



“Rev on the Run” Travel Log

Day 1 - After a marvelous send-off at the church a a good Bob Evans breakfast I went to the Academy for a few moments with the Cadets. It was about 11:00 when I hit 70 west. Along about Springfield I was picked up by three state troopers on their Bulls. They guarded and saw me safely through to Indiana where soon after entering the state two Indiana troopers met and escorted me through the state. It was very helpful going through Indianapolis. They dropped me off at Terre Haute where I needed to refuel. It was about 4:00, I had ridden 303 miles from home, and there was a Drury Inn which serves a light supper. Because I was on budget for mileage I decided to spend the night. Great room and the hostess let me park the bike under the roof of the entry. All has gone well on Day One. Thanks for your support. Rev

Day 2 - Had oatmeal because of example set by Butch Collins. Got through St Louis without a hitch. A semi did not see me passing and pulled out just as I was next to the cab. Fortunately I had room on left and he quickly pulled back in line. He trailed me from then on but would not pass me. Other than that the trip went well for 408 miles with two refueling for the bike and a light lunch for me. Was tempted to go on through Kansas City but felt weary and thought it was 4:30 when I stopped at the same Drury Inn where Linda and I stopped on one of our visits to daughter Jen in Aberdeen, SD. They have the same type of light supper as I had last night. Very convenient and cost effective. Have been studying the map. When did California move so far west? Day Two drawing to a close with 712 miles travelled and this biker is ready for an early bed time. Rev

Day 3 - I was greeted this morning with a delightful sight--it was raining. Not a thunder storm but a steady rain which called for action. Went out to the bike and picked up the rain gear which Pete had loaned me. Then spent about 30 minutes figuring out how to get it on over my clothes. A breakfast of biscuits and gravy gave me the energy to move out into the rain and crowded highway. Gassed up first violating my policy of gassing up the night before. Went forth to play a game of hide and seek with I-70 in downtown Kansas City. Morning rush hour made the game more interesting but I prevailed and after about an hour of wandering I found my way west on I-70.

The ride went well. A little rain along the way but the outfit kept my warm and dry. Saw the exit to Ellsworth KS but the town was 8 miles south of the freeway so I settled for a muffin and power drink (no more for me) and got back on freeway. The bike purrs along nicely at 70 mph. Stopped for gas and a wee sandwich and kept going until I saw a sign for Holiday Inn Express and noted that in spite of the rain and slow start that I had covered 423 miles. If I had realized that there was another time change I would have kept on rolling. Instead I will walk over to Steak and Shake for a wee supper and then hit the sack early again.

As for tomorrow ...Denver and mountains here I come! Mileage today is 423 and total for trip on the bike indicator is 1134. Rev

Day 4 - Today has been the most challenging yet beautiful ride so far. When I left Goodland at 0730 CT I needed a fog horn. Soon after getting back on I-70 I had a conversation with myself about the foolishness of riding in the fog. But soon the sun began to appear and the fog lifted to create a great atmosphere. For the rest of the ride through Kansas. Soon after entering Colorado the wind picked up and I probably could have been cited for too much weaving. As I approached Denver the wind gusts were a thing of the past and the mountains loomed on the horizon. Took the challenge and drove through and not around Denver. Then came the interesting challenge of making it up and down through the Rockies. Missed much of the beauty because of keeping the eyes on the road and other vehicles. Reached Grand Junction at 1630 and was weary enough to check in for the night. Lucky to get the last room here with another motel all sold out. Should be ready to head out early to connect with I-15 heading southwest toward Las Vegas.

Two stops today for gas with a Pizza Hut tossed in at one of the stops. Nice room at Courtyard of Marriott. Hostess told me that mine was the last room. Full houses at all inns and motels because of some big celebration.

