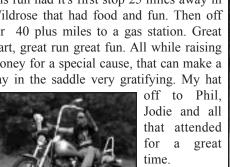
I don't attend many full poker runs, but I had a great time on this one. Lake Emily Inn is located in the mega downtown of Amherst, Junction. We attended, rode the 100 plus scenic mile ride with a smile. You all know I am not big on runs that consist of (10 miles to the next bar and so on). But this run had it's first stop 25 miles away in Wildrose that had food and fun. Then off for 40 plus miles to a gas station. Great start, great run great fun. All while raising money for a special cause, that can make a day in the saddle very gratifying. My hat







November 8, 2008 Free Rider Press/Special Feature Article by Dave Zien

Everything happens for a higher purpose, a Blessing in disguise. Challenges only make us stronger, as stated in James I. Angels in disguise and in training are everywhere - God Bless them.

Yep, here it is Saturday, November 8, 2008. I have been broken down in Yuma, AZ, since 2:00 pm Thursday, October 16, 2008. Still waiting for parts - today's got'a be the day!

October 8, I left home to put on the final 21,000 plus miles for the one million. The rear brakes went out in Madison and Capital City Harley-Davidson went way beyond

duty to get me on the road. Thank heaven, their work on evolution engines and creativeness in obtaining obsolete parts.

Thursday, October 9, 2008, I left Bloomington, ILL and dedicated this special day in remembering October 9, 1969. The 3rd platoon, Lima Company, 3rd Battalion, 4th Marine Regiment, 3rd Marine Division was overrun by NVA Sappers.

Within sight of The Rock pile, Witches Tit on Chicken Shit Ridge near the DMZ only a few of us are still alive. Survivors in remembering the Sights, Sounds and Stench of War are as real as if only yesterday.

For those who have served, suffered and sacrificed - Survival trumps glory! Reliving the horror dozens of times daily with "should a, would a, could a then evaporates into the actual tragedy.

Ya' see I had been medivaced by a Huey Gunship to the USS Repose for a 10 day stay and just returned to Lima Company. They had thrown away my gear because the Corpsman said "Wild man would never survive the 106-degree fever and the unidentified disease". I had been blown up by a Marine booby trap that had been reset/relocated by the NVA.

We'd been informed that the President Nixon Phase III Troop pullout included the whole 3rd Marine Division. We cut our patrols short, not wanting any firefight with the NVA, even though we could see the smoke from them cooking monkeys. I live with the guilt - they were obviously the ones that overrun Chicken Shit Ridge.

Holtz, Redding CA - had been one of three who put me on the medivace Huey Gunship. Howard, AL - Being considered for a court martial for carrying a live, detonated/dud Chic-com on his backpack (I found out summer 1998 that his Dad had brought lotza' souvenirs from WWII. Howard was only imitating him.)

Cox, St. Augustine, FL - "Freckled dizzy according to his Aunt".

Shields, Kiowa, OK - My best friend! Tex - That night what we thought sounded like some sport of a turkey gobbling was Tex getting his throat hacked. The gooks were trying to drag him outa' the wires. The last words we heard that night on the Prick25 Radio were "Gooks inside the Wires". Inside our own wire perimeter, they encircled our position on the two Knobs and overrun us.

Coming up from our ambush site on the north side was futile. Everyone was seemingly shooting/grenades Chi-Coms and satchel charge at everybody. Feel free to call WI Dept. of Veterans Affairs at 608-266-1311 to get the Website for Vietnam Audio Legacies. My story is there - some detail is very graphic.

October 9, 2008 well over 1,000 miles. Thoughts, memories, coulda, shoulda, woulda pulverized my six senses. The rest of the ride dedicated to their memory.

Jacksonville, FL and to San Diego, CA - back to Jacksonville to San Diego in 149 hours 22 minutes. A feat for the Iron Butt Assoc. never before achieved by anyone on motorcycle, much less on ole' Harley with 998,000 miles plus. From October 9 to October 16, 2008 I logged 8,445 miles in seven days and 8 hours. At 2:00 pm extreme engine fatigue and heat stroke for me struck both of us.

Angles in disguise and training everyone. Bobby's Territorial Harley-Davidson, Holiday Inn, Yuma, AZ (See letter to editor and October 24, 2008 feature in Yuma Sun newspaper). The Yuma Regional Hospital was where I took up residence October 20 -October 22, and November 5 - November 6, 2008.

Emergency Care at VA, Los Angles Oct. 24 and Tucson, AZ on November 7. Dozens

of experiences all along the trail - Making this whole experience memorable. Accenting the positive, learning from the negative. "God speaks to us through others - God speaks to others through us."

Yep, since October 16, 2008 mileage stands at 987,335. Only 12,665 to go. You can visit www.hupy.com for current news for bikers.

Suzann a La-Sha Luck a Laya and I are not sure what we want to do yet. We just don't want to be quitters. Perhaps we'll surge and try to get close to the Million Miles by deer hunt-

Meanwhile, my insurance agent is pursuing with Lloyds' of London for a \$150,000 insurance policy on this Harley. For anyone to ever again replicate this feat on an ole' Harley will perhaps happen never again.

On the way home, Tony San Felipo and I are talking about a ride from his office to the Harley-Davidson Museum for a brief tour. If you want to go along - Keep track of Hupy.com. You'd be welcome, even though I doubt I'll have the full million miles complete.

Catch ya later! If you see Preacher, tell him I still got his \$50 check. Tell Charmin' Charley Gorton, 715-215-1343 that I still haven't seen him in Arizona.

God Bless You, Your loved ones and our troops.

Ride to live, Live to ride.

Dave Zien/Former Wisconsin State Senator/NCOM Speakers Bureau

