

15th Ride-In, Redding, CA

Great Trip

by Ruth A. Schuetz

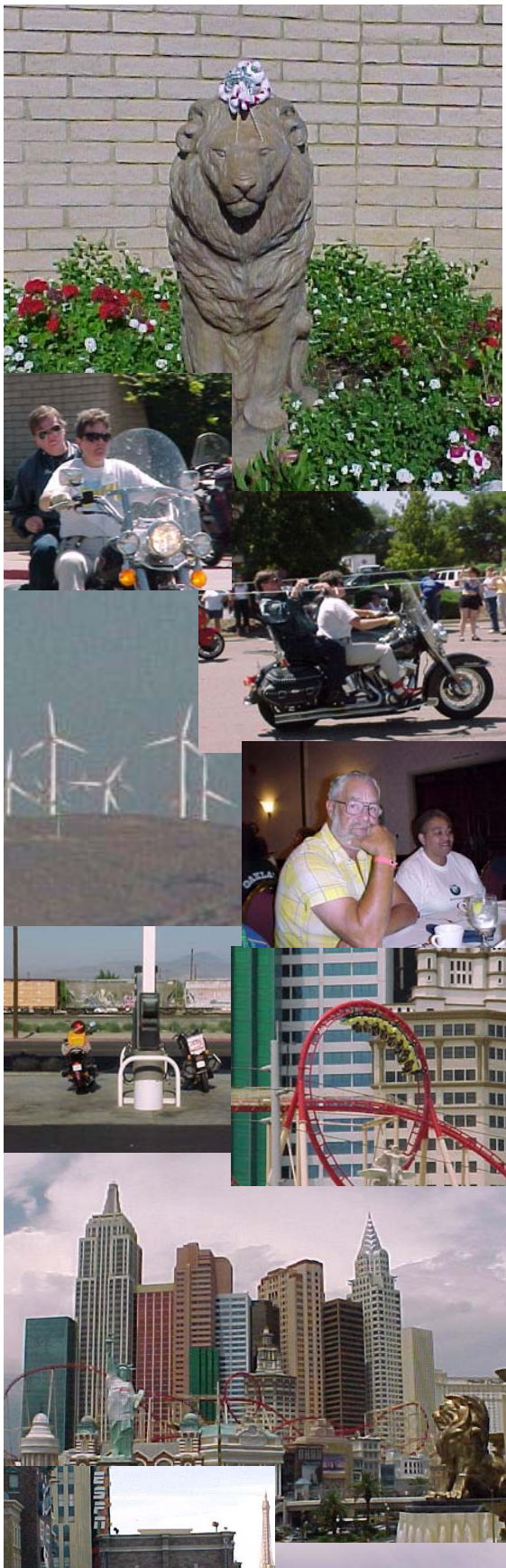
“It was great” is a good way to tell you about our July 2001 trip to the Women On Wheels® Ride-In in Redding, California.

I had a lot of fun, lost \$250 in Vegas, saw the Big Hole and only ran out of gas once.

Karen Alrid, and I left for California about 5:30 AM on June 30 and headed west on I-470 to I-70. After riding all morning and putting in about 450 miles that first day, we decided to stop in Limon, Colorado instead of trying to make it into Denver. It was only between noon and 1 PM but it was getting hot, so it was a good time to call it a day.

Most mornings, we were on the road between 5:30 and 6:00 AM and calling it a day between noon and 1 PM. It was getting hot by that time of day, and we had put in the miles we needed to.

The time I ran out of gas was Tuesday morning. We had filled up the night before in Wendover, Utah and had only gone about 10 miles into Wendover, Nevada before we stopped for the night, so we really didn't need gas the next morning. Tuesday morning, we were on the road about 5:30 AM, Mountain Time, but within about 20 miles we lost another hour and were in Pacific Time, so in actuality we had started that day at 4:30 AM. We rode for about 40 miles or so and I saw a sign that read that the next service area was 30-something miles away. Looking at my odometer, I saw I had 50 plus miles already so I thought we probably should top off, since that I was only getting between 70 and 80 miles before my idiot light came on. Well, the place was closed, because it was only about 5:30 AM local time. Instead of waiting until about 7 AM, when the place opened, we decided to see if we could make it to the next service area. Well, in about another 25 miles my idiot light came on and within 15 miles I had to turn to Reserve. I was on reserve for some time and watching the mile markers so if I did run out of gas we could call 911 and see if the Highway Patrol could bring us a gallon of gas. About mile marker 317 we saw signs for the service area at exit 303. Now I am praying that I could make it another 14 miles and watching mile markers even closer. I made it past mile marker 310, 309, 308, 307, maybe just maybe I can make it, 306, 305, 304 here is Exit 303 when, CHUG, I am out of gas. I grab the clutch and roll down the exit. Karen goes around me and on to the station, then comes back to help me push the bike to the pump. It ended up that we only had to push it about the length of a football field. The man upstairs was looking after us that and every morning.





We finally made it to the Red Lion Hotel in Redding about noon on July 4, but not without a couple more close calls. We were about 100 miles from Redding, just coming into Susanville when a deer crossed the road ahead of us. All at once, there he was. Then on the other side of Susanville mama deer and Bambi crossed and Bambi had to stop and look at me. The last time, I saw this deer was on the side of the road but wasn't moving: I remember thinking "Boy, that isn't nice. Someone put a "real looking" deer by the side of the road," when all at once he turned and ran the other way.

Once we arrived at the hotel we ran into someone else there for the Ride-In. I wasn't asked, "How was the trip?" it was, "Where is your dog?" (laugh out loud). I had to explain why Millie wasn't with me a number of times, but everyone understood when I told them that I thought that the trip would just have been too long and too hot for

her to make it and that a friend was looking after her for me.

I had a lot of fun at the Ride-In, going on the rides, playing the games, and just relaxing and chatting with old and new friends. Saturday morning Karen and I were on the road again about 5:30 AM and headed for Las Vegas where we planned to stop for a couple of days.

After losing all the money we had to lose in Las Vegas, we headed for the Grand Canyon on July 10. I will never go to a National Park with Karen Alrid again (laugh out loud). Because again it rained on us, but this time the worst of it was just before we got to the Park. It rained so hard, I could hardly see, and was so cold that I would swear there was snow in the rain. We did get to see the Big Hole even it was a little overcast, and didn't have much rain the rest of the time we were in the park. But maybe that is because we stopped for about an hour to let it blow over.

All in all, I think we had a good trip. We rode, 4,214 miles over the twelve days; I now have over 62,000 miles on my bike. Our motorcycles didn't break down like mine did the last time we rode out west. The days were short because we were stopping about noon everyday and the mornings were cool and beautiful with the sun coming up.

One last thought. I hear people complaining about Kansas being so flat and nothing to see. But after riding through the western parts of Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada, I don't think they should complain about Kansas. We at least have a tree from time to time. (Smile).