner-stone of growing up. I left the life in the trailere when I reached the age of 23 years and in that time I made a choice that changed my life totally. I had two options, either to continue living the life that I have done so far, or to completely stop with alcohol. I chose the second option, and it is most likely that why I sit here and write, sober.

## 2. The bikes.

Time passed and the engine interest consisted. After moped-age took the motorcycle first place in the garage, a Triumph Tiger T100 , a 500cc, 1969 model, with a 10 "-extended front forks, as close to Peter Fonda's bike I could come. No rake (original angle of the front fork) just threaded extensions of the fork legs, it had a short history, partly because it was the one I conducted my first proper run-off, full speed over a rough tree stump on the big oak tree at home on the dirt road. Well, well, well, what a somersault, and YEAH I injured myself. Can feel the pain of it even today, a useful and at the same time horrible experience, both for the simple reason that I never got this bike will behave as it was intended from the beginning, when it left the factory in England. It did, however got a new life by the guy who bought it from me. Next bike was significantly less, namely a Honda 125cc CB. After that followed a real "killer", a Kawasaki twostroke 250cc Enduro in 1972, a bike that was perfect for gravelroads, easy on the winterriding, and easy to get up on the rear wheel. A lovely time! It was running at one point up all the stairs at the terrace in Helsingborg, a prank that is hardly to be recommended, as these stairs with a height difference of ~ 30yd which connects the Grand Square and Cenrtal Park is intended exclusively for pedestrians. But it was only obliged to test. After this off-road machine followed a mix of various bikes, and for some odd reason none of those where a treasurebox. There was always something to be repaired, and most of the time the result was the not expected they didn't run well. Have to mention that in November1990 my first daughter "Snurre", was born and in June 1992 was born my other daughter "Signe", and then the children's mother decided to leave us and move to Norway, and work there, my daughters grown up with me, and when later in life came so

far that they themselves would work, they chose to settle in Molndal, outside Gothenburg, (Sweden's second largest town) to live and work there. They both have good jobs, have to say they managed well in their life I would admit that I should give them a much larger space, but they both understand why I hold it a little limited. 1997 I got the next bike, a bike

that I seriously thought I deserve, one who was good, trustworthy, and that was meant to avoid to not have to spend all the time in the garage, and by that to valuable possibility to ride was wasted. The choice was a BMW 650 GS, a bike that unfortunately pretty soon was replaced with its big brother 1150GS, mostly because it was a bit weak for me, and was perceived as a swollen moped. Moreover, it was in strong need of constant up and downshifts when my weight, combined with a weak engine, made it urgently needed to be upgraded. This BMW 650, bike that my daughters were given their first opportunity to try out the products. Fortunately enough, so if you like this adventure, and most often as the question came from them, if we could go for a ride. They expanded their wardrobe, with a helmet and protective clothing, gloves o boots, so that they could travel safely.



**Image 4** - My BMW650, felt like a swollen moped.

Here I must just interpose, that one day when I came home from work, I heard the daughters sit and talk, but the sound was quite stuffy. It all turned out to be because they sat on the sofa both, my oldest daughter sat at the edge of the sofa, and the youngest close just behind. And they both had full equipment on, and the trapped sound due course they both had helmets on with visors lowered. Older daughter who sat in front said to the little sister: "Right!" Whereupon they both leaned to the right, and after this, did they not long before she said, with a clear, trapped voice: "Left!" They both sat and dry-rode the couch and trained on taking curves right then they would go with the "real" and they would be well prepared. This dry-ride on the sofa, made us laugh many times over the years, as you understand. As soon



as I changed up my mind to bigger bike, so it was equipped with a backrest in stainless steel, made of a good friend, so my daughters now age 7 and 8 are set safely and without risk to fall off. Probably, there were many times that I ran alone, but there was always someone who went with me on tours in the countryside of Scania, which pleased me immensely. They got to know a lot of bikers, and if they were not attending, the others wondered why other girls did not attend. They were some of the mascots, and was often a place of honor, then we stopped for a coffee break at one of the cafés.



**Image 5** – BMW 1150GS, one of my daughters favorite.

And of course also have to mention that my youngest daughter is probably quite alone in riding bike several mile in the park of Sofiero Castle, where we participated in the show Classic Car & Bikes, to show up and inform the public about our activities. Otherwise, it was a peaceful event with a whole

bunch of well-polished vintage vehicles, which the visitors had the chance to closely view, and when my daughter went around the park, with long blond hair fluttering in the wind, so this was something out of the ordinary , to the visitors' great delight. In 1999, the year I got my first computer, and a new world opened up, it was the way I found my next bike. After various searches on the internet, I found the next dreambike, a black Yamaha Wild Star XV1600, or as it is called in the US, Roadstar. I kept it until 2006, and during that time i rebuilt it, and was finally in 2 versions, and with the help of quick release was either a 2 person with good packing facilities,



**Image 6** – Wildstar, here as a 2-seater.

or solo setup. Also equipped with 4 "forwarded footrests, Bikini Beach Bar handlebar that is low/wide, additionally filled with lead hail, to minimize vibration. Well, this intervention was learned on the Internet, as also simple

engine adjustments for economical driving. Thanks to the quick-release it took just 15min to shift from one to the other version. it rolled 40000miles in my possession, and it felt like it was barely broken in, when I left it. the time had come, to acquire a bike of the brand as I passed o dreamed about for a long, long time, namely a Harley Davidson. one dealer had opened up back in 2004, but it took until 2006 before there arose an opportunity to make a trade. to make a long story a little further, so we begin the fall of 2005. My good friend "Kurre" suggested that I should get me a wife! Yes, you read that right. A wife. I who for 7 years has been very clear that forever live alone with my daughters and never again commit myself



**Image 7–** My daughter "Snurre" really enjoyed the Street Glide.

But in some strange way, he persuaded me, I got an account on a dating site on the internet, and one day I was on a date. We moved in together in



her apartment, I sold my townhouse, my sister encouraged me to spoil, and for part of the money that was left over at home sales, I bought then finally my Harley Davidson Street Glide. A black, which also was a bit rebuilt, so that I could either drive with dual seat and backrest, or solo setup. Yes, you recognize this pattern. It took me until autumn 2009, when I upgraded to the 2010 Harley Davidson Ultra Limited, a red/black which I still at this moment, still owns. As I often say, it's not good looking, but very practical, and the only thing I changed is actually just a little bit of detail. I purchased for example. the highest windscreen to find, drove out to the country and, marked with a marker pen were my eyes looked thru the screen, and drove home and cut down the screen



**Image 8** – My dotter "Signe" before a ride on my Ultra Limited.

with the jigsaw, and thus I have a screen with a height perfect for just me. I mounted even highway pegs, wind deflector, and in 2013 mounted a cartire

on the rear, for a much longer mileage, before it is again time to replace. The calculated hold approximately 30000miles, instead of the approximately ~6000 for an original motorcycle tires

### **3. "Teens"**

Through the years I meet various motorcycle people, and those who drove solo, and those who belonged to any kind of group, some that were long-distance riders, they who left from Helsingborg on Friday after work, and when you met them on the square on Sunday- evening, they came back tired and hollow-eyed, with more than 1500mile in the saddle, they had been down in Germany, or high up in Sweden exploring.

It was cool to hear their stories when they came to town again. Others also ran a lot, but seldom left the municipal boundary, they spent most of their time in the workshop and adjusted and tuned their bikes with the funds that were available, some invested in specially imported frames and engine ingredients from super-hot providers, nitrous oxide, supercharger, turbocharger, WHAT a lot of time o money these guys put in their bikes. They were at that time a streach used for this purpose, really advanced it was, with drag racing christmas-tree-light at the start and walkie-talkie equipped "guards" at both ends of the road if it would be so bad that the authorities patrols were out on the inspection round on nightfall. Several of the city's motoring enthusiasts gathered along this stretch of road during the spring, summer and autumn evenings, and often ended it all with a stop at the square afterwards o satisfy your hunger with a hotdog or a burger , or maybe two. If we are not gathered in the square, so we met at any of the other natural meeting places. Either on a local gas-staion/diner, or a cafeteria next to the BP petrol station in the industrial area, where truckers stayed for the service, food or accommodation. A simple tavern where we

bikers were welcome. The menu was simple o affordable and never changed during the approximately 10 years that we were there, but it was okey and best of all, cheap price. Then there was also the option Scandic Hotel, a little more fancy, or, Scandic Three Horses in the outskirts of the town but it was really the car-people who gathered at that place even though we were accepted there. Those were the days. Then there was of course a version of bikers who spent all the time in their house, or farm, they sometimes pass through the city side by side. They all had west with the same patch, all felt them more or less well, they had shared childhood, school days or possibly work with them and it was, at least most of them, nice guys, but for some reason decided to stay in their own part of society. These guys did later in life, a choice to be part of what is popularly called 1% s. Because I know them more or less well since his youth, so it feels quite natural to greet them and exchange a few words when we met at the local Harley-store or when the custom builder has its annual event. I respect those guys, that does not mean that I share their opinions and movements. But as in everything else, "you will be treated as you treat others", something that worked for me through life. Or, as the old saying: "Act like an 'asshole, be treated like an asshole.". There also are other factions, e.g. those who were doing motocross and trial, and spent all his time at the local dirt-track, in the garage or on a nearby court for an outlet for their passions in the dung, for dirty, it was indeed, at least if you look at their bikes and equipment. May well safely say that the only advantage of these bikes is the ease of cleaning. They used high-pressure washer when the rest of us spent hours with wax, toothbrush and Autosol chrome polish. A group that initially was drag racing cars, but when the economy was reeling, so they chose to switch to bikes and a few of them, actually still ride and go terrible fast on two wheels. They also cross the Atlantic and run half of the season



where the top and the other half in Europe with great success. Finally I want to mention a group that had a basement as base in the city's northern areas, where they initially built choppers with all kinds of powertrain, and through the years when it was ordered parts from for example, England, Germany and the United States, extended these activities to begin a modest imports, but afterwards such a big business that they were forced to move to a store at the northern entrance to the city. Finally, it became a full motorcycle shop that sold not only parts and accessories without a full-fledgedshop with bikes and the whole 9yd. This was during some 10 years before they had to close down.

Then there was the "Anderberg's Motor" on South Street with Goran Anderberg as the owner and later his sons Ralf and Glenn opened the "RG-Motor" in the industrial area on the north, and then they became too crowded, they moved to East Helsingborg. Where they opened up Yamaha Center, such a modern design store, which still exists today, focused on whatever the Yamaha provides everything from scooters to motorcycles, boats, ATVs, etc. In the Helsingborg neighborhood was GERT in Angelholm which had sales of Honda, Kawasaki but mainly BMW, there was Wilhelmsson in Fleninge who later specialized in Honda. The business has since been taken over by Nilsson Brothers, a dedicated Honda dealer with breakaway Yamaha-center main owners who invested in web-store with great success. If you look a little more toward the horizon, there were Horberg Brothers in Loddekopinge, Oves Motor in Olofstrom and Claessons in Bromolla. The latter has succeeded in its concept to keep abreast with everything from Ducati, KTM and in recent years both Victory and Indian in its range. 2004, Harley Davidson came to town. And that time, they took over the agency from the MC House in Malmo. Yes, this

was a bit of retail history in Scania, has only touched on the major traders, it has over the years also been a number of other smaller players in the motorcycle industry. Kaj up in Bassholma, a German guy who survived all the ups and downs through the years, but in addition to service even been involved in various construction projects, just as Gibson down in Svedala. "Plattis" a legend in the industry, which began with cars, and slowly but surely turned over to bikes, initially focusing on Honda Goldwing, but later also a whiz at Harley-parts. His son Kent began quite naturally his career as custombuilder/painter when he grew up in my dad's workshop. Later started his own company Custom-by-Kent and later moved its operations to Bjuv where his successful company still exists today.

#### **4.YCC – Yamaha Custom Club.**

Now we come to the boundary between the years 1999 and 2000. At this time, I had several times encountered a pleasant, slightly older man, born in 1942, named Ce-eN. who is 15 years older than me, and with a long experience of bikerlife. It was with great pleasure that I listened to what he had to tell, about this lifestyle, technology, travel, in short, he became something of a mentor to me. I spent more than one evening at his kitchen table, or in his workshop. It was he who invited me to participate in the rideouts he at that time was holding, he was an officer at the YCC, Yamaha Custom Club. At that time I drove the bike witch had the letters BMW on the tank. It was he that invited me to take part and I drove to the meeting place, far out on the pier in Råå harbor, the small fishing location south of Helsingborg. Ce-eN drove an incredible and constantly well polished Wild Star 1600, a bike from the first moment cast yearning glances toward.

Out on the pier I met by a small group of bikers, most drove Yamaha, but there were also some other brands represented. We set out under the leadership of Ce-one on a trip along the various country back-roads, and finally we ended up in a café of nowhere, If I remember right, it was at "Lotta on the ridge" I had my first cup of coffee with people from YCC. After completing the coffee we drove back to the city and the square, where we split up. There were organized tours every Thursday and Sunday from the end of March/beginning of April until the season end September / early October..



**Image 9** –"Ce-eN" to the right and "KG" by his side.

It didn't take long until my BMW was traded in to a black Wild Star 1600, and broadly in this context asked Ce-one if I could think of to share the task

of guiding these tours with him, an honorable mission, as I was considering and pretty soon accepted. They soon turned out that I was leading tours myself, and my mentor took a step back, which proved to be his original plan. To summarize these five years I had the task, we made about 250 coffee tours mainly in NW Scania, but of course we traveled in other parts of Skania and in nearby states. They took a lot of ingenuity to get the variety of runs, the roads were of course as already there, and some progress such was not to be reckoned with. At an inventory of the various forms of coffee place, then included cafe, pastry shops, diners and the like, there were 110 different places to sip coffee and accessories. At first it was just eat'n'ride prevailing driving/coffee/driving, but to increase interest so extended the biker activity of trying to combine the runs with any more.

So, with the help of the Internet, I managed to find a lot of broadening the range with. We visited the car museum, mopeds collectors, people who refurbished tractors, technical museums, everything imaginable that had any kind of connection to our engine interest. Not only that, the whole thing was expanded with the long ride last Sunday of the month, with a very early start, at some point moved to Saturday, so we could get home late and thus get much needed rest before it was time to work on Monday- morning. Even Denmark, we visited at some time/year, they are so very nice roads in our neighborcontry to the west. Operations were expanded so that the number of participants reached approximately 25-30 bikes, at each meeting, and one can say that it became something of an institution, and the participants showed up full of expectation before each run. The harbor was crowded already one hour before departure, people gathered and talked or tella lie a bit with each other and all knew that the start was exactly 14:00, or 19:00 so it was KSU (Kick Stand Up), or time to fold the sidestand.



**Image 10** – YCC prepared to leave for a rideout.

It was important to be on time if you were to follow, some order must be. I also did some other details, then I took care of these runs, one was that I established a email-list with all who participated and consented. The information was spread about the possible changes to the start time, for each upcoming turn would go and other valuable information. Another thing was, I introduced riding-stories, an e-mail service sent out after each run, who informed the members that have not had the chance to participate, to where the tour went, what was seen and visited, those who attended, etc. Additionally attached pictures of each run. All this seemed to be appreciated. Then at some point this info e-mail service was delayed for some reason, it had the effect that the members approached me and asked what had happened, and why the delay occurred. Riding-season which lasted from March to October was a business that worked well, but I was thinking about how to keep the group together during the rest of the year. I found a way that worked for us. I contacted a pizzaplace that was in the

eastern part of the city, with nice transport. I went there and negotiated with the owners, and suddenly we had a gathering place, where participants from riding-season could gather during the time when the bike was in the garage. Every Sunday at 16:00 hour we met, some for and dinner, others just for a snack, the most important was that we kept in touch during off-season. This benefited both restaurant who received extra income, and us who got the special price of the purchased. It could be between 5 and 15 who showed up at these gatherings, except once. It was at Christmas time, and when I got there, early as usual of time, there was already 25 or so participants, and at 16:00 hour the time we gathered the place properly stocked. It appeared for a while after all ordered that "Kurre", my good friend, had planned a surprise, it was that the participants made a collection and bought a digital camera, and a ceramic mug for my coffee, nicely designed with my name and fancy motives of a local pottery. Such made it much easier to continue to lead these activities and runs. During these tours participated through the years a lot of bikers who distinguished themselves in various ways. Some by taking on unique bikes, as the guy who insisted on driving with a ape-hangers, which was so high that he almost had to stand up to ride. But it was not a good solution since he had moved forward control to the gear and brake, which also made this an impossibility. Or the short girl who drove the sports bike, which was so much lowered that she would reach down to the ground at the stop, but did not think of when it was so low it took the framework of the minimum cornering. I never forgets the guy who took part in some runs and made it very clear to tell the other participants how much he paid for their accessories for his bike. Finally, there was a guy who told him to continue when he acquired something new to his diamond: "Whatever you do, so do not take the price tags off, so that others can see what you paid for the stuff." Now, it so that everybody has a decent track on



what accessories will cost to own the bike, and the prices do not vary so much between the different brands. As you understand, was his participation quite briefly in the group, as such boastful participants do not take the trouble. Another participant, popularly was known Helmuth Freifart, but in reality it's something else entirely. He would almost fill a small paperback book with his little adventure, but to keep it a little short here and try not to digress too much on the subject. Will mention two events. For you to understand a bit about how he is, I mention the following: Short, plump, thick glasses, extremely short-tempered, extremely knowledgeable regardless of the subject, according to him, very experienced bikers, although he bought the first bike when he turned 58 years and never previously ridden the bike, ever. And with a native language, very similar to German. In short, a "real" world champion. Dear readers, Helmuth did from the first moment a rather colorful entrance in the group and can of course without o lengthen too much, he did something memorable at each participation. The first event that I take up this was when Helmuth delighted with that in their own special way to show us others were oil plug sat on the bike he owned. This took place when we were right up in the north west corner of our province, at a T-junction where the group stopped to let any vehicles, and Helmuth stayed somewhat too close to the roadside, put down his right foot, and found no difference between asphalt and roadside were alarmingly high, with the result that there was 12" down to the ground, the whole combination, both Helmuth and his bike flipped over into a ditch, and the only thing visible was the oil plug on his bike. Some of us jumped briskly down the ditch and managed luckily to get off the bike and reque Helmut who was under his bike.



**Image 11** – You can't see" Helmut Freifart", he is UNDER the bike.

When we finally got him on his feet after the perilous tour in spinach and noted that the bike was damaged but in such condition that it went slowly move to when he decided to self go home. A decision that we tried to stop, but then everyone knew how he was, so we let him go, and days later we received the good news that he nevertheless received the order on his bike, and no bodily but were, despite the harsh treatment. The second event took place at one of the more famous coffee places in our neighborhood. Their parking consists of coarse gravel, not the best when it should act as biker parking lot, but then we, on that occasion there, so I recalled the substrate prior to departure, just to avoid any incidents. This time, after finishing coffee, the plan was that the group would run down the sloping parking lot and turn left for further travel. However, Helmut told me before leaving

that he intended to depart and turn right, or ride the closest way home, as he had a deadline. Said and done, I waved to Helmuth, so he could leave before us. Eager as he was, he gave too much gas at departure, and instead of turning right along the way so he went straight across the narrow asphalt road, down the slope, and straight out of the field where the farmer next door grown forage for their cattle . Like the Belgian Motocross World Champion Joel Smets, he went around among the clover and timothy, only hanging on the handlebars when he was thrown from back then ditch was crossed. After a big turn in the field, he finally stopped the bike, stopped for a moment to re-board the his vehicle, and a miracle, so he went right back on the road, with footrest filled with grass, this time in the right direction . We barely had time to react before he disappeared through the adjacent forest. Completely amazed, we stood still, but finally we decided to continue our tour this beautiful summer Sunday. Now the story does not end here, but then we did our tour in the area of Scania, perhaps another small hours, and when we approached the place where it was appropriate to be separated for the day, so we stopped at a bus-stop, about 5miles outside the city. There we thanked for the day's tour, and the group summed up the day's adventure, then you hear a familiar sound in the distance, a bike approaching. Oh yes, it was Helmuth, who had to hurry home for a time he had to fit when he past us, without a sign or motion, he didn't wave. He had apparently, or his habit got a little lost and strayed among the Scania-byways, and spent about as long time as we, before he eventually found the right way home. At the next rideout he showed up again, without mention the subject on the tour of the farmers pasture. Another participant, who many years later got his driver's license, but began by expressing his bike, the "practice sign" on the back. Think it took 4-5 attempts at transport agency before the chauffeur got his longed licence . That person got

"Brakepad" as road name. The name popped up when the person always ran # 2 after our road captain, but never at the right distance, for now the right distance, for example, 45mph is 35-40 yards behind, so chose this person to keep 150yards behind instead, it had the effect that those who led the group, all too often had to stop and wait for the group, especially at crossroads, too not to the subsequent would go astray. Another adventure, which took place at one of the few times I did not lead these runs, I went unto the dentist, and had no opportunity. I contacted my good friend "Kurre", who promised to take the lead on this Thursday. The group left the harbor area, and drove south, choose this path you will soon reach a T-junction where you turn right. "Kurre" was a little anxious this evening and felt pressure before the commission. What happened was that as soon as the first car passed, then my good friend took off, and after a little while



**Image 12** - "Kurre".

when the route was a left turn, then he hits a glance over his shoulder and realized, that he is completely alone bike out there. Behind him there are only 7 cars. He had simply forgotten that it takes a slightly different driving style when driving in groups, with the consequence that when he got free in the intersection when he ran away, but forgot the whole group .. Then he turned back to see what happened, the whole group stood neatly left at the first right turn, then their road captain for the day vanished like a fart in the cosmos. Although this is one such story that pops up at regular intervals.

2002 a new era in the YCC, then got namely a small group of enthusiasts a farm, Hanksville Farm, centrally located , southern Sweden. The idea was that the 4-5 buyers who stood as the owner of what had been a radio station with country & western music, would sell shares to members of



**Image 13** - Hanksville Farm, a place for vehicle-enthusiasts

the YCC in essence. The members would contribute labor and help with all sorts of chores on the farm, such as staffing in the café, maintenance and the like. The courtyard was renovated and the business flourished, it was held meetings, both of regional and international character, and the largest meeting drew 650 participants, a major event which, with the help of female corps and the home guard made sure the food distribution floated quite amazing municipality contributed with water and the like, everything that would go well. My task was that at that particular meeting to handle a rideout with specific events. And after a meticulous planning we went north, first stop at a western store where all sorts of accessories, clothing and boots were on menu, and after that, further to a coffeeplace, where it was served chili con carne to all of the 63 participants. As a detail can then mentioned that to facilitate the run, so put it in the right lap, for the simple reason that it is much easier to make a right turn with a group of bikers when the left turns must of course cross both files when making the turn, and in this way I managed to carry it all without the help of so-called "blockers," which is common when driving in the larger group. Their task is to run out into the intersections and stop other traffic, and this allow the entire group to pass without any stops made at stop signs, may not be entirely legitimate, but both practical and other road users see this as a picturesque element in traffic. Can of course also be mentioned that the rate was maybe 35mph on the 45mph-road, so the pace was quite low for the simple reason that it would of course do its best to keep the group together. The day's run was a great success and is something that still comes up as a topic at any coffee break. Another important event which must be considered in this context is the emergence of my "roadname". Well most of them have what are called road name, which is associated with personality or event, and is something that is found throughout the motorcycle world.

Big John - he's a tall guy, Little Joe - a short guy, Loud Mama - woman with loud voice, Iron Carla - she travelled all 50 states, a guy called "Boomer", coz his task was to ensure that the boom that folds out when an airplane is refueled in the air by another plane, extends and connects the right, "Herper" got his name when he was a guru of reptiles and herpetology means the study of reptiles in latin, "Traveller", the guy who is always on the road and has only a PO Box as his fixed point in existence. In my case, "thebaron" . it came out like this: At an annual meeting of Hanksville Farm then held a lottery, and each ticket cost \$3. In my wallet there this evening \$15. My previous mentioned mentor "Ce-eN" who sat beside me in the restaurant asked the question: "Can you lend me \$12 to lottery tickets, I left without my wallet." No problem,



**Image 14** – "Big John" and "Little Joe" have same height

he had to borrow \$12, and when I saw the price table turned out that the second prize was a leather vest, a model that I instantly fell for. Said and done, I bought a lottery ticket, all to get the chance to vest. The draw was initiated, and the awards were given one after another, and so it was time for the 2nd prize, but oh no, to my great disappointment that I missed the price and my \$3 was a loss.



So it was time for the highlight of the evening, drawing of the first prize, but I had not even noticed what the price consisted of, all attention focused on the vest. To my great surprise, it turned out that I had the figure of my lot that corresponded highest profits. I went forward to receive the prize and it proved to be a share in Hanksville Farm with a value of \$300. At this moment stands "Ce-eN up and said with an authoritative voice for the huge gathering of people, there were more than 100 participants at the annual meeting: "Now that you have won a share of the farm, you can not be called Albin, now that you own a farm, or at least a part of that then you should be called "Baron", which soon was translated to "thebaron" spelling because I always wrote my travel writing in lowercase, no punctuation in texts, more than one and other. (point). And, it was not many days before I got a name tag to sew on my vest, named "thebaron" fine embroidered. That was how the era began.



**Image 15** – A part of my vest.

To elaborate on this in Hanksville Farm, I must mention a little more on this subject. One thing I want to touch on is the community located at "The Farm", as Hanksville Farm is named in the vernacular. When one than get there you feel welcome, no matter who is on the farm, you always feel welcome, all people have some connection to the motor world, either by motorcycle or car. A holiday in the summer, when the weather is favorable, it can easily turn up some 100 visitors, but it's clearly a rainy autumn day or a chilly spring sunday, then it's more common with 5 guests. Besides cafe business, which is the foundation of it all, there is now a well-functioning B & B Operations, with 20 beds and in the main building, and some of the small cabins, of approx 160sq ft. Furthermore, it arranged for example music evenings, quiz nights, barbecues, and of course celebrated the usual feasts such as christmas, new year, easter, pentecost, midsummer, crayfish première, not to mention, the autumn's BIG addiction, namely BBQ-festival, which annually attracts 150+ guests. One event that is really appreciated and fills the premises to the extreme. Nowadays all imaginable state, serving, festival state, everything is according to official rulebook. Must mention just a few that left their mark in the memory bank, some who over the years has become something of a farm with. "Blondie" - the founder of YCC lived for some years on The Farm, "Bartil" - the farm has not been the same without him, he is behind much knowledge of electricity, watersupply in short, the technichian. "Maggie" - a strength in the kitchen, "KG" - switches between Harley and ATV periodically, "Kurre" - everyone's "Kurre" - a debater of rank, a fresh breeze on the website and forum, a "must" for every coffee break with all his storys, In short, the YCC had not been YCC without him. "Bushman" - a local profile moose safari guide, and organizer. "Gunn" - Suzuki and Harley-driver, "On-Off" - he constantly add/remove his windshield.

"Moffa" - a profile both from the past and by his reunion idea, "Glider" - construction skilled line dancing slow race fan, "Lasse-Norrland" - an asset, "Evalasse" and "Siv & Bengt" - has given bikercamping a face, "Ginnarparen" - a custombuilderguru, "Nisse Taxi" - good road captain, and, yes, the taxi driver, "Nisse bank robber," not as bad as it sounds, he got the name for o distinguish him from other Nisse, and he works in a bank. And this is the end of this part, I must just mention the following, Ann & "Stiffe", Mats & Anita - thanks to you, they took the Farm to a new level, and I am convinced, the story does not end here, the question is only, what next. YCC gave me besides all this with the ridouts and the community with the people in the neighborhood also has a broad contact with bikersr all over the country, all the people you met in as a contactpersonn, at the regional, national and international meetings and gatherings. The contacts were cultivated not only when we met, but also via computer/internet, where the organization's forum contributed to the extended circle of acquaintances. It was written and exchanged experience in all sorts of topics. Not only technical issues, but also about life itself. Many long evenings and nights were spent by the screen and keyboard.

## **5. HOG – Harley Owners Group.**

It seemed quite natural when I bought my first Harley Davidson. It is like that every Harley-dealer, worldwide, must have a Chapter (department), linked to the store. That is the concept. Buying a bike, join a Chapter. It may cost a bit of money to the organization/year, to cover administrative costs, personnel and such. HOG was founded by Harley Davidson in 1983, came to Sweden in 1991, and the number of members is over 1,2milj worldwide, in over 100 countries, and there are over 1400 Chapter.

In Europe there are 105'000 members in 415 chapters and in Sweden more than 2100 members in 10 Chapter. Our Chapter is made up of about 80 members, of whom approximately 20 % are girls. The aim is to link members to the store, and maintain close and good cooperation, encourage members to participate in the stores of different events, and paybacks to members, you get generous discounts in various forms, eg, preferential prices on services, accessories and clothing. Maximum benefit must be the possibility of the Community. In our Chapter is the climate is very good, and the participation in our trips, events, courses and meetings good, if not very good. The runs, which is organized every Saturday, or weekend attracts between 15-20 participants, which is considered good. All have not the possibility to participate every time when many have family, children, camper, and other pursuits, and other



**Image 16** – Sunshine, a real favorite.

pursuits that interfere with the lifestyle. The events we attend consists eg sales of burgers and hot dogs with accessories, then the store has been open

in the evening, screenings, "open house", and similar. We take care of sales and revenue goes to the club, giving good supplementation during checkout. We also have evening courses in the store's workshop, where you will learn basic knowledge such as what to consider before winter storage, or knowledge of tires, brakes and oil.



**Image 17** – Even rain don't stop us from riding.

Always healthy subjects and above all these meetings well attended. The club has a board, and some so called officers. These "officers" in charge of the runs, we have 5 people taking turns to add up and lead the tours, and before every season, we meet and draws up the plans, so that the objectives of the trips do not be the same, 2 weeks in a raw. We also have as many "Saftey-officer", there are those who run last when we are out on the roads and their task is first o mainly to ensure that all along and not "lost" in any intersection. But not at forgetting, they are also healthcare knowledgeable and can intervene if an accident should happen (thankfully nothing serious occurred so far). We also webmaster who manages the website. Can of

course mention that my role is Head Road Captain, which means the main responsibility for the organization of seasonal runs, and that I am since 8 years is also the membership officer. I have been a member contact by phone, but only o mainly by email, where information about upcoming runs sent out, and the old classic from the YCC has benefited, this is sending out travel reports, from tours in the past. Another task is that when our treasurer received money for membership, sentd out membersgip card, or when someone contacts the club, it's usually me, these people call or write e-mail service, and then the task is to inform about our activities. Find this task very inspiring, and fun, then you have much contact with a lot of different people. Our different runs ranging typically between 60-180 miles during day trips, and if you look at the runs that extend over a weekend, so it may be about 450 miles or more.



**Image 18** – Sweden is wonderful.

The longer tours run in southern Sweden, but also in Denmark. In the case of rides to gatherings, it is common to ride to these in a group. Then it is common for someone in the group organizes itinerary,

accommodation, and even possibly stop at some sights along the way, such as upcoming driving, which has national meeting up in Åre (Northern Sweden), with a stop at the famous Sala Silver Mine is scheduled, then with the guided tour of the underworld. After the hit it's off to the west, through Norway, where "Trollstigen", a world famous stretch of road, over mountains and down into the fjords are also in the program and then on the Hardangervidda, (a 4000ft plateau) where there is opportunity for snowball throwing the middle of summer, and then on back towards the Oslo neighborhood o finally through stretch on the highway home to Helsingborg. Our Chapter has also completed runs south to eg Croatia, Italy, Spain, Germany and Austria, and not to forget, around the Baltic Sea through Finland, the Baltic States, Poland and home again. Can then also mention that several members have been in the US and driving "the Mother Road" or Route66, as it is more commonly called. Of course when individual members made self-drive tours and visited a lot of countries in Europe and beyond. In recent years a new phenomenon occurred, namely that a small group variable consists of 3-5 members, yes we have socialized private, outside HOG, we have implemented a number of runs together. It's about weekend trips, starting early Saturday morning and return late Sunday night. The first tour went east through Scania, through southern Sweden and away to Kalmar, (east Sweden) where we made reservation in a Bed & Breakfast that can really be recommended. We had food and drinks for breakfast, lunch was taken in all simplicity along the way and because we arrived quite late in the afternoon, so we checked in, and the actual plan was to take a trip over to the island of Öland. But the plan foundered due an accident on Öland Bridge, so we chose instead to explore the surroundings. Took the opportunity to eat dinner inside in Kalmar. Upon returning to our

accommodation, we spent the rest of the evening to the peace and quiet simply just sit and relax, chat about old memories, telling stories and just enjoy life. The following day we got up early and took a hearty breakfast, something this Bed & Breakfast was really good at cooking. After check out, then return the bikes were loaded with our luggage, we rode back towards home, but to first pass Mörrum. The place where the people with fishing interests has its home-court. Which was taken a tremendous fish dinner, just as it should be. As you now understand, so driving is the main idea behind these tours. To spend like that one 500-750 miles in the saddle a weekend, it's the common interest, bikes're designed to be driven, at least that is how we see it. While taking the time and talk about the spring of 2014, when we squeezed and made another turn, this time north. The journey along the Halland coast, that is, on what was once the main road to Gothenburg, (Oslo) before the current E6 was built. A strange feeling to pass these abandoned motels, petrol stations and shops, a clear proof that when the road gets a new stretch so affected infrastructure noticeably. On arrival to the area of Kungsbacka, we chose to turn on the new stretch of road again by Gothenburg and until Kungälv, where we turned west, towards the islands Orust and Tjörn. And right on Tjörn, night would be spent. We just stoped at and checked in, then almost immediately left to travel further north to Lysekil to have dinner. When you come out on the islands, it is quite common to use the road ferrys, then it's probably cheaper to operate these ferries than building a whole pile of bridges between the islands. A picturesque part of daily life, especially for us who are not resident there. We returned to our accommodation just when the darkness occurred, and may well sum it all that evening there after was not so terribly long. The next morning, after breakfast, the trip continued, travelling east towards Borås, but when we arrived in the vicinity of the sales metropolis



Ullared, so we chosed to drive south on what is called the "Halland's most beautiful road," which stretches along the Ätran Valley, and the name fits, which is really beautiful. The rest of the road we drove in the inland of Halland, and down to Scania. Another weekend trip included many mile in the saddle, with by good friends, and summarized, this is "quality-seat-time.



