



Lone ★ Star Voyagers

Newsletter Vol. 5. #3 May-Jun 2007

We're the **Lone Star Voyagers Motorcycle Club**, a charter club of the **American Voyager Association**, and are looking for new members. The club focuses on Kawasaki Voyager owners but welcomes all makes and models of bikes. Dues are only \$7.50 / year for one up riding or \$15 / year for two and are due in January. For an application, if there's not one at the back of this newsletter, there's one on our web site at LoneStarVoyagers.org. Our Secretary - Treasurer Brenda Herring will accept dues and applications at 325 C.R. 130 Liberty, TX 77575, (936/336-2840).

We are a family riding club with activities scheduled nearly every month. We are also a fun club with no attendance or participation requirements. You are not required to be an AVA member. We are headquartered in Liberty, TX. Our ride calendar is established at a business meeting that is held at a fall meeting. Normally we plan to host at least 2 camp-in weekends each year. We feature this bimonthly newsletter where articles are submitted by members, & a web site (LoneStarVoyagers.org). If you are interested you can contact **Barry Baker**, in New Braunfels (830) 627-3926), barrybaker24@sbcglobal.net, **Richard Baxter**, in Liberty Hill (512-515-0133), ribaxter@peoplepc.com, or **Brenda**, brendalsv@gmail.com for more information. Hope you can join us. (additions in this color are by the newsletter editor)

From the Desk of the Prez.....

Wow!.....no.....Super!.....no.....Outstanding!.....nope.....Stupendous!.....nah.....I just don't know if there *are* words to describe the **2007 HCT/AVA Regional** in April. It's one of those things you just had to be there for! Rumors are circulating that there were almost 70 in attendance but there *were* eleven states were represented: TX, OK, WA, ID, CO, SD, IL, ID, NM, AZ, and AR. Again, another record for the LSV gatherings this year. If I remember correctly, there were 9 at the Blessing, and around 20 at the SFR! See the full story in Richard & Cindy's report. Man, you shoulda seen us crammed into that meeting room!

[It's already reported that 20+ will be at John/Brenda's cookout!!-need I say, I think this will be the biggest group for this] (**MusicMan wrote this article prior to the cookout**)

We are now looking for a host(s) for the **2008 HCT**. If you would like to try your hand at it, let an officer know. Its work, but it's really fun, too. You pick the place and the weekend. I'm sure we could get DS and Viejo to route the rides for us again and I will be handling the bike show and the birthday part. Oh yeah, the 2008 HCT will be a birthday bash for the LSV. It will officially mark the 5th anniversary of the formation of the club by Mike/Chere' Shoemaker [and others] in Crockett (TX). I was there that cold morning but need to know who the other founding members were. Do you know? Tell me.

Our fantastic chef, **Buddy Powell**, announced his retirement as our chef at the HCT. If you weren't there, you missed the last of the Bud-D-Que! He did say he would make some for special occasions. I completely understand his decision. Did y'all see how he strapped the brisket to his bike to get it to us? Bud-D-Que became an institution for LSV gatherings immediately after the first taste, in 2004. With the help of Stan/Helen Jankowski we were able to present Buddy with a leather apron emblazoned with his name, proclaiming him to be the best chef in the world! Amen! This will be a very difficult position to fill.....we may hafta "retire his jersey". If anyone is interested, contact Richard, Brenda or myself.

The LSV now has an **official Chaplain**. Through the suggestion of a member and the acceptance of the position, the LSV Chaplain is Ray Holly, from Fredericksburg. Most of you know Ray and Jan. They are involved with the CMA and were LSV members about 4 years ago so a lot of us have known them for a while even though they are considered NewV's. We haven't discussed his duties so I'll let him define those himself. He may write something for a NL, talk to members about a difficult personal issue, ask for guidance on our rides (*I know y'all are thinking of me here, but I mean a different kind of guidance-hehe*), or just be there to talk to. Thank you very much, Ray.

Dave Schani stepped forward with a great idea. Since getting a Beemer after his run-in with a deer, he is selling his spare Voyager parts and donating the proceeds to the club to be put in the 'injured rider' fund. This was Dave's idea. So far we have about \$175 in this account. He has seats, seat covers, FM antenna/cable, shop manuals, ~~Voyager duffle bags~~ (**bags sold**), a cover for the small compartment on top of saddle bag lid and other 'stuff' for sale. Others may donate to this fund as well. Contact DS at: dschani@yahoo.com. To find out what he has or me if you have things to donate.

OK, it's time to **introduce the NewV's**. There's a bunch that signed up at HCT giving us a new total membership number of 76! This includes 5 renewals since the last NL. **Duane/Charlotte Ash** are from Lewiston (ID) and ride a 2002 Voyager. Duane works in a paper mill (manufacturing) and Charlotte teaches at a local college. They are also on the AVA board as chairman and VV editor! **Tom Butts** showed up on Saturday afternoon from Tucson (AZ) on a very chromed out 1995 Voyager! Tom is a retired Army Ranger and plays a lot of softball. **Mike/Cathy Gullette** come to us from Mason (TX). Both are retired but Mike does some work for FEMA. They own a 2003 HD dresser. **Ray/Jan Holly** join the group after a 3 year hiatus. Jan rides a 1994 Voyager trike and Ray rides a bunch but he was there on his 1998 Moto Guzzi. They are also retired but in their spare time they restore and show old cars. **Gary/Roxie Mize**, from San Antonio (TX), joined us on Saturday evening. They were just another wonderful surprise. Steve is a retired MS science teacher and Evelyn is an elementary school principal. They ride a 1998 Voyager. **Steve/Evelyn Rankin** are NewV's from West (TX). **Mitch Steetman** is from Gonzalas (TX) and has a 1986 Voyager. Mitch is a master gardener and cabinet maker. Whew.....that's a bunch!

I'm gonna remind everyone at this point to check the **LSV calendar** (there's one in this issue and on the web site) to see if there are some gatherings that you can attend. We have gatherings in ~~May~~, June, July (National), September and October. I hope to see and meet you sometime this year.

I can hardly wait to see what Laura Long has in this issue in the new **Ladies Corner**. I finally met Laura, and her brood (I think there were 6 all together!), at the HCT and they are all wonderful people! Both her daughter, Teka, and her son, Adam, ride motorcycles.....OK,..... Let me mention that Brian also rides, a Voyager of course. What a great family. Good luck in your new adventure with the LSV.

