

Paris to Decatur, Buttlite IIIII

Pictures at: <http://s280.photobucket.com/albums/kk178/rallybubbas/ButtLite%20IIIII/>

Eddie and Adam always seem to have something up their collective sleeves. When the Paris-Dakar got cancelled, they un-cancelled it with the Paris-Decatur Rally. Now, I've been in the last two Buttlites, but this potential twist somehow bothers me. The Paris-Dakar is supposedly the worlds toughest off road endurance race. Knowing Eddie's penchant for "local roads", I expect a plethora of gravel roads in the offering.

Mike Allen and I had planned to ride together again; a partnership did us very well in BL IIII. That's not entirely true, it served me well; Mike was undone by crappy CB and some lost paperwork. Due to some financial issues (new home, new wife, new life), Mike had to withdraw from this year's Buttlite; he will be missed.

Determined to not repeat the same mental mistake I made for the 07 IBR, I planned to arrive early in Decatur. Fortunately, my new boss decided to make that trip even easier by announcing to me on July 28th, that my unit was being reorganized and I was out of a job. Over a pitcher of margaritas at our favorite Mexican restaurant, Jean and I decide that despite being newly unemployed I should ride anyway; what's another 2500 in credit card debt. The newfound freedom allowed me to take care of some pre-rally maintenance without any real pressure as well as a few items on the honey-do list.

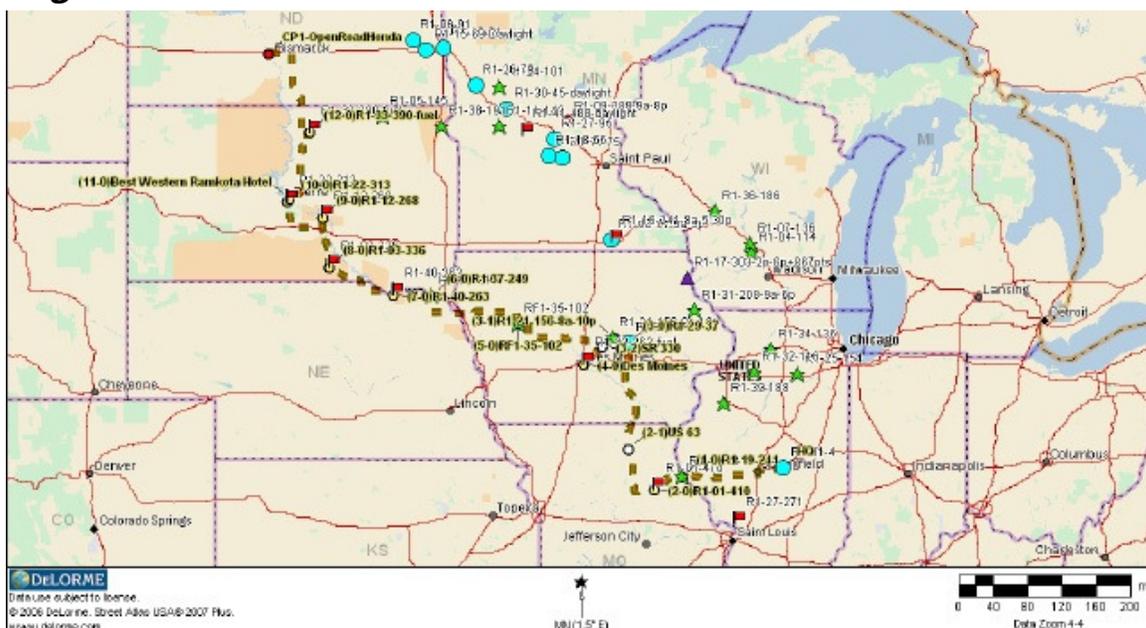
Fresh oil and tires, Jean's quick peck on the cheek for good luck and I'm off; first night layover, Clarksville, WV. I have some scouting to do for a few upcoming rallies as well as some Raiders on a Lost Bike locations to bag on the way to Decatur. Just before arriving in Clarksville, Jill warns me that severe thunderstorms are approaching; I can see that just by watching the horizon. As I unload my gear for the night, the skies open up and put on a fantastic lightning display.

