

NEXT MEETING **Thursday, May 18, 2006** **Fay Myers Motorcycle World** **7:00 pm**

www.cofreewheelers.org

John Allen McKibbon, Sr.

September 4, 1946 to April 4, 2006

It is always a sad day when you have to attend the funeral of a fellow motorcyclist, who over the years gave to the sport of motorcycling, as much as he took from it. Today I had the honor of joining some long time riders of both the RMVTA and Colorado Freewheelers in paying our last respects to John McKibbon. Attending John's last rights were RMVTA members Tim Kah, Gordon Teall, Bill Gillespie, Brian Boberick, and myself.

The mood at the funeral was one that I am sure John would have liked. Yes there were the normal tears, but when the rights were given the mood and sprits lifted, to talk of great motorcycling memories with John's family.

Some of us had not seen John's daughter Joan and John, Jr. for some time, but we remembered the great times when we all rode together. Was nice to get caught up on years gone by, and what John's life had been like before his passing.

It was not a surprise, that the conversation turned to motorcycling. The family had put out a nice display for all to view of the great memories of days gone by of John and motorcycling. To this writer his riding vest, Three Flags plaque, and his special

hockey things jumped right of the table. For those of you who did not know John, his CB handle and nickname was "Hockey Nut".

I had the pleasure of meeting John back in the late eighties, and did not ride much with him until 1990. He was one of the first to have what we call "Dual Membership" in both the RMVTA and the Colorado Freewheelers. It would not be until the fall of 1992, that I would realize what a very giving person John was. In the fall of 1992 to July 18th 1993, John was one of the major players putting together the first Ride for Kids in Colorado and the nation. He spent as much time on this project, as he did at his daytime job. The results were past wonderful, and that is a story for another day.

John will truly be missed, and a great part of motorcycling has been lost. Who knows what takes place after a passing, but in John's case I think it will be nothing but great riding roads. He made the FreeWheelers a better club, and was proud to tell everyone about the club.

Thumper

Wild Goose Chase

(Colorado Freewheelers Spring Opener)

Hats off to Norman Roeder, who again put together another Annual Wild Goose chase. Was a nice Sunday for a ride, and compared to the ride some of us went on the previous Sunday, was like a summer day. Had a nice turn out for breakfast at the Boulevard Grille, with sixteen folks showing up for the morning meal. The talk of the morning was our ride to find that "Old Wild Goose".

With breakfast out of the way, it was 10:05 AM and the group was mounting up on their Iron Horses for the days ride. Looks to be nine bikes, and all are ready to roll. Did I say all? We do not seem to have a ride leader. The blue trike is sitting there there, but no

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Norm's Wild Goose Chaser

Meeting Minutes

March 16, 2006

The meeting was called to order at 7:05 by President, Brian Boberick. There were no visitors, but there was an alumni (old) member present. And it was great to see Parnell Dillard.

The minutes of the February meeting were approved as printed in the *Eagle Times*. The motion to accept was made by Thumper and seconded by K-Mart. I owe these guys.

Treasurer, Floyd Thorne reported \$117.08 in cash; \$1,695.11 in checking; for a total of \$1,812.19.

Bob Norton had surgery on his other shoulder this week. It turned out to be more extensive than the doctor had thought, but all went well according to reports. But then, that's why it's called a practice. The club wishes Bob well in his recovery. Congratulations to Bob for being appointed Director of the Rider's Edge training program at Rocky Mountain H/D.

Rides: There will be open Sunday rides through March, then the following scheduled rides: 4/2 – Norm's Wild Goose Chase, leave from Boulevard Grille at 10am. 4/16 – Easter Sunrise Service, place to be determined. 4/22 – Railroad Museum Ride to Pueblo, leave from Boulevard Grille, time TBD. 5/6 – Cañon City Blossom Festival Ride, leave from Boulevard Grille, time TBD.

