

NEXT MEETING
Thursday, March 16, 2006
Fay Myers Motorcycle World
7:00 pm

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

Out of Motorcycling, But Not Forgotten

I guess the old saying "Out of sight, Out of Mind" might have something to it. At a recent meeting Bill Gillespie brought with him a large box. Didn't think much about it at the time, as he is always bringing things into the meeting room. As the meeting was coming to a close, Bill put the box up on the table, to show us the contents.

He asked the question, "How many of you remember George & Joan Govea?" Well, when someone comes out with a question like that, all kinds of things start to run through your mind. There wasn't any tragic story or anything like that, but what Bill had to tell us was still a little on the sad side. The Goveas are doing OK, but George did suffer a heart attack a couple of years ago. With that, coupled with his continuing back problems, they have decided they would no longer be able to ride. The box contained their riding gear and other items the Goveas hoped someone in the club could use. Just like them to be so thoughtful.

It is always a little bit of a downer to see people you have ridden with over the years, get out of the sport of motorcycling. From our standpoint here at the McCombs household, Donna and I both will have fond memories of rides over the years with "The Godfather" and Joan.

A few years back, Bill Gillespie put an annual ride together to Red Oak Iowa, so we could spend an evening with the Govea's. Although we did not make all of them, the ones we did will provide long lasting memories.

Let us hope that down the road, that our paths will cross again. It is always nice to stop and kick tires with old riding friends.

Pat & Donna McCombs

Well Written

Pat McCombs

On Tuesday morning I opened you my copy of the February *Eagle Times*. In it, one of our newer members and current treasurer, Floyd Thorne had written an Editorial about the Colorado Freewheelers motorcycle club. It was refreshing to see a viewpoint of our club with fresh eyes. I thought the piece was well laid out, and addressed some of the areas we have been putting on the back burner for some time.

The first night I attended a Colorado Freewheelers (at that time a newly formed GWRRA chapter) meeting was July, 1982. Up to that point, Donna and I had been riding by ourselves, our with what some people would call "Outlaw Gangs." As far as 'planned trips', and 'events for fun', we didn't even know what the phrases meant. That would all soon change, as Donna and I both attended August meeting. The rest as they say, is now history, and Donna and I have twenty-five years invested in the Colorado Freewheelers.

Why would a couple give up Three-Hundred Thursday nights, not to mention various committee meetings, hours of planning, and large sums of funding out of our own pockets? That is a great question. Even though at times it was a lot of work, it brought a lot of joy into our home.

In the early years of the club, we were a very social type of group, and had lots of couples. We would plan events around things that we could do as couples while riding our motorcycles. Over the years we planned some great events that helped out many groups in the community. We helped out many families a Christmas time who could not even put food on their tables. We did interactive major charity rides with the Rocky Mountain Harley

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Meeting Minutes

February 16, 2006

The meeting was called to order by President, Brian Boberick at 7:06 pm. Thumper moved to adjourn, there was no second.

The Secretary's report was approved as printed with only one negative vote. Sunny objected on Chuck Janssen's behalf.

Treasurer, Floyd Thorne reported \$1,645.11 in checking, and \$96.68 in cash for a total of \$1,741.79. There has still been no money refunded from the Pinnacle Dinner Theater. A discussion about what to do ensued.

Bob was asked if he had a Safety Committee report. He said, "No." Then he did say to watch out for icy patches.

Thumper gave the Ride Committee report by instructing all ride captains to get their info to Frank by March 1st, so the books can be printed by the March meeting.

The web site is down. MSN didn't like some of the pictures. We may have to start over from scratch. Frank will look into it.

There was a discussion about recruitment of new members. Pat said RPM had no info from any club to direct new owners to them. It was agreed the web site issue must be resolved before info packets or posters can be produced. A committee was formed to design recruitment flyer or brochure for distribution to sales people in dealerships. Floyd, Pat, Gene, Brian and Bill will serve on the committee. Pat indicated that most of the feedback he has gotten from first timer that don't come back is that we ride too fast. Floyd designed an info card to be filled out by visitors so we can follow up with them.

Chuck Janssen is now at Cherry Hills Rehab Hospital near Swedish Medical Center. He is expected to be there for about two months before going home. A benefit dinner hosted by Community Ministry raised over \$900 for the Janssens. Chuck and Chris wanted us to know how much they appreciate all that everyone has done for them.

Pat nominated himself for the Mental Meltdown award because he forgot to bring it again. He nudged out Gene Porter for going to 1755 North Zuni looking for Community Ministry. He called from the parking lot of Invesco Field, and was told he was on the wrong side of town.

Bill Gillespie won the 50/50 for \$18, but Norman didn't have enough change. So, he got \$16, and the Christmas fund got the \$20.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:32 pm.

Submitted by Bill Gillespie, Secretary

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Owners Group & the RMVTA Motorcycle Clubs. And the club has done a great job of taking care of their own in time of need. Every year the club has honored someone for their hard work in the Colorado motorcycling community.