Bike indicates 438 miles for today and 1572 for the trip. Early to bed and early to rise calls for my eyes to close so they can open to a new day of adventure. Rev

Day 5 - Colonel Tom, today was a smooth ride through some beautiful territory filled with rock formations and canyons all formed by the wind and rushing water--although there was very little visible water. There was just the evidence of where it may have cut through the rocks in times past. There was along stretch of I-70 in Utah where there were no gas stations. Just a few intersections with a sign "No Services". Yes, I was watching the gas gauge and saying a prayer. Then there came a sign indicating gas at the next exit. Nothing at the exit except for an arrow and sign indicating the town of Emery with a gas pump was 12 miles north. When I had finally filled the tank with 4.9 gallons I offered a prayer of thanksgiving.

My plan was to ride until about 1700 and reach the edge of Las Vegas.

However the sun was penetrating and hot. Probably it was good to stop early as there was no room at Comfort Inn and I obtained one of the last ones at this Quality Inn in Washington, UT.

The bike indicated 411 miles for today and 1984 miles for the trip. Let it be clear that I stay at or below the speed limit. Off to Bakersfield, CA, in the morning with goal of Sa Luis Obispo for Monday. Rev

Day 6 - Checked into a Hampton Inn at Bakersfield, CA, at about 1530. It had been my plan to stop and call Paso Robles Inn where a few of us stayed one night in November of 1994--or thereabouts. However the sun was bright and hot and I could tell that I was losing my concentration which is a good sign to call it a day. The clerk tells me that it should only take two to three hours to reach San Luis Obispo in the morning. Wonder what I will find. I will be properly dressed with a white shirt on which is the 86th Blackhawk insignia. GO ARMY!

The drive through The rest of Utah, into a corner of Arizona, across the bottom of Nevada, and into California took me through mountains, across a portion of the desert, and along some small canyons. Very little vegetation or trees. When I came around a corner after climbing up and down in the mountain journey and saw the level land I wondered how the early settlers must have felt struggling as they did with a ox-driven cart with family and possessions. A lot more challenging than twisting the throttle on a Harley! I thank the Lord constantly for my many blessings--including finding gas just in time once again. Hey, I will stop to fill on half a tank. There are not that many watering holes, and when you come upon one it is full of thirsty vehicles.

As I saw the many parts of this created land I realized that I needed to brush up on my geology and geography but when all is said and done with the process of creation my mind goes to Psal 121: "I will lift up my unto the hills from which my help comes. My help comes from the Lord Who created the heavens and the earth." Thank God for His creation and the assurance that He knows me by name. For many a mile it is the voice of Bob Gochoel telling me how to keep the faith as he did, and the Lord telling both of us the we are his children and thus brothers together in the faith. Thanks to Bob for the example he has set.

Day trip of 411 miles--strangely the same as yesterday and trip to date 2395 miles.

An early good night to all with best wishes for a glorious adventure tomorrow. Rev

Day 7 - Checking in, Colonel Tom. It has been a good and full day. Started early as I did not take into consideration the additional hour time change. I was up and ready to roll a full hour prior to breakfast and daylight. Wasted the hour sipping coffee and watching the news. Finally rolled out on to StTeRoute 99 north and across to the coast on 46. As I rode there were vineyards, organ get trees, open ground, and a section of mountain with small dry canyons. As I rode it became very cold. Finally stopped at road side rest and put my leather jacket on over my lighter one. Still shivered as I rode but it was warmer as I entered the town of San Luis Obispo. A young fellow at the Veterans' office gave me directions to the camp.

I believe that Harry Schwind had made contact because they were expecting me. The guard at the gate directed me to a Lt who was waiting. No sooner was I off the bike then the Camp Commander Colonel Joseph D. Righello was there to add his welcome. The two of them took me to the statute in honor of the 86th Division where we took some pictures. We then drove Round the camp-- seemed good to ride in a car. My visit was probably about 90 minutes. Then I headed back the way I had come with a stop at Morrow Bay where we could have set out to sea for our landing training. Tried to get down to the water but it was not permitted so I settled for a picture along with some fish and a cup of clam chowder.

Heading back on the same road I had used in the morning it became very hot so decided to dismount at about 1700. Took my chances at a Vagabond Inn for only \$48.75 per night. The clerk had me pull the bike up on the sidewalk outside the office window so they could keep an eye on it for me. Could not have been nicer.

