

*Ray's Deck Log*

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MISSION STATEMENT:  
 "Dedicated to providing service to the community while combining the two hobbies of motorcycling and ham radio"

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## NOVEMBER 2004

### From The President's Desk::

October and the World Series (baseball) is at full speed (the Red Sox won in 4 straight). The elections for President are near and we, in MARC, are getting ready for another Love Ride. Yes, soon we will be participating in Love Ride 21. It has been raining a bit here in Southern California but Bill, KE6UUD, has assured me that "perfect weather" has been ordered for Sunday, the 14<sup>th</sup> of November 2004.

Of course, we will have our regular MARC meeting on Saturday the 13<sup>th</sup> at the Lakeview Café. Mijo will be at the front table with 50-50 tickets for a few \$\$\$ and a big pile of goodies. We will be selling tickets (\$1.00 each) for our super Christmas raffle, a Kenwood TMD700A radio, a set of tires from Huntington Honda, and a Honey Baked Ham from our friends at Comet. I am sure there will be other goodies added to this list by meeting time, so don't miss out. Bonnie, KD6OFQ, our Secretary Treasurer will have tickets for the MARC Christmas Dinner. This will be on the second Saturday of December, an evening meeting at the Lakeview Café. Dress is casual; please dress as you would for a dinner out with friends.

The Orange County MS 150 was a big success this year. I hear that they collected almost \$1.5 million, with nearly 80% of that going directly to the MS for research/to find a cure. I would like to thank all who came out on Saturday and Sunday to help the MS crew and MARC make the 2004 MS 150 such a success. And a super big "thanks" to John, KC6ZQZ, who volunteered many hours to the cause to assist the MS staff and coordinate this event for MARC.

The last weekend of October, Mijo and I spent a couple of days in San Diego at the Double Tree Inn. She was there on school business, attending a California Scholarship Federation conference. I went along for the ride. While there, I spent several hours touring the USS Midway, now a museum of Naval aviation

permanently berthed at the Navy pier in San Diego. It is quite interesting to tour the old ship. The keel was laid in 1943 and it was commissioned in 1945. Several years later, the angled deck was added for easier landing and more flight deck area. Many other upgrades were made over the years. Seeing service in the last part of WW II, Korea and Vietnam, she is a battle-weary old vessel but still worth a day's visit. Of course, Mijo had to make her obligatory visit to the beach. We went to the Naval Station North Island on Coronado and paid a visit to the Navy Exchange. Then drove down part of the Silver Strand, oh yes, she also got close to the water at dinner. We dined at the Bali Ha'i on Shelter Island. A very good dining experience, even if I do say so. We had a beautiful evening view of the entire San Diego harbor area and even watched one of the Princess Cruise liners set sail.

Did you enjoy the guest speaker, Biker Dude, at the last MARC meeting? It is the Holiday Season, so expect another visitor soon. Let's see, who could that be? Some turkey I presume...

John F. Reynolds W5JFR  
 MARC President  
 Johnw5jfr@adelphia.net (909)820-0509

Double check everything on your motorcycle plus your riding apparel & equipment....

**GET INVOLVED - ENJOY THE CAMARADERIE WITH "MARC" MEMBERS IN THE LAST CHARITY EVENT OF 2004 FOR "MARC"**

### ""MARC"" CALENDAR 2004

Nov. 13- "MARC" Breakfast Meeting  
 Nov. 14- Love Ride  
 Dec. 3,4,5-Motorcycle show  
 Dec. 11- Annual Christmas Party

**MARC" NEWSLETTER DEADLINE:::  
 DUE:**

December 1st	FOR	December
December 28th	FOR	January '05
February 2nd	FOR	February
March 2nd	FOR	March

You're locked in a room with five doors. Each door has several locks, all different. The keys are on five rings, but each ring does not hold all of the keys necessary to unlock one of the doors. Instead, each ring holds only some of the keys required to unlock two of the doors. How many rings would you need to get out? (Somewhere in the newsletter is the answer) (-:s

### EASE TENSION:

Lightly hold the middle joint of your left middle finger with your right hand. Hold for a few minutes, then repeat on your right hand.

#### How it works:

This quick and easy exercise helps balance the body's energy systems, which in turn releases tension and stress throughout the body.

Jin shin Jyutsu is an ancient art that harmonizes the body, mind and spirit through gentle touch.

Oldsters are always asked the why of their longevity. Their most common advice is "Never stop doing the work you like" Or words to that effect. Exception: I put the query to an elderly acquaintance, and he said "Get out of sales."

You might take a 15 minute nap every four hours to see if that makes a genius out of you. It's what Leonardo da Vinci did.

Both taken from the O.C. Register Trivia column by L. M. Boyd

## Mystery signal traced to TV

By Jennifer Nitsch

Corvallis Gazette-Times

CORVALLIS — When Chris van Rossman moved into his downtown apartment about a year ago, his parents bought him a new 20-inch color TV with all the bells and whistles. The flat-screen Toshiba came with its own set of stereo speakers, a 181-channel tuner, built-in VCR, DVD and CD players, a V-chip for parental control over content and, of course, a remote control.

Van Rossman, unfortunately, does not have cable and can only get four channels in his apartment. He mostly watches Oregon Public Broadcasting, which comes in clearest, and he's acquired a taste for OPB children's programming.

Maybe the television suffered an identity crisis. Maybe it aspired to higher things.

Whatever the reason, van Rossman's TV set sent out a cry for help. It began emitting the international distress signal on the night of Oct. 2.

The 121.5 MHz frequency signal was picked up by an orbiting search and rescue satellite, which informed the Air Force Rescue Coordination Center at Langley Air Force Base in Virginia.

Such signals usually come from electronic locator transponders that help search and rescue workers find overturned boats or crashed airplanes. It is said that more than 90 percent of ELT signals are false alarms, but each and every one is checked out.

Langley got on the horn to the Civil Air Patrol, an all-volunteer auxiliary to the Air Force, and the CAP got ahold of Benton County Search and Rescue Deputy Mike Bamberger for assistance in locating the source of the signal. "My initial thought was, 'Oh, it's the airport again,'" Bamberger said. "We've had the signals from the airport go up the Willamette River all the way through Albany and into Lebanon."

The radio-wave signals can bounce off metal structures and rocky hillsides. From time to time Bamberger is dispatched to the airport to locate a transponder in a plane that has been bumped by a mechanic or set off by a rough landing.

But this case was different.

Armed with small receiving devices, Bamberger and a group of Civil Air Patrol volunteers determined the distress signal was coming from an apartment building on the corner of Fourth Street and Jackson Avenue, narrowing the possible sources down to a couple of upstairs units.

On the morning of Oct. 3, van Rossman opened his front door to find CAP personnel in Air Force uniforms, a Corvallis police officer and a Benton County Search and Rescue deputy looking at him expectantly. To his credit, he did not stress out.

"I have a pretty spotless record, so I wasn't overly concerned — just a little confused," van Rossman said. "The police officer asked if I was a pilot or had a boat or anything. I said no, and they moved on."

After checking in with van Rossman, the group continued the search.

"We narrowed it down to a spot on the wall in the hallway," Bamberger said. "Whatever was behind that spot is what it was. They knocked on van Rossman's door again, and the signal abruptly stopped.

"When he answered the door he turned off the TV, and the guy in the hall said, 'It just stopped,'" Bamberger recalled.

An inspection of the television confirmed it was the source of the signal. "Their equipment was just bouncing everywhere as they

turned it on and off," van Rossman said.

Van Rossman was instructed to keep his TV turned off or face fines of up to \$10,000 per day for emitting a false distress signal.

He's not taking any chances. He's keeping the television unplugged just in case he forgets one morning, groggy with sleep.

Unfortunately, the warranty on the TV had run out 16 days before it started freaking out. It had already tried to escape the van Rossman household by refusing to play DVDs a few months back, but that didn't bother van Rossman. He has a DVD player on his computer, and besides, he mostly just likes to watch OPB especially "Arthur."

"I find other stuff to do," van Rossman said. "It's not too important. It's changed my morning routine."

Also, "Arthur" will have to wait.

Not for too long, though. Maria Repole, director of public relations at Toshiba, is going to get van Rossman a new TV.

"We have never experienced anything like this before at Toshiba," Repole said. "We really value customer satisfaction, and we will replace the television set free of charge."

Repole told Toshiba's technicians about the TV in distress, and they'll be on the lookout in case it happens again, she said.

"They've never heard of that before," Repole said. "They don't really have a technical explanation available. It's just very strange." David Mandrell, squad leader for the CAP team that responded to the TV's distress call, attempted an explanation.

"All electronic equipment creates a frequency called a tempest," he said. "Sometimes these frequencies emit low-level signals that are close to the 121.5 MHz signal."

Mandrell has heard of this sort of thing happening with customized computer gear. Sometimes CAP equipment will pick up these signals, he said, but they are usually weak enough to ignore.

"This was really strong," Mandrell said. "This was abnormally strong. It kind of surprised us."

Submitted by Bob KD6YBT

## ANOTHER INTERESTING DAY !!!!!

This last Tuesday I worked as the Inspector for a "Vote Polling Location" here in Orange County. The Inspector is the Team Captain for the Poll Workers at a voter "polling place". This year happened to be the first year that "computer voting" was being used in a general election. It was rather amusing to be part of the introduction process for this new fangled gismo — And to try to convince some voters that this was the "way of the future" — And why they would no longer receive a paper ballot. Some still insisted on voting the "old way" — So we still had to offer that process — As well as the new voting machines.

I kinda think that the old paper ballot method is very short lived, and won't be around much longer. My personal observation is that the machines save time, space, and effort — and that we are on the right track by switching to them.

Over the years I have volunteered for several "civic duty" types of jobs and things. I have worked at various jobs during the Federal Census. I have served on Jury duty. I have worked in the ballot mail room, worked in the distribution of candidate information, worked in receiving ballot returns from voter locations, and worked in the various vote counting procedures.

Why did I do all this? Well first of all, there is the financial benefits — The pay is fantastic — Not to mention the travel opportunities, vacations, and severance pay.

Secondly, you are introduced to some wonderful "experiences" — Situations that you would probably never otherwise know anything about.

And, of course there is the old "Civic Duty" situation — There are many things that need to be done periodically — By all of us who live within our community. We all need to "share" the load.

This year they had a very hard time finding workers willing to fulfill all the voting job requirements for this years election.

Why am I telling you all this? I want to inspire you, and to awaken your civic pride — So that you will readily volunteer to meet the work requirements of the next election.

## SO I WON'T HAVE TO

Billy Hall NEEDY

billy@needyc.com, billyneedyc@juno.com

Four Thousand One Hundred Eighty Three  
(4183) Miles In 67 Hours.



All times given are Pacific Time. We never changed our watches as we passed from the Pacific, then Mountain and Central Time Zones, and back home. We took I-15 North, to I-40 to Oklahoma City, North on I-44 to I-70 to Indianapolis & IN-37 North to Noblesville IN.

This is motorcycle related in that we, Mike H. and I made the trip from Irvine CA. to Noblesville IN. to pick up a 2003 1800 GW that had been totaled. Mike won the bid on the Internet for it. Mike is using it to make a 3 wheeled car. He needed the engine, rear wheel drive, rear wheel and the rear suspension.

Mike had called me on Monday to ask if I would use my 93 Dodge Caravan (has a brand new engine in it) and our Kendon single rail trailer to go pick up this motorcycle if he won the bid. The motorcycle was in Noblesville IN at an insurance warehouse. Without having to think about it, I said yes, because Mike has done so very much for our MARC members and Bonnie and I in particular. He is the gentleman who has made our many different brackets for mounting ham radio equipment on motorcycles from the very start of MARC.

