



Chapter 2147

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Northshore H.O.G. News

VOLUME 22, ISSUE 3

JULY 2022

DIRECTOR'S CORNER

Is Drinking Water a Safety Item to Bring on a Road Trip in Louisiana?

Yes. In addition to making your trip more pleasant, on the off chance you get stranded somewhere, having drinking water handy can be a summer driving safety issue. It is important to stay hydrated (especially in the summer in Mississippi and Louisiana!), and you and yours will be safer if you have a cold water bottle handy.

For maximum safety and comfort, bring a cooler and keep it stocked with more water than you think you will need for your trip. This will give you a cushion if your original itinerary is thrown off by car trouble or any other unforeseen event (and water bottles from home are way cheaper than paying for them on the road). You can always throw in other drinks and snacks to keep the crew comfy and cheerful, but water is a necessity.

Consider buying a quality cooler that is designed to keep drinks cold for several hours. You can always pick up a Styrofoam cooler, but they are less reliable (and someone is likely to accidentally sit on it and there goes your cooler!). A cooler with a shoulder strap or wheels can be convenient.

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If you want to be
happy for a day;
drink.

If you want to be
happy for a year;
marry.

But if you want to
be happy for a life-
time;

ride a Harley!!!!!!

UPCOMING EVENTS

CHAPTER EVENTS

- July 9 - Chapter RoundUp 9:30 AM**
Northshore Harley-Davidson
Lunch ride - Morton's Seafood Restaurant— Madisonville, LA
- July 16 - LOH Ride—Park Ten Lanes—Diamond Head, MS**
- August 6 - Chapter RoundUp 9:30 AM**
Northshore Harley-Davidson
Lunch ride - Leatha's BBQ - Hattiesburg, MS
- August 20 - LOH Ride - Cypress Lanes, D'Iberville, MS**
- Sept 10 - Chapter RoundUp 9:30 AM**
Northshore Harley-Davidson
Lunch ride - Half Shell Oyster House, Gulfport, MS
- Sept 17 - LOH Ride - Front Porch Café, Pass Christian, MS**
(Only opens at 4:30 PM so this will be a dinner ride)

H.O.G., REGIONAL RALLIES

- Iron Adventure HOG Rally, July 14-16, Ludlow, VT
- Mid-America HOG Rally, July 21-23, Dubuque, IA
- Southeast HOG Rally, September 27-Oct 1, Maryville, TN

OTHER EVENTS & RALLIES

- Sturgis Motorcycle Rally, August 5-14, Sturgis, SD
- Thunder Beach Motorcycle Rally, (Autumn), Oct 19-23, Panama City Beach, FL
- Lone Star Rally, November 4-7, Galveston, TX

BIRTHDAYS

	<u>July</u>	
Juan Price	July 5	
Anna Rinaldo	July 24	
<u>August</u>		
David Authement	Aug 4	
Britta Bradbury	Aug 4	
Mary Trapp	Aug 6	
Charles Waller	Aug 6	
George Lanning	Aug 23	
Joey Blacklidge	Aug 26	
Glenn Semel	Aug 30	
<u>September</u>		
Simon Gonzalas	Sept 7	
Russ Davis	Sept 12	
Corey Gregg	Sept 14	
Rick Baker	Sept 18	
Karl Fox	Sept 21	
Jason Thompson	Sept 24	





Turning Into Danger

You must always be extremely careful turning across oncoming traffic. What may appear to be safe is not always so. As an example, you are in the left lane about to turn across traffic on to a side street. You see an oncoming car with their turn signal on indicating a left turn. You think all is well as that oncoming car will be turning at the same intersection as you in the opposite direction. Just as you start across traffic you notice a smaller car following very close to the turning vehicle. That smaller car is rapidly accelerating now that the turning car is out of the way. You have to get on the throttle to avoid getting hit broadside by the smaller car; whose driver is now blowing his horn at your sudden turn in front of him.

Be sure all traffic is clear before starting across traffic. Don't assume there are no other cars following close behind a turning vehicle. This problem is multiplied if the turning vehicle is a large SUV or truck. Better to wait a few extra seconds for a clear opening in oncoming traffic than turn into the path of an unseen car.

Safety Tip

Cajun Country HOG Rally Scott, Louisiana





CHAPTER RIDES

Marie's Mexican Restaurant, Bogalusa, Louisiana



An Old Adventure by Ray Gregg

I have been fortunate to have ridden to Sturgis several times, but during my last trip in 2020 with Karl, Jerry, Kenny and Doug, I failed to make notes. Then because of the pandemic, I was busy with other things and did not do a timely write up for that trip. When I started to do an outline of events, I found I had forgotten many of the roads, the stops, the people I met, and little adventures that we all have when taking long journeys. So, since many of you are new to the chapter or did not see the original article, I thought maybe you would be interested in how one person's trip to Sturgis went and possibly encourage many of you to think about planning a Sturgis event in the future. The following happened in 2009, but the trips since then (2015, 2018, 2020) have been equally as exciting and adventurous. All the trips had their ups and downs but maybe the 2009 trip will give a preview of what can happen on these long trips and can help plan better. Hopefully all of you will eventually make it to Sturgis, it is something you will never forget. I give you my trip report on Sturgis Plus 2009.