Web Site: The MSN site is back up after some serious apologizing. However, we have gotten the OK to put our site on the RMVTA server. This will allow us to have a shorter URL address and much more storage space. Our thanks to Brett Barrett for going to bat for us with the RMVTA, and to George for supplying the server itself. We will need to pay only \$10/month for the server space. A motion was made and passed to pay one year of service in advance plus \$50 to Brett as a token for his time in setting up the initial site. The new address will be: www.cofreewheelers.org.

Tory Brown is the chairman for the homecoming reception for former State Treasurer, Mike Coffman. Mike gave up his post with the State of Colorado to re-join the Marines and serve in Iraq. The reception will be at the Raddison Hotel on Parker Road on April 2nd from 2-4pm. It is free.

Pat volunteered to join Jon Lofstedt on the Apparel Committee. They will be taking more orders for jackets, vests, caps, etc.

Frank noted that new points booklets are available for the Rider of the Year competition. He also noted he has received four entries for the 1000-IN-24. He is already looking for helpers as well as staff for the Ladies Run.

Chuck Janssen was finally released on 3/10 from the rehabilitation hospital to go home. Pat suggested we make a club project of refurbishing Chuck's Gold Wing. It needs tires, major service, etc. Several people expressed interest in being involved in the project. Private funding will need to be arranged for the project. Chuck has a goal of riding by summer's end.

There seems to be some interest in planning a group ride to Europe in the next couple of years. If anyone has experience touring in Europe they are asked to contact Brian.

Tory Brown won a dinner at the Christmas banquet, and Jon Lofstedt won the 50/50 for \$33.50. Meeting adjourned.

Submitted by Secretary, Bill Gillespie

Meeting Minutes

April 20, 2006

The meeting was called to order at 7:11 by President, Brian Boberick. Visitors were Roy & Robin Bomarito, recent transplants from Southern California. They ride a GL1800.

The minutes of the March meeting were not available because the Secretary had never transcribed his notes. There was no April newsletter either. The Secretary explained he and the Editor had both been very busy with work, not to mention they couldn't see, and the group let them off the hook.

Treasurer, Floyd Thorne reported \$153.58 in cash; \$1,625.11 in checking; for a total of \$1,778.69.

On a sad note, John McKibbon recently passed away after losing a battle with cancer. John and the entire McKibbon family were active club members a number of years ago. We mourned the death of Janie, John's estranged wife, who was tragically lost at sea during a diving vacation in Mexico in 2000. They are both survived by son John, Jr. and daughter Joanie. The club was represented at the services for John by several members. We will remember "Hockey Nut," riding his early model red Venture...and very well, too. We'll all miss you, John. Ride free.

Frank reported the new web site is up and running, all but the ride schedule and mileage figures. The new address is www.cofreewheelers.org.

Rides: 4/22 – Railroad Museum Ride to Pueblo, leave from Boulevard Grille, 9 am. 4/30 – Open Ride, leave from Boulevard Grille, 9 am. Breakfast – 10 am ride leave. 5/6 – Blossom Festival Ride, leave from Boulevard Grille. Early group leaves at 6:30 am to make the CMA poker run, late group leaves at 8 am. 5/13 – The ERC course scheduled here has been cancelled. 5/14 – Open Ride, leave from Boulevard Grille, 9 am. Breakfast – 10 am ride leave.

New Rider of the Year booklets are available at meetings, so keep your points for the big award in December.

Chris Donner won the 50/50 for \$23.50 and spent the money during the bake sale which raised \$705 for the treasury.

Meeting adjourned after all the goodies were purchased.

Submitted by Secretary, Bill Gillespie

Goose Chase, continued from page 1

Norman. Jon Lofstedt and Floyd Thorne are warming up their bikes by running circles in the parking lot. They are wanting to either get going, or trying to rack up some extra club mileage. Well! we have found Norman. He and Walt Hankinson and Brian Boberick are planning out some more routes for the days ride, looking for that crazy goose. The blue trike is fired up, and the team of "Wild Goose" chasers are all in line to start the search.