Mike called me Tuesday afternoon and said that he had won the bid and when could I be ready to head for Noblesville IN. I told him I could get the van & trailer loaded and ready to go by 8pm that night (Tuesday). With Bonnie's help and a lot of hard work the van was ready to go at 7pm. We had installed the GPS, radar detector, the CB radio, food, case of water, winter clothes, heavy boots, a change of clothes, tire chains, 3 gallon plastic gas can, heavy nylon tow cables, jumper cables, plenty of tools and a survivor kit. Filled the tires on the van and the Kendon trailer and hooked the trailer to the van. Going back to IN this time of year COULD get real exciting. Took a shower and shaved, it would be the last time I did that for the next 3 days. Of all the stuff we took along, we used all the water, food, the gas in the gas can, the radar detector saved us more times then I would like to think about and the CB was doing the job too. Those big trucks let us know where the smoky bears were all along the way. Not that we were speeding of you understand. Just always good to know where they are in case you need one.

We were on the road at 8pm and I drove from 8pm to daylight Wednesday morning. Mike has a little trouble driving at night and he was not use to the van. So we decided to wait for daylight before Mike took over for the first time. When we got into NM we hit a lot of head wind and it was taking a toll on gas. Our 3rd gas stop was in Adrian TX at 1016 miles at 10:55am Wed. We had already come through some heavy rain and still had the wind to contend with. I had slept for about 3 hours while Mike was driving that morning and I took a shift in the day light going into TX. We were lucky in that every big city we came to we missed the heavy traffic hours. We got to Tulsa OK at 8pm. When we got to Oklahoma City we took I-44 North toward St. Louis MO. We had been in the rain on and off all across NM, TX and OK. Nothing to bad up to Oklahoma City. Going up I-44 was the worst storm of rain and wind that we were to hit. At times I was only able to go 30 to 40 mph with the 4 way flashers on due to the heavy rain and/or fog. Surprisingly the temperatures were staying very pleasant. Even when we came through Flagstaff it was not too chilly. While we were in the fog in MO we saw a large buck standing in the median. We got about a mile up the road when we heard a trucker behind us saying he had hit a deer in the north bound lanes. Our luck had held up again.

We arrived at the address (note, the Garmin GPS SP III took us right to the correct address) of the warehouse in

Noblesville IN where we were to pick up the motorcycle, at 2am PT. We had come 2088 miles in about 30 hours. We were to meet the gentleman who would open the warehouse at 8am Central time Thursday morning. So we were able to get 3 hours sleep in the car before he showed up. I climbed in the back and slept on the second seat and Mike put the passenger seat all the way down and slept. We had been taking turns driving and sleeping.

The weather at the time of the motorcycle pick up was cloudy, but was not raining right then, but it had been and the roads were still wet. It took us about an hour to load the motorcycle, tie it down securely with 5 ratchet type nylon straps, Mike to do the paper work, and stroll around the warehouse looking at the 150 other totaled motorcycles that were stored there. That was pretty impressive to see. Seeing all those motorcycles in such horrific condition was a sobering sight. We wondered how many people had been killed on all those wrecks. The insurance man said he doesn't get that information, he just deals with the bikes and doesn't hear about the riders.

By 8am PT Thursday we were already 100 miles down the highway headed for home and we had to have gas anyway, (we did not get gas when we stopped to pick up the motorcycle) so we stopped and had breakfast too. That was only the second real meal we had since leaving home at 8pm Tuesday. What a difference 12 hours makes in the weather. All the way back West on I-70 to St. Louis and down I-44 it was clear and sunny. In fact when we came through St Louis and on Southwest on I-44 it was between 75 and 79 degrees. Again we were lucky to not hit any heavy traffic during rush hours.

Once we got to Oklahoma City and headed West on I-40 things begin to change. It was 6pm PT when we stopped for gas in Oklahoma City and we had come 772 miles from Noblesville IN since picking up the bike. Texas speed limit for trucks and cars pulling trailers at night is 60mph. Well we got across Oklahoma and TX alright, then we hit NM where the speed limit is 75 for all vehicles at any time, but the wind was blowing so hard from the West that we almost had to keep the gas peddle floored all the time to even keep it up to 65 or 70mph. Then we hit the really hard rain and all we could do was follow behind a big truck to see the way. Like I said before, Mike has a little trouble seeing at night anyway so I took over again after a 2 hour nap and drove until daylight again. At dawn Friday morning I stopped and Mike took over again.

When I woke up from my nap we were coming into Flagstaff. What a beautiful sight it was too. My goodness it looked like a Christmas greeting card. They had about a foot of snow fall since we had come through there Tuesday night and it was just so beautiful. All the trees looked like they had been flocked with artificial snow, all the building were covered too. Coming out the West side of Flagstaff we saw this little log cabin sitting out in an open pasture with smoke curling up out of the stone chimney. I swear it looked like a picture post card. I was raised in South Dakota and had worked for the SD State Highway Dept for a couple of years plowing snow, so I know what snow looks like, but this scene was just so strikingly beautiful. I guess that I had forgotten just how beautiful snow can be. Living in Southern CA for 47 years, made me forget about the years of snow I had endured.

We didn't stop in Flagstaff for gas, we still had plenty of gas in the tank and decided to push it to the limit, as we had done so many times on this trip. The manual in the van says it holds 20 gallons, well one time we took 20.7 gallons and several times we had taken 18.7, 19.75 gallons. So on we went along our merry way. Without the bike on the trailer we were driving 60 miles or more after the red gas pump on the dash came on. But I guess at this higher altitude and pulling

the trailer with the bike on it, the old van was using more gas then we expected it too. Anyway we come to Seligman AZ and the light still hadn't come on, so we decided to try to make it all the way to Kingman, besides, we thought there would be other gas stations along the way if we needed them. Well that didn't work out to well because just as we went by Seligman, the red light came on and we drove on for another 40 miles and no gas. So before we ran out we decided to pull over on an on ramp and add the 3 gallons we had with us rather then to run out of gas some place we couldn't get off the highway safely. As it turned out, when we got to Kingman the tank held 19.75 gallons again and then we had to fill the gas can again. It was on this stretch of road between Flagstaff and Kingman that we saw what was left of the one of the worst of the wrecks that we saw on this trip. At mile marker 111 on I-40 was a West bound big truck, a trailer house and a pick up all over the side and down the hill in the median. The big truck was on it's side facing West on the East bound side of the road and the other vehicles were down in the ravine. It didn't slow us down much because all the vehicles were off the road and the emergency vehicles were all off on the shoulder of the road. Just before we got to this accident, we encountered some of the worst fog of the whole trip. The truckers had been warning us on CB about the fog and the accident long before we got there.

After we had filled up with gas in Kingman and still on I-40 going down the hill just before you got to the Colorado River, we saw another big truck pulling a set of doubles that had crossed from the West bound I-40, going down the hill, into the East bound side of traffic and flipped over on the shoulder of the East bound Traffic. The black skid marks on the West bound side looked like the rear trailer had got to wig wagging and the driver lost control and went through the median and into the East bound traffic. Luckily it looked like the big truck did not hit any cars on either side of the road and there were no ambulances there. We sailed right on by that accident too.

We crossed the Colorado River and were happy to be back in California where the speed limit for big trucks and anything pulling a trailer is 55mph, ouch. Now we hadn't seen any smokey bears all cross OK, TX, NM, and AZ, except where there were emergency vehicles at accident scenes. Now we get to CA and we hadn't gone 20 miles out of Needles and we see one, but luck was with us as he was chasing someone else. You know it is a game of cat and mouse and the cat usually wins sooner or later. Anyway we keep going along our merry way until I see a car coming up behind us that I had not passed. I think to myself, this is a strange looking car way back there, and coming fast. That was at the same time I was about to pull out and pass a big truck going up a slight incline, but still going 55mph. So I get off the gas and stay behind the truck. Sure enough here comes a CHP and he flips on his lights, but wait, lo and behold he goes by me and picks up a car just ahead of me that I had been using as a rabbit. (a car going faster then us, a naked rabbit is a car going faster then us with no radar detector or CB radio)

Then coming into Dagget (10 miles East of Barstow) I see another CHP that had been going East, but had crossed under the highway and was coming back on the West bound side, so we follow that officer into Barstow where he gets off. In Barstow we get on the South bound I-15 and now we know we are nearly home, no fuss, no muss. What a great trip we have had so far, with no delays anywhere. We sail on through Victorville & Hesperia getting ready for the final long run done the hill to the I-15 and home. But wait, what is that I see up ahead of us going down the hill. Ohhhhhhhh, what a mess. Now we hear on the CB from the big trucks coming up the hill, that the traffic is backed up for 10 miles from the 215/15 split to

the top of Cajon Pass. Well I guess our luck had finally run out. So there we sit in traffic for a hour or more going maybe 5mph. Finally we are told by a trucker that the left lanes are moving because they are splitting off onto the I-215. The I-15 is the one cut down from 4 to one lane. So we work our way over to the left lane and can now go about 10mph. The traffic down the 215, the I-10, I-60 and the I-91 were all backed up for miles because of that one lane road on the I-15. What a nightmare.

Mike had wanted to get to his shop and unload the bike, but this was Friday afternoon and we had already been sitting in traffic or going very slowly for a couple of hours and I was tired of it. In fact, I was just tired. To go by our house to pick up Mikes car and then have to fight the traffic on the I-55 to Mikes shop in Costa Mesa would take us for ever on a Friday afternoon right at rush hour. I said no, when we get to my house we shut it down and we can go unload the bike tomorrow (Saturday). Still when I got home, Bonnie and I unloaded all that stuff we had loaded for the trip and put everything away, except the trailer with the bike on it.

We pull up in front of our house at about 3pm. We had made the round trip (4183 miles) from Irvine CA to Noblesville IN and back in about 67 hours, give or take an hour. We had burned up 212.064 gallons of gas at a total price of \$423.97. That works out to an average \$1.99.9 per gallon. The van averaged 19.725 miles per gallon. The only time the van was shut off was when we were getting gas and something to eat, loading the motorcycle and while we were sleeping those 3 hours waiting for the insurance man to show up in Noblesville. We tried to keep our stops as short as humanly possible while getting gas and something to eat. Actually we only ate 3 meals during the 2 1/2 day trip. I didn't even want to do that, because eating makes me sleepy when trying to drive whether on the bike or in the car. The single rail trailer has 12 inch wheels on it and with the 800 to 900 Lb. motorcycle on it, the instructions on the wall of the tires say to put 90 Lbs. of air in those tires. Boy were those tires ever hard. So that little trailer bounced, jerked, jumped, banged, rattled but held together for the whole trip. The only casualties was the temperature gauge in the car and one of the light bulbs in the trailer tail lights. Mike paid for an oil change and for getting the car washed. Both the trailer and car needed good wash jobs to get the salt and sand off of them after coming through snow in Flagstaff.

When I talked to Mike Sunday night he had already stripped the wrecked bike down to the frame and removed the engine, rear drive and rear wheel. I don't know about Mike, but I slept for 14 hours Friday night after we got home. Like I said, I was tired.

Would I do it again, of course, for a good friend and/or MARC member. That is what good friends do. I just thank the good lord for watching over us while we were driving through some very hectic weather.

May the skies be clear, warm & sunny and the wind be forever at your back. Safe rides one & all.