STURGIS Plus 2009

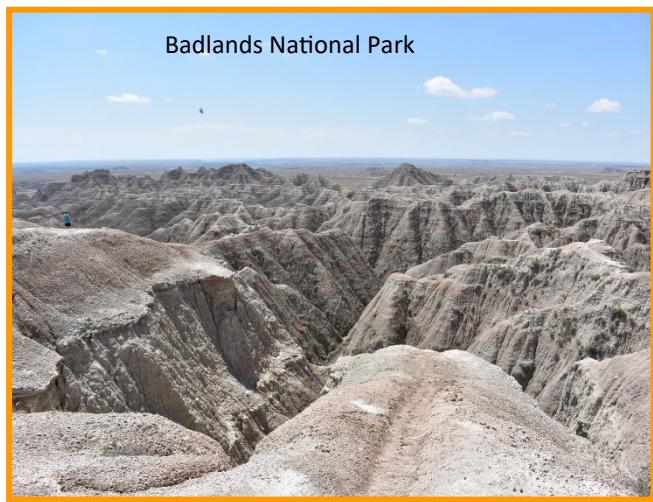
Although it had been over twelve years since the last time I had been to Sturgis, when my friends asked if I wanted to go again, the answer was quickly "yes"....after approval from Lara. One of the main requirements that I set for myself in going to Sturgis, was to use as many of the nation's back roads as possible. Interstates are great for getting from one point to another but if I was going to make this trip memorable, I wanted to see some of the roads I traveled twenty and thirty years ago. Another requirement was to not worry about having a particular destination for any particular day. In the planning stage, my friends and I decided that we would do more than just head for Sturgis and return. That is why the title...Sturgis Plus.

The trip to Sturgis would be by myself with my friends joining me in Rapid City, South Dakota. Starting out from Louisiana and leaving at the end of July posed the usual problems of trying to outsmart the weather. I decided that if I left in the early morning hours, I would be far enough north to miss the daily afternoon thunderstorms. At precisely 600 AM, I kissed Lara, left my driveway and headed west on Hwy 10. The sunrise was spectacular and I said to myself, it was going to be a great day. At Franklinton, I turned north on Hwy 25. Continuing thru Tylertown on Hwy 27, I traveled all the way to Vicksburg. Probably many of you have ridden this road but if not and given the chance, the section from Interstate 55 to Vicksburg is a must. No traffic and tree lined so that you are riding in shade much of the time. After breakfast, I jumped on US 65 north. At this point I was eyeing the clouds. The weather channel had shown a 300 PM shower for the Pine Bluff, Arkansas area, and again, I thought I was timing myself to be north of that. Wrong..... the thunderstorm came early and caught me just south of Pine Bluff. For the next three hours I rode with wetsuit and hated it. My thought that morning about being a great day turned out to be only half true. Wanting a hot shower, I decided on Harrison, Arkansas for my first night's rest.

The next morning was a Sunday, so for the first hour or so, I had the highway pretty much to myself. I was in the Ozarks, so the morning was crisp and somewhat damp as I rode through fog in some of the valleys. At Springfield, MO, I jumped on Hwy 13 heading for Kansas City. What I remembered of this highway, in which I traveled at least twenty times in the "eighties", was just that, a memory. What was once a two-lane country road was now a four-lane divided highway. I wanted to find another road but I realized I would be going out of my way a little more than I could afford. Continuing on Hwy 13 then Hwy 7, I found my way to Hwy 7 in Kansas and then headed north on US 73. I stopped in at Fort Leavenworth and had a nice lunch. The afternoon was kind of a ho-hum ride. I wound my way up US 73 then US 75 and ended up in Bellevue, NE. This was a scheduled stop as Offutt AFB is located there. After unloading, I made a quick trip to Outback and then back to the room for a good night's sleep. After checking the weather, I made a decision to get a very early start to miss the morning showers they were predicting.