**Image 19** – No rideout without a U-turn.

## **6. The computer.**

To deepen a little bit of the subject, when I acquired the computer, so I looked for motorcycles, then Yamaha motorcycle clubs, and quickly so moved searches from Sweden, across the Atlantic to the big country in the west. And in U.S.A. I found some 20 clubs, which I contacted to get me more information on these. A group, Third Coast Cruisers from Alvin, Tx, I got stuck because the name was very similar to my own name Albin. This group is led by "Gonzo", and his friend Tommy Low, had its base at the local bar Uncle Jax along Hwy35 in Pearland,Tx where even their rideouts

begins at. The next group I came in contact with was the Ark-La-Tex Star Riders, Ark-La-Tex is an abbreviation of Arkansas - Louisiana-Texas, and as you then understand were members of the group from this area, with a catchment area of about 10 mils radius of Waskom, Texas, and the members came from Texarkana, Arkansas to the north, Minden, Louisiana in east, Longview, Texas in the west and finally Natchitoches, Louisiana in the south. The founders of this group was "Hitman" and "Eagle", but of course, had good support from members like "Bubba", "Trashman" and "FuzzyBear". SCRC. Southern Cruisers Riding Club Another club I had contact with was the SCRC, and pretty soon, I sent an email to "Rickster", the man behind this Internet phenomenon. The question was asked if I could be "long distance membership" or "international-member", which at that time existed only in the US. He promised to raise the issue at their board-meeting, and after a number of weeks I was told that I could be international member. So when there was a representative outside of the continent's borders, but must admit, I did nothing to spread the club on this side of the pond, but I continued only to online, keep in touch with the people in the west. A funny detail is that when the SCRC started in Sweden in May 2008, then I contacted the people who were behind the Swedish version of the club. They mentioned that it was only to register myself, and when I mentioned that I was an international member since 2001. After some thinking, I got the information, I was in the list of members and then with the member number SCRC # 004, a bit of an honor, then there at the time were already some 50 members in Sweden. Today I take part of the rides with the SCRC, when given the opportunity and keep up with the group as much as possible eg at our meetings once / month. Would love to be more active, but the famous lack of time is well biggest reason for limited participation.



**Image 20** – A rideout with Southern Cruisers.

Has since been in contact with a number of people across the US who also proved to belong to this crowd of internet usage with the bike as a common interest. To mention a few other constellations that I had contact with the initial years was below. Rocky Mountain Cruisers, Wet Butt Riders, Star Society RC New York, Michigan Star Riders, NorwesStars, Reigning Stars, Road Star Club Phoenix, but realized after a few hectic years in front of the computer that it was an almost impossible task to keep this daily contact with people on the other side of the Atlantic. Partly because I have a job to do or where we are located in different time zones, and not least that it encroaches on health, one has to sleep sometime to feel good and last, quality over quantity. So I chose to focus on the groups, clubs or individuals I had the most and best, contact, with the result that today I have a rich,

good and valuable network of contacts, which has given me so much of life. But now to what made it all changed, evolved and that I buried myself in this computer. It was when I ended up on a "site", which I came into contact early on, the name was Delphi Forums. A "site", which provided a lot worth reading, a whole bunch of different forums, where they could learn about everything, and I mean really everything that touched the subjects who had no connection to motorcycles and motorcycle lifestyle. A real gold mine for those looking for information on these topics.

## **7. Me and my "TinkerBell".**

I mentioned earlier my wife, and because she is something of a milestone in my life, then I give her a little extra space here. One of the first thing that happened was when we met, and I told her that I in the near future would travel to the United States again. We met for the first time just before New Year 2005 and the trip would take place after the summer. I said to her: "I will soon make a trip to the United States, you want to follow there?" And what happened was that they became completely silent, and a few moments later, she replied: "Yes, I would." Said and done, the planning was launch routes, destinations, attractions, everything of those that make a trip memorable. Alongside this voluminous work, there was another plan. It was launched in the spring and consisted of that I gather fabric and silverware, fixed the drink, and brewed coffee fixed the food and when the hour came, so I said to my girlfriend that evening, she would stay at home and be a little dressed up. We sat in the car (no bike, there were very much stuff to bring along) and we went to a small community at Skälderviken beach called Rekekroken, and where the "Gustav's place" is stationary tables and benches, that I had checked out.

I laid out fine china, silverware o real glass, and naturally rose in the vase and the take away food ordered by fine restaurant.



**Image 21** – "TinkerBell"

After finishing the meal, came the nervous moment that was the real reason for the adventure, which I do not think my intended not yet figured out.

I stood kneeling, and asked the question: "Would you get engaged with me? As you figured out that you have already known the answer, she is now my wife. What happened after that I had proposed in the same place a little later in life. The consequence of this was that we had to extend our planning yet another detail. On the evening of Rekekroken when I entered symbolically just a dummy-ring on her finger. The real engagement would take place in the United States. Where we knew not yet, but after sitting at the dining room table, with a large map folded over the table, so we found after much searching a place which thankfully was near our upcoming itinerary.



**Image 22** – Friars Point.

The place with 1400 inhabitants called Friars Point - extremely loosely translated, we interpreted this as Proposal place, though the place named after one of the earliest settlers, Robert Friar, more interesting if we read on Wikipedia. Said and done, when we later in the summer, came to the scene Friars Point, on the Mississippi River's eastern bank, we found a place near

the river, and in this place, next to where today's cement factory located so we found a gigantic trees. One was hollow, which gave us the idea to write a letter, which we put in the box in which the rings were delieverd in, and after we changed rings we threw the box in the tree, so that anyone who might be there when the tree is felled or fall, can read about the two from Sweden, September 12, 2006 were engaged right there. That evening we traveled over on the west bank to the little town Helena, Arkansas, where festive meal was ingested and the night was spent in the 8-angular tower room at Magnolia Hill Bed & Breakfast.



**Image 23** – We spent the night in the tower-room

We even crossed the bridge for a delectable meal at the huge Casino Isle of Capri, where we also just had to invest the \$ 5 in the slot machines, and as you see, we did not win a thing, but lost the whole investment. Whoever invented these machines did it for the simple reason that the machine should win, not the player. The rest of the time we went most around and was

amused by all those who played, and can only mention briefly that it was no small sums spent in this building tonight, and most likely this applies to all the other nights too. Later we got married in Västra Broby church Oct. 27, 2007, and during our journey together in 2008 there was a wedding ceremony held by our good friend and biker pastor, Doc during our gathering in Eminence, Missouri witnessed by some 40 good friends during our annual meeting in the US. As you may know, after all the so called road name, and you may wonder how my wife was named Tinkerbelle, usually associated with Walt Disney's fairy who is one of the characters in the film Peter Pan. Well here is that story. During a large biker meeting in the neighborhood, which was attended by about 650 guests from both near and far, and in the evening when the meeting was opened as there was a large group outside the entrance to the main building and talked about everything and nothing. Above my wife's head hung a gigantic brass bell one in which the ship's bell, and the bell clapper was attached to a thick braided rope, taking hold of and "beats" in the clock. As my wife was so touched that braided rope, just in her hair, and when she encountered the rope a few times as she exclaimed, very annoyed: "What is this for a FU\*\*G rope hanging here?" She grabbed the rope and hit several times in the bell, all around they stuffed fingers in their ears to avoid it sounding noise. Then it happened as she was not prepared for, up came two big adults from Germany and said in a very authoritative voice: "Heineken, wir wollen Heineken bier!" What "Tinkerbelle" did not know was that the significance of the bells mean "free beer to everyone in the bar. "And for some unknown reason, she managed to talk herself out of the situation. She did not have to take the bill. However, she put up with that and all began to call to her "Bell" and at the joint dinner in the evening then took my good friend "Kurre" to speak and from that moment announced her new road name



"Tinkerbell". In my green youth were the trips to the majority of day tours, which it called the trips when you were younger. It could consist in the acquired hot dogs and hot dog buns, or sandwiches and filled the thermos with coffee, loaded luggage on the bike and took off.



**Image 24** – On the pole you can see the brass bell..

### **8 Journeys thru Scania, Sweden the Nordic and Europe.**

Scania has the advantage that how far you may go, you can not get lost, within an hour or so you come to the coast, and when you come so far that the front wheel gets wet, then you have come to the point that one must turn, Scania's approximately 75 miles x 75 miles, which is excellent for a full day, and one would get the idea to drive around the whole landscape, as achieved in the worst case, approximately 350 miles. Must say that Scania

is fantastic. The landscape contains almost everything you could want, from plains with open fields, ridges, pine forests, deciduous forests, and hills, lakes, rivers. It is surrounded by sea, and the only thing missing is mountains, the highest point in area is 700ft above sea level. These day trips at a young age, with a packed lunch, was something that meant you were attracted to explore more of the country. Later, longer trips, and I have strong memories from Sweden tour.



**Image 25** – Somewhere in Sweden

Places as Saxnäs, Wilhelmina, Arvidsjaur, Jokkmokk, Gällivare, Kiruna, Haparanda, and up through Finland to the boundary mark, and then drive the coastal road south, through the High Coast in Ångermanland, through Stockholm and returned to Scania A trip in the summer but with experiences that hope in ice cold water in Saxsjön in southern Lapland, frost in the ground where the tent would be set up and below zero during the night up in Kilpisjärvi, smoked fish (char) at Kukkolaforsen and a lot of

other memorable events. Other destinations in the country, for example, Värmland, Dalarna, Sweden, Dalsland, where several trips have been made. 3 favorite landscapes, which has an incredible natural beauty. Has also travelled the canal boat on the Dalsland Canal, visited Selma Lagerlövs Marbacka, the boat on Frykensjöarna, Nusnäs, with production of the famous Dala horses, and the unique aqueduct in Håverud, where there is a waterfall, and a drive over the rapids and the chief aqueduct so that boats can pass in a water-filled bridge. After these trips, so, she turned to the east of the country, through dark forests of Småland Öland. Sweden's second largest island, 85 mile long and 9 mile wide, with lots of history and beautiful nature. Then I explored large parts of Sweden, at least those parts that have something interesting to offer, fine roads, nice scenery or other form of sightseeing, so were attracted I am now exploring other countries.

## **Denmark.**

Of course, I have been there many times before, but now it was time to immerse themselves in this beautiful country. Denmark has a wide range of narrow winding roads, small friendly community, and a large element of beech woods /forrests. Some places I want to highlight is the trip down to Prästö, 125 miles south of Helsingör, Sjælland. Having spent a few weekends there at a resort, or Bed & Breakfast. The road there is amazingly nice, and breakfast is taken at Solrod beach at Køge Bay. Danish sandwiches, along with a thermos of coffee is all that is needed to get by until the evening, when you prepare somet mixed BBQ, along with Danish potato salad, everything acquired by local groserystore. Going further down on the south-Danish small islands is a must, and you can easily move aroundf, thanks to a well-spread network of roads and many opportunities

to use the bridges connecting the islands of Lolland, Falster, Bogo and Mon. One is always impressed if you make a stop at limestone cliffs, is called Mons Klint but it requires a fairly good condition, maybe not to go down to the water but then you'll struggle up again, because it is 470ft up there and exactly 494 steps, something you really should think about before you walk down to the water.



**Image 26** – Roadsign says: WherethehellamI 2 (Where the hell am I 2)



**Image 27** – Möns Klint. A huge limestone cliff 470ft high

The view from up the scenic point is something I'll settle for now. When one travels through Denmark, it happens quite often that one comes to any road ferries, as these are not uncommon and replace bridges in a good way, but they are also, like in Sweden called roadferries and it means that they are free, only a few are subject to a charge, however, a very friendly to your wallet. Has during the years explored large parts of the Danish road network, and it's really cozy to stay overnight at someone Inn/tavern which features simple accommodation and a delicious food on the menu.

### **Norge (Norway)**

2009 I planned for a longer trip to our other fraternal countries in the west. The first reason for this trip was to the local HOG chapter up there would arrange the Norwegian national gathering in Geiranger, at the deepest part

of a fjord on the west coast. Prior to this trip, I came to think of an old friend, Kaj Agrell, driven in Norway before, so I contacted him and asked for some tips before our trip .Han suggested that I and my wife would come over to him and his wife Veronika for a review of what Norway has to offer. It turned out that Kaj been driving in Norway for 20 years, and also organized group runs there. We got detailed instructions about routing, accommodations, things to do and not to do, a lot of valuable information prior to our trip. Unfortunately Kaj no longer among us, he left us in 2013, when The Big C took him for rides on new roads. Now for the trip. We were 12 bikes who left from Helsingborg, and traveled 435 miles first day up to Lillehammer in Norway, where we have reserved a few cabins for overnight stays.



**Image 28** – Got some valuable info about Norway from my friend Kaj

Believe it or not, but the whole first day, all of 435 miles we traveled in an incessant rain, and yes, we were totally drenched on arrival, and exactly the

same wet when we next morning boarded our bikes again. Not even the warming dinner that was taken did not help much. The 12 who attended went to the local pizza place, and made a deal with the baker, everyone would be served same kind of pizza and receive a cocacola, for this we should pay \$40. The same meal at home costs about: \$10, that is 4 times more expensive in our neighbor to the north. The following day began the journey in a glorious summer weather, which remained for several weeks ahead, therefore, was this trip a truly successful one, despite the initial days of total moisture. Although the trip was made at the end of June we had the opportunity for a little snowball fight before we came to the gathering area. The Chapter had chosen a great place for the gathering, far into the Geiranger Fjord, where "Hurtigruten" the famous ferrytrip along Norwegian coast was one of their stops along the Norwegian coastline between Bergen and Kirkenes. To come down from the mountain crest, we rode on hair-pin roads, and it is difficult to discern whether one were in the Italian Alps and Switzerland, an impressive landscape. During the days that the meeting was held, also visited view point Dalsnibba, approximately 5000ft above sealevel, We drove the narrow winding Eagle Road with its 11 hairpin bends, or Atlantic Road far out in the Atlantic, where it almost feels like driving into the sea. After the meeting we went northward through the world famous Trollstigen, where driver awareness is truly tested.



**Image 29** – Trollstigen, Norway. (The Troll's Road)

You can plan your driving to the smallest detail, and it is important to keep the "tongue in the right mouth", when struggle up or down the curves, that is so tight that it sees its own tail light in the tightest turns. You pass waterfalls, flowing so close to the road that in some cases, splashing large cascades across the roadway, and you want to continually make small short stop for photography, but must master oneself, for otherwise you will probably never arrive. You pass a large number of tunnels in the area, which in itself is a nice feature but a lot to think about and know about when driving in such area. It should, for example to have lights on your bike, otherwise it will be pitch black when they come from strong sunlight and straight into the dark tunnel. Another detail, sunglasses or dark visor on the helmet gives exactly the same effect. Another nice feature of the run is all these sheep, which runs along the roads and tusks, but, beware, there's no sheep along the road, when they have moved 20ft into the tunnels o search



of coolness, and I can convince you, you can't see them, neither when one enters the tunnel, or if one is on the way out of such. They contribute to the total surprise when at the last second they discover these critters. At one point we turned off the road at a meeting place, and "Tinkerbelle" rushed out into the snowdrift at the side of the road and lay on his back in the sunshine. At almost the same moment she stiffened and screamed: "What is it that you hear, what is it that roars?" It turned out that under the snow gushing meltwater produced in a real river, the water had undermined the snow, so my wife was on a thin bridge of snow, which went over the rushing river. Slowly, very slowly I ordered her crawl to solid ground again with a face the color slightly whiter than the encircling snow. We went further on the narrow but nice and well-maintained mountain road to Dombås, where we planned to stay overnight. When we just arrived to the community, we saw the first sign of "Cabin for rent" one of those small triangular-cabin where the roof go down to the ground, and the interior is 2 narrow beds. We inquired about the price and the owner who had a number of such small cottages replied that the price was \$125 / night. We said thanks, but no thanks and went on, we realized that if it was so, so we'd rather sleep under the open sky. When we came through the village and out the other side, there was a similar establishments, new stop and the new terms of the price, and was told \$40 /night and then stabbed us directly, this was one of the tips we got from Kaj for the trip: "Take never first one! "There we enjoyed the holiday of real, cooked food and coffee on the spirit stove and felt good. The next day, she turned towards Hardangervidda, the mountain scenery without even a single tree, or hardly even a small shrub, just stunted, windswept plants in height of about 12". Hardangervidda is the largest mountain plateau in Europe, and reaches a maximum altitude of more than 5700ft .



**Image 30** – Beautiful scenery in Norway.

and with a rich flora and fauna, including a herd of over 15,000 reindeer.

When we finally got down below the tree line so we sighted a rich flora and fauna, including a herd of over 15,000 reindeer then we aimed for Horten, that town has a ferry link with Moss across Oslo Fjord, and that route we choose, after that we travelled down to Stromstad where the last night of our trip was spent. Last day we traveled through E6 straight home to Helsingborg, in addition to a stop at the daughters place in Gothenburg. Norway, a fantastic country to travel on a bike, the only one that spoke against this, currency, all other experiences outweigh many times the negative Norwegian money.

## **Scotland.**

Next long tour of Europe, Britain had intended, but especially Scotland. We who planned to trip was and "Tinker Bell," and our friends Pelle and Eva and we started with the planning process in August 2012, when accommodation, attractions, routing o similar was planned. We met 1 time/month, cooked dinners and planned, and then we were given the opportunity to get to know each other better and to do a depth research.

When we 4 have different interests, so the trip was a cocktail of animals / nature/castles/churches/ history/fine roads/food and whiskey. The only way to get to the UK are with ferry thru Esbjerg/Harwich, which takes 18 hours, if you don't want to get through Holland, which means a further 700 mile trip, but in return you can manage the boat trip Hoek van Holland on 6.5h. Tickets with DFDS Seaways, and the B & B we wanted to stay at was booked in January. To be out in advance can be good as August, when we went, is a busy tourist month, particularly in the Edinburgh area, then their annual tattoo attracts people. We noticed it when we are looking for an accommodation for one of the nights, when it was necessary calls to 11 different B & B before we managed to find 4 vacant beds. The sign "No Vacancy" was a common sign outside most homes. We chose to have three "bases" during our trip, Edinburgh, Inverness and Fort William, where we spent each 3 nights.



**Image 31** – Border between England and Scotland

And have to mention, that the trip lasted 17 days, including 11 in Scotland. From these three "bases" we made daily trips between 90-300 miles. We got to experience from the dolphins in the wild, only 25 yards out in the sea on the east coast, to visit the small fishing village of Applecross on the west coast. After a 75 mile long trip over the mountain on the switchback, only 7ft wide, but with passing place every 200 yards and with a slope in several places was between 10-20%, and it is really steep, ending with a stunning experience. When we finally arrived, there was freshly

caught fish/seafood on the menu at the inn, in the village, located at the inner side of a bay, and the endless view from a wonderfully beautiful place. That it also be given the opportunity to incredible good food does not make things worse. We also visited Glenfinnan Viaduct, the bridge where Harry Potter movie was filmed,



**Image 32** – This wide are the road the last 40 mile to Applecross.



**Image 33** - Urquhart Castle, on the shore of Loch Ness, Scotland.

and a true "highland games", where 4 clans battled for the title, with dance, hammer throw, pole-throwing and other medieval events. When we asked a man how it all started so it proved to be the right person, then he was the

man who stood behind the whole event and had been for the past 40 years. Well, he had a lot of interesting things to tell, but finally he had to assist the employees with help, and must continue. During our daily tours, we visited a number of historic buildings, such as Rosslyn Chapel, Eilean Donan Castle, Urquhart Castle, but also interesting places like whiskey district's main town Dufftown, with a museum and guided tour of the Glenfiddich distillery, the magical place Findhorn on the east side, where the tide gave clear trails and natural colors and light a lasting impression.



**Image 34** – Took a break on the moor

Loch Ness, yes we were there, but the monster "Nessie" certainly had other things to do, we didn't see her, however, got to see the Isle of Skye, but even more incredible ways, when we left the island we chose the unique ferry between Glenelg and Kylerhea, the only one in Europe where the whole deck rotates during loading unloading and has a capacity of a total of 6 cars. If one should mention something about B&B, they were clean and tidy, and everywhere treated with great hospitality. A little different at public facilities such as restaurants, but there clearly display "Bikers Welcome", where that is the case, otherwise it places clear example "Unfortunately, we are packed" (even if only 10% of the seats are occupied) "Unfortunately, we close now" (even though the sign on the door informs that it is open to further 4h).



**Image 35** – My good friend Wallace show the sign "Bikers welcome".

When it comes to the British food, I have the attitude that you: "when in Rome do as the Romans" will come, and the people there survived gray sausages and haggis for centuries, then should not I clear my mind of it in a few weeks, and as you understand, I survived the trip without problems. To sum up the trip, we had high expectations thanks to a solid research but expectations were exceeded far! A fantastic nature, enormous, fragrant heather moors, green grassy mountains, narrow winding *hojvägar*, often bordered by hedges and a clean o fresh air.





**Image 36** – The ferry between Glenelg and Kylerhea.

Info box: £ 1 = \$1,50 -. Return ticket for 1 bike/2pers, Esbjerg - Harwich incl. cabin/ dinners/breakfasts ~ \$700. Accommodation: depending on the standard, \$38-\$93 / room incl. hearty breakfast. The ferry cost Glenelg and Kylerhea for 1 bike & 2pers is \$10. Gasoline 95oct = \$7,50/U.S.gal single dinner = \$15 without drinking, consistently expensive. Pub costs about as in Sweden. The quality of the roads are either good or really bad, they just put new asphalt where the car wheels tearing thus 2 "strips" / road. Had after the we came home, added 2640miles on the odometer.

Scotland is one of the countries, that in the future I want to visit again.

## 9. Brotherhood of the Grey Beard Bikers.

A group that had links to Delphi-forums on the internet was BGBB. Have this in mind, this group is something special in my life, something truly unique.



**Image 37 – BGBB.**

I visit every day and spent hours just reading and reading. One had to register and create a profile to access the page. And then write an intro, then write a presentation of who you are, what background you have, in short, present oneself in a polite way. The first mistake was choosing a wrong "nick-name", I chose the name "Albina" - that albin a, my first name and the first letter of my last name Ahlvin. which had, or was about to get me to

appear in a totally wrong way. Explanation is that the respondents, or rather commented on my first post, was "Froggi", a woman who was a frequent visitor at the community back then, and her comment was: "Welcome girlie!" This I will never forget. She believed that "Albina" was a woman, which made me do a personal best in the nick-name-change. Quickly o easily I chosed the name "Wild Star Albin". This introduction is something that the group remembers, and even 15 years after such a failure, you become reminded. But that's something you have to offer. Must admit that it was long, very long time before I even got me to write something on the site. What I did not know was that all the brothers had full control of me, and of course everyone else who visited the page, but it came to take several years before I understood.



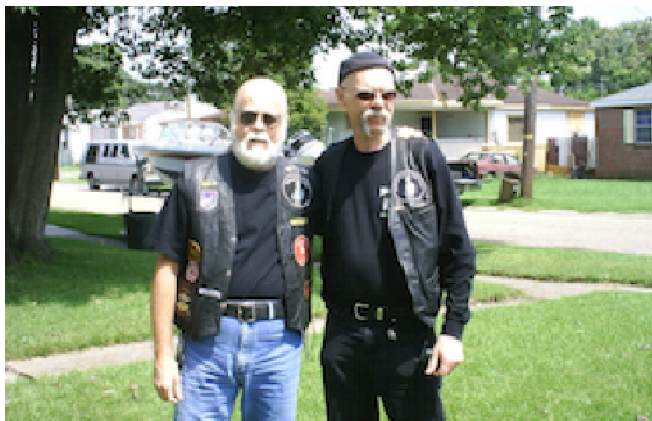
**Image 38** – 3 of my brothers from left: "Wizzard" – "Doc" – Roadhog".

The fact is that membership to the group is nothing you can buy, to receive a patch to one's vest is nothing to order or buy over the internet, no, it's something you earn, which takes time, long time, and even very long time, entirely depending on how you relate to people on the site. Everything is noted and recorded, example, when first registered yourself, how many posts you made, and when you were active. But also how to write, how to relate to different issues and topics. The forum is comprised of various "folders" and each "folder" containing many different "threads" (subjects) that visitors / members started. One of "folders" is titled Politics and Religion, and the first post I eventually wrote was that I did, then I do not belong to the Swedish church, and never voted in any municipal or parliamentary elections, came to write anything at all in this "folder "when I firstly have no interest in this, because others believe it is in these topics to probably the easiest way acquire enemies, and thirdly, because I have not the



**Image 39** – Some of my brothers.

knowledge of Swedish politics or religion, much less in the US such, I thought it best to write about my position on the matter after having only read for a long time, so I finally took courage and began my writing there. It proved to be very useful for two reasons, first, all the know-how gained in the different subjects, and second, something not even thought of, namely language. English language, as they read during 4 years in primary school, and not put so much emphasis on, and now all of a sudden when you really need, then you understand the value of this knowledge. But it probably has. All listening to music, and all viewing of programs and movies on television and cinema, that brought something over the years. One learned to get into all sorts of questions and answers in a strange way, and a comment that got stuck, and it strengthened me was when I once wrote that my English especially my grammar was not the most correct and the answer that came was: "Your English is much better than my Swedish!" After that, everything went much easier, I took my courage suddenly was one inside the deep discussion.



**Image 40** - "Roadhog" and I in New Orleans 2004.

Something you could not even dream about. Then one day, in spring 2003, I received an email from "Brother Roadhog", one of the old members of BGBB, where he explained that I had been elected as a support member of the Brotherhood, and I no need explain, an honor to become elected. To round off this I have to mention that I in April 2004 was elected as a full member, and later, in 2011 I had the great honor to take over the forum after my Brother Radar, who for health reasons, wanted to leave the mission. The Brotherhood was founded by Americans in the US and also had a handful of members in Canada, he chose me, the first member outside the continent, to guide and lead this base of operations, the forum, with over 11'000 visitors/year and with more than 100 '000 posts / year. You must understand that it was a more than creditable task to take on. Must also mention that at my side, I have a lot of help from the four moderators who assists me, when operations run around the clock and covers so many time zones, and it must be kept a constant eye on the business so that it is written in a respectful and good way . There's some basic rules of how to behave oneself, even on the internet.

#### **10. To making plans is half of the journey.**

If you look back, you have my travels started approximately one year prior to departure. Began by get myself a US map, which I put up on the wall in my 'computer room'. I marked all the places with different colored pins, where I at each needle mount a small patch with each person's name on all the people I had contact with through the internet. Then I contacted the people in the areas I thought seem interesting. Read on using the net, I was hoovering the information. Google has been and is a terrific way to obtain information, any questions you have, regardless of the subject,

there is always an answer to get, but you have to be a little tricky in the questions, and one is just so manage to get all answers and more about what you want. When I after several e-mail finally got a route, so I chose the travel agency Ticket, which later proved to be very helpful. One of the many things I learned is that they get extra money to spend on hiring a travel agent, they have been easily identified if it something happend. The travel agent except to fix airline tickets, helped with rental car bookings. The fact is that the car rental firms' personnel commission, and their way to earn some extra \$\$\$, is to provide the rental car with all sorts of insurance, gasoline, and navigator. I have on each occasion chosen to get the best insurance policy, and the full tank at the retrieval of the car, and upon return ensured that the idea has been in the nearest empty (I have already paid for the gazoline in the tank). During one of the trips that the staff was very opinionated and asserted that the policy was not included, despite the fact that I had the documents with me, who claimed the opposite. Renting premises were filled by people who were there for the same reason as myself, namely to collect their car. Behind me were certainly around 20 people, and in the other five queues were about evenly. The loud discussion ended with the stout woman behind the counter loudly and very clearly showed their power by dangling the keys and say, "Do you want any car or what?" In that situation, so I just wrote my name coverage, and got the keys, and , luckily I also took with me the copy of the acknowledgment, as I just signed. After returning home I contacted the travel agent who put down a huge job to track down the woman who I had the fierce discussion with, and the result was that I 6 months after the visit, was called and asked to come to the agency. There they wanted turned out to be that they wanted to know which bank I wanted the \$200 that signature has cost me and also send a \$55-gift certificate for future trips.

Suffice to say this, I had never been able to solve this myself, because I always use the travel agency Ticket. However I arrange any reservations of accommodation myself, and this is an example of how to save some money. The travel agent asked if I wanted to book the first night's accommodation through them. I got the price quote of \$ 125 for a room at a motel that I actually stayed a few years before. I accepted the proposal, but declined, went home and phoned the motel. The friendly man informed that a room for my overnight stay would cost \$ 75, and in the same moment he said, with slightly lower voice: "Look for us online and make your reservation there, in that way it will be cheaper. "Said and done, after a query into Google, I found their booking site and booked the same rooms we always talked about, but at the cost of \$ 37:99. So there I saved some \$\$, as you can figure out is to spend on other goods during the same trip



**Image 41** – After many miles in the saddle one have to rest



Yes, you read right, the price dropped ~ \$70 in a few hours. The Internet has been a great benefit, as I planned, for example, when looking for motorcycle rental. There are several solutions to rent, but the two larger in terms of the United States are Eagle Rider, who has a lot of different models and brands to choose from. Depends on the type of trips expected. They provide everything from touring bikes to a bike to get around in the city or an offroad bike. Eagle Rider also organize a lot of tours, where you either travel in a group or on your own. Then you can also choose the offer to get everything prepared with maps, accommodation and suggestions for alternative routes. A well-developed ways to rent bike. Or you choose to rent from Harley Davidson dealers, then you get the bike, insurance, keylock, luggage net, rain gear and unlimited mileage. And then fixes to the rest yourself. I have, on the few occasions I rented bike, chosen the later. One thing you should keep in mind, it is not cheap, the price tag is about \$125/ day. As a comparison, to rent a fullsize car, it costs approximately \$35/day. In terms of accommodation, so I have chosen to live simply, in my way of traveling has a room with AC, shower, clean and nice, usually without breakfast but with Wi-Fi cost me \$39, more should not necessary cost. It should, after all, just sleep. In the evening I have planned so that I with the help of the network made an assessment of how far I was going to move me the next day, and then sought an accommodation in the area. Then I booked a selected room, noticed late arrival, so you really get the room, even if you show up late. Failure to do this as there is a small risk that the motel owner rents out the room to someone else just because they think you do not show up. A good part of this is that the room can be booked for the same day at 16:00, just call or send an e-mail and cancel, or easier to go into the booking page and cancel there. Besides, it has margin to stay along the way and explore something interesting which happens easily,

you understand that it has vacation, then he should give himself room for such and not trip under time pressure. Once you get out on the roads, there is any amount that provides an opportunity to stay for a while. It is at these spontaneous stop that you often run into some interesting people and create contacts. You can not imagine how easy it is, when you can just tell that one is from Sweden and traveling on a motorcycle. I tell this for the simple reason that if one would choose to travel Route 66 with one of the many organizers, so be never such chances as a spontaneous stop, one only have to follow the rhythm that the group offer. This does not mean that these organized runs is something you should not try, but it's a completely different approach. Perhaps ideally suited for making a first-time trip. Maybe you figured out that I have with me my laptop, so I can carry out such details along the way. Complimentary wireless internet access is available at all the fast food places, gas stations, truck stop and not to forget the library. These libraries, which are everywhere, where you can also borrow a computer for free 1h if you do not have computer with you. Just think, if you are surfing with your cellphone, it can be very expensive depending on the subscription. When you are at home I eat normally every 3 hours, breakfast 9:00, lunch 12:00, snacks 15:00 and dinner 18:00. When I'm out on these trips, I have changed this a bit and I decided to eat some hearty meals before leaving in the morning, at a local mom'n'pop place, then some small family restaurant, or preferably someone local "diner" . Then you eat omelet, bacon, hashbrowns, a mixture of fried potatoes, onions and peppers, but is available in localized versions. For the toast, coffee and OJ (orange juice). If you eat this steady so you can make do for the evening but get to eat something light during the afternoon, maybe some fruit, or you do a brief stop in any junkfood place, can be a rice burrito for 99cent at Taco Bell, a 1/2foot sandwich at Subway or a burger at McDonalds or a similar

local joint. No problem finding these fast-food places, they are really everywhere. And when you have arrived and checked into so choose an eatery nearby to eat at. The cost of this can be calculated to around \$ 7-10 for breakfast and \$ 9-12 for dinner.



**Image 42** – Real breakfast in U.S

## **11. My first trip to U.S.A. day 1-3**

The first trip I made alone, included a whole bunch lodging homes of people I only had contact with through the internet, and all I say everyone, here at home warned me in a lot of ways for the adventure. They raised a warning finger of robbery, assault, drugs, and abuse in dark alleys, do not go with strangers, yes everything and more that are living in the world of cinema. But, I had only good things to say about these people I had contact with in about 4 years I have written on the various forums, and in the 1000s, or the gazillion emails sent through cyberspace. When I planned my first US tour that took place in summer 2004, so I chose to arrive to Dallas, Texas. And there on the Dallas/Fort Worth Airport first adventure took place. The fact is, or rather, it was a fact that during the trip to the United States, at the aircraft I had to fill out a stack of documents, about everything between heaven and earth. One of the issues was that I would mention the first residents, the address where they would spend the night. But I did not want to state that I had contact with anyone in the US, I was just a tourist. Well, I did not put any of my contacts in trouble, I did not know the procedures. Had the idea to ask the flight attendant for advice. She replied briefly state the Super 8 Dallas, a motel that was in the airport's vicinity. Perfect, said and done, I wrote what she said. When the plane finally landed after 9h flight, then I was a bit tired, but at the same time tense with anticipation. Recall that I landed after 10p.m. I had the first stop over in Chicago, Illinois since you can not go directly from Copenhagen to Dallas. After all the security at the airport finally I came to the security check, were fingerprints were taken and the photo at different angles. The winding queue was like at the carnival in zig-zag and houndreds of passengers moved slowly forward in the queue. The whole process ended up but was

designated one of the 10 or so less queues, and the smaller queue ended with the man was asked to stand at the yellow line on the floor, and await my turn. After a while, it was then my turn, and they waved at me to go, and stop about 2 yards from the glass box where the uniformed border police sat with peaked cap pulled down so far that the eyes were not visible. He spoke to me loud and clear, that I could understand, but since there was only a small hole in the glass cage the size of an empty toilet roll, so you had to almost stand on tiptoe, leaning forward at a 45 ° angle on the toenails, and his voice sounded like he was talking with his hand to his mouth. The sound of his mouth did not come out of the glass booth. Would have been much easier if you could read lips. I was totally concentrated on his issues including consisted of how long I intended to stay, if I had people I knew, where I would travel within the country, when I said that I was a tourist, and it turned out to be the last question was why I decided to visit the United States? I did not know what to say or what he was expecting as answer. After an endless pause for thought I answered that in Sweden there was a TV series named "Dallas," I had an eye on, I mentioned that I stuck to this series, and would make a visit to their farm Southfork. I was greeted by one of America's biggest guffaws of this otherwise proper and regular, uniformed border police, and the last thing he said was, "Good luck!" Whereupon he waved me through, and signed to the next in the queue to arrive. I hardly understood that he accepted my explanation and without me even noticing it as I stood in the arrivals hall. There I would meet the first of all subjects during my trip, and we had made an agreement . "Sax" he got his name for the simple reason that he plays saxophone, o has done so since time immemorial, he would have a special headdress on himself that I would recognize him in the crowd. I had long before seen photo at all, so it was just to keep apart all subjects. When I passed the last door, into the hall

stood "Sax" which in his special blue baseball cap, like maybe 75 others in the arrival hall. This we had a lot of fun over the many subsequent occasions, he chose blue cap, it's probably 25% of the population, that many millions of people.