I gotta take advantage of this space for an **HCT Story (s)**. Jimbo and I rode to Fredericksburg basically on RR473. All of us at HCT rode on a section of this road. When we first turned from 281 onto 473, we ran into a dusty portion under construction. I had briefly mentioned our route to John Herring. He decided to take the same route, unbeknownst to me. When John/Brenda, Rocky/Pat, Ken/Yong and Vic/Juanita came through that portion, the water truck had made slippery slime out of the road. John chewed me out pretty good for recommending that route (which I didn't know I had!) For some reason that was my fault. (hehe) OK, let's go to a really interesting story on the return trip.

Vic/Juanita, Jimbo, Mitch and I rode together until New Braunfels on the way home on Sunday. We stopped for breakfast at the Sunset in Blanco (remember that?). After eating, Vic said he needed gas, so we stopped at the Shell station south of town. Mitch came up to me and asked if I could help him identify some buttons on his Voyager. Imagine, someone asking me for help (haha). He asked what a couple buttons were for on the left handle bar. I told him they were for the search and volume on the radio. His next question floored me (sorry Mitch but I know what else is coming in this NL about me!). "How do you get a radio on here?" came from his inquisitive face. I slowly turned and

started to take off the dust cover. He said with worried tone, "What are you doing?" With the cover off I said, "There's your radio!" His hand went to his head with amazement. I continued to show him how to work it and that it also had a cassette player which almost brought a squeal of excitement from him! He thoroughly enjoyed his ride home.....I hate to bring it up but I think I am a hero!

OK, bring on the rest of the stories!

MusicMan

LSV Prez

ONE HCT 2007 RIDE REPORT

Well, I really don't know what to say, except that they were great rides with a great bunch of people – NO - Make that "A bunch of GREAT people!

Friday's ride to the Museum started out great – only SEVEN (7), count'm , (7), riders. A really nice sized group for corner carving on these back roads. Then somehow, with Barry's assistance, by the time we got all lined up we had grown to FOURTEEN (14), count'm, (14). I have to give many KUDO's to the group though as they really kept things closed up tight, and were patient when we had to pull off the road to let "Cagers" get by. The Museum was great, as were the Burgers – they were a meal and a half in themselves. The Museum even had a bike (although in much much better condition) just like my old Velocette. The ride home from the museum started off OK, but then we found out why neither Dave nor Barry would lead that ride – CONSTRUCTION – which both of them conveniently forgot to mention to the ride leader. This caused the need for a quick U-turn in the construction zone to get on the correct road, partly because the turn was in the construction area and partly because the ride leader kept thinking he was smarter than the Garmin, even if it does label the roads something different than the road signs. A couple of "Old Men's Relief" and gas stops, and the trip made it home successfully. I probably got Bill in trouble as we wouldn't let Nancy have any time to shop at Camp Verde. Vic and Buddy can remember our first stop there when we had every spare inch of every bike loaded with the wife's goodies.

Saturday's ride started off with TWELVE (12) riders. We had one pre-planned loss at Blanco and one for mechanical problems at Comfort. Again the group was very patient when we had to pull over to let "Cagers" get by. The ride went fine until we got to Blanco, where the faster (?) groups had already ordered breakfast. It took us 1:55 from stop to re-start, but the food was excellent and worth the wait. There were a couple of surprised people when the PANCAKES were brought to the table. Talk about your money's worth. Scenery was great between Blanco and Comfort, but as we neared Comfort there was all this chatter on the CB about directions. We couldn't understand it all, but maybe someone in Barry's group can explain it – something about going the wrong way or something to that effect. Except for nearly causing Mike to run into the leader, when he, the leader of course, changed his mind about going through Cain City at the last minute, the ride to Luckenbach was great. No problems except for a close call with a couple of TURKEYs (of gobbling variety) who decided to challenge the ride leaders possession of the road. The only deer sighted were far enough off the road so as not to be a hazard – Thank Goodness! No problems with getting lost or missing turns on Saturday as the ride leader finally decided that the Garmin was smarter than he was and followed its instructions. All in all it was a truly great couple of rides with a great group of guys & Gals and a privilege to be a part of it.. Ride safely and keep the rubber side down – See you at the VH if not before.

Viejo & Old Silver (BTW, Old Silver is the name of Viejo's motorcycle)

To the Hill Country of Texas, and Beyond

Tuesday, April 24, 2007 . . . Day 1! The rain began sometime around 11:00 pm on the 23rd, and stopped sometime around 5:30 am on the 24th . . . or so it appeared. Nevertheless the overcast was quite heavy, and it was still twilight when we left home about 7:00 am. We were not yet out of town when we entered a light rain, and we were to experience rain, snow, sleet, hail, and high winds all

day. The rain was never really heavy. At one point, we had snow mixed in with the rain, and a bit later, we were peppered with sleet for a while. When we stopped for gas in Wray, CO, we were warned not to go west because of a heavy snowstorm and white out conditions in the mountains, the Denver area, and south of the city. As we pulled out of the station, hail began to fall, pea size or maybe a bit larger. I began to look at the build up on the pavement, wondering when there would be enough to adversely affect traction. But by that time, we were at the south edge of town, and the hail stopped falling. About five miles later, we saw dry pavement for the first time all day. The wind, however, remained constant. As luck would have it, most of our route ran directly south, and the wind was straight at our backs, but on those sections where we angled, or jogged to the east or west, it let us know nature was really the boss! About 50 miles later, we arrived at Sloan's motel in Burlington, CO, and checked in. Mileage for the day; 406.

We unloaded our bike, got into our room, turned up the heat, and the phone rang. It was Boomer, still west of us, in Parker, CO. He and Juanita had planned to meet us in Burlington so that we could travel together the rest of the way to the rally. He was towing his KZ 1000 on a trailer behind the "Old Red Horse," but gave up the effort in Kiowa, CO, about 25 miles from home. Even with 4-wheel drive, he almost got stuck turning around, but made it home safely. We agreed to change plans, and he would hope to get out of town headed south sometime the next morning and meet us in Littlefield, TX, Wednesday evening.