Getting up at 500 AM not only allowed me to miss the rain but also gave me clear roads through the City of Omaha. US 275 was what I had hoped it would be, a little traveled highway that lead me through mile upon mile of corn fields, soy fields and other agriculture. Breakfast in Norfolk woke me up fully and I was eager to get back on the road. You see strange things when traveling these back roads; like the town of Emblem, NE. A population of only 10 (on the sign).....but Emblem has its own Federal Post Office!! Go figure. One thing that did bother me on this stretch of road was the lack of high octane fuel. Most stations only had 89 Octane. The highest I found was 91 and I had to check every station (all five) in one particular town. (I now have a supply of Octane Booster for all future rides.) At Valentine, I turned north off of US275 onto US 83 and headed for White River. Topping off one last time at White River, I jumped on Hwy 44 for the last

leg of my three days trip. Although Hwy 44 is a bit ragged, it certainly was the best choice over the Interstate alternative. On Hwy 44 you actually cut through the middle of the Badlands National Park and the beautiful array of colors and mountain scenery was worth the bumpiness. You also skirt the Buffalo Gap National Grassland.....more beauty. All along Hwy 44, it was obvious that the Sturgis Rally was alive and well. Bikers everywhere. Almost as many bikers were returning from the area as those heading there. I felt a little bad for those leaving as I realized they probably only had that first weekend to enjoy the festivities because of job interference. Arriving in Rapid City, I found my motel and waited for my friends to arrive. I opted to top off later that evening as most all fuel stations had long lines of bikes.



In the morning it was off to Sturgis. As many of you know there is the Interstate to Sturgis and then there is Nemo Road and Vanacker Canyon Road. Not only are the back roads scenic, you also find out which bars and juke joints have pancake breakfasts and other amenities for bikers. Once in Sturgis, we did our dutiful ride down Main Street and then found a place to park. Then it was shopping, a little lunch, then more shopping , a couple of beers and then off to the Harley dealership.

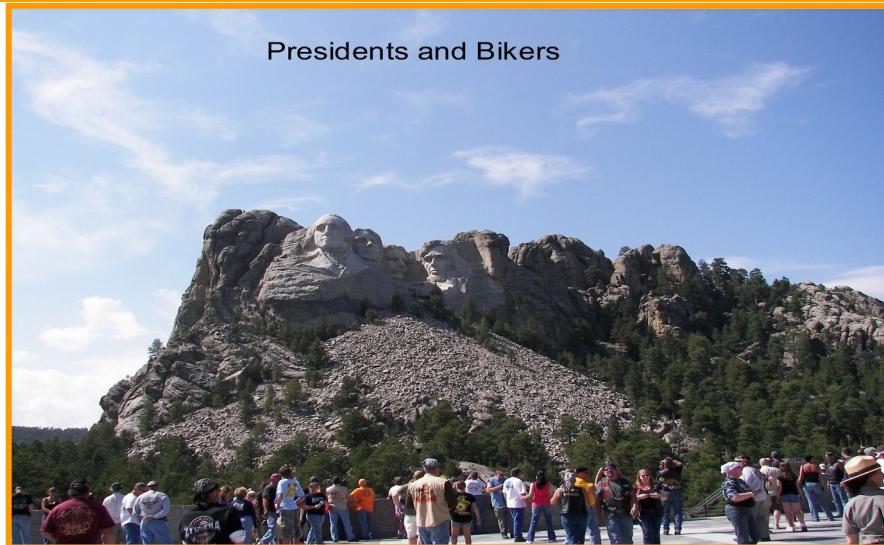
Now I realize that there were hundreds of thousands of bikers on hand (we were told by the end of the rally that there were about 750,000 attendees), but I am still amazed at how many Tee-shirt vendors, fast food vendors and the aftermarket bike vendors are able to come to Sturgis, hire extra help, put them up in motels, give them travel money and still make enough money to make it worthwhile.

Having said that, I do know that the Black Hills Harley dealer makes 80% of his annual income during the ten days plus of the Sturgis rally. As for Tee-shirt vendors, many, no.....most had (it appeared) just as big an inventory on the last day of the festivities as the first day we arrived. And I know they don't sell everything because many were selling 2007 and 2008 Sturgis shirts. The rest to the day was spent soaking up Sturgis, fattening food and a few beers. We made it back to the motel minutes before the rains set in.