**Image 43 – "Sax"**

We traveled from the airport to his house in the family's second car, a Ford pickup and upon arrival there as I was shown to my room on the second floor of their tiny abode, a 3500sq.ft. villa in the Dallas-Fort Worth's outskirts. A gigantic house, with an 8-seat movie theater, a staircase to the second floor that looked just like the movies, a huge kitchen, fully equipped with all sorts of necessary and unnecessary electrical appliances, bedroom so that was enough and left over and in addition to output from utility room to a triple garage, big enough to their Lincoln, a pickup and two bikes, a

Honda Goldwing for long tours, and a Yamaha Road Star with 1800cc engine and ape-hangers and solo saddle for shorter trips. "Sax" is working in the telecom industry as a senior manager and wife working in the church as an administrator, the couple belong to the upper middle class. Despite the opulence, so are people who live in extremely kindhearted, and takes care of me in the best way.



**Image 44** – "Sax" got two bikes.

We have, after all, until the day before never met and only had contact through the internet. The morning after "Sax" took me to his breakfast place, a Starbucks Coffee where it was served "real" coffee, when he was far in advance understand Swedish and American coffee can not be compared. He ordered a French roast with two shots of espresso. That were certainly a really good coffee. Soon learned that this is called "Blackeye", you can also get what is called "Redeye" and then you get only one shot of espresso. I choose now only Blackeye, when you need something really awakening. Now that we're on the coffee, so I can tell you that the American coffee is called "Shotgun Coffee" and is cooked like this: You

take a large pot and pour in 1 US gallon of water. When the water boils then load up the shotgun with one (1) coffee bean, which subsequently pushes through the water, then it is ready to drink. Well, so thin is the Americans' beverage they call coffee, think it is strong when you choose something stomach-friendly called de-caf, it is caffeine-free. When we got back to the house threw "Sax" over the keys to his Roadstar, and said to me, the bike yours as long as you stay, and himself, he started up his red Goldwing. He took the lead and showed a lot of interesting places, roads and introduced me to their friends, both from his work, from the church he belongs, private, and of course his bikerfriends and I was received in the best way. No matter where you are, what kind of people they are surrounded by so are all equally interested and curious, about me, who I am, where I come from, why I am in Dallas and also about Sweden.



**Image 45** – That Roadstar took me all over southern part of U.S.



Everyone wants to know everything and issues hails. I stay in the area a few days and when it's time to head to the next destination on my journey as saying "Sax" that obviously should I borrow his bike, he has also what he calls his "first bike" so he is indeed not without wheels. We make a deal, I pay for the next service which he first rejected, but after a little chat we could agree. Said and done, I have a bike to move me. Unbelievable.

### **12 My first trip to U.S.A. day 4-9.**

I head eastwards for Waskom, Tx, it is a journey of 170miles and you need 3 hours to get there. After stopping at the gas station and asked for directions last stretch, I had been told that the place where they lived was called Corinne Circle, but the place I ended up at was called instead Corinne Place, which bewildered me. I had ended up right from the beginning, but these names meant that I chose to stop and ask instead of wandering around in the area. When I finally ended up at the right house so I was met by a couple, who would prove to be even a few really good friends for life, that I would meet many times to come. "Hitman" and his wife Gail let me park in their garage, so the borrowed bike was safely alongside their bikes. And their cars were placed in the driveway. I realized quickly that every family has at least one car/person in the household, and sometimes even an extra. "Hitman" o his wife had three cars, a sedan to the wife, a pickup and even a jeep, for those occasions they would go offroad any weekend and so then also have their motorcycle. The couple lived in a single-storey house in an area with an additional 40-50 similar houses that were all in the plot down to a small lake, which is actually a large pond, where there are alligators and a rich birdlife. He is working in General Electric as painter and the wife is responsible for spare parts inventory and

shipping them to clients at a company that manufactures heat exchangers. They are middle class.

"Hitman" is a founder of the Ark-La-Tex Star Riders, and he made sure that I got the opportunity to meet the members. He took the time to take me to all sorts of attractions. Luckily, I wrote a diary during the journey and in this way I could keep apart all the events and impressions. It was a lot of things happened all the time and I'm glad to have listed in the text and took a lot of pictures with the camera as a memory aid.



**Image 46** – The old limestone sign between Texas och Louisiana.

When the ordinary American has a much shorter holiday than we are used to here, it was so "Hitman" was forced to return to work and the following day it was time to go north to Texarkana, Tx to meet more of the members. Next accommodation was the home of the "Eagle" and his wife "Eagle II". A pun on his wife's name, "Eagle II" (eagle too, that she was also named eagle). They live in a so called trailer park, then in a stationary mobile home in an area where they own their homes and rent the land, or the little land

where mobile trailer stands, and pay a fee/ month for maintenance, waste collection, water and sewage. They have it pretty well off financially, but should be called the lower middle class. "Eagle" took me to a custombuilder who had his shop in the middle of nowhere. He was a special guy, a Vietnam veteran with a well-developed technical expertise that took advantage of this by building bikes in order to customers in the local area. He lived in the workshop together with a woman, and had 2 suspicious aides who carried his ideas. To put this business in a compartment one could say that he had a business that can be compared with OCC (Orange County Choppers) but far from their economic prospects and contacts, but performed a result, well in class with guys in the OCC. Recall including a Harley Service Car, you know, their 3-wheeler as with 750cc engine that police were using. Such was his custom built for a client, with a fantastic result . He used exclusively by Harley Davidson frames and powertrains, but the rest was hand built, a true craftsman who warmed and bent tubes that eventually became the framework for his project. This was no series-produced, but each vehicle was unique. I got both some baseball caps and some other materials from there, and when we left the inconspicuous building in the Texas countryside and said "Eagle" "Very strange, I've been out here so many times and he has never given me so much as a bolt , and so will you from Sweden and walks away with your arms full. "The following day it was time to meet the members of his part/area of the club. We drove the 15miles into Texarkana, which took a little half hour and swung up in the parking lot in the middle of town with 30,000 inhabitants. We gathered at Yamaha Sports Centre where I got to meet the whole staff, which several I still have good contact with. Most employees had connection to the club and participated regularly in their rides. Clyde and Monty, two of the most talented mechanics I have also met during my

recent visit and both now work with Randy who started the Cycle Zone with his wife Cindy.

Randy, I have had much contact with at any opportunity I ordered motorcycle parts probably all the bikes I have owned since I got to know them. At this my first visit to the area so they arranged so that all members of the club showed up at their bar "Fat Jack" for a spontaneous gathering



**Image 47** – Some of the members of the Ark-La-Tex Starriders.

At the club there was a detail that I want to share with you. We were about 25 people who ate and when the meal was over and the moment approached for departure as if by magic asked all got up and left the room. I followed of course and when we came outside and went on to the bikes in the parking lot, I mentioned the "Eagle" who walked by my side that I had not paid what I ordered. He stopped instantly and said in a loud and clear voice: "Listen, everybody," thebaron "come all the way here from Sweden and participate in our joint dinner and when we come out onto the car park so he

tells us that he ate and drank and also have the nerve to tell us that he has not paid for itself, who does he think he is !!!!!

"What I did not know was that the "Eagle "is the club joker, and had also paid the food out of his own pocket for all those who made it to the club and participated. It all turned out to be a really practical joke. And as you understand I have been reminded of this many times. Can also tell you about the "Eagle", how he on each occasion he had an errand to the small gas station in the village where he lives, when he stopped to refuel, buy a bag of ice or a newspaper, and then he drove up to the pump and stayed he had to run over a airpreassure-bell on the ground which called for the staff's attention. Because this was such a small gas-station with personal service, you know the one where you get the oil checked out and the windshield washed. Every time he stayed so honked his horn, and when the female owner looked, he pointed over his shoulder and subscribed to "fill it up" and every time woman shook her head and pointed to a sign at the side of the door at the small building which was gasstations only building. I asked why he had this habit on the own station and the answer was: "I have joked with the woman as long as I can remember," and finally to put the female owner up a sign saying "We just helps the elderly and disabled customers with refueling ". "Eagle" is as old as I am, and has been retired since he was 40 years old, for the reason that when he was working it was in distributing products to restaurants, bars, shops and gas stations, and after 20 years in the company's service was his back and hips torn always jumping in and out of the truck. One day, the boss of the company to him and announced that from his 40th birthday so he could stay home, and his place at the steering-wheel was replaced with a healthy young guy. He had done its job in the best way and everyone was pleased with his effort, he also had not had a single day off as sick over the years. The thing is, he had fully paid the rest

of life, and the company had the name Coca-Cola Company, a real sunshine story. After a few days in the area around Texarkana, it was time to continue the journey, and Louisiana were the next state on the tour. Specifically Arcadia, a community in the northern part of the state with 3000 inhabitants.



**Image 48** – A visit at Yamaha Sportcenter with Eagle1 och Eagle2.

There I would spend the next few days at the home of "Trashman" and his wife "Trash Lady". "Trashman" got its name when he was responsible for refuse collection and had 18 trucks and 50 people to help. In the US, it is of course so that the garbage truck rolls down the streets and two people standing in the back of the garbage truck on a small ramp and jump off at each household, collect garbage cans and empty them in the rear. When the car is full they roll to the dumpstation for emptying. Everyone at the firm were African Americans except "Trashman" and the girl in the office. The couple "Trashman" lived in a small nice house on the outskirts of society,

with the railway as the nearest neighbor. This became clear to me when the train passed by about 1 time/hour, and at every railroad crossing,

guarded or unguarded, had the driver usually honk, this rule applies across the United States. Well, you figured it just right, it was a few days in Arcadia, but also good sleep. Believe me know that those who live by the railway in the United States probably get used to the hornblowing, otherwise I do not know how they persevere It was a very educational time in the area. I had to make a visit an alligator farm and be part of the feeding of those beasts. It was a farm which had made an agreement with the state, that of all the alligators born would 75% be out in nature and the remaining were bred for "industrial use". You figured it out correct, they would be bags, shoes and belts and other similar products. But interesting to have been involved. Louisiana's largely French-speaking, but in some parts it is, or was at least some parts of German descendants, and I even got to see an old German settlement, a special sort of house, preserved since the 1800s when the houses were built. "Trashman" took me to some historical places. You may know Bonnie & Clyde, the old small-gangsters who ended their criminal court at Hwy154 between Gibsland and Sailes south of Arcadia in Louisiana, where the police in an ambush fired more than 130 shots towards the car they were traveling in. We visited this location , marked by a monument that tells the story. "Trashman" took me to the Bonnie & Clyde Ambush Museum in Gibsland, where an old man was the guide. It turned out to be the son of one of the six police officers who participated in the shooting, who was the director of the museum. A tragic story ended, but a very interesting day in places where you could hear the history. Speaking of history, so we also visited Natchitoches, with 18'000 inhabitants (pronounced "Nack-a-tish"), the site is the oldest settlement east of the

Mississippi already in 1714 settled people here.

The city is also known from the movie Steel Magnolias recorded here.

Unfortunately, the stay was over far too quickly, and after yet another sad farewell it was time to continue the trip, but had early decided since I parted from these friends, I never said goodbye, I said, "See you again." And so, thus it did not feel so heavy. And so far, I have actually had the chance to see again these people once or several times through the years.



**Image 49** – Gail, Fuzzy, Bubba, Dottie, me, Trashman och Hitman.

### **13 My first trip to U.S.A. day 10-14.**

After days in Texas and in northern Louisiana's rural areas, I now turned south to the small town of Houston, Texas. No, it is not a small town, there lives fact roughly 8miljoner in the city, including the suburbs. Phuuuu. I found the house that would become my accommodation over the next four nights. "Gonzo" was president of the club received me in the villa that was



in a fairly common residential neighborhood where all the houses looked similar. He worked as a supervisor at the port where he saw to it that the right container ended up in the right place.

Would probably put him in the middle class. He lived there with his wife and three children who was then 14, 16 and 17 years. Although the club he belonged to, we have had contact thru internet over the last approximately 4 years. I arrived in the evening and barely had time to set the seal on the room before it was time to move on to the bar that was the club's hangout. It turned out to be a night when two new members would get their backpatches, and since I was staying at the home of the president, I would be involved. This belongs guaranteed not quite usual for normally involved no outsider, but only to club members. It was an extremely messy affair with much drinking, and that which is not uncommon in these kind of groups, so there were also other chemical substances available for those who have such needs, Uncle Jax who ran the place had permission to stay open until midnight, had he openly anymore so he risked rid of the state, and the local sheriff made several visits during the evening. Nothing special happened, except that it was messy in general.



**Image 50** - Part of the Third Coast Cruisers

I had been invited when I was a support member of the club, and everyone was in front o talking and wanting to know everything about me, and Sweden, not so easy for the other visitors to the answers to them in the permit, visitors found themselves in. In the the room there was a woman, Sherri, she hailed from South Dakota, but she lives and works in Houston. Even she was there as a support member, and had no direct connection to the rest of them, more than that she was just as I had contact with some members. We felt we were not comfortable there, neither she or I, and we spent a lot of time that evening to talk about anything and everything. Well, when I had made up with "Gonzo" to spend the next few days with him and his family, so I had no other choice than to do as we decided. The club made up to set a bike at my disposal during my stay, and when the evening at Uncle Jax came to an end, everyone would go home, we went out and aimed at Gonzos home, regardless of the state they were in . When "Gonzo"

started up his bike, it was just for me to do the same and it was with mixed emotions that we traveled through Houston. Since I did not know anything about the city, I could only follow his tail lights, I had no idea where I was or where I was going, and it was a feat to follow suit, as the journey went well wobbly and partly at a rate that exceeded the recommended, at least when comparing the signs and what the needle in the speedometer indicated. After about a half hour ride through the back streets and industrial areas, so we finally arrived at the house where the "Gonzo-family" lived. I slept like a rock, and partly because I had a long day behind me and that it has been filled with a lot of different experiences and impressions. Morning after came Sherri which was off-duty from work at that time and it suited very well, then, "Gonzo" would work. We had decided the night before that she would pick me up every morning and take me to the various runs in the area. Some of the days we traveled 375 miles of roads in south Texas and I saw much during that time. At some of the tours followed members of her own club with us on these adventures, but otherwise we travelled by ourself. We were out on the Galveston island located south of the city, and most recently in connection with the hurricane "Ike" 2008 was flooded and suffered severe injuries. We became very good friends and are in constant contact and we also met during later journeys.

Then in 2012 I suffered a heart attack, and my wife wrote about this on the web, so was Sherri the one who called me up just minutes after the information has been disseminated. A real friend. An event that occurred during the visit to the "Gonzo" was as follows: I had all valuables and money in a bag that I wore in my left armpit, and had only a small amount of money in your wallet Each night before I lay down to sleep so put I have this bag under the pillow, so I spent the nights sleeping on this bag.

In the morning when I showered, so I lifted the pillow to prepare bag to bring it on myself, and discovered that it was gone. I was completely numb and stunned, all my little bag with all the valuable documents and currency was blown away. How could I now go about. I went into the next room where "Gonzo" was sitting at his computer, and I told him how it was. He rushed up, with anger in his eyes, rushed into the other room and woke up the rest of the family, wife and three children, and required them to answer, where was my bag? All was silent, but soon all ran around looking for the missing valuable. It all had a happy end when the youngest child found the bag well hidden under the blanket in the bed that belonged to the family's small dog, a small terrier, which had brought the bag and buried it under the rug.



**Image 51** – Sherri, a true friend since 2004.

While this story had a good ending, but I must admit that there were some say the least anxious minutes between the disappearance and until I found it

#### **14 My first trip to U.S.A. day 15-20.**

Now it's off to the east for 190 miles traveled in just over 3 hours to a place outside Eunice in southern Louisiana, the next person, or rather family. "Bigdaddy" I have contact with, lived there at the time with his wife and four children. Now, more than 10 years later, all the children left the nest, and have their own accommodations. The house is located in a rural area, and the nearest neighbor is ¼ mile away. "Bigdaddy" is a carpenter and has built the house they live in by himself. His father was a carpenter when he was working and now works three brothers together and has constructed more than 100 houses in and around Eunice. A real craftsman. I arrived at this idyllic place late at night in total darkness except for the light from the lamp on the bike. The only thing that shone out there in the dark, the lights in the house, there was no other lighting, no streetlights, only total darkness. After a simple, but very good meal, but plentiful and strong, at least by American standards, then the whole family showed me out to a place at the side of the house, where they arranged my accommodation. It turned out that they set a trailer, that such a caravan that you connect a pull up on the back of a pickup truck, called a 5th-wheeler. It would be my home in the near future. Even your very own residence, with kitchen, WC / shower, bedroom and living room for a total of approximately 200 sq ft. There was everything you needed for a good accommodation. On the morning after, when I woke up and went out of the trailer, I noted that I was, as I said in the middle of nowhere. At one side the house were small groves of trees, and on the other hand there was the agricultural field, where it was grown sugar cane, rice and soybeans, and in these rice fields were harvested even crayfish.



**Image 52** – My own residence in Eunice, Luisiana.

The cultivation of rice took 11 months and the 12th month they harvested the crayfish. These crabs brought in more money than rice farming which occupied most of the year. During my stay here, I got to go on their building site and see how their craft performed. Also got involved in how the family's cooked their daily food be in their outdoor kitchen. It was dishes of Cajun cuisine such as gumbo and jambalaymeals which largely contain seafood. Food I choose when I have the opportunity, it's been incredibly interesting and instructive additionally have the opportunity to live close to and with these American families to follow them in everyday life. An event that I remember very well from the trip was when the family took me to the town hall in Eunice. That evening were the local radiostaionen on the spot and sent live. The reason was that two local zydeco band played. Zydeco music, the one with the classic line-accordions and washboards and spoons, and additionally bass guitar and drums, the song is performed in a kind of

French and has roots in the 1920's. Some famous artists such as Queen Ida and Clifton Chenier. During the break between the different bands the audience were interviewed by the host, and the question was asked if anyone from the neighboring village was in place, and the applause was heard when there was a crowd. Then he asked if there were guests from another state, and some raised from Texas was there, more applause. Finally, he asked if they were few visitors from afar and I raised my hand, which cheers it was when the answer was Sweden and he asked: "How did ya find your way out here to the middle of nowhere?" And thanks to his curiosity and inquisitiveness was the break between the two bands may be a little longer than planned. The next event takes place when I and "Bigdaddy" sitting on the porch and talk about Sweden and Louisiana, and compare our lifestyle in these different parts of the world. I mention the winding paved backroads, which stretches through the hilly countryside, where I asked if he could show me some nice stretch in their area. He sits quietly and thinks for a while and suddenly he says "Now I know!" We start up the bikes, and I follow him out to the countryside in Louisiana. So very interesting to look at, everything is so different from what you are used to at home. After a half-hour ride we reach the stretch of road, he signs that we are there, and he increases the speed slightly. The dead straight road follows a stream, much like a small river here at home, and suddenly, without warning, as the road bends, in a gentle S-curve road goes on a little bridge over the stream, which means that the difference in height is changed approximately 6ft , my good friend stops some 100 meters further and ties his hand in a gesture of victory and cries a winning "YEEEEAAH !!!!!" We had just passed the finest section of road in southern Louisiana according to my good friend, and the whole thing was over in 13 seconds .



Impossible to compare with our Swedish back roads, but one must keep in mind that the roads of the American south is structured as a grid, so they go either north / south or east / west. So stretch, we just passed, with a west turn and a right turn just after the other is quite unique.



**Image 53** – A memorable music evening Louisiana.

On the way back to his home, we took the road in Eunice, the community closest "Bigdaddy" turned in the fire station, to introduce me to his friend the fire chief. After an interesting tour among the three shiny vehicle Robert Johnson up, no, not that old blues legend, but the local motorcycle police. We sat in the shade outside the fire station and talked about, among other things, US police skills to drive their vehicles, they have seen on the internet how they balance their vehicles in different lanes lined with orange traffic cones. Robert started up his white and blue Road King and made a show, and partly on the large asphalt plan in front of us in the grassy deep ditch between the station and the road outside. He could really handle it when he slowride, with large shower of sparks from the footrests, but also

cross the ditch in every possible way, both slow and high speed. It looked like he handled the heavy Harley as if it were a 125cc dirtbike, or an extended part of his body. Very skilled he was. Can also mention when we were stopped by the local sheriff. This took place a few years later and my wife was with me that night and we were traveling in a car, that belonged to the Blanchard family and I sat at the wheel. "Bigdaddy" sat in the passenger seat and the women in the backseat. We sat and talked about everything and nothing when he suddenly shouted, "Turn left!" I did as he said, but changed my mind, the left front wheel crossed the center line of perhaps no more than ¼", and I chose to do a U-turn a little bit further down the road, then I noticed that there was oncoming traffic just then the front wheel, barely touching the center line. Everything went in lightning speed, because just when I barely noticeably wobbled then 64 blue lights came on, on the car behind, it was namely the sheriff who was driving the car behind us. Now I had a real reason to turn right instead, into the gas station lying there, I thought to make the U-turn. I stopped the car and rolled down the window and stayed to the sheriff would arrive at my side. He soon emerged, wearing long pulled down hat, just like the border police at the airport I told you about earlier, but also with a six shooter in the holster, big as a tank, and with the little leather strap that holds it in place it was unbuttoned, i noticed. "Evnin 'sir', he said in an authoritative voice, and then, he wondered how it was that I swerved over the center line. At this moment it disappeared all that normally should have been very seriously, and my wife in the back seat, she roared with laughter, uncontrollable, and not only that, she tore open the back door and then she rushed out of the car and into the gas station (which was closed for the day).



**Image 54** – The armadillo that almost got us arrested.

She brought the camera and she stayed some distance away and then began laughing permission to photograph an armadillo, an armadillo, you know the animals that moves by jumping quadrupeds, and when they are frightened that coil themselves, and you see they often hit the side of the road especially in the South we had earlier in the trip seen these animals to be hit and wondered if we would meet in a live specimens and we had joked that they would be hard to get a picture of these leaping strange animals. This mission had been completed, but in a completely different way than we predicted. You can certainly see this in front of you, when age and extremely serious constable nab a staggering Swedish driver and his wife fleeing the "crime scene" loudly laughing with camera ready to use. When everything calmed down and the Sheriff get control of the situation, and got clear how everything was to so it all ended with that he also drew a smile and wished us a tasty meal at the restaurant which was the goal of the evening's trip.



**Image 55** – Me, Jann och "Bigdaddy" outside the restaurant.

Well, it was at this restaurant that I tried a delicacy in the South, namely fried alligator, white meat that resembles chicken in both taste and texture. Now, these were exciting days in Louisiana over, and it was time to move again, this time for the return to the bike. The trip back to Dallas took almost the whole day and went through Lufkin, a journey of 365miles after a fantastic tour of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas. After having restored the bike in the condition it was when I first got to borrow it, by washing, and polish it so I am grateful to the environment down there is good for bikes, is the clean o nice, so it was a not to arduous task of polishing. Can say that it requires much greater effort, about the same number of miles were felled on Swedish roads.

## **15. My first trip to U.S.A. day 21-29.**

Last leg of the trip took place in the New England area, north of New York and to get there I flew home from Dallas, Tx and Bradley Airport, Connecticut. At the airport I was met by two members of BGGB. "Greybeard" I last met in 2010, when he turned 70 years and unfortunately is not around us anymore, he left us in 2012 after the "Big C" took him. The others who met me was "Herper" in whose home I would stay during the visit, and which would later prove to be one of what came to be standing closest to me. It all began quite tentative and cautious and it is not strange, there comes a guy from the other side of the Atlantic, traveling around with a bunch of unknown people in the south, and then turns up, admittedly after a lot of contact through e-mail and telephone, but I can now in retrospect to have full understanding of their somewhat reserved appearance when we first met. On the local pizzeria asked the one question after the other to get out as much as possible about who I was, and when we finally left the diner, the atmosphere was much more relaxed. Before we parted for the day we decided to meet again the following day. Once in the house so I was introduced to the lady of the house, Mary. They gave me a tour of their house, which they had lived for almost since they met. I got an own nice little place, which over the years has become my residence in New England. Long before I left home, I was asked what I eat, and questions about my eating habits. I probably answered, somewhat loosely, or not sufficiently clear on these issues, because when Mary opened the fridge so there was fruit, which would beat a well-stocked fruit business with amazement, and cheeses of the most varied kind, and finally one bottle after another of juice of different sorts in 1gl . bottles. Above the stove, she showed me the warehouseof coffee beans.

And as if this were not enough, so Mary said: "We have a second refrigerator in the basement"



**Image 56** – "Herper", me and "Greybeard"

To describe this further, so you could say that if I only had eaten fruit, cheese and drinking juice and coffee, so had I am easily able to stay in one month ahead, so much had she bunkered. This we had a lot of fun over the years. Later in the day we went to pick up a bike that "Herper" borrowed from a colleague. It was a Honda Valkyrie, you know the Goldwing with just a batwing. Since I was from Sweden and had no motorcycle insurance that worked in the US, this had "Herper" arranged it so he borrowed the bike to himself, and I had to drive his Yamaha V-Star 1100, and if something happened (which it did not), he would take on the role as a driver. "Greybeard", "Herper" and I took off, and the first stop was a winery in rural areas, and in this winery I bought a few bottles of these local brews to take home as souvenirs. Then we continued the journey,

and eventually came to a place called Shelburne Falls. Center of the village runs a river, and over there is a bridge, as a since 1929 transformed from a bridge for transport, to a bridge covered in flowers. An amazing experience, to see this flowered bridge that connects the two parts of society. After a lot of photography it was time to break up and go on.



**Image**

**57 - View from Hogback Mountain.**

It turned out that my two guides had put a lot of time choosing routes that showed New England at its best. We ended up on the Hog Back Mountain, a place where in a clear day the 100 miles, and has a nice overview of States, Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Well, I was lucky, the weather was the best and the view to say the least monstrous. The trip went further down the mountain range and when we were almost in the valley, they turned off the road and into a gravel parking at something that would prove to be an eatery, a so-called "Diner". The place is called the Chelsea Royal Diner, West Brattleboro, Vermont.

This is a history that began in 1938, and all of these "diners" has its origin in that they are from the beginning built of railway wagons, converted to small, and in any case I encountered, very nice small places. Opening hours are 5:30 to 21:00, so you can get everything from breakfast and supper served. To the homemade meal was extremely good, one need hardly add more. When we later came back to the area where I lived we ended the day on top of Sugar Loaf Mountain, yet another opportunity to see from above the nearest region. You could see the Connecticut River and along all the tobacco barns in the area. Tobacco has exclusively used as wraps, or outer leaves for cigars. Also had the opportunity to visit one of the tobacco growers in the area and were given a thorough lesson in how farming is done.



**Image 58** – Chelsea Royal Diner.





**Image 59** – "Herper" make a documentation of the work of tobacco.

The following day we got up early and headed on a trip into the White Mountains, and the first stop was Concord, New Hampshire, where "Ol' Man of the Mountain," "CJ", "run-in-bare" and "Wind Burn "joined and we had lunch and got to know each other, we had never previously met. Must mention that the "run-in-bare" traveled all the way from Canada and had driven 620miles to meet. He's a real biker and spend all executable time on the road. Now hear it's to the point that season in Canada is shorter than here in Scania, but even so, he runs annually at least 30000 miles. He was over 65 when we met, and now turned 75 and is still fully active on the roads. How he lives when he is out on his travels? Well, he sleeps in a sleeping bag, but not in the tent, he has a tarpaulin as he cut across the bike with tent pegs, and so he crawls into the shelters and spend the night in this way. All he needs to think about when it is safe to rain, is to place the bike

in such a way that he does not wake up in a trickle. Body care occurs in places along the route, for example truck stop, or eatery, then a cheap and pleasant way to live along the roads, it need not cost a fortune. But to the point belongs, on this trip so he partied it to stay inside the motel. I have met a group of people I have constant contact with, and also met several times over the years. When we came out of the diner, we realized that the bike I was driving had a flat tire on the rear wheel. Is it not typical. A massive spike was discovered. Someone went to the nearest gas station and borrowed the portable air pump, tire filled and a short but a little unstable ride away to the Harley shop as we have previously passed.



**Image 60** – This is how "run-in-bare" lives when he is out on the road.

They proved that unfortunately they could not help because they only had tools in inches, and because the Yamaha is built of bolts and nuts, etc. so there was no help available. We were referred to the Yamaha shop which was a kilometer away, and while the mechanics fixed to the rear tire, so we spent the waiting time on the grass outside.

It ended up getting a nice gift of "Wind Burn ", a unique hoodie with pressure from the club he belongs. It hangs here at home as a fond memory, and reminds every time on both "Wind Burn" and then on the puncture adventure. Soon the tire fixed, and time once again to continue his journey. We drove on a lot of wonderful paths and came to the place called River View Resort Bethel, Maine, which would be our residents, and the place was owned by the famous writer Chad McGraw. We had a common meal at a microbrewery, which recently popped up here at home, which had a nice restaurant, The funny name of the place was "Moose's Tail, food and ale". It will be a long night with a lot of stories about biker lifestyle, experiences along the roads, and not to forget, the major annual bikemeet Laconia Bike Week. The morning after we went to a truck stop nearby to munch breakfast. A memorable breakfast. The place was run by a woman of 65 years old, who took care of our customers and stood at the checkout, and her son in her 40's, who cooked. Each customer was asked about what they wanted to order, and when it came to the kind of toast you wanted, she asked, "White or wheat? And if you answered "Wheat please," was her answer, "Sorry hun ', but we just have white, Is that okay?" Being the son took a 3gallon container with cooking oil, put it on the shoulder let the oil run down on the roasting table, yes there was a sea of cooking oil the baconsllices and the breadslices were placed inside, when it was time to turn the sheets, so the procedure was repeated, and the result was a plate filled with omelette, bacon and slices of bread, and in my case, sliced tomatoes, all surrounded by a generous amount of oil. The rating for the grub was, quite okay, despite the high oil content. A visit that you will remember for the rest of their lives. Next morning went to "run-in-bare" towards new goals and we have others turned back south, "Ol 'Man" and "CJ" turned off in Concord, and "Wind Burn" went off to his home.

The rest of us 3 had a memorable trip back to his home in Massachusetts. The day after it was lie, and towards morning we made a visit to the "Herpers' work, and I also had the opportunity to meet with members of the club he belonged to, and even participate on the bike night that recurred every week. BBQ and live music were on the program, and the event is held in the parking lot outside the MC-shop "Rolands". Roland, an almost 70 year old motorcycle guru in the area and with a history as a racing mechanic, something that even sitting in, and he is a respected man in motorcycle circles. If you have problems with the bike again relying on him.



**Image 61** – We who met up at the Canadian border.

He is of the sort that he did not connect the bike to a computer or use of electronic instruments, Oh no, he puts a screwdriver against the engine block, and put your ear against the order to thus listen to the potential problem. Last evening in the United States approached and "Herper" and Mary had reserved a table at a fish restaurant nearby.

And guess what was served, yes lobster! Talk about luxury dinner and practically. Which was spent the rest of the evening, with many topics and of course so did they realize that when the opportunity shows up in the future, the couple is more than welcome to Sweden for a visit on my side of the Atlantic. You can not imagine what was waiting for the morning after. My flight back to Europe went from Newark, NJ, and there are of course several hours of traveling, but "Herper" and Mary took me instead to Bradley, and stopped at the entrance. There they met a suit man dressed up and it turned out they arranged a limousine that would take me to Newark. Another very sad to meet again, and when we after a week in New England.



**Image 62** – Limousinen that took me to Newark, New Jersey.

would be separated, so we were all three convinced that we would soon meet again. The last thing I mentioned about this trip was that when I came to Kastrup, Copenhagen, so I was met by my eldest daughter, who met up with sandwiches and a thermos real Swedish coffee.

## **16. First Internationella BGBB-gathering.**

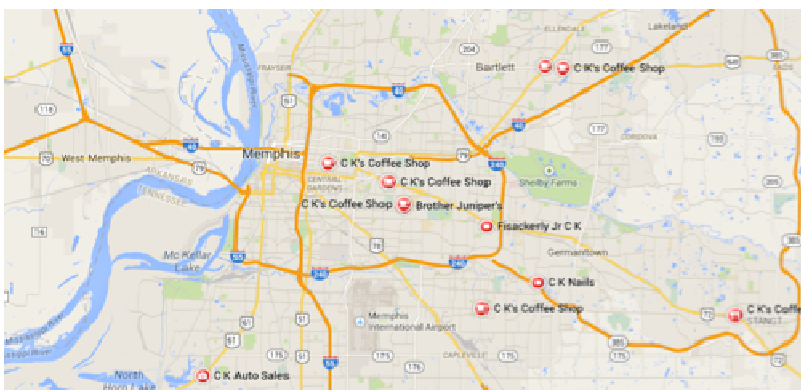
This journey began in 2005, with the planning and re-planning. It's the normal routine when the brotherhood organizes these kinds of gatherings, the year before, members votes of first the state, then the place and finally the week that the meeting shall be held. The main reason has been that the gathering should contain good and cheap accommodation, good twistie roads and attractions/activities so that week can offer the greatest possible for all participants. We so far have been between 25 and 45 of participants including members but also any relative or friend. The meeting would be in a little town called Eminence, Missouri, we would stay in log cabins, and "Breaktrack" originally came up with the proposal, since he was born in the town, and also had spent many weeks of holiday in the area. It proved to be a very good choice, and I have nothing but positive to say about a week there. This was the trip when "Tinkerbell" chose to join, and we chose to fly from Copenhagen and arrive to Chicago and finally to Memphis, Tn. I begin to tell of a little adventure we were involved in before the actual commencement of the journey, or rather, just as we began the journey. When we moved from the airport to the motel would be our base during the days of the city. The taxi stopped at a railroad crossing, the booms were down and we saw a "diner" at the side of the car. As we should have lunch, and a "diner" was something we knew served good food in large portions at a reasonable price, so we paid for the trip, and went from there. It is worth noting that beside the diner was a major shopping center, then two pointers, a railway crossing and a major shopping center, "Oak Court Mall". We barely had time to enter the diner until the first question was asked: "Coffee ma'm?" And before we could answer, she had poured two mugs, then our waitress showed us to a table.