TTYL,

Love to All

Ray Davis KD6FHN <raykd6fhn@earthlink.net>  
MARC Chairman of the Board  
Hm (949) 551-1036 Cell (949) 300-9669

"If we did things we were capable of, we would astound ourselves." (Thomas Edison- Women's World-8/24/04)  
"Open the door to a world of sunshine...and let it into your heart." (Kaytyn Gregory- Women's World 8/24/04)

From your Orange County MS150 Coordinator

**"From the MS office"**

We at the National MS Society, Orange County Chapter would like to extend our sincerest gratitude for your contribution to this year's MS 150 Bay to Bay Bike Tour. Over the weekend we hosted more than 1,400 cyclists and were able to raise a record breaking \$1,409,000. We could not have reached this milestone without you!

We are proud to have you as a partner in the fight against MS. Your contribution has a significant impact on the lives of all who live with the daily challenges of this devastating disease. Your support allows us to apply a greater portion of the funds raised over the weekend directly to research into the cause, cure and treatments for MS as well as allows us to better serve more than 8,000 people in Orange and San Diego counties.

We hope that you have enjoyed the 2004 MS 150 Bay to Bay Bike Tour as much as we have. On behalf of Jamie MacDonald (Chapter President), Amanda McDorman, (Event Resources Manager), and the staff of the Orange County Chapter, we thank you.

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you all how proud I am of your hard work. Again I would like to express my heartfelt thanks, to all those MARC members that were able to help out on Oct 2ND and 3RD with the MS150 Bay to Bay Tour.

Bonnie Davis KD6OFQ, Mijo Reynolds KF6BEB, Dave Christian W6DRC, Bob Pestoletti KE6GYD, Ray Davis KD6FHN, Gary Thomas W7GWT, John Reynolds KD6NXC, Conrad Sillars KC6PHI, Mike Naron N6QZT, DeWitt Morgan KM6UK, Norma Thomas KE6BIS, Teri Edwards KF6HJT, Alvin Brown KD6UZM, Dave Pais KF6PRZ, Sandy Pais KF6PSA, John Beckwith N6JCB, Mark Kanzler KE6ZRP, Bill Douglas KE6UUD, Chuck Wetman KG6NJP, Andy Becker W6AJB, Bob Hinshaw WD6L, Mike Zimbalist KE6KWQ, Hugh Cash KB6IEM, Diana Moody KB6CUR, Ted Moody KB6CUS, Bob Henry N6HOJ, Mel Johnson KD6MPB and Kay Johnson.

As the people at the Multiple Sclerosis office say "we could not have had a better support crew than we had for this event".

Again thank you for all your help.

John Edwards KC6ZQZ <johnkc6zoz@jwon.com>

**LOVERIDE 21 2004 REMINDER**

LoveRide 2004 is just a few days away. If you are signed up for this ride please try to be at the MARC breakfast on Sat. the 13<sup>th</sup> to pick up your vest and signage for your motorcycle, also I will have maps and other info.

We will be meeting at the McDonald's on San Fernando road at the 2 (Glendale) freeway at 6:00am to put on signs and be in place by 6:30. Do not be late. I may not be able to get you in with the group after 6:30! Do not hesitate to call me if you have any questions.

Thank you in advance for all those volunteering for this event. See you there

Bill Douglas KE6UUD <wbldoug@mailake.net>  
626-966-6976

"Open your arms and embrace life, and you will see what beauty lies within your reach." (Unknown) WWW 8/29/04

**Headset "Y" Adapter for Honda  
Goldwing GL-1800  
by  
Chuck KG6NJP**

Some MARC members use two helmet headsets, one for the stock CB/audio and the other for the Ham radio. I have resisted using two headsets; instead I just plug the headset into whichever radio system I want to use at the moment. This is KISS theory – and it works fine. But...sometimes it would be nice if I could use the CB and the Ham radio at the same time (e.g., during our charity events).

I decided to fabricate and try a Y-adapter to connect a single J&J headset to both the stock Honda audio system and the Kenwood TM-D700A Mobile Ham Radio.

So...how did it work...? If you're curious...take a peek at the end of the article for the incredible results...!

The following information explains how I did it.  
Cost – minimal – two 5-pin DIN male and one 5-pin DIN female inline connectors, plus an 18" piece of "scrounged" Kenwood Mic extension cable, courtesy of Ray (AKA the keeper of the stuff).

Logic – simple. For the speakers, I would use only the left speaker for the Honda radio system and only the right speaker for the Kenwood. They would share a common ground. For the microphone, I talked to an EE, and his opinion was that I might be able to share the Mic between the two radios. His reasoning was that the Mic circuits in the radio are inputs not outputs – and he thought it might work. The key words here are "might" – while I have some serious reservations about this concept, I figured the only way to prove or disprove his theory was to give it a try...!

**Wiring – easy**  
Mic "hot" – pin 1 on all 3 connectors are tied together.  
Speaker ground – pin 2 on all 3 connectors are tied together.  
Mic ground – pin 3 on all 3 connectors are tied together.

Left speaker – pin 3 on the female connector to pin 3 on the male DIN for the Honda radio.

Right speaker – pin 5 on the female connector to pin 3 on the male DIN for the Ham radio.

The finished adapter looked pretty darn good...! I hooked it up on Saturday morn in anticipation of testing it during a "coffee, doughnut and lies" session at Huntington Honda. The first thing I noticed was that the speaker gain was down a little on the right speaker. When I turned on the Honda radio, the sound in the left speaker was also down, but it was also somewhat garbled. Hmmm...!

Somewhere along PCH, I gave Ray KD6FHN a call to get a signal report. Ray came back with "somebody is on BARN with 'dead' carrier and zero audio..."

My recommendation? – don't waste your time.

