



GWRRA

**Region H
Chapter AR-E**

July 2009

Happy 4th of July

We dedicate this issue to all the Men and Women who have and are serving their Country so that we can live in a FREE Democratic Society

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June has certainly been a quiet month for Chapter AR-E activities. The Stephen Foster trip only had five participants and we had a very small turn-out for the meet to eat at KJ's Grill; 13. The hot weather has curbed our member's enthusiasm for riding and eating. Nancy and I made a trip in the Motor Home to Ruston Louisiana to replace the exhaust system

on the Stallion then we continued on to Olive Branch Mississippi to visit with Nancy's family before returning home. July may be a different month regardless of the hot weather. At last count we have 18 Chapter members going to Wing Ding in Tulsa. We don't have any other trips planned for July thus far. The Chapter Meeting is scheduled for this Saturday July 25.

Thank You
Dave & Nancy Scott
Chapter AR-E Director

DIRECTOR'S RAMBLINGS



**Region H
Chapter AR-E**

**The Chapter AR-E
Picnic**

July 2009

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**Look where the men sat—by the food
THE "MAN" TABLE**



Notice that Gwen is NOT wearing her Ear Phone



How SWEET it is



Cheryl's 10 yr old Grand Daughter, Rylynn, came to the picnic



This was taken at Shirley's Outback Biker Day

We all had a great time at the Chapter E Annual Picnic but some of the fun was just getting there. Most of the "Village People" met at the main gate and rode our bikes/trikes down to DeGray Lake State Park. We rode down Ar 7, through Gulpha Gorge, around the US 270 Bypass, down 128 and over Jack Mountain and through more back roads to arrive at the pavilion for the picnic. When we arrived, the gang was all there and we all visited together while Dave (Prez) got the burgers going on the grill. Once I saw what was happening, I decided to relieve him from cooking duties so he could socialize with the group. He couldn't resist cooking, so he came back to help and we made a good team. Everyone was fed all or more than they wanted. We had copious amounts of food and it was all great! We enjoyed talking with everyone there. After clean-up, the ones who rode to the picnic split into two groups. One group rode back to the Village and the other took the scenic route west, through Mt. Ida and back around 298 into the Village. You must read the Ladies Talk—Bumble Bee story. A great time was had by all and we just can't wait until it's time to do it again! Don Hewett



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Milwaukee Trip

July 2009

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Trip to the Harley Davidson Museum and Archives
"A Journey of Remembrance and Friendship" by Tom Harrison

With less than one week notice and with my wife headed to West Virginia to be with her folks for two weeks, I decided to ride to Milwaukee, Wisconsin to personally deliver my grandmother's photo album to the Harley Davidson Museum Archives. My Grandfather, Joseph Ryan, is well represented in the Harley Davidson Museum having joined the company in 1919, established and taught their first Service School and set up Harley Davidson in Japan. Few people know that the Japanese, at one time, built Harley Davidson motorcycles under license from Harley Davidson. My grandfather told me that they could copy the motorcycle perfectly except for the performance since they were artists and not engineers at the time.



Picture on left: Tom's grandparents Joe and Maggie Ryan headed for California circa 1950's

Don Hewett expressed an interest in the trip and this evolved into us making the trip together. In addition to being a great riding partner, Don offered several route changes which made the trip better.

We left my driveway at 8:30 on June 8th with Mona on my backseat and her suitcase on the back of Don's Harley. We had a quick breakfast at Mc Donald's and then dropped Mona at the Little Rock airport so she could catch her flight to W.Va. We then proceeded down route 40 and picked up route 55 north just outside of West

Memphis. At Don's suggestion, we took route 57 northeast which appears to be a shorter route to Bloomington-Normal, Ill and bypasses St. Louis. A good upgrade! We stopped at a Day's Inn in Mt. Vernon, Illinois which is almost exactly half way on our 800 mile ride.