The days ride would take a lot of different directions, and a times looked like we were going to the mountains, only to turn to the east again. Some of the folks had never been on a number of the roads that Norman was using, and everyone seem to enjoy the route. Pete Chronis was classic, as when we would stop, it was always the same statement "What's the name of this town?" After some one hundred and twenty miles Norman found us lunch in the town of Elbert. The South Forty Saloon was just the same as it always is, but for the guys that had never been there found it a place of great interest. Dave Tapp, who has owned the Forty for the last twenty-one years, as always was glad to see us all. He was telling us of the big summer ahead, and the number of groups that would be stopping in on check points etc.

When the group got back to Parker, we all kind of went our own ways. Thanks Norman for a nice day, and a great route. This rider only has one complaint. Never did see that crazy Wild Goose that everyone was chasing. Come to think of it, after all these years have never seen that goofy goose. Oh well!!! maybe next year.

Thumper



No geese here, pal.

My Mexico Trip, Part Dos

A Ride Report by Bruce Waters

When we left our wandering traveler last he was only a couple of days away from home. He has spent a rather sleepless night in southwestern Kansas, and is about to head south once again...

US83 basically goes through the panhandle of Oklahoma unobstructed by much of anything. I have been fighting a brisk wind since Garden City and it doesn't let up any in Oklahoma. It is flat country. This is pretty much my memory of the southern Great Plains, so I'm surprised to begin seeing some topography and to have the road curve a bit.

By the time US83 crosses over into Texas, there is quite a bit of the aforementioned topography and curviness, particularly around the town of Canadian. There's also a neat old truss bridge over the Canadian River on the north side of town.

What with the wind and fast running, I'm not getting as much mileage out of a tank of fuel, and I'm deep into reserve getting all the way to Canadian. I may have to reassess my idea of getting 200 miles out of a tank before switching to reserve.

The further south I ride, the more westerly the wind blows. It gets warm enough that I shed my vest and warm gloves. I settle on Abilene for dinner and a bed. Good thing I quit at sundown - while checking the bike over I discover a burned-out taillight. I replace it with a spare I carry, but tomorrow I need to replace my spare. Ending mileage for today 54,405. 486 miles today. I've ridden 762 miles in two days and I'm feeling it.

Thursday, November 3, 2005

Much better night's sleep! I leave the motel in Abilene shortly after 9:00, but take a while wandering around town to find a suitable place for breakfast. Once I've fueled myself, I again find US83 and head off toward the south.

Skunk-scraping must not be high on the list of priorities for TxDot. The road is littered with the remains of dead animals. Several days so from the occasional aromatic whiffs I catch. In addition to the skunks, I see deer, raccoons, a badger of all things, and numerous examples of unidentified Michelin-meat.

The motorcycling gets significantly better than yesterday. Less wind for one thing and better roads and scenery too. US83 has been the best west Texas motorcycle road that I've found for a combination of getting somewhere and being a neat road, but it's still out in west Texas. South of Abilene, US83 begins to get into the Texas Hill Country, and that means right decent motorcycling.

I keep putting along and about 2:00 P.M. or so, I come to Leakey where I intend to finally get off US83 and really get back into the hills. This must be a real center for motorcycling despite the fact that Leakey (pronounced Lakey) is a pretty small town. I see a place - the D-rose - that advertises "Lodging exclusively for motorcyclists." I eat at a little barbecue place that calls itself Toad's Road-Kill Cafe. Good barbecue sandwich and very interesting conversation with the proprietress. Then, the reason for coming this far south instead of heading straight for San Antonio on I-10: Texas Ranch Road 337.

This little piece of motorcycle heaven is tucked away deep in the heart of Texas, but motorcyclists have discovered it anyway. I follow it out of Leakey, across a little creek and then over it's hills and around it's curves for several miles to the intersection with Texas Farm Road 187 which I take north. I want to make a stop at the Lone Star Motorcycle museum, but find it closed. Some other time, I suppose. Still a fun road, even if it isn't quite up to TRR337 standards.

TFR187 deposits me onto SH39 which follows the Guadalupe River and is another very fine motorcycling road. I enjoy this as far as Kerrville, where I take SH16 in a big loop southwest of Kerrville and around to San Antonio. This is still another very nice riding road, although there is a bit more traffic and it's getting late enough in the day for the sun to be a problem on some of the west-facing parts of the road. The sun eventually sets and SH16 turns into a 3 or 4 lane highway with traffic moving along at 60 or 70 most of the way back into San Antonio.