I arise to the morning sun with that sweet smell after a refreshing rain, and I start my trek west. I plan to spend the night somewhere between Cincinnati and Indianapolis while avoiding the interstate system as much as possible. It's not that I don't like the interstate system; it has its uses. I just find it incredibly boring. I prefer the old US routes as well as the state routes; "power sniffing" as it's called on the Motorcycle Tourers Forum (a play on the term "flower sniffing" which refers to using the back roads and seeing the sights).

Rather than bore you with the details, I did visit some very good potential boni and well as about a half dozen of Raiders stops along the way. Arriving at the Decatur Hotel and Conference Center, aka P-D HQ, around 10:30am local time, played perfectly into a relaxed check-in procedure. Paperwork, some rally swag, odo check, see the Judge, and you're done- no hours long queues here. Unfortunately, Decatur's only full service hotel isn't really near anything; it's located at the 51/72 western interchange and the city hasn't grown that direction yet. Bar service starts early, even at the Buttlite. Riders have mostly assembled there for some much needed jawing and re-acquainting with old friends. There is no bravado among this group; we all know why we're here- to make Eddie and Adam's vacation a living nightmare.

Monday is the rally meeting day and starting dinner. I do some laundry early in the day and catch up on potential job leads. I will be trying to not think about this for the next week or so, but I do have to get those applications in that are due before I get home the following weekend. The afternoon meetings aren't quite the same without Adam. Dinner brings all-in-one rally packs and flags. Roughly 40 boni are dispatched in about an hour, with two basic routes planned- one eastern along the base route with more stops and a western one with fewer stops, but more miles. I chat with the Mike Phelps that isn't winning gold medals in Beijing about routing choices; he and I teamed up for the last 36 hours of BL4. We had both quickly ruled out the "make a statement" bonus (eight states including a Pocatello and rest bonus mandatory) as yes, possible, but will leave you spent for Leg 2. Multi-day rallies are all about pacing; saving yourself for the later days when the burners are out of steam.

Leg 1



At the 5:45am riders' meeting, Eddie announces the twist. On every leg, all riders must visit a Paris or Decatur bonus or be subject to a 1,000 pt penalty. Several riders were late to the meeting and missed this important tidbit; they'll find out at the first checkpoint. Fortunately, my route already had Paris, MO on it; otherwise, I'd be in the line with the other riders at the local gas station for the 4pt Decatur bonus. There were several "celebrity bonus locations" scattered throughout the list- one was another one of the TS classics: future points for one stop on this leg, provided the rider retains the item given and produce it during subsequent scoring periods. It didn't fit my route (the purple triangle in eastern Iowa), but it turns out Grady Dunham was the celebrity at that location. Celebrity birthplaces and graves also abound, leaving one to be amazed or confused or both.

Mike Phelps and I headed west, grabbing our first two locations with relative ease, and then turned north towards the cluster near Des Moines. This area of the country was subject to some of the most severe flooding seen since man tried to confine the Missouri river into a concrete lined channel. Evidence of the flooding is everywhere; mostly documented with mud or debris lines. We encountered only 2 road closures due to the extensive flooding; not bad considering the amount of rain that fell and number of square miles effected. Outside of Ottumwa, Mike and I get separated in truck traffic; I suspect his Jill has routed him through town as my Jill has taken me over to the new bypass. I'm not worried; Mike knows what he's doing.

