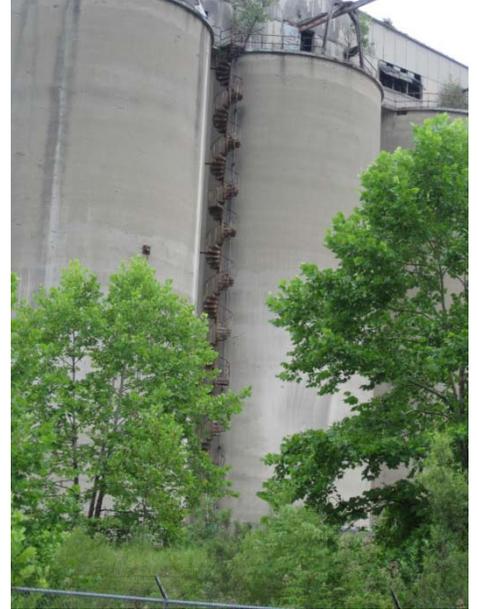


and the store was understaffed for the amount of shoppers present. They were out of Castrol 20/50 motor oil, so I ended up with Pennzoil that I never used and a box of hot tamales, candy version. I made it back to the hotel and put the cover on the bike. It ended up raining over night and was raining when I woke up.

The HI included breakfast, so I gave the rain a chance to pass, which it did. Viewing the weather moving east out of Indiana, I was expecting to see more of it in Kentucky. Today my route would take me through Kentucky and, then to Washington, IN. I quickly caught Patriot Cadmus Road out of town and was immediately treated to an immersion of Mennonite life with horse and buggy, children in bonnets, and fields of wildflowers throughout Wayne National Forest. This is an abandoned facility on the edge of the forest. Check out the spiral staircase!



I crossed over the Ohio River at Franklin Furnace into Kentucky and stopped to get gas. The radar showed storms in the area, and as I dropped down south on the AA highway, I eventually ran into one. I was dressed for rain so I kept riding. Near Maysville, cars were pulled over waiting for the weather to clear. The rain had let up by the time I made it to KY 22 out of Brooksville. I had lunch in Williamstown at the downtown bar and diner. Then it was KY 36 all the way to the

border. Making it to New Liberty as the weather was about to get bad again, I decided to turn around and seek shelter under the covered drive-through teller window of the only bank in town. Quickly the weather turned interesting, and for about 15 minutes it was a major storm. After the rain stopped, I saw moving out in front of me,



clearing limbs as they travelled down the highway, a local home repair team on their way home from a day of work. A number of trees looked like they had been recently toppled by the wind. I was very glad that I had missed riding through that bit of heavy weather. I made it to Madison, IN two hours before the highway crews were to shut the bridge down

overnight for repairs. Madison has a coal plant on the outskirts of town. It, too, is on the Ohio River.

Onward along IN 56, IN 60, and US 50, there is a large gypsum vein on this final stretch that has attracted two of the largest US sheetrock manufacturers. It was a 337 mile Saturday. I found a HI Express and a surprise date with TWC that had a “Storm Story” about Greensburg, KS. The show replayed the events of the tornado that has Greensburg starting over and working to get it right the second time around. All of the municipal buildings larger than 4,000 square feet in Greensburg will be built to LEED Platinum Level. The citizens are encouraged to rebuild while adopting all of the known proven building technologies that lead to more efficient building operation. Greensburg mayor Bob Dixson will be in LR this September.

It was a short driving day to St. Louis. I arrived at my aunt’s house around 1:00 and was treated to polish sausage on a bun. My cousins with kids were hanging out, so a group of us went to the in-laws to pick tomatoes right in the neighborhood. Three of us picked two large ice chests full in 30 minutes and then were back for a dip in the pool. My cousins won a season-ending softball championship that night, too, playing a doubleheader. Mary Rose made dinner for ten, and we had two couple friends join us. Breakfast was homemade waffles. I found a timely article in the local paper about how we need to start recognizing all of the costs related to our current electricity generation choices.



For my last day of touring, I had preloaded the scenic route south through Missouri into the GPS. It turned out to be a good choice to maintain the rural route for the remainder of the adventure. I have been on the two lanes in the western half of Missouri, but not the east side. MO 21 runs from St. Louis, almost to the Arkansas border. The turn on MO 32 near Belleview included yet another smoke stack sighting. I used Google Earth and found out it is a lead smelter. Not long after, I came up on a moving tractor-trailer load of freshly dipped creosote railroad ties. The smell was unbearable. Fortunately, I was shortly able to pass it on a