**Image 63** - Breakfast at CK's.

The waitress, a woman in age of 45-50, dressed in 50's-style-clothes, you feel like you come straight into the 50's, when she had nylon tiara in her hair, tennis socks who was rolled down to her ankles, light blue nylon dress, and then the interior was in the same style did not make worse the impression. We wondered long why she wore cat-eye shaped sunglasses in there in the semi-obscure room, but it had explained when she would fill up the blender with egg, to prepare omelets we ordered. She put the sunglasses on her forehead, and exposed a dark blue-purple black eye across one eye, (real raccoon-eye) That said, we each received a generous portion of food, and afterwards we said to each other that we come back, we will visit the place again. Before I continue, I must interpose a little story that took place two years later, when we were back in the area again. We landed at the same airport, would proceed to the Harley dealer in town when we decided to make a return visit to "CK's" that place is called.

Said and done, into a taxi and the driver announcement was short: "CK's" After a journey of 5-6 minutes stopped the taxi, and we sat and talked along the journey were informed that they cost \$ 12. We looked around and said with one voice: "This is not the CK's" Neither I nor "Tinkerbell" recognized the place, no railway and no shopping malls as far as the eye could behold. And "CK's", it was no big gray concrete building, but a building that resembles a modern house in the famous fast food style. We said stubbornly to our driver that we would "CK's" at a railway crossing, next to a shopping center. He was very friendly, took the microphone to the CB radio and called up his boss and asked instead that would fit our description. No one at the center knew the place. Suddenly, he leaves the car and runs into the gas station next door, and after a moment out again with the same negative response. Driver trying various solutions and finally he takes out his cell phone and make some calls, in which he finally lit up and says: "Now I know the place!" He tells us to close the doors and then he hits the road. 30min later he raced over the railway line and into the parking lot and said a cheerful voice: "Here it is, \$ 40 for the sightseeing." He has taken us nearly half way through the city to our "CK's".



**Image 64** – There are more than 1 "CK's" in Memphis.



It turns out that "CK's" is a chain of diners, and has some 15 of them spread over the Memphis suburbs . We now know that both of our "CK's" located on Poplar Avenue, which is cheap and good to know for next time. The journey began then with a few days in the city., We visited Graceland, Elvis Presley's simple little property. Just kidding, it is a huge building he had there. There were 3 different tickets to buy, one for the house, one for the house and racket hall, and one for the whole plot, including vehicles and all. Then you had to go back and ask themselves for photography into a minibus where everyone was counted, then drove the bus about 150yards across a main road and into the property. Where the bus stopped in front of the entrance of the house, all of the bus to be counted, then a walk through the house in a line, into the bus for the new account, and finally back to where we were photographed, out of the bus and the final count. Now we were led up to the photographer, where they became a little annoyed that we did not choose to buy a photo of ourselves with a cartoon version of Graceland in the background for the reasonable price of \$ 40. It was also the souvenir shop to buy postcards for \$ 10, those that cost \$ 1 in the center of Memphis. Then we went up the long staircase up to Elvis aircraft and arrived at the door took guard our ticket and waved clearly with it, and said loud and clear so everyone could hear: "You only bought a ticket to get into Graceland!" "So it may just be trying to squeeze down the stairs again, past all the others who bought tickets to get into the craft. Where you felt pretty cheap, and stared at by all the others who faced acquired a valid ticket. But we have in any case been on Graceland. Something that was really interesting in Memphis was the scale model of the Mississippi River known as Mud Island. Free and very interesting. We also visited the Peabody Hotel, famous for its live ducks living on the roof of the hotel, and daily take the elevator down to the lobby where they appear in the indoor pond.

We got a guided tour of the large hotel by a tuxedo clad ushers dressed in a top hat, gloves and livery. And must also mention the Beale Street, the blues street, with all these music venues, bars, record stores, even entire neighborhoods that breathed music. And not to forget, BB King's own museum which is located on the river, and visible from afar with its huge guitar that is mounted outside.



**Image 65** – "TinkerBell" in the middle of Mud Island.

We took the time to travel to Tupelo, the little town where Elvis Presley was born and lived his first years. A small house with one room and kitchen. The following year would be celebrated Elvis died 30 years earlier (1977), and even then we visited Tupelo was 55 buses booked, so a large number of performances were calculated to come to the community which consists of about 30'000 inhabitants After a few days of this tourist spirit we went finally to Bumpus Harley where we picked up a moss green Ultra and the trip began to hit. The bridge over the river took us into Arkansas,

and further north. We made a stop along the way in Mammoth Spring, Arkansas. Where we stopped for the night and had a fantastic dinner at Fred's Fish Restaurant, a place to recommend. The community is known for having a wide variety of fish species in the river, and many fishermen go there to try their luck, I remember right, there were some 20 species. The morning after, we stopped just on the other side of the border between Arkansas and Missouri, in an unforgettable place. The walls were full of stuffed wild animals and fish. Additionally, weapons, traps, snowshoes and all the things that have no connection to the wilderness. All this was enough to concentrating on all that and forgot how the food actually tasted, "Tinkerbell" said when we came out, never to set foot in such a dirty and untidy place, I had not noticed any of this, but had most probably been checking out all the stuff in the restaurant. After breakfast we set our sights on Eminence, we left, and soon after we turned in on Hwy19. This stretch of road has become something of a favorite, as it leads almost dead straight north, but on the other hand, it is a constant up and down like a natural roller coaster. At one time you stand up on the top and front of him has 7 peaks and furthest away you can see the road vanish in the horizon like a dot. Over the years has driven there several times, and will be equally impressed every time. Once there, the first thing you encounter is a billboard available at each community. We travel through the village, past the post office, eatery, grocery store, courthouse, glass shop, timber trade, a few more eateries and bars, the area with souvenir shops and then the gas station. The gasstation that would later prove to contain everything from a place to fill up the tank to munching breakfast lunch or snack, since they are open almost around the clock.



**Image 66** – A short break to stretch our legs at Hwy19.



**Image 67** - Eminence, a place that has given "quality time" a face.

But you can also stock up food, all sorts of drinks, with or without alcohol, buy a flannel shirt, a shovel, a can of oil or other spare parts for the car, a souvenir or a pair of suspenders or jumper cables. When coming to the woman at the counter that alternately charge for gasoline or flipping a burger while the roundshaped sheriff oversees it all smoking his cigarette. This is a given meeting place in the village. Not only this, you will be greeted immediately by a "Mornin 'sir' or a 'hello hun'" from everyone, and I really mean all. Directly you feel that you are truly welcome to Eminence. Probably all have found out who we were already there when the "Break Track" was there earlier and scouted for our arrival. And it felt like we met everyone in the village before, and that was there for a re-visit. Last in the line of facilities is Shady Lane Cabins, a campground that would be our base for the week we would stay in the area. Members of BGBB arrived one by one, and some had run together and arrived in small groups, and when the darkness came the group had gathered, well except some who had very far to drive or do not get together enough leave, which appeared the day after during our first "Rideout". There were some different arrangements for the stay, many drove over the bridge into the village and took breakfast at any of the eateries, while we stocked food at the grocery store and ate at the cabins. The dinners were common, either local, or so we had a BBQ at the meeting point between the cabins, the rich "bonfire" that was lit every night. We didn't BBQ over open fire, but Jim who own the place, made sure to get a mega-barbecue that he brought with his pickup truck, it was almost 10ft wide and big enough to swallow cobs and pieces of meat to all meeting participants simultaneously. After breakfast, the first day after arrival they then time to implement maiden voyage. "Break Track" gathered all the parking lot and went through ridingrules, they do not differ much from those we are used to at home, except for certain hand signals.

Prior to the departure "Doc" gave a bike blessing, then he blessed the bikes and asked for safe driving, so that everyone would come back safe and sound and without problems. This is something that is common in the US but less common here at home. Should perhaps add that BGBB has no religious connections at all, but this is naturally in many groups.



**Image 68** – The little grill we used. The first rideout was a shorter one, totaling around 125 miles, and began on the narrow winding "Backroads", often so narrow that the center line is missing. After an hour of riding, we arrived at a ferry terminal in the middle of the forest. This small road ferry would take us across the river, which is where the ferry was traveling was about 50 yards from shore to shore, and the boat driven by a wire, which uses an electric motor pulled it across the water. The maximum capacity was 8-9 bikes or 2 large cars.



**Image 69** –Akers Ferry, another adventure

Akers Ferry's place, and this exciting ferry trip we have made in our visits both the years 2006, 2008 and most recently in 2014. A real adventure. The crossing took some time, and the skipper had the mentality that it does not happen now it will happen later, and their breaks, he would of course hold, really lucky that we were on holiday for a panic or rush was not in his mind world.

Safe over on the other side as the trip continued with a much needed stop in one of the simple eateries in the neighborhood. Now remained only to fill up the tank, so that the bikes were prepared for the next day's travelling. During the week in Missouri, we had time to visit a state park, a smaller form of the national park, named Elephant State Park, 0,5 sq mi area with large rounded stones with a diameter of 10-30ft scattered in strange formations. They have been there since time immemorial. We also stoped at a gun shop that contain exactly what the sign promises,

"Never less than 1,900 weapons in stock." I'm not a gun freak, but in comparison to what the Swedish gun laws regulating, so it is a strange experience to walk around among the automatic weapons and revolvers citizen which can select and take home the moment,



**Image 70** – Weightlifting at Elephant Rock State Park.

The last thing the customer has to choose in front of the cashier is someone pava of the extensive range of spirits and beers that are on the 30-foot-long shelves from floor to ceiling in the store.

We also visited some of the enormous resources in the area where the icy water springs from the earth. The different runs had a length of between 125 and 375 mile/day, so we had all the chances to see large parts of the state during the week in the area. Another detail that I must share with you is the event at one of the breakfasts.





**Image 71** – "TinkerBell" in the gunshop.

It mentioned the in season and out, that different groups within bikerworld is in the "battle" with each other, something that the media often concern. But the members of the brotherhood I belong, has all sorts of backgrounds and consists of different parts of bikerworlds. That said, this breakfast, I sat on the local diner, surrounded by two members from two different dominant 1% -Clubs on one side and on the other hand, a former police and a pastor.

All were dressed in neutral clothes during the gathering, but everyone knew where they belong, and if it should prove that it came to some sort of "live" mode, which probably had each shown their true affiliation. But at this meal, and throughout the meeting at our forum, but even at some later occasions during my visits, as have members from different affiliations socialized over quite ordinary and quite peacefully. This is unique. During one of the evenings was held a common meal, where participation was mandatory, and in connection with this meal, I'll tell a few episodes that happened during this and later other common meals. What precedes in this brotherhood are details that remain within the group, but the following I can reveal. Man begins his participation as a guest, and a process will be recommended by a sponsor to take the step up to what is called the support member, and then, something that can take anywhere from six months and up, get some chance to step up to full member. The whole process took in my case from the intro to the full member for more than 3 years. The first event was when all the full members were asked to stand up, and all did so, except for "Doc" who at the time was "support member", He who called us said: "Doc" why are you sitting at the table? "" But, I'm the support member, it was full members who would stand up. "" Just so, you are absolutely right, you're from now on in full membership. "He had no idea that he was elected to the higher rank. Another incident was when "Boomer" called the support member "Bowhunter" and said the following: "Bowhunter," I'm in an awful situation, I have promised to organize a party for the members, but has been contacted by my boss at work and must work, I therefore ask you if you can arrange local, music, food and contact members about the invitation with the time and place. " Bowhunter " never say no if asked, so he arranged everything, a place was booked, food ordered, live music was arranged and everyone found out the time and

place, and when evening came, stood "Boomer" up and made a speech in which he thanked for the help and finally rounded off by saying "Bowhunter" from now on you are a full member, and thank you very much for that you arraigned YOUR OWN evening, hoping it was a memorable one for you too. Talk about a real practical joke. As I wrote, so Eminence is just a small town and during one of the days where I took the wife and a hike to explore the surroundings. There were a few souvenir shops, which attracted us, and of course, so just we need to take a closer look at them. Something that interested us from the first moment the Americans windchimes, is pretty much anything from the east, but very common here. They are such "wind chimes" which may consist of various long metal tube with the aid of the wind produces lovely tones. Above all there is a brand that put some extra effort into making fine ones, and they are tuned into the correct notes. Precisely this makes proved to be here with Shannon's Palette. I bought two pieces of which the major was 6ft long, and these are carefully packed in bubble wrap and thick brown paper to withstand the journey home. We only had time on the bike to say: "How did I do now?" How could we continue the journey with a 6 ft long package with a diameter of 1 ft and weighing 10lbs. "Tinker Bell" could not ride with this in her lap, and could not lash it crosswise on top of the bike's tourpac. The only solution was to move us through the village, went to the post office and send it home as a package. As if by magic as increased cost with additional \$50. You learn throughout life, think before you act! We parted after a week in Missouri's stunning scenery, and all participants were fully agreed that now everyone would go home and accumulate \$\$\$, so that everyone could come to attend the next International meeting which runs held for a further 2 years. My and "Tinker Bell" journey continued, and we headed south to meet people I previously visited.

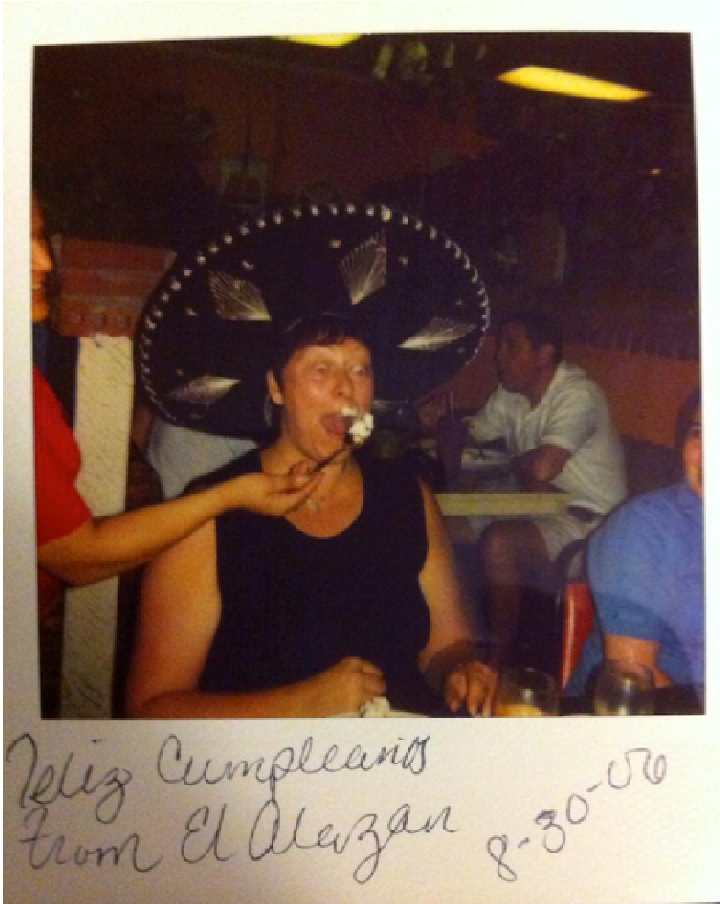


**Image 72** – "TinkerBell testrode some odd vehicle.

We stayed and spent time with both the "Hitman" and his wife Gail, "Trashman" and his wife Debbie, all of whom became very good friends with my wife and contact with these remains so today. She also got the chance to see many of the places and of course meet all the people, many of them members of the clubs, who I have known for a long time

We visited also Ellen Degeneres home village and school, she went in, saw property interest where Lyndon B Johnson and his Lady Bird lived before he became president. An event that is worth mentioning is when

"Trashman" and "Trash Lady" took us to the local Mexican dinning El Alazar, where they gave us a fantastic meal. Afterwards served dessert and this was served by the entire staff came up to our table, put a big zombrero on Tinker Bell's head, sang and played the Mexican version of "Congratulations" and all ended with that they cheered, and took the cream from the dessert and smeared the wife's nose.



**Image 73** - Birthdayparty at ElAlazar.

Now you may ask what was going on? Well it's like this that this is a tradition among the Mexican people in connection with birthdays, and our good friend "Trashman" had tricked staff that my wife had birthday that day. The whole was documented with a camera, so the rest of you can see how they looked. Another couple we spent time here, "Dottie" and "Bubba". "Bubba" is a man who was born and grew up at the bottom of the Texas

South Western coastal area, and when it was time for him to start work after finishing school, he moved to Waskom in the northernmost part of Louisiana. You can ourselves imagine a dialect which is a mix of the worst cowboy talk with chewing tobacco and the boots are optional attributes, and french-inspired country-louisiana-language, so it really comes to be "on our toes" when you should try to keep up as he talks. A large man in the 6'5" version, but with a big heart. He has both shown me how he hunts, namely the compound-bow, a special bow with "exchange" for maximum effect. This is because he has pulled on a hand injury, as a result of which he can not handle an ordinary rifle. This weapon I have received a test shoot, and now understand how to use one, then they have enormous power, fully comparable to an ordinary rifle.



**Image 74** - Even I test rode some vehicle in the US.

To get out of their hunting grounds, he has an ATV (All Terrain Vehicle), a Yamaha Rhino which I had the honor to test drive, you must say that you will be impressed with this small vehicle capacity to move around the terrain. After the stay in that area, we moved further south to New Orleans, and friends "Roadhog" and Laura, also met with "Sonny" and Nancy, and even "Wizzard" showed up and shared a meal at the famous Café de Mond, where the enormous good pastries beignets served, drenched in powdered sugar.



**Image 75** – Light powdered beignets at Café de Monde.

We even got a guided tour of our local friends in the city that never sleeps. The music flowed and favorite food Cajun food was on the menu. It was a strange feeling to come back to the city and see the effect of what Hurricane Katrina caused. The city that on my visit in 2004 consisted of 1,3milj inhabitants, now only consisted of over 300'000 people. The rest fled after the hurricane and still has many chose not to return. During our visit now so many neighborhoods were still closed,

and you did not enter them because of looting risk. Trees and bushes had grown up through the windows of abandoned houses. And in downtown seemed the obvious tracks on lampposts in the form of rust, and many retail and office buildings still had plywood boards for windows and doors well boarded up with thick metal links. We also passed the SuperDome which was the gathering place for all those affected in the area, a huge building that accommodates 70'000 seated visitors which sporting events was the main purpose of the construction. Also knows that I want to share with you what is in 2005, I was in New Orleans for the first time in 2004 when I visited "Roadhog" Hurricane Katrina hit the city in 2005, and also my good friend and brother "Roadhog" and his wife was stricken , not by the tsunami, but the hurricane that blew the roof of their house, and the subsequent and hurricane that drowned the house with rainwater and some big trees that grew beside fell, and injured body of the mandible. Insurance companies in the area had plenty to do and payments hit them hard, with the result that they improvised to finding ways out of the problem. If the homeowner had storm insurance so the insurance company blamed on: "You've got no insurance against rain /rainstorm / flood wave". And if the owners had insurance against the tide, so they blamed on the storm. And the final looser were the homeowners. Then I had the idea to start a collection, and sent the story to all of my contacts in the computer, the more than 800 email addresses that got the story, and asked if they wanted to donate some money to the brother "Roadhog". A bank account had been started, and when the time was over so had \$1200 collected, and then it was time to visit the bank. My contact at the bank promised to make a transfer to "Roadhog" in Louisiana, but it would cost me or the recipient something, it was his contribution to the collection. So in this way you helped my Swedish e-mail contacts to "Roadhog" got a little help to restore his house. And next time



2008 order was restored, it felt good to know that my little collection contributed to an occasional boards on the damaged house. The total cost of the entire repair cost much more than that, I can promise. After days in southern Louisiana was time to seek out the north over again. And an episode that I raise this is because we were up at the Friars Point, Mississippi, and that was when I decided to avoid the main roads on the navigator that led us. All of a sudden it showed us into a small, small road, and I followed the information given, it knew the way. After a while we ended up on the "levee" the protective wall surrounding the mighty river. The road that consisted of almost two ruts with grass in the middle and almost no opportunity to meet a vehicle led us slowly toward the north, with the river on one side and grazing cattle in the pastures on the other side.



**Image 76** - A sign with a clear message.

When we finally, after at least 6 maybe 10 miles on the exciting path we have chosen we finally came up. To access the "proper" way, we had to open a gate, who was there to prevent the cattle to come out, then discovered "Tinkerbell" a big sign on the gate post with the clear message: "Trespassers will be prosecuted". We were fully agreed that it was good to have come out of the navigable road again. This adventure has many times we had great fun at, and we have often asked ourselves why we even chose this path. Finally, we arrived in Friars Point, and what happened there, you know that already. And after stop in this particular village we drove later on up to Memphis, where the bike was changed to aircraft for the last leg of the journey back to Sweden.

**17 - Thirtythree states and 15500miles.** Next part of the story is about the journey in 2010. That it was a little longer than the years before, I mentioned earlier, and it went through 33 states and lasted for two months, possible thanks to saved vacationdays and with a more than fair employer. But start with this little story about the first week that I spent in the Smokey Mountains. I landed in Atlanta, Georgia, where I slept the first night, the morning after I made a stop at one of the city's Harley-shops. I usually stop at different shops since they have various merchants, because there is always something new to look at, if it's not accessories so there's always clothes, and then learned to travel to the US with almost empty bags, so be it's always an opportunity to fill them with stuff to bring home, the pricing is of course to "certain" advantage on this side ofe the pond. Have told you earlier that you can travel in various ways, either you hire the bike at one of the many Harley-dealers who have rentals on the menu, they offer the Harley Davidson, unlike the option, Eagle Riders who also provides bikes, but another concept, and a wider variety of brands. Self I travel on a

borrowed bike, something you can do after years of creation of a contact network, the cost is compensation in the form of service, perhaps a new tire or the like, and so little risk, think about the insurance issue, but it's my way to travel , one can choose other safer way to move on, then we're off to the north, and in the afternoon I arrived at the motel, which I booked from home, it is located between Bryson City, North Carolina, and Cherokee, NC and called Twin River Lodge. The major attraction during the week was the day when we journeyed to Deals Gap, or "the Dragon" as popularly called. 318 curves on 11 mile's over the hill, up one side and down the other, in short haywire. This applies most to keep the tongue in the right mouth. Not like the dude from Florida I met there who commented: "This is different than the 11curves in 318 miles we have at home!" At the "start" there is a small family business that provides everything from gasoline, homemade burgers, and other useful information, souvenirs and much, much more.



**Image 77** – At the start of Deals Gap/The Dragon.

We gathered outside the diner and decided on a time (5hrs later), so we had plenty of time to ride the stretch of road many times each, and still could be, of course, is not to learn something from it, but for every time we were surprised by OOOPS, there was some right here.

A funny thing is that there are people from two different companies along the route throughout the season, and shooting them passing, so you can later go to their site and order photo of yourselves when you passed at full speed with scratching footpegs. It's important to keep an eye on the surroundings, the distance run by all sorts of vehicles, sportbikes well as sports cars, and the middle of it all pops up a timbertruck or any bluehaired old gal in convertible, which is out maikin a sunday-ride, it is actually a public road out here. Have now heard that the truck are forbidden to travel on this stretch of road, as it happened far too many accidents with this type of vehicle involved. Other things to do in the area in addition to harvest all the wonderful winding and dangerous curvy roads, for example, Checking out other dangerous curves, namely Dolly Partons. Her own place 'Dollywood' is namely here, a place that she and her family runs, and in which she of course also occur "9 to 5" when she is not on tour. Besides that, there are eg museum, both focusing on automotive and indigenous. We set also off and visited a guy who built a store specializing in Harley-stuff, and it was easy to find as it is outside rather than a chopper in the jumbo format, guess 10ft high, with a wheelbase of approx 14feet, furthermore runs on a Harley engine and is fully executable. Inside the shop there was everything, and I mean yes everything you can imagine in the subject Harley Davidson. Clothing, accessories, furniture, household items, all with the Harley logo on. We also visited a dude who focused on carving with a chainsaw, and the range of gadgets at his site was endlessly.

You could find trinkets and garden art in everything from 1feet figures up to the monster in 24feets height, or an eagle with wings spread in 12feet width. The motel's proximity was so many eateries that you could eat three meals a day for a week at the new place at each meal, unless you chose to cook your own grub, either inside the motel room or over an open fire in the large common meeting place at the back down by the river. There were many of us, up to 45-50 people and cooked food, and so we shared with us, and thus was offered to a mix of all kinds of goodies, a real buffet of American food culture, (if there is such a).



**Image 78** – Bearhumping.

I always say: the weather, we of course, and the weather we had, of course, also in the Smokey Mountain's most sun, but also rain and we also met by thick fog on top of the ridge one of the days and so thick that, when visibility was minimal, we chose to stay a while, and by magic fog lifted again o we could continue. Very strange, and have never experienced

anything like this at home. Must also mention of what is offered in the wild here, and besides all birds of prey, larger deer, we even saw a bear at close range. In retrospect, one can only recommend a trip to the area roads, nature, sights. Or you who are country-freak, why not swing in Nashville, Tennessee (horse jazz / country music Mecca) which is just barely five hours from here. and like everywhere on this continent, all are real "biker-friendly". You feel welcome everywhere you go.



**Image 79** – Powerful wildlife in the range of 30 yards.

Yes, This was quite brief about my week in North Carolina, after a week of the bikegatheing in the Smokey Mountains, I went off to the northeast to the States between New York and Canada border. When it is more than 1000miles it took the little time to move. Specifically, 3 days, and along the way made some stops to meet "Retread" and "LateNiteTim", two good

friends that I have contact with online. "Reatread" rides a Harley Sportster, which over the years he has rebuilt many times, and most recently in the bobber-style. He's a real craftsman, and buy any parts but is based on the old way by manufacturing the parts he needs. "LateNiteTim" has another gift, he makes pens. The actual ink part he buys, but the rest lathes he out, of every imaginable type of wood, but also bone and horn. Has such a hand made and it is a real favorite, when writing by hand.



**Image 80** – Met "ReTread" and "LateniteTim" in Pennsylvania.

Of course, I spend time in New England with my good friend "Herper", but shortly after I arrived and got installed in "my" room, we left shortly thereafter the the north, of an event, as was held in Laconia Bike Week as well was there, a the Big 3, (+ Sturgis and Daytona), can say that 5-600'000 bikes impresses. And oddly enough, they have to be mentioned, there are a bunch of policeofficers there, which slides around in uniform, but they are there for one reason only. Since they have a genuine interest of bikes.

Despite the fact that there are so many participants at the gathering, and some drinking the occasional beer, so there will be no disturbance of any kind. There are so many nice bikes there, so many different architectural styles, so many examples of finishes, as many exhaust systems, so many technical solutions, an orgy of bikes. Moreover, so many interesting people, so many different eateries. Not to mention how this amount of people live, living, eating, socializing, sleeping, okay, your sleep will honestly a good bit down the list, to sleep, it can surely do later in life. When one is in the corner of the United States you can also find a nature similar to the Swedish Dalsland / Dalarna / Värmland, with its' rolling hill's ". An absolutely lovely nature, incredible views. Sure, I visited the OCC (Orange County Choppers), just interpose when I left New England. When I was in this area, we would run down to the OCC, but it did not happen when the time was too short.



**Image 81** – Orange County Choppers showroom.



As I was travelling, and at one point that the petrol gauge pointed to "empty", I turned into a gas station to fill up. At the station there was a large number of bikers, who were there to refuel and stretch their legs. It arrived a few dudes and asked where I came from, and where I was going, you know, the classic questions bikers inbetween. I told them and they countered by asking why I did not take part in their "charity-run", which took place nearby. When I had time, I turned away to start, after receiving directions of the people at the gas station. Talk about surprise, the event proved to take place at the OCC's main building. So, I had occasion to visit this builder-factory and see how it was when they manufacture factory built custom bikes. But now that I was here in New England, I was more impressed by what Garry in accomplished, a guy who renovate old Indian Bikes in its remodeled 3-car garage. A "workshop" that made a surgeon jealous, so clean that you could operate an appendectomy at the lathe, and a cast a broken femur at bike-liftboard. He renovates everything to original condition and taken the somewhat when he makes new self. There are a huge amount of Indian in the area, the plant was between 1901-1953 in Southamton, Mass. Garry, called "41" because he daily drives his Chief - 41. "41" learned this about the Indian by an old guy, I forget the name of, but, then "41" learned how the bikes were built, he got the task to dismantle a bike, oh I mean dismantling. Every small molecule screwed apart, and "41" put each part on the workbenches he had in his workshop. Moreover, he had put 2 pieces of old doors on top of woodentrestles, so he really had space to put all the parts on. When the whole bike lay scattered in the garage, then it happened that made that he learned how it was structured. His old, good friend, came into the garage and turned it upside down on everything, touched everything and overturned down stuff on the floor so it was a total chaos, and then he said,

"So, go now together again, this is the the only way to learn, and remember, they have to find all the parts, and there must not be any part of. "" 41 "was o have a heart attack when he saw his meticulous order turned into a total chaos. BUT, he learned the toughest way. This event is well basis that he is who he is today, he can pick up a tray or other part from any of its 100's of small drawers and compartments, which sits nicely set along the walls and know exactly where to sit. "This is on the lower front fender bracket on the left side of a 1942 and 1943 model year, and this sits in the same place in 1945 and until 1948." He has full control of everything. He also belongs to the old school, who would rather put the handle of a screwdriver against the ear and the tip of the engine hood, and "listening" through to the problem instead of connecting a USB cable to the bike and check out on the computer what can be wrong . Nor am I forgetting when he said to me. "Please, take the bike for a spinn and get the feeling of how a" real "bike feels." They're just so that an Indian has tank gear, footclutch, gas on one left handle, and the ignition of the right handle, so instead of being enticed by this adventure, and a total of making a fool of myself, so I contented myself to sit in and dry running outside the garage. Another impressive place to visit, while in the area is the Smith & Wesson factory. Even if you have no direct interest in weapons, so one is impressed by what is offered in their factory shop. Then I and "Herper" came to the factory area gates, and had put the bikes on the side we went up to the uniformed guard. He met us with a salute and was very nice, until "Herper" mentioned that his plan was that he and "his friend from Sweden" would make a visit to the factory. Then turn he immediately jumped up and reached out his arms perpendicularly from the body to prevent us from getting past. Moreover changed his friendly attitude to something cold and murderous look that spoke volumes, by implication, you are not welcome here!

Can very well understand him, it compares well with that I would try to get the "Herper" in the Volvo plant, with all of the trade secrets contained therein.



**Image 82** – Declined to testride this Indian with footclutch and tankshift

Once he calmed down, and got himself together, he became a bit more manageable and it all ended with that he gave us directions to another part of the factory area where it proved to be a factory shop and a museum with a product of each of all manufactured in construction since inception.



**Image 83** – Interesting even if you're not a weaponfreak.

And not only that, there was even an indoor shooting range, where you could get to test the weapon possibly imagined to acquire. We contented ourselves, however, to take a track of the store, with all of their stands and even got hold of some of these killing machines. Really interesting. After once said "See you again!" So it was a transport route, straight through the country of nearly 1900 miles, from north to south along the coastal States to Florida and to Louisiana, which is the next favorite place for me especially for food, music and nature. Their "swampland" has a lot to offer, even if you only have a small public interest for animals or nature. Cajun food, well yes it can write both long and hard about, but it's easier if you try yourselves, but beware it is easy to become "hooked" (recipe at the end of the text). To experience are: alligator farms, where they bred alligators, and the promise is that 75% of animals were planted out in the swamp, and 25% used "to another". Music, well worth a visit to New Orleans, where you can enjoy music 24/7, but why not stop in any small town and enjoy local music in the townhall, just ask where the music are. Then I travelled up to the Shreveport area in Texas to make a quick stop and meet friends in the area. They had reserved a table at a location along the Interstate 20 outside of town, a place called Catfish Village, serving everything in seafood. All my old friends and contacts signed up and participated in the meal, and some had been traveling for nearly 2 hours to get to the place to meet. It's not every day I'm in the area. After another day I reach up to the next stop as I write, and it is society Sunset, Texas. Of course, the cities of Houston and DFW (Dallas / Fort Worth), who clearly has its charm, and a lot to show off, but mention much rather the small towns Decatur, Sunset and Bowie along Highway 81, northwest of Dallas up against Wichita Falls, where to spend well the first few days of July.

Here, I lived in an old caravan, behind Harley-workshop, as my good friend and brother "Doc" both own and manange.

The day after my arrival, I was exposed to a real surprise. "Doc" had managed to gather a whole bunch of members from "BGBB" on a truck-stop located a mile down the road. When "Doc" and I did the entrance, so we were met by "Stormy", "Cappy" BigJohn "," RedRyder "Takoda,"



**Image 84** – I spent some night in a trailer in the Texas countryside.

"Spanky" and "Scooby", gathered at the diner A very nice initiative, which I otherwise would not have had the chance to visit all of them, because they live too far away for that one could catch the visit in the short time I had. There were some real quality hours at the diner, and meeting other interesting people, with different fates in the backpack evening before "july4," and I got to experience from breakfast at the "diner", still as they were in the '50s, a music sermon in "biker church" led by tattooed pastor

dressed in vest and backpatch and a congregation of bikers and the worst kind of convicts (prisoners from the local jail) and their entourage consisting of 15 heavily armed guards. The pastor, who also held a wedding ceremony myself and my wife, invited all to greet the visitor all the way from Sweden, Europe before the service could begin. And may well mention that hour in the church leaves its marks, where singing, music and stories from the 75-80 visitors can also affect a guy who is not even in the Swedish Church.



**Image 85** – Brother "Takoda" outside the bikerchurch

This little church, which consisted of an ordinary warehouse owner lent to church business when it is no longer used. It was on the outside covered and overlapped with chipboard to conceal the worst holes, and the electricity was supplied through a cable connected from the adjacent property on those occasions that the premises would be used. Inside was a simple pulpit, built by a carpenter for some of the members and the sides were tables and chairs

for visitors. Very simple but they filled an important function. Iron Horse Fellowship Church, so named Assembly, which is composed exclusively of bikers, and all are either homeless, the underprivileged and has lost souls. "Doc" leading the church has a colorful backround as president in a 1% biker gangs, heavy criminal record and has spent years in prison for his terrible deeds, but has since his release been the church faithful, he met Jesus, got saved, and has since preached the word of God. He acts as a link between the criminal and the law men and have a high status in this role, highly respected by all.