We got settled in, asked about a restaurant, and were directed to a steak house . . . apparently the only restaurant in town, from the response we got in the motel office. It was only a block away, and we decided to walk for the exercise. Arriving, we found the place locked up, and a sign indicating it didn't open till 5:00 pm. From there, we could see several fast food places, but decided to wait. 5:00 O'clock was only about 15 minutes away, but the wind still had some bite to it, and we found a place that was partially sheltered and waited. It wasn't long before one of the waitresses came to the door and let us in, saying that we looked miserable out there . . . she couldn't take our order before 5:00, but we could come in, sit down, and have a cup of coffee while we waited. We thankfully agreed. About 5:20 she announced it was 5:00 o'clock, and we could order.

By the time we finished dinner, the rain had started again . . . not heavy, but wind driven, and we scurried back to the room and turned up the heat to banish the chill. It rained most of the night, sometimes much harder than we had seen all day. We had bits of wet clothing hanging all around the wall furnace, which could hardly keep up with the demand. But we survived! The humidity in the room soon made it impossible to see out the window without wiping away the fog. Looked at the weather forecast, and decided that the next day the weather would be better!

Wednesday, April 25: Day 2: The day dawned under a solid overcast, 38 degrees, no rain or wind . . . and we were to see none this day. The clouds soon began to break up, and the day began to warm up. By noon, we had left Colorado behind, crossed the panhandle of Oklahoma, and were in Texas. From here on we were extremely lucky weather wise. On this day there were severe storms and tornadoes to both the east and west of us, but we saw none of them. From here to Kentucky, when watching the weather news, we heard that severe weather or heavy rain had either been there the day before we arrived, or was expected the day after we left. For our part, we had excellent weather. Only one day was warm enough that I wore my "cool vest," But Eileen was comfortable without hers. And we had left the cold behind for the remainder of the journey.

We had one memorable adventure before leaving CO. We were getting low on gas . . . and were well into the reserve. I think the name of the town was Granada. As we entered the town Eileen spotted a Cenex station a block off the highway. I didn't like the look of that rain soaked gravel (?) street, but we needed gas, so I proceeded cautiously. Everything went well till we were about 150 feet from the pumps . . . and the rear wheel decided it wanted to jump left and right with no respect for where I wanted it to be. I kept a steady throttle, and corrected steering as necessary, and made it to the concrete pad and the pumps. Then realized that these rusted old pumps, and the concrete block building behind them had been abandoned long ago. I looked at the street back to the highway, and

saw only one squiggly rut . . . our own! I looked at the street to my left, heading south, and in mid block saw a small lake, perhaps 100 feet long . . . so I gathered my courage, and made a second squiggly rut back to the highway parallel to the one coming in . . . breathed a huge sigh of relief, and looked for another station . . . there was none! Nothing to do but head west 17 miles to Lamar, where we put 3.87 gallons in a 4 gallon tank! Been grinning ever since!

Somewhere along the road that day, I began to hear a lot of static over the intercom. I tried to talk to Eileen and there was no answer. I suspected that her cord had become disconnected, so I stopped along the road, and it had . . . then dug along the pavement till the connector that plugs into the helmet was totally destroyed. Although we tried several times, we did not succeed in finding a replacement till we got to Paducah, KY. Life got tougher without the intercom! We were unsuccessful at yelling at each other, and really missed being able to talk about the things we passed, and knowing why the other wanted to stop, or not. We made several unnecessary stops due to such misunderstandings.

I had discovered, the night before, that I had left one of my medications at home, and we also kept an eye out for a Walgreen's Drug store. But US 385 simply doesn't go thru any sizeable towns, and there were none to be had. We entered Littlefield, and turned left on US 84 to where Mapquest directed me to find our motel . . . it wasn't there! By the time we knew the location was wrong, we were several miles east of Littlefield, so I stopped along the side of the road and asked my GPS where the nearest Walgreen's was located. It said it was some 23 miles ahead in Lubbock. Since it was early, we decided to go there, get my medication refilled, and then come back to find the motel. We did so, but detours in Lubbock caused some delay, and by the time we got back to Littlefield it was getting to be late afternoon. I had no address for the motel, so I tried to enter just the motel name and the town. It took me, with great authority, to the backside of a large church in a residential area, with no motel in sight. Eileen said, "you're going to have to ask directions!" A few blocks later, I spotted a local police car, and the cop across the street talking to a guy. We stopped and waited . . . and waited, till Eileen began to say we needed to go somewhere else. But eventually, he came back to his car. We asked him about the motel and he directed us to a location just *west* of the 385/84 junction instead of east as Mapquest had said. There were Boomer and Juanita hollering and waving to us. We had passed them on the way to the GPS site, and they had done the same as we went by, but we were intent on following the GPS and didn't notice them. Boomer had already found a Mexican restaurant about two blocks west of the motel, and that is where we ate the evening meal. Mileage for the day was over 500, including the trip to Lubbock and return, but I didn't record the exact number.

Thursday, April 26; Day 3; The waitress at the restaurant had told us that they opened at 6:30 in the morning to serve breakfast. The morning staff said they didn't open till 7:00, but we waited and ate breakfast there anyway, then headed south on US 385. Temp when we left the motel was again 38 degrees, but soon warmed up and we had a beautiful day for riding to Brownfield, where we took TX 137 to Lamesa, then picked up US 87 the rest of the way to Fredericksburg. Checked in, met Jim Wolfe, then went on out to the campground where the Lone Star Voyagers hosted the South Central Regional AVA Rally. We met a lot of old friends and met more new friends. The Burgman got a lot of attention among all the (predominately) Voyager riders throughout the rally, and generated a lot of conversation. We met Bruce Fowler, another Burgman owner, but he had not brought it to the rally. We ate dinner at the camp with the group that evening. It turned out that the announced "Texas Bud-D-Que" we had puzzled over was a barbecue dinner cooked by a member nicknamed "Buddy!" Mileage for the day; 376.

Friday & Saturday, April 27 & 28; days 4 & 5; The group met Friday for breakfast at Denny's. Two different rides were scheduled for the day. We elected to do the Leakey tour, a 185-mile tour of the hill country, and had a great time. It is beautiful country, and an area we had never before visited. One could look up, most any time, and count 12 to 20 buzzards in the sky, without turning one's head to see the whole sky, a new experience for us. We were warned to be especially careful around road kill, as they would leave it when the cycles approached, then sometimes try to return to the kill before

all of the bikes had passed. We were also told to watch out for wild pigs, some of them might weigh 800#. I was just as glad to not have an encounter with either the buzzards or the hogs. It was an excellent ride through some beautiful country.