The next day, we proceeded north on 57 and were supposed to turn west on route 74 at Urbana-Campaign, Ill. Don's NAV had a hick up caused by not anchoring the route with via points and as such we wound up heading towards Chicago. When the error was discovered, we took route 9 due west which connected us to route 39 north out of Bloomington-Normal, Ill. The connecting road was wet from a recent rain and I was nervous about the tar ribbons running in the direction of the road and the yellow lines, both of which can be slick. I hit one of the ribbons in a corner and my rear wheel skipped about 2 inches.....a wake up call. Then I hit a yellow line and my rear wheel kicked out 8 inches and I wound up "flat tracking" around the corner with the front wheel pointed in the direction of the skid. This cancelled any need for Milk of Magnesia for at least a month!!!!!! The Wing was not doing well on this road but Don's Harley was riding perfect lines on all corners. We made it to 39 north and rode on to Beloit, Wisconsin where we picked up route 43 into Milwaukee. NAV took us the rest of the way in to my friends John Wagner's condo in Brookfield, Wisconsin. With the exception of a little spatter of rain and some road construction just south of Mt. Vernon, Ill, this was a good, fast route which I recommend for those traveling from Little Rock or Hot Springs Village to Milwaukee.



After unpacking our stuff and having a half dozen drinks, we climbed into John Wagner's car and drove to Madar's famous German restaurant for dinner.



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Picture on Left: Madar's restaurant in Milwaukee

John took us on a mini tour of downtown Milwaukee and we discussed all of the changes that have taken place since I visited it as a child. Most of the breweries are gone except for Miller. Old solid industries such as Allis Chalmers are gone. Harley Davidson has thrived and opened plants in Tomahawk, Pilgrim Road, East Troy (Buell plant) to include with their old plant at Capital drive. Juneau Ave, which used to be the entire Harley Davidson operation is now just offices.



On Tuesday morning, Don, John and I arrived at Harley Davidson Archives at about 8 a.m. Harley Archives on Left – Museum is on the Right

I had scheduled a meeting with them to present and discuss the use and processing of my grandmother's photo album which includes many priceless old pictures of Harley Davidson motorcycles/people including group pictures in front of the Juneau Ave plant in the 1920's. The Archives staff treated us very well and honored my request for a detailed tour of the Archives. The Archives, like the rest of the museum, is incredibly well thought out. Smaller files including pictures, trophies, artifacts, books, pamphlet's etc. are stored in metal "moving wall" library type shelves which reach from floor to ceiling. By not having fixed isles, they were able to more than double their storage capability. I was surprised to see that motorcycles are stored exactly the same way!!!!

Imagine, motorcycles stacked three high in moving wall shelving.....again, allows high density storage and retrieval. The museum plus Archives has over 450 motorcycles, of which only about 135 are currently on display in the museum.

Bill Jackson, Archives Manager, Jim Fricke, Curatorial Director (was on the SPEED channel discussing the museum), and Kimberly Thomas, Archives Intern spend considerable time with us.



Tom with Bill Jackson, Archives Manager

Kimberly took us on the detailed tour of Archives and then lead us directly in the museum which was now open.....no one paid admission. It was no surprise to me that Don paid a lot of attention to and interviewed the man in charge of restoring the motorcycles in the Museum/Archives collection. I believe that had they offered Don the job at no pay, he and Val would be moving to Milwaukee on short notice!

The museum is beautifully designed and I feel closeness to my grandfather when I visit it. My grandfather, Joe Ryan, is heavily represented in the section referencing the Service School which he founded and taught the first class, the board track display where there is a picture of him performing mechanic duties on board track racer and in the competition area where there is a large silver cup that he won in an race in the early 1920's. Harley offers people the opportunity to buy stainless steel rivets in small and large sizes to place in areas around the museum in remembrance of people. We helped John search for and found a rivet his friend had purchased. We finished the visit in the museum store which is worth the trip in itself. A few purchases and we



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We left there and had lunch at Ketel's which is a good German restaurant but not nearly as pricey as Madar's. John then drove us to the old Veteran's Hospital near the baseball stadium and we toured the grounds. Many of the buildings are over 100 years old and my grandfather was there for cancer treatment. That night, we had dinner at a Chinese restaurant that served so much food, Don and I had the left overs boxed and had a big dinner the next night.