**The Y-adapter was a resounding FAILURE...!**  
~~~~~  
Looking for an answer for last month's puzzler????  
Was anyone able to figure it out? Well keep looking in this newsletter and you may find the answer somewhere.....

**Nibble on Dark Chocolate!!!**

"It's got proven mood-boosters and more antioxidants than milk chocolate!"

## "SOCIAL BUTTERFLY OR SOCIAL BAT"

"You know, Karen I should have thought this trip through!" We were at the kitchen table finishing our lunch. "Should have driven down to your Dad's and then the 3 of us could have gone to Texas!" "Your the Social Butterfly!" Karen exclaimed. "Not me, I like BEING at HOME!" I countered, " Does that mean if I ride at night that I am a Social Bat?"

I left home on the 29th of September. Tried to leave that is. The beemer had some tendencies that I didn't like. Surging or lack of power when opening the throttle. Figured a fuel filter would do the trick. So I bought one. After market for a Ford mustang. Although larger in diameter it still did work. Rode south into Iowa, planning to stay with Karen's Dad. The bike ran great until south east of Mason City it began to pop and stumble. Thankfully the road I was on, The Highway of the Saints isn't a freeway so I pulled off onto a cross road and opened the gas tank. Yep the fuel pump had removed itself from the collar. Working on that and a fellow pulled in behind me in a yellow van.

"Are you resting or broke down?" He asked

"Well I had just replaced the fuel filter and usually it happens that the fuel pump or hoses will fall off after a few hundred miles..." I replied. He got out of his van and was busy in the back of it. Came around and gave me a towel.

"Here use this to clean your hands." He motioned to me. "Just rub the towel and the moisture will come out of it."

"Thanks! I replied. My hands looked rather black.

"What kind of bike is this? He squinted at the engine.

"BMW" I replied. "What kind of prices for a new one?"

"Depends on what model of course. Usually they start around \$15,000 and can be as much as \$22,000." I said.

"Yah I have a Harley and after adding the extras the bill came to \$34 Grand!" He smiled as he hopped into his truck. We waved and he took off down that country road. I returned to the problem and finally felt the pop as the fuel pump was pressed back into the collar. Started the bike and it purred like nothing ever happened. Took it into the small farm town and added fuel to the tank and back on the road again.

Finally arrived at my father-in-law's around 7pm. He was in the kitchen when I opened the door and called his name.

"In here, are you hungry?" We hugged and talked of family and the changing of the seasons. Got to bed around 11pm and back up again around 6am.

Had breakfast with Ken and we knew it was time for me to go. So I backed the bike out of his garage, adding the earplugs and talking to him and trying to listen to the answers, well you know how that goes. Mounted the screwdriver antenna while the bike was warming up. Slipped on the helmet and looked once more at Ken. He was smiling as he leaned against the garage door way. "Well on the way back you can sure stop here for the night!" "OK, I will see how it goes. Its 950 miles or so from Oklahoma City to Minneapolis and I don't like riding at night if I don't have to." I smiled. "Thanks again!"

So down the road thru Shellsburg and south to 218 and then west on highway 30 then south again on hwy 63. I went under I-80 east of Des Moines and made it to a small town along the way. Bike seemed fine. South of that town though the engine just quit. Coasted to a gravel county road and parked the bike. Looking at my watch and thinking..."Lets see that's about 45 miles per hour and how far am I going today? at least 650 miles!" Pulled the fuel cap assembly off the tank and yep the hose blew off the fuel filter. With traffic whizzing by I worked on the ordeal for about 30 minutes. Snugged the fuel lines up to the fuel filter and tightened the clamps. Finally I was on my way again.

Hmmm maybe a bmw filter and the time I tried to save in buying this other filter ... well that mulled through my mind for the rest of the

trip!

I rode down more backroads, enjoying the scenery and going through small towns that aren't on freeways and major roads, wondering how they stay afloat in this economy. Finally stopped at a Hardees in Osceola, LA. After that stop I was back on the freeway system heading for Kansas City and then on down hwy 71 toward Rogers, Ar. Bike ran great. Winds were extra high however the sun felt good and the fields and farms looked busy.

Finally arrived at the next destination. Pastor T we called him. He and his wife Doris live on the north side of Rogers, Pulled into the driveway by 630pm. Not too bad for one slow rider. Rang the doorbell and Doris didn't hesitate to give me a hug. Although I am sure she didn't like the grubby fellow, heh. "Turner is at the office and will be home shortly. You can freshen up and bring your suitcases in to this room." She motioned to the front bedroom.

"Thanks for having me!" I replied. We talked of church and the activities going on. Their son still goes to the church here in Fridley so the contacts and stories of their family gatherings is real familiar. Before this trip I had sent a note on the marc reflector asking if there was anyone along my way that I should stop and talk to. Well our Editor quickly sent me a note with an e-mail address and the name Ed Schreck, ab5gr. Cool I thought!

Turner came thru the door.

"Welcome, Tim!" He smiled. "We are having Swedish meatballs and mashed Potatoes for the Swedes!"

I shook his hand and we talked of his busy day. He had retired from the Pastorate maybe 15 years ago, however he started a business where he fills pupils with other retired pastors who still want to pastor but not for long stays. And the business is booming. Affiliated with the Evangelical Free Church and helps other denominations also. However its time for Pastor T to really retire and the discussion was on the person who would take over this great task.

Wanted to call Ed, but the debate between the candidates was on the agenda. We watched it and made our own comments... Next morning though I did call Ed and we had a good talk about bikes and families and things.

"Sure would like to get an eyeball, Ed." I said

"Well there is this donut shop..." And he gave me instructions on how to get there. "What time would you want to meet?" Ed asks "Oh maybe 9:30." I looked at the clock on the desk. It was 8:30am. "Well let me hit the shower locker and then we will meet in a bit!" Ed exclaimed.

I got off the phone and asked Turner for directions. He gave them. Headed out to the bike with my Walmart shopping bag suitcases.... Drizzle and wet roads await.

"I have always watched these motorcycles with interest!" Turner said.. "Never wanted to ride one but the idea of 2 wheels!"

I shook his hand and said good by. "Thanks for the night!" I replied.

Bike was purring again as I rode down some streets looking for this hole in the wall eating establishment. Thot it would be on the left side of the road... nope. Pulled into the huge parking lot and motored up to the store on this strip mall. Parking close to the Donut shop was not to be. So I idled back toward the exit and parked out in the open. During this ride I had the radio on to the Salvation Army Team Emergency Net. I had called out and was just getting an answer when the fellow yelled my name, taking big steps toward me.

Shutting down the engine I called the net control from Portland I think. Told him "ABOTS motorcycle mobile in Rogers, AR. heading for Texas. good net and 73"

Turned to see a man with his coffee and we shook hands. "Is that how you mounted the antenna?" Ed looked at the aluminum angle and where I had attached it to the bike. Noting the Icom and separation cable. Smiling and chattering about the radio and set up. "Come on in, Tim we will get a table, I will get you some coffee!"

"Err How about a Pepsi?" I replied "They don't sell that stuff here do they? ... Well I guess

they do!" So we sat at the small table watching the people and talking of bikes and our history on this planet. Ed is quite a guy! Sure glad I asked about finding him! Ed is originally from Iowa. His 2 sons ride the BMW GS bikes.

"We need to come to Minneapolis, seems there is a coffee shop called Betty's? If You send them a photo of your bike then come in you get a free cup of coffee! In fact my 2 sons have already been up to Betty's!"

I shook my head.. Bettys Bikes and Buns just opened their doors this past July. Already people are hearing about the place! Eyeing the clock and Ed knew I needed to ride so we agreed to keep in contact via e-mail. I said I would send a note when I got back home.

Soon enough I was back out on the road heading for I-40. Then east toward Oklahoma.. Looking for hwy 75 and south into Texas. I hadn't been in Dallas since October of 95. That time it was a Promise Keepers meeting in the stadium where the Cowboys play. I remembered the traffic and yep nothing had changed. Took some time to get around the mess and then head south again to Waxahachie, Tx. Parked the bike in front of my nephew's home. It was 6:30pm. Another great day of riding. Stayed with my nephew Justin and his family for the weekend. Doing the usual things like running around looking for a motorcycle for Justin. We did have a good weekend. the temps were ok too.

Monday proved to be the monsoon day. Weather men and their maps were warning of the storm coming out of New Mexico. Brenda, Justin's wife told me I could stay the day and I turned to look at Justin he was chuckling knowing his uncle is not only a swede but a stubborn one. Said goodbye to the family that night and was out by the bike before 6am. "Your leaving already?" Justin looked sleepy as he stumbled out his front door. "Yep, its dry right now however who knows when that rain will hit!" I replied "Thanks for coming down!" He said and we shook hands "I will come back sometime."

Looking in the mirror as I turned off his road the home of Justin's was dark. I headed for the closest gas station and back on the roads. However this time I headed for FT. Worth and up via 35W and then around and up 35. The rains did come. Thankfully it only hit when there wasn't other complications. Seemed a few cars had spun out due to hydroplaning so the traffic gawkers had to stop and look. Finally though I noticed the thunder and lightning was west of me only south and west. skies brightened up and the day was cloudy but not too wet. I had 14.265 on and monitoring it when I heard a familiar voice calling for early check ins...

"Ab0ts" I called.

"Tim! I finally get to talk to you!" Paul K9pep answered. "Where are you?"

Told him my location and hoping that I would be there for the net. We talked a bit more and I monitored the frequency however the bike needed fuel so I was off the road for maybe 10 minutes. Never did get back to the net.

I had one more stop in Oklahoma City and sure was glad it wasn't too far from Texas. Kind of soaked thru. Sam Binkley and I had set up a simplex frequency so I called out coming into Norman. And Sam answered! He was instructing me on how to get in and all went good until I goofed and that I was going the wrong way. Found myself on some toll way. Pulled up to the booth where I was suppose to throw the money and the green light never showed. So I threw another 35 cents and still no action just a red light and something about cameras monitoring me.

Finally I rode through and the sirens and whistles blared. so I stopped and waited for the sure enforcement to come. heheh took the road toward the north and did see one police cruiser coming my way... hmmm

Called Sam again and told him my woes... His good hearted voice chuckled and told me where I had gone wrong... Finally made

it to his home!

Course Sam was going to have some medical procedure in 2 days... So he paid for the meal at Cracker Barrel for Marijo and me... all he did was drink water. Takes a strong minded person to stay away from food... and then go to a restaurant to really get tempted?

Cleaning up the bike Sam noticed a slash or cut across the tread on the front tire.

"Motorcycle dealerships around here are closed on Mondays." He says. "Well I suppose I will have to wait til Tuesday then." I said He thought of an aftermarket place and called them. They confirmed that they had the right tire and yes they are open Mondays but only to 6pm and we were looking at after 5 at the time.

"Better to get the tire fixed now then have trouble later." Sam says I nod thinking that I could make it home but there is always the 10% of what ifs.

Next morning we are out to the truck and driving into the harder pressed area of OKC. Getting there by 8am. We took the wheel in to the shop and talked to the owner. He was working on restoring a BMW R75/3. Waited for the tire man to show and the owner was a little agitated with the wait. Finally the fellow arrived but during our discussions of tires the owner talked me into buying an Avon tire. 15 minutes later we were back in the truck and my wallet was a bit lighter. heh.

Installed the wheel and had the bike ready to go before 10:30 am. Marijo and Sam both gave me a hug or a shake of the hand... We agreed that somehow in the next year THEY would need to come up to Minnesota and check the walleyes out for a good feed....

Rode home. Well actually I had planned to ride all freeway. Wasn't too long and I was back to riding the roads less traveled. Talking on the radio to different nets on 20 meters and just enjoying the weather. Bike kept running fine. Got thru Kansas City with no problem the skies turning pink and temps taking a dive so I stopped and added a vest and suited up. Continued toward Iowa and decided to stop at my father-in-law's so I took hwy 65 off of I-80 and headed up 330 to hwy 30 and east toward Cedar Rapids. Then up again the back roads to Shellsburg. Got in to his place right at midnight.