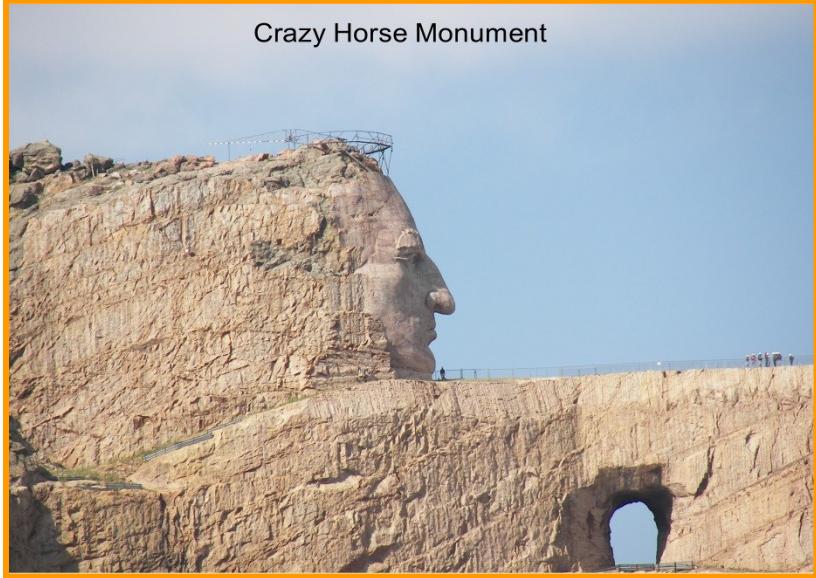


Of course, you can't be in southwestern South Dakota without visiting Mount Rushmore even if you have seen it before. This was going to be a day of riding with Rushmore, Crazy Horse and Needles Highway on the agenda. Riding down Hwy 16 was fairly uneventful, however arriving at Mount Rushmore we found the road choked with bikers. There was an attempt to have traffic controllers, but the number of bikes was overwhelming. Once we paid our \$10 "parking fee" we still rode around for another ten minutes looking for a place to park. Once parked we noticed that they had directed us away from a completely empty floor!!!

In the park, it was nice to see so many people infatuated by the monument and the surrounding scenery.



It was hot, so ice cream was a necessary stop before continuing down the road.



Thursday morning..... rain. And more rain. I took advantage of the bad weather to get a rear tire changed on the bike. We then visited the Rushmore Plaza Civic Center to partake of our HOG pin commemorating the Sturgis Rally. Outside the center, were more food vendors and the new Harley's. There was also a show of bikes and I made sure a got a picture of Best in Show. It is pictured to the right. Oh,maybe I got that picture mixed up.

We blew over to the Crazy Horse Monument, but I was a little disillusioned with the progress on the mountain. Understanding that when Ziolkowski died, a lot was left unresolved. Weather and financing make it difficult to say when the monument will ever be complete .

Hwy 87 was next. The famous Needles Highway is something every biker will enjoy, however you have to watch out for the idiots that ride a little too fast and those that can't seem to stay on their side of the white line. On at least two occasions, I believe there were only a few inches separating my handlebars and those of another rider coming from the opposite direction.

After Needles, we jumped on Hwy 16 and back to Rapid City for the evening. For three days in a row, we were fortunate to have clear days and wet night. Things were about to change.