Today, I think some of the spokes on the wheels are missing. It gets harder to get folks to come to the meetings, and out on to the rides. Nobody will readily step up to hold a position for one of the club officer positions. And if I knew how to fix that, I would more than likely have a crystal ball. We have folks who come to every meeting, but never give us any input. I know they have something to share, but they never get it out.

What I really would feel good about is if we could get some good feed back from some of the Colorado Freewheeler women members. What do you feel has changed in the club over the years? Are the rides too long? Are we not stopping for things you might enjoying looking at? Has it inadvertently become an all-male club?

One point Floyd made, which has become a major concern, is the average age in the Freewheelers. But, I think with age comes wisdom. And if we put a solid recruitment program together, that can be overcome and changed.

Donna and I run into folks all the time that we know from other clubs, and some that were members long ago. Most of these folks are blown

away by the fact that we are still riding with the group. Most have sold their bikes, and motorcycling is a thing of the past that they did in their "younger years."

In the McCombs household, the average age is 65.5 years old. Are we in the twilight of our riding years? I would think in the next few years, that there might be some truth in that statement. But for now we we want to enjoy the road with the Colorado Freewheelers & RMVTA Motorcycle Clubs.

I have heard in recent weeks of talk that maybe we should merge with the RMVTA, or maybe just close the doors, and write the final chapter on the Colorado Freewheelers.

As members of both the Colorado Freewheelers & RMVTA we enjoy both clubs, but both offer a different style of events and riding.

Would we encourage a merger of the two clubs? "No" to that. Are we seeing the death of the Colorado Freewheelers? "No" to that as well. Numbers are not everything. If we have a hundred members or two members, I know folks who are Freewheelers, who will not let the final chapter be written.

We have all new leadership this year. Let us support that leadership, and see what roads we travel. Bring your input to the meetings, and get it out in front. I know we are looking forward to another great riding year with both clubs.

*Thumper,
Colorado Freewheeler for Life (FCFCFF)*



It won't be long now 'till we will be looking at scenes like this again....

Do You Like Your Club?

What a strange question to be asking, you say. Well, maybe not. We are into our 25th year as a motorcycle club, and you would think it would be some what of a big deal reaching that milestone. At the January meeting, we had a turn out of 8 people. And the February meeting wasn't much better with 12 people turning out. I would not want to even venture a guess as to the reason for the poor turnout. We have been getting better participation at the Sunday morning breakfast and open rides at the Boulevard Grill than we have had at the first two meetings of 2006.

Does it take a little extra effort to come out and support the Colorado Freewheelers? I would think the way things are with most folks today the answer to that would be, "yes." Everybody seems to have something going on twenty-four hours a day, and being pulled in all directions. But I do think people can fit in one night a month, to help support the club they chose to join. We are talking only two hours or less of your time once a month.

The last two months the folks that have been at the meetings are all working very hard to get the Freewheelers back on their feet. There has been some very candid discussion the last two months, with some great input from those folks.

This is not the first time the Freewheelers have hit a slump, and it may not be the last. But I think it is very important, that if we are part of this club that we do our part. Do some of us that have been in this since the start have the same energy? I would think not, but we can bring a lot of knowledge and experience to the table.

I've heard the off-handed suggestion that we just fold our tent and join the RMVTA. Although the RMVTA is a wonderful motorcycle club, and a number of us are members in both, it does not mean we have given up on the Colorado Freewheelers. For this member, the Colorado Freewheelers will always take first priority. I have always enjoyed our riding style, and a lot of that riding style can't be found in the RMVTA. I do enjoy some of their rides, but they are set up to socialize a bit more, which at times isn't bad.

We are getting close to some warm weather riding, and I look forward to seeing some old faces as well as some new ones to start coming to the meetings and rides.

Thanks, Thumper

My Mexico Trip

A Ride Report by Bruce Waters

Why would you go to Mexico? It's poor and dirty and if the banditos don't get you, you'll get sick from drinking the water.

All true, doubtless, but I went anyway. On a motorcycle, of course.

I suppose you could say that it all started with my Daytona trip of 2003. That's when I bought the timeshare... I had no interest in going back to Florida, since it rained every single day I was there, for all practical purposes. But my timeshare is right down the road from Disney World and all that kind of thing, so it makes great trade bait for all the other timeshare places I can go in this big old world.

Thinking I had a job lined up for this past summer, I called up the timeshare exchange and scheduled a trip to someplace warm and sunny in November. Can you say, Cancun?! I expected to be free from job related responsibilities then. Well, I was free, all right. That summer job never materialized along with it's expected paychecks. But the reservation had already been made by that time along with several other things that would cost me as much money to cancel as to use.

When I scheduled this vacation, the voice on the phone mentioned sort of casually in passing that the time I had scheduled was at the tail end of the hurricane season, but when was the last time we'd had any significant hurricanes in November? I decided to take my chances.

As I watched the carnage from "Katrina" and later "Rita" this summer on the tube, it never occurred to me that this record breaking hurricane season would not be done by fall. And then out in the Caribbean, on October 17th, the 21st named storm of the season was born. Day by day "Wilma" strengthened as I planned my trip, and three weeks to the day before I was scheduled to check into the resort on the Riviera Maya, it sat on top of the Yucatan Peninsula as a Category 4 storm and beat Cancun into submission with 140 mph winds.

