

The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

March, 2005

NEXT MEETING
Thursday, March 17, 2005
Fay Myers Motorcycle World
7:00 pm

<http://www.msnusers.com/RHNWebPages/cfwhomepage.msnw>

Thumper's Corner

Pat McCombs, President

You know you are having a bad Monday when three people stop you on the street to tell you how much you look like Hunter S. Thompson. Well, for those of you who do not know, Hunter S. Thompson in my opinion was one of the worse "Wan-a-be" persons to ever become a member of the motorcycling community. He was what they called the "King of the Gonzo Writers." As a product of the sixties, I remember him well. He came to a little bit of fame in the mid-sixties when he wrote a book called *Hell's Angles - A Strange and Terrible Saga*.

If you have been around motorcycling as long as I have, and had a little inside information about some of the Angles, you would know why the Angles really stomped him good when this book came out.

Random House books laid out their view of him like this in 1966, some thirty-nine years ago. "*Hunter Thompson is a free-lance writer from San Francisco, Aspen and points east. His research on the Hell's Angles involved more than a year of close association with the outlaws - riding, loafing, plotting, and eventually being stomped. A native of Louisville Kentucky, he began writing as a sports columnist in Florida. He started his first novel while studying at Columbia University in New York City. Since then he has worked on newspapers and magazines in New York,*

San Juan and Rio de Janeiro. His articles have appeared in The Reporter, The Nation and Esquire. In the early sixties, while working as a Caribbean stringer for the New York Herald Tribune, Mr. Thompson began his second novel, The Rum Diary. It was finished in Big Sur and will soon be published by Random House. Later he became a South American correspondent for the National Observer, living on Copacabana Beach and traveling extensively throughout that continent. Upon his return to this country, suffering from amoebic dysentery and culture shock, he retired to hunt elk and breed Doberman pinschers in Woody Creek, Colorado."

Mr. Thompson was twenty-nine when that was written, had a wife and small son named Juan. A friend described him as an "avid reader, a relentless drinker and a fine hand with a .44 Magnum." A friend of mine, who I will leave unnamed, from the Local Hell's Angels Chapter may have put it best. "*He was a man who had more than fifteen minutes of fame, but put a very large blanket over us for many years."*

Was he right, or was he wrong? Who knows for sure. I do know as an "Old Time Biker" that his name has come up many times over the years. I guess we will never know, as he used that .44 to close out his life.

Thumper

Upcoming Rides

Yup, the Official Ride Schedule for 2005 will soon begin.

The first official ride is **Colorado's Original Biker's Easter Sunrise Service**. The sixteenth annual services will of course be **Easter Sunday, March 27th**, beginning at 5:50am. Gates will open at Second Creek Raceway, 88th Avenue & Buckley Road at 5:00am. The admission, hot coffee and rolls are all free. Everyone is welcome. For more information contact "Boots" at 303-288-4828 or Jerry at 303-279-5004. This is usually a 'meet you there' ride due to the early hour. But there may be a ride after depending on the weather.

Saturday, April 2nd features Norman Roeder's **Wild Goose Chase**. Since Norm is currently 'between rides' someone else will lead this year. Norm says he will supply the route, though. The ride will start from Fay Myers at 9:00am.

The **Wet Mountain Valley Ride** will be **Sunday, April 10th**. It was beautiful down Westcliff way on a recent Sunday ride, and I'm sure it will be just as nice in April. That ride will also start from Fay Myers at 9:00am.

The **Recruitment Ride** will be **Sunday, April 17th**. As the name implies, bring a prospective new member if you can. We will begin with a 9:00am breakfast at the Village Inn, C-470 & Broadway for any newbies to get acquainted with the rest of the group. Then our President, Thumper will lead the ride leaving at 10:00am.

From the Chaplain

Colorado FreeWheeler's Resident Chaplain, Paul Reimer - "Boots"

DESTINATIONS:

Whether near or far, vacations, weekend runs, rallies, or just a short spin. Distance doesn't matter. Most of these give thought if the machine we will be operating well. Will it endure the journey? Especially if we have an old clunker. Newer models are more road-worthy machines, and need little more than a quick stop at the fuel pump, and today, a large wallet.