Left the next morning for home and arrived before rush hour got into full swing.

Great fall trip. met Ed and was able to talk to the Motor coach net a few times. Getting to know the BMW rider ham is extending my 15 seconds of fame! Oh I finally did buy a fuel filter for the beemer. At my dealer in Monticello, MN

**Riding alone but never alone ...73**

**Tim Lindstrom AB0TS <ab0tstim@juno.com>**

At what age does a child become an adult?

When he stops wishing he were older!! KAREN D -DAYTON, OH

What do these words have in common: mail, main, many, army, rail, rain, inlay, lain, lair, yarn, nail, nary?

They're formed using only the letters in the name Marilyn.

What similarity do these words share: act, ample, plain, port, position, press, tend?

What quality do these foods have in common?  
cheese, jam, a lollipop, a meatball, a pea, some pepper and a pickle?

"A happy thought can lift your spirits on the cloudiest of days."  
(Unknown- W/w 4/13/04)

## Extra Hand Mic Solution

For starters I - should have prefaced my comment on the list that this solution is for a Kenwood 742, but would also work with any radio that uses "standard" RJ-45 (Kenwood) or RJ-12 (Yaesu) connectors for plugging in their mics.

Basically the answer I ran across is a dual DSL filter (ignore the word "filter"...) (An RJ-45 network splitter would work just as well, but there's a little harder to find.)

My thought was, since the mic cable that the Kenwood 742 uses is an 8 pin RJ-45 - and can be extended with any standard Computer network Cat 5 cable - I figured if I could find a Network "splitter" of some kind it should work to provide more than one connection to the radio. I ran across a 2 Line DSL Filter (Fry's - \$10) - designed to be used in a house with a DSL internet connection to separate voice from Data (DSL delivers the internet connection over your standard telephone line.) Since that's a frequency issue and we're only concerned with handling DC voltage to control the radio and move analog sound (your voice) - it should work.

I plugged the single male end of the filter into the Kenwood jack in the radio body. I then plugged my Kennedy FRS2 set into one of the female jacks on the DSL filter and my mic (via an extended Cat 5 cable) into the other jack. Both work as advertised.

To have a clean install for the Hand Mic I ran a Cat 5 cable from the splitter in the left rear saddlebag where my radio is mounted to my left front storage pocket. I then mounted a Cat 5 network jack inside the storage pocket (see pix). This can be done much simpler with just a coupler but I wanted something more permanent. (Remember - Cat 5 couplers come in two forms - straight through and crossover. Normally you'll want the straight through type.)

I keep the mic plugged in and coiled up under the vinyl cover. (BTW - I also discovered that the Kenwood mic settles quite nicely into one of those generic belt clips you buy for your cell phone. And that belt clip secures nicely to the top of the HT mount I bought when I first joined MARC...:-)

Also - I haven't actually tested the mic audio out with anyone yet, so I'm not sure if there aren't still some problems I have yet to cover. But - so far so good.

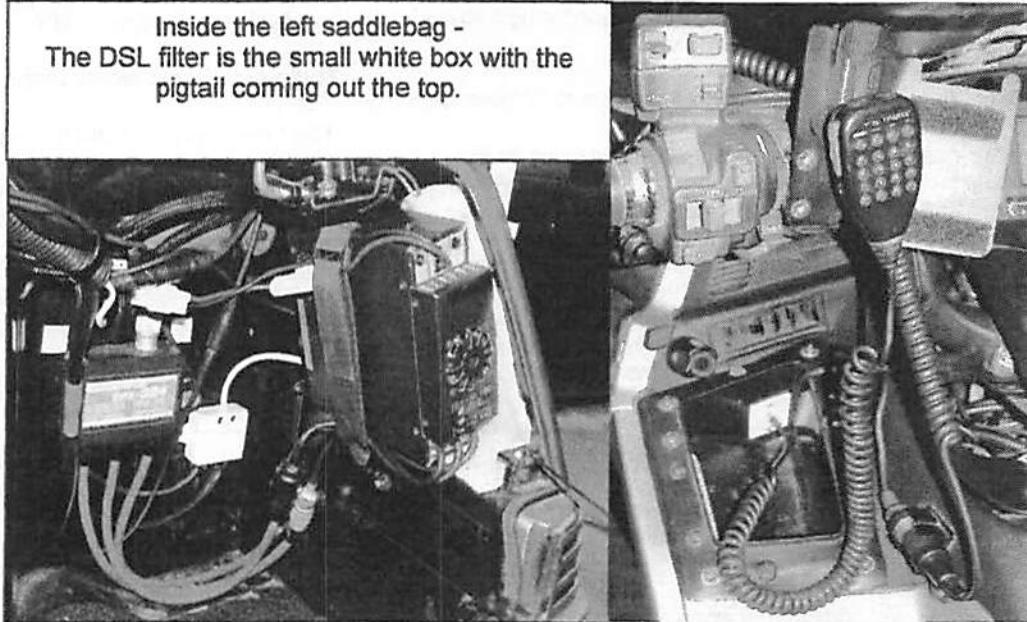
Of course -  
I haven't  
mentioned -  
How do you hear  
the speaker when  
your helmet is  
off? Ah - but  
that's a  
question for  
another day.

Enjoy and Good  
Luck!!!

John - N6JCB

P.S. Yes - a  
pinched cable  
caused a failed  
fuse in the  
radio - but  
that's fixed  
too.

Inside the left saddlebag -  
The DSL filter is the small white box with the  
pigtail coming out the top.



## OCTOBER RIDING - WOW!

October was a great month! I was able to ride over 4000 miles, 2500 was to Texas which I wrote about earlier. Still even with the temps dropping from the 60's down into the 40's or even lower I was out riding.

I had sent a note via the MARC reflector on my visit to Brainerd. Temps for that trip was in the lower 30 degree range. Didn't have the wiring setup on the bike for the electric vest so I just wore my snowmobile suit.

Talked into the Salvation Army Fellowship Net and got Dick, N3DV to chuckle.

"How cold is it Tim?"

"The weather reports are 34 degrees with a windchill of 26... that is if your standing still!" I continued, "And I am not standing still but doing 65mph!"

The last Monday of October was warm. We had decided to meet in Winona at Culver's. Mark and his friend Mike would meet there and then the plan was to ride through some of the twisted roads around Houston, MN. During our planning we kept watching the skies and weather reports. The last good ride was on the 12th of October when I and my cousin rode up to Rider Wearhouse in Duluth. The next 10 days had rain and wet roads. Sunday the 24th skies were bright and warmth returned. Monday the 25th looked good.

Didn't need to leave too early due to rush hour traffic. Suited up in my chaps and leather jacket. Mounted the screwdriver antenna and started the bike. Checked the tires and added the helmet. Off for another adventure. Rode through St. Paul and down Highway 52 to Cannon Falls and then east along MN 19 to Red Wing. Had the radio on and listening for the SATERN net on 14.265. Paul, K9PEP doing the net control however I couldn't hear him due to being too close. So a relay was set and the fellow agreed to say a special Hi to Paul.

Riding along highway 61 was great! Temps hovered in the upper 40's and the sun was out. Made good time to Winona. I am amazed how much is missed along the roads when riding in the summer. With fall and lack of foliage there is just more to see and the Sun is lots brighter due to the same idea of no leaves. Coming into Winona I noticed 2 motorcycle waiting at the light. Mark rides a 93 R100RT which has a Hannigan Fairing. The other fellow Mark has a 03 Goldwing. I scratched my helmet head as I drove by and the next light turned red. Stopping by me was Mark, grinning.

"Couldn't have timed that any better, eh?"

I nodded and laughed. Good day to be out riding and with friends too.

We pulled into the Culver's parking lot. Looked kind of deserted or even closed. Pulling off my helmet and removing the camel back I notice lots of water dripping off the bike.

"What kind of fluid is that?" Mark was concerned.

I told him and he grunted...

Looking at me and back to Mike, Mark introduced us. we nodded and kept removing our jackets and chaps at the same time.

Mark opened the door at Culvers.

"Elders first!" He laughed. I eyed Mike and thought yep we are about the same age its this Mark who is the young fellow.

Talk of bikes and summer flowed like the winds along the bluffs this morning. Not wanting to lose any daylight in this land of less light we were back on our bikes and ready for some twisted road riding. Warm Sun and now 2 bikes behind me we headed south on hwy 43 and then I-90 to Mn 76. During this time I changed bands on the Icom and moved the screwdriver's motor to set the antenna for 40 meters. Dialed in 7.258 and listened. This is MIDCARS net frequency. Finally net control asks for non traffic calls and I start sending my callsign.

Didn't hear me for a few minutes but then finally...

"Alpha Bravo 0 Tango Sierra go ahead with your comments."

"This is Alpha Bravo Zero Tango Sierra. Motorcycle Mobile on I-90 heading for Houston, MN!"

"Motorcycle? good copy! what's the name?"

"over" "Tango India Mike or Hey You!" I replied

with a chuckle. "Tim, what kind of motorcycle? over"

"Riding a BMW K100LT with an Icom 706 and a DK-3 Screwdriver mounted on the back. over"

"Well, Tim your booming into Peoria, Illinois."

"Yep, I don't have much of a ground plane but what I do have the screwdriver works with. over" "Any other comments, Tim?"

"No, however I will be monitoring the net for a few more minutes. 73 and have a great net!"

Course you know it takes lots longer to write that down than to do it. Still it was kind of COOL to be heard on 40 meters. Usually I am just checking out 20.

We finally turned south on Hwy 76 and headed for Houston... Minnesota that is... I get more laughs out of people I know who are always asking where have I gone and when I throw in a famous name town and then hesitate before adding Minnesota... well you understand the strange looks.

Filled the beemer with gas and then headed for Caledonia, Mn. Hwy 76 gets really twisted with orange signs suggesting 35 and then 25mph. The fellow who rides the Air head is also a Wisconsin State Trooper. He has advised me that any off color signs like that is a suggestion. the white signs are the ones that are serious about speed. So we dove into those corners. Dropping the tranny into 4th gear really kept the revs up too. I watched not only the boxer but the Wing behind him. Sun shine is bright and colored leaves flew across our paths as we concentrated on that part of the road. Finally coming up out of that valley and finding ourselves on straight road with only roller coaster hills until we finally have to stop due to... well a Stop sign.

Went through town of Caledonia and then followed a back road with less traffic. Big sweeping curves over looking hidden valleys and corn filled fields with combines and tractors and looked like farmers are busy. Some wave as we pass others just look at 3 bikers maybe not hearing the whine of bikes over their implements. Finally we are at the main road by the Mississippi and heading south to New Albin, Ia. I pulled over by the curb. It's 1 PM. sigh... Mark pulls up beside me and Mike is on the left with a smile and surprise on his face.

"Well I think, Mark I had better head for home!"

"Good ride, Tim! Always good roads around here!" Mark replies.

"Easier this time, Mark?" I ask

He nodded...

"Yep sure helps to know the roads when doing those twisted and hairpins! But in Minnesota?" He smiled and stuck out his gloved hand. "Good to see you and we will write when we get back home!"

I stuck out my hand and shook his. then backed the beemer toward the Wing.

"Good to meet you, Mike!" I exclaimed

Mike nodded and agreed.

Too soon I was heading north on hwy 26 in my mirrors were to bikers talking about their ride back to Platteville Wisconsin. The leaves hadn't fallen off the trees like up around Minneapolis. Bright sunshine and barren hills met my eyes. I turned the radio back on and moved the screwdriver back to 20 meters. dialed in 14.263 and listened for the Motor Coaches and RVers net.

Thoughts of going a different route home came and went as I passed through Winona. 2 V-TWIN cruisers passed me and we waved however I wanted to listen to the radio and just watched them go. Finally the net came on and I was able to talk to the net control, not sure if he was from Alabama anyway soon as he heard the call sign and BMW motorcycle well he was excited.

"Didn't you call in to our net a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, I was heading for Texas and then heading home and I talked to you guys. over"

"Where are you now and where are you heading?"

"I am in Minnesota heading for the Minneapolis area." I said. "

thanks for the call and it sounds like a great net again, 73!"

I listened for a time but then turned the radio off and just gazed at

the river. The sun was casting long shadows on the road, maybe the high bluffs are part of the shadows.

Anyway I kept running toward Minneapolis. Back to Cannon Falls and then up hwy 52. Just south of Inver Grove Heights they are adding over passes. The stop lights are still in place and the light changed so I slowed. Here comes those 2 V-Twin bikes only this time they are checking me out and giving me double takes like, How did he get ahead of us. looks. Well the V-Twins don't have a big gas tank so maybe that's the problem?

The traffic I had missed in the morning was waiting for me in St. Paul. Didn't get home till 5pm. By that time I was really cold. For the evening either I was warming up under a blanket or using my space heater by this computer to stay warm.

The break in the weather was just that Monday. Tuesday had low leaded looking clouds again. Now its time to work on the antennas around home. Motorcycling may slow down for the next couple of months... Who knows when the snows will come. Still it sure was a good ride on the 25th of October!

73 take care...

Tim Lindstrom AB0TS or Hey you <ab0tsttim@juno.com>

#### 2004 TRIP OF EXPERIENCES

Well my trip for 2004 didn't start out with a real direction. My plan was to ride in nice weather and enjoy what the US had to offer. To do this, I started out Saturday, June 26<sup>th</sup> and after staying in Elko, Nevada the first night, I decided to head towards Montana. Basically, Darby, Montana is the town where I was to meet a friend, Dale Esau and his wife, for a planned fishing and hang out period of a day or two. My route out of Elko was East on 80, then North on 93.

Wow 93 what a sweeper road in spite of some construction and wet tar and the first short rain-shower without rain gear, this is one of the best motorcycle roads I have been on with major elevation changes, long sweeping corners, and varying scenery. I am one that if the road is beautiful with trees mountain lakes and such on every bend, I get tired constant consistency. For me, I like varied scenery, and 93 North does that from the Salmon River, to desert plains, High Mountain passes and craters of the moon. This is just a great road.