There ends the good riding. S.A. has over a million people and they're all going somewhere. I manage to work my way around to the northeast side of town where I stay the night with my niece Rebecca, and her husband, Mike. Don't get run over even once. Mike has a Suzuki SV650. Nice bike and he really likes it. Ending mileage 54,800. 395 miles today and 1157 for the trip so far.

Friday, November 4, 2005

Mike leaves for work shortly after I get up, but we have time to say goodbye. I've just started packing when Rebecca shows up after working an all-night shift as a nurse at the hospital. She brings breakfast tacos which are quite good. We talk while we eat, but she needs to get to bed and I need to get to Mexico, so we don't linger. Once I finish packing, I fire the bike up and head downtown.

I've made arrangements to have my oil changed at Alamo BMW which is only a few miles from their house, so when I leave, I go there first. This is a very neat place. In addition to BMW motorcycles, they also work

on race cars and exotics. I note a Ferrari, a couple of vintage Jaguars, a Morgan three wheeler and a couple of race cars in addition to other things of interest. But seriously, \$75 for an oil change? They're willing to fill my nearly empty bottle of chain lube with the used oil, so I think I'm set for the trip on chain lube. And they are very nice people.

I gas up once I get out of San Antonio headed south toward Laredo on I-35. I ride around Laredo for a while looking for a place to eat that is neither Mexican nor fast food, and finally settle on a Chinese buffet. Not one of the better ones I've tried. I also find a Pep Boys and renew my supply of tail light bulbs. There's \$4 lying on the ground when I walk out. Whee! That's just about the price of the bulbs.

I get the wrong bridge on my first attempt at crossing the border and have to go back and try again. Twenty miles upriver, I get the right one and pay \$2 to cross and about \$23 give or take to take care of paperwork. The lady behind the window gives me a 100 peso bill in change which is just about the amount I need to fill up with regular at my first Pemex station. No premium available.

The sun is heading for the western horizon at a rapid clip and after all the warnings not to ride in Mexico after dark, I decide to try to find a hotel in Nuevo Laredo. Turns out to be harder than I'd thought. The first place I find is of the no-tell motel variety and they don't take credit cards. The next place wants 1300 pesos for a room. No thanks.

Continuing my search, I spy a banco and learn that the Mexicans use the dollar sign to indicate pesos. Thinking I'm paying \$7.50 to get \$200, I actually pay about \$.75 to get 200 pesos - about \$20. Well, if that's the worst misunderstanding I have on this trip I'll do great. Now I know.

Bypassing the Hilton, I see a fairly nice looking hotel bearing the name City Express. They take credit cards and speak enough English for us to get by. Signing that bill for \$716.80 was tough, but by now I know that's pesos and my bill is actually only around \$70. Significantly higher than I'd hoped for, but it is now dark, traffic is more insane than anywhere else I've ever been and I want to get off the streets now.

The hotel people almost fall over themselves opening the door for me and finding a place to hide my bike. I've got a nice clean room with a shower and a TV. I watch the end of an Indiana Jones movie with Spanish subtitles, then walk across the street and eat a carne asada taco and drink a coke for supper. Final mileage today - 55,031 miles. 231 today and 1388 so far on the trip.

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Mexico, continued from page 3

Saturday, November 5, 2005

I leave the hotel after having a bowl of cereal and a roll at their continental breakfast. That helps ease the pain of the price, but not much. That same Indiana Jones movie is playing on the TV in the restaurant/lobby. I find the same ATM as last night and get 2000 pesos, about \$200. Now I'm more ready to do this thing.

I find M85 south toward Monterrey and get on it. Heavy traffic at first with many trucks. It's a divided four lane, but with no shoulders on either side, and about a foot drop off if you blow it. Whee! Several times I see places where the guardrail has been ripped off the posts and simply left lying by the side of the road, still attached to what is left.