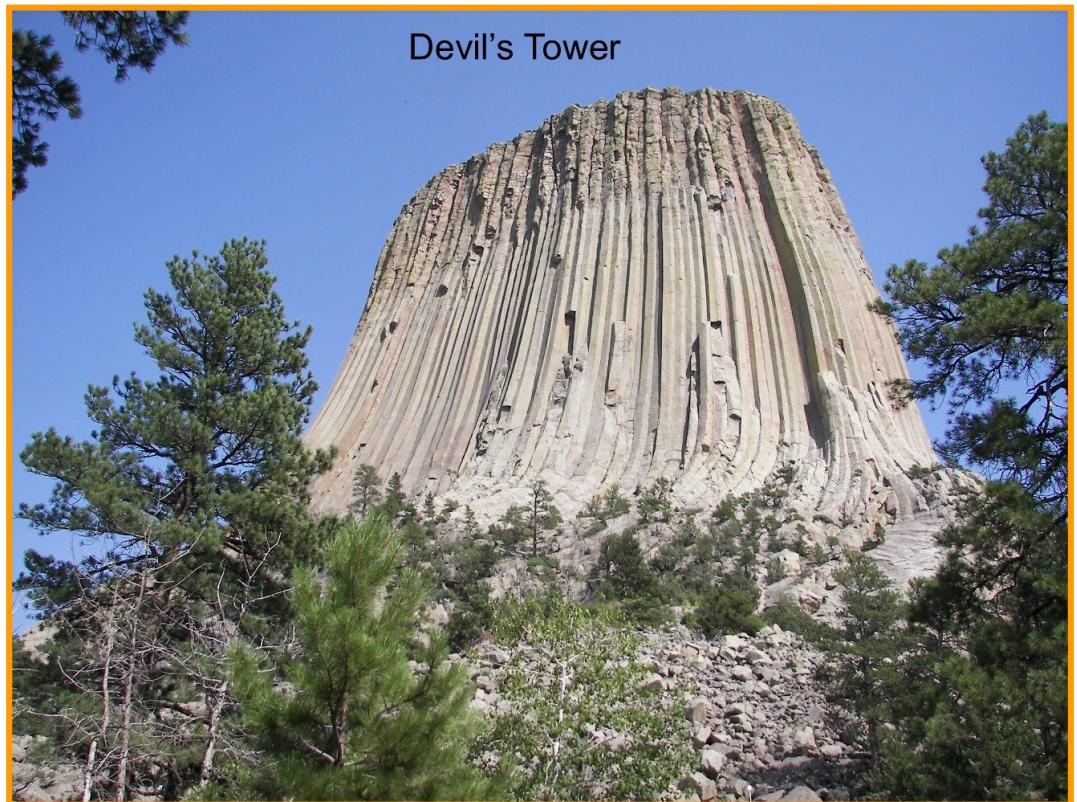


We actually used up the entire day just going to different places in Rapid City that people told us about. One place Dublin Square was where we had our late afternoon beer....we figured two hundreds bikers can't be wrong! Dinner and a bed were next.

Friday was a beautiful day....in the morning! This was the famous Friday that so many bikers had their rides destroyed! We decided that we would take in Devil's Tower; a trip we had originally planned for the day before. The ride there was great, bright sun, blue sky all the way. For those who haven't been to the Tower, it is amazing how this huge piece of rock was formed. Even reading the geology, I still don't understand!!



Which one is the Rams fan?



Devil's Tower

Watching the clouds form, made us understand we needed to head for the room. After about twenty minutes we stopped and put on the wet gear.... We could see it was going to get real nasty.



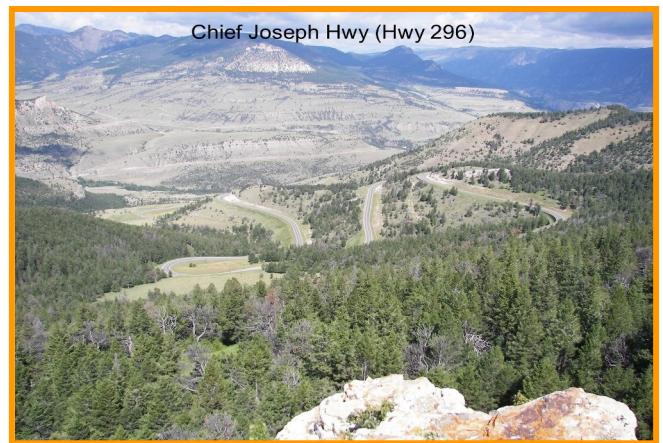
Before we took off again, the rain started, but being properly dressed, we just took our time. We stopped once at a fuel station but there were so many bikes that I was worried that we would run into each other. We took off again. Before long we noticed a rapid change in the temperature. It had dropped probably twenty degrees or much more. As we rounded a curve, we saw why. A hail storm had come just minutes before we arrived.

There were cars and bikes stopped on the shoulder of the road and the median. We traveled the small paths on the highway (from previous cars and trucks) through the sea of ice. Large hail, the size of baseballs had peppered the vehicles. Because of the pandemonium, we did not stop. Later we saw the results of that catastrophe. Bikes had dented fenders, fuel tanks, fork tube covers and broken windshields, mirrors and even face shields. Even though they were someone else's bike, I felt sick. We felt extremely lucky to have missed this unfortunate event. So ended our last day in the Sturgis area.

Next morning, we headed for Wyoming. Our destination was the famed Beartooth Pass. The Chief Joseph Highway was also on the agenda and although I was not familiar with this particular road, I am glad I was talked into going. But before getting there we first traveled Highway 16 from Buffalo to Worland WY. Again, the spectacular view and scenery along this road can only be expressed in pictures.



More rain on the horizon, made us stop overnight in Worland. A nice quite town in the middle of Hops country. Talking with some of the locals during dinner, we found out that both Coors and Budweiser purchase their hops from this area (among other places). That weekend was the local meeting of the National Guard; seeing our DOD stickers we had plenty of conversation with the local soldiers about where we were from and the local gossip.



The next day we were up, had a nice breakfast and we were on our way to Cody where we would suit up for the ride through Beartooth Pass. A few miles out of Cody we jumped on Hwy 296, Chief Joseph Highway. This road was great. Again, the picture explains

Chief Joseph Highway connects with Beartooth Highway (Hwy 212). I understand that many people come down Beartooth from Red Lodge and head directly to Yellowstone and the Northeast gate.