Tuesday morning I had committed to take John Wagner to the airport for his latest journey around the world. I do not think there is a country that John has not visited at least once! Prior to that, Don and I rode to Wisconsin Memorial park located off of Capital Dr. and paid respects to my grandparents and aunt who are buried there. We then went to the Capital drive plant only to learn that they were shutdown for a week (all of Harley plants were down for the week) and that all plant tours were cancelled!

Picture left: Joe Ryan circa 1920

They did have the gift shop and the theater open so we watched a film about the plant and it was really a decent substitute for the tour except that we wanted to talk to some of the production workers and see the assembly and machining done at a slower pace.

We dropped John at the airport, had fast food on the way back to his condo, and then rode our bikes to the Lake Michigan shoreline. In a span of about one block, the temperature seemed to drop at least 10 degrees.....interesting! We

then followed the lake shoreline and looked at some incredible parks and homes. I loved the houses until I heard what they pay in property taxes.....\$40,000 a year!!!!!! We rode through Sherwood, Whitefish Bay.....almost up to Port Washington. We hiked into Lake Michigan from one of the parks and it was beautiful.

We worked our way west on Capital drive and dropped down to Vliet street and stopped at the pub my grandfather favored. It was still almost identical to when I went there as a child. Don wanted to buy me a drink but I "forced" him to do bar dice to determine who paid. He won the first game and I won the second.

We then rode back to the condo, had left-over Chinese food and sacked out.

We left very early the following morning for St. Louis. The plan was to stop at the St. Louis arch and then continue west until we were outside of St. Louis. That ride went well accept for a brief downpour and another surprise from Don's NAV. It told him to turn at an exit just east of the Mississippi right when he was on top of it. I was following him to close to react so I went blowing down the highway headed south. I told him on the CB that I would meet him at the Arch. We crossed the Mississippi on two different bridges and wound up at the same parking lot. The Arch proved to be very interesting and takes you 660 ft in the air in a tunnel tram. From there, we went to exit 264 in West St. Louis with the plan to ride the Ozarks for two days in route to the Village. Thursday, we rode 21 south to 106 to 19 south into Thayer, Mo and then on to Mammoth Spring, Arkansas.



time at Spring privately spring is We took some Mammoth which is appronamed since the Mammoth!!!!





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Trip Report from KY

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Our Kentucky Trip

“We went, we saw, we came home”

Correction:

We went, we didn't see - twice, we came home

By Joe Dowd

Sylvia and Dan “Class Shows” Gruben, Don and Valerie Hewett, and Joe Dowd took a five day trip to Bardstown Kentucky June 18th. We stayed in Murray, Ky on the way up and Dyersburg, TN on the way home.

The areas around Bardstown and the horse farms around Lexington are absolutely beautiful. It took about a day and a half each way to and from Bardstown and the scenery in these two areas made the trip well worth getting there and back. Although it was pretty hot, we did most of our riding in the early part of the days.

The attractions we planned for the trip were 1) tour a horse farm, 2) attend the Stephen Foster show in Bardstown, 3) tour a distillery, and 4) tour Mammoth Cave. The show and distillery we could tell you about – just ask us.

However, we were late to the horse farm and missed the tour due to our hotel desk clerk telling us incorrectly what time zone we were in. (Note: if you ever travel to an area near the time zone line, be sure you pay attention to the times as you move back and forth between them.)

It was unfortunate because they gave no more tours until after we were to head home and we missed seeing a \$100 million horse. (No typo - \$100 million horse!) However, the area around the Ashford Stud Farm was unbelievably beautiful! It was lush green, streams beside every road, canopies of trees over the roads, rolling hills, and

perfectly manicured grounds everywhere you looked. Really nice on the eyes.

Saturday we headed down to Mammoth Cave - about 1 ½ hours south of Bardstown. We hit the Maker's Mark distillery on the way – where Dan and Sylvia “dipped” their Whisky, ate lunch in a small town café, and headed on our way toward the Cave. However, only about 15 minutes from the Cave, we discovered there was no way we would make it there in time for the tour. So we missed the Cave too. Bummer!