Lane markings, where there are any, are similar to those in the U.S., not that anyone pays any attention to them. Passing only requires that you clear the vehicle, not any space around it. A motorcycle certainly doesn't need a whole lane, so why move over all the way?

I notice quite a few motorcycles here in Mexico - lots of single cylinder Yamahas and Suzukis as well as many others that I haven't seen before and don't recognize. Lots of two-strokes which probably run better on the cheapest Pemex than a four-stroke.

Several miles out of town, I come to a military checkpoint. Lots of unsmiling young men with large guns watching me. I switch off the bike to make sure I can both hear and to ensure that no one thinks I'm about to ride off before I'm allowed. The man checking my paperwork speaks a bit of English, and seems friendly enough, although my answer of "Cancun" in reply to where I'm headed raises his eyebrows. He hands me everything back and wishes me well on my journey.

Mexico 85 eventually puts me on the cuota or toll road, traffic moderates significantly, and I speed right along. I like the Mexican toll system: Big tolls, long distances between toll booths. None of this stopping every fifteen minutes to dig another dollar and a half out of your pockets. They let you ride for 20 miles or so then nail you for about a hundred eighty pesos; then you can ride for another hour or so before seeing another toll booth.

Soon there's a bit of orange and a man waving a flag. They are reconstructing the road. And doing an excellent job of it in my opinion. Nice wide divided concrete four lane with some shoulder on each side. And still no more tolls until Monterrey, where I pay about a hundred pesos then immediately waste it by getting off to get gas. Unless M40 was the toll road... Who knows?

Saltillo, 50 kilometers west of Monterrey, was supposed to be my stop for the first day in Mexico according to my Motodiscovery itinerary, so I decide to go downtown and try to find the centro or central square. Big mistake. The bus nearly

squeezes me into the car, and when I brake quickly to avoid this, I'm nearly run over by the taxi behind me. Only the most memorable incident of many similar.

I finally find the centro (I think) where I park and take a break from the insanity. My bike is running poorly and I attribute it to the Pemex regular, although it wasn't running badly out of the highway. When I finally find my way out of town, I turn around and go back to try to find some premium to cut the regular. I am successful and the bike is running better, now.

I get stopped for another inspection of some sort, not sure what, but the men are friendly, interested in my trip, and are surprised I'm going all the way to Cancun on a motorcycle. By now, I'm getting hungry, so when I see a roadside restaurante just up the road from the checkpoint, I stop. Wow! A real live genuine thatched roof! Restrooms out back and a hamburguista with an actual slice of ham on it. Delicious and no ill effects so far.

Still on M54, I stop in Concepcion del Oro for some more Pemex (premium, even!) Concepcion del Oro is about the size of the town I live in, probably no more than a thousand people if that. It's now 5:00 P.M. but I figure if one small Mexican town has half a dozen restaurants and a couple of hotels, the next one will, too.

Not so. San Tiburco is way poor, no hotel. I know there's no way I can get to Zacatecas by dark, so I ride back to Concepcion del Oro and take a room at a hotel just as it's getting dark enough to begin to cause me problems. Seems clean and nice enough, although road noise might cause a problem if trucks keep on trucking all night. 55,393 on the clock, 362 today, 1750 so far on this trip.

Sunday November 6, 2005

Let us consider trucks. Concepcion del Oro must be some kind of truck stop or something. I should have had some kind of idea, I guess. Why else would a town of a few hundred souls have numerous 24 hour restaurants and a couple of hotels? I read and messed around until 10:00 P.M. or so, then crawled into bed and tried to get some sleep. After quite a while, I decided to see if there was ever a time when I could not hear a diesel engine accelerating, decelerating or idling. I listened for a long time and never got to total silence. Even when it got fairly quiet, there was still something in the distance, well within hearing, that was getting louder. After half an hour or so, I got up and put my ear plugs in, then crawled into bed and pulled the pillow over my head. Something worked, because the next thing I was aware of, the sun was shining in my room and I could not hear any trucks. Thank you Lord for making these people Catholic! Sunday morning!