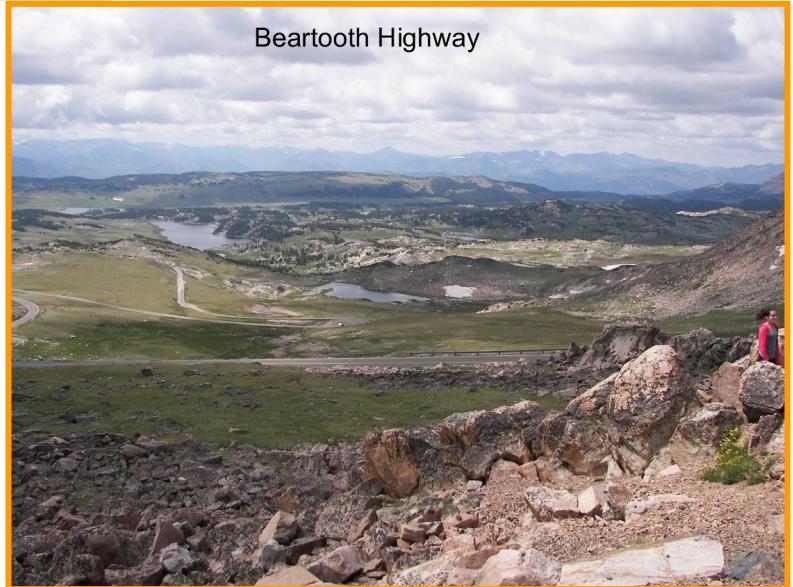
But if you are in the area, Chief Joseph is a must. But button up as the temperature was in the forties and the wind was blowing hard. Beartooth was a mixed adventure. Unfortunately for us it was road repair time. There were many washouts and traversing the gravel spots was unpleasant. Then the waits for one way traffic made for an even more unpleasant time. Aside from that, the road was all it was said to be. Twisting and climbing, 15 miles per hour curves all lent itself to a biker's dream. At nearly 11000 feet we reached the top, stopped, and observed the beautiful sight.



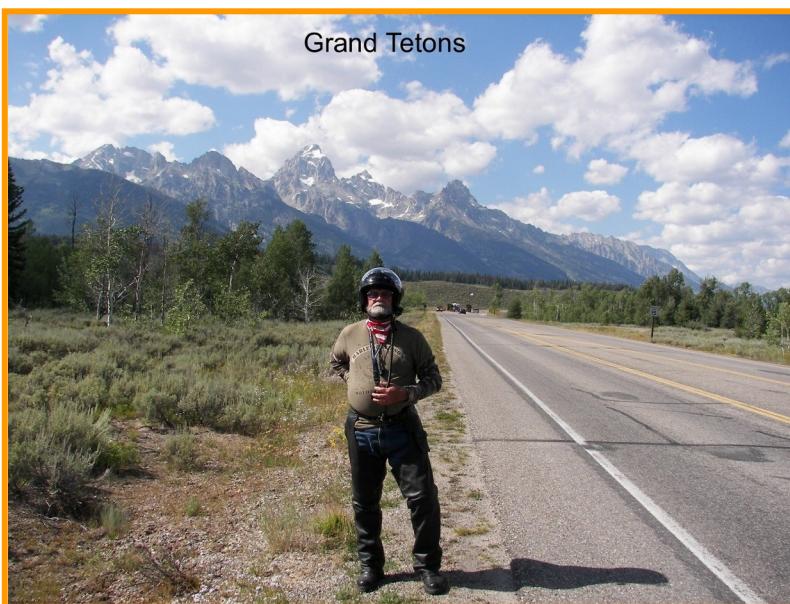
Beartooth Highway

Reaching Red Lodge, we had a late lunch and shed our cold weather gear. It was actually short sleeve weather now. Wanting to make Yellowstone that evening we took the eastern path back down to Cody (Hwy 308 over to Hwy 72). Traveling down Hwy 72 was a bit eerie as two people had been killed the day before on a tight curve. Reading this in the newspaper we were very careful of this curve. From Cody it is about 50 miles to the Park Entrance. Once we entered the park, traffic kept us at about 25 miles per hour. We took our time in seeing some of the attractions, then when we were ready to find lodging an accident kept all traffic from moving for over an hour. It was dark when we exited the west side of the park for a night in West Yellowstone. After unloading our gear, we headed for pizza and beer.

The next day we made sure we saw Old Faithful one more time and then off to the Grand Tetons. We had heard that there was considerable road construction out past the South Entrance...but then we heard there was none. There was construction and some of the worst engineering I have seen. There was at least TWENTY MILES of dirt road that was wetted down in many areas. We were in second gear for almost the entire distance, slipping and sliding in many places. It was shameful to repair roads the way they were doing it. (Although I am relaying the 2009 trip, I must mention that in 2018 there was a horrible storm that knocked out the fuel pump in Old Faithful Village...no fuel. We waited for at least two hours and then decided to try for West Thumb. We made it through driving rain, not pleasant. My point,...seems something is always giving problems in Yellowstone.)