I press on to the west again, getting a bonus real close to Niobrara (BL4 HQ). Although the Two Rivers cheeseburgers are very tempting, I turn to the north for the last bit of this leg. At this point I keep running into Andy Kirby- he's leaving boni as I'm pulling in to them. Determined to get in front of him without using excessive speed, I opt for SD1806 from the Lower Brule Tribe HQ to Fort Pierre which takes a leisurely path along the Missouri, retracing the overland route of the Corps of Discovery while Andy and everyone else is routed by Jill south back to the interstate, then west and north to Fort Pierre. As I take the climb to the cemetery in Fort Pierre I fully expect to see Andy either at the bonus or heading in as I'm heading out. Lightning has been dancing on the horizon for a few hours now and as long as the rain holds off, I'm getting the Fort Pierre bonus before taking my rest; otherwise, I'll do it in the morning. Turns out the former was the better choice as the dirt road had turned to shit in the deluge. As I enter the cemetery gates, I pull HmmBee inside to park. The "road" that runs up to the cemetery grounds itself looks bad, but I've been on worse. Not knowing how far things are makes judgment on whether a walk or ride is prudent; I chose to ride. The first 60 feet or so look dicey, but the rest doesn't look too bad under the glare of my headlights, and up I go. Next thing you know, I'm parked right next to the flagpole (per the as usual spot

on instructions) and locate the appropriate grave. “How does Eddie find places like this,” I ask, as lightning crackles on the next ridge. The slow descent back to the dirt road tests my limited dirt bike skills. As I re-secure the gate, I’m convinced I’ll see a set of headlights heading in that belong to Andy’s ST. But alas, he is walking out of the Super 8’s office in Pierre. He just got a room; single bad sadly, so I take the last room available. The parking lot is littered with Sturgis refugees in transit either to or from the gathering. The motel’s night manager isn’t sure whether the receipts have check in and check out times, so off to the local 24 fuel station for a receipt.

Sleep is critical for the first few legs; I elected on 5 hrs for the 3 hr rest bonus. Up before dawn, with only one bonus and a fuel stop to go, I arrive at Open Roads Honda about 2 hrs before the checkpoint window. After getting scored and a short nap, I decide to replace my crappy Chatterbox headset; the mike is a joke and the right speaker took a dump on the way to the rally. A J&M headset is in order; open face for the Symax. After about 10 minutes of struggling, the headset is in- seems to work pretty well too.

Leg 2



Mike wound up leading the pack out of Mandan- he grabbed that one optional that I passed on in Iowa. Again 40 boni with two basic routing choices, east and westish with the must get a Paris or Decatur bonus in play, of course. The westernish route is near the base route and yields fewer points than the eastern run. The eastern run has a few time traps, involves more miles but has more points. The eastern run has a long ride of dead miles- so far there have been some dead miles both leaving the checkpoint and arriving at the next one with the bulk of the bonus locations located in between. Mike and I haul ass to the Corn Palace- it’s a “daylight only” bonus, with “daylight” defined as 6a-8p regardless of lighting conditions. From Mitchell, we head south then east to get the key ones along the Missouri River. We’re beat- we’ve ridden really hard and the prospects of another long day force us into a motel near the toll bridge bonus. Mike is fairly dejected; we took a gamble and now face a 15 hr ride just to get to the checkpoint- any bonus grabbing is purely speculation. More sleep with the final decision in the morning. Mike has had it; I try to talk him out of abandoning but he’s made up his mind. He’s not having fun and is heading home. I know this feeling; I fought with it for 5 days during the IBR.

I know the task in front of me- nearly 1000 empty miles. This leg is a bust; nearly 2000 miles of riding for next to nothing. But, you have to be in the game, and it is a game. So with my mission in hand, and just under 1000 miles to the checkpoint, Mike and I split up. According to Jill, I will arrive with 15 minutes to spare if I take the more direct route- that is 15 minutes before penalties start. It so happens, the big ball of twine is sort of on the way, and only adds 10 minutes. All I have to do is make sure there is no slippage; ride tank to tank, minimize any stops and things should be OK. As I enter Kansas, a light rain starts falling; flash flood warnings pop up on Jill like zits on a teenager- great. I snag the ball of twine and start the trek towards the Checkpoint. Jill starts gaining time. 6 hours out, I’ll be 30 minutes early; things are good-

damn, I could have gotten those couple just south of Omaha. 3 hours out, I'm 45 minutes ahead- I can stop at an auto parts store and get a replacement signal bulb- I now have time and there are no boni even remotely on the way. Checkpoint with 30 minutes to spare; whew- but what a waste. Eddie says he really tried to talk Mike out of abandoning- he had no luck either. Scores are posted; I'm solidly in the lower middle of pack, with the leaders now 3000 points in front of me- poop.

