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Paid for by Binkley for Governor

From Alaska to Argentina on my BMW

Traveling 18,000 miles from Prudhoe Bay to the southern tip of South America on a 750cc BMW may sound crazy to some people, but most folks I know who love motorcycles can relate.

At 22, the thought of being the first person to motorcycle from the Arctic Ocean to the tip of South America on my BMW had me totally



I loaded my bike onto a Prudhoe-bound AIA Hercules and got going. It was Dec. 1, 1975.

hooked. I knew if I wanted to be the first to drive the then-private pipeline haul road on a bike, I just needed to just get going, despite the temperatures. The day I received permission to drive the road, I loaded my bike onto a Prudhoe bound AIA Hercules and got going. It was Dec. 1, 1975. The temperature was minus 35 degrees Fahrenheit with a 10-knot wind.

I have to admit, it got cold and I definitely didn't look too cool. Layers of cotton, wool and nylon, two parkas, down pants, bunny boots, two face masks, goggles, an insulated helmet with a snorkel to breathe through made me look like the abominable snowman to the truckers who passed me by.



I have to admit, it got cold and I definitely didn't look too cool.

But my bike and I made it through Alaska, Canada, down the West Coast of the U.S., through Mexico and Central America, across the equator and ultimately through South America to Ushuaia,

Tierra del Fuego, Argentina. Along the way we managed to hit the Western Hemisphere's northernmost point (Prudhoe Bay), westernmost (Homer, Alaska - in a test-run trip just before I went to Prudhoe) easternmost (Joao Pessoa, Brazil) and the southernmost point reachable by road (Cape Horn, Argentina).



My bike and I made it through Canada, down the West Coast, across the equator and ultimately to Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego, Argentina.



With my 750cc BMW in Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego, Argentina at the end of my 18,000-mile journey.

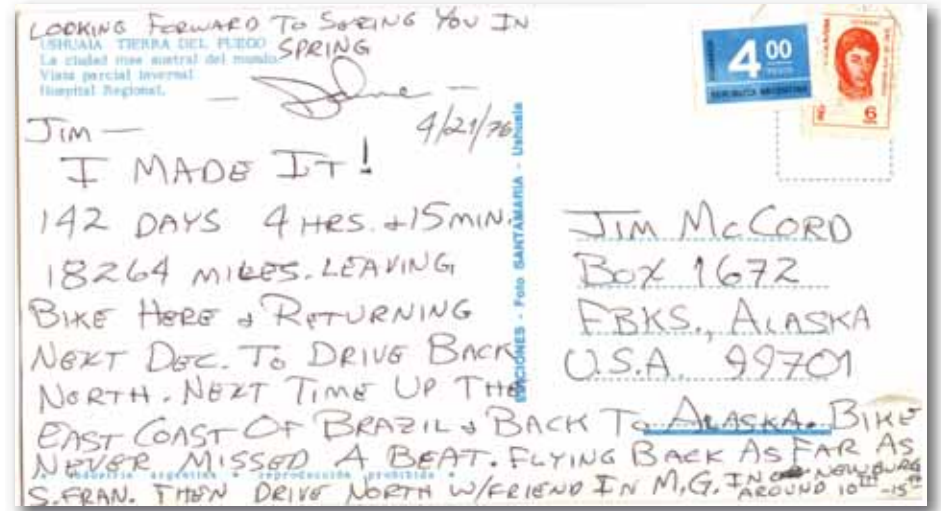
I met great people along the way and had 18,000 miles of open road to think about what I wanted to do with my life. That trip changed my life and gave me a chance to figure things out for myself in a way that truly set my life direction.

When I came back from South America I met my wife Judy in Fairbanks, got married and moved to Bethel to start our own family and our own tug and barge business. I had the honor of representing the people of the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta in the Legislature and the opportunity to be of service. Judy and I later decided to move back home to Fairbanks so our kids could have the chance to grow up next to grandparents, uncles and cousins and become a part of our family business.

My decision to run for governor has been another journey, not unlike the one on my motorcycle as a young man. It has been a chance to meet great people across the state and to learn anew. I hope it will lead to the opportunity to be of greater service to this state I love.

My goal in this campaign is to earn your trust. As your governor, I will work every day to keep it.

John



WILBURN AND JOYCE HALL of Newport inspect the packed 750cc BMW motorcycle of their nephew, John Binkley of Fairbanks, Alaska, last weekend in Newport. The 22-year-old lad is travelling from Prudhoe Bay, Alaska to Tierra Del Fuego on the tip of South America. He will be the first person to go on land from the Arctic Coast to the tip of South America. He

has been on the road one month. He expects the trip to take two more months. The coldest weather Binkley has encountered was at Toak Junction, Alaska. It was minus 65 degrees Fahrenheit. While resting with Wilburn and Joyce, Binkley also visited his other Newport aunt and uncle, Raymond and Amabelle Hall. (Pat O'Hara Photo)

John Binkley
GOVERNOR