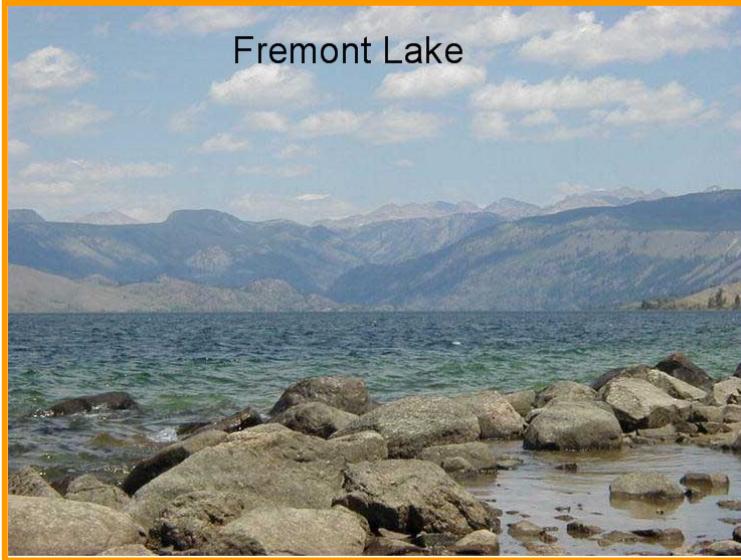
Beartooth Highway



Grand Tetons

The Tetons were still there, and the weather made for great pictures. We spent some time at the marina on Jackson Lake then continued on down Hwy 191. There are not many towns along this route and as we entered the town of Pinedale, we decided this would be a good place to stop for the night. Asking about a good place to eat, we were directed to a place about five miles north of the town on Fremont Lake. The lake is nestled in the hills and boasts about being the deepest natural lake in North America at 600 feet. Aside from the lake, the scenery to and from the restaurant was equally great. Still in our riding clothes and looking a bit scruffy, we were still treated at the Lakeside Lodge with a hospitality that ranks among the tops of my trip. As usual the bed was a welcome sight and snoring was heard five minutes after we hit the room. One member of the group never removed his clothes until the wee hours of the morning.

Fremont Lake



Getting to Moab from the north can be done in two ways. Hwy 191 orHwy 40, Hwy 139, short section of I70 and.... this is a must, Hwy 128. The first 15 miles, you wonder if you made the right decision to come that way, but after those 15 miles you now are riding along side the Colorado River for the next 30 miles.

This has got to rank among the most scenic roads in the US. Deep in the canyon, the temperature was cool and the majestic rocks on either side had you constantly looking up. The Colorado is mild for this stretch, but it twisted and turned often, and the road followed. We saw wild rams and of course, if you will remember our Rams fan, we stopped for several pictures.

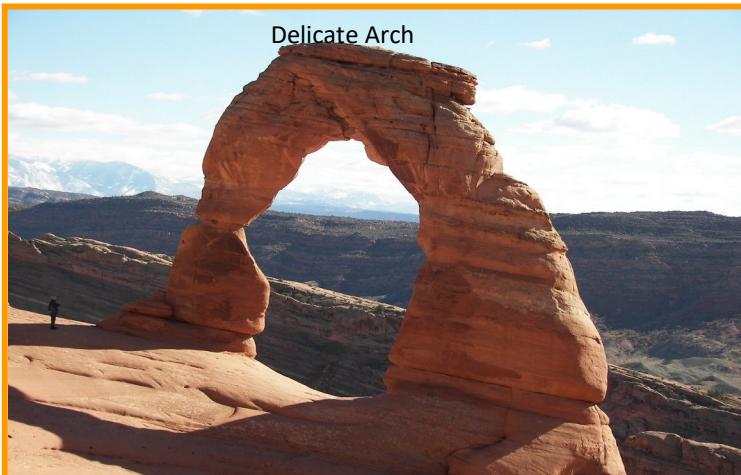
We arrived in Moab shortly before dark and settled into a nice motel. For dinner, we were directed to the Moab Brewery and without a doubt, need to recommend this eatery to any visitor. They made several of their own beers and the few we sampled were all (in our humble opinion) first class.

The next day, the first 100 miles was a bit boring. Nothing but rolling plains and scrub grass. However, we were entertained by the prairie dogs that sat on the side of the road and waited until we were upon them to dart across the road. Many times, they would stop in the middle of the road, petrified. We never hit any but there were obvious signs that many never made it to the other side of the road. Not knowing about the availability of fuel we topped off in Rock Springs and then continued down Hwy 191 to Flaming Gouge Recreational Area and Flaming Gouge Dam. Still on Hwy 191 we soon came upon Vernal, Utah. For those interested, Vernal is home to the largest quarry of prehistoric Jurassic dinosaur bones. This would hardly go unnoticed, since almost every shop had some sort of sign or scale model of one species or another of dinosaur, in their window, in front of or on top of their building. We flipped a coin as to whether we would travel west on Hwy 191 to Moab or east through Dinosaur, CO. We traveled east. <-----