**Image 86** – This guy testified for 2 hours, and then played some music

Very difficult to describe the night there, but if you have in mind a real Baptist morning service, with a lot of Hallelujah and visitors who testify about his meetings with Jesus, about his years of abuse, of various kinds, often with heavy drugs, violence, domestic violence, of their children that they left to their fate, indeed every imaginable horrors one can hardly



understand and everything together, surrounded with sermons, singing and music, and a conclusion in total joy. Impressive, very impressive. When I'm in the area I have to mention about the National Day July 4th. In the evening we passed a bunch of, and in the bed belonging to a pick-up, into the countryside to a place by a lake that was a campground. A very simple campsite, where local people pitched their tents and parked their mobile-homes (their motor homes) There were fences around the area, so it was an official campsite. The entrance to the area was covered by the sheriff, who sat laidback on a simple camping chair, and he did not care a damn about what happened. He was probably the most on his shift and longed only to come home to his wife. In the middle there were amenities like sink and public restrooms in a building that looked like a bunker. Each group or family had obviously brings barbecues of largestl large or giant great, and barbecue smoke lay thick over the area. The atmosphere was very good, and everywhere people sat and played the guitar and sang in small groups. Many had fireworks with them and they fired at intervals, some spread a fantastic light games in the heavens, and only exploded. All of a sudden roll a huge dual pick-up in the area such there with extended bed, dual rear wheels and extended cab with both front and rear seats. It rolled down the beach and out jumped a bunch of young guys in 16-18years of age. They loaded a huge of pipeline of metal, so much so we could see from our place, maybe 80-100 yards away. Then the guys sneaked with something that we could not see. After a little while we could see that they lit a fuse, jumped into the pick-up and left the area at full speed and left: Then there was a HUGE explotion, something incredible, it felt in the chest. The boys had filled the thick pipe with gas from a large gastank and lit on. This was their way of genuine redneck-style celebration of the 4th of July.

The next stop is Las Vegas and they say: "What happens in Vegas - stay's in Vegas" But something small, I can mention. The Strip is a must to visit, and hours on the outdoor terrace at the Harley Café just to watch, to watch it can be to people, vehicles, and not least these stunning buildings. Another place not to be missed is the old main street before The Strip took over, it is called the Fremont Street and is 4 blocks long street that is now overbuilt with a roof, so it is like to go indoors. The roof is fully lined in fluorescent tubes, and these can by switched on and off bring forth a fantastic light games, that one moment shows when Apollo goes its maiden voyage to the moon, and the next moment you see the swaying palms in Hawaii.



**Image 87** – Outside Harley Café with "Bowhunter" och "Radar".

However, one should totally avoid all side and back streets, because there's only crime, drugs, prostitution, violence and the like. This is where the visitors of the town are robbed and beaten often without reason. See Also up for all these "look-alikes", there are plenty of copies on the celebrities,

who want to be photographed with them, of course, not free, they always want money to participate in the picture, always in arrears and price this is not low. After a time in the city it was time to proceed toward California. To avoid metropolitan panic in Los Angeles, my good friend, "MrGadget" and his wife Candy arranged for us to be seen in Yosemite National Park.



**Image 88** – "MrGadget" showed me Yosemite National Park.

They took me to a number of sites in the 1300sq mi big park, so you will understand that we had only a tiny fraction. But that's where the big redwood trees growing in the Sierra Nevada slopes. The following day they took me to another fantastic places and I got to experience the incredible nature, and a lot of great wildlife. Before we parted, I got over their admission card that give you access all year in all national parks, only to return it in the envelope for return. Also got great info of how to continuing the route of my journey now went north again, this time to Montana. Before coming up there I passed potato fields in Idaho, as opposed to the Mojave Desert in Nevada offers stunning greenery and lushness, okay, very dependent on the 600 feet wide irrigation ramps which, like prehistoric animal takes themself way through plantations. Then there was the time for another of the highlights, silly to add, but the whole trip was one big highlight, I mean Yellowstone National Park. Here I got to experience both the bison, brown and black bear and osprey + deer at very close range, all in 30yard of distance, Even the hot, sulfur-smelling sources that shed 6000gl of boiling water, every 92nd minute in a 150 feet high cascade in the air. The biggest known as "Ol 'Faithful' and one can only conclude, Mother Earth is very much alive, O you can clearly see that she" breathes ", a very impressive spectacle. After this wonderful, well then you have to take "penalty" to bite the bullet o travels through what is called "High Desert's" treeless country, 6000ft. just surrounded by rocks, sand, stones and one o another smaller shrub. one can well describe the trip through Montana, Wyoming and the Colorado, but it was well worth it. Arriving in Colorado, I got to experience the "Rocky Mountain" up close, and one can only say, what a fantastic landscape! Also had the opportunity to visit the Old West hero Buffalo Bill's grave in Denver and the "posh" ski resort of Aspen, Co. as you've heard so much about but not impressed me.

As all other "fancy places" completely surrounded by high fences, guards or cameras. Would only stay for lunch and cake, but did not feel immediately welcome, so they just continue along the road.



**Image 89** – Hot springs in Yellowstone National Park

The last bit of my journey was through Colorado, Arizona and up to Las Vegas, Nevada, where the flight home to Sweden was booked and it can be said, a wonderful journey ended by a stunning cliffs, through the canyon's in a temperature level slightly higher than here at home . At 22: 00hour in the cafeteria outside the Harley Café in Las Vegas thermometer showed 104° F, and the sprinkler system that showered the guests with refreshing "fog", a form of indoor air, the work to say the least at full speed. So, to sum up the trip and give you some input for your future trips, so you can say: because planning is very important to get the most out of your trip. Consider, for domestic flights can help you pass the "boring" parts, (because I stayed and visited good friends along my journey so I decided to

ride all the way, but the stops are not mentioned in the text). If one is planning the first trip, so to get the most possible, choose one part at a time. New England, north of New York City is reminiscent of central Sweden, both in nature o climate.



**Image 90** – Nevada-nature.

Louisiana swamps, good food, great music experiences. National parks, endless beautiful scenery and great chance to see and experience the wildlife south west, hot, very hot, Arkansas, Mississippi, Missouri, Tennessee, Virginia, if you stay outside the major cities, and live in a cabin on a campground where you live cheaply self-catering, or munch on local diner to fair prices. There are infinitely and great bikeroads, as, Blue Ridge Parkway which extends from Waynesboro, Va to Smokey Mountain, NC. Concludes the text with the same words that sits on a patch on my vest. "So many road's - So Little Time"



**Image 91** – A patch on back of my vest.

### **18. New England – South Dakota roundtrip**

Then it was time again for a new journey, after a long time of waiting and careful planning. The ticket was purchased in January, in order to get good price, and finally, last May we went to Kastrup airport, Denmark for departure. The plane took off at 9 o'clock in the morning, and we arrived at Newark airport, south of New York at noon (local time). The first stop was Southamptton, Massachusetts and was well little too excited, because in a rush I programmed the nearest road instead of the fastest in my navigator, with the result that we passed downtown New York City, an experience in itself, but does not have much to sympathy for these big cities, it's just too much of everything. But, finally in New England a week of real quality time began, I've been there before, and main reason besides visiting really good friends was to show my wife what I have seen and experienced before. This area between New York and Canada border is similar to a large extent on

the Swedish provinces in central part of the country, with mountainous nature o winding roads. In addition to travel on these excellent backroads, yes, they are of very high standard, and it is noticeable that moves among the richer states, so I got to see it all again including "The Bridge of Flowers' in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. Of course, a must is a stop at the old diner from 1938. Chelsea Royal Diner, where after a meal is guaranteed to be full for a long time, and the quality of the grub is high. Between these two places you pass the top of Hogback Mountain, Vt which from the point of view you can see 100mile an incredible view of the mountains, it gets pretty easily impressed. We also visited Salem, Mass. famous for its witches, and since you are close to the coast so is indeed a feast where there are two favorites on the menu, namely lobster and the second favorite clam chowder and both of these are a few musts when it comes such that I think you should just order and try. Price is a little higher than the classic fast food burger chains, but o the other side about 29 times tastier. After a week it was time to continue eastwards, and after a transport distance through the exquisitely beautiful New England, we approached the next stop was Niagara Falls, but out there in the woods my wife saw a familiar sign, and she screamed so my eardrums nearly burst: "Herkimer, there is a diamond mine!" So, I just had to make a U-turn and take the road out to nowhere. Meanwhile, we traveled to the newly added target, as told "Tinkerbell" all the details about the place we were heading to. A small detail she had misunderstood, it was not mine in its proper sense, but an open pit. The whole area was divided into three areas. Two of these were only for its own accents, but the third where you could buy themselves a session. It is paid by the hour or day, and then you had to self-seeking happiness leaves huge piles of crushed stone.



With the help of hammer and chisel had to tap these boulders into smaller pieces, hoping to find their own "diamond". Diamond is actually completely wrong in this, for really it is a quartz crystal. Then my wife had previously been included in a geology club, she has a good knowledge of these different stones.



**Image 92** – Some try to make a fortune at Herkimer mine

On the site there were also a shop where you could acquire all sorts of stones, if you can not manage, or managed to knock out some yourself. After an interesting and different stop as we drove toward our true goal of the day, the Niagara Falls, which I mentioned earlier. It's only water, but oh so impressive. We had a little extra lucky because we were visiting the falls the morning after arrival, but went there the same night we came to the town of Niagara Falls, NY. The woman at the \$ 10 entrance in the parking lot just waved us forward, and shortly afterwards, when we were in the area itself was the entrance unmanned so we saved an additional \$ 30 there. But

what an experience! It passes least 52000gallon water/second, in distance it looked as huge cloud of water vapor. We first thought it was a huge forest fire that raged when we saw the cloud many miles away before we got close enough. Closer Canada, we will not come during this trip, when only the waterfall different cities of Niagara Falls, Ontario and Niagara Falls, New York. The morning after, we could start right away, we had seen the waterfall already the night before, and saved valuable time, now it was time to see the Swedish-district Minnesota. To get there is the nearest road south of Lake Michigan, which means that you must pass Chicago, even a big city with lots of different six-lane highways and even more exits, not easy to be focused on navigator with one eye, surrounding traffic with one eye itinerary with one eye, and good advice from the wife of one ear. Can partly understand why valium tops the sales list in big cities, think cardrivers are the largest consumers, do not know otherwise, how they scan make it? Maybe because they do not know of anything else.



**Image 93** – Fewer inhabitants than Stockholm, Sweden.(2 million)

Once through the town or out in the countryside where the pace of life is much more pleasant, we avoid traveling on the time-saving movement the asphalt, but instead we choose what is called the Scenic By-Way's, where you get a chance to see the beautiful surroundings. One of those who get good marks is Hwy35/US61, which runs between Davenport, Iowa and Minneapolis, Minnesota. It does not take much longer, since we had holiday and the scenery and surroundings are of an entirely different class. Then we traveled toward the predetermined goals, the small towns named Mora, Lindstrom and Stockholm. All these places were overcrowded with signs with Swedish text "Hår" (it meant that hung outside the hair salon) "Papper" (outside the bookstore) "Stad Pub" (city pub) "Kaffe Hus" (coffee-house), of course, was a visit to the "Swedish Inn" on the program, we was just forced to munch meatballs when we visited "Sweden", can only conclude that the recipe has changed and distorted considerably by the 150 years that have elapsed since the recipe left Sweden and ended up in the US, maybe it also depends on all owner exchanges that took place at the restaurant, who knows. When we still were in the area we took the time to visit places like the author, Wilhelm Moberg, many years previously visited, as he gathered material for his writings. He and I have one thing in common, namely the bike. And there ends any similarities. He was traveling on a classic old pedal bicycle, and I on a bike with the engine. Yes, we had the opportunity to visit a replica of Karl-Oskar and Kristina's house, a cemetery in the middle of the countryside with a predominance of Swedish surnames, a stop in Chisago, no, not Chicago, but Chisago, yet a place that immigrants make Swedish little bit. All these small towns or even villages, had all embraced the Swedish language street names and other berries nowadays Swedish name. How they changed the name "Shoquist Road," or as we would say "Sjokvists gata".

After the Swedish communities were the sights of South Dakota. As we passed Sioux Falls, opened the scenery up and we were soon out on the prairie. Of all the evils we chose I-90, the state offers course on other equally boring option, and in this case we would only move. When not treated to much more than grass to fasten your eyes on the journey, just as the choice of rocks while driving in Nevada.



**Image 94** – 3700 miles straight road altitude of just a few feet.

May well summarize the journey as a 3700mile-trip, almost straight , and every 30 mile a tree, or a gas station Imagine traveling from Dallas,Tx to Memphis,Tn on an almost completely straight road a altitude of ~ 50feet. And surrounded almost entirely of grassy prairie. But, as a reward on arrival at the mountains the Black Hills to the west met by mountains of ~ 4900-6000 feet and lots of history, 8-9 by tribes with native peoples, winding roads, attraction, nature, and the even more impressive Crazy



**Image 95** – Devils Tower, Wyoming.

Horse Monument and the surrounding area including the Devils Tower and Badlands, each well worth a visit when you are in the area. We had tthe own Custer, South Dakota as base during our week, a small town of just

over 2,000 residents, and built around Main Street, yes, like many other communities in the US, there's only one main street, nothing more. We had booked us at a biker friendly motel, and can later say, there was nothing more to desire. From there, made daily trips between 90-300mile. Since 2 guys been in place earlier and reconnoiter, so they had full control of what to see, and what you can avoid. Noting that when the week was over, we had been visiting / seeing the most offered in the area and the head was full of impressions. Good thing is that I brought the camera witch helped me with memories, when seen and experienced so much, that they would otherwise have been difficult to remember everything. To name a few places/attractions I mention these: Spearfish Canyon - a meandering o beautiful road, Deadwood - the town where Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane lived, Rapid City - the largest city in the surroundings (shopping),



**Image 96** – model in the foreground and the original in the back.

Devils Tower - a volcanic rock that rises straight up ~ 1000 feet ,  
Mount Rushmore - State Monument, the site where the four presidents Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Lincoln have had their heads carved in the bedrock. Crazy Horse Monument the native peoples monuments. An impressive project that grows in the mountain, and here are some measurements so you know how big it is. Crazy Horse is 641 feet long and high is 563ft, just head on Indian chief is 87 feet high compared to the total height of the presidents of Mount Rushmore is 60feet. Badlands - a fabulous nature, which does not exist in Sweden, Sturgis - 6'600 inhabitants, except for one week of the year when the increase to 600'000, one of the three big bike meet who are in the United States (Daytona / Laconia / Sturgis) Custer State Park - National Park that also contains wild-life loop. Speaking of animals, a note of caution for the animals, those who believe they have primacy in any position, so you have to be observant. Despite signs and warning lights so comes they will be on their guard, without warning, it can clump up a bison or deer of the larger model, right in front of the handlebars, o they do not move. A tip, stay in one of the five Harley shops in the area o ask for the free map Black Hills Bikers Map, a detailed map, where are the tips you need. After a week in the area where they will again time to head slowly towards Sweden again, but one area we had left to stay on before leaving the US. What I mean is when the Badlands National Park, located in Jackson / Pennington / Shannon County in the state of South Dakota. The National Park lies partly within the Pine Ridge reservation and has historical significance inthe war between the army and the native people. The famous site Wounded Knee is not far from here. Also mentioned in the Buffy Sainte Marie's old hit Soldier Blue. We run the route called "The Badland loop is 31 miles long detour, well worth choosing instead haul out on Interstate 90.

If you have been to the moon so you think you're back there. At least I had imagined the moon like this. A landscape that consists of, which are most easily describe it as petrified sand.



**Image 97** – Badlands.

You almost have to be there to understand, but a photo, perhaps giving a hint. After Badlands remained the long trip back to New England for returning the bike, and then a short trip down to the airport, Newark, where the flight would take us back to the home. Must mention last night in Newark. As we always try, I live always at motels that cost about \$ 39 / night. The day before so we searched as usual online for at pre-book last night, but found nothing in that price range. The lowest was \$ 89. We talked back and forth o decided to stay a little bit nicer last night. Upon arrival to the accommodation we wondered if we really come to the right. We were met by a bad place in the bad part of town, but near the airport,



which was good because we the morning after would live there. So, of course included "High Speed Wi-Fi". We got the key to the room, and took us there to set up ourselves. We would stay in room 106, I'll never forget. If we start with the room. On the floor a thick carpet, not uncommon in American public accommodations, but later this was dust suction was probably sometime in the mid 70s. The bed was used by some before us. If I lay in bed and put the covers as synthesis, I do not, but if "Tinkerbell" leaned down o looked under the bed, which was my body under, totally sunk, when the mattress support more reminiscent of a hammock. The next problem was that it was not possible to simultaneously open the toilet door and the door out of the room, they beat namely together, so either one or the other. Then we discovered the next little problem. On the inside of the outer door was an evacuation plate, raised by the fire authorities. As I just mentioned, we stayed in room 106, but the drawing had room number 105, this was because the hotel decided to use room 101 to the breakfast room. And therefore changed the room numbers and total confusion must occur in the event of fire or other occasion, for example, if the paramedics would have to be called. Then it was time to start the computer, and then did not work internet connection. When you go to the front desk to report this. The man of Indian origin, as in so many other motels/hotels solves the problem in an optimal way for him. He simply takes out a paper, and a pen and write down a phone number, in which he says: "Call this number to our supplier and reporting a fault, it is usually always resolve itself. It is in the position it occupies facial expression "birdhouse". I thought he was joking with me, but oh no, it was in all seriousness. He wanted me to call his supplier and report faults! Instead, I solved the problem by putting me in the lobby with my laptop which worked good connection.

Since we are not eating properly throughout the day, so it was time to munch dinner, and we asked our Indian friend at the reception about nearby eateries. He recommended two, the first place was obviously a well-known restaurant a short distance away along the street, that served only Indian food, and was driven most likely by someone close relative. We instead chose option number 2. What we found there, yes, we followed portierens simple directions: "Turn right outside the entrance, across the abandoned property and in the corner you climb through the broken fence. When you come to a hotel which has a renowned dining with international cuisine. "Said and done, everything had a perfect match, The only detail he forgot was that the dining room belonged to a hotel of the highest class, with "bellboy" who wears customers' bags and a "choice" to pick up and leave one's car in the adjacent parking. And we were met by the butler in tails and table with white linen tablecloths and candelabra on the tables. Really "fancy". After a delicious 3course dinner we paid and went outside and sat on one of the benches to look at the people who came and went to this fine establishment. Since we were a little curious as to what such a place might cost to stay, and after a moment discussing so did my wife in to question. She came back out after a while and announced that the clerk could arrange a room for us, a special, then coating this particular evening was a bit low and the only Tinkerbell cried was: "\$ 89 a night for the two of us, including breakfast." Talk about getting ripped when we opted to stay in our rat-holes for the same money.

## 19. Florida.

It was decided that the Christmas and New Year 2013/2014 would be celebrated in Florida, this is to my great joy. My dear wife was behind many of the events, and she save no gunpowder, this came to be a much nicer trip to what I'm used to, when I try to find cheap accommodation because I will still only have a roof over my head. It was a quick decision, and luckily I was able to get time off from my job.



**Image 98** – Coconut salesman.

Our flight took us to Fort Lauderdale, and the first stop was Key West, where we stayed the first couple of days.

Must say that city was like a huge market with a enormous range of sunglasses, bikinis, cigars and T-shirts, everywhere offered to buy coconuts, as vendors become accustomed drilled up with battery-powered drill, and gracefully finished with the insertion of the straw, a real tourist trap. We

stayed during this trip, on a handful of really stylish venues and the hotel was extremely close to Cuba named Doubletree Resort, a Hilton-owned establishment in \$ 300+-class. Need hardly mention that the breakfasts here were something extraordinary, and they included everything, and i mean everything.

There was a guy who had the sole task of preparing the eggs to the guests, and he took it as his mission in life, and believe quite certain that no guest would have no objection to his order. If you wanted an egg cooked in 3min 17sec then you had to it. Of course we visited all the Harley shops in the area, no, I certainly do not think I missed a single one. They have each one always some small detail in its range, which had never before seen in any of the other shops. Sloppy Joe's, Coyote Ugly and the Southernmost Point, 90miles from Cuba, was abandoned a few places to visit, and found some nice little eateries thanks to the help from some of the locals. But they are almost unique here, for the large part of the people are tourists. Next stop was Key Largo, where we stayed in a similar hotel. Marriot Beach Resort, was in the same class as our luxurious accommodation in Key West. The date was now December 24, right, Christmas Eve, and it was a very strange feeling, to see the Christmas tree in front of you, with glitter and everything and then feel the breeze, approximately 82-85°F in the evening. We had the hotel as a base, and moved around to different places in the surroundings, such as when we went with a glass-bottomed boat to John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park through the large mangrove reef, and after another small hour delay out into the Atlantic, where experienced all manner of fish in all rainbow colors, but also the coral. A really knowledgeable guide informed us about everything visible through the transparent bottom of the boat. A true adventure. Something to especially remember was the tour is on "rural" when we went out to the Everglades, this incredible natural area full of both

interesting plants and animals. Here came the camera handy. Scores of white egret, and even more alligators, but also countless other wild animals, and a lot of plants, as we are not used to this at home. Signs along the road warned us for cougar.

Unfortunately, we were given no opportunity to see such a thing, and it's not really surprising, since the cougar is a very shy animal, and prefers to stay in the shades. In many places, just as in other national / state parks it built bridges or gangways so that one easily can move out in the swamp with the wilderness just a few feet underneath, this will of course also give a fine view from up there.



**Image 99** – Everglades is beautiful in december24.

After a full day there, it was time to turn back to our home, and when we were driving in the middle of nowhere so there appeared a sign with "Fresh Strawberries", and who can resist fresh strawberries on Christmas Evening? Once at the little shed it turned out that they had sold out for the day, but it

did not take many seconds until the lady owner leapt out into the field and picked a large tray for us. YUM YUM. We even bought some other odds and ends from the friendly family, then their range of fruit and veg at the point of sale was large and inviting. After Key Largo was the west coast on the menu, and once again as we traveled through the Everglades thru Homestead, Fountainebleau and Hwy41 to Napels, then Hwy 75 north to Clearwater. Where my wife fixed a flat, at Barefoot Beach Resort is a few steps from the Gulf of Mexico. Here it was much quieter, and the tourists, both domestic and from Europe had a slightly higher age. My 57 years pulled down the average of the golf playing old men and the blue-haired old ladies. Besides lounging and just take the quiet, it was after all the holiday, so we did a lot of exploring in the area. Something that is classed as a "must" is a visit to the restaurant that was almost our neighbor. Salt Rock Grill, a fish and seafood restaurant of the highest class, but with a pricing structure that fits most. As we passed through the town, we saw a big sign, we stopped and read: "MAHUFFERS. Worst place on the beach, worm beer, lousy food and bad blues. "More enticing sign one can always look for. The houses around it was fine 10-storey-buildings on the waterfront and in the second row of houses where we lived, consisted of one and two storey house. Mahuffers was a one-story, with a dilapidated garage on the side. The sign we saw was partially leaning against a beat-up pickup truck painted in neon green color. The first thing that met us when we dodged around was an 5 feet iguana (lizard). Well, it resided in a large cage. Then an old BSA, with wide handlebars and springer fork., A snowmobile, a gynecologist chair, an outboard engine, and then to a bar, which consisted of a sailboat, which cut the length so that the bartender was standing inside the boat, and the guest on the outside , it was certainly more than 30 feet long. What caught everyone's attention was the ceiling, and the walls,

everything totally covered by a patchwork of \$ 1 bills, set with a staple gun, bras and panties, in all imaginable colors, sizes and models, which were stripped of on-site and signed by who donated the equipment. The place started as a beach bar in the 70s.

Nowadays, an institution well worth visiting. Food can be ordered from nearby eateries that deliver to the place, but to drink there of all sorts, the beer kept in the classic red / white iceboxes, except Budweiser, it is not served in the house. Again said, a place that you just can not miss. Oh, one more thing, the good guys from the luxury hotels nearby, dressed in hawaii shirt, often seen sneaking in for a drink, at this unique and liberated place.



**Image100** – Mahuffers, a unique place.

Something completely different from in-room minibar. The next place to mention about the Sunken Gardens, a botanical garden in St. Petersburg, very close, maybe a half-hour trip. A stunning resort, with all the plants you can imagine, and animals, everything from huge turtles to flamingo, pink flamingo. Since the days of Clearwater was over we drove straight across

Florida to Fort Lauderdale, and checked into the Best Western Oceanside Inn. Now we have reached the day before New Year's Eve and we tried to find a restaurant where we would spend the night before the start of the year. The choice fell on Bubba Gump's, a seafood restaurant, which belongs to a food chain. All with the backdrop in the movie Forrest Gump with Tom Hanks in the lead role. We had a perfect dinner, and when I asked for a souvenir mug with the company logo, so I was referred to the souvenir shop at the end. Which turned out to be only blue or red mugs, so I went out to our waitress and asked if we could not get to buy a white, such as I wanted. Then she told me that the whites were used only to the restaurant and were not sold, but she said: "Wait a moment, I will be back." Suddenly, she appeared with a plastic bag, which she handed over, and sat while a finger to his mouth signed a "SCHSSSS" The white mug is now a favorite for breakfast coffee. Later on New Year's Eve, the wind had risen, and was now storm strength. This had the consequence that evening's rocket launch was canceled, but the boardwalk was over filled with excited people. The day after that we went to Miami's main street, where visits to tattoo company Miami Ink, it passed as a TV series in Sweden. None of the known faces were in place, but we got some photos from the firm. We also took a long walk in the Art Deko district along Ocean Boulevard. And of course, a walk on the huge sandy beach. Finally, the time to return the vehicle to the airport for the final movement to Sweden.

## **20. Blue Ridge Parkway.**

The background to the journey that was made between May 24 and June 16, 2014, is a planning process that started back in 2011 when my good friend Ed was on a visit here in Sweden with his wife Mary. Even then he



unwrapped that we would make the trip from their home in Southampton, Massachusetts, down to Eminence, Missouri, where the constantly recurring gathering this year would take place, through the Blue Ridge Parkway, in the text of abbreviated to BRP.

Ed described the BRP in such a way that I soon realized that it must not be missed. A path through a national park, which extends from Waynesboro in the north to Cherokee, North Carolina in the south. This is the longest and narrowest national park in the US that connects the Shenandoah National Park and the Great Smokey Mountain National Park. Man traveling almost the entire stretch of the mountain chain comb, with stunning views to Both Sides, and at regular intervals are a number of picnic spots.



**Image 101** - Blue Ridge Parkway, one of the dreamroads in the US.

Were traveling almost the entire stretch of the mountain, with stunning views on the both sides, with many picnic spots. No gas stations, eateries and possibilities of accommodation is inside the park, all these things take place by leaving the park at one of the many connections, and the following day you drive into the park again and the adventure continues. Along the park's exterior, there is a wide selection of cities and communities that provide everything needed.



**Image 102** - One of the many scenic views along the way.

Inside the park there are only a few places for visitor and in conjunction with these, there are also souvenir sales and craftmanwork related to the neighborhood. There sits mostly local artisans and manufactures their products which are then sold on the spot, at affordable prices. As in all other national parks are staff or rangers, who helps with everything between heaven and earth, they are really well-informed, and really know their job. They have full control of flora and fauna, history and other things that one would like to know. I have a good friend who is a ranger in Yellowstone

National Park, and through him, I know that their education is really thorough, and it requires extensive knowledge and many tests to gain employment in a park. Now for travel planning. Me and Ed had frequent contacts by phone (Skype), but above all by email, to plan our journey. Several hours were put on research, and it was about everything from itinerary, accommodation, dinner, sightseeing, indeed everything imaginable, to get the most out of your trip. It all ended with Ed sent a map where everything was inscribed, every detail. He is such a man who plan meticulously, I know when I traveled with him in the US at several occasion, and each time to the greatest satisfaction. Now I just mention, for you to understand the big picture, Ed, a Vietnam veteran, with a few interests, photography, animals, riding his bike and his job as a toolmaker at a company that provides the aviation industry with various parts. Thursday, November 7, 2013 in the morning we had emailcontact. Then he drove to his job at the motorcycle, he took it because the gastank on the pickup was almost empty, and just before the arrival at his work a large black bear crossed his path, the crash was inevitable and Ed were killed in the moment of collision, this was stated by the health workers who accidentally traveled in the car behind. So in a moment his life was gone and also contained elements of Ed's four different interests. In addition to family and loved ones affected by the incident, as did our planning a strange ending, or not really, because pretty soon so I decided to make the journey myself, as a memory of the journey we so carefully planned together. Now it does not stop there, but when the time came my wife desided to come along on the trip. Feels good, then it is always good to have someone to share experiences and memories with. So, at May 24, we flew to Newark, New Jersey for further travel to Southampton, Massachusetts where we stay for a few days to associate with Ed's family and friends. Monday May26 they

celebrated Memorial Day, a federal day, which every year honors the Americans who died during one of the wars the United States has been involved in and this is always the last Monday in May.

We traveled to East Hampton, where the American Legion Riders, the group Ed belonged to, have their post. A place at an intersection, where there is a memorial, and always flagged. To honor the day so the whole town was adorned with American flags and even ribbons and pennants in the American flag colors. A parade went through the city and it consisted of the addition military veterans also scouts, firemen, police officers, cheerleaders, and the local club for those who drive off-road vehicles, also the traditional marching band. When everyone is gathered at the memorial at the intersection, the militaries from, 2nd World War, Korea, Vietnam down wreaths to honor fallen comrades, and then followed a tattoo played on "bugle" (a trumpet without valves). A very fine performance.



**Image 103** – Part of the parade during Memorial Day.

Afterwards we went with friends and family home to Mary's daughter Jennifer and her husband Scott, who had arranged a cookout you might call a mix of potluck and barbecue.

We got the opportunity to meet all the relatives and friends, and it really felt that we were part of the family.



**Image 104** – The man who played the bugle.

They live in the countryside and Scott's family has a tradition as a farmer. Now it belongs to the thing that here at home I always had a dream to get the chance to purchase a John Deere lawn tractor, I may have to help to various chores at my "estate". Every time we drive past the local tractor dealer, so I usually say: "If we would stop and see if they are any offers today?" And now back to Jennifer and Scott's place. After we munched out in the garden so suddenly passed their neighbor on his tractor, to look to his property. Jennifer runs across the lawn o up the neighbor and exchanges a few words with him before she returns. Jennifer comes up to me and says

that now is the time to get a dream fulfilled. The dream to drive a real John Deere. Yes, the neighbor sitting there waiting, so just getting there climb up and take a spin. Where I thought totally wrong. The neighbor routed me around his property, and I was away at least half an hour. Then we got a little bit away so asked the neighbor if I wanted a beer, which I politely but firmly declined. "Okay, then I take a self" he said, and opened, probably its 15th this day. It turned out soon that he was stoned, where he sat on the tractor's rear fender, and showed the most appropriate way among onions, tomatoes and asparagus. When we got back to the starting point of the adventure we were met by a standing ovation from all the others. This was a day full of events that I will remember the day for the rest of my life, it gave me many great and good impression. We stayed one more day in the area, and we were given yet another opportunity to meet with our good friends "Wind Burn" and "Spirit Dancer" for a breakfast before we would continue the journey.



**Image 105** – "Windburn", me, Mary, "TinkerBell" och "Spiritdancer"

We also got the chance to spend another day with "41", the man who is in possession of priceless Indian knowledge. He took us on a journey of discovery in the area, which means a visit to the local ice cream stand, a place that provides a mile-long range of ice creams with strange names and mixtures, and oddly enough, is all completely calorie-free, (no, no, no, they contained the amounts sugar, cream, and other goodies). Then it was time for "Tractor-supply", which might be likened to a giant version of WalMart for countrymen and then highlight of the day, a relatively newly opened Indian-store, where the owner opened for us, even though it was public holiday and normally closed. After a tour and demonstration of the entire building, including canteen and engineering so he rolled out the bikes I wanted to test drive. I chose a red Chieftain with fiberglass bags, and a black Chief Classic with light brown bags in leather. I had to try the full range, but thought these two were sufficient and well. After an hour on the roads in the area it was time to give thanks for the visit and head on. Can then also mention that Dennis who own the place and I have good contact even these days, and his generous acceptance of us that you do not forget. He knew from the beginning that any purchase from our site was not an issue, it's a little difficult to carry home a bike in the suitcase, but despite this he took very good time to show his company. Now it was time to begin the journey toward the south, and before we get to the BRP, so we have time, of course, to meet good bikerfriends along the way. Which we spend the night at a benefit I have after many years of contact with the motorcycle friends all over the continent. We were very lucky with the weather and encountered only rain a thursday-afternoon, during the entire trip, except for the day we went to Sweden again, but that's another story. We followed I-64, which is the northern entrance well signed, like all other roads and connections to the national park. Then follow days of great riding, as you

can see in the pictures, they are absolutely perfect roads, and constantly twisting, and up / down in the hilly terrain. And this continues in the ~470 miles , in a very comfortable pace.

You are probably wondering, do you not get tired, and the answer is very simple. NO.



**Image 106** - !0 years later at Western Ave, Brattleboro, VT.

Since we only traveled 150/200 miles/day, thanks to a lot of stops, so it took us three days to travel through the National Park. Upon arrival to the final destination in the park, Cherokee, North Carolina, we spent half a day there in its environment. The town consists mostly of Cherokee Indians activities, such as casino, and all manner of sale, and may well be likened to a giant version of the Swedish summer market at any time. After the meeting we moved back to New England area in which most easily described as a



transport route. The trip was about: 3200 miles, and during the meeting in Eminence, Mo felled more than another 650 miles.



**Image 107** - Great roads along the Blue Ridge Parkway. Info box:

The BRP is 470 miles long. Along the way you travel through 27 tunnels, over 168 bridges and six overpasses. Road construction began in 1935 and was completed in 1987. The highest point is at 6100 feet above sea level. The maximum speed is 45mph, but at the locations is limited to 30mph. Attractions along the way are any of the following, which are marked with "Mile-markers", the same system that are long all US roads, it starts with "mile-marker" 0 in the north, and ends with "mile-marker" 469 in the south, where the road connects to US Highway 441 outside Cherokee, NC .

