

The New Year's Day Ride  
Blueberries, Cookies and Black-eyed Peas  
The Fisher Report  
By Greg (Bulldog) Fisher

This would be the start of a New Year. This is the time of year when we all get introspective. It would be the best time to start that diet you have been putting off for the last 10 years. A time to finally wash that old nasty bike. To make a New Years resolution or two or 14. Maybe clean out the garage so you put your automobile in there instead of Christmas decorations.

We would all meet at Capitol Park around 10 am. We had a good crowd of about 15 or so riders. There is always the fast bunch and the not so fast bunch. Major Dave would take off with the fast guy's ounce we hit Sanders on way to doing a modified Blueberry Loop.

As soon as the road cooled from the vapor trail left by Dave and his hyperspace banditos. We would make our way down to Fosters and Myrtlewood School. We would add Elliot Swartz to our little group.

We would do the Gainesville Road all the way to Romulus road. We would hang a left on Romulus on route to Jena. Jena is a small community just inside Green County. There is a little church where we always stop and get water. Larry Pierson had mentioned to Pixie Hicks that we would be riding New Years Day and would stopping there. Before this they had been talking about cookie recipe. Somehow Pixie figured that we would be riding out that way. So Pixie decided to bake some cookies and have them there for us when got to the church.

When we arrive at the church we see an obscure package on a table on the backgrounds of the churchyard. The package was wrapped in Christmas paper with a note sticking out. The note was from Pixie Hicks. The note wished us all a Happy New Year and to enjoy the cookies and to please leave some cookies for the other riders. We were the end of the group .We ate a few cookies and wrapped the rest of those suckers in our jerseys and went on down to Ralph.

We stopped briefly in Ralph and then up Sipsey valley, Wesley Chapel and finally back to Myrtlewood school. Elliot would part company with us. He would get in his truck and go home. That would leave Julie, Larry, Dodie and myself to make the home stretch to Capitol Park and nirvana. The fast guys would be gone and all that would remain were the cookies and us.