The missed horse farm tour and missed Cave tour gave us the title of our trip – “We went, we didn't see - twice, we came home.”

Valerie had a time of it with an infection in her eyes that had her eyes swollen and shut for 2 to 2 ½ days of the trip.

We gathered and partook in some libations each night in one of our rooms. Dan found a really great place to eat in historic downtown Bardstown called Mammy's – where Don had Buffalo wings (pigeon wings and legs), and Sylvia and Valerie tried their best to keep the guys under some kind of control - without much luck.

Bardstown is this really cool little town with lots of steams around town, lush greenery, and a quaint little main street with shops and cafes lining the old time architecture and buildings, the heart of the town.



Happy Trails



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Trip Report from KY

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Valerie's version of the KY Trip The Trip from Hades



Don and I, Dan and Sylvia Gruben, and Joe Dowd went to KY with the objective of seeing Horses, Whiskey, Stephen Foster Musical and Mammoth Cave.

We left Thurs morning and made good time, arriving in Bardstown, KY, just 50 miles west of Lexington, on Fri afternoon.— 12.30 Central time.

Don and I and Joe had made reservations at a Stud Farm for 3pm—Eastern.

When we arrived at the motel, the receptionist told us that they were on CENTRAL time, which was 12.30, so we had lots of time. However, all the cell phones said that it was 1.30. We had to leave no later than 2pm to get to the Stud Farm by 3pm.. We went back to the receptionist and she insisted that we were on CENTRAL time. We finally called the Stud Farm and found out that we were, in fact, on EASTERN time, so we better hurry if we wanted to make the last tour of the day.

Don and I and Joe were really “bookin it” down the highway. We had the farm’s address in our GPS.



We finally got to the address, but it was not the correct address where you enter for the tour. We call up the farm and the gal says that there are about 10 entrances to the 27,000 acre Stud Farm. She does not know where we are, so we keep going in hopes of finding the correct entrance.

Finally, we see the Main Entrance sign and she buzzes us in. However, we are too late for the tour. They left about 10 minutes ago. We beg, we plead, but to no avail. We wanted to make a

reservation for Saturday, but they are only open Mon to Fri. I am nearly in tears because I have been waiting for so long to see the KY thoroughbreds and this was a Stud Farm.

The lady gives us a bunch of phone numbers for other stud farms. We call all 6 of them and finally get a small Stud Farm that is open on Saturday. We make a reservation for Sat. at 11.30. I am feeling so much better. She also tells us that there is a whiskey distillery just down the road “a piece”.

Again, we drive quickly to this distillery and arrive just in time to see the last tour coming back from the tour. Our luck is not going to well.

One thing that did go well was we were able to eat the Bourbon chocolate balls and have some Bourbon Whiskey before we leave to meet Dan and Sylvia.

Fri night we saw the Stephen Foster Musical. Now, I listen to Tina Turner, Dylan, Pink Floyd and The Stones on my IPOD, so I was a little leery of this musical, since Stephen Foster composed “I Dream of Jeannie”, “Oh Suzanna”, and “My Old KY Home”. It was a musical telling the life of Stephen Foster and all his girlfriends and the tough time he had getting his songs played. Eventually, everything worked out. He got the right gal and became famous, too.



Saturday was going to be full of tours. Don and I were going to the Stud Farm. Then we were going to meet Dan and Sylvia and Joe and go to Mammoth Cave and then to a distillery.

Well, not exactly.



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Trip Report from KY

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Saturday morning I went to put my contact lenses on and my eyes were burning so badly, I could not see. We had to cancel going to the Stud Farm because my eyes were burning so badly.

We all went to Maker's Mark Distillery. Since my eyes were swollen shut by that time, all I saw was the white legs and white socks and white sneakers of the people in front of me. I was walking around holding the shoulder of Don so that he could lead me around. Sometimes Don forgot to tell me about a step up—so much for being graceful. One time Don went outside and left me by the tub of yeast and grain. I opened my eyes a little and it looked like oatmeal bubbling. The group of people were going on and I was left standing there alone without Don. You can't imagine how your other senses take over when you cannot see. I started calling "Don, where are you?". He eventually showed up. After the tour, we had whiskey and Bourbon Balls. I felt better after that.