Mile 10.7 - Ravens Roost, with magnificent views over Tory Mountain and the Shenandoah Valley

Mile 83.4 - Fallingwater Cascades - as the name says, a waterfall

Mile 176.1 - Mabry Mill - an old water mill that was in operation until 1935

Mile 216.9 - the border between Virginia and North Carolina

Mile 238.5 - Brinegar Cabin - a blockhouse, inhabited until 1930

Mile 258.6 - Northwest Trading Post Sales Rank of crafts

Mile 304.4 - Linn Cove Viaduct

Mile 408.6 - Mount Pisgah - Family Vanderbilt's country residence, with 255 rooms and 43 bathrooms, one of the largest US home + many other attractions along the way, marked by the "mile-markers"

## **21. The different states. Vermont, Maine, New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts**

Until now I have visited 45 of America's states, so figured I could summarize my impressions of the various parts of the country. If we start up in the Northeast, this area remind of the west central Sweden. No pointy mountains, but more rolling hills, softly rolling hills, or perhaps more ridges. And thus many long winding roads. White Mountains and Adirondack Mountains, 2 incredible areas to travel through, just like the one that made this part of the world was a biker. And this landscape architect

succeeded with the optimum. The downside to this part of the country is that the traffic is quite intense no matter where you move, do not mean in the area I just mentioned, but in the larger roads.



**Image 108** – One of few remain covered bridges in New England.

For example. on the weekend when everyone from New York, Boston or any of the other towns, then noticed that some 100'000 cars going out on the crowded roads. It feels as if this part of the continent is densely populated and the residents therefore stressed. A major difference to the areas where the countryside is more dominant. Everybody here is in a hurry, but if you just leave the main roads so quiets down considerably.

**West Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina**

Another area where the designer of the nature succeeded just as well as in

New England. I have been in this area for some travel, and above all during the trip in 2010, when I spent some time there. Smokey Mountains, there are routes well adapted to the bike-rides in addition Tail of the Dragon, you just have to go Cherohala Skyway, Moonshiner 28, Diamondback, Six Gaps, Devils Triangle, the Snake, and not to forget the



**Image 109** – "Bowhunter" with a jar of shine.

Blue Ridge Parkway. Additionally, there are a whole bunch of less known stretches, it's really just to embark on a journey of discovery along the roads in the area, since there are so many and so different routes to try. Besides these roads, so it is quite easy to finding accommodation in the area, and also eateries. One thing to consider is the upholstery, for the simple reason that the temperature in the area can vary greatly. Differences of 50°F up and down is not at all unusual. And if it rains, when it rains it pours so a good rainsuit is perfect in the saddlebag, easily accessible when the drops begin to fall. The area is popular among bikers, and encountered constant likeminded. When you stop o stretch your legs, get some gazoline or have a lunch break, then you are never alone, there always pops up another traveller on two wheels. Similarly, when you stop for the night, always someone come forward and share their experiences, or just asking simply: "Hey, were ya comin 'from? And if by magic is the talking started. Actually, this is not unique to the area, but as this responds to everywhere around the country, but there is something more tangible here, as it moves proportionately more bikers here. The same applies to the places you visit, whenever it is a gasstation, a motel, diner or any local shop, no matter where, it will be positively received by the population.

### **Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi:**

Now we are down in the south, and there are different roads considerably when compared to the mountainous areas. Here the roads are straight and structured in a grid. However, what is here is instead the amazing food, and music. Say "cajun" and the next word that pops into mind is undoubtedly "Creole". And it is not surprising since both food cultures based on the French, thrive in Louisiana and reaches its absolute culinary highlight in the

mythical city of New Orleans. Tabasco is still the standard sauce that accompanies most Creole and Cajun dishes. But who are the cajun engines? Unlike Creoles they are not originally from Louisiana. They are instead the descendants of the French settlers in the 1700s were forced to flee their homes in Nova Scotia in Canada when the British took over.

Louisiana was French colony, the obvious haven and cajun engines were assigned land in the marshes where they began to cultivate rice and raise cattle. In food culture evident today almost nothing of cajun the Canadian roots. Since the creols African-French food culture fit so much better for the crops that grew in Louisiana's hot climate, the two cuisines that mixed up more and more. Today it is often difficult to distinguish between cajun and creole food because many ingredients and cooking methods are similar. In both kitchens are mitte "roux" central to achieve the special, a little smoky taste of the typical stews. A roux is made by milling fat or butter, stirring with wheat flour until the flour has almost become burnt. Generally, we can say that the creole food is a little more exclusive, because it has its origins in the landlords' fine cuisine, using, for example, more cream and butter. Cajun food has instead originated by poor farmers - which meant spicy fare, for practical reasons, cooked in stew. By far the most famous of Cajun/ creoldishes today is "gumbo" - a spicy cross between a stew and soup can contain almost anything - sausage, chicken, crayfish, crab or wild meat are cooked together with vegetables. The famous jambalaya also originates from New Orleans - probably arose the name, a contraction of the Spanish words "jamón" (ham) and "paella". Another rice dish that is typical of the area is "dirty rice" - a rich mixture of rice cooked in chicken broth with as chicken liver and pork. But the biggest indulgence of all Louisiana residents have shared with us Swedes. There is probably no other people who can match our fascination and enthusiasm for crayfish. In Louisiana, called the

"crawfish" and nothing else, which says, "crayfish" is either Yankee or tourist! Simplest possible cajun crawfish done by boiling them in water flavored with mustard seeds, coriander, dill, cloves, bay leaves, and (of course) dried chili.

The past 20 years have cajun food more and more come to deal with grilled and spicy food. The man who received personalize the trend is Louisiana chef Paul Prudhomme who, by some, is credited with having invented the technique of "black" fish and meat in a dry iron pan - fast heating makes the meat gets some smoke flavor and a dark, roasted crust of herbs and chilli. As the technology is completely impossible to use indoors (fire alarm goes off and you get airing in two weeks) to summer barbecues may be the perfect opportunity to experiment with your own recipe for "blackened" cajun food. Do not be afraid to add or remove ingredients from the basic recipe cajun seasoning - in Louisiana, each family has self-respecting its own version! Self I buy home my favorite named Tony Chacheres, every time.



**Image 110** – "Gumbo", the favorite in Cajun dish.

Usually bring back three cans, and if they run out, I will contact one of my friends, send them \$'s in an envelope, so they send some to me. Besides the food, it's the music that comes down here in the South. There are different styles and here are some of them. Creole music that term often used to describe both the early elementary or root music tradition of French and local creole traditions from southern Louisiana. Later on also a contemporary genre called Zydeco. The music used colloquially known as French or LaLa. It was performed in French and was developed in the 30s and then added other instruments to enhance the music. Swamp blues developed around Baton Rouge in the 50th century and reached its peak in the 60s. It was a slow blues that greatly influenced by regional zydeco and cajun music. Swamp pop arose in the 50s and became popular all over the



continent and performed mostly in French. All these genres can be found on the various music venues in New Orleans, which makes a visit there is priceless. Although it is not the total music lover then you can not just sit still when you hear the music. One simply entrained. When you're there, or why just do not have this as one reason only, namely a visit to Café de Mond, and order what they are famous for their beignet, a pastry served with powdered sugar. Can of course mention that it is not worth to order one, or two, they are so good that a dish with 6 pieces, you can start with, and then get each one to decide when it is enough. One thing to look out of the city, or rather, everywhere on the continent, the beads, such colorful pearl necklace of plastic you know. They can do wonders on women, but beware this is not the constable is in place at the same time, it brings with it a fine for both the person who offers the necklace and the one who lifts her shirt.



**Image 111** – Pearl necklace of plastic can make wonders

While in the South only has to venture out into the marshes. There's a fantastic animal and plant life. Just watch out for the alligators, and use mosquito-protection. Thus, insect repellent, for the little creatures are really aggressive. Take also the opportunity to talk with local people, and above all, stop at one of the small eateries. The locals are experts in fishing, and, above all, prepare the catch to a wonderful meal.

And takes only a little cautious and not just steppin' right in, so it's not long until they open up and talk about everything about life in the swamp. A place that made its mark in the memory is the city of Natchitoches, Louisiana. The name pronounced strangely "Nack-a-Tesh". And was named after an Indian tribe It is the oldest settlement east of the Mississippi and was founded in 1714. We stayed at a Bed & Breakfast called The Bayou House Bed & Breakfast. Now, do not confuse these B & B, with those found in England. In England cost an overnight somewhere between \$45-55 for a room for 2 people, and includes a hearty breakfast, much like here at home in Sweden, however, the US is a room \$165-215- for 2 people with nice breakfast. So they apply to check before, so it may not be a total surprise. But if we now visit such a historic place, so you can afford a fancy accommodation, at least for one night to really hear the historic backdrop of. The accommodation we chose was a very nice old wooden house in 3 floors with a contemporary décor. The breakfast table was set with china and silverware of enrichment model, and the coffee poured from a huge silver jug. Something a bit special in the city, which has about 18,000 inhabitants, it is the very high sidewalks, they are namely located approximately 15" to 20" above the road. So it really comes to be agile when you are out on a walk. This exerted an afternoon, and one thing that is really special in the city is that everywhere there are cast-iron details. For example. All balcony railings and banisters, and the fence that separates sidewalk and main street access is made from this material. So although all the old posts, which are outside the houses, shops, bars and along the dock at the small Lake Sibley, namely the poles where they in the past tied their horses. Although the quayside, these fine iron fence at each tip is adorned with a French lily. Not only this, there are also cast-iron chairs placed in a lot of places in the central part of town.

When we were in the area we had before departure eyeing up the area, as mentioned earlier, planning is important to make the most of the trips



**Image 112** – Cast iron all over the town.

One of the places outside of Natchitoches we visited Melrose Plantation, about 20 minutes drive south of the city.

This story began in the late 1700s, and was owned by the widow of a French-African descent, who was a slave on the plantation, later the wife of the plantation owner with whom she had 10 children. She became by the plantation owner a "free slave", which was unique at the time, and after his death, she became a respected businesswoman in the neighborhood. We were guided by a little hunchbacked woman with fingers crooked by aches, who knew everything about the place. She herself had been a slave on the plantation, but released, and when she did not know anything but the life

she was born into it so she stayed, and worked there in age, but that being said nowadays that guide at places. A historic place where there actually existed a afro-american woman who had white slaves, yes, you read that right, but this was a long time ago and almost unique in white slaves were only a few places in the south, and was extremely rare. We spent hours there and got a very interesting tour there. Both the history of who lived there and their different relationships, but also about the cultivation of cotton through the centuries and how life was in such a place, which in some cases could be compared with Sweden. Speaking of cotton so we stopped at a place out in the countryside where staff harvested cotton with machines that are like huge combine harvester with a giant vacuum cleaner mounted in the front, which sucks the white-gray cotton from the plants, little different from the past when human hands picked one and one was from the plant. The big cotton bales were transported to a sorting facility where we stopped and looked in, and gained a quick lesson of a forklift driver who was about to unload a shipment.



**Image 113** – Cottonfield in Louisiana.

He is probably still there, because it was probably the first time two Swedish bikers stopped there and showed interest in cotton cultivation. But he waved happily when we left the place out there in the countryside. Then we get from the plantation and would return to our accommodation, we passed something like tree plantations, it was probably very, very old ones, namely the pecan tree. The trees are huge, can be 110-130ft high, resembles something our Swedish oak trees in the plant the way and was planted in the mile-long lines of maybe 20-25yards between each tree, and each row. Pecan nuts are used in cooking, and harvested today by a large caterpillar with a big claw is running out, and the claw grasps the trunk with the help of the machine vibrates the tree, and the nuts fall to the ground where tarpaulins is widespread. We saw these in action when we passed. Another event that I want to mention from the south was when we moved from the place where we noted a few days in Eunice, Louisiana and drove the



**Image 114** – David, have 2 interests, music och bikes.

back roads south through Abbeville, where we both ate the gumbo at a local diner, but also visited a combined music and motorcycle shop, yes, music and bikes under the same roof! The reason I remember the place is that the owner named David and his little son Harley, so "Harley David-son" and among blues LPs and guitars was a custom built Harley, waiting for the custompainting. Now we will not stay here, but to continue the journey further south, on the barely passable roads, here and there fringed with some shabby mobile homes that was parked. It was not the most affluent who lived here in the swampland. Will mention a few details from the trip out here, which left their traces in the memory, and the one is when we passed a sign that read "Post Office" on, and then patted my wife me on the shoulder and said, "There can we drop our postcards! "We had a handful of those that we have written the night before and took us to post the appropriate place. Said and done, I turned into the parking lot outside the small office, and when we came in and "Tinkerbelle" asked for stamps for Sweden, so looked assistant with big eyes and said, "What are you doing out here?" We understood what she meant and when we explained that we had friends in Eunice, where we stayed during our visit to the south and were out exploring in the swamp, she understood a little better. She was very curious about us and Sweden, and asked a lot of questions. We pasted the stamps and left the postcards to the clerk and said goodbye. On the bike again and set off along the way and it took only a short while until I found that the gas station a little later would be perfect to fill up petrol, you never know when the next opportunity emerges here in the middle of nowhere. Turned into the gas station and up to the pump, and walked directly into the small building where the office was to pay in advance, which is common in the US I did not get more than just open the door until the woman exclaim:

"You must be the two Swedes who live temporarily stay in Eunice and out for an adventure in the swamp!" Oh, yes, her friend with stamps, had the moment we left the post office picked up the phone and called away to the gas station and told about the incident. As we laughed at this event, partly on site, but also many times afterwards



**Image 115** – "TinkerBell" under a tree with spanish moss.



Best memory from Louisiana is a plant that fills the trees here in the south, namely the tillandsia. Spanish moss is perhaps a more common name, a plant that live on other plants without water or nutrients which the (epiphyte), unlike a plant that lives off other plants (parasite) that thrive in the trees and gives them a ghostly appearance . Fun facts is that this plant was used during the late 1930s as padding in car seats. The other thing that etched itself remains in memory is when we drove on a narrow, narrow road that at times consisted of gravel, and then we thought we got totally wrong, but suddenly it went to the asphalt again, and then increased hope again for a while. Suddenly, as we just passed a 90 ° bend at low speed, then turned it up a bridge over the river. It was not the bridge at any time without probably Louisiana's most rickety such.



**Image 116** – One rode and one walked across the bridge.

A sign on the side admonishing that "Keep on track", which actually was a completely unnecessary information when the two "wheel tracks" were the only navigable opportunity to cross when it was taken pretty much the boards at other locations on the bridge. It was only passably repaired and reinforced to the vehicles could pass, but think probably the most common vehicles were four-wheel. But we did not want to turn back the whole way, but chose to take us over, I rode the bike and wife walk across, when I was well over on the other side she jumped on again. You clearly heard the sound of the creaking timber when I rode across, another exciting event. But we got well over and soon we arrived at the usual asphalt roads again. Before we finally got back to our accommodation, so we also had to make a much needed stop at Cajun Harley Davidson outside Lafayette, located just off Interstate-10. A perfect place to end a day filled with adventure.

### **California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana**

The common denominator here in these areas are desert. Great Basin Desert is Earth globe's 10:th largest desert area and stretches mainly over Nevada, but even the smaller parts of Wyoming, Idaho and Montana. The area bordered by California in the west, with its incredible Yosemite National Park where redwoods are so grand, just a reason to visit the area, Yellowstone National Park in the north, with its almost endless surface. One area that covers everything from desert to snow-covered peaks. And in the east foreclosed the entire Rocky Mountain. When I traveled here, I thought I'd get tired of all the sand and stone i went thru, but oh no. It changes all the time. One minute you travel through the area with golden sand, and soon it changes to shades of gray.



**Image 117** – A cone from a gigantic redwood tree.

Shortly thereafter, you are met by almost stoplight red stones, and then shift in beige. A while later, surrounded man of rock formations that hardly could have imagined existed. When you leave Las Vegas and merge onto I-15 toward California pass the Mojave desert, a desert that is exactly so hot on the day that one imagines, as well as surprisingly cold at night or in the

early morning as it is not expected. When you leave Las Vegas and merge onto I-15 toward California pass the Mojave desert, a desert that is exactly so hot on the day that one imagines, as well as surprisingly cold at night or in the early morning as it is not expected. I traveled this road, passing Bakersfield, turned northward to Fresno, where I turned towards Yosemite and spent a few days there with Oakhurst as a base. Stayed at a nice place called Best Western Gateway Inn, run by a Danish woman.



**Image 118** – An illusion, it’s not the ocean, it’s Mojave desert.

A place I really recommend. Yes the whole village was really nice. I never forget when I went round there and passed a cabin, size of a garden shed, where the village barber had his buisness. A perfectly moment to pay a visit to him, then hairdo had become a bit long. Said and done, he had the honor to fix it and when I was finished, I asked him I about the price and he replied \$ 20. I countered by saying that I was always groomed by my wife and her rate was considerably cheaper.

The atmosphere was good and he told me, but that I had no intention to bargain: "What she charge you, 'and I said never more than \$ 10" Then I shall not gonna rip ya off, so give me \$ 10! "He had, despite everything is not cut, but simply cropped the hair with his trimmer, and the surgery took the max 8min. We were probably just as happy both, and it all ended with his documented results with my camera.



**Image 119** – At the barber in Oakhurst.

When I was in Wyoming so I took the opportunity to visit Devils Tower, that was where the old movie classic of the house builder Stieven Spielberg "Close Encounters of the 3rd degree" was filmed

### **South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan**

Another trip is the basis for the description of those states. It started in the east, and after crossing the Niagara Falls, straight through Michigan and out to Chicago, the city that almost killed me. The reason was the incredible traffic chaos that appeared when I passed.

Four (4) hours i spent to pass thru the city, and then I have to add that it was an ordinary day. Rush hour is usually a bunch of hours in the morning when most get to work, and an equally moment when the same people going home again. Now it is so that everyone is working on is not the same times of the day, with the result that the peak period is virtually around the clock, or at least nearly so. Way of lessons can I mention that when I would be back a week later I decided to ride far more south of the city than when I headed west. Once through this metroplex we turned to the north of the state, with locations Mora, Lindstrom and Stockholm targets. One can, to describe it in a simple way, say that Minnesota is very similar to our Swedish province of Småland. And then you'll know that there are forests, lakes, and a whole lot of smaller communities and villages. Then I took my way to Sioux Falls on nice roads. After that there is not some many choises.



**Image 120** – Rather boring, but in same time impressive stretch.

The section between Sioux Falls and Custer on I-90 is dull, or rather monotonous, at least i see this 400mile long straight, with a height difference of a few feet, with interruptions along the way consisting of a tree, a gas station, or farm. Choices except I-90 is extremely circumscribed and exactly as diverse as varied.

## **22 - Visitors from U.S.A.**

After a number of trips to the US and after numerous pressures it was then finally time for some of my friends to cross the Atlantic to visit us. In June 2011, then finally "Herper" and Mary arrived for a 10 day visit, and in July the same year came the "Hitman" and Gail who stayed for 8 days. This can be seen as a short visit, but one must keep in mind that a typical worker in the United States have two weeks of vacation. We had planned everything well so that there was things to do every day. Visit to all kinds of interesting places in Scania such as Kullaberg, where we made the visit to sin Molle and Ransvik where in the early 1900s were common bath, then both men and women, dressed in complete swimsuits, bathed in the same place, and the contemporary swedish kings own photographer documented. This took an end in 1914, when the photodocumentation was banned. We were also up at Kullen lighthouse and looked at the fine views from there. One of the days we drove to the national park Skäralid, overlooking Kopparhatten, which gives a view of the canyon which is a little unique, then the nature here makes it just as well could have been in a different place in the world. We moved south, and made a stop in Lunds Cathedral, one of the buildings that give a little historical perspective on the whole. One must keep in mind that U.S.A. do have a history that begins in the 1800s, that is their "old" churches from this time, and we visited the cathedral is from the 1100s.

Then we went to Malmö, where my good friend "Json" and his wife Lotta showed up and guided us on a walking tour in the historic Malmo. Very interesting as "Json" and Lotta have a good knowledge of history. Can also in this connection to mention that "Json" is a biker friend since many years, and even he in later years a member of the same Brotherhood that I belong to in the United States namely BGBB.



**Image 121** – Coincheck (Every member have a coin).

After a long walk in the old town that also included castle, which in its present form was built in the early 1500s, we were treated with food in the garden in Limhamn, an estimated break. One of the other day so we traveled southeast, down to Österlen, and showed what Scania has to offer, thought it could be important, when Skåne differ so greatly, depending on where you are. We passed a part of all of the small fishing villages along the south coast and we had breakfast that we ate at the tables and benches, set on the waterfront in Simrishamn. Then we travelled along the coast, and first stop was the small chapel in Knäbäckshusen, which is right out at the water and only a high shore separates the chapel from the Baltic Sea.



The chapel can only accommodate 5 people, bride and groom, the two witnesses and the wedding officiant, that small it is.



**Image 122** – American visitors at the king grave in Kivik.

The rest of the wedding participants will have to wait outside. Need hardly tell you that this is a very popular place to tie the knot, and the queues to get a free weekend marriage is long, very long. The next place was Kungagraven Kivik a tomb from 1700 BC. As if this was not enough, the story so we just had to show the old tomb looking at Haväng, which is ca.5'500 years old. And after this waiting jousting tournaments at Glimmingehus. This was not really planned, but when we arrived we were met by a group dressed in period costumes knights, archers and similar since it was a historic day, this very day, and the general public got to try to participate in these contests and games. We also visited sites that had links to the our common interest, such as Custom by Kent, he cusom buil motorcycles, motorcycle shops, meeting for the local automotive enthusiast

and visits to Hanksville Farm, our own local place for motor enthusiasts.



**Image 123** – Our american frinds looking at historical archery

We were also out in nature to find typical Swedish places to show and take photos of both animals and nature. Not only this, but as the most important of all, quality time in the garden, where hours were spent with BBQ and good conversation.



**Image 124** – "Hitman", "TinkerBell" and Gail at the cultural house.

The girls spent time together both with the shopping, but also visit the cities in our surroundings. When the household has two bikes, so we could travel around in Scania and I could as an example take visitors around on perfect backroads. And several miles to traveled by, and I can guarantee that they came home with much to tell about these trips to their friends, families and colleagues.

### **23 - Ridin' the darkside - To use car tire on a motorcycle.**

No, this is not about -60's or -70's chopper ride, nor whether trike or sidecar, no, it's about a regular 2wheel-bike, a Harley Ultra Classic. It began in 2012, when I read on the internet about this. Has studied and read about it and then I contacted Harley dealer and checked so that they could mount tires on a motorcycle rim, which they had previously done on the sidecar rigs, but best to check in advance so you do not end up in trouble. Then I contacted the tirecompany where I usually buy my tires and checked if they could order just that specific tire I decided to use, which was not a problem. I ordered and then one day it was time to put on new tires, standard Dunlop in front and Michelin Alpine A4195/60-16 on the rear. One must choose a tire that has the same pattern on the left, the right side, so that you do not choose a tire with little skewed pattern on one side and on others as "pushing" the tire sideways. First, I must say, it looks pretty impressive when they're sitting on the bike, and they look just as exciting to head home at the premiere tour, how will it be like, how it will behave and must say, it were an exciting journey to get back home. Straight forward, no problem, but at the slightest thought of leaning into a curve, then turned the conduct feared. How much you read, or how many questions that you asked and got answered at the forum, you had to take it easy and not make hasty moves. May well closest to describe the behavior when one takes eg a left turn as

usual, and put the bike to the left, then the time can hardly begin "tilt" before the entire back end of the bike brings with it a few inches, which is perceived as much more. This is forcing the shoulder of the tire on the bike. But, dear reader, is not discouraged by this, the fact is that it starts with a tire pressure of 40 psi, but then the tire is broken in, which takes about 100-125 miles then lower the pressure gradually by 2 psi at every opportunity, and embarks on testing a number of miles, until reaching its own optimal tire pressure, which is somewhere between 34-28 psi. You know immediately when one finds what is called the "sweet spot". The location where the tire behaves exactly as a regular motorcycle tire. You can learn about the pilots who rides with sparks around the foot pegs on the most twistie asphalt stretches at speeds of around 65mph, but there I have not yet reached. What then is the reason for this "brain release", why leave these stunts worth a daredevil to Evil Knievel? Well economy! .Exempel, if you can ride ~1000-1200miles on a standard tires which cost \$290 gets mileage \$ 0.25/mile, and if you put a car tire that cost ~ \$130 and run 3500 miles gets mileage \$0.04/mile. I can really recommend the Delphi community "Dark-siding" which gives answers to all your questions, and then out of all the tables about witch tire, make, dimensions, tire pressure, etc. Last but not least in this topic. If you give it a try so take it very carefully, so it does not happen something surprising. Sorry to announce that I am now re-run on a regular tire when I, despite the passing of the surveyor's watchful eye at the annual inspection, without comment, but later was stopped in the roadside of uniformed personnel from the police authorities were asked to immediately contact a tire shop for fitting tires of a passing dimension of the vehicle. So I felt it was the cheapest way out and run thus recovered in the usual motorcycle tires. I managed to traverse 16000miles on the tires that were replaced, and then it was not even worn down to half.

## **24 - Suggestions on how to pack a motorcycle.**

When you are out on the roads, so it is important to ensure that the centre of gravity is kept as low as possible, so that road maintenance does not change significantly. All heavy items placed as low as possible and the light things on top. You are riding an ordinary "naked" bike, without saddlebags and windscreen, where one can place a heavy object behind ones back, in the front passenger seat, and the very best is if you have a sissybar, such passenger arc, to support the luggage against. Another place to use, is during the light up, the front fork, but watch up, so that there is space for the suspension to work, otherwise there is a risk that the luggage strikes the front fender, and it can result in unnecessary sheet metal / paint job gets done after homecoming. On my own bike, which has both saddle bags and tourpac in fiberglass, which has significantly more options to pack in a good way. On top of the tourpac there is a luggage rack, which can attract placing luggage there too, but remember that the weight that may be placed there's really limited. Do you have a maximum of 11pd there. When we are away, so I always put the heavy stuff on the bottom of the side bags, and gadgets you often need in the tourpac, all to avoid packing all the things to develop some simple little detail. Now I have also equipped my bike with a trailer, such onewheeler that accommodates everything necessary and then some. It was the first during a long weekend in Denmark, mostly to check out how it could work, but the real test of courage was during our trip to Scotland, and I'm totally happy with how it worked. The trailer has now rolled 4500 miles without the slightest problem. It was built by my good friend Jonson, who has used 2 pcs. side bags from a similar bike like mine, which was, and then broadened these two bags so that it now is 28" wide, 23" long and 14" deep, rolling on a 8 "rim. The tire is 12" tall, approved for 80mph, which means

that even if one is in full packing in highway speed, then the tire is not warmer than the bike's tire friction and no risk of explosion due heat is present. The weight to be charged to the tire is 165pd, and how to load than it will not deal in half. During our trip to Scotland so we had about 55pd. Yes you can imagine, 55pd + trailer weight is approximately 35pd, it does not affect the bike's performance at all. And thanks to the weight is at the height of the wheel axle so we do not know even that it hangs in the back. The only small drawback is the time one should park, you have to plan a little bit, so you don't need to push the bike and trailer, which can be a bit tricky, largely due to the short hitch. The link between bike and trailer, can be likened to a universal joints, so that the trailer exactly follows the bike's wheel tracks.



**Image 125** – No problems during the 2650 mile long Scotlandtrip.

Another small benefit is when you stop for refreshments, you opens the cover of the trailer, and puts it back towards the trailer's fender and then you have a moderately small camping table to sit at, chairs not needed so, one can completely simply sit directly on the ground, it works just fine. Trailer've also obviously a name, it is called, the Hogtail.

## **25 - Accidents and incidents**

Unfortunately, it is so that bikers are exposed to, there's no safety net, as if you had driven a car, nothing that protects. You've only got a helmet, gloves, boots and protective clothing, not much when an accident should happen. As an example of this, I would like to mention the recent gathering

we had in the US we were 22 members who met in a small village in central Missouri, and each participant traveling on average 1800 miles, if you count the distance that each member was traveling there. It happened a few things during the 41'000miles that, together, we relocated us to get to and from the meeting. "Mac" - ran over a part of an exploded car tires, and discovered after a stop at a gas station that something gleamed in the rear tire, and after checking it turned out that a piece of wire that had eaten into and caused a flat tire, so there was an unscheduled stop at the nearest repairshop, to fix the problem. "Chazz" - had a breakdown on the way to the gathering, this happened in city traffic. He was traveling in the left lane, and for not being in the way, so he drove his trike on the starter against the right side of the road. The van behind him swung by to pass, but the car behind it, did not understand what was going on and drove straight to the trike, with a total failure as a result. The rear axle of the trike was broken, and a lot of tupperware (plastic) was spread over the street. "Chazz" himself ended up on the street, but luckily he survived with some minor injuries "Shadow" - running a slightly rebuilt Road King, and his engine broke down during one of the roadrips.





**Image 126** - "Shadow" with the valve that caused his engine problem.

A decompression valve on one cylinderhead came loose from its mounting, and he was standing at the roadside one hour. With the help of some participants, they managed to move the bike to a local mechanic, who welded the valve so he could carry out the rest of the meeting, and the trip home to satisfactory manner. "Chf Nelson" - a minor incident, he lost his balance at a traffic light, on the way to the gathering, as he should put his foot down on the uneven asphalt, so he tripped and fell over. A driver in the other lane helped to get his big Honda Goldwing on track. No easy task to bring up the 1000pd vehicle on your own. "Gringo Rider" - he had an indescribable luck, when he was traveling on I-59 in Texarkana, Tx. He is in the fast lane at 75mph when the rear wheel suddenly explodes. He get his heels in the asphalt, and manages to keep the bike upright during the rapid slowdown.

Moreover, it is a very difficult task, since the rear tire is completely broken, and that the control is a real rite of passage. As is customary in the US, the roadways completely separated, in this case 2 lanes to the north and about 100yards wide strip with trees and grass between them, and then 2 southbound lanes. "Gringo Rider" aims the grass strip, and finally get the bike out on the grass, then the bike turn around 180 degrees, and when it finally stops so bothered "Gringo Rider" no longer keep the bike without falls, exhausted into the grass. No one was hurt, despite the incredibly perilous journey, the only thing happening was that when he finally got up, he was quite shaky. it was the shock, after he had been through. He immediately gained new road name, of his traveling companions, "Gringo Rider" was changed quickly to the "180°" (one-eighty), then he spun around 180 degrees in the grass, yes so fast it is possible to change the name in the bikerworld.



**Image 127** – "180°" after he unplanned changed the direction.

Now the cause/consequences of the horrible journey. what happened was that on his bike, which only rolled 5600miles , had one of the spokes of the rear wheel loosened, and cut down the tire from the inside, with the explosion as a result. The police who arrived on the scene had the utmost praise when he stayed on site all the time to everything arranged himself, which took 1.5 hours. The two others who were traveling along with "180 °", made sure the tow truck arrived to the scene and transferred the bike to Harley dealer in Texarkana. A few calls later, so the merchant will return with good news. "180°", as I said clearly that: "No more spokewheels on any of my bikes" get the good news that Harley Davidson short notice given consent to the bike will be equipped with aluminum wheels. "180 selects 5-spoke wheels from a Street Glide, and the installed new low-profile tires, and not only that, he gets \$ 200 a hand for a meal before the trip to continue, So, 2 wheels, 2 tires and \$ 200, talk about goodwill. Another story that had a happy ending.

Now the last and most terrible event in conjunction with the week-long gathering. "Cappy" and his good friend "BAD", which was included as a guest and drives a Harley trike, due to a previous accident when a car hit also equipped with combined hand clutch / hand-switch in the same lever. The two left the gathering on Thursday, to travel back home to Dallas, Tx. When they came to I-88, the road in Arkansas that leads to Talimena Parkway, where, just after the sign that indicates a recommended speed of 20mph, "Cappy" running first on his white Yamaha Roadliner, is fully aware of the risk, and keeps a maximum of 5mph over recommended. After the curve, he checks in the mirror and do not see the "BAD", check it again, no "BAD" and after having checked the 3rd time so he turns back and try to avoid thinking about the worst that might have happened. "Cappy" finds

"BAD", lying face down, with his trike on top, "Cappy" tried to stay calm, put the bike in neutral, and took the helmet to be a little more flexible. "BAD" moaned and complained loudly that he had sharp pains across the chest. With unimaginable strength he could lift the trike, but could not, however much he wanted to get it to the side, so he had to let go so that it again ended up on the injured "BAD". Passengers in a passing car waved happily at "Cappy", as he waved to alert them that it was not right there in the ditch. Finally stopped a car with two adults and their daughter, The adults helped "Cappy" get off the bike so the pressure of the hot exhaust pipes disappeared, and her daughter made good bet to call 911, and after an endless wait, help arrived in a helicopter that immediately took care of "BAD".



**Image 128** – "BAD" ,before the accident.

Helicopter took him to the nearest major hospital, were he was put on a ventilator, which he was connected to for 10 days, it was found that the highest-rate burns to the back, caused by the hot exhaust pipes, additionally

11 (eleven) broken ribs. All this is caused by the right rear wheel came off the asphalt edge, and into the gravel, where the trike banged around. All happened in an instant. Can finally sum it all up with, that in spite of the serious incident, "BAD" on his feet and now so this seven weeks later, and last weekend was "BAD" and his wife "Zu" witnesses "Cappy's" and "Trish's 'wedding, so even this incident had a happy ending, it could of course gone much worse. "BAD" is now considered riding a bike, and, after two very serious incidents, thinking about replacing the bikes with a convertible, all to get some wind in his hair, we'll see how this continue. Takes the opportunity to thank "Cappy" for a very good effort in connection with the incident. Now, can you say that these 6 above events occurred during the 41'000mils, that was running to, during and home from the hit which means one accident/6800miles, and that one should keep in mind that the average hojåkaren run fewer than 1800miles/year; Thus, hypothetically, there is a small risk that every bikers suffer from some form of incident every 4 years, which is not at all impossible.

## **26 - Riding a bike Sweden vs. U.S.A.**

Thought I should describe what the difference is in terms of "Rideout's" in Sweden vs. USA. If one assumes that this happens in the lower half of Sweden, one can begin by mentioning the difference when it comes to clothing. Here in Sweden applies protective clothing like helmets/gloves / boots o maybe even extra underclothing. In the U.S. it is more common with the T-shirt/chaps/thin jacket of nylon/leather, o unfortunately too often fingerless gloves and helmet of beanie-type, witch looks great but does not help when the damage occurs.

Next difference in the line is the food. Here at home, the shrimp-toast/bagel a favorite, but also apple-/rhubarb-pie or tarts with cream a bit of a classic, if not now go on to heavier, cooked food, then "today" tops the list, maybe followed by "burger" in various local versions.