Now, I grew up on the Louisiana Gulf Coast and have seen a whole range of storms. I was in Lake Charles for "Audrey" in 1957 when hundreds of people died just a few miles south of me, and I also remember going out in the yard and throwing a football around during another storm in Baton Rouge years later. There's a lot of difference in hurricanes,

but as news filtered out of Cancun and Cozumel, I could tell this one had been bad. No water, no food, no electricity, no transportation. And this was where I was headed on my vacation. No problema, si?

I thought about this situation as I continued to pack and organize. I knew that the chances were good that I would run into problems that I couldn't overcome - bridges out, no gas, no electricity to pump gas, no food available. Finally I decided that I would just go and get as far as I could. If I didn't make it to Cancun, I would just ride somewhere else and see some other part of Mexico. I had put too much time, planning and money into this trip to simply abandon everything when the going got tough.

And so it was, and I found myself on November 1, 2005, a gorgeous Colorado fall day, with 53,643 miles on my BMW F650, leaving my comfortable home for a disaster area. What follows is my diary of this trip.

November 1, 2005

Too much stuff at the last minute, so I leave the bottoms to my rain suit. Even wearing my Aerostitch, that virtually guarantees I'll end up riding in a hurricane.

The web site for the Mayan Palace, the resort where I'm scheduled to stay, says they have electricity again, so maybe I will make it all the way. We'll see. I've decided to go east first. I have a map of where I've ridden this bike on one of my panniers and I want to add Kansas and Oklahoma to it. I also want one last bit of mountain riding though, just so I can remember what a tilted horizon looks like when I get to West Texas. I take Copper Gulch Rd. south to SH69 and go through Westcliffe. Then I ride east on SH96 toward Pueblo and that fills the bill.

I hit US50 in Pueblo and gas up on the far east side of town. I ride on for a while just downwind from a string of feed lots. Eastern Colorado is very agricultural and there are farms and ranches as far as I can see. Very pastoral and pretty, especially with the fall color still on the cottonwoods.

I eat a late lunch in Fowler and have an interesting talk with my waitress. Maybe I'll take a cruise for my next vacation. I suppose I'd have to at least ride my bike as far as the port, though.

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Mexico, continued from page 3

So, back on the road and still headed east on US50. There's almost no traffic today and I'm cranking right along at an indicated 75. That is actually about 70 on this bike - typical BMW speedometer is a bit optimistic.

After I pass through La Junta, this road is listed as an historic byway. It's pretty, too. I start watching my shadow lengthen, and estimating my time to Kansas, begin fantasizing a scenario in which I've been told to be out of Colorado by sundown. I just make it. The last milepost on US50 in Colorado is #467. The Kansas state line flashes past and I can still see sunlight on the ground, but just barely. I stop in Coolidge to swap over to my clear glasses.

This high speed running and a stiff breeze out of the south (not to mention the ton of stuff I have in the bags and top trunk) has affected my mileage. I go on reserve while I'm still out in the boonies with no signs to indicate the distance to Garden City which has become my goal for the evening. After cresting a series of little rises, expecting to see lights over each one and being rewarded with only more darkness, I begin rolling off the

throttle a bit. By the time I see some lights, the glow in the west is rapidly fading and I'm down to 65. It turns out to be Lakin, still 25 miles or so from Garden City, but there's a motel, a gas station and a restaurant. It'll do. Final mileage is 53,919. 276 miles today. Not bad for basically a half day's riding.

Wednesday, November 2, 2005

A very poor night's sleep. The pillows are so thick, they crank my neck over. I eventually put a shoulder on the pillow and that helps some. I've been following a train track since about Pueblo, but train noise isn't a problem. I wake early and have bacon and eggs next door at the restaurant. I fuel up and get out of town just about 9:00. It is cool enough that I'm glad to have my electric vest and handgrips.

Much more traffic this morning. Once I get on US83 headed south out of Garden City, they're finishing an overlay and have traffic alternating through one lane past the paving operation. I come upon the tail end of the queue just seconds before it starts moving. Great timing or what?

But this means that I am at the tail

end of a very long line of traffic. And of course, sure enough there's a land yacht towing a car and doing about 50 or so. Several trucks have backed up behind him, unable to get past in this gently rolling terrain that doesn't let you get much of a long distance view. After following this mobile blockade for several miles and seeing people buried in the line working their way forward, I too begin picking off a truck here and there. This is working fine until I come to a 4-way stop out in the middle of nowhere.

The intersection of two highways produces another slight backup and several of the vehicles I've passed re-pass me while making a right turn at this intersection. Enough turn off to clear the traffic somewhat, and I can run at 65 to 70 or so the rest of the way to Liberal. On the south side of Liberal, I cross over into Oklahoma.

With the ability now to add Kansas and Oklahoma to the map of "Where I've been" on his bike's panniers, Bruce now heads toward the warm climate and tropical breezes of sunny Mexico. Continue following this exciting installment of "Bruce's Travels" in the next Eagle Times!