Leg 3



The mystery checkpoint is Ray Price H-D in Raleigh, NC. Again, two basic choices: head east to New Jersey for super secret celebrity bonus #3428 with a few stops along the way; or Hoover up everything along the I-20 corridor including the Robert Johnson combo bonus. I have no urge to go to New Jersey; I rode nearly 950 miles just to get to the checkpoint, and the idea of a ride even longer has no appeal. None, Zippo, nil. I pick the I-20 set with the real goal of getting the daylight only in Houston on day 1 of this leg. My next goal is to get at least 4 hours of sleep in Raleigh before the checkpoint opens. So off to bed I go; set everything for 4 hours and nod off.

Dumbass forgot there was a time zone change heading east to Houston; although I will arrive in traditional daylight, it'll be about 30 minutes late for rally "daylight". Resigned to the fact I'll be missing these, I can still get the 24 hour ones there, head northeast to I-20 and get the last 3 Robert Johnson boni for the combo (all allegedly where he was buried), then cruise east and grab everything I can along the way. First stop, 2 guys and a truck- but along the way, I see the Roswell UFO crash site- I have to get a picture of that, even if it costs me all of 5 minutes.

This part of Texas is almost interesting; elevation changes, real corners. It's also heavily patrolled by both Homeland Security and the Texas state police. Another Paris bonus (how far is it to Paris?) then onto the "grave in the middle of nowhere". Scott Davis stopped here in BL III; I had to go. And it really is in the middle of nowhere; what a place to die.

Off to San Antonio for the first of the Robert Johnson combos; maybe they shoulda warned us this was a posh hotel. Thank God for valet parking; makes places like this much easier. Off to Houston. Jill says I'll be at least 30 minutes late for "daylight"; there is no way I can make up that much time on this short of a run. To top it off, I-10 is closed just before the loop roads- oh joy. I get the beer can house and decide to bail the Galveston locations for some much needed rest on the way to the I-20 boni. I find a truck stop and try to locate a spot away from the bright lights; THUNK, what the F was that? Oh crap, I found an uncovered access box. Damn near buried the front wheel in it. Oh well- as long as it's holding air I can deal with any real damage later; I need the sleep.

Off to the butterfly capital of the world and then the three graves of Robert Johnson. The first stop, I marked the waypoint with "FOLLOW DIRECTIONS" from the intersection of Main & 82. I couldn't

easily locate the bonus when first mapping it- instead of wasting valuable planning time, my routine is to just stick the waypoint on spot where the directions are from and move onto the next location. I head one way on Main and run into the river before I run out of directions; hmmm, that can't be right. So, I head the other way on Main and can't find the cross streets as directed. Hmmm, let me try a handy police officer; he's never even heard of the cross street. Look, there's a UPS guy; they know everything. Nope. Out comes the phone- "Eddie, I think I'm in the wrong place." "You are, it was a typo" and off I go to the three graves. Here I finally see other riders. It's about time; haven't seen riders en route for days; this is kind of odd given the small number of locations. I trip in a sunken area of the last Robert Johnson grave (under the big pecan tree- right, the whole freaking cemetery is under the big pecan tree, thanks for the tip - not). Anyway, I turned my bad ankle- it will be sore and purple for another week plus (it's still that way as I write; I'm not worried, yet. It takes longer and longer to heal the older I get- it sucks getting old.) On to Oprah's and Medgar Evers birthplaces, then the King of Gypsy's grave- whoever he was. I give Mike Allen a call; my new J&M headset has a defective pigtail and I was hoping he could locate a spare for me.. Now the best bonus of the rally- the Curt Gran Waffle House bonus. For every point accrued by riders, Curt gets 10 and he's not even entered. BWHA!!