**Image 129** – U.S.A. An ordinary breakfast.

Then lets not forget the cookies, these sweet pastries are available in numerous versions. Another classic is the ice cream, which partly consumed as a "snack" almost at every stop, and of course dessert. It is then easier in the US, where the cuisine is somewhat more limited. Since many of the runs are a startup based in early mornings (it get often really hot up around noon) is the breakfast / lunch / brunch stop ordinary, with omelets, hushbrowns, hushpuppies, bacon, egg, sausage, bisquite & gravy, and so of course all these sideorders and not forgetting all those deep-fried meals. It seemslike the americans fry everything except the coffee. To this we drink gallons of iced tea, root beer and other cold beverage, and coffee, but not comparable with ours. May well then add, the only thing that unites our countries for the purpose of food is the ice cream.



**Image 130** – U.S.A. Most of it is fried



Image 131 – U.S.A. Local ice cream vendor is a common goal.

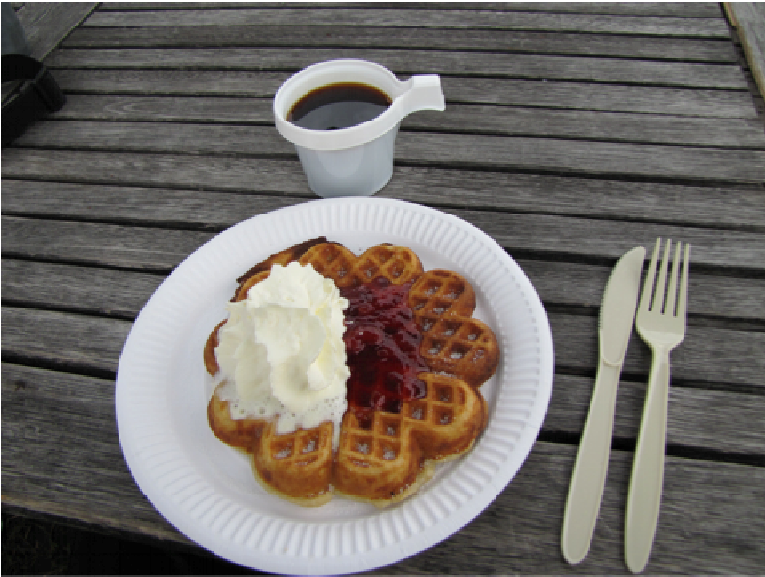


Image 132 – Sweden. Shrimpsandwich.





**Image 133** – Sweden. Sub and cake.



**Image 134** – Sweden. Waffels.

Then on to the actual driving. Comparable to the United States use a lot more often hand signals, but at a not excessive but naturally. Already in the driving school taught this out, such as signs of left/right turn and stop signal. Another significant difference is the driving group on multi-lane roads, where the Americans 'almost' always moves the entire group sideways when changing lanes / overtaking, then the first and last changing lanes at the same time, this requires cooperation, but works very well. It does not runs as in Sweden, where one at a time are changing lanes. Now I do not mean that we should use their driving style, it's adapted to their traffic rhythm and style of driving. Next comparability is the goal of the trip. In Sweden are fortunate almost always of type day trip, head for the tour leads along watchable paths to a destination, and then a dinner. In the United States are so-called ride'n'eat runs most common, but much more common than in Sweden's weekend runs. One takes off Saturday morning with the target, a lake with canoe rental, river rafting, you go dinghy / giant tires and the like down the river, some place with fishing opportunities, or any other suitable leisure activity. In the evening they shared BBQ and overnight will be at the pre-booked motel and after the common breakfast you travel home again, hence a great weekend with everything one could wish. So, as you see, there are quite a few differences between our countries, but, one thing is for sure, the community o lifestyle, it just exists o there is nothing to take away from us.

## **27 - Traditions and differences to ride a motorcycle past and present.**

There has been little change over the years. You will now not be surprised if you meet a bike, and the rider did not wave back witch is a negative progress. Some of the newer riders have not understood, or simply do not

they care about it. I myself wave at all the other bikers, whether it's about brand, club affiliation, or whether it would prove to be a motorcycle cop. Some have a tradition to just wave the like-minded. It may be touring riders who just waves other touring riders or riders of a croth rocket that just lift your finger or make a flick of the helmet to the other biker The same phenomenon applies the ones that rides a custom bike , who just wave other slightly reclined like-minded, but in my case pulled everyone together, running a bike you wave at at all. To clarify the message here comes a story in an excellent manner explains what it's all about:

#### The Wave By Tom Ruttan

The bike's passenger seat swept up just enough that I could see over my father's shoulders. That seat was my throne. My dad and I traveled many backroads, searching for the ones we had never found before. Traveling these roads just to see where they went. Never in a rush. Just be home for supper. I remember wandering down a back road with my father, sitting on my throne watching the trees whiz by, feeling the rumble of our bike beneath us like a contented giant cat. A motorcycle came over a hill toward us and as it went by, my father threw up his gloved clutch hand and gave a little wave. The other biker waved back with the same friendly swing of his left wrist. I tapped my father on his shoulder, which was our signal that I wanted to say something. He cocked his helmeted ear back slightly while keeping his eyes ahead. I yelled, "Do we know him?" "What?" he shouted. "You waved to him. Who was it?" "I don't know. Just another guy on a bike. So I waved." "How come?" "You just do. It's important." Later, when we had stopped for chocolate ice cream, I asked why it was important to wave to other bikers.



**Image 135** – Most bikers wave.

My father tried to explain how the wave demonstrated comradeship and a mutual understanding of what it was to enjoy riding a motorcycle. He looked for the words to describe how almost all bikers struggled with the

same things like cold, rain, heat, car drivers who did not see them, but how riding remained an almost pure pleasure. I was young then and I am not sure that I really understood what he was trying to get across, but it was a beginning. Afterward, I always waved along with my father when we passed other bikers. I remember one cold October morning when the clouds were heavy and dark, giving us another clue that winter was riding in from just over the horizon. My father and I were warm inside our car as we headed to a friend's home. Rounding a corner, we saw a motorcycle parked on the shoulder of the road. Past the bike, we saw the rider walking through the ditch, scouring the long grasses crowned with a touch of frost. We pulled over and backed up to where the bike stood. I asked Dad, "Who's that?" "Don't know," he replied. "But he seems to have lost something. Maybe we can give him a hand."

We left the car and wandered through the tall grass of the ditch to the biker. He said that he had been pulling on his gloves as he rode and he had lost one. The three of us spent some time combing the ditch, but all we found were two empty cans and a plastic water bottle. My father turned and headed back to our car and I followed him. He opened the trunk and threw the cans and the water bottle into a small cardboard box that we kept for garbage. He rummaged through various tools, oil containers and windshield washer fluid until he found an old crumpled pair of brown leather gloves. Dad straightened them out and handed them to me to hold. He continued looking until he located an old catalogue. I understood why my dad had grabbed the gloves. I had no idea what he was going to do with the catalogue. We headed back to the biker who was still walking the ditch. My dad said, "Here's some gloves for you. And I brought you a catalogue as well." "Thanks" he replied. I really appreciate it." He reached into his

hip pocket and withdrew a worn black wallet. "Let me give you some money for the gloves," he said as he slid some bills out. "No thanks," my dad replied as I handed the rider the gloves. "They're old and not worth anything anyway." The biker smiled. "Thanks a lot." He pulled on the old gloves and then he unzipped his jacket. I watched as my father handed him the catalogue and the biker slipped it inside his coat. He jostled his jacket around to get the catalogue sitting high and centered under his coat and zipped it up. I remember nodding my head at the time, finally making sense of why my dad had given him the catalogue. It would keep him a bit warmer. After wishing the biker well, my father and I left him warming up his bike. Two weeks later, the biker came to our home and returned my father's gloves. He had found our address on the catalogue. Neither my father nor the biker seemed to think that my father stopping at the side of the road for a stranger and giving him a pair of gloves, and that stranger making sure that the gloves were returned, were events at all out of the ordinary for people who rode motorcycles. For me, it was another subtle lesson. It was spring the next year when I was sitting high on my throne, watching the farm fields slip by when I saw two bikes coming towards us. As they rumbled past, both my father and I waved, but the other bikers kept their sunglasses locked straight ahead and did not acknowledge us. I remember thinking that they must have seen us because our waves were too obvious to miss. Why hadn't they waved back? I thought all bikers waved to one another. I patted my father on his shoulder and yelled, "How come they didn't wave to us?" "Don't know. Sometimes they don't." I remember feeling very puzzled. Why wouldn't someone wave back? Later that summer, I turned 12 and learned how to ride a bike with a clutch.

I spent many afternoons on a country laneway beside our home, kicking and kicking to start my father's '55 BSA. When it would finally sputter to a start, my concentration would grow to a sharp focus as I tried to let out the clutch slowly while marrying it with just enough throttle to bring me to a smooth takeoff. More often, I lurched and stumbled forward while trying to keep the front wheel straight and remember to pick my feet up. A few feet farther down the lane, I would sigh and begin kicking again. A couple of years later, my older brother began road racing, and I became a racetrack rat. We spent many weekends wandering to several tracks in Ontario-Harewood, Mosport and eventually Shannonville. These were the early years of two-stroke domination, of Kawasaki green and 750 two-stroke triples, of Yvon Duhamel's cat-and-mouse games and the artistry of Steve Baker. Eventually, I started to pursue interests other than the race track. I got my motorcycle licence and began wandering the backroads on my own. I found myself stopping along sideroads if I saw a rider sitting alone, just checking to see if I could be of help. And I continued to wave to each biker I saw. But I remained confused as to why some riders never waved back. It left me with almost a feeling of rejection, as if I were reaching to shake someone's hand but they kept their arm hanging by their side. I began to canvass my friends about waving. I talked with people I met at bike events, asking what they thought. Most of the riders told me they waved to other motorcyclists and often initiated the friendly air handshake as they passed one another. I did meet some riders, though, who told me that they did not wave to other riders because they felt that they were different from other bikers. They felt that they were "a breed apart." One guy told me in colourful language that he did not "wave to no wusses."

He went on to say that his kind of bikers were tough, independent, and they did not require or want the help of anyone, whether they rode a bike or not.

I suspected that there were some people who bought a bike because they wanted to purchase an image of being tougher, more independent, a not-putting-up-with-anyone's-crap kind of person, but I did not think that this was typical of most riders.

People buy bikes for different reasons. Some will be quick to tell you what make it is, how much they paid for it, or how fast it will go. Brand loyalty is going to be strong for some people whether they have a Harley, Ford, Sony, Nike or whatever. Some people want to buy an image and try to purchase another person's perception of them. But it can't be done. They hope that it can, but it can't. Still, there is a group of people who ride bikes who truly are a "breed apart." They appreciate both the engineering and the artistry in the machines they ride. Their bikes become part of who they are and how they define themselves to themselves alone. They don't care what other people think. They don't care if anyone knows how much they paid for their bike or how fast it will go. The bike means something to them that nothing else does. They ride for themselves and not for anyone else. They don't care whether anyone knows they have a bike. They may not be able to find words to describe what it means to ride, but they still know. They might not be able to explain what it means to feel the smooth acceleration and the strength beneath them. But they understand.

These are the riders who park their bikes, begin to walk away and then stop. They turn and look back. They see something when they look at their bikes that you might not. Something more complex, something that is almost secret, sensed rather than known. They see their passion. They see a part of themselves. These are the riders who understand why they wave to other motorcyclists.



They savour the wave. It symbolizes the connection between riders, and if they saw you and your bike on the side of the road, they would stop to help and might not ask your name. They understand what you are up against every time you take your bike on the road - the drivers that do not see you, the ones that cut you off or tailgate you, the potholes that hide in wait. The rain. The cold. I have been shivering and sweating on a bike for more than 40 years. Most of the riders that pass give me a supportive wave. I love it when I see a younger rider on a "crotch rocket" scream past me and wave. New riders carrying on traditions. And I will continue in my attempts to get every biker just a little closer to one another with a simple wave of my gloved clutch hand. And if they do not wave back when I extend my hand into the breeze as I pass them, I will smile a little more. They may be a little mistaken about just who is a "breed apart."

## **28. Wisdom.**

- Most motorcycle problems are caused by the nut that connects the handlebars to the saddle.
- Four wheels move the body. Two wheels move the soul.
- Midnight bugs taste best
- You're the guy that'll be sneaking out of your bedroom at three o'clock in the morning to look at your bike.
- It takes more love to share the saddle than it does to share the bed.
- Bikes don't leak oil, they mark their territory.
- Keep your bike in good repair: motorcycle boots are not comfortable for walking
- Faster,faster,faster, until the thrill of speed overcomes the fear of death.

- Best alarm clock is sunshine on chrome.
- Drunk on the wind in my mouth
- If you don't ride in the rain, you don't ride
- Whatever it is, it's better in the wind.
- Catching a yellow-jacket in your shirt at seventy miles per hour can double your vocabulary
- Work to ride and ride to work.
- Burn rubber, not your soul, baby.
- Only a biker knows why a dog sticks his head out of a car window.
- Well-trained reflexes are quicker than luck.
- Don't argue with an 18-wheeler.
- Safety doesn't happen by accident.
- Sometimes the best communication happens when you're on separate bikes. The perfect man? A poet on a motorcycle.
- When you're riding lead, don't spit
- Maintenance is as much art as it is science.
- Safety is a cheap and effective insurance policy.
- Never ride faster than your guardian angel can fly.
- I drive way too fast to worry about cholesterol.
- Two-lane blacktop isn't a highway — it's an attitude
- Accidents hurt — safety doesn't.
- If you ride like there's no tomorrow, there won't be one.

- Keep the paint up, and the rubber down!
- Everyone crashes. Some get back on. Some don't. Some can't.
- Life begin at 30, but it doesn't get real interesting until about 100.
- A good rider has balance, judgment, and good timing. So does a good lover.
- Respect the person who has seen the dark side of motorcycling and lived.
- Young riders pick a destination and go... Old riders pick a direction and go.
- Always back your bike into the curb, and sit where you can see it.
- Winter is Nature's way of telling you to polish.
- If you really want to know what's going on, watch what's happening at least five cars ahead.
- There's something ugly about a NEW bike on a trailer.
- Bikes parked out front mean good chicken-fried steak inside.
- Got a \$5 head? Get a \$5 helmet.
- A friend is someone who'll get out of bed at 2 am to drive his pickup to the middle of nowhere to get you when you're broken down
- Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside, in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming, 'Wow! What a Ride!
- If you think you don't need a helmet, you probably don't.
- Saddlebags can never hold everything you want, but they CAN hold everything you need.
- NEVER argue with a woman holding a torque wrench.

- Routine maintenance should never be neglected.
- The only good view of a thunderstorm is in your rearview mirror.
- Never be afraid to slow down.
- Don't ride so late into the night that you sleep through the sunrise.
- Pie and coffee are as important as petrol.
- Sometimes it takes a whole tankful of fuel before you can think straight.
- Riding faster than everyone else only guarantees you'll ride alone.
- Never hesitate to ride past the last street light at the edge of town.
- A cold hamburger can be reheated quite nicely by strapping it to an exhaust pipe and riding forty miles.
- Never do less than forty miles before breakfast.
- A good mechanic will let you watch without charging you for it.
- Sometimes the fastest way to get there is to stop for the night.
- Whatever it is, it's better in the wind.
- When you look down the road, it seems to never end, but you better believe it does.
- A motorcycle can't sing on the streets of a city.
- People are like Motorcycles: each is customized a bit differently.
- If the bike isn't braking properly, you don't start by rebuilding the engine.
- Remember to pay as much attention to your partner as you do your carburetor.
- Learn to do counterintuitive things that may someday save your butt.

- The twisties, not the superslabs, separate the riders from the squids.
- If she changes her oil more than she changes her mind follow her.
- Don't lead the pack if you don't know where you're going
- Practice wrenching on your own bike.
- Beware the rider who says the bike never breaks down
- Never be ashamed to unlearn an old habit.
- Maintenance is as much art as it is science.
- A good long ride can clear your mind, restore your faith, and use up
- Always replace the cheapest parts first
- No matter what marque you ride, it's all the same wind.
- Patience is the ability to keep your motor idling.
- Middle age starts when you have been warned to slow down, not by a motorcycle cop, but by your doctor.
- If you want to complain about the pace being set by the road captain, you better be prepared to lead the group yourself.
- It takes both pistons and cylinders to make a bike run. One is not more important than the other.
- If the countryside seems boring, stop, get off your bike, and go sit in the ditch long enough to appreciate what was here before the asphalt came.
- Give way to trains.
- You don't stop riding because you're getting old, but you get old when you stop riding.
- It's not what you ride, it's your attitude that it counts.

- Ride, eat, sleep. repeat.
- It didn't look that far on the map
- Never try to race an old Geezer, he may have one more gear than you.
- Home is where your bike sits still long enough to leave a few drops of oil on the ground.
- You'll get farther down the road if you learn to use more than two fingers on the front brake.
- Never ask a biker for directions if you're in a hurry to get there.
- Good coffee should be indistinguishable from 50 weight motor oil.
- Hunger can make even roadkill taste good.
- Owning 2 bikes is useful because at least one can be raided for parts at any given time.
- You'll know she loves you if she offers to let you ride her bike. Don't do it and she'll love you even more.
- The best modifications cannot be seen from the outside. a lot of fuel.
- If you can't get it going with bungee cords and electrician's tape it's serious.
- Gray-haired riders don't get that way from pure luck.
- There are drunk riders. There are old riders. There are NO old, drunk riders.
- Thin leather looks good in the bar, but it won't save your butt from "road rash" if you go down
- The best wake up call: The wind slapping you in the face.
- Your milage may vary

- An' here at last, the best one: So many roads – So little time



**Image 136** – So true, so true.

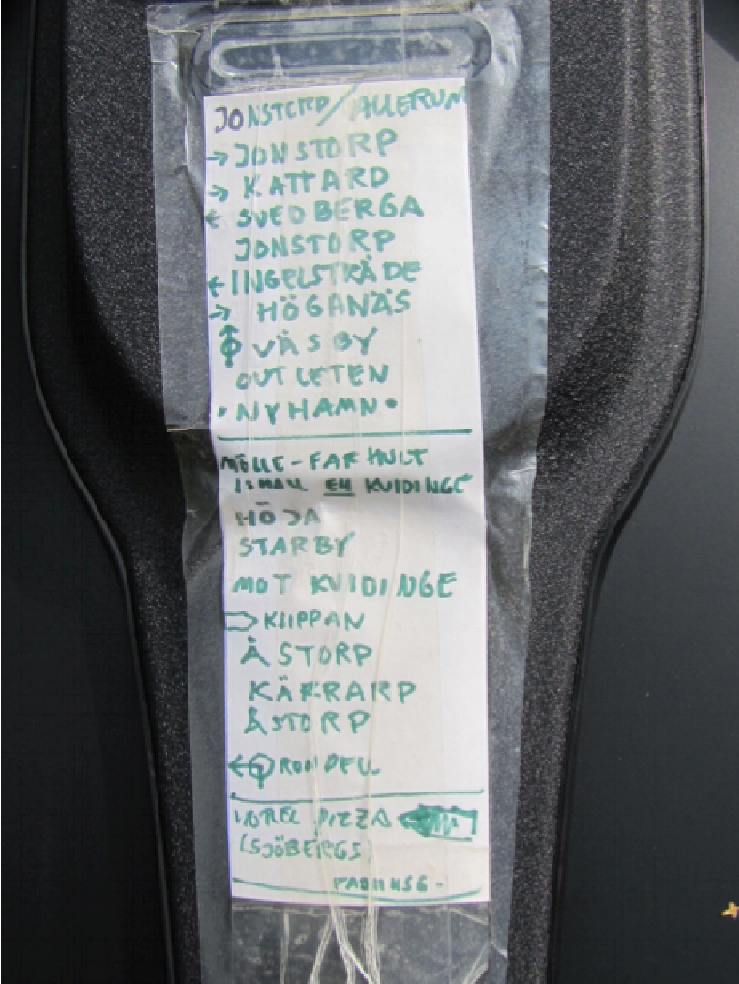
## **29 - A few simple hints.**

Nowadays, some motorcycles equipped with GPS, Global Positioning System, or navigator who also calls it. If the bike comes with such gadget, there is a large amount of brands and models to acquire and one can now also use their smartphone as a GPS. It was different in the past. And the past just a few years ago because it is a trend that develops inspeed of lightning. As I said before, in the past when they used the paper map or used the feeling, or stopping it just along the road and asked the locals where to turn, you had this as help to get around. Using GPS requires not only that they acquire such a gadget, of course, it is sufficient if one is to get from point A to point B. But if you do a route, I mean if one is to lead a rideout and intend to prepare at home by creating a route, then you should have a

computer to help, then it's a lot work to create a route directly in the navigator. Is it that you choose to create the trip on your computer, then you also must have a program such as BaseCamp, MapSource or Roads and Trips. And then you have to sit down and create. All these preparations take a lot of time, even if you are skilled and have done it for a while. Another advantage of these accessories is that through them you can get tips on dining, gas stations, pharmacies, scenic places, yes all possible information available. Of course you can choose the shortest route, fastest route, avoid unpaved roads, highways, yes all possible and impossible versions. What I thought to share with you, is a small practical tip. So as you did before this accessory was invented, and when for example did not want to stay in every other intersection of a fold out paper map to check where it was and which way it would turn into, or which path to choose. Well, you did it simply and sat at the kitchen table, with the map in front of you. Then noted carefully the ways one would travel on, and made small notes.

Then you go out into the garage and either you put this little note in a plastic pouch that you taped on the gas tank, or write the information on the inside of the windshield, with white marker pen, normally used to write on whiteboard. In this way you avoid driving around with a lot of road- names and street numbers on the windshield long after homecoming.





**Image 137** – Simple navigator.

Another little tip if you still would like to have a paper map and would end up in the rain, something that can happen, yes, when do you simply and spray paper map with clear varnish (available at auto parts stores) and so have easily protected map to rain. When we're on the tips and ideas, so I

also mention the old classic, that when one travels in the cold, especially in the early spring and late autumn, but even when one is traveling on a summer evening and forgot to bring extra-shirt in side bag. Then simply put and one or two newspapers inside your jacket and in that way avoid the cold and chilly wind to effect your body. The same applies when you end up in the rain. To avoid getting wet, it can be before you start to stop your feet in a pair of regular plastic bags, such to carry home groceries in. And ones hands protected by use of common dishwashing gloves, or if you're real serious, then use a couple of neoprene, used by divers, they are both waterproof and it also keeps you warm really good. The fact is that the hands and feet are the parts of the body rapidly cooled down, and makes rest of your body cold, which in these simple ways can be avoided. The last tip is for leather clothes or boots. My basic position is that leather clothing is neat, and Goretex clothes are practical, but if one should use the leather clothing, you have to ensure that they receive the treatment they require. So be sure to get the leather grease, rub the clothes and shoes, quite firmly, and repeat a few times during the season, so you have a real and effective way to keep the rain on the outside of your clothing, and leather boots.

### **30 - Things you want to forget**

There have been a lot of different things in life that you want to forget, things that are classified as nonsense or occasions when hasty and taken the wrong decisions. A memory is when I started my old Triumph and left home, and out into the gravel road. Drove up to the neighbor's yard, a 1 mile trip, and then turned around there and then head back around the farmfields. At the end of a long stretch there were a 90 ° curve, and in the outer track stands an old oak, which certainly grown there for 50-60 years, and is a hefty one. Towards the end of the straight so I geared down, you know, because that shifter sat on the wrong side, on the right side, and the foot brake is on the left. When I during the recent years, driven bike with a gear on the "right" side, so it happened that I probably stepped on the wrong pedal, and the stress was raised by the situation, with the result that the curve came towards me in too high speed and I managed surely stepping off the tops of several teeth of a gear wheel. In the middle of the curve, I lost control of the bike, I had an incredible ride that did not hit the tree "bull's-eye" but got away with hitting a rough root part that grew on the left side of the tree. The bike went over the root and I was thrown of the bike and ended up far out in the field, and the bike went even further out but in a different direction. I heard the bike running of highest rpm, but suddenly it began to run unevenly and shortly thereafter died. And everything was quiet, very quiet. Everything around me was perceived to be in a fog, and everything was spinning. Hardly know or do not remember how long I lay there, but when I finally came to my senses, so I stood up and wobbled away to the bike. After much job i finally got it back on track, and managed somehow to put a rock that I found right next to the ground, to put under the sidestand so is not dropped sunk down in the field. After a quick look I realized that

the handlebars were crooked, handbrake handle damaged, and some scratches on the bike, and of course, soil and mud after the harsh entrance to the field. Oddly enough, I started the bike after only a few tries, I was able to drive it home to the garage again. It took some time, but I managed to recover the bike and in almost original condition, the same as before the special journey on the dirt road. Speaking on the gravel road, so I can continue on that topic. It has happened a few times that the group I ride with entered gravel roads on a wrong basis. Last time was when we drove up into next state north. I had programmed my GPS very carefully, and the first planned route of the computer. Then sent the information to the device, everything as it should be. After a very nice ride up through the scenery along the coast, and after 4 hours we turned back south along what is called "Hallands most beautiful road". (The most scenic route in that state) In an intersection happened that was not supposed to happen. I was absolutely convinced that everything was as it should, but something told me that everything was not right. A mile down the road we suddenly went into gravel. This surface is well almost banned the group, as most only want to move on asphalt, probably mostly because it feels safer with this solid base. Not only that, it was also the case that the farmer who was in charge of road maintenance had to turn was recently scratched road. This had the effect that it would be enough that we would travel on gravel base, it was also very slippery to drive on the road. Gravel makes you that the bike behaves almost like it live it's own life. If it swings one way then swings back end to another, it tricky is that you never know which. Moreover, it appeared that this wonderful dirt road lasted for mile after mile. Guessing that the group that followed there in the forest thought it would never end, but as if by magic, so turned the asphalt up again and we were saved.

Now to the funny in this little story. It all took place on Saturday 3 May I remember that, because I myself had the honor of the day after, on Sunday, on behalf of my chapter of the SCRC, to arrange a longer trip, which was a copy of the luck I have just described, a 250-mile ride in Halland. The only difference in these two tours was that I as soon as I got back home, the first thing I did was to start up the computer, and immediately correct the route so that the group on Sunday didn't have to travel same way as we did on Saturday. But Sunday's trip was also a true adventure, a wonderful day in the company of good friends. Now on to another adventure, that could have had a sad ending, but was luckily a happy ending. It started when I got the idea to take the bike with camera equipment well packed in the bike's tour-pac. The goal of the trip was that I thought I would capture the nature of Scania on some nice pictures. One of the stops was available at a national park on a ridge, a couple of hours ride from home. I chose to turn in to the parking area which is on the same side as the big barbecue area, housed in a building at one long side of the pond. Along one side of the gravel parking lot is quite a shallow ditch, perhaps 15" deep, and of course, it was where I chose to park. I got off the bike, took my camera stuff, locked the bike and left to the boardwalk that runs along the dam. I could well walk about 30 ft. from the bike when I heard a sound, the sound you do not want to hear, and then I turned around and saw my bike, just as if it wanted to rest a bit. Then I came to the bike so it appeared that the front wheel had slid down into the ditch, whose edge had given way. So now lay there with the front wheel in the ditch, but the rear wheel was still in the parking lot. How do you solve this? Took off my leather jacket and vest and sweater, and gave me the task of trying to get the bike back on solid ground. A task that would prove to be totally impossible. I struggled for more than an hour, but I could not.

The bike weighs close to 900 lb, which is more than you can handle, and the sweat spurting from my forehead. Meanwhile, I noticed two guys in age of 12-13 fishing at the other side of the pond. I walk around and then asked (even if it hurted), but I saw it as the only solution, I headed up to the boys and asked the question: "Would you like to help uncle to pull the scooter up into the parking lot?" They followed me out to the scene, where they received instructions on how they would grab the bike to best try to get the bike back on track. By joining forces, we managed 3 together make up the bike out of this precarious situation. The boys went back to fishing, and I dressed again in all the clothes again. Thought for a while that I would have to spend the night out there in the wilderness all alone and abandoned. Some nice photos, it was not this day, not even on the bike which was resting, even this I forgot in the rate. But the incident is an old negative on the retina, for that I'll never forget. So here towards the end of this chapter, I also want to mention one thing that taught me to use the phone and computer, before I leave home. It costs nothing, that with these simple means of preparing their tours. Even at this trip, it was I who had the task of leading the group. We set down to most southern part of Scania where I knew there was a really nice café, which I wanted to show group and even coffee there, it was what was the reason for today's trip. After a few minor stops along the way, was finally reached the goal. Outside in the parking lot the group gathered and chatted about everything from the weather, what we saw and experienced along the way, what places we passed, and not least what each one would order when we came in. It was mentioned baguette with brie and salami, from anyone, shrimp sandwich, their famous shrimp sandwich that I talked a lot about, it would be someone just try it, it was heard even apple pie with vanilla sauce.

It seems like everyone had full control of what should be ordered. We went on a long line through the gate, across the lawn and up to the locked door. Yes, you read right, the locked door. Namely, the cafe was closed, and this I had totally missed.



**Image 138** – To make plans is important.

Now you have just read about why it is highly advisable to seek information via the web, or call the place you are heading to, just for a simple way to find out on the venue's opening hours. Just have to tell you that we ran into a family in the parking lot where the bikes were parked, that told of another diner a short distance away along the road, which had homemade cooking to biker-friendly prices, so even this story had a happy ending, and everyone could go home both full and satisfied.

### **31. Things you never forget**

One of the events took place, when I made my journey in 2010. It all started when I saw a big billboard along I-81 when I was on my way north from the gathering in North Carolina. The billboard said something about an event in a Harley Shop later along the road. It was like a countdown, when the first sign told us it was 100miles to the event, the next sign, 90miles, and the next 80miles, and this went on until I approached the place. Suddenly there appeared more and more bikes, and it was not long before the Harley shop appeared to the left of the interstate, I continued and finally there was a temporary parking out in a field where a huge variety of bikes were parked, and the store was using probably a local sports club to hail the bikes, and ensure that they were in fine lines in the meadow. After having packed my belongings in the saddlebags, it just remained a long walk up the hill and up to the shop area. It was a large area made available by the shop, where there were a lot of vendors who stood in this particular area, and offered their merchandise to the visitors. It was a 3-day event, where you could buy all sorts of gadgets, clothes, accessories, and other goodies. For example there was a place where you could buy patches and also provided the opportunity to have patches sewn on to the vest or jacket. As if this was not enough, you could listen to all kinds of live music from two scenes. And food, there it was, 2, or if it was 3 different vendors, each consisting of a wide variety of Mexican, tasty burger grilled on the spot, but also pizza slices and other good things, no one had to go leave, hungry and everything had a fair price. The shop also had the "sale" on a lot of clothes and accessories, both outside where clothes were simpler and indoors where their finer selection was at really good prices. The staff had really done their best so that visitors should be able to do real bargains.



I think the company Harley Davidson centrally had contributed a lot of things, this special weekend. In the evening there was a party, so it was just to go a little further to the nearest community to arrange a bed for the night. This was achieved despite the fact that there was a tremendous amount of people in motion, but think very many were from the neighborhood and another good reason, was the huge campsite on the large parking lot/meadow. After I found me a place, so I, I drove back to the area where the store held its events, and was met by a lot of things that are not so common here at home, at least not to this extent. There were a whole lot different "games". Slow Race is the same as here at home, where you drive a distance of 25yd. in the longest possible time, therefore an exercise that puts drivers to the test.



**Image 139** – Wienerbite

There was a group that did "barrel race", which involves taking a metal barrel, and with the front wheel of the bike and the metal barrel must be

kept within the marked course that is 3 times as wide as the metal barrel and approximately 12 15yd. long.

Another exercise, "wienerbite", where one hangs a sausage on a string in a metal frame, driver and passenger drive slowly through the arch, very slowly, and when the bike is just below the sausage so it is up to the passenger to bite off most of the sausage, and hands must be kept on the driver's shoulders, the one with the shortest piece of sausage left has won. The more mustard on the sausage, the better. Then there are the "panty-race" - 2 bikes starting side by side, and drive about 20yd and stops, the passengers jump off, run back to the starting line, where the occupant puts on a pair of panties of the LARGE model. Then rushing back and jumps on, and the passenger must sit down then get the team across the finish line.

Role Race - a popular competition where each team consists of a guy and a girl. The women on one side, with a toilet roll between his legs, and the men standing on 5yd. distance with a toilet roll holder between his legs. The first to put toilet roll in the holder, and to get over the finish line, the winning team. A popular feature. cone-race ", a competition that consists of putting out cones on both sides of the 2 teams with tennis balls on top of the cones on the left side and it applies to passengers pick up a ball, and place the ball on the opposite side. The team comes first wins. You can also run this play with a series of cones, and place the rings, first up win. (The rings can easily be made from metal coat hangers). "Bucket-race", the last game consisted of a passenger holding a tray on / over the head, and on the tray a small bucket of water, the one coming forward first with the most water in the bucket wins. Because there was a lot of people at this gathering, yes thousands, so there were obviously activities that may not be suited to a family reunion, but had a little more adult alignment.



**Image 140** – Adult games.

To this group belong the old classics "Miss Wet T-shirt" and "Mr. Wet Boxer ", the purpose is to highlight the design of bodies by means of pouring water over the participants. The female participants were able to measure the selected body parts in a "tittie-gage". Besides this, except of course few activities, of more or less advanced type, with or without an audience, but it is not suitable to perform either in the text or image, even if camera/video were well used at the event. Having the chance to participate in this kind of event is a memory for life, and of course one of the reasons that when you travel around on this continent, so just have to have extra time, so you do not have a way too tight program, but given time for such this little adventure. If you want to get the chance to experience this kind and the like, then you can either vacuum the Internet, there is an incredible amount of information, but another way to catch this kind of information, it is when you talk to bikers somewhere along the road or at a gas station.



**Image 141** – There are different ways to measure.

Everyone always asks where you come from and where they are headed, particularly when you have visible luggage on the bike, and not just out for a tour or similar. Then you just gently ask if there is any event or meeting underway nearby, but you have to watch out, so that you end up at a gathering that is open to all, or that you will get there with someone who has related to the festivities. Stepping in as non-invited, or unauthorized, can have unpleasant consequences. After a weekend in Virginia, it was then time to head to on the continue, and say goodbye to the people I spent time with during the day here. Now we come to the next memorable event, namely the days I visited Laconia Bike Week in New Hampshire. I drove there from Southampton, Mass where I have lived for almost a week. I myself, and my fellow-travelers "imjoerip" and "Herper" drove north and when we arrived then joined the "Wind Burn" and "Spirit Dancer" who lives an hour from the bikemeet-area.



