YE OLDE BUS RIDE

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE GREAT YEAR OF "81", THATS 1981, IN A SMALL TOWN CALLED MARSHALL (THATS IN MISSOURI YOUALL), THERE LIVED A DUDE BY THE NAME OF "WEINNER". NOW NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WEINNERS REAL NAME, BUT HE BEING THE TALL, CONSTRUCTION WORKER, BASS FISHING TYPE, HE'S HARD TO FORGET. NOW WEINNER, DUE TO PULLING IN A LOT OF FISH, HAD HEMI-ROIDS, AND ONCE YOU HAVE THAT YOU HAVE A LOT OF TIME ON YOUR HANDS, AND WITH WEINNER HAVING TIME ON HIS HANDS, THERE IS NO TELLING WHAT HE MAY COME UP WITH, AND COME UP WITH BUS RIDE HE DID.

FOR YEARS WEINNER AND THE OLE J.D. HUNG OUT IN A TOWN OF KNOXVILLE, (THAT THERE IS IN IOWA), WE RODE, DROVE AND PRODUCED THE BUS RIDE EVERY AUGUST ON SATURDAY NIGHTS FOR ABOUT 4 YEARS. WE DEVELOPED QUITE A FOLLOWING AND ALONG WITH SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE THAT RODE THE BUS, THE MEMORIES WILL BE HERMEDICALY SEALED IN A MAYONAISE JAR FOREVER. NAMES LIKE; SPOT-HEWITT-RED DOG-SWINDELL-MOONER-FUDPUCKER-KINSER AND THE LADY THAT THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING AN AIRPLANE RIDE. WE EVEN HAD A 6' STUFFED TIGER ONE YEAR. EACH YEAR OPEN WHEEL MAGAZINE RAN STORIES LIKE " ABOUT MID WAY THROUGH THE "A" MAIN, A SMALL RUMBLE STARTS TO GROW THROUGH THE STANDS UNTIL ABOUT THE END OF THE RACE ALL YOU HEAR IS BUS RIDE-BUS RIDE-BUS RIDE".

THEN ONE YEAR, WEINNER DIDN'T SHOW UP (HE WAS IN A TENT BY THE RAIL ROAD TRACKS WITH OLD CROW) OR (HE DIDN'T LIKE THE POLICE WITH THOSE BUTT SNIFFIN DOGS), SO SOMEONE ANNOUNCED "BUS RIDE" AND THE OLE J.D.WAS ELECTED TO DRIVE. WE GATHERED UP SOME PROPS AND HELD THE BUS RIDE AT THE CONCRETE PLANT NEXT TO THAT THERE RACE TRACK. THE REASON FOR THE CONCRETE PLANT WAS THAT THE POLICE WERE WAITING FOR US AT THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS, SO, THAT NIGHT NOT BEING THE FOOL I NORMALLY AM, THE BUS WAS HELD ON PRIVATE PROPERTY. (THIS WAS THE 1ST RIDE WITH PROPS & AND MY FIRST NEAR ARREST).

SO IN 1982, WITH THE OLE J.D. GOING EVERYWHERE, AND WEINNER HAVING A HURT BACK AND THAT FISH SMELL STILL ON HIS HANDS (HE NEVER BUSSED AGAIN), I STOPPED IN AT "SPRING FEVER" AN EVENT HELD BY VANTASIA VANS. THERE I HAD MY NEW PAL SPOOK, (THE SECOND OF MANY STUFFED ANIMALS) AND THE 1ST VANNING BUS RIDE WAS HISTORY. NOW TO MAKE A SHORT STORY LONGER, SPOT WAS RAPED AND OLE J.D. COULDN'T WALK FOR DAYS. WHY YOU ASK! WELL THIS WAS BEFORE LAWN CHAIRS WERE USED AND WE SAT ON A GRAVEL ROAD. OH YOU WERE ASKING WHY SPOT WAS RAPED! WELL SPOT BEING THE 6 FOOT SPOTTED STUFFED TIGER THAT HE WAS, AND A GUY NAMED KEN H. WANTING TO HAVE A " TIGER IN HIS TANK" CAME TOGETHER. WELL, SPOT MAY OF BEEN USED AND ABUSED, BUT KEN H. WAS KNOWN FOR NEVER BEING ABLE TO GET A LITTLE PUSSY IN THE BACK SEAT.