On Saturday morning, I did a quick check of the bike, and discovered that the rear tire, that I had thought would get us there and back, was down to the wear bars, almost bald in the center of the tread. Went to the campground and found Bruce Fowler (the other Burgman owner), who said there was a dealer in Kerrville, about 25 miles southwest. He called Destination Cycles on his cell phone, confirmed that they had the tire in stock, and told them to expect us. When we arrived about 9:30 there were 5 or 6 bikes sitting, and every lift in the shop was occupied. But they treated us well, fed us homemade brownies, outside the shop door and got us out the door shortly after noon. The pricing was fair, the service excellent, and the staff helpful and friendly. We missed the "breakfast ride" but rejoined the group for the evening festivities. Lots and lots of door prizes, I kept wishing we wouldn't win anything of any size, as we had no way to carry it. I won nothing; Eileen won three small items, two of which were can jackets she gave to Boomer to keep his beer cold. The one we kept was a spray can of Kawa "Wipe Down" cleaner and polish. Even that was hard to fit in our tightly packed spaces. But, ya kno', this problem is no worse than it was when we had the 1300 Voyager. Sure we had more space, but we packed it just as tight before leaving home . . . leaving little room for an acquisitions.

Sunday, April 29; day 6; We set out alone for Port Arthur, TX on the Gulf coast, passing right through the heart of Houston on the way. I had planned to go around the city, but when I realized that it was Sunday, and the traffic would probably be light compared to a workday, decided to take the short route. This was the first day since we left home when we were uncomfortably warm, but not bad enough to do anything serious about it. At the motel, I asked the girl for a recommendation of a restaurant, and she seemed a bit hesitant about directions. But she told us there was an area with a Texas Roadhouse and a Chili's. It was several miles away, but we set out with her markings on a city map, which wasn't very detailed. We went to the area she had marked, and found nothing. We stopped at a convenience store/gas station, and I went in to ask directions. "I don't know, he answered, I only been here one week!" So I followed my instincts, and found the area she sent us to about a mile from the area she had marked on the map. Fun, huh? There were several good restaurants in the area, but we decided on Chili's. Mileage for the day; 356. It was a nice easy, unhurried ride, mostly on 4 lane highways.

Monday, April 30; Day 7; The map we had of Port Arthur was really very poor, but I thought it would be easy to find the highway we wanted. It didn't work out that way, and I've never been quite sure why. We were looking for Highway 82, and the bridge to Pleasure Island, a thin strip of land that runs down the bay for perhaps 20 miles then is connected by a causeway/bridge to the Louisiana shore. The bridge to the island was one of these high bridges that allow large shipping to come into the bay. As we came down off the bridge onto Pleasure Island, I was expecting to see a lot of recreation opportunities. There may well have been some north of the bridge, but south of the bridge the land didn't look very appetizing at all. Right at the foot of the bridge was a RV campground that looked nice, except it was under water. As we went down the island there were a few houses, most on stilts, but we seemed to be on a long sandbar that included a lot of industrial sites. Huge tanks, I suppose related to the oil industry off shore, were in good supply. Otherwise everything looked run down and mostly deserted.

After crossing the second bridge into Louisiana, we were in marsh country, but things began to look some better, and the further we went, the more evidence of civilization we found. Houses became more numerous and some were quite large, with many that appeared recently built and a number more that were under construction. But all, except some that appeared quite old and in bad condition, were again on stilts; I suppose to keep them above high water when the storms came crashing ashore. 26 miles east, at Holly Beach we came to a sign that warned that the road along the shore was closed. We had intended to go further east and take the toll ferry to Cameron, and then turn north on highway 27, but instead turned north at Holly Beach on west end of the highway 27 loop

road. It may well have been the more interesting route of the two. It led us on the Creole Nature Trail through the Sabine National Wildlife Reserve. All marshland, the road runs along a canal for a good part of the way. At one point, I saw an alligator head emerge from the grass on the left side of the road, stand as tall as it could on those short front legs, and look up and down the road. I assume it intended to cross the road. But as soon as it spotted us, it whirled around and disappeared back into the canal. As it turned back, the tail whipped out over about half of the southbound lane. I estimated that that the alligator must have been 8 or 10 feet long. I tried to get Eileen's attention, but without the intercom, by the time she looked the right direction, it was long gone.

From there, we continued north to Natchez, MS via US 165, LA 28 and US 84. We stayed overnight in Natchez. Miles for the day; 308.

Tuesday, May 1; Day 8; We left Natchez on the Natchez Trace Parkway, one of our major reasons for coming the way we did. For those who don't know what the trace was, it is a foot trail from the early days from Natchez, MS to Nashville, TN. Traders from as far upstream as Ohio built flat boats or rafts and floated their wares down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans. After selling their wares, they tore apart the boats and sold the lumber, then started the trek back north. The great riverboats were not yet in service, and no established roads or transportation existed north of Natchez, so a network of Indian trails became the basis for a foot trail from Natchez to Nashville. From there, transportation home was available. It started out as a foot trail, horses, and then carts later used the route. It became a major commerce route almost 500 miles long.

The effect of entering the Parkway on the South end is quite dramatic. You are leaving the city, and on the outskirts of Tupelo, we turned right, up an incline in a sweeping curve, then crossed over the highway we had been on, then into the trees . . . a transformation between city and forest; today and yesteryear, that takes only a few seconds. Over most of its route, the road is flanked by dense forest, and for long stretches there is nothing to remind one of the modern world except the paved road. The forest could easily be seen as primeval, thick forest, sometimes hanging over the road, with heavy underbrush, stretched for miles along the highway, which winds across the land with few straight sections. This is one road you can ride in the shade a substantial part of the day. There are many pull offs with signs to explain the sights at the stop. We stopped at a number of these, but not enough. At one of these stops that had a small museum, we pulled into the parking lot to see a Voyager 1300 trike on a trailer. On closed inspection I saw it was a 4 wheel trike with the Voyager kit. This was a couple from Indiana who had been at the LSV Rally with us. We had a short visit before continuing.

We saw only one gas station along the trace. For services, you must leave the parkway at one of the intersecting highways and go to a nearby town. There are areas along the Parkway where civilization has encroached on the highway. Agriculture sometime intrudes, and farm buildings are sometimes visible. Near Jackson and Tupelo, MS, for instance, the wild country pretty much disappears for a spell.