Our next stop was going to be Mammoth Cave. By then I was in so much pain that we had to go to the hospital to see what was wrong with my eyes. Don and I went to the hospital and Joe and Sylvia and Dan went to Mammoth Cave. We planned to meet later at the motel.



We went to the Emergency Room and since no one was there, we were ushered right in to see the Dr. on call. He introduced himself and shook my hand. All I saw of him was that he had nice long slender hands with a firm handshake. He put some drops in my eyes and told us that this was going to be like CSI. He closed all the doors and drew a curtain over the windows. He told Don to come look at my eyes. He then waved a black light over my eyes. Don said that my eyes were lime green like a werewolf. The diagnosis

was that I had a severe allergic reaction to ??, which caused conjunctivitis, also known as "pink eye". He gave me an anesthetic so that it would deaden the pain for about an hour or so. It worked in a minute. My eyes felt as good as new. However, when he left the room, my eyes went back to hurting. I asked the nurse what happened and she said "The Doctor forgets that the patient has to blink. Once you blink, the medicine is gone." Oh Well. At least I had 5 minutes of no pain.

After we left the hospital, we went to meet Dan, Sylvia and Joe. I was excited to learn about Mammoth Cave. When we met them and asked them about Mammoth Cave, they said that they missed the tour by 20 minutes. They thought that the cave was closer than it really was. Don and I felt bad because if they had the GPS, that could have told them the destination time.

Now, all of us have missed our tours. I especially wanted to see the horses. I only saw 4 horses. I did see a blur of brown out in the distance and was told that there were about 20 horses grazing.

Here are some facts about Stud horses :

- They mate 3 times a day, but it is all artificial insemination. This is to protect the horse from injury.
- They go south to Argentina and Chile in the summer to mate with the South American mares.
- One of these studs is worth 100 Million dollars.
- They charge up to \$150,000 to mate with these studs
- So, 3 times a day times 350 days is 1050 times a yr that they mate.
- 1050 times a yr times \$150,000 is \$17,500,000 that the Stud makes in one yr
- Multiply that by 20 yrs because that is the length of yrs that the stud can mate. \$350,000,000.

I will now go and watch the DVD about STUDS



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Spotlights

July 2009

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Up Close & Personal with Charlie Stockton



Who is this guy Nick named Taxie that loves green?

Born just a few years ago in Provo, Utah moving to Texas as quickly as he could (at six months) to a small west Texas town named Plainview. The town got its name honestly since everything is in plain view. The story about a dog running away from home and you could still see him for three days came from this part of the country. I'm married to a girl I fell in love with the first minute I saw her and married her four months later. Cheryl and I celebrated our 39th anniversary in June still in love and enjoying life.



I graduated from Plainview High School then on to college at the University of North Texas in Denton graduating in 1966 with a degree in Business Administration. The Vietnam War was hot and heavy by this time so I joined the Army Reserves and was trained as a flight operations specialist in a helicopter unit. After about a year of active duty I started my career in retailing. My first job was with Montgomery Ward as an assistant store manager. Then Globe (a discount store division of Walgreens) where I was an assistant then store manager for about seven years. My final career move was with Clairol, a division of Bristol Myers Squibb, where I spent the next 25 years until they were purchased by P&G. and offered me a package I could not refuse.

That leads us to Hot Springs Village where we retired to in 2003 and began the wonderful life of golfing, traveling and riding motorcycles. We have two children, our daughter Cheri, her husband Rick and of course the smartest granddaughter in the world Rylynn currently ten years old. They live here in the Village owning and operating Reliable Heating & Air. Our son Chad & his wife Leann live in Baltimore, Maryland where he is a writer and she is a doctor. They have no children as yet but we are hopeful they will some day so we can help spoil them also.