Off to Columbia, SC for a fuel receipt bonus. Now, I've been to Columbia before for the Palmetto Rambles; the neighborhoods and city lines are very confusing. I use Jill to locate a station with a Columbia address just off I-20. Works like a charm. Jill says 20-95-40 is faster than going overland to Raleigh- so off I go. Great- 95 is closed at the Pee Dee River Bridge; in retrospect, once traffic got stopped, I should have went to the shoulder and caught a nap while the police did their bit cleaning up the accident scene on the bridge. Roughly an hour later, we're moving and I get to Raleigh for 5 hrs of much needed sleep. At the checkpoint, Mike and Chip Hyde are there; Chip has a replacement headset cord for me to borrow-super. My front tire is badly worn- like it's under inflated. I deal with that later after scoring. Turns out the tire is nearly flat- not good. There is no way I can make it on what's left; resigned to buy a new tire and wait for the mounting and balancing by Ray Price's staff, Chip offers up his spare front wheel. A spare front wheel? Who keeps one of those? Well, apparently Chip does. So off he goes to retrieve the spare. I change out a burned out headlamp; I set up bike for the front wheel change (remove fender, calipers, etc). 20 minutes later, Chip returns. The wheel swap goes flawlessly; however, I strip the axel bolt. Whoops. Not to worry, Chip's got one of them too. Great guy Chip; way beyond the call here. I leave the bike in Mike's capable hands all set up for the axel swap.

Leg 4



Oh this looks promising. It's 813 miles to Decatur, we're out of cigarettes, it's light out and we're not wearing sunglasses. The leg's twist is you must end with a Paris; that is the last physical bonus you obtain must be a Paris- and they're a sizable one in Decatur. So you have to get the Decatur bonus and then travel outward to a Paris before finishing. Joy.

I can't find a route; my target number is 8,000 points. That's roughly 2500 more than the top scorers have gotten on the previous legs; and they've been running nearly 1000 above the TS projected scores. I'm sitting across from George; he's also on a wing. He's toying with Baraboo; I'm toying with Baraboo. It was roughly 1/3 of my total. I can get the other 5 grand out there somewhere, cant I? There are a few boni along the way- just a few. So George and I head out and decide on Baraboo.

Chip and Mike have the bike back together- tools are put away; I can't thank them enough. George and I roll out with the 883 pt bonus near Sarah Ann, WV as our first target; it's on the way to Baraboo, sort of. We'll need all the time we can gain since I'm familiar with these lovely WV roads- great for riding, lousy for making time. We catch the Bordeaux brothers in Bluefield- home of John Nash (A Beautiful Mind). We all have our work cut out for us. Time is not on our side; well, at least not on my side. I now realize one of the disadvantages of going digital; unless I fiddle with the internal camera clock, the time on the image is the time on the image. Fiddling also breaks the rules. "Daylight" has been defined as 6a to 8p regardless of lighting conditions; therein lies the problem. If I arrive at the bonus before the 8pm cutoff, but cant get to the picture part (for whatever reason) until after 8pm, all the work was for naught. A Polaroid user can fudge the time back to their actual arrival time if needed; I can't. This bonus involves a ¼ mile walk; it turns out, it's straight uphill to the Hatfield family cemetery on a road so bad Eddie claimed even Victor wouldn't ride on it. Well Victor didn't ride on it; he was walking/falling down the hill as I scrambled up it. With 6 minutes to spare, sweating and panting profusely from the "trot" up the hill, I got my photo. George got to do the walk twice, since he forgot his flag....turns out this bonus was indeed a comedy of errors which were regaled in great detail at the finishers' banquet. I can't wait to use this bonus in the 20-20...

Jill says the arrival time at Baraboo will be 7:15am local, if we go straight thru; I realize that this sounds swell, but I'll need some sleep along the way. My plan is to make Baraboo just as it opens at 10am local and then make a beeline to the daylight only bonus in Metropolis, IL with three stops along the way; the rest bonus is after that. George and I decide to get the Hamilton, OH bonus on the way- only adds 10 minutes, but I also wind up going near here on my end run, so I could have skipped it; I didn't have my end plans yet, so I didn't know that.