Now, if we are anticipating a long and extended journey, most of us would likely do some planning. Maybe check out the budget, peruse some road maps and calculate the cost and where we might include layovers, and the scheduled **DESTINATION**.

Sometimes we may even consider another unfamiliar route than what we had taken in the past. Of course there are the daring souls who just get on, hang on and shut up. Wherever we end up is okay. Some-

times these adventures give us the thrill of being in the wonderful world of nature. However, somewhere, sometime there may be situations that we did not expect.

Of course some souls are prone not to follow maps, or directions. When the journey is completed, we return to our nest and calculate the cost, the errors that may have occurred along the way and make mental notes to avoid that same scenario next time.

There is another journey though, called life. Too often we take the same precautions (or the lack thereof) that the physical journey entails. Most individuals tend to just play it by ear and do whatever comes along. When a bump in the road throws us for an unexpected loop, we sit back, disgruntled and wonder "where in the world did that come from?"

Most of us plan financially for the future, we lay up nest eggs for retirement, send kids to college, maybe reserve some funds for emergencies. Emotionally, we aren't quite as well prepared for some encounters, but we struggle to make the best of what the situation has to offer at the time.

Some of these emotions may carry forward, and later cause difficulties unforeseen.

Then, there is the spiritual aspect of the journey. Often we believe that there are many roads to one **DESTINATION**, never stopping to read the maps. And when we come to a fork in, or the end of the road we are unprepared. Preparation for the end of the journey is often ignored, but every road comes to an end. Unlike physical journeys, when the journey ends, no one has ever been able to make corrections, or modifications.

Life is a one way street, make sure you read the road signs along the way, and your **DESTINATION** will be sure, and pleasurable. Enjoy life, ride & arrive safely. And remember, you do not have to ride alone.

Should you ever need to contact me, I am available. My phone number is 303-288-4828. You can Email me at cbpr842@aol.com.

Chaplain "Boots"

Boots at the Pulpit

Evangelist & our own Club Chaplain, Paul "Boots" Reimer will be holding Revival services at the North Hills Church of God, nightly at 7:00pm beginning March 28 through April 8.

The church is located at 8891 Poze Blvd., Thornton, CO.

Every one is invited, and bring a guest. 303-287-5438.

Correction

In the "Thumpers Corner" section of the January issue of the *Eagle Times*, Thumper mentioned that two of our members suffered the loss of their mothers in 2004. At the time, he was unaware of the untimely passing of Chuck Janssen's father just before Christmas. The Editor, however was aware, but failed to correct Pat's article.

Belated condolences to Chuck, along with my appology for the omission.

Wing Commander



If you weren't on the 'Sunday Ride' of March 6th, this is what you missed. The Sangre de Christo range from Westcliff, CO. as photographed by Floyd Thorne.

High-Tech, These Bikes Today

Pat McCombs

Ever since helping to steal a full dress Harley with a friend of my in high school, I have been hooked on motorcycling. I guess I should rewrite the steal part a little. My friend's dad was the owner of the Harley, and we just took loan of it for a couple of hours while he was off driving the local school bus. The ride was wonderful, as we toured all over the hills of Evergreen. Both of us took turns driving the bike, and we were sure that in a short time, we had mastered the art of riding motorcycles. That was until we high sided the bike. I got a broken arm, and my friend, Gary a broken leg. That was the longest time I was ever grounded. This little story got me to thinking about all the changes we have seen as bikers since those early days in the sixties.

When I first really got into the sport of motorcycling, there was nothing "High-Tech" about the bikes I rode. It was all about being cool. Now cool was riding only from about the middle of May to usually the end of August. If you were in one the clubs, you were probably riding a BSA, Norton or Triumph. The louder the pipes the better, and if you had the short upswept megaphones you could blow the windows out of the garage. High-tech was eighteen-inch hanger bars, and custom paint. A long road trip was up to Hughes Bar at 44th & Federal to hang with some of the other

clubs. A big trip was to Sam's on Lookout Mountain up by Golden. Rain suits and great riding gear were not even words we knew of. Radar was something the cops were just looking into, and were not having much luck with.