Now back to the question at the top. Who is Taxie? It all began in grade school where a former friend thought I looked like a taxi cab coming down the street with two doors open. The name stuck with me through high school but thankfully was left behind in college. Speaking of college that is where I wrote a paper called "Why I like green" that helped me get out of freshman English and I have loved green ever since.

We look forward to many more years of riding the mountains and hills with all our friends in the Goldwing club. Thanks for allowing us to be a part of your life.





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Tech Talk

July 2009

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More about Tires By Don Hewett

In the last two issues of the newsletter, Rick has written detailed procedures for removing and installing the front and rear wheels on the Gold Wing 1800. I thought it would be a good conclusion to this subject to discuss some of your options for buying tires and getting them mounted and balanced.

I have been buying my tires over the internet and having them mounted and balanced by Terry's Bike Shop in Hot Springs.

I discovered a couple of weeks ago that my rear tire was almost gone and had not ordered one over the internet. I needed one before my Bardstown trip and started shopping locally. I discovered that I can buy them cheaper at Al's Cycle in North Little Rock than I can get on the internet.

I brought my wheel in and his guy stopped what he was doing and mounted and balanced my tire while I waited and I was gone in about 20 minutes.

I called back and asked specifically for GW 1800 prices on tires and service and this is what he gave me for our club.

	MSRP	Chapter E
Gold Wing 1800 Dunlop Elite 3		
Front tire	\$208	\$119
Rear tire	\$282	\$158

Al's charge for mounting and balancing the tire is \$25 if you bring in just the wheel and \$45 for each tire if you bring the bike. He uses nitrogen to fill the tires at no additional charge. This prevents the fluctuation in pressure caused by hot and cold weather. I have never heard of anyone doing this without an additional charge.

He asked that you call him a day or two before you come to ensure that he has your tire in stock. The shop is located just north of I-40 at exit 150. Here is his contact information below.

Al's Cycle Center
4801 MacArthur Drive
North Little Rock, AR 72118
(501) 758-4800



Happy 4th of July



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Ladies Talk

July 2009

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The Bumble Bee Story By Valerie Hewett

After the picnic, Don and I, Charlie Stockton and Jack and Sharon Fields went out for a bike ride around Lake Ouachita, Mt Ida and down rt 298.

While we were riding, my left ankle felt like it was on the hot metal pipe burning my skin. I told Don how it felt and then another burning sensation took place. At that point I just knew it was a bee that had flown up my pants leg and down into my boot.

I started jumping and wiggling around on the bike. I was slapping and bouncing my ankle. Now, remember, the left ankle was still swollen from being broken just a month ago.

Then the little "bugger" went around my ankle to the other side, right where my scar is, and starting biting that side. Again, I am pounding on my ankle and finally the biting stopped. However, the stinging and throbbing was still occurring. Don could not stop the bike because there was no shoulder or anyplace to stop.

He told me to put my leg up to his arm. He then unzipped my boot and took it off and handed it to me. I saw the little creature fall out. Boy, if he were only still alive, would I have cremated him. Don then took my sock off and I saw the 5 swollen places where the

bee had stung me. I was still wiggling around because of the stinging, pain, and throbbing. Don told the bikers in back of us that "Valerie has a BEE".

Finally, when he stopped at a church lot, I jumped off and threw all my stuff on the ground and started looking at my swollen ankle. Also, that little creature had bitten me 5 times and right on my scar.

Sharon Fields came running up to me and said that we saw you jumping and wiggling around on the bike. We couldn't imagine what you were doing jumping around like that until Don told us that "Valerie has to Pee."

Everyone was just laughing away except me. Sharon gave me some cortisone ointment to put on and that helped a lot.

Thank you, Sharon.

Then Betty saw us in the parking lot and rode in to say hello. That was the church where she goes and she noticed the bikes in the lot. They told her the story also and she got a good laugh.

Small world when something goes wrong.





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Members Talk

July 2009

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Bike Wreck By Doc Kenser

Here's what happened as best I can recollect:

I was at a dead stop with my left blinker on waiting for oncoming traffic to pass before I turned into my driveway. Suddenly, my bike was propelled forward and slightly off the ground at a very fast rate of speed.