We planned an overnight stop in Tupelo, partly because Jim Wolfe told us of the most fabulous eatin' place called The Rib Cage. Our motel was just across the street from an Outback, but we ignored it and headed for the Rib Cage, only to find it locked up and vacant . . . looked like it had been for a long time. So we ended up back at the Outback. We were ready for ribs, so we ordered them there . . . and were not disappointed!

The Parkway is posted at 50 mph over most of its route, but the north end drops to 40 mph . . . the curves are tighter at the north end of the road. And this is a highway we were perfectly content to ride at the posted speed. David & Ed might not do it that way, but we found it quite satisfying to do so. During the 460 miles of the parkway, we did 64 miles/gallon running at those speeds and enjoyed every minute of the ride.

Wednesday, May 2; Day 9; At breakfast in the motel at Tupelo, Eileen ventured that she really didn't want to stop at the Hermitage (home of Andrew Jackson) in Nashville, and could we just go on to her brothers place on Kentucky Lake. I agreed to do that and got on the computer in the lobby and

cancelled our reservation in Nashville, and sent an email to her brother to tell him we would be there a day earlier than planned. The Trace Parkway ends just a few miles outside of Nashville, so we took the beltway around the north end of the city and headed up I-24 to Kentucky Lake, arriving about 3:00 pm. Eldred was surprised, as he had not read our email yet, but welcomed us with open arms. Eileen's sister, Joyce, and husband Bill (of Granite City, IL, near St Louis) were gone to do some shopping.

Thursday, May 3, thru Thursday, May 10; Day 10 thru day 17; Kenny Tipler (Eileen's cousin) and wife, Sis, (also of Granite City) arrived the next day pulling a new bass boat, intent on doing some fishing. We spent 9 days there, on the shore of Kentucky Lake, (and sometimes on the lake). Kenny proved to be an accomplished angler, and Bill and Eldred joined in. I took pictures. On the evening of the 9th, we had a fish fry that was absolutely first rate! Bass, Bluegill and Crappies were the entrees, deep fried with a special batter, done to perfection. To fill our days, the gals did some shopping, and the guys also ran some errands (when they weren't chasing fish). I found the cord for Eileen's helmet at a Yamaha/Honda dealer in Paducah, and got the intercom back in use for the trip home. A lot of laughter and joy in most of those stories, remembering earlier days, and recounting family history. Kenny and Sis left on the morning of the 10th, and Joyce and Bill about noon. We packed up a large box of stuff and shipped it home that afternoon. Motorcycle mileage for those 8 days; zero, zilch, zip!

Friday, May 11; Day 18; We fired up the Burgman and headed toward home. We planned our day to arrive in Staunton, IL about noon to visit Eileen's 96 year old aunt, Amy Tipler. When we pulled into her driveway, Kenny and Sis, were there, having come up to cut his mom's lawn. We had a good visit, and lunch together. Janet Tipler, wife of Sonny Tipler (Kenny's brother, now deceased) arrived, and soon after, Janet Lee, her daughter, and the visiting continued. We finally left about 3:30 pm, taking I-55 and I-155 north to Morton, IL where we spent the night. Ruby Tuesdays was next door, so we ate and slept well. Mileage for the day; 328.

Saturday, May 1; Day 19; We took I-74 to the quad cities, then I-80 to Iowa City where we stopped to visit and have lunch with a dear friend, Betty Lou Grow. She and her husband, Roger (our former minister) were highly important to us during a very important transition in our lives, and remain very close to our hearts. Roger passed away in January. I will be part of a memorial service for him in Yankton, SD, on July 1 this year. I think she was as excited as we were to see and talk together once again. She is in an assisted living facility, and we ate lunch in the dining hall. She showed us around the facility, and introduced us to a number of friends along the way. But the time came when we had to take leave of her and move on up the road. We took I-360 north, then US 218 and US 18 to I-35. On the stretch along US 18, a highway patrol came flying past us with a sudden siren blast . . . startled me, as I hadn't seen it coming. A couple of miles up the road we came across a collection of emergency vehicles over on the eastbound lane, and a horribly misshapen motorcycle laying in the roadway. The front end was demolished, the front wheel bent under the frame, and it looked like it had then tumbled over several times. The other vehicle in the crash, we did not identify. This is a four lane divided highway, but not limited access. Other crossing roads are on the same level . . . no viaducts or entrance and exit ramps. It appeared that someone had pulled out in front of the rider without warning, but there was no chance to study the situation or ask questions, so that may not be what happened. We continued on to I-35 and then north to Albert Lea, MN where we spent the night. This stretch was hampered by a strong crosswind from the east, and I commented to Eileen that I wished it would continue the next day, as we would be heading west on I-90, but I feared it wouldn't, because that would be too much to hope for. Mileage for the day; 373.

Sunday, May 13; Day 20; We woke to overcast and light showers, and rode the first 5 miles or so on I-90 west with light rain and a strong crosswind from the SSW. Remember my dismal prognostication in that last paragraph! The showers then disappeared, the clouds slowly dissipated, but the wind, if anything, grew stronger. We fought it for about 450 miles. We made the obligatory stop at Al's Oasis in Oacoma, SD, on the west bank of the Missouri, for lunch, and found a waiting line at 2:00pm. A reminder that this was Mother's Day. Then, mounted up and continued the battle with the wind. In the middle of the afternoon, it was getting uncomfortably hot. We stopped, got

something cold to drink, and wet down our t-shirts. We hit the road again feeling much cooler, and it took me a few miles to wake up to the fact that the bike was now riding vertical instead of mostly on the left sidewall! The wind was gone! We were getting close to home, and everything was familiar . . . we've traveled this road from Albert Lea, MN, to Rapid City, SD many times, in both directions. Most of it is pretty flat, dedicated to farms that produce quite well, until we get west of the Missouri River, when the predominant activity turns to ranching, and the landscape to grassland. The land here is no longer flat, at least not as flat as the land to the east of the river. After an absence of most any length, it always brings a good feeling to top a rise and get that first look at the Black Hills on the horizon! We arrived home at about 5:30 pm, unpacked the bike and put it away. Within an hour, the thunderstorms that had been in the forecast for western SD were upon us, but we were snug in our home, and the bike in the garage. Mileage for the day; 538. Mileage was the worst of the trip, in the mid 30's

Postlogue: During the evening we got a phone call from Billie Sargent, a long time friend, who lives in Huron, in eastern SD. He asked, "were you on I-90 somewhere between Murdo and the River about 3:30 this afternoon?" I agreed that we were. They were returning from a memorial service on the west coast for Eva's brother, and had seen a white motorcycle with two people aboard in full riding gear. He thought, "there can't be that many, fitting that description, on this highway, it just has to be Irwin & Eileen."