Now we have it all, and more on the way every day. It seems like every time I pick up a motorcycle magazine there is some new high-tech toy that has come out to help me ride my motorcycle. We can have Satellite radios, and GPS units so we're never lost (which used to be part of the adventure). We can go as fast as we dare, because most of us have Radar detectors, which the cops can't keep up with. We have ABS braking systems, which make a lot of bad riders look good. We can get up to a 100 mph in the blink of an eye.

Now a number of us have GL1800 Gold Wings. A fellow asked me last year on one of our stops, "Is there anything you don't have on that motorcycle?" I got to thinking about that a little bit, and compared to what I was riding in the sixties, I am now throwing my legs over a rocketship every time I go for a ride.

A number of us are into LD (Long Distance) riding, and have solved the fuel problem by putting eleven gallon fuel tanks on these spaceships. Now we can ride 600 miles and never have to take a break. I think the next thing to

work on will be the potty break. After reading the Rocky Mountain News on February 21st help may be on the way. Enter the Swash 400. The Swash 400 is a heated toilet seat with push button controls to adjust water pressure and temperature. A self-cleaning spray arm moves forward or back to adjust to the anatomy of male and female users. An advanced Swash 600 also includes a wireless remote control and a blow-dryer designed to eliminate the need for traditional toilet paper. This little puppy sells for only \$900.00 To check it out go to www.brondell.com.

With the speed of High-Tech, it will just be a matter of time before we will not need that potty break at all. Just keep on riding, and roll up those club miles.

For now, I think I will remain not so High-Tech, stop every couple of hundred miles and enjoy talking with friends about the days adventure going on around me. Not that I don't like High-Tech, but how much can one hang on a motorcycle?

Thumper

Special Thanks

I would like to thank a number of our members who took time to come up with names for our monthly fun award.

Brian Boberick came up with the winning entry, and for that got a FREE dinner at the Christmas party this year. His name for the award was "Mental Melt Down Award." Floyd Thorne is working hard at building the award, and thinks it might be ready for our meeting on March 17th. It is not easy building one of these, and takes some time. So Floyd, thanks for all your hard work on this project. If it comes out half as good as the one you did for the RMVTA, it will be something special. Looking forward to handing this out each month, as it seems we always have some tall tales floating around after some of our rides.

Hopefully our editor & printer will not win this the first time. If he does it will probably get into the saddle bag of one of his bikes, and be forgotten about for six months. Could be a repeat of the German chocolate cake event. That is a great story in itself.

Thumper

For Sale

1999 Gold Wing-SE with aprox. 50k miles, new alternator, floorboards, highway pegs, highway lights, 6 disc CD changer and receiver hitch. \$10,000 includes a color-matched Escapade cargo trailer. Contact Rhonda Becker, 303-877-0347.

1987 Shadow 700. 16k miles, new alternator, and handlebar mounted windshield. \$2,000. Contact Rhonda Becker, 303-877-0347.

1996 Honda ST1100, ABS2/linked braking system, MR Accessories shelf, Clearview +4" windshield + stock shield, rear luggage rack, MEZ4 tires, 58,000 miles. A well cared for bike. \$6,200. Call Bill Gillespie, 303-781-0032 or 303-758-8804.

One (Hard-to-Get) ticket for the 2005 3-Flags Classic. I have one extra ticket for "America's Premier Motorcycle Tour." I will release the ticket back to the 3-Flags waiting list on April 1st, so act soon if you want to participate. Call Bill Gillespie, (303) 781-0032.

Photo by Robnor



Southwest Tour

by Bruce Waters

As we left Bruce last month, he had made his way into Phoenix, Arizona and settled into a reasonably priced, comfortable motel for the night.

Friday, November 19, 2004

Why do people who sleep in cheap motels and depart early always drive diesels... or motorcycles? The diesel right outside my door served as the alarm clock, but shortly thereafter, a fellow several doors down fired up a Japanese sportbike. He had enough trouble keeping it running that I got up and looked out the window just in time to see him depart with not a light showing. How can he do that? There was a Harley bagger a few doors down from the sportbike and I never heard him coming or going.

I had just finally rolled out of bed about 7:00 when there was a knock at the door. It was the innkeeper - could I please move my bike? The contractor had decided to work early today. Sure, what the heck. Much better than getting it run over by a dump truck. I parked it on the sidewalk right beside the washing machine.