Somewhere in Indiana, we hit a truck stop for breakfast: my favorite meal. Now I plan my rally end. This has traditionally been the weakest part of my multi-day rides. I wind up at the finishing line with hours to spare; not this time. I noticed there are a few timed boni along the OH/IN border that run a relatively straight shot into Decatur, arrive with about 30 minutes to spare before penalties and get the Paris bonus last; so that's my plan for the end. So, how do I connect the Metropolis bonus (end of this run) to the beginning of the end? Beats me for now; I'll figure that out later.

Just outside of Chicago land as the pre-dawn twilight arrives, I need a nap. I tell George to go on and I'll either see him in Baraboo or at the finish. We had planned on splitting up so this was no biggie for it to happen now. After a one hourish nap, I'm back underway. To no avail; so I pull in the next rest area and try it again- another 45 minutes later, on the road, refreshed and feeling better. I know not to head through Chicago- take the loop road system, so as Jill sarcastically sighs "recalculating" at me every minute or so, I follow my instinct and miss only one turn- not too shabby. Illinois is proud of its "tolling at speed"; so much so, the barriers are proudly brought to you by the governor.... We've been tolling at speed for about 10 years back east; the NJ Tpk, Garden State Pkwy and DE-1 barriers are mostly at speed barriers- they rock.

Madison is in sight; Jill wants to route me through Madison- I don't think so. When COG was here in 99, US-12 was a rats nest of traffic lights and cars, so I ignore Jill and continue north on 90 W, exiting at the Devils Head access, then heading into Baraboo. The big tasty bonus is the Foreveratron sculpture along US-12; I recall seeing it back in 99, so I know it's near Devil's Head and have guesstimated its location as a waypoint. I spend about 10 minutes looking for it when it dawns on me that it might be in Jill- dumbshit, of course it's in Jill and she gets me within ¼ mile. I ride around the back (you had to prove you were inside the gates) to take my pic where I meet the curator. She tells me that there is a new book on the construction- stupid me fails to buy it; that's be a great keepsake. I also find out George is only 45 minutes

in front of me, so I quietly wish him happy hunting as I've got miles to make before daylight ends. Now I take 12 back to 90; boy howdy, much different than I remember. Only a few lights; mostly limited access. Near the IL/WI border I can't go on- I need sleep. I've been going for roughly 24 hours on 2 45 minute naps and it's now showing. I pull into a service center, grab a receipt (just in case another nap doesn't do the job and I wind up taking my rest bonus here) and grab some shade. I can't sleep; I'm too keyed up, but I need to sleep. I set the Meanie for 1 hr a try to nod off; about 30 minutes into my restless nap my phone rings- it's Pat Hochberg; he wants to talk about GPSes. Not right now Pat (I fear I was being rude, but assured me later I was just being tired and in rally mode), I'm on my rest bonus of the last leg of the Buttlite. I'll call you when I get home.... Awake now, and over an hour at this point, I recheck my ETA to Metropolis- 8:00 on the button. Shit, well what happens if I skip the two boni between Decatur and it? 7:55. Shit. This isn't good. I've blown the big bonus in Metropolis due to poor rest management. I had taken my rest bonus back in Illinois; I'd be fresh now and ready to make Metropolis before daylight ends. Well just shit. I call Jean to let her know where I was; I tried to call her every day, at least once a day. I also call Mike to let him know everything is doing fine.

So, since I can't realistically make the Metropolis bonus before "dark" I might as well try to get another nap and set the Meanie for another 45 minutes. Groggily I awake to the pre-warning. This doesn't bode well. I shake off the grogs, grab my laptop and head to the restaurant. I've got roughly an hour left on the rest bonus, I'm hungry and I need a plan for what to do before I start my end run. Aha, there is a bunch of boni along the I-64 corridor on the way to Cincinnati, then run north to the 9am bonus, with a possibility of getting the 8am bonus, if I'm far enough ahead. I've got about an hour to play with before my end run starts.