Total mileage for the trip was 4,130 miles. Now for you bean counters, adding up the daily mileage won't match this exactly, as most of those numbers came from Mapquest, while the total comes from the trip odometer and includes getting on and off the highway for services, and riding to dinner in the evening on some days. It was a great trip . . . and one we will remember for the rest of our lives. Thanks for all of you along the way that helped to make it so memorable.
Ike & Eileen Knigge

Another HCT Report

I was finally able to sneak out of my server room at the distribution center where I work at 11 on Friday morning to head out for the Hill Country Tour. I ran home, jumped out of the van, climbed on my bike, waved bye to my parents and youngest son and hit the highway. Woohoo! Free at last! I had decided to get to Fredericksburg the fastest way I could by using I-10 since the rest of my family was already there waiting on me to arrive. My husband, Brian, and daughter, Teka, had left Wednesday with Duane and Rex and took the more scenic route down thru San Angelo. My brother, Mike, with his wife and daughter (and his bike in a trailer behind his truck) had gone down with my other son, Adam, on Thursday. Our good buddy Bill still wasn't sure if he was going to be able to get off work to come join us or not, so I was heading out on my own.

It's not often I get the chance to travel alone anymore since we usually have a good sized herd with us everywhere we go. It was rather liberating to have no one else to keep track of while I rode! I was also excited to be taking my new bike, Yamaha V-Max, on its first road trip! I left the house at 11:45 heading down 385 towards the Interstate. The sky was overcast, but nothing serious and I was actually enjoying the cool weather. By the time I hit I-10 almost an hour later however, that was rapidly changing for the worse. I had also discovered that the Max ran down the road like a dream on wheels (especially since I had my new stereo system installed!), but the seat was a total nightmare. My backside was already complaining in a really big way! Oh well, only 4 hours to go.

As I turned onto I-10, the wind started to really howl and the temperature dropped like a rock. The speed limit was 80, but since I really wanted to get on down the road away from this weather, I was probably running closer to 90. I had a little over 200 miles to travel before I hit Junction and would be able to get off the Interstate. The wind was blowing so hard, I spent the entire Interstate part of the trip leaned over so far I could have touched the pavement if I had been willing to let go of the throttle long enough.

I was about 15 miles away from Junction when my fuel light came on and I had to switch to reserve. I was a trifle nervous since this was the first time I had used the reserve and I had no idea how far the Max could travel once the fuel was that low. I had only been getting about 30 mpg because of the speed I was running and having to fight the wind. This was giving me a little over 100 miles between gas stops and I had just passed the 100-mile mark since my last fill up. On top of that, there was some major road construction going on. Lovely! I held my breath and concentrated on happy thoughts (it worked for Peter Pan!) and made it into Junction without having to get off and push. Once I left Junction and was able to turn off the Interstate, things got a whole lot nicer. The wind was at my back and I could actually take my attention off my riding long enough to look around some at the beautiful scenery. I made it into Fredericksburg about 4:20 and I was never so glad to get off a bike in my life! I definitely have to do something about the seat on that Max!

I managed to track down my hubby and daughter (yea for cell phones!) and got directions to the campground that they had all just gotten back to after their day trip. It was wonderful to finally get to meet all the people I had been corresponding with for so long! Barry, Brenda, Charlotte and so many others had helped me tremendously last summer when I was working to surprise Brian with a new Voyager. After getting acquainted with everyone and stretching a bit, we headed over to the Peachtree Inn where Adam was waiting since Brian had no way to carry both kids on one bike. By this time, we had heard from Bill and found out he had been able to get off a little early and was on his way. He expected to reach us about 8:30 that evening. My brother and his group had decided to go into San Antonio for supper (in his truck) and offered to take Adam and Teka with them. I was too tired for another trip right then so Brian and I decided to stay in town to eat at the campground with the rest of the LSV and wait for Bill. It was a good thing we didn't go, the kids didn't get back to the room until nearly midnight! I would not have made it that long.

Saturday morning, we managed to get us all rounded up and to the campground in time to link up for the day's ride. Adam was riding with Brian on the Voyager and Teka was behind me for the time being. I didn't figure she would last too long before she switched to Bill's GoldWing. The back part of the Max's seat didn't look any more comfortable than the front part! Brian, Adam and Bill were in Barry's group and Teka and I ended up following along behind Dave. After cruising thru some wonderful back roads, not to mention a llama ranch, we stopped for breakfast in Blanco. Nobody warned us about the size of the meals at this place! Adam is still a growing boy (at 18 he is already 6'5" and over 280 pounds), but even he couldn't finish the plate of food he ordered. The rest of us didn't stand a chance! I swear I heard the bikes groan when we climbed back on afterwards.

We were shortly back on the road and riding slowly thru some more narrow winding back roads with lots of cattle guards and more drop dead gorgeous scenery. I was starting to notice that if you are cruising slowly on this bike, it heats up. A lot. Then it lovingly directs all that heat right up to the poor soul straddling it, namely me, and since we weren't moving fast enough to generate a good breeze, it was becoming a problem. Teka was starting to feel the heat too, so when we stopped for fuel and linked up with the rest of the groups again, she switched over to the Wing. It turns out this is a very good thing because the hotter the bike gets (not to mention me too), the harder time I have focusing on my riding. If I had been thinking clearer, I would have just let the group know I needed to stop and let everything cool down a bit, but I didn't. Not too long after our gas stop, we were once again moving along the back roads when we came across one that had a couple of pretty substantial potholes. Normally this wouldn't be a problem, but by this time I am way too hot and my reactions have really slowed down. I miss the first hole, but clip the second one, which sends me off towards the side of the road. I get the bike stopped but lose my footing and down we go. Fortunately the only damage done was a busted windshield, and my pride. Rex told me that I didn't have to drop my bike just to make him feel better about dropping his earlier on the gravel. After the guys helped me get out from under the Max and dug out the duct tape to hold the windshield together, we're off again. The Max and I are still running pretty hot, but we manage to stay right side up until we reach the end of the ride in Luckenbach where we have the chance to sit and cool off for a while.