Got a lazy start today. I showered and washed my hair since I expected to be camping for the next day or two.

A very pretty maid with a scowl on her face, and pushing a laundry cart, brightened and returned my smile and wave as I rode out of the Starlight Motel. I had noticed what appeared to be a couple of interesting roads east of the metro area on my map and I wanted to explore them. Found a right decent little family owned restaurant for a couple of pancakes and some bacon - Mae's Restaurant.

The road that paralleled the Salt River was decent enough, but McDowell didn't turn out as good as I had hoped, so I turned around and retraced my route. Turned off on Utery Pass Road which was also ok, although short. Then I headed south to pick up I-10 toward Tucson.

Interesting note. I got almost 200 miles out of this tank of gas before going on reserve. Most of the others have been hitting reserve around 150 - 160. I'll have to try another tank of Exxon to see if it holds true. Might have more to do with altitude and the amount of high speed riding that I do, than brand of gas.

Lubed the chain again once I got to Tucson, then set out to find a campground. Sun was sinking, but I figured on finding my road and having plenty of time to spare. Friday afternoon rush hour traffic conspired against me and I was pushing to get an unfamiliar tent set up during twilight. The dog had ripped my good one to shreds the past summer trying to get to an empty plate I'd foolishly left inside where she could smell it. Anybody need a dog with an eating disorder?

Once I got established and paid, I went back into Tucson and ate at a little strip-mall Mexican restaurant. Their specialty is tongue, so I had some, and was quite pleased with my choice. The Mt. Lemon road was probably not nearly as much fun tonight as I expected it to be tomorrow morning.

Saturday, November 20, 2004

The fellow flogging the sportbike up Catalina Highway (the road that ascends Mt. Lemon) obviously has better night vision than I do. I may detect a glow in the sky, but I wouldn't swear to it. He probably also has a major grin on his face. He was the first I heard, but definitely not the last. Soon more and more cars drove by. What is this, a sunrise convention at the top of the mountain? I lay in my sleeping bag until my antique bladder roused me out and across the road to the thankfully nearby restrooms. Too much tea last night. Once refreshed, I walked around a bit, partially to see what my surroundings were like, and partially to get out in the sun. My site was still in shade and it felt like November! It's an extremely well built and attractive campground - nice dressed stone walls holding terraces, food storage lockers, stand up grilles, lantern hooks, flat campsites. The group campsite is accessible and there are several



accessible sites scattered throughout the campground. I'm considering setting up a campground for two-wheeled travelers near my home. This is close to what I'm aiming for, so I take lots of pictures.

Sun has arrived at my site, so I eat an apple and drink some water and write in this diary. I asked the campground host when his checkout time was and he answered "Depends on how busy I am." Since there were only about three people in 30-some odd sites, I then said "So it shouldn't be any trouble for me to ride up the mountain and load up when I come back down?" He didn't seem too keen on that idea, so I packed up and left for the summit fully loaded.

I soon caught up with a car. There is essentially no place to pass on this road for the full 25 miles, so whoever owns the road has provided turnouts at frequent intervals along with signs directing slower drivers to use them. This guy would not, but actually he was going fast enough that it wasn't a major issue. And of course, he went all the way to Summerhaven,



a little community just a couple of miles below the ski area.

Yes, there's a ski area in southern Arizona, the southern-most such in the U.S., so they claim. I only saw two lifts, and a couple of runs, and they couldn't have packed more than 150 cars into that parking lot, but it certainly did look like a ski area. No snow yet, but quite cold. I considered eating at the restaurant, which was open, but it had that expensive look to it, so I headed down the mountain again, stopping frequently for photo-ops.

Once back in Tucson, I stopped at a Jack-in-the-Box where they got my order wrong, but not enough to hassle the kid about it. Then I started back across Tucson.

Phoenix must get all the highway money in this state. Or at least, I haven't figured out how to get east and west in Tucson. Speedway Boulevard was stop and go, and this was still a bit early for rush hour.