WELL WITH MORE RACE TRACKS AND VAN EVENTS, THE IDEAS GREW AND IT GOT CRAZIER, UNTIL J.D. AND SPOT SHOWED UP AT THE "VAN NATIONALS" IN 1986."CAMEL" (DOUBLE OR SINGLE HUMMMMP?) OF CALIF.(VAN SCAN) SAW IT FOR THE FIRST TIME AND WITH HER IMAGINATION AND STORIES, THE RUMORS BEGAN TO GROW.

OLE J.D. TRIED EVERYTHING, EVEN COMING CLOSE TO HAVING A BOAT RIDE AT JJJJJJ-TOWN, (STILL IN MISSOURI YOU ALL) HOWEVER, VERRRRRRRRRN OF MO. MOTHER TRUCKERS STOLE THE BOAT, SO IT NEVER GOT OFF TO SEA. AS THE IDEAS AND THE PROP HELPERS GREW, SO DID THE NUMBER OF EVENTS THAT BUS WAS HELD AT, WHY WE EVEN GRADUATED TO COUNCIL OF COUNCILS. WE BUSSED THROUGH THE POOL IN SEATTLE, AND THROUGH THE MAIN DINNING ROOM IN ATLANTIC CITY. OLE SPOT AND SPOOK HAD PASSED ON BY THIS TIME AND DIDN'T GET TO SEE PAUL WACKS "MOON LITE BAY" (THANK GOODNESS).

AT BEAVER DAM, WI. WE HELD THE 1ST TOURING BUS RIDE WITH A TRAVELING GARDEN HOSE (TED-BLUE EAGLE) AND THE FIRST BENCH SEATS SECTION (HOW DID YEW LIKE THE U TURN?). THE LAST I SAW OF THE DRIVERS CHAIR, IT WAS STUCK IN THE ASPHALT ON THE FRONT GRANDSTAND . I WAS HIT BY A BUG (200 POUNDER) WHILE TOURING THE GREAT HIGHWAY OF LIFE AND "LURCH" WAS FINALLY ABLE TO GET OFF. JEFF JOHNSTON (YOU KNOW HIM HE'S THAT SILENT VODKA DRINKING DUDE FROM INDIANA) WAS THE ONLY ONE THAT REMEMBERED (INCLUDING ME) THAT THE BUS RIDE HAD BEEN GOING ON 10 YEARS. I WAS PRESENTED WITH A CAKE BY JEFF AND NANCY (NO FORK OR NAPKIN-JUST A CAKE) AND JOHN B. "FROGGED" IT UP FOR ME. WHAT A SHOCK! 10 YEARS!!!!!!!!!!!!!

IN K.C., DUMB J.D. (ME THAT IS) FORGOT TO HOOK UP THE PA SYSTEM, BUT THANKS TO BUDDY LA SAGE OF EAST COAST FAME,(HE CAME OUT OF THE CLOSET WITH BEADS AND NECKLACES) WE CELEBRATED THE 60'S ALL OVER AGAIN. OH YES, THAT THERE "LURCH" GOT OFF AGAIN (HIS FACE IS CLEARING UP RITE NICELY). HEY I ALMOST FORGOT, WE HAD OUR FIRST HOOD ORNAMENT, A BRIDE AND GROOM.(AND THEY ALL GOT OFF).

WE'VE BEEN FROM COLORADO (PUPPY RIDER) TO ILLINOIS (MIDWEST GAVE ME A LICENSE PLATE AND THEN STOLE IT BACK), WE'VE BEEN HAILED ON, EGGED ON, GOT OFF ON, AND MOONED AT, AND HIT BY A TRAIN.

SO FOR 11 YEARS, WITH THE HELP OF A LOT OF PEOPLE (PROPERS) AND PEOPLE PARTICIPATING (PROPETTES), WE HAVE THROWN, EATEN (DOG BISCUITS) AND DRANK (FROG) OUR WAY ACROSS THE U.S.A. THOUGH I MAY NEVER KNOW WHAT A LOT OF THE PROPS ARE THAT I USE(ONLY LUCIOUS LORI KNOWS, THE STORIES HAVE GROWN AND THE BUS IS BIGGER THAN EVER BEFORE. SO THANKS TO "WEINNER" (STILL FISHING), ALL THE PROPERS(BOO BOO AND OLE DINK) AND PROPETTES (LUCIOUS LORI AND BOUNCY) FOR BEING PART OF THE "EIGHTH WONDER OF VANNING" AND LOTS OF MEMORIES. I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH HAPPY TRAILS OF SMASHED LAWN CHAIRS AND WE'LL CATCH YOU AT TITSBURG, PETERSVILLE, CLIMAX SPRINGS OR MOON LITE BAY.

THANK YOU,

J.D.