Once we get back to the room, I head straight for a nice cool shower! After sucking down some

liquids and cooling off a bit, life looks a whole lot brighter. Later on Saturday evening, we (except for Adam) head back up to the campground for supper and visiting and lots of neat prizes. Bill won the 50/50 pot so he was a happy camper and the rest of us got some shirts and hats. During the ride, Brian had found out the hard way that Adam had pretty much outgrown the passenger side of his Voyager so he talked to Duane while we were there and got one of his trunk extenders to add a little more room. We had a great time visiting with everyone and promised to stay in touch then headed back to the room for some much needed rest.

Sunday morning we're all moving kinda slow. Brian and Bill manage to get the trunk extender on the Voyager and we get all of us packed up. Bill is carrying Teka and Adam is on behind Brian and I'm on the Max. We finally get away from the room about noon and go pig out at Dennys. We have been watching the weather and it's looking pretty rough. Bill is leading and we head out towards Mason, then Menard then over to Eldorado and on towards Big Lake. So far so good, we have managed to miss getting wet, but the sky is not looking good. We stop at DQ in Big Lake to get a bite to eat and call ahead to check on what we are going to be getting into next. Everyone we talk to at home says the rain has been coming down in buckets and there are reports of tornados about. We get back on the bikes and head for Rankin for one last gas stop. We leave there and start taking the backcountry oilfield roads to Brian's and my house on the south side of Odessa. The pavement is pretty wet, but so far no rain coming down on us. Bill gets a call from his dad when we're about 20 miles south of Crane and tells him a tornado has been seen on the ground south of Crane. GULP! We dodge back around to another little oilfield road and pour on the speed trying to get around the worst of the storm and hopefully make it to the house before anything gets to us. About two miles from our house, it starts to sprinkle on us a bit, but no sign of the tornado. We get to the house and open the garage door to pull the bikes in, and the rain hits like someone turned on the water hose full force pointed straight down! Talk about a close call! Bill decides to leave the Wing in our garage with all of our bikes and have Adam take him home in our van. We got an awful lot of rain that Sunday night, but fortunately the tornado didn't make it anywhere close to our house.

We all had a wonderful time at the tour and can't wait to get together with all our new pals in the LSV so that we can do it again! -Laura Long

Treasury Report thru Apr 07

Starting Balance	368.19
Income	606.38
<u>Expenses</u>	<u>122.25</u>
Ending Balance	852.32

Brenda Herring , LSV Sect/Treas.

LSV 2007 Calendar

July 17-19	AVA National	Rapid City, S.D.
Aug.		Open
Sept. 13-15	Summer Camp Barry Baker	New Braunfels, TX.
Oct.	*Voyage Home The Bagleys	Marshall, TX area
Nov.	International Bike Show	Houston/Dallas
Dec.		Open
Jan 1, 2008	Blessing Of The Bikes	San Antonio

*This is one of 2 camp-in/ride-ins that include our two business meetings each year.

COOKS CORNER

Richard and I were not sure what to expect when we somehow ended up being hosts for the HCT/AVA South Central Regional Rally. We knew that it was going to be a lot of work and after Richard's accident we were really worried that we would not be able to pull our part off. Well let me tell you that we had a blast, and as always, the worries of the pre-planning go away the minute every one starts to arrive. When I left home for Fredericksburg I had registrations for 48 and did my shopping. We ended up feeding, at one time or another, 65 and the only thing we ran out of was potato salad on Thurs. night. I thought that was pretty good. Our cook of the Thurs. night meal, Buddy, did great as always. Not only does he cook but he also helps clean up. We could not have pulled off what we did if not for the help of a lot of great people. We had Juanita and Richard. Even though they each had a hurt shoulder they worked really hard and had the drink orders perfected. I also want to thank Jane Fowler for making 4 cakes and bringing them for Fri. night, Mitch Streetman, new member as of HCT, for making and bringing some really good tamales. We do have a little difference in our definition of mild I need S for sissy, Del and Jim Miksovsky, Rod Westphal, and Nancy Kinzer for all the help in serving and cleaning up. Brenda made sure that the campers had early morning coffee. We celebrated 2 birthdays, James Curren and Charlotte Ash. Duane provided a cake to surprise Charlotte. We have a new member, Teka Long, that wanted to make sure we knew she loved to cook & help out in the kitchen. Whoever is hosting the next event might want to make a note of that. Richard and I vacuumed, mopped and cleaned up the meeting area on Sun. morning. We had a chance to visit with Pat, campground boss, & thank her for all of her help. She had fun picking on Richard & said that we could come back anytime, even Richard.

I really enjoyed getting to meet new friends and visit with all the old ones. I hope that all of the AVA representatives enjoyed the weather, most of the time, and the flowers. We did special order all of this for you. I know that we did a count on how many people, 65, and states, 11, were represented but there were also 14 different motorcycle organizations represented. I want to thank Duane and Charlotte for having the respect they do for LSV and giving us the chance to show off our great State and club. There is no doubt that the members of the LSV are the best. Anyone that has the opportunity to host a regional should take it. It is a chance of a life time.

Again thanks to all of the great helpers in the kitchen we could not have done it without you. Although there was one officer that was consistently missing before and again after a meal, during clean up. I won't mention names but I did throw out all the boxes he left in the meeting room after he finished handing out the door prizes.

-Cindy SugarBeet Baxter

Treasury Report thru May 07

Beginning Balance	852.32
Income	117.25

<u>Expenses</u>	<u>17.85</u>
Eding Balance	951.72

Brenda Herring, LSV Sect/Treas

Laura Long wrote this as her first article for what will be essentially a Lady Corner. She didn't "name" the "column" yet & I certainly won't deny her the opportunity to do that it but here's her first article called

"So You Ride A Motorcycle"

"You ride a motorcycle?!" I can't count how many times over the years I have heard that question from both men and women. This is often followed by "but you're a girl!" After I let whoever it is know I am quite glad they noticed, I tell them that yes I ride a motorcycle every chance I get and have since I was about 10 years old. Probably the next most asked question is "Isn't that dangerous?" To which I have to answer, "It can be, but it certainly doesn't have to be!"