I get the Decatur bonus and as tempting as it is to swing by the motel and curse Eddie, I must move on. On the way to one of the Madonnas of the Trail (there's a set along the "National Trail", not to be confused with the "National Highway"(I-68) or the "National Road" (US-40); the Trail follows the Road except for the part near home. The trail leaves 40 near Frederick, MD and inexplicably heads south to Bethesda as 40 continues east all the way to Atlantic City, NJ. The Road ends at the Port of Baltimore; almost all Midwest commerce came and went through this port until WWI and the opening of the Mississippi lock system. Here I see the Bakkers on their GT. I love the GT; a great looking bike, goes like stink, shame it's so freaking expensive. I'm heading to the 3rd Cardinal line marker. I follow the directions exactly, get to where the marker should be- there is even a handy sign pointing the way. I try the dirt road it points to and after a mile, I figured even Eddie would mention a mile of travel. So back to the hard top and out come the instructions- located next to the Monsanto plant. Oh, there, in the darkness appears to be some sort of shelter- maybe that's it. It was. As I get the 2 parts to the bonus, the Bakkers arrive to do their bit. They also had problems locating it and retraced their path to the point the directions start.

I wish them luck, saddle up and head for Lexington. I grab another nap along the way- much better this time. In Lexington, the first bonus is a huge bat. Jill routes me to the intersection where the bat should be- I see no bat, Louisville Slugger type bat that is. I recheck the streets and cross streets and I'm here, but no bat. It has to be here; so I slowly scan the buildings- maybe it's so plainly obvious I can't see it. A giant flying mammal bat- how f-ing brilliant is that. Eight pictures later, I've got a good shot. I delete as I go, so not have to fool with the bad shots later- the view screen is just fine for this. Then across town to the birthplace of the cheeseburger; golly this is fun stuff.

The next bonus has been on "must visit" list for years; Big Bone Lick State Park. It was a Questionable Interpretations bonus and now I have been there too. Outside of Cincinnati I need fuel and a quick nap- 15 minutes or so. I recheck the ETA to the grocery store (the beginning of the end) and I might be able to sneak in a "nearby" bonus if I don't mind cutting into my built in safety margin at the end. I decide finish first and skip that last bonus.

I buy my 666pt grape Koolaid from Thornburg's Grocery (built on the site of the Reverend Jim Jones house, which was razed after the Jonestown Massacre), call Jean to let here know I plan to arrive around 2:15 local time and head west. I start seeing riders again; this is one of the ways back to the finish line, making sure you get Pairs last. The Rob Roy covered bridge is lovely; so is the church in Tangier. I fully expected these roads to be dirt; to my surprise, they are tarmac. Ignoring Jill for the last time, I set off

Helter Skelter in search of US-36, which takes me right by the Paris bonus and onto Decatur. I happen across a double span covered bridge; I grew up in PA Dutch country. There are covered bridges everywhere, but I've never seen a double span one before. I stop for a photo or three.

Tight on fuel, I tank up for the last time, roll by the Ernie Pyle memorial wayside and into Paris. I had been here only 10 days ago to get my Raiders on a Lost Bike bonus. I know the route back to Decatur. The end is near; the Buttlite will be over very soon and for me, this is always a melancholy time. At the eastern end of town, I light my traditional finishing cigar; man did it taste good. Arriving at 2:13 local, Jean is camped out under a tree on the back parking lot; we embrace. I check in with Mr. Pedrow and David; my rally is over. All that's left is paperwork. After showering (I really stank after wearing the same clothes for 2+ days), I complete my final set of paper; totals 7800, just shy of my target number.

The End

At the finisher's banquet, we all laugh at the various pitfalls we all encountered; the Hatfield bonus is a chain of humorous events. The bat is just hysterical; only a few riders got it right as the giant Louisville Slugger is only 2 blocks away. I was hoping to scrape out a top 5 finish; unrealistic since I did have the throwaway leg. 7th, just behind Andy Kirby- the man who started the comedy of errors at the Hatfield bonus (he forgot his memory card....) Peter Behm blew away the field and Derrick Dickson squeezed out an amazing 10,000 points on the last leg to finish second. He also won the motorcycle- nicely done.

Buttlite III III is supposed to be "unplugged"; no GPS, no laptops, no GPS cell phones, no fuel cells. The way it used to be and the way I did my first Buttlite. This should be fun.