

Another Great Spring Opener

I have been going to Spring Opener for the last 5 years now and I swear the ride gets worse every year. I could not believe the crap that went wrong. We blew the clutch on the chase truck at Arrow Bridge. The guys went to Clarkston and got another rig. Switched over all the gear and the trailer and we were back on the road. Shortly there after, I was a crazy person swerving all over the road with a bee in my shirt. Got it out but looked like I had a third nipple. Right before we got to the Deary gas station another one of those suckers was all up in my clothes. I pulled into the gas station killed the bike and holding it up with my knees was stripping right in the parking lot. Vest comes off; shirt comes off and I am waving my arms in the air like a mental patient escaped from State Hospital North. Dude! This is before noon!

We finally get it all back together and, dressed, we head for Bovill. I must hand it to the ladies of that town, every year they throw us a spread that is to die for. \$8, all you can eat homemade salads, desserts and they BBQ hamburgers and hotdogs for us. They throw in pop and chips. They do it to raise money for their auxiliary and for other things in the town. Any one stopping by on their way to anywhere is welcome to stop and eat.

The only thing is they could not stop the rain. Yep it started there. We all bundled up and off we go into the wild gray yonder. We had one bike break down in St Marie's. We got that one started and were back on the road... in the rain.

The bikes get to the campground and start checking in and notice that our chase truck is missing, I should have known. One of these years the Clearwater Chapter will get somewhere with no one taking a wrong turn.

We found a spot and set up camp... in the rain. And wouldn't you know the rain quit, after we were done.

Friday night and Saturday were great! We had a blast!

Of course Sunday morning, before we even got up, yeah, it was raining.

We tore down camp, bundled up and away we went, again, in the rain.

About 30 miles out I came around a corner and hit a rockslide. I kept it up by the skin of my teeth. About 2/10ths more and I pulled it over; I'd had enough and made the guys load my bike on the trailer. About a mile before St Marie's, my bike fell over on the trailer. I thought, at least I'm not on it! I thought Kathy was a pretty sedate person, but my Gawd! You should have seen her take off like a bat out hell. Passed the chase truck and the bikes and pulled the whole caravan over. Good job Kathy! We fixed that problem and headed into the gas station. Another bike breaks down and with a few friends we got her pushed into going again.

Next stop Bovill, thank you Bill! He had a fire going that was just waiting for us all to warm up by. After a refreshment and warm up we hit the road again.

Coming down the grade before Kendrick Jesse blows a rod. By that time the rain has let up pretty much thank you, so we unload my bike and load Jess'.

All my gear is still soaking wet so with donations from my friends I get bundled up real good and off we go. Chuck says next stop the broke down Chevy. I asked where is that? Duh!?! I was thinking that was a cool name for a bar.

We get the truck and head to Chucks for the unloading of all the gear and home to hot showers and hot food thankful we were all safe and sound.

You know with all the crap that went wrong this year, I know I can speak for the rest of the chapter when I say, We'll be seeing ya all again next year.