

# Bluegrass Riders Old Coots on Scoots



## The Shrive Report

Starting with a nice brisk morning, an Old Coot convergence happened at the start of the Labor Day weekend. Groups started gathering early. The Southern Coots started their trek at 7:30 slow time, the Carrollton contingency left at 9:00 fast time. But getting to the groups left people like Ron and Linda leaving at 7:00 and Eileen at just a bit later. The Louisville group probably had it the easiest; as we're not sure they actually woke up for the ride. But they did indeed make it. Joe and Ted aided by GPS navigation straggled in a short bit after the Carrollton crew arrived at Brown County.

Part of the Old Coots credo is to be and have little organization. Today was an incredible example of putting our values forward. The southern crew in an opening move figured out how to come in about an hour late. This is while the Carrollton group waited at a gas station that was to be a rendezvous. While sipping coffee to warm ourselves, text messages were examined. That was when we found out that the B.G. crowd would be late. A quick conference which consisted mostly of Jon, decided that we should go ahead and push on towards Brown County. After all, there was food at the destination, and none to be found at the gas station. That wasn't entirely true though. A few of us found the coffee and I

managed to get a package of Hostess Ho Ho's. A treat if there ever was one.

We (the Carrollton group) arrived in Brown County, and a few minutes later Joe and Ted showed up. Knowing that the B.G. group would be an hour or so late, we went exploring. A pack mentality is not one of the traits that the Old Coots embrace. The group more has the mentality and the resemblance of trying to herd



that proverbial gaggle of cats. Therefore there was not a single restraint that we dined at.

The group that I went with ended up at an establishment called the Big Woods Brewing Company. It was selected due to the last half its name. We were sure, that even if we didn't drink, it should have very good food.

At our table was Ron and Linda, Ron and Rita, Ken and Sherry, Loren, Joe and Kevin. Now while a few of the ladies had the tuna salad, the overwhelming favorite of the guys was the ½ pound Black Angus burger. To add a little sizzle to his burger, Joe added the caramelized onions. This burger is one that even Dave would be proud to eat.



Somewhere and sometime around this feast, the B.G. group arrived. I have no idea where they dined, but as a natural part of the Coot Herd, they were found. I don't know which individuals of each side, initiated the clash, but the end result was finding Gordon with his new cap. He wears it with pride, as well he should. It is somewhere between the early footballers helmet (though a little less thick) and an aviators cap. When thinking that, the name Wrongway Feldon of Gilligans Island comes to mind. It is also a bit fitting, as on the way home, Gordon and I struggled to find highway 31 near Columbus. At first we went the



wrong way, but eventually it did work out ok.

I can't tell you everyone I saw of the Old Coots, as this was as disorganized and as fun of a ride as I ever was on. Those in attendance that I can attest to are Jon, Bad Gary, Ron & Rita, Loren, Eileen, Ken & Sherry, Joe, Ted, Kevin, Donald & Sandra, Steve, Jean,

Jim and Sharon, New Coots Lyle and Nancy.

The ride continues on as some of the group has hotel rooms for the night. I am sure there will be shopping and merriment. A group picture in total was not possible. Below though we did manage to get 18 of the group to smile and say 1, 2, 3.



My trip home was uneventful with the exception of having a nice ride with Gordon. I left him around mile marker 4 on the Indiana side of the river on I-65. I am certain he will be able to find his way home.

Until the next ride, keep the shiny side up, and ride safe.