Oftentimes when it is a man talking, he will get this far off smile and start reminiscing about when he used to ride and how family and life got in the way and he had to get rid of the bike way back when. I always encourage him to take a rider course and see about getting back into riding. When it is a woman, however the response is almost always either "I could never do that!" or "I wish I could do that!" I **always** answer, "**YOU CAN!**"

There have been many barriers over the years to women who want to ride motorcycles, both mental and physical. The mental barriers are much the same as those that stop women from doing many other types of sports. It's dangerous, it's un-ladylike, it will cause people to think badly of you, women aren't strong enough, etc, etc. Those can usually be overcome with a little attitude and determination. The physical barriers are a little more of a problem. For many years, motorcycles were built big, tall, and heavy. Myself and some other women are fortunate in that we are of above-average height with long legs and so can usually handle machines like that. Many women (and some men!) don't have that advantage and so have been effectively blocked from riding their own motorcycle.

In recent years, that has begun to change. Motorcycle manufacturers have finally gotten wise to the fact that women like motorcycles too! And I don't mean just riding behind a man (although there is absolutely nothing wrong with that if that's what you really want to do), but actually wanting to ride their own. The current trend toward cruiser style motorcycles has been a big help to women who want to ride by themselves. Cruisers usually have a very low seat height with a low center of gravity and come in a wide variety of engine sizes so it has become a simple matter to find one that a woman can handle safely and comfortably, no matter what her physical size may be.

As far as the dangerous part of riding, I tell everyone to invest in a basic rider course, even if they have ridden before, because skills deteriorate if they are not used regularly. After that, take an advanced rider skills course every couple of years or so to keep those skills sharp. Unfortunately, I have heard more than once of safety instructor coaches who have a problem with women riding motorcycles and so have treated them badly during the course. If you have the misfortune to run into someone like this, kindly tell him to go suck on a hot exhaust pipe and then find someone else to learn from! Don't let them discourage you! Use safety gear at all times including a helmet. And most importantly, pay attention to your body. If you are too tired, hot, or distracted when you ride, it can get you hurt. One of the biggest reasons for riding a motorcycle is that it is fun. When it stops being fun, it is time to take a break for a while.

I also run into many women who say, "I'm just too old to ride my own." If you can still throw a leg over a bike to ride behind someone, you can ride your own. Obviously, you have to keep in mind your physical ailments and / or limitations, but don't assume that just because you're older you can't ride your own bike if it is something you really want to do. Once again, if you are interested in riding alone, take the beginner rider course. They provide helmets and small, lightweight motorcycles for you to use to take the course. The price for the course is usually around \$100 to \$150 and is held

over a weekend with two days of instruction. This will give you a good idea if riding your own motorcycle is something you really want to do, before you spend a lot of money on buying a motorcycle and all the gear that goes with it!

When all is said and done, yes I am a woman who rides her own bike and loves doing so. I still occasionally ride behind my husband on his bike, but for the most part I prefer the freedom of riding my own. Occasionally he will ride behind me on mine, or even on his, (I do have to remind him to keep his hands to himself, though!). So, if you decide you want to ride, either by yourself or behind someone else, don't let anyone tell you girls can't ride motorcycles! See ya on two wheels!
-Laura Long

The Jankowski Gathering in Tijeras, NM

We headed out to Tijeras, New Mexico at 6 AM the morning of the 6th of June. Brenda and I rode to Conroe and headed up IH-45 to meet up with Barry just north of Ft. Worth at about 12:30 that afternoon. We arrived on time and then we set off to Childress, TX where we had a room booked at the Super 8 motel. It got a wee bit windy but it was not too bad. We left out about 8:00 the next morning for Tijeras and bucked quartering head winds that were close to 40 mph. I used a whole bunch of gas!

We arrived at the Hidden Valley RV Park and Campground without incident and got set up. It got cold that night.

Friday morning we headed out for Breakfast and as we got to the bottom of the hill at the service station I had a flat on my back tire. Dave, Stan and Rod plugged it; I did not get the chance to do much more than watch them work. They made short work of it. We headed to the café and after breakfast Brenda and I came back to the campground to locate a tire and arrange to have it put on the bike. With that done I headed out to Albuquerque to Power Sports West and almost made it but the plug blew out just as I exited the freeway. A Courtesy Patrol Van pulled up and waited with me until I could get a wrecker to get me to the shop. The wrecker service is Dean's Wrecker Service in Albuquerque and he did a great job. I can't say enough about Dean or the crew at Power Sports West, Bernard, Red, Jeff and Ken. They got me back on the road in less than an hour after I arrived there. It all turned out okay and I met some great people.

Ken and Yong arrived from Colorado Friday afternoon where they had been riding with their church group and they spent the rest of the weekend with us.

We had a good ride Saturday that I got to go on and we ate at the Ponderosa Bar, the food was exceptionable IMO.

Speaking of food, Stan and Helen fed us Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings; and I mean FED! We had Gumbo on Thursday and Hamburgers, Hotdogs and Brats on Friday and then Lasagna with meatballs and all the trimmings on Saturday. I think that I gained weight.

Ken and Yong, Barry, Brenda and I headed for home Sunday morning at 9:30 Texas time by way of Roswell to Carlsbad and East to Ozona where we spent the night at a Travel Lodge. We arrived too late to get pizza delivered and went to bed without eating. I was so tired I was not even hungry.

A long day down IH-10 with a jaunt on 46 to skirt around San Antonio and drop off Barry and then Ken and I trooped on to and through Houston on IH-10 and on to our homes. Brenda and I arrived home about 7:00 Monday evening, beat but not broken too badly. We logged 2075 miles for the trip. I need at least one new trailer tire and I plan to get a matching Avon tire to replace the D404 that I had to buy. I also need to get a new CB antenna; the wind whipped it around until the stinger broke off leaving me with about an inch sticking out. The CB still worked but I plan to get a stiffer fiberglass antenna.

We had a Great time and really enjoyed meeting Dave Blue, I hope that I spelled his name correctly, and seeing all of our old friends again. I really wish that some of the people who could not attend could have, they would have enjoyed it also.

So until next time you all Ride Safe and have Fun.
John and Brenda Herring

Richard's Ritings & Wridings

I hope that you all had as much fun at Fredericksburg as I did (considering that I was bikeless) & I'm sorry that I missed the two following ride that have taken place since the HCT. Most of our contributing authors this issue address that ride-in - the HCT. There have been 2 other rides since then; the Liberty ride-in, for which I have no reports, and the Tijeras NM ride-in which John & Brenda address just prior to this article.

I've acquired a motorcycle. It's a 1994 Kaw Voyager. Not street legal yet. Hopefully within about a week I'll be riding again.

-Richard Speedball Baxter