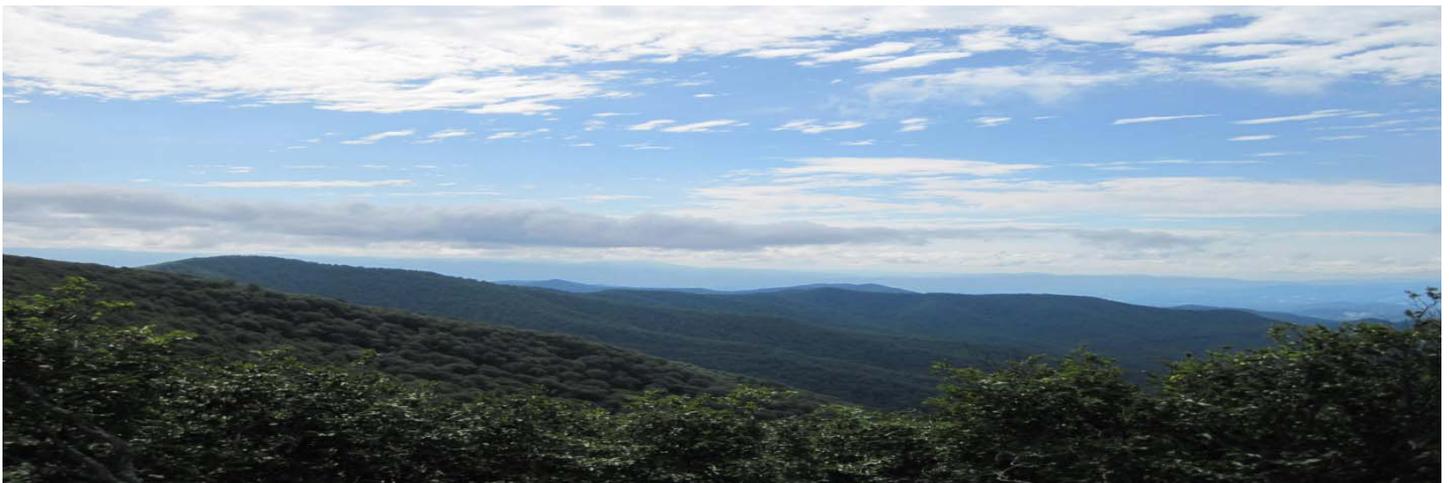
major straight-away just south of Sinking Creek. The truck was doing 75 in a 60. I had to do 100 mph to pass it! I had never had this bike anywhere near 100. Breathing creosote can make anyone desperate. I had a filet of fish in Doniphan, then headed west on US 160, crossing the Eleven Point River. Back in Canaan, John D remembered floating Eleven Point when he was a Scout from Peoria. I was totally unfamiliar with it. There was a small dog on the bridge that I had to honk at to get back to its owner who had just climbed up from the river below and was sitting at the end of the bridge.

The scenic route then took me to US 63 and US 167 out of Ash Flat. I cranked it up once I reached US 67/167 with a Harley out in front of me. As I made it to LR and on Riverfront Drive, within three miles of my house, I wondered if I would see my brother, John, riding his bike. As if on cue, I looked over, and he was waving at me. It was a 409 mile route today, and I was home by 6:00. While away, there were additions to our family in the form of two new kittens.



Total miles were around 3,300 and I spent \$200 on gas and was out for 16 days – another successful adventure with creating new friendships along the way and keeping the bike between the ditches.

The rally is in Redmond, OR in 2010. I'm thinking about driving US 101 and dropping in on my cousins who live north of San Fran.





First night cabin



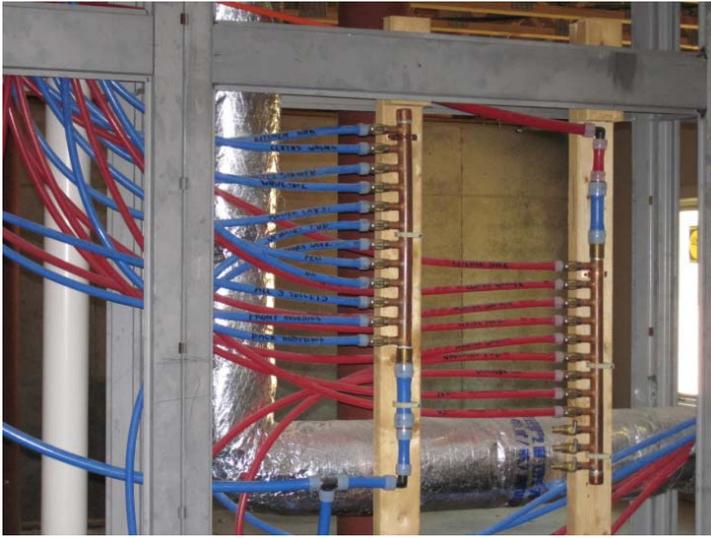
Biltmore statue



Blue Ridge Parkway Tunnel



Over my shoulder in Madison



Plumbing manifolds in ZA house



Solar array powers building at

ORNL



Northwest corner of a Zebra

Alliance house



Remote controlled simulator