I get up, shower and put on clean clothes. The restaurant associated with the hotel is open, so I go over and have pretty good huevos rancheros. A quick stop at the Pemex for a top off, and I'm on my way to Zacatecas. Glad I didn't try to make it last

night - long ride. Sometime during this run, I cross the Tropic of Cancer for the first time in my life. Now I'm traveling!

As I ride along and evaluate how far I'm progressing in today's ride, I decide to forego both Fresnillo and Zacatecas as stops for the evening, and go all the way to Aguascalientes. But as I'm riding through Zacatecas, the odometer rolls up all 50s.

On my way out of town, I see a dead horse beside the road. From the desiccated look, it has been dead for a while and nobody has removed it. They have gone to the trouble of spreading lime over the carcass, though. Hmmmmmm.

South of Zacatecas I nearly die. The highway drops from four lanes to two at an interchange just as I come upon a truck, so I wait to pass until the road opens up again to four lanes in just a few hundred feet. When it does so, I do a mirror and left head check. Nobody there, so I pass the truck. I then just as I'm doing a right head check to return to my lane, I'm passed between me and the truck I've just passed, by a white Chevy pickup that has to be doing over a hundred. Miles, not kilometers. Oh well, just another normal day of Mexican drivers.

I ride into Aguascalientes and follow the signs to the "Centro", but once they get me downtown, where streets go every which way, they disappear and I see nothing resembling a square. Oh, well, it's probably here somewhere. I ride out of old downtown far enough to find a place to park and consult my maps and guidebook. No mention of how to find the spas. And my bike is running rough again. This is not gas, it's heat and slow going. This bike does not like city riding.

I'm sitting on the curb trying to decide what to do, when a lady comes out of a house that has a motorcycle parked in front of it. I ask my question in my best Spanish complete with gestures to indicate relaxing in a spa. She answers in fluent Spanish and then calls a son or brother who gives me directions. I understand about one word out of ten, but at least I get headed in the right direction.

I've just found a street with the name Ojocaliente - the name of one of the spas - when the bike dies. I pull over to the curb and try the starter a couple of times. Not a whimper. OK. Time to play mechanic.

I take everything off the bike and start troubleshooting. Fuses, OK. Connections, OK. Battery, OK. Still nothing - no electricity anywhere. But wait! The clock is still keeping time.

A man comes along and talks to me in Spanish. I quickly exhaust my vocabulary: Es muerte. It's dead. Mechanico, mechanic. Not much there. He jabbars some more then goes away. Soon he returns with a lady who speaks a bit of English. Cool! I explain my problem. She doesn't totally understand, but says she knows someone who speaks good English.

She goes away and returns with Christy Roberts, a woman who had taken English in school and married an American. Also about

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Mexico, continued from page 4

half the neighborhood. Everybody helps. I work at things, Christy translates for everybody. There's a man who has a few ideas and we try those. Muy amigos! I give away stickers to the kids. Near the end, we get a brief flash of light from the tail light and warning light panel, but it won't stay on. Seems to be something under the seat because it flashed when we put the seat back on.

By now the sun has set and it's getting late. We push the bike half a block to a place I can leave it locked up for the night and Christy gives me a ride to a nearby hotel. So here I am sans bike, but with clothing and the other things I'll need for the night. I could really use a good hot soak, so I may stay here even if the bike decides to run tomorrow. I'm going to estimate around 55,650 miles since I't see my odometer. What a day!

Monday, November 7, 2005

A good firm mattress that supported me well, not too much noise and cool enough that this was one of the better nights sleep so far on this trip. The hotel provides a continental breakfast after 8:00 A.M., so about 8:15 I head downstairs. I don't understand a word the waiter says, but he offers me a table and takes the coupon for breakfast. It's quite tasty. Cantaloupe, some other reddish fruit that I didn't recognize, a couple of pieces of toast with butter and strawberry jam, a juice that looked like orange but wasn't, and coffee. Muy bueno!

I go back to my room and read until 9:00 or so when David Roberts, Christy's husband calls. We agree to meet in the hotel lobby about 10:30. He shows up as agreed and takes me back to my bike. Still nothing.