Gone west as far as I can go. Now heading east with 289 miles for today and 2684 for the trip. Rev

Day 8 - This was an unusual and challenging day. After a wee breakfast of biscuits and gravy I left the accommodating Vagabond Inn and headed east directly into the rising sun. Using my left hand as a visor I managed to make it on to State 58 retracing my journey to Barstow where I picked up I-40. There was the usual change in landscape. Plenty of strong winds which made the first part a wee bit chilly--actually just plain cold. Then there were the mountains with inclines rather than steep climbs. The bike handled itself well. Then there was the desert. Stopped in Needles for gas and a coke. It was 97 degrees. Did not realize that I was on the three hour time difference and thus stopped at 1430 thinking that it was 1530. Maybe it was a good move. I tied up the horses and vacated the saddle. There is tomorrow for a continuing adventure.

Received two calls from a number in California. Upon answering the second one I heard a recording telling me about a drug addiction clinic available to help me. Someone must have seen me weaving in the strong winds. No need to worry. The strongest drink I have had is black coffee.

Bike reading for the day is 346 miles and for the trip to date is 3026. Rev

Day 9 - A rather routine day, Sir, with the same challenge of driving into the sunrise even if I delayed start time. Interestingly enough it is chilly even with my light jacket. May start in the morning with leather.

Very good road with only moderate traffic. First some low mountains then open land with gusting winds and the some more mountains. The climb up and journey down are graded. There is no steep and winding challenge as in the Rockies. As I drive along I reflect on the trips Linda and I made with the children using tent camping rather than motels. I can recall that the interstate system was not complete. We would enjoy sections of fast travel and then come to the unfinished sections where we were back on the slower roadways. This old country has come a long way since I was a kid.

Driving steadily on cruise control gives time for reflective thought. Maybe someone in ODOT can tell me why it is that when there is a car or emergency vehicle--including a Trooper-- along the side which calls

for traffic to move over to the left lane there is almost always someone speeding up on the left which prevents moving over and calls for the slowing down--which one should do anyway. Also, it is interesting to count the number of road side rest stops which are closed. All of this profound thinking keeps me awake and alert.

On to Texas tomorrow. Bike reads 330 miles for today and 3356 for the trip. Rev

Day 10 - Not only did I have trouble sending the report regarding Day Nine but I realized last night at bedtime that my phone charger was not to be found, it seemed to me that if I could be careless so could someone else. My assumption was verified by a delightful clerk who not only sent the Day Nine report but found a charger for me. It was a very nice motel with great oatmeal. Once again I battled the bright sunrise but my meat her jacket helped me survive the early morning cold. Two hours into the journey I was shivering and the bike was thirsty. Gas for the bike and a simple helping of biscuits and graveyard got us both on the road.

The landscape varies from open spaces to hills and strange rock formations. We did go through a ridge of mountains but the good H-D just purred away at the set speed. Great bike! There are many things to see in this area and individuals have invited me to stop and visit. When the family made our trips through the west we enjoyed seeing some of the places together. It is not quite the same when I am alone. Also I have a schedule in mind and thus I keep on the run.

It was devastating to hear about Tpr. Kenneth Velez this afternoon. I talked to Lt. Col. Teafor and will be waiting for his guidance tomorrow. Our prayers are with the family. Rev

Bike reading for the day is 430 miles and for the trip it is 3786 miles

Day 11 - Other than my brief battle with rain in the morning I was leaving Kansas City it has been clear skies until today. At my first gas stop a man who is traveling with his wife--both riding Harley's--showed my the rain picture on his iPad. Sure enough, I caught up with a relatively heavy rain just after leaving Tulsa. Took refuge under an

overpass and met two Vietnam Nam Army vets each riding a trike and pulling trailers. They were from Michigan and just seemed to be sight seeing. Soon after the rain let up I decided to see if I could make it to Joplin but rain and poor visibility prompted me to take refuge at a La Quinta. At least I am east o Tulsa for morning ride.