As I headed into Darby with only a campground name and a city name, I was not rich with information on where to find Dale and his wife. But after getting gas in Darby now past 6 pm local time, (I try and live my normal time zone on the road up by 5:30 PST and to bed by 10 pm PST) I set out to find the campground on the Bitterroot River. After almost giving up on the road, I unexpectedly see the name of the campground 20 miles off of 93-North. Before long I'm at the campground and looked at the 10, or so camp sights that were 1/2 full and didn't see my friends red Voyager mini van. Hmm, I thought, must be right place, but with time now passing while it was beginning to get dark, I set up camp. After less than 20 minutes I have my tent setup sleeping bag out and all electrical gear stored in the dry confines of the bike. I then go to the picnic table and sit down for moment and start wondering where my bug repellent is as my friend drives in. Wow what timing. I walk over to them and say "Hi" as I pet his wonderful husky dog, while he starts looking for a camp sight. All the campsites here are wonderful with a lot of trees and good space separation. No one in California would ever hope for something this good in California. Finally, Dale picks a huge end location and starts setting up, but first hands me a "Carb" loaded beer. Hmm, that was good and it was even cold.

After Dale and his wife gets set up, we talk and decide to combine my site and his for the 8 dollars a night for both of us. With that plan, we walked down to my setup and each grab a side of my tent as we walk it down to his site with air mattress and sleeping bag still inside.

Before long we have a fire going as we try to solve all the world problems, tell fish lies, and kill the better part of a six pack of Moose Drool beer.

The next morning we aren't too quick on getting up. I think I was up by 6:30 AM and Dale and his wife, who aren't real worried about the fish beating them, don't appear until 8:30. Soon a wonderful breakfast is in full swing with camping cooked eggs and pancakes. Dale does a wonderful job cooking.

We made a plan for me to go get a fishing license and meet them for fishing back at the Darby bridge over the bitterroot river, well at least that is what I thought I went to Darby and after the second store They knew everything about me and they had my \$47 for a two-day fishing license. Dale thinks I got took but we never got to details of what was sold to me.

We meet back and go to the bridge after a grocery trip to get steaks and salad for tonight and some rumor of margaritas camping style.

We fish for several hours Dale basically teaching his wife some roll casting and help as I try washing flies and rooster tails. I get several hits but never get a good bite. I think all I was able to get into was small 8 and less inch trout. (Dale has a theory that the big fish are in the front of the pools and the small fish in the rear. I really didn't get to test the theory but it seems to make sense. We fished till 6 or so, Dale got one nice fish while showing his wife how to cast and his wife got a nice trout too her first for a long while. Dry spell broke.

We went back to camp and opened more beers and worked getting one fish cooked. Three t-bone steaks and baked potatoes all cooked on the open fire coals all while drinking camping style Margaritas (Recipe: About a cup of Tequila, three cups Tequila-Mix, add lots of ice from the cooler, and shake for two minutes before pouring from a wide mouth drinking bottle into salted rim glasses).

Wow these were great.

Now the baked potatoes steak and everything were all finished at the same time and all were in perfect condition not over done potato and medium rare T-Bones all on a regular fire pit. That night we all slept great and the next morning Dale and myself were up wandering around and decided to go fishing before breakfast. We had great fishing with us both bringing in good sized cutthroat trout and cut bow (cut throat trout and rainbow cross). We then returned to get another breakfast and then the clouds came in with thunder and rain, so most of the day was spent in the tent sleeping ("zzzzzz").

At one point, the campground host said there was large hail only a ridge or two over and we should be prepared for the worst (We put up a rain fly and knew that would stop the rain in its tracks). It did.

I drove 25 miles back to Darby and did several phone calls and issues that had to be addressed. It was 8:30 and I told the parties I had to get going back to camp as that mass of deer scared me to ride after too dark.

I left and went cautiously back to camp with only seeing 7 deer and none close enough to count hairs on their back I re-started the fire and put the salad and French bread, my contributions to the tonight's dinner, of Spaghetti and Italian sausage, which again were perfectly done, and yes, the trout tail beer (That is required for telling fishing tales while drinking).

Dale and his wife returned with stories of several fish and how they couldn't keep them off their hook. Wow isn't that one of them you should have been there yesterday stories?

I made all aware of my plans to pack and leave in the morning for points East and maybe Dallas, Wing Ding National GoldWing convention to be decided on after seeing weather forecasts down south.

I folded all up in the morning and noticed my Dow hollow fill bag was wet and glad it wasn't goose down. It took about 45 minutes to pack all my gear and tell Dale goodbye as he got up with their still wet fur dog I bet that was cold in the tent.

So off I went back south on 93 and to the junction on top of high mountain pass on hwy 20 that heads back towards Idaho Falls a mistake.

After several hours thru some great scenery I came to a stop light and several trucks. After 45 minutes a flagger said we could go thru now but the road was slick and muddy (Hmm, muddy next time I'll ask more questions when that statement is used)

I get going at first the road is rough and mostly red dirt no gravel as we proceed several hundred feet later the road turns to absolute crap and it has ruts down 3 inches and I wonder if the wheels on the wing will absolutely build up with mud and stop. The backend is going all over the place and every once in a while I get stopped and breath. Just to get started again at one point the bike was over a 30 degree angle to the front wheel now this is ok on a dirt bike, but a 1200 lb GoldWing is real scary and I thought I was losing it but it stayed up and got straightened out. A worker in a pickup stopped up a head of me and then I stopped and he said he hadn't seen any thing like that. I said I never wanted to have to do that again.

Well after I got back on pavement after 2 miles the mud just flew as I got in to Twin Falls. As I continued east on I-90 after Twin Falls, I was hearing a bad crunch noise.

After stopping several times and calling Roger, W1RDR, to put out to the Wings on Internet List what they thought it might be, I was sure it was in the rear end.

Needing a rear tire and knowing that if a rear end service and tire change would put all fears to rest I entered Billings, MT and called on the ham radio on 146.52 to get routed to the Honda store and service shop. W7VMR returns my call and routed me to the Honda dealer (also a Marine center). Hmm, you do work on motorcycles right?

Well, after talking to several people they said they could get to see it in a week, or so. I said, "Yah, right!", do you have the number of the next Honda dealer heading east?

After a couple minutes I had arrangements in Sheridan, WY to have the tire changed and rear-end serviced as long as I brought the tire that was there in Billings with me. So, after parting with \$57 I was armed with a rear tire and heading east, or so I thought. As I left the dealer I remember the one way roads and give my new best buddy Jim, N7VMR a call. He answers right away and said he wasn't surprised at how I was treated, but he said to come to his house and we would check and see if I was willing to go to a friend Troy Mc Dowall at Cycle Worx (Check Spelling of CycleWorx) right there in Billings. In a few minutes I arrived at his home, remembering how hard Ham houses are so hard to find because all those antennas don't stand out at all.

We shock hands and then went over to Troy's where he said, "No problem, we always take care of people on the road, and it should take about an hour and \$50". So I left the bike in good hands and went with Jim to kill a hour. After looking at my APRS tracks and talking about motorcycles and ham radios we return to Troy's to get a status check.

It seemed the rear gears were shot because the axel bolt wasn't tightened enough, and had backed off allowing all sorts of flexing and banging of the drive gears. In simple terms I was in need of a rear end and there was none believed to be available in Billings, MT. I called Roger, W1RDR, in San Jose and started the wheels turning getting a rear end out here to the wilds of Montana.

It was too late to get it to Fed-X that night, and no one had a TSR shipper number required for air cargo shipping after 9-11 attack, so off to the Motel 6 and late phone calls to make sure of compatibility and the correct amount of parts are sent out to me. After a very bad night's sleep I make sure Jim and Troy are in the loop on the rear end arriving Friday 10 am and that we can't get the rubber isolators so well use the abused ones to finish the trip and tear all part later.

I went to the movies after having breakfast and walking 3 miles. I figured it was too warm and humid for me, so after 2 hours watching an ok movie, Terminal starring Tom Hanks, I wandered back to the Motel after wandering around COSTCO eating a

chicken salad. It was time I tried to get a better night's sleep after watching HBO and such on the TV.

The next morning after Roger's tracking the package, and knowing it was out for delivery I went to breakfast and then was picked up after packing by Jim N7VMR still Taking care of me. When we got back to the Cycle-Worx shop the parts were there and the bike was in process of removal of its rear end.

Before long I went to lunch with Jim N7VMR and Troy's Dad. Troy's Dad is another GoldWing crash dummy. It happened last year in a trailer jack-knife situation in Arizona where he ended up in Las Vegas, just like I did after my crash, but he got to ride in a Helicopter. We compared scars and the discussion to get back on bikes. Also, before we finished, it was decided I wouldn't be allowed to stay at Motel 6. I would have to go stay at Tom Mc Dowalls 5<sup>th</sup> wheel, and I wouldn't be allowed to buy lunch either. I was now a guest in Billings, I was told, and such treatment is required.

Well we headed back to shop only to find that my wing had another problem. A broken Progressive shock has now been added to the list. Now this is my second shock that has failed the same way on two different bikes. Both failed at the eyelet at the bottom of the shock i.e. Broken off.

After several phone calls, another bike mechanic brings over a set of take-offs from another wing. And after showing how to replace shocks without removing a saddle bag, we are all back together and ready to test it on the road. Before long I'm and ready to head out on the open trail.

Replacement shocks: 50\$

Shipping rear end using the UPS store \$121.18

Tire \$157.00

Labor to replace tire, rear-end and broken shocks 230\$

This seems the best I could have ever hoped for given being stranded in middle of nowhere. With that behind me, I'm soon heading East and then South on Highway 25. Stopping in Casper, WY for the night after leaving Billings at 5 PM.

The next morning, its South through the rest of Wyoming, where I take the back roads towards the wilds of Kansas and Okalahoma. In Okalahoma I never saw so many police running the roads giving tickets. It looked like a police convention on the road. I was just fine and stayed basically with my 10 mile over, or less and didn't get bothered.

Tonight I stay about 70 miles North of the Texas line, and it should be a quick run down into Texas and Dallas tomorrow. Check for the 2nd part of trip elsewhere..

Don Weber KA7QQV <ka7qqv@alamedanet.net>



Remember we have a lot to be Thankful for - let's send our prayers to all who may not be as fortunate as we.

## MOTORCYCLE BRACKETS

The following brackets are the ones we keep here at the house for our MARC members. These are not sold by MARC..

### PTT Button Bracket

Fits under the left handlebar module and positions the button so it is right where your left thumb is naturally under the left hand grip. Fits 1500 and 1800 Gold Wings and some other Honda models. Has been adapted to some other brands and models. Black anodized or plain aluminum available. Has standard 1/2" hole for PTT button. Price \$10.00

### PTT Button, Waterproof

Has large rounded surface for your thumb, so your thumb does not get tired or sore with heavy use. Black in color. Fits in 1/2" hole on PTT Button Bracket. Price \$9.00

### Antenna Bracket For 1/2" Tubular Trunk Racks

Natural aluminum color only. Fits coax with SO-239 fitting only for antennas with PL-259 fittings, can not be modified to use with NMO fittings. Price \$20.00

### Antenna Bracket For Kuryakyn or American Flat Racks For The 1800 Gold Wings.

Natural aluminum color only. The brackets are flat stock, bent so that the antenna is perfectly vertical, with 2, 8-32 threaded holes, so you have to drill 2 matching holes in the rear of your flat rack. Round head stainless steel screws hide the holes. Price \$10.00

### Handlebar Brackets For HT's, Cell Phones, GPS's or Just About Anything Else

We have them for both the Left or Right side handlebars. They fit the 1500 and 1800 Gold Wings and some other Honda's too.

They are Black anodized and come with all mounting hardware.

Price \$25.00