My destination was the Arizona - Sonora Desert Museum where I arrived right at closing time. Grrrrr! Saw another campground on the way out, but declined due to the fact that it was out in the flat desert with no wind protection and was filled with RV's. OK, let's find a cheap motel. Not a thing on Broadway, which I assumed was probably the old highway, except rush hour traffic complicated by some sort of organized bicycle ride complete with policemen waving the bicyclists through several green lights for us, the cross traffic. To heck with this! I got on what I hoped was a major north - south street and headed for I-10. Traffic eased up a bit, and there was an extremely nice, but brief sunset. Then I found a cheap motel complete with Indian subcontinent emigre innkeeper and truck



Continued on page 5

Southwest Tour, continued

traffic on the interstate for a lullaby. Who could ask for more?

How about a room that had been cleaned since the last guest? I went back and complained on that one, and was rewarded with a better room, from my point of view anyway. Downstairs where my bike could be right outside the door.

45212

-44835

377 miles in two days

Sunday, November 21, 2004

Wouldn't you know it? The one motel closest to the interstate and just across a field from a truck stop, I get to wake up naturally. No diesels and the one other motorcycle, a Harley with the temporary tag still on it, left after I was already awake.

Wanting to get an early start, I went ahead and rolled out of bed, catching a glimpse of Venus still visible in the eastern sky. It appeared that the weatherman was right on with clouds shuttling across the sun. That should help with the eastbound, early morning aspect of today's ride.

The sun wasn't much of a problem, but the wind was significantly more so. It was quite strong and coming from the south, so I stayed leaned over to the right for mile after mile. Passing trucks or motorhomes meant that for a while I was in their lee, but the shockwave coming off the front of some of those things was pretty rough. The worst was some sort of big industrial fan housing about 15' wide with an escort car and everything. This had a huge fan intake with giant louvers across the back. You can probably guess what kind of swirl that thing created in a wind like this, running down I-10 about 60 mph or so. It defeated me completely at 75 and I had to back off or end up smeared along the left hand lane. I waited until I had clear mirrors, then inched past him as far to the left as I could get and just slightly faster than he was going. I wonder if people who ship and haul that kind of thing have any idea what they can do to a bike? Or care?

I wanted to see the Gila Cliff Dwellings, so I got off the interstate at Lordsburg and headed for Silver City. Got briefly lost, but a good sense of direction and a conveniently placed road sign soon got me turned around the right way.

Good Chile Rellenos in a restaurant in Silver City, then gas up and head out of town. Uh oh! The sign says a two hour drive to Gila and the park closes at 4:00. It's 5 till 2:00. So once again, I miss something I wanted to see due to being there too late. And it had looked like such a nice motorcycle road!

OK. No way I can just blow three hours or more of travel time as precious as that commodity is becoming, so I hop back on a road headed south and east. Deming and Las Cruces come and go, and eventually the Texas state line. Right about nightfall, I spot El Paso, so that becomes tonight's haven. A Motel 6 right between the interstate and the train tracks looks cheap and is.

45592

-45212

380 miles today

Monday, November 22, 2004

Traffic noise on the interstate out front woke me shortly before 6:00 A.M. and I lay in bed trying to figure out why the sound seemed different. Eventually, I placed it: there was a splashing noise associated with the normal tire hum. It was wet out there. I looked out the window to see drops splashing in the puddles illuminated by the parking lot lights. Back to bed to think this thing through. I've had great weather so far for the most part. No rain or snow, very little in the way of real cold, and just the wind to detract from an otherwise near perfect ride. OK. I'm in a motel. Let's see what the Weather Channel has to say.

Texas is a mess. Several factors are combining to bring flooding rains more or less statewide, and Texas is a big state. Houston is under a tornado warning with the watch box extending west from there. There's serious rain from San Antonio to Austin - the Hill Country, where many of the state's best motorcycle roads are located - and severe thunderstorms are forecast for where I'm headed today - Big Bend. All I have to do is go for a ride and I can produce rain in the desert!

I need to wash clothes anyway and they have a guest laundry here. I also need to do some minor bike maintenance before I head out into the desert. I hate working on a vehicle in the rain! I go ahead and get out of bed, dress, then cash a travelers check to get quarters for the machines. Once I've got the laundry going, I grab a shower and try to pick as much information off the Weather Channel as I can.