**Image 142** –View of the central part of Laconia Bike Week.

The phenomenon started many miles before we arrived. As we traveled along the road, there were initially just us three, but after a short stop and we would again turn out of the way, I discovered that we were not alone anymore, it appeared bike after bike. The last stretch to the hit area was a steady stream of bikes. The meeting is one of the "Big 3", the other is Sturgis and Daytona. At each of these so participating somewhere between 500'000 and 600'000 bikes. YES, you read that right, at least half a million bikes, there are VERY many bikes there. It requires a well intended logistics to carry out such an event, but the organizers have actually had more than 90 (ninety) years to plan this. The fact is that in 2015 held the 92nd meeting. Once we found a place to park our bikes, it was at the lake, far north of Shore Drive. We packed our equipment and headed toward the central regions, where the mail boat adding. Along the way there we stopped safely 200 times, to take photos, or just check out some nice bike. These were plentiful, for every 10yd. stood some form of construction,

an incredible amount of fine bikes, and the condition of the people was very good or display condition, although all were run in place. Sure, there were exceptions, there is always someone driving the bike on the trailer to the outskirts of the city, where they stop and unload the bike, and just ride the last little mile in to the meeting. At the meeting all kinds of people, from the ordinary motoring enthusiasts, making a day trip to the bikemeet, to the worst party animals, those who are only interested in custombuilt bikes and are inspirations to hit the scene, there is of course the club members by all sorts of factions, and the women who ride their own bikes, with a genuine interest in riding and gathering activities, to those who are only there to party, meet bikers and do things that they probably regretted afterwards, or maybe not. There is of course some beverage in this kind of events, in particular beer, but even moonshine, white lightning, mountain dew, hooch or white whiskey, all of the latter is that you might figure out the terms for moonshine. Yes, they are blended discreetly with coca-cola or other drinks in styrofoam cups with lids and straws, exactly those you get when you buy a menu at McDonalds. But it took quite a while on my first visit to the US before I understood. One thing is however certain, despite the ingestion of high-octane drinks it is the police's involvement in the bikemeet primarily due to the police's own engine interest, then it is extremely rare with any kind of problems, even though it is a huge amount of people in the area. Finding accommodation in the neighborhood can be a little problem, to get into 100'000's of people in the city that during the other 50 weeks of the year hosting 15'000. There are people who spend the night in tents, campers, trailers, motels, hotels, private homes, everywhere you find people who stay in places that are not normally designed for such. As on all other matches so there is food, all kinds of cuisine, fast food,

finediningn, survivorfood sandwich an 'beverage, you can eat breakfast and dinner at any hour around the clock, in short it is just to choose what you want to survive. There was also a huge range of vendors, where you could buy everything, and I mean everything. T-shirts, exhaust pipes, patches, rims, caps and frames, chrome accessories and boots. Just getting through this area took at least a day, now I spoke not to the whole truth, it certainly took two days. Something else that took a considerable time to contemplate these were the Miss Wet T-Shirt- contests, strange as it takes time to determine a winner. You can also get their bikes washed at these events, and the lightly dressed girls that have a modern tool when they dry them bikes after they been washed, they use namely a leafblower instead of old chamois leather when the bike needs to be dried.



**Image 143** – Modern wiping after a bikewash.

One thing to remember in hindsight, all the people you talked to during the day there, a lot of interesting types, ranging from exhibitors who talked for hours about their products, for these erect meeting participants that they could share their previous visit in Laconia ,

or any of the other matches on the continent, or any of these scores of stories set along the American road network. Had you had unlimited time had certainly still been sitting there on the boardwalk at sunset and listened to these incredible stories.

### **32. Long distance riding – Iron Butt Riding.**

It all started in 1984 in a small scale, near Philadelphia, PA and has since developed into something very big in the United States. There are a large number of goals to achieve, and among the tougher it 11day / 11'000mile - 1500mile / or even 50cc - Cross country in less than 50 hours and in addition a large number of other distances to accomplish. Most difficult of all, to handle is to get what the club called 100K, which means to traverse 100'000mile / year or more. This kind of event came to Sweden, in 2008, and has steadily grown, and found members of even the "small" Sweden. In addition, some of the routes that are suitable for Swedish road conditions, there are others that can only run on this side of the pond and also some who can not do here, because current speed limits. 2010 I heard about an Iron Butt Run, starting in Helsingborg, and this happened when I was in the US so I found out about this after homecoming. Since it already planned a follow-up the year after, as mentioned yes I was interested. After careful planning the run was finally planned to start may 28, a perfect day to leave on a trip called 2000K = 2000km (~1245miles) / 24h. 5 pers. was involved in planning and this date was one of the few days when anyone could get to the start. On the morning of the 28th at 5:00 there were only 3 in place. Ronnie, Kjell o me, and it turned out later that the other two been prevented. With the two witnesses at the start, and the receipt from the pump carefully pulled down in a folder, went off to the north, just over two hours later new



refueling in Jönköping + a mug of coffee and a sandwich at the gas station, then off again. It was estimated that during these 24 hours, keeping 9 tank stop, having 1h in reserve to legally move the 1245miles. As you can imagine there was not room to write about something other than driving / refuel / run / refuel, okay at some point became the beverage refreshments, and of course visits to the toilet. Can then mention that after a few visits, was one down at times that made the guys that change tires in a Formula 1 team green of envy. We found the turnpoint in Bracke Jamtland, between Sundsvall and Östersund. To sum up the weather, the first ~620 mile, we had just under 35 mile in rain, and on the way home, it was a little worse, then we traveled in about 200mile in rain. Back home again we concluded that we made the trip with only minutes to our advantage. What made that margins fell were both large, light regulated road work in the northern region + rain / darkness made that the pace was slightly lower than estimated. All that remains is to compile our records (all records, with witness statements and petrol receipt from all tank top), and submit everything to the board and get it all approved. We drove approximately 1298 miles , a little margin, you want. In retrospect, I can tell you that driving was approved, and both diploma and a "pin" came afterwards at the post. Having conducted driving now feels like this with some perspective on the whole, as having made something of a feat, and it is with pride looking at the diploma. Then if one would do if the whole thing, time will tell, but I'm not completely opposed. I gaze in the rearview mirror so I notice that I was probably not quite safe in traffic the hours between midnight and sunrise at highway speeds and in significantly downpour. I was at times difficult to see if the two in front of me,

I rode last the entire trip, if it was really my two colleagues, or whether it was a car. The comment from a good friend of the US, who conducted the endurance races there, was simply: "You are now officially completely crazy, welcome aboard!" Well, one more thing, it feels perhaps needless to say that the long, hot shower after returning home, felt more than perfect and thank's, chfNelson, for inspiration.



**Image 144** – Wife gave me this after 24 hours on the road.

### 33. Top-20 places

The saddle

New England

South Dakota

Smokey Mountains

Louisiana

Texas

Yellowstone

Yosemite

Missouri

Luisiana

Roads/Nature

Scotland

Dalsland (a region of Sweden)

Minnesota

Blue Ridge Parkway

Scania (The region were i live)

Montana

Norway

Denmark

My desk with laptop an' a mug of coffee

## **34 - Stories from people i have met**

### **The Wall**

In 2006 after ridding close to 60,000.00 Miles I started going to gatherings of my unit from Vietnam Charlie Company First Battalion Forth Marines Third Marine Division. I wanted to show my respect to the 18 Marines who were (Killed in Action) on my first Operation the second week after I arrived in Country . I arrived in Vietnam on February 14,1969 the Operation started on February 26th and was over on March 8th 1969.

I had Replicas of each of the Marines Dog Tags made but not exactly out of respect for them my local leather shop attached the tags to one pice of leather then sewed that pice to the left rear panel on my vest as I went to more gatherings of the Members of the Company that survived I asked that they sign the vest anywhere they wanted and after three or for more gatherings and about 60 of the Marines had singed the vest in June of 2013 I took the vest to the Vietnam Veterans Wall in Washington DC (it was a cool and light rain as it was when they all died )placed it at the base of the panel where all of them were I lay hear at the Vietnam Veterans Wall June 3,2013 A Vest With Your symbolic Dog Tags that have ridden with me over most of the US (1800,000.+ ) Miles I leave here out of Respect for the Marines of Charlie Company First Battalion Fourth Marines Third Marine Davison that were Killed on Hill 484 an Hill 400 from February 28th to March 7,1969 Who I was honored to be with. Many of your Brothers who were with you in Battle and with you when you gave your life for the Freedoms of this Country. I have been in contact with have singed this Vest as a message to all You are " NOT FORGOTTEN" You live through our

memories many of your families are in contact with us we share the stories of the time you spent with us and they of the time you were with them.

Also in memory of all the Marines that went before us and after into Battle and have given Their All

Semper Fidelis Lonnie "RED" Young C Co. 1/4 3rd Marine  
Division Vietnam 1969

### **Medicine Wheel**

While I was wandering around the country back in '81, following my front wheel, I stumbled on an out-of-the-way site, Medicine Wheel. It's located up the side of a mountain in northern Wyoming, just off US Alt 14, in the Big Horns. I followed a dirt road up the mountain and spent several days just looking the place over. The whole time I was up there nobody else came around that I saw.

Not much is known about the whats and whys of the place. It was a lonely, beautiful site, though. The Medicine Wheel is a group of rocks placed in a circle, probably for religious reasons and most likely had something to do with telling when seasons started and ended.

I was a looking for something back then, dissatisfied with my life, and just wondering why I was here. Part of the reason for riding around the country was to "find" myself. I wasn't in any hurry, willing to look into some pretty strange cracks and crevices just to see what or who might be in there.

Medicine Wheel was one of those places.

My short stay there left me feeling very lonely, but refreshed and looking forward to continuing the journey.

I'm not much into ghosts, spirits, and such, but this place was haunting. It's up around 10,000 feet and above the tree line. You can look out at the far horizon in a 360 degree circle. When I'd sit up through the night I'd feel the presence of others. It just seemed like there was somebody around, sitting and watching with me; spooky, but strangely reassuring.

I'm told it's been turned into another tourist attraction, but that is the way of things. As a people we sometimes look a thing to death. I can't imagine going there now without feeling that something is gone forever. Some might think that is selfish, that others ought to be able to see the place, too. That's probably somewhat true, but if we "see" it to death, have we not lost the "thing" that was the place to begin with?

If some of y'all head out to Sturgis this year, take the trip over into Wyoming and tell me what you find. Look for a lonely place, sit a spell, and let the land talk to you. Be still! I promise you'll be a better person for having done it. Then climb back aboard your bike, crank it up, and ride. Take some of the stillness with you, held in your heart where you can find it whenever you need. //Skip

### **What is a "Biker"**

A real biker does not have a lot of things with the text Harley Davidson, besides his bike. He does not need to acquire a "pin" at any meeting or gathering, describing "I Rode Mine" for the simple reason that he does not need to prove to anyone with a "pin" or other trinkets. When he comes to

the gathering so he does not check in by any motels, more likely to seek out a place to put his tent. He does not have a raincoat or Gore-Tex gear, none of the expensive version, made of any brand company emphasizes that their product is the ultimate weather protection material but made of leather, for the simple reason that cows do not leak. He can easily tell the difference between a beetle and a dragonfly, with the help of the taste. He does not know how a workshop at the brand workshop looks, for no other than he do the maintenance on his bike. But he knows the guy behind the counter in charge of spare parts, and also know what his wife and children named, for they have the same passion. He lives by a number of rules that the usual friendly society does not understand, and therefore fear. In his world, respect is reproduced with respect, and respect, there is nothing to recommend. He sometimes run in sunshine, but he also run in the rain and in the cold, which does not seem to bother him, just because every day that you can run is better than having to work. He's probably one and another tattoo that you do not understand, but there it is, he does not care whether you understand or not. After you run down and stand at the side of the road with a sad look then it is he who stays, and ensures that you get the help you need, either he'll fix the problem, or so he makes sure it gets fixed. It would be more serious, then he stays until help has arrived, it is the way he works. He has been in the same situation, and appreciated the help, the only thing he does to convey their experiences. When you meet him along the way and he was traveling in the opposite direction and you wave, then it is he who wave back, not "the RUB's" (rich urban bikers). And before I forget it, you are not his "brother". Anything that interferes with a biker over another is when another guy on the bike that meet at the gas station or in any rally use of "brother routine". A bikers "brothers" are people he either run on for years, shared rides and hard times with, or simply members of the same

club. Just because you have a bike and he has a bike does not mean you are "brothers". And forget about the gray hair, he's probably not you want to ask it. To quote an old famous biker: "Treat me well as I treat you better, Treat me badly as I treat you worse." There is something bikers live by. Respect him as he respects you. Treat him disrespectfully to get maybe a heightened dental bill. He loves to laugh, and he likes to party and have probably some colorful plastic necklaces in the side bag for subsequent wet T-shirt contests. Do you feel offended or intimidated, don't be. This is our world, it is perhaps a bit shielded or hidden from you, if you are not looking for that and explore. If you find then listen and learn. It is very difficult to learn anything if you laugh and trying to impress people, a biker will probably not be impressed, so listen, learn and observe. Ask questions, any time, and remember, there are no stupid questions. But would be answered: "There is nothing I can talk about," then accept this and then proceed to another topic. What is a biker. He is a man who lives for codes other than ordinary society will neither understand nor accept. Or as we like to say: "If I had to explain, you would not understand." He is used to profile themselves. As the rest of the world had just started squawking about how bad it is to fall into different compartments for one or the other has happened, so he has had in decades. This is based only on how he looks or dresses. You will never hear him yell and scream that his civil rights have been violated. It's just the way it is and you'll get used to it. Just as there is a "secret code", there is also a code along the roads, and he lives for, but of course, it's more a guide than a rulebook. What is a biker? Walk up to him and ask. "We do not eat by ourselves, we sit among all the others at a roadside restaurant, we are pretty readily available, we have families, work, loans to pay back, and the bills that come every month, just like any other. We are only cast in a different form than the other, so say hello at the time,



and find out the facts, we do not bite, unless we are asked. "

// WindyJoe

I was born in 1966 In fact the Kent State shootings happened just a couple miles from where we live. so in 1980 after already seeing, experiencing to many things, including much death.including my real father to suicide and my dad who to me was my father, to murder. To much by then, I turned 14. So I guess I would be considered growing up in the 80's but I am a nostalgic person and always hung around people older than me so I know few things of the 60's remember allot of living in the 70's stared at a young age doing allot of things older teens and young adults were doing. Drinking few drugs smoking weed etc. My family (mom dad) was into the biker/Club thing my dad was a Patch Holder... which was actually the best times of my life... getting to ride on backs of hard tails and getting dropped off at school.. Cool kid, lol Getting tossed around wrestling with Patch Holders etc.

From the mid 70's up until about 1984 - 85 til I turned 18 I was basically unplugged and into cars, girls/women and partying. A pretty selfish lifestyle from a teen on I did work allot too, with a family business from about 14.. gold silver and antiques basically like a pawn shop. for me it was hard work, mostly unloading and loading our truck to head to Texas, Tennessee, Florida etc. to antique shows and fle markets. then after 18 more hard work in roofing loading and unloading vegetables from trucks then moved into delivery and then peek season driver for UPS.. and filed for the draft even though there wasn't one at the time, at the post office. It goes on and on. Still a partyer. Opened my own electronic repair shop hired a tech and I sold the radios and stuff. About 24 I got a real bad illness but it didn't take me

out.. I still deal with to this day.

Fast forward to now at just 48, I have been clean and sober over 10 years now and a Christian.. its not bad living life on life's terms. I've been riding (not counting my minibike) about 15 years now with a few off years without a bike. I am a slick back. Which means to me not only not wear any patches on my back but doing it with intent.. out of respect for those that earned their Patch and work to keep it.

That is about it for me up to this point.. I'm into riding, shooting and a few other things for entertainment and work in the HVAC business part time... still dealing with health issues. A brain tumor. But I love God, Country and living.

//Lurch II – BGBB

I must say, I have loved motorcycles since I was in 7-8årsåldern. A friend of my parents who drove a red and white with panniers and tank gear. All I remember was that it was Harley Davidson tank. Every time he visited us so I had to sit on the saddle, and every time I sat there until he would go off again after the visit, and one day he said, "Why are not you a round?" And my answer was: "If I could just figure out how. "It was not until I turned 10 years before my father got me a small motorcycle just to have peace in the house. I have always loved the sound of motorcycles, whether it was Indian, Harley and European motorcycles, it has not played any role as long as the "voice" come out of the exhaust pipes. This was 50 years ago and years continue to go, and this was 17 motorcycles ago

// Sonny

### **35 - Difference from Motorcycle Club (MC) och Riding Club**

**(RC)** (thank's to Teacher for the material)

MC: What is expected of a Prospect...

RC: What is expected of a RC member ...

MC: As a Prospect, strive to conduct yourself as a responsible Patchholder at all times.

RC: As a RC member, strive to conduct yourself in a responsible manner so as to not give your club a bad name. Whether you are wearing your patch or not, common courtesy and respect for ANY individual you make contact with will always leave a good impression of you, your club and motorcyclists in general.

MC: Always display a positive attitude.

RC: Always display a positive attitude.

MC: Participate as much as you think is acceptable; then participate more.

RC: Participate as much as you are comfortable with. You joined to ride and meet others with the same interest, but the more you participate the more you will get to know others and enjoy the experience. You will only get out of it that you put into it.

MC: If you see a Patchholder of your group that you have not met, take the initiative to introduce yourself as.. "Prospect (your name)."

RC: It's always good to introduce yourself to fellow club members.

MC: At all gatherings, make it a point to circulate when you have the time to do so and greet every Patchholder who is there.

RC: It's always good to meet new people.

MC: Don't get overly friendly with someone that is not a regular acquaintance of the club. If someone outside the club has questions, refer them to a Patchholder. Never give out a Patchholder's name, phone number, address, or any personal information to anyone outside the club.

RC: Meeting new people is one of the things a RC is about. Answer questions as you are able. If you don't know the answer to a question, refer the questioner to someone you think might know, such as one of the officers of your club. Don't give out personal information unless you know that the person being asked about wants it given out; that's only common sense.

MC: Never give out any information about the club itself to outsiders. This includes, but is not limited to, where the club is based, how many members are in the club, etc.

RC: RCs aren't normally out to hide anything. They are just a riding club and as such, really don't have much in the way of club business. If you know of sensitive private matters concerning the RC then it is expected that you would use good judgement in not sharing it with others who are not involved.

MC: While in public places, always conduct yourself with your association with the club in mind. Remember that what you do, people will remember; good or bad.

RC: While in public places, always conduct yourself with your association with your club in mind. Remember that what you do, people will remember;

good or bad. The public perception of anyone who rides a bike should be considered and a good attitude is always the kind of perception we want to present, club or no club.

MC: Never let a Patchholder walk off alone in an unsecured area. If he/she is going out to their car, bike, or even just out to get some fresh air, go with them. Watch their back at all times.

RC: Never let someone go off alone without someone keeping an eye on them, especially in this day and time.

MC: Remember who you are 24 hours a day. Your association doesn't go on and off with your colors.

RC: You should always conduct yourself responsibly when dealing with other people, including e-mails and on the internet. RCs do not have colors - the patch is a purchased patch that shows you are a part of a riding club whose purpose is to get together to ride motorcycles and enjoy the companionship of others with a similar interest.

MC: Out of respect, if two or more Patchholders are having a private conversation, don't approach them within earshot, especially if they are talking with a Patchholder of another club. If you feel that you need to interrupt, put yourself in a place of visibility and wait to be acknowledged.

RC: It's only common courtesy not to interrupt a conversation or evesdrop.

MC: NEVER use the term "Outlaw Club" when speaking to a member of another club.

RC: NEVER use the term "Outlaw Club" or any of the other names they are known by when speaking to strangers (you never know when one of them

might be a member of an MC, be a support member or know members of an MC).

MC: Never lie to a member of another club. If you are in a situation where you are asked about the club or its membership, it is acceptable to say "That seems like club business and I really can't talk about it". If this doesn't put the subject to rest, offer to put them in touch with a Patchholder for them to speak with.

RC: Never lie to anyone. Either answer the question or refer the questioner to someone who can.

MC: Always show respect to a Patchholder of another club. Even though they are with another club, they earned their patch.

RC: Show respect for other people, club or not. It's the polite thing to do.

MC: Never call a Patchholder of another club "brother". He's not your brother.

RC: Never call a member of another club "brother". If he is a friend and you two consider each other brothers, wait for him to address you as such in public.

MC: Remember, your patch is earned, it is not given to you.

RC: RCS don't earn their patches. The patch has no meaning except that it indicates you belong to a club that you signed up for and associate with.

MC: Never bring a personal friend or a stranger into the presence of Patchholders without asking permission to do so first.

RC: It's great to introduce new people to the group; just make sure you

don't interrupt a conversation when doing so.

MC: At an open function, never turn your back to a Patchholder of another club. This is not so much for safety reasons, but as a show of respect.

RC: It's always polite to face the individual or group you are talking to.

MC: Always show respect and courtesy to Patchholders of other clubs.

Don't come across like you want to be best friends. Be professional in such encounters; keep it short, then move on.

RC: Always show respect and courtesy to everyone, club or not.

MC: Never be quick to walk up to a Patchholder of another club in a public setting, even if you know them well and the clubs are on friendly terms. If you want to greet them, walk up slowly and wait for them to indicate that they want such a public display to take place. They may be on some club business and may not want to give the general public the impression that the clubs are on such friendly terms. If they look like they are going to ignore you accept it and keep your distance, the best approach is always to wait for them to come to you and let everyone else see that.

RC: Use common courtesy and common sense.

MC: Learn what different parts of our patch represent and what the different color combination of yours and other clubs represent.

RC: A RC patch should never be referred to as colors. RCs should NEVER wear any kind of location banner with their patch and NEVER wear any kind of support patch for any other MC. RC patches are usually bought – not earned.

### **36. The legend of the Guardian Bell.**

As the story goes, an old gray-beard was riding home from Mexico, with saddlebags loaded full of toys and trinkets for some kids in an orphanage near where he lived. It was a cold night in the high deserts just north of the border. As he rode he thought of rides past, epic journeys with long lost friends and the many nights just like this spent in the saddle.

Ahead in the small beam of his old headlamp he thought he saw something. As he rode on it appeared again, this time there were more of them. Tiny little creatures that seemed to dart in and out of the beam as fast as the wind. They were dark little dodgy spirits, quick, and all but translucent in the moonlight—they were road gremlins. Before he could react they were on the bike. As he mashed on the brakes the front tire blew, and the old rear drum brake that had served him well for years locked up. When he came to he was nearly ten yards from his bike. One saddle bag had been torn loose and was lying next to him in the cold, hard packed dirt. In the light of the moon he could see his bike, the little spirit like road gremlins dancing on top. He raised himself up to his elbows, where he could see them more clearly, and they caught a glimpse of him too. That's when they began to approach. Slowly, almost curiously, they stalked towards him. As they advanced he picked up the only thing that was within reach, the saddle bag, and began to wave it at them trying to keep them at bay. From inside the bag came a ringing noise. He noticed that if he shook the bag the little gremlins would fall back, plugging their ears in retreat. He quickly unstrapped the bag and dug out two sleigh bells from a set of toy reindeer buried in the bag. As he knelt there shaking the bells the gremlins retreated off into the darkness. As if attracted like a moth to a flame, two staggered



lights approached from the distance, and came upon the rider in the darkness. To the lone rider they seemed like angels coming upon him with wings, guided by the sound of the bells. The two riders helped the old gray-beard brush himself off and gather his belongings. They set up camp and talked long into the night, about the old man's brush with the road gremlins, and of many rides past. The old man offered to pay, but as-is biker tradition, the two men would not accept any form of repayment. In the morning the men helped the gray-beard patch his tire and limp to a little service station in the next town. Again, as they prepared to go their separate ways, the men refused payment. The old man had suspected this, so in the early morning hours just before dawn, he had awakened and attached two bells, one to each of his angel rider's bikes. As the old man watched his new friends roll out of the dusty service station driveway, he thought he could hear the ringing of bells over the low rumble of the bikes.



**Image 145** – The bell shall be mounted as low as possible.

There are many variations of the ride bell legend, and almost as many ways to tell it as there are bikers to tell the tale. Like many other time honored stories of past, in the beginning it was passed on through word of mouth, from one biker to the next. In a way, this story is just like any true biker, it doesn't matter how you dress it, the core of the story remains. Protection is offered in the generosity of friends or in random acts of brotherhood along the road. The spirit of camaraderie and brotherhood between bikers is what the ride bell encompasses. In connection with this, I mention also two simple things that honor a brother, a sister, a relative or friend, who is no longer with us. One is to attach a black ribbon, any, they may be one made of cotton or a black tie, on the bike. You can tie it around the handlebars, or the antenna if you have one. The second is to run with the passenger footrests / footrest folded down, to the above may be given the opportunity to symbolically go with: Both of the above begins when one learns of the death, and ends with a minute of silence when the funeral took place. None of this has any religious connection, is just to honor.

### **37. In memory of.**

I have been in contact with a lot of members of BGGB over the years, mainly through email, but also via Skype and telephone. One of them I had contact with was "Doc" Gerbino. Before my trip in 2010 we had decided to meet then I would be in the Smokey Mountain area. My plan was to go to him on his birthday and the day before I called to make up the final details prior to this gathering. I called and called, but got no answer at any of the numbers I had. On his birthday I got a call, it was from his wife "Cat" who announced that "Doc" had left us earlier in the day. Another memory is when my best friend from the USA left us, and in connection with that Ed

would be buried, so the pastor asked the relatives who Ed was, if there was anything special he would mention at the ceremony. If what friends he had and what they could tell. One of the friends of Ed's bikerclub mentioned that he had a good friend in Sweden, that he also visited. The pastor wondered if this friend in Sweden would be able to get in contact with, and as a result I got an e-mail, where I was asked to write a few lines about my relationship with Ed. It ended up with my text was read by the pastor during the funeral ceremony, in front of more than 200 family members and friends. An incredible honor. These were some of the saddest days of my life. You want to read the speech given at the ceremony can go into BGBB's website and "click" to Memorial Page, which you can find at the bottom of this. <http://www.bgbb.org/memorialpage.html>

Here are some of those who no longer ride with us, but have found other roads until we meet in future:

George S. Barlow "Retro". 14 januari 1945 ~3 september 2003

Hathor. - xxxx ~ 17 november 2003

Donald "Duke" Cubberly. - 1952 ~ 2004

Myles J. Pullman, Jr. - 1943 ~ 2003

Vince "Jester" Bruno. - 1948 ~ 2002

Gary R. Gebhardt - 10 maj 1949 ~ 24 maj 2003

Jason "Doc" Gerbino – 8 juni 1941 ~8 juni 2010

Robert "Ole Bob" Nissley - 21 mars 1949 ~ 16 april 2011

James "Greybeard" Whitehead, Jr. - 16 juni 1939 ~ 23 juni 2012

Ed "Herper" Nied, Jr. - 7 maj 1950 ~ 7 november 2013

Jeff "HalfDeafJeff" Betts - 9 april 1954 – 10 april 2015

### **38. Future.**

As you can imagine, I have not stopped riding my bike, Oh no, it's nothing I have even thought about. I continue a few more years on the bike I have today, since it works perfectly, well except for the small detail that the aluminum wheels that are mounted on my bike is covered in chrome, which is not as successful for the simple reason that this coating releases and it has the consequence that they look very ugly. So if there would be no change is to replace the wheels toward something more weather-resistant. Looking further ahead in life, there are obviously solutions if they would be limited for reasons of health. If the strength to hold up the bike or if the pain would be an obstacle, as I find them a perfect solution for this, Harley Davidson can offer a Tri Glide, which can easily be adjusted with both hand shift and foot clutch. In terms of destinations, so are some left on the list. Starting with Sweden, so I would like to show my wife a little more of our country when she so far has not been further that half way up north. Therefore, I would once again ride Route 45 through inland up to Karesuando and then the coast road back to Scania. I have made the journey before, and there's so much to experience in the country. Another destination that remains is a

return visit to Norway, then this country has far more to offer and besides, it's almost home track. Large parts of southern Norway is harvested, it remains very much, especially the northern parts, and up there is the North Cape waiting. The next part is left on the list is located to the south, and places to show for his wife is the Rhen, the Mosel Valley, a trip down the Alps and up through France. When we were in Scotland in 2013, and got stuck on that part of Europe, but the lack of time, so we abstained when the south of England, therefore, remains that part of the island group. To experience big differences in the nature, but above all culture so would turn the Baltic sit perfectly, then you get the chance to pass both Finland, Russia, Baltic countries, Poland, Germany and Denmark in one big loop. But, we'll see what the future brings. Now that you have come this far in the book then you have noted that 45 of the 50 states on the mainland of the United States is passed, but remains the 5, and there are heavy reasons to make return visits. Hawaii is not among the highest ranking when the sun and did not directly close to my heart, but it would then be for having been there. However, Alaska, in my case the 52nd state, it would not go directly to run the bike, no, that version is excluded, but to get to Southern California and to start the trip there, along Hwy 1 at US west coast, up through Canada and all the way to Anchorage, Alaska, a trip of about 3500mile each way. The trip is well a dream trip, but there are so many factors that come into play. Finances, time, health, and not least the "Tinkerbelle". She has certainly said that I can go, but in the puzzle I'm talking about, that still leaves a whole bunch of different pieces. If we can continue o plan, or now perhaps we have arrived in dreams, then there is also a trial run of Australia, and New Zealand's road network with there and may well return just note that: "So many roads - So little time."

### **39. Thanks to.**

Would like this at the end of the book just express some thanks. Starting with my beloved wife "Tinkerbelle" who patiently allowed me to sit and work with the material thru evenings, at night and maybe sometimes occasions when I really should have focused on the important things in everyday life as gardening, housework and above all thought of cooking instead to write. Thanks to Zoégas because you invented my coffee and have it in their coffee range. Thanks to all the blues musicians. Above all, Susan Tedeschi and Derek Trucks. Without your wonderful music through the computer speakers, there had probably not been any book. Thanks to my daughters "Snurre" and "Signe", you mean a lot and are always there with me. Thanks Sigge (our cat)

### **40. Links.**

Badlands - <http://www.nps.gov/badl/index.htm>

Bass Pro - <http://www.basspro.com>

BGGB - <http://www.bgbb.org>

Motel - <http://www.choicehotels.com/?sid=xSVvXM.i25s9gyRS.22>

Motel - <http://sv.hotels.com/>

Motel Bryson City - <http://www.tworiverslodgenc.com>

Motel Eminence - <http://www.shadylanecabins.com>

Bonnie&Clyde Museum - <http://www.roadsideamerica.com/story/10864>

Bridge of Flowers - <http://www.bridgeofflowersmass.org>

Bubba Gump - <http://www.bubbagump.com/locations/ft-lauderdale/>

Buffalo Bill - [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Buffalo\\_Bill](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Buffalo_Bill)

Café de Monde - <http://www.cafedumonde.com>

Casino - <http://lula.isleofcapricasinos.com/index.html>

Chelsea Royal Diner - <http://www.chelsearoyaldiner.com>

Crazy Horse - <http://www.travelsd.com/Attractions/Crazy-Horse>

Darkside Forum - <http://forums.delphiforums.com/DarkSiding>

Darkside website - <http://darkside.nwff.info>

Delphiforum - <http://www.delphiforums.com>

Doc's Service - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I9TOWIOjcnQ>

Eminence - <http://www.eminencemo.com>

Everglades - <http://www.nps.gov/ever/index.htm>

ESTA travel document- <https://esta.cbp.dhs.gov/esta/>

Friars Point - [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friars\\_Point,\\_Mississippi](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friars_Point,_Mississippi)

Exchange - <http://www.forex.se>

Writer in New England - <http://www.chandlermcgrew.com>

Hanksville Farm - <http://www.hanksville.se>

Harley Café - <http://harley-davidsoncafe.com/home/>

Hilton Hotel - <http://doubletree3.hilton.com/>

Hog Back Mountain - <http://www.hogbackvt.org>

HOG Helsingborg - <http://www.hoghbg.se>

Iron Butt Riding - <http://www.ironbutt.com/about/default.cfm>

Iron Butt Riding - <http://www.ironbutt.se/index.html>

Small church - <http://www.knabackshusen.se>

Grave i Kivik - [http://sv.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kungagraven\\_i\\_Kivik](http://sv.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kungagraven_i_Kivik)

Laconia - <http://www.laconiamcweek.com>

Lunds Cathedral - <http://www.lundsdomkyrka.se>

Magnolia Hill B&B - <http://www.magnoliahillbnb.com>

Mahuffers - <http://mahuffersfl.com>

Food in USA - <http://www.crackerbarrel.com>

Food in USA - <http://www.ihop.com>

Food inUSA – 319 Pere St, Abbeville, La tel. +1 337 898 2597 (seafood)

Malmö Castle - <http://sv.wikipedia.org/wiki/Malmöhus>

Mariott Hotel - <http://www.marriott.com/>

Miami Art Deco - <http://www.miamiandbeaches.com/>

Medicine Wheel - <http://www.sacred-destinations.com/usa/>

Melrose Plantation - <http://www.melroseplantation.org>

Motorcycle maps USA - <http://www.butlermaps.com>

Motorcycleroads i USA - <http://www.motorcycleroads.com>

Motorcycle rental - <http://www.eaglerider.com>

Motorcycle rental - <http://www.harley-davidson.com/>

Mount Rushmore - <http://www.nps.gov/moru/historyculture/why-these-four.htm>

Nationalparks in USA - <http://www.nps.gov/findapark/index.htm>

Conversion - <http://www.omvandla.nu>

Outriggers - <http://outriggerskemah.com>

Peggy Sue's 50's diner - <http://www.peggysuediner.com/index.html>

Travelagency - <http://www.ticket.se>



Riverview Resort - <http://www.riverviewresort.com/>

Salt Rock Grill - <http://www.saltrockgrill.com>

SCRC International - <http://www.southerncruisers.net>

SCRC Sweden- <http://www.scrcsweden.se>

Statepark - <http://www.soderasensnationalpark.se/Sv/Pages/default.aspx>

Smith & Wesson - <http://www.smith-wesson.com/>

Sturgis - <http://www.sturgismotorcyclery.com>



I was 8 year when I first got in contact with a motorcycle, and now I am 58 year. During the passed 50 years I have met a huge amount of people, that in different ways shaped my life and made me to the person that I am today. I've been ridden more than 125'000 miles on the American roads, and even more here in Sweden and Europe. I have, in my way, composed text and images to be able to share my experience and I hope that this shall give you a hint of what my life became so far.

So many road's – So little time