### Stainless Steel Trunk Rack Plates

These 2 1/2" X 3 1/2" X .62" (1/16") SS plates are used by most of the MARC Members to keep from cracking the trunk lids. We have seen many cracked and busted trunk lids before we started putting these plates under the rear legs of the trunk racks. We have never seen a cracked lid when using these SS Plates. They fit under both the tubular and flat racks on the 1500 and 1800 Gold Wings.

Price \$10 for non polished, \$15 for the polished ones that are shipped with a plastic cover to protect the finish.

(Ray & I bought these as MARC could not afford to pay for 50-100 of these at a time so Checks go to Ray Davis (not MARC)

## MEMBERS IN BUSINESS

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## CHECK OUT THE GOODY ADS FROM "MARC" MEMBERS::::::

2003 HARLEY-DAVIDSON FLHTCUI, ULT CLSC GLD, ANNIVERSARY EDITION COLOR IS GUNMETAL, AM/FM/CB, CRUISE, SE STAGE 1, SE PIPES, LUGGAGE RACK, EXTRAS, 15K MILES  
\$18,700 CONTACT: ANDERS BOCKER W6AJB @ 714-377-7571

GARMIN GPS 2810 \$800 FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT: MIKE ZIMBALIST KE6KWQ @ 562-426-8067

USED GARMIN GPS-V GLOBAL POSITIONING RECEIVER, V4.01 CITY SELECT \$175  
WITH TOURATECH "CRADLE" \$225 CONTACT: CHUCK WELMAN KG6NJP [kg6njp@pacbell.net](mailto:kg6njp@pacbell.net)

HEAR YE HEAR YE HEAR YE THE "MARC" CHRISTMAS PARTY IS COMING DECEMBER 11, 2004

GUESS WHAT WE ARE GOING TO HAVE LOTS OF GOODIES FOR THE DRAWING - RADIO +++ MANY OTHERS\*  
YOU NAME IT MAYBE EVEN SANTA CLAUS - TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR \$1 EACH



FROM YOUR '50/50' LADY  
MIJO REYNOLDS KF6BEB  
<mijokf6beb@adelphia.net>

**NET DRAWING:**

10/6 - Josh KF6RNH \$5 + 5 tickets (PD), 10/13- Mel KD6MPB \$5 (Y),  
10/20- Dean KD6HEL \$5 N/A, 10/27- Dollie KD6ERC \$5 + 5  
tickets N/A

**50/50 winners:**

Sharing the witches brew of \$129 was Kay Johnson, Teri KF6HJT & John W5JFR- tasty stuff huh??\$43 each

**Door Prize donators/winners:**

\$40 Gift certificate from Huntington Honda- John KC6ZQZ  
\$35+ Daiwa Coaxial switch donated by NCG (COMET)- De Witt KM6UK

**MARC donations:**

Mini Hack/coping saw won by De Witt KM6UK

Popcorn Ball Kit won by Holly

Industrial Velcro won by Alvin KD6UZM

Gatorskin Nitrile Mechanics gloves won by Dave N6ICB

Digital Tire Pressure gauge won by Ray KD6FHN

Alphabet cookies won by Billy N6EDY

Many thanks to the members who donated door prizes for October- Mel KD6MPB & Kay, Ray & Bonnie, Wayne & Hiroko, Barry, Audrey & Billy N6EDY, John & Mijo thank you again it is greatly appreciated-

**SECRETARY/Treasurer/NewsLetter Editor/Info Bureau:**

**Bonnie KD6OFQ 949-551-1036 Fax 949-551-3042**

**Cell # 949-300-4441**

**<bonidavis@juno.com> <bonidavis@earthlink.net>**

**NEW MEMBERS:**

10/9- Bill KF4MCG & Judith KF4MCF Appleton of Corona, CA,

10/9- Jami Smith KK6CU of Pasadena, CA, 10/20- D'Wayne

N5UFV & Imelda KB5PQS Jernigan of Del Rio, TX ( I am not

sure but believe they were former members at one time.  
Welcome aboard - we hope each enjoy "MARC" - need any  
technical help - just go to the MARC List and send it out over the  
air waves and you will get lots of ideas.

**MEETING:**

Bob Henry N6HOJ, Bill Appleton KF4MCG & Jami Smith KK6CU attended our meeting for the first time.... Good to see new faces.

**NEWSLETTERS:**

Wow did we have some articles or not- Thank you all so much for your donation to the November newsletter.

**SUNSHINE CORNER:::**

Our prayers for Dollie KD6ERC in the loss of her father Mory Joyce W6JKO- he will be missed by the family very much.

Now we hear Eleanor Guthrie received some good news so we know that makes Her & Tom very happy.

To the many others on the list of ill health, loss of family remember we are here for all of you with our love and prayers to all

Our love and prayers go out to the Military and their families during these trying times...GOD BLESS AMERICA

AND YES THE SPECIAL DOOR PRIZE DRAWING FOR SOME GREAT PRIZES::: Huntington Honda donated a set of tires along with mounting and balancing - NCG Corporation donated a Honey-Baked Ham gift certificate - Two dinner tickets at Johnny Rebs donated by Billy - AND the Kenwood dual band TM-D700A mobile radio donated by "MARC" - Yes we are still looking for more special prizes.

Many thanks to Ligia our waitress and the Lake View Cafe for all their patience and accommodations. We really appreciate all you do for us.

**E-MAIL CHECK IN LADY::::**

Hi everyone in MARC land!

Since I couldn't be with y'all at the MS-150, I participated in the Kelsey-Siebold Walk for a Cure for MS event on October 24th here in Houston. We were all a bit nervous about the weather since it rained four inches the day before. The MS angels were smiling on us, because it was a gorgeous Sunday morning. All together there were 3400 walkers. The courses were 1 mile, 4 miles and 6 miles. The finish line was at City Hall in downtown Houston. It was a fantastic day. I'm not quite sure what the final tally for contributions was. Actually, the fundraising ends on November 15th. I'm still collecting! (hint hint) A co-worker and I were involved and together we raised over \$1000 so far. We are planning an organized team for next year. It was not only good exercise, but a wonderful cause. I think you all know that all the t-shirts I've gotten over the years go to my friend Becky who has MS. She lives in Temecula and I even sent her the VHS tape of the Houston-Austin MS-150 ride earlier this year. May I say again how good it was to see some familiar faces out here at that event. It's always good to see old friends! (No, Ray....I'm not calling you old....LOL)

I'm sad that I don't get to be there for the Love Ride. Now, that was always another of my favorite MARC events. I have my collection of the VIP tags and the pins from the ones of which I did get to participate. That way I can always remember the fun we all had when I look at them hanging on the wall! You all be safe and enjoy yourselves on the 14th. I'll be thinking about you and wishing I was there as well.

Yes, you will at some point get a check in request. Please reply! Nuff said!

Take care, I miss y'all and have some very happy Thanksgivings. My Mom and my kids are coming out here for Thanksgiving. I'm looking very forward to seeing them all. The kids (Travis and his girlfriend, Jonee) have never been to Texas. I've been here almost three years already and it's their first trip. (good old me....finally saved enough for tickets LOL) We're going to go to Galveston, tour around Houston, and maybe even get in some sailing on the bay if the weather permits.  
SO...be good, be careful and enjoy yourselves. Life is way to short for the alternative.

Sue KF6HZJ <counterqueenie@sbcglobal.net> Houston, TX  
Your MARC quarterly e-mail check-in Lady

**Editor's note:::**

Sue has been sick with what she calls Upper Respiratory Epizudic - just getting over that and that stuff is hard to get out of your system as I have two sisters who have it and have had it for a good month and a half.  
So Sue please take care of yourself - you are important to us.

REMEMBER THE CHRISTMAS PARTY ON DECEMBER 11, 2004

## KA7QQV's second part of trip

Early the next morning I takeoff heading south toward Texas. Approaching the Texas state line I hear a call on the CB's channel 1. After talking with the other voice for a while he says, he is ahead of me and he is heading to Wing Ding. Then he asked, "Do you know where you are going?" I said, "No, but would like to catch up with him so we can head in together. But as time went on as I ran at 80- MPH, his signal just got weaker and when I got to the junction of 35-East and 35-West, I couldn't get him at all at that point. We soon realize he had seen a different White Wing, and now I was really in front of him by several miles. I take 35-West, the wrong road, so he pulls over after he got on 35-East and I flip around and get back on 35-East

It was nice to be able to just look around and let a knowledgeable local lead the way. We wandered around the Race Track exit and then out to Grapevine. Wow, what a convention center. It was huge and where we had to park under ground in the cool shade, which was excellent and more secure than outside.

**My pictures have come up missing (Too many flash cards).**

As we go up stairs, there were a large number of people there, being as it was the day before the real event, and basically a start parade the only big event. Before long I get registered, so I wouldn't have to deal with that, and then call Roger, W1RDR, to let him know I was there and ask if he knew where Ray was hiding. Roger said, "Ray and JTC are there in Dallas", and after making sure it was OK to give Rays phone number out (Doesn't he use that number on billboard and web sights for the local police to talk to him with out him having to stop) I call Ray and he says he was busy with a couple people getting a tour of the hotel and courtyard, so we arranged to get together in a half hour or so.

This courtyard was amazing and nice temperature too and the temperature outside was in the 90's and I don't know how much humidity.

Ray and I got on the bikes down stairs after talking to several Hams and went to Subway and had a 12-inch double meat turkey sandwich and a large amount of ice tea. But before we could get to the subway we had to sit for 20 minuets watching the motorcycle parade go by with 90% or more Wings and Valkyries, plus a couple other brands thrown in. It was moving real fast. I bet the bikes at times were doing 35 mph at that point. Finally we were able to get to Subway and get a good meal.

Ray and I both ate  $\frac{1}{2}$  the sandwiches and saved the rest for that night's Fireworks Exposition that I was invited to watch from his room.

**Talks based on Rays up coming 4 corners run and trying to hit all 49 states and my bike break down in Billings, MT earlier. When we finished I told Ray I was going to look for a hotel he talked about his 80\$\$ a night and I thought I could do better towards the airport away from convention center about 12 miles or so.**

I went along the highway East and didn't see any hotels. Finally, I needed gas and while filling the bike I discussed with a local about where a hotel might be found. Best luck was to head about a mile further south and head north on 35-West towards the airport where the hotels were located. I guess out of CA, the hotels are more bunched together. In California, they seem all over the place.

I soon find a hotel and after a brief negotiation period get a room for 60\$ a night. Now this place is nice, even thought I plan to spend most of the time at the convention. After unloading the bike and taking a nap and shower, I head back to the convention to watch the Fireworks from Ray's room.

His room was very nice and very large. Not like the hotels I have been in Vegas, or any other convention center I have been too. The fire works were great, and you could see multiple displays scattered around the horizon. I bet we could see at least six displays and the number of boats on the lake close to the display I bet you

could have walked shore to shore across them.

I waited for a little while in Ray's room to make sure the traffic was clear, because as you looked around there were car headlights everywhere. By the time I get down stairs things were pretty thinned out and I didn't hit any traffic delays as I went to my hotel and a good nights sleep.

The next morning - the start of Wing Ding, I get up and pack the bike knowing that I'll leave late that night to head north out of the expensive hotel area. I get to the convention fairly early before the doors open and there already hard to find a place to put the wing. This garage is about the size of two football fields. I mean there might have been several thousand bikes down there (I wonder if any one counted?).

Upstairs the lines were long to get in, but most people were not alone and more were busy telling stories and not focused on getting through the door, so it wasn't a problem to hold up the amband and get in.

Wow, there were all sorts of stuff here, and there seemed to be mad dashes to get to the tire sellers to get set up with tire changes. Little did I know that by the afternoon there was 2 days of tires changes all ready set at the Dunlop dealer. All tires were priced with install and at a good fair price.

I talked to many dealers with issues I had with their products Progressive suspension, J&M audio, Air Rider headsets, Sierra electronics and several installers.

I bought an air filter, oil filter, rear-rack bag, and an isolator for audio system ground loops. Not a lot, I got more information and was drooling over the XM radio systems, but I was able to cool my heels until I got home.

It was very full in the vendor area until about noon, and then it was easier to get around and get to talk to the employees. All the vendors were helpful and patient with questions and information.

I ate lunch with Ray and JTC, but the food was expensive, and bad. Even though, if you look at Rays picture eating, what he said was the sorriest sandwich he ever had. However, he looks like he is enjoying it with it all over his face.

After the vendors were done JTC, Ray and I were able to meet together in the sports bar for a not too bad meal. A little expensive, but tasty and with the excellent company of Ray and JTC, it was very enjoyable, even with the wait and looking at all the empty tables where they could have sat us quicker.

I bid farewell down stairs to all and head north out of town to get out of traffic and the high hotel rates. After crossing the Texas border I get a nice clean redecorated room for \$29 and slept well for the night. The next morning I looked at the Weather Channel and the local radar shows big storms all over. If I was to get out of here, it looked like I better get going now. So off I went north on 35, listening to the trucking channel making sure I get off the road to miss the storm that was coming.

