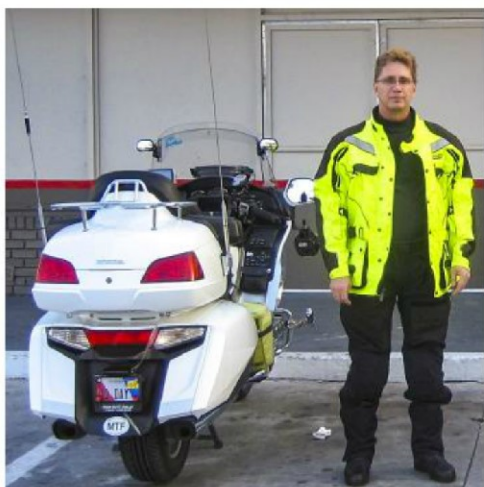


# Exhaust Note

BY **GREG RICE**



## White Line Fever

**LIFE DOESN'T SLOW DOWN** until I hit the road.

When I embark on a long-distance ride, I leave all of life's hectic, fast-paced issues behind and embrace the rhythm of the road. Chasing the painted line

on the right side of the road for mile after mile gives me a case of "white line fever," a healthy condition that keeps me sane.

My long-distance riding started back in 1970s, when a motorcycle was my primary mode of transportation. I was in the military and did not have enough money for a car, so a motorcycle was a great way to get from here to there on the cheap. Riding around town eventually led to traveling by motorcycle, which soon led to long-distance touring.

Not having much money meant I couldn't afford a hotel when out touring, so I learned to ride straight through to my destination. Long-distance riding suited me, and I made trips in the late '70s from Great Lakes Naval Base near Chicago to Miami, Florida, to Bike Week in Daytona and to the original Americade Rally in Ruidoso, New Mexico. Back then I rode a Kawasaki KZ650 with a National Cycle windshield, with my duffel bag and a sleeping strapped to the sissybar and a pup tent strapped to the front of the fork. It felt great to be on the road back then, but I preferred sleeping in beds rather than on the ground. That's when I got the bug for long-distance riding and it never went away.

In 2000, I learned about the Iron Butt Association (IBA), and in 2002 I completed my first IBA ride, a SaddleSore 2000—at least 2,000 miles in less than 48 hours. I did it on a Kawasaki Nomad 1500 Fi cruiser, and it was a hell of a ride with all types of weather, including rain of biblical proportions. I've been involved with the IBA community ever





Long-distance riding has taken Greg Rice and his trusty Honda Gold Wing all over the continental U.S., Canada and Mexico, including Alaska's infamous Dalton Highway, a.k.a. the Haul Road.

since, and I've been invited several times to participate in the Iron Butt Rally—an 11-day scavenger hunt that involves riding 1,000-plus miles per day.

Planning for an Iron Butt ride begins long before I hit the road. Weeks in advance I start rounding up items I need to take with me, organizing everything on the dining room table where I can see it so I don't forget anything. Many hours are spent on the computer using mapping software to plan my route. After my years in the navy, I was a sheriff's deputy, followed by years working as an IT project manager and software developer, and I've even owned a motorcycle accessory store. All of my occupations have required a high level of organization and attention to detail. That's one of the reasons I enjoy long-distance riding so much—preparation and planning are part of the fun.

Riding 1,500 or more miles in one day is something I've done nearly 100 times, with 46 of my Bun Burner 1500 Gold rides certified by the IBA. Long-distance riding has taken me from the East Coast to the West Coast and every state in between, as well as Alaska, Canada and Mexico. Although this style of riding isn't for everyone, for me it's been a great way to get out and see the world. I live in south Florida, and when I need a case of white line fever, I've been known to ride all the way to California and back just to have a hot dog at Pink's. 🌮