Made up my mind last evening to postpone the east coast portion of the trip and return to be with my Patrol family. I have a greater need to be with the Patrol at this time than does the Parol have a need for me. I should be back in Columbus by Sunday evening. Please note that I am merely postponing the portion of the trip which will take me to Cape Hateras. It can't be "Sea to Shining Sea" without a picture of the lighthouse on the edge of the great Atlantic Ocean.

Our prayers are with all the members of Trooper Vesel's family as well as all who serve with dedication and courage to make Ohio a safer place to live each day. It is an honor to be connected with all of you. Rev



Day 12 - Sir, although I delayed leaving the LaQuinta on the east side of Tulsa I did not delay long enough. Fog combined with fast moving traffic made me miss the turn for I-44. I kept driving along this lovely divided highway reading the signs 112 East. It puzzled me that there were no I-44 signs. Finally it dawned on me that such signs were missing because that was not the route I had planned to take. When I finally stopped to check the map I was too far along to go back so I took the two legs of the triangle using I-59 to get me back to I-44 toward St. Louis. Good roads and beautiful landscape.

While driving I gave thought to the purpose of the trip. One aspect was the fulfillment of a dream (Linda called it a nightmare). The dream will not be fulfilled until I make the final leg from home to Cape Hatteras. This will be done later in October. Although I have not knowledge about pledges based on miles or just support contributed I do not want anyone to feel obligated to go any farther then the estimated mileage. Based on my current location the trip will be about 5091 miles when I arrive in Columbus tomorrow evening. The estimated mileage round-trip to Cape Hatteras to be taken in about two weeks will be an additional 1400 miles. Am I crazy...probably so. But I like to think that Sea To Shining Sea is not all that foolish. We are blessed to live in a wonderful and beautiful nation. I seem to hear our Creator calling out of the mountains and across the vast open spaces "Be thankful for what I have given you. Return to Me and I will be with you and continue to bless you."

Mileage today 423. For the trip to date it is 4567. Rev

Day 13 - Col Rice, Sir, I am submitting this brief report on the first phase of my planned trip. It was a full day of riding. Rain caught me as I was going through the center of Columbus but let up enough for me to make it home. As I drove into the drive I was greeted by two lovely daughters as well as Colonel and Mrs. Pride. What a welcome! I expected the girls but was greatly honored and overwhelmed to have the Colonel and his lovely bride there to see me dismount. The day was uneventful except for the fact that there were so many trucks and cars out on the road. Doesn't anyone stay home after going to church on Sunday?

For today the mileage is 498 and the trip completed is 5065. Once again I affirm that this is a big and wonderful country in which we live. Rev



Rev's daily travel log - October 29th, Day 1 - East Coast Swing - 422 Miles

Colonel Tom, here is my first report of the last leg of the Sea to Shining Sea journey on behalf of Robert Gochoel.

Soon after 0800 I climbed into the saddle and was sent off into the cold morning by daughter Penny and great friend Harry Schwind. They were both concerned about how cold it was but I had on plenty of layers and did not experience discomfort. However I had the challenge of the rising sun as had been the case when I turned around in California and started east. The helmet has a shade and that helps a lot.

Not a lot of traffic today. It seemed to go in spurts with one long slow down on 77 in Virginia for which there was no visible explanation. Nothing serious. It gave my hands a workout shifting in a stop and go situation. It warmed up but I did not take off my heavy Army jacket when I stopped for gas at the Tarmack and then had a bagel for lunch. Those enjoying the sunshine in short sleeves looked at me in a strange way but I just smiled and did not hear anything because my hearing aids are out when I wear the helmet.