However, the wind just got worse and worse, and as I talked to the south bound rigs they said I better get off ASAP if I was going to, as the storm was less than a mile away.

I got off at a local Carl's Jr. and sat an ate breakfast listened to the locals talk while I just chilled for a hour and a half. There wasn't any hail, but what wind and rain. The power also went off twice, but just for a second or two.

I left and went out to the bike got my rain gear on in a light rain and started out North for my first ride on this trip in my Frog Toggs rain gear. Glad they were so light and breathable as the temperature was a pretty warm 75 plus all that moisture in the air.

I rode for a couple hours before the rain stopped because it was time for gas, so I jumped off the freeway and disrobed the rain gear while filling the tank. After fueling, I continued going north until just out of Wichita, KS. From there I hit the back roads moving North and West past Highway 70, and North on to Highway 80.

I like to run different types of roads to break up the Interstate monotony. If I stayed only on secondary roads, it would take a lot longer to get across the US, but all Interstate roads look the same,

so the occasional run on back roads works for me.

Also with the use of GPS, you can well guess pretty well where the next gas may be, and your relationship to the major interstate system.

When I finally connected with hwy 80 just east of the Wyoming border and north of the Nebraska state line I was getting hungry and tired, but the hotels were very few. This was because of some trucking rodeo in town so no rooms were available. To find a place I had to go another 120 miles and miss dinner to get a hotel out of Cheyenne on I 80.

In the morning I had a big truckers breakfast of eggs and pork parts with Biscuit and Gravy at a local café. It wasn't the best tasting, but it was acceptable. With the tummy packed, I'm on the road headed east and thinking of getting over to Nevada with the promise of a good steak dinner at a casino on arrival. Many miles and a stop at Great America for lunch as the wind increased. I tried to position myself up wind to not allow being blown 6 feet over and crossing into the other lanes.

As I approached the Great Salt Lake, it was about 4 pm and there was traffic for one of the first times on the trip. I stopped just out of Salt Lake City to get gas where a Utah State Officer was fueling so we talked about the truck and 5<sup>th</sup> wheel I saw blown over. I said, "I had never seen a 30 ft 5<sup>th</sup> wheel blown over while still connected to a up right pick up". He said it was really a bad heading West and that this year they had flipped 5 semis in the wind, which was abnormal.

With that news, I got a room and didn't get a steak dinner in Windover like I planned, but I did get a good night sleep and didn't have to risk the drive in the very high winds. The next morning early I got up, packed the bike. In the morning the winds were very light so I slipped thru Windover and over to Elko, NV as I knew that from Elko it would be a reasonable drive back to home.

The winds kicked up about Noon, but I was not nearly as blown around as I was in Utah. I got breakfast and gas at Elko, and gas prices seemed to start rising about there starting to get close to the 2\$ a gallon again. Prices on gas ranges from 2.32 for Regular Gas in the bay area, to \$1.62 in Wyoming. I never understood the big differences in gas prices except greed.

As I entered Reno and got Gas, the temperature was getting in the high 90s, so I downed a couple waters and filled up for the run back home, which was only 4 hours more.

I don't understand why when I start getting close to home, it becomes a real dash to get there, but once I am there, I am always ready to leave for another long trip even if it's the next day. I guess no bed is as good as your own.

The ride back to home wasn't real eventful as it was earlier, thank goodness. The amount of traffic at Vacaville said that slow creeping traffic must be close.

When I got home it felt so cold at 70 degrees. It was about 4 pm and I unloaded the bike and just rested after running 5-thousand miles with no idea of how many states.

The trip went well even with the break down in Billings. I got to see beautiful country I would like to go back to like the Salmon River in Idaho. Texas, I don't think is on my list any more. And more nice people than I can start to name Dale, Alit, Troy, Ray, JTC, Tom and especially Jim, N7VMR, all helped the great adventure 2004, but now its back to work and home until the next vacation.

Don Weber KA7QQV <ka7qqv@alamedanet.net>

And the answer is:::::: Three will always be enough

"Families are the roots of Life-  
Hope is their Seed-  
Faith is their Rain-  
Love is their Sun".....

## The AMA Community Council program

Since 1924, the American Motorcyclist Association has represented what's best about motorcycling in America. Today, our volunteers across the nation represent what's best about the AMA. Every day, through dozens of programs, our volunteers make important contributions to our Association and the 4 million Americans who ride motorcycles. You can help, too, through AMA Community Councils.

With all the legislation, issues and causes in motorcycling today, grassroots lobbying just makes sense. Without the support of our members and collaborations with similar groups, our ability to influence lawmakers and shape public policy would not be as strong.

A grassroots program allows you to get involved in the political process, establish relationships with your elected officials, and influence legislation and regulatory laws to your benefit. It's a win-win situation for you and the Association, with all motorcyclists enjoying our legislative and governmental successes.

The AMA Community Council is your direct link to the AMA's Government Relations Department. We urge you to participate in our many programs designed specifically for activists such as yourself, and to take full advantage of our vast resources of materials. With your help, we will be successful in defending our freedoms today, and for generations to come.

Just as our Founding Fathers stood ready to defend their freedoms at a moments notice, AMA members can now come together in their own communities and lead the fight for our rights at every level of government.

That's the spirit behind the AMA Community Councils!

The AMA, through its Community Councils, will work to see that the influence of the AMA reaches into every city and county across the country. Our message will be clear: We will fight every step of the way – from Main Street to Capitol Hill to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue – to ensure that our rights remain intact.

### For Legislative & Political Action . . .

As an AMA Community Council representative in your community, we're counting on you to lead the charge against restrictive legislation and push for laws that will strengthen our rights before your city council, county zoning board, state legislature, local land-use agencies and the U.S. Congress. Working together, we can curb these assaults on our rights.

### For Community Awareness and Education . . .

The AMA has several programs designed to help us achieve our goals. All these programs reach well beyond the motorcycling community and have produced impressive results. AMA Community Councils will play a pivotal role in expanding the size and scope of these programs. For example, the Association website, AMADirectlink, can create a web link to your AMA Community Council's web page.

### For Membership . . .

In addition to increasing our presence in the political and legislative arena, the AMA is moving full steam ahead in our quest to add new members to our ranks. Through local membership drives, rides and events, AMA Community Councils will help move the Association toward our ultimate goal of counting all of the nation's 4 million motorcyclists as AMA members.

For more information on starting your own AMA Community Council, Contact Terry Lee Cook @ 614-856-1900 or <tcook@ama-cycle.org>

## PRAYER FOR THE DAY

So far today, God, I've done all right.  
I haven't gossiped, haven't lost my temper.  
Haven't been grumpy, nasty or selfish.  
But in a few minutes, I'll get out of bed.  
And from then on, I'm going to need a lot of your help!

# **"MARC" 2004 CHRISTMAS PARTY**

**WHERE: LAKE VIEW CAFE**

**DATE: DECEMBER 11, 2004**

**TIME: 6:30 PM DINNER SERVED AT 7 PM**

**COST: \$18.25 EACH**

## **DINNER MENU:::**

**(CHOICE OF) LIGHT OR DARK TURKEY  
STUFFING/CRANBERRY SAUCE  
MASH POTATOES/GRAVY  
STEAMED GREEN BEANS  
SALAD HOT ROLLS**

**(CHOICE OF) APPLE OR PUMPKIN PIE  
-WHIPPED CREAM (OPTIONAL)  
COFFEE, HOT OR ICED TEA, SODAS INCLUDED**

**ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES (BEER OR WINE)  
\*\*\*\*\*PAID BY INDIVIDUAL "WHEN SERVED"\*\*\*\*\***

**WILL HAVE TO CONFIRM A COUNT BY MONDAY DECEMBER 6TH, 2004**

## **MARC PICKS UP TAX & TIP**

**cut-----cut-----cut-----**

# **"MARC" 2004 CHRISTMAS PARTY**

**NAME: \_\_\_\_\_**

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**(PLEASE LIST EACH GUEST SO WE CAN HAVE A NAME TAG FOR EACH)**

**HOW PAID AND AMOUNT: \_\_\_\_\_**

**""CASUAL DRESS""**



  
**BNC-24** • Dual-band 2M/70cm HT Antenna  
 Gain: 2.15/3.5dBi • Length: 17" • Conn: BNC  
 Super flexible featherweight whip

  
**SMA-24** • Dual-band 2M/70cm HT Antenna  
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 Super flexible featherweight whip

  
**MH-209** (BNC Conn) • 2M/70cm Dual-band HT Antenna  
  
**MH-209SMA** (SMA Conn)  
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**NEW** MH-30 • Dual-band 2M/70cm  
 Gain & Wave: 2M 1/4 wave • 70cm 5.0dBi 9/8 wave • Length: 21" • Conn: PL-259 • Max Power: 60W

**NEW** MH-35 • Dual-band 2M/70cm w/fold-over  
 Gain & Wave: 2M 1/2 wave center load 3.2dBi • 70cm 5/8 wave x 2 5.7dBi • Length: 30" • Conn: PL-259 • Max Power: 60W

**NEW** MH-35 • Dual-band 2M/70cm w/fold-over  
 Gain & Wave: 2M 1/2 wave center load 3.3dBi • 70cm 5/8 wave x 2 5.8dBi • Length: 38" • Conn: PL-259 • Max Power: 60W

**NEW** MH-10/18/446MHz cellular look-a-like  
 Gain & Wave: 146MHz 0.6dBi 1/4 wave, 446MHz 2.15dBi 1/2 wave • Length: 12" • Conn: B-10 PL-259/8-10NMO NMO • Max Pwr: 50W

**NEW** MH-10/18/446MHz cellular look-a-like  
 Gain & Wave: 146MHz 2.15dBi 1/4 wave, 446MHz 3.8dBi 5/8 wave center load • VSWR: 1.5:1 or less • Length: 18" • Conn: PL-259 or NMO Style • Max Pwr: 60W

**NEW** MH-10/18/446MHz • Dual-band 146/446MHz  
 Gain & Wave: 146MHz 2.6dBi 1/2 wave, 446MHz 4.9dBi 5/8 wave x 2 • VSWR: 1.5:1 or less • Length: 29" • Conn: PL-259 or NMO Style • Max Pwr: 100W

**NEW** SBB-5/SBB-5NMO • Dual-band 146/446MHz w/fold-over  
 Gain & Wave: 146MHz 2.5dBi 1/2 wave • 446MHz 5.5dBi 5/8 wave x 2 • Length: 39" • Conn: SBB-5 PL-259/SBB-5NMO NMO • Max Pwr: 120W

**NEW** SBB-7/SBB-7NMO • Dual-band 146/446MHz w/fold-over  
 Gain & Wave: 146MHz 4.5dBi 6/8 wave • 446MHz 7.2dBi 5/8 wave x 3 • Length: 58" • Conn: SBB-7 PL-259/SBB-7NMO NMO • Max Pwr: 70W

**NEW** CP-5M/5NMO/3/8-24  
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 • Length: 38" • Conn: PL-259 or NMO Style • Max Pwr: 80W

**NEW** C767/C767NMO Challenger Series • Dual-band 146/446MHz w/fold-over  
 Gain & Wave: 146MHz 3.5dBi 1/2 wave center load 4.45dBi 6.0dBi 5/8 wave x 2 center load • VSWR: 1.5:1 or less  
 • Length: 40" • Conn: PL-259 or NMO Style • Max Pwr: 80W



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| Public Relations:                            | Billy Hall     | N6EDY  |
| Disaster & E-Mail Coordinator:               | De Witt Morgan | KM6UK  |
| E-Mail Check-ins & Historian:                | Sue Hebb       | KF6HZJ |
| MS 150K Coordinator:                         | John Edwards   | KC6ZOZ |
| Gearing Up For Abused Children Coordinators: |                |        |
|                                              | Jim Rodrigues  | KC60AU |
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| Love Ride Coordinators:                      | Bill Douglas   | KE6UUD |
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| Biker's Against Diabetes: | Billy Hall | N6EDY |
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| MARC Personal Web Editor: | Al Friesen | VE6KI |
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MARC Equipment controller is Ray Davis KD6FHN  
as we have most of the set-up equipment at  
3 Lindberg, Irvine, CA for charity events.

"MARC" DUES:

Dues are due yearly from January to January \$12 (USA & Canada) & \$15 for all other countries per household. It is a \$1 per month after March for the balance of the year unless you want back copies then it is a full \$12. You may also pay for more than one year if you care...your choice..

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# NOVEMBER 2004

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SPECIAL INFO: ::::::::::::::::::::

11. "MARC" ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY (COME ONE - COME ALL) NO MORNNG MEETING  
25. "MERRY CHRISTMAS PARTY TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOODNIGHT".  
31. HAVE A SAFE HAPPY HEALTHY NEW YEARS EVE

NOV 6,13,20,27. "MARC" NET 7:30PM PST ON THE BARN SYSTEM 447.540 PL 100  
13. "MARC" BREAKFAST MEETING+  
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25. HAPPY HEALTHY SAFE THANKSGIVING WITH FAMILY & FRIENDS

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31. HAVE A SAFE HAPPY HEALTHY NEW YEARS EVE

"MARC" YOUR CALENDARS FOR THE COMING EVENTS!!!!!!