Scenic Hwy 128 in Utah along Colorado River



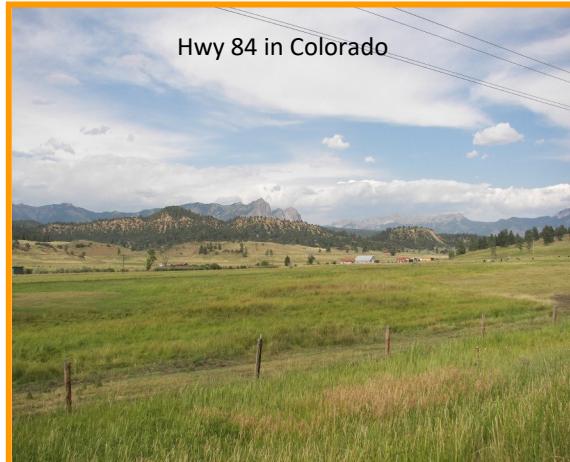
Delicate Arch



The next morning, we all rode to Arches National Park and took the 24-mile round trip through the park. As you may know the park has over 2000 arches of various sizes and other unusual rock formations. Staying on the road, we were able to see many of these unique formations, but to see the more grandiose arches, you need to walk a bit.

After a tour of the visitor's center, my buddies and I had to part company. They headed for California, and I headed east. Continuing south on Hwy 191, I traveled to Monticello, dodging more prairie dogs, then turned eastward toward Colorado on US 491.

Traveling through Cortez, Colorado, I saw where Four Corners was only 35 miles away. Although tempting, it was not in my plans, so I pushed on. I did stop for a few minutes on the outskirts of Cortez and wandered through one of the largest junkyards of classic cars I had ever seen. There are hundreds of models from the 1920's, 30's, 40's and 50's. Most needed extensive repair but for someone into that hobby, this place would be heaven. By the time I hit Durango, I was ready for a late lunch. Of all the Mexican restaurants', I took the suggestion to try Nini's Taqueria. Excellent food but of course was four times what I needed to put away. Continuing to Pagosa Springs along Hwy 160, I started to see the foothills of the Rockies. The road was lined with large farms with green fields, the sun was out....it was a great day.



Just past Pagosa Springs, I turned south on US 84. I can't say enough about this highway. Little did I know that before it was all over, I would put over 575 miles on US 84 alone in Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas. And all of it was great road. Well-kept and great scenery. But what was fascinating about US 84 was how the scenery changes so abruptly. The Colorado portion had green fields, towering trees, and the Rockies in the distance, but as soon as I crossed into New Mexico I came out of the rolling hills and onto a huge plateau with rock formations that equaled those of Utah.



I was planning on making Santa Fe, but as evening came, I opted for Santa Cruz. Not a real good decision as the ride the next morning put me into the work traffic in Santa Fe, stopping at more than thirty traffic lights.....stopping, not passing through. I few miles of Interstate 25 and then it was south on US 285. Good road but absolutely zero towns (maybe one or two within 80 miles) and little traffic. But it got better; once I turned onto Hwy 60 at Vaughn, there were stretches of road that I traveled where I did not see a car or truck for thirty miles. And you could see for miles, between Fort Sumner and Clovis, I believe there was close to forty miles of straight highway – no curves. (Check it out on Google).

Coming into Fort Sumner, you see the signs about the burial place of Billy the Kid. Remembering the controversy about whether he was killed by Pat Garrett or not, I figured the few miles off the main highway to the gravesite would be worthwhile. The Old Fort Sumner Museum and the "Gravesite" were not worth it. If in the area, just keep truckin'; your time is worth more. Clovis was my next stop for a quick bite to eat at Cannon AFB. I was glad I stop because I got to see the CV-22 Osprey aircraft stationed there in operation. If unfamiliar with this aircraft, it is called a tilt rotor aircraft that can take off like a helicopter and then straighten its engines and fly like a high-speed fixed wing. Then on to Abilene to find a motel.

The next morning, I was heading south on US 84 and found out many things about West Texas drivers. Number one, they all pulled over to the shoulder and allowed a person to pass without getting in the opposite lane, which was nice when it was heavy traffic and number two; they don't worry about the secondary highway speed limits. In fact, many times it was posted as 70 miles per hour on two lane back roads!! But even when the limit was less, 70 to 75 miles per hour was the norm.

The remainder of my trip was like driving in my backyard. Off of US 84, I took Hwy 69 through Lufkin, then down to Jasper on Hwy 63 then over to Fort Polk to overnight. My last day was spent on Hwy 10 to Opelousas then Hwy 190 to Covington then home. All in all, it was a very memorable event and one I will not forget for some time. As you might imagine, this article was the condensed version of my trip, anyone wanting to know more has only to ask.