I immediately lost my grip on the handlebars and saw that I was flying into the path of a pickup truck heading my way. Then, my bike hit the pavement and I was thrown forward, which allowed me to grab the bars again. I regained control just in time to lean hard to the right and barely miss the oncoming traffic.

About 100 feet from the initial impact, I brought my Goldwing to a stop at the edge of the road, turned off the key, put the kickstand down and thought to myself, "What on earth just happened?"

What happened was that a woman driving a 2007 Ford Focus was driving way too fast in a residential area. She topped the hill behind me, saw my bike and laid down 90 feet of tread trying to stop before sending

my 800# Goldwing and my 210# self flying into the air and some 100 feet down the road.

My bike sustained \$9,600 worth of damage and the amount of damage done to my body is not fully determined as yet.

One of the factors that makes riding bikes so dangerous is that, despite how responsible a rider you are, far too many autos are being driven by people who are traveling too fast, not paying attention or otherwise distracted.

The law of probabilities tells us that virtually every biker will be in an accident at some point. So, regardless of the law of the land, my suggestion is that you always wear your helmet and protective gear.

And, another point, insurance covering you and the uninsured driver is not a bad idea either as nearly one in four drivers in the Hot Springs area is not insured.

A Military Funeral By Tom Templeton

June 8th of this year Dan Gruben had the foresight to lead a group of 4 riders to Conway to ride as part of the Honor Guard for PVT. William Andrew "Andy" Long. The group consisted of Dan, myself and 2 village riders. The event was organized by the Patriot Guard.. My hat is off to the Guard. Their knowledge of military etiquette and proper respect is inspiring. There were 106 riders in all. Many organizations were represented: the Patriot Guard, the Viet Nam vets, the Combat Vets, the Christian Motorcycle Association and GWRRA. I was proud that Chapter E was there, however, I was disappointed that no other GWRRA Chapter was present. Those of us who stood as part of the flag bearers were thanked with a hand shake from a Full Colonel and Governor Bebe. If you have never attended a military funeral, the ceremony is impressive. You swell with pride as you watch our young military personal perform their duties. Whether it is the Color Guard, the Burial Detail, the Rifleman, the



Bugler, or the Chaplain, their professionalism is inspiring. The ceremonial folding of the Flag is heart rendering. It was about 26 miles from the church to the cemetery. The police did one fine job of controlling traffic, which was no small job for the procession of 106 motorcycles. The procession was nearly half a mile long. The service at the cemetery was equally impressive. My greatest concern was two of our national media did not cover PVT. Long's assassination. It appears that a Muslim terrorist attack on home soil leaving one member of our American military dead and another wounded is not news worthy. Has our self centered secular society gone so far as to not respect the death of a fine young man in the service of his country? I ask myself, is it time to assess our morals, values, leadership and our involvement in the government process?





Region H
Chapter AR-E

Independence Day

July 2009

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4th of July



During the [American Revolution](#), the legal separation of the American colonies from Great Britain occurred on July 2, 1776, when the [Second Continental Congress](#) voted to approve a [resolution of independence](#) that had been proposed in June by [Richard Henry Lee](#) of [Virginia](#).^[2] After voting for independence, Congress turned its attention to the [Declaration of Independence](#), a statement explaining this decision, which had been prepared by a [committee](#) but with [Thomas Jefferson](#) as its principal author. Congress debated and revised the Declaration, finally approving it on July 4. A day earlier, [John Adams](#) had written to his wife [Abigail](#):

The **second day of July, 1776**, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever more.^[3]



Adams' prediction was off by two days. From the outset, Americans celebrated independence on July 4, the date shown on the much-publicized Declaration of Independence, rather than on July 2, the date the resolution of independence was approved in a closed session of Congress.^[4]

One of the most enduring myths about Independence Day is that Congress signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776.^[5] The myth had become so firmly established that, decades after the event and nearing the end of their lives, even the elderly Thomas Jefferson and John Adams had come to believe that they and the other delegates had signed the Declaration on the fourth.^[6] Most delegates actually signed the Declaration on August 2, 1776.^[7] In a remarkable series of coincidences, both John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, two [founding fathers](#) of the United States and the only two men who signed the Declaration of Independence to become [president](#), died on the same day: July 4, 1826, which was the United States' 50th anniversary. President [James Monroe](#) died exactly five years later, on July 4, 1831, but he was not a signatory to the Declaration of Independence.