This will almost certainly not be fun, and may even be dangerous. I guess I'll find out what a severe thunderstorm is like in West Texas.

Soon, I hear sirens - lots of them. Eastbound I-10 in front of the motel is stopped. The ambulances and police thread their way through. Frontage road and side streets fill up. Gridlock as far as I can see. I swap the clothes over to the dryer.

I pack what I can, organize stuff, check the dryer for socks and lightweight stuff, pack a bit more, read, and check the latest weather report.

The rain stops and the sun plays peek-a-boo with the clouds. I run outside and check the battery for water and lube the chain. Traffic is stop and go on the frontage road, still no movement eastbound on the interstate. Westbound running normally.

Check the dryer again and it's done. Sort clothes and finish my packing, dress for the day, then load everything on the bike. One last check of the weather shows they haven't changed their mind - still predicting severe thunderstorms for Big Bend. Eastbound I-10 is still a parking lot, so I ride back streets until I can find downtown.

Eventually, I find Montana Ave, US-62 and 180. It wasn't hard, everybody else has found it too, and it's stop and go. I spot a likely looking Mexican restaurant, and go inside for a very late breakfast and to ponder my options.

Now this is what I call a real Mexican restaurant! The help speaks about as much

English as I do Spanish (un poco), but I get what I want and it's delicious.

Back to the battle. A fellow with a '65 Mustang and a guy with a Corvette just a bit older are talking and comparing notes while I fill up at the gas station next door. I head north a mile or two on a clear road, then finding a likely looking exit, get off and start working my way east. I immediately encounter Ft. Bliss, which seems to occupy all of northeast El Paso. I wade around through neighborhoods, eventually finding a road with traffic on it moving in my direction. That only lasts for a little while before it dumps me back out onto Montana Ave. However, traffic has loosened enough that it seems to make sense to stay with it this time around.

The further east I go, the more it loosens up, and the rest of the way is normal traffic. Rain has not returned yet and the sun seems to be winning out over the clouds. I turn south on TX-375 to get back to I-10. Fine, but it's under construction, and a crew of men installing a light pole have my exit blocked with no detour information that I can see. Continuing to the next intersection, I make a U-turn, then ride back to I-10 where I turn east at the eastern edge of El Paso. It's 1:30 P.M.

I stop at a rest area (frequent in Texas) to make final adjustments, restroom, earplugs etc. A bit further down the road, I'm a bit chilly, so I reach down to crank a few more amps into my electric vest. Oh, so that's why I'm chilly. I'm supposed to plug it in instead of dragging the cord behind me on the interstate! The tip is a bit the worse for wear, but it still works. Well, that was intelligent!

There really isn't much of a choice showing on my map to get from El Paso to Big Bend without going from El Paso to at least Van Horn via I-10, so I put what interstates do best to work and grind out about 120 miles. Really a better place to ride a big touring bike like a Wing or a Harley than a high strung, overloaded 650 thumper, but then I wasn't planning to do much of this.

The last time I adjusted my chain, the jaws spread on my tool kit wrench, so that was now useless, and the chain was definitely in need of adjustment. I stopped at an auto parts store in Van Horn, and with no 24 mm available, bought an adjustable wrench which worked just fine.

The sun (sans thunderstorms!) was slowly dropping toward the western horizon, but I thought I could make Marfa, 74 miles and a good hour's ride away, without difficulty. I watched my shadow ride an increasingly taller motorcycle, and just as the sun touched the horizon, the shadow of my helmet rose high enough to finally touch the railroad tracks paralleling the road.

When I left Van Horn, I had seen an unusual "white cloud" ahead of me which three-quarters of the way to Marfa turned out to be a blimp, or dirigible, or airship of some sort tethered to some sort of ground installation. Interesting.

I figured Marfa was big enough to have a motel. I was partially right.

*See if Bruce finds a motel
in next month's Eagle Times...*



Come see us now!
 Fay Myers Motorcycle World welcomes you to our new clubhouse! All of us at Fay Myers would like to thank the Colorado Freewheelers for their wonderful housewarming gifts! We look forward to a long-lasting friendship.



Summer Hours
 Mon.-Sat 9a to 6p
Winter Hours
 Tue.-Sat. 9a to 6p

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