Went east on 70 and then south on 77. Ran low on gas one time but felt confident that I would make the place about which I knew having travelled 77 often. Did get off 77 too soon, however, and ended up in Mayberry--Andy Griffith's town. Did not see him but did drive Aunt Bea's dinner. By good fortune I need on the road I wanted and am now on 40 heading east. Have to study the map well tonight so as to get to my reserved room at Nag's Head tomorrow afternoon. Was fortunate to obtain this room in Greensboro. There were not rooms available in Winston Salem because of a soccer tournament . Logged 422 miles today which leaves about 285 for the journey to the Atlantic. Coming close to achieving the goal

Day 15 - Had a full breakfast at Courtyard after meeting and talking with a retired Army officer. He had appreciation for the task of handling a mortar base plate while climbing down a rope netting and getting into a landing craft. Hard enough in training. Horrible for those who did it under fire.

Left motel and headed directly into rising sun. I have become somewhat skilled at using a hand as a visor but those signs are not easy to read. Managed to make the correct lane changes and found my way on to by-pass 540 around Raleigh. Did not do so well in getting on to 64. Went slowly along the business route until I finally connected to divided highway where there was smooth sailing. Made it to the sea shore at Nags Head by 3:00 and have an ocean view in a Holiday Inn Express. Am thinking about stay an extra day and riding down to see the light house at Cape Hatteras. I will decide later.

Have not seen any evidence of storm or flood damage. There was a building on the end of the long bridge which had a sign FEMA and there were cars parked there so people must have had damage. I will check with desk clerk when she has more time.

Distance today was 285 miles as located on phone said it would be. Total distance I have ridden on trip is 5836 miles. Thanks for all of the interest and support. Rev



Day 16

Tom, here is the report on the first day of the last-leg Two-day journey home...or what ever.

Started the day in good style with biscuits and gravy. As I was eating it I had a flashback to a sign in the Army mess hall. In large print it declared: EAT YOUR OATMEAL. IT STICKS TO YOUR STOMACH . What a thought!

Left motel at 7:30 and headed south on Coastal Route 12. My goal was to make it to the Hatteras Lighthouse but road damage and blowing sand caused me to settle for the Lighthouse at Bodie Island. After a picture taking stop I headed back to 64 and then started the westward trip to I-77 at Elkins where I have stopped for the last night on the road.

The sky was fairly clear early in the morning and then became overcast

with a look of rain. It finally cleared and I would have to say that weather-wise it was one of the better traveling days. Traffic was heavy around the cities but relatively light in open areas..

The motel clerk at Nags Head said that they had almost no damage from the storm except for loss of power. He said that the road in front of the motel had about 12 to 18 inches of water. Some individuals used their kayaks for transportation. There were quite a few people from FEMA staying at the motel but none seemed to want to talk about the storm or what they were doing.

Mileage for today was 390 miles although it seemed longer. Trip total is 6225. Almost done!



Day 17

Colonel Tom,

An initial reading of the odometer was incorrect by 100 miles. Checking it once again I noted that the distance on this last day was 378 miles and the full trip from coast to coast and home again was 6603 miles. Having ridden the total of 17 days this means that I averaged about 388 miles per day. Yes, I enjoyed the experience even though at times I questioned my sanity. But it was an honor to make the journey in memory of a man who endured so many physical and emotional challenges and yet always kept the faith with a big smile and concern for others. I had the sense that Bob Gochoel was riding along with me--watching my speed.

Left the Best western at Elkins at about 7:30. The sun was just appearing on the horizon and it was a bit nippy. Things warmed up and except for a light shower while riding through Charlotte the weather was fine. The choice of these last four days turned out to be great weather-wise and except for short periods of congestion the traffic seemed moderate to light. The trucks and I played leap-frog in the mountains. The Harley held steady on cruise control but the trucks and I would pass each other depending on uphill or downhill cruising. Wonder if they talked about me.

Many thanks for all of your prayers, well wishes, and support. By way of a strange ending is the fact that Steve Bilikam and Harry Schwind were at the house to greet me. So that I would not forget I quickly gave Harry the tracker and Tom Rice then called thinking that I was in Westerville. HARRY, TURN IT OFF. I AM THROUGH BEING TRACKED--AT LEAST UNTIL I MIGHT MAKE ANOTHER TRI. THIS ONE IS OVER. CLOSE THE BOOK. Rev