Region H
Chapter AR-E

Leadership Training

July 2009

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We wish everyone a happy Independence Day and hope as many of you as possible are planning to attend Wing Ding in Tulsa. If you are planning to attend, please stop by the LTD Information table found in the vendor midway and say hello. We look forward to meeting you and wish everyone a safe trip to and from the rally. At the time of this article, we are completing last minute details and plans for our members' enjoyment in the many seminars that are being offered this year. Seminar topics cover almost every subject you can imagine in connection with our great association. We are certainly excited about this and other events planned for Wing Ding and hope you are as well.



We are excited that our Leadership Training Seminars will be available online to any Certified Instructor very shortly. We have a few last minute details to complete and will be sending login and password information to Region Trainers and Master Instructors as soon as possible. Region Trainers will disseminate login information to the District Trainers, and we invite all of you to peruse the materials available. Certified Instructors will have the opportunity to update seminars and submit new seminars for consideration and approval through the website. If you see the need for either, please see the instructions as to the procedures to follow to make your contribution to the maintenance of the

seminars available.

We are continuing to make improvements to the curriculum as well as updating the LTD Handbook and the Instructor Development and Certification Course. Both should be available shortly on the curriculum page of the LTD area of the GWRRA website. All of these improvements will help make our training more consistent and everyone will have the most up to date information.

The members will benefit even more from what LTD has to offer, and hopefully your role as Instructors will be enhanced as well.

We will be discussing future plans for Leadership Training at the LTD Staff meeting on Friday morning, July 3rd at Wing Ding. Please make plans to attend if you are going to Tulsa. If you are unable to attend we will be sharing more about this in our next newsletter. We are looking forward to the second half of 2009 to continue the great start the first half of the year has been for Leadership Training. We appreciate your efforts in assisting our officers and members and invite you to contact us with any questions you may have. Remember, YOU are making a difference.

See you in Tulsa!

By David & Kathy Orr
Leadership Training Division Directors



Region H
Chapter AR-E

NEW District Director

July 2009

www.eaglewingschapters.org



Hello
Chris & Pam
DePriest

Wow, where has the month gone! We have been busy trying to get ourselves together. We think we have everything in one basket, now we just have to climb in the basket and sort it all out.

As you can see we have been trying our best to get out and visit and help all of our chapters in the District. If we are going to reach our goal of taking Arkansas to the next level, then we have to be willing to do our part, But we can not do it alone we need each of our chapter members to get out there and help in every way they can. The best and most fun way to contribute is to go visit others. Each of us have a part in this District and the more we contribute the more fun it will be.

We have been since the last We finished the with Chapter L's rally and then started off June with a trip to one of our newest chapters in the District, the Roadrunners of Van Buren Chapter R. Both of these rallies were a lot of fun and we enjoyed competing with others in the bike games at R.

Don't they make a lovely couple

busy letter. month



The following Sunday we headed to Jonesboro to sit in on their meeting and help them push on to the next level for the oldest chapter in the state. the next weekend Pam and I ended up in Warren with Don & Darlene Savage from Chapter F, helping them out with a bike show and a little promoting for our Motorist Awareness Division. Then on the 20th we caught up with Chapter A at their breakfast meeting and after a short nap ended up in Conway at Chapter I's meeting.

Wing Ding is upon us and we are heading out early Wednesday morning to get there in time to help set up the Goodie Booth and to cheer Mike and Pat on in the international couple selection. We encourage all of you to try and make some time. It will not get much closer to our state than this, so go for a day or the weekend or for whatever you can.

We look forward to sharing the fun of another Wing Ding with you! See you there, and remember, If it looks like a good day to ride it probably is.
Chris & Pam DePriest





Region H
Chapter AR-E

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July 2009

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