There's an internet shop just down the street, so I go there and post my problem on the Horizons Unlimited bulletin board. Costs me four pesos - not bad. David then calls a motorcycle repair place to see if they will work on a BMW. Sure, but they have no way to come and get it. Same for another one. OK. David then calls a towing company, and they can send a truck. Two hundred pesos, about \$20. Yes, indeed.

We go inside and talk while waiting for the wrecker. David and Christy are missionaries it turns out, and run a small chain of four Christian bookstores in Zacatecas, Aguascalientes and Leon. And his son, Joseph plays flute too! I drag mine out and play something which I remember from church, which elicits approval.

Soon the wrecker shows up and we load the bike. The truck's not really designed to haul motorcycles, but the driver is quite cautious and we arrive at the shop with no problems.

The shop has a bunch of junk with bald tires parked outside, but they seem to know what they're doing. The mechanic immediately zeros in on the ignition switch and soon locates some suspect wiring. Two hundred

pesos. Si! Should be ready that afternoon. Bueno!

David then takes me to a Costco where I buy lunch, then we go to Wal-Mart (yes, even in Mexico) where David buys two mattresses. He and Christy are building a new home on the outskirts of the city and will have room to house many more people than just their family. Probably more missionaries. The mattresses will be for these additional people. We then haul them out to the new house. It is very nice and is set on a hill overlooking Aguascalientes. Nice view, although the road in is very much like the one to my house - rutted dirt.

So, back to town and the bike shop where everything works. I'm ecstatic. This whole thing hasn't cost me much more than 400 pesos, about \$40 or so, and I've met some truly wonderful people. I follow David back to his house, meet the rest of his family and a couple of the future occupants of the mattresses. One, Tammy, is from Milwaukee and thinks I should be riding a Harley. I thank everybody profusely then load my bike and say goodbye.

I manage to get back to the same hotel as last night, although not by exactly the same route that Christy took. They even give me the same room. Very spicy supper in the hotel restaurant. As I'm eating, three people enter the restaurant wearing Harley Davidson gear. When I leave I say "Harley Davidson, bueno!" as I walk by. One of the men speaks English and we talk a bit. They've noticed my BMW in the secure parking area under the hotel and ask about my trip. They're the first people so far that don't act as though I've totally lost my mind to be riding to Cancun on a motorcycle. To save me from going downstairs and checking, let's say 55,660 miles. About 10 more today.

Tuesday, November 8, 2005

Another good night's sleep and the exact same continental breakfast as yesterday. The Harley riders leave while I'm packing. David had mentioned that the city was laid out with three concentric ring roads which allow you to easily go around town without encountering the worst traffic. I find one of these, get on it, and it quickly takes me to the cuota toward Leon. There's a large Nissan plant outside of town, explaining the popularity of these cars as taxis in Mexico.

I make good time on the cuota and am able to bypass most of the city of Leon which suits me just fine. The bike is running great with no problems that I notice, but I've decided I don't want to get into downtown of anything much bigger than a village. I easily find the turnoff to Guanajuato and get off the cuota. The road immediately gets more interesting.

My guidebook, "Motorcycle Journeys Through Southern Mexico", by Neal Davis warned that Guanajuato contains "a maze of cobblestone alleyways and twisting turning streets with underground expressway tunnels that once were mineshafts." All true. I stay on the main road through town which leads to

Dolores Hidalgo and eventually to San Miguel de Allende, although this requires following those "twisting turning cobblestone streets." Great fun even with the traffic, but definitely an exercise in looking every way at once and reading small decorative signs in Spanish on the fly. They don't light those tunnels very well and the locals don't bother turning on their lights as they drive through them. Yee hah!

I make it through just fine but go on reserve just about the time I leave the city limits. There is no Pemex in Santa Rosa, the next town up the road, so I have to turn around and ride that twisting turning highway back down to Guanajuato. Darn! I find a Pemex on the east side of town and avoid riding back through town. As interesting as it was, I have no particular interest in doing it all over again.

It's now 1:30 and I figure the restaurants should be open. A large hotel/restaurant with a great view of the city is open, but I am easily their first customer for lunch. Not the greatest dinner, but extremely well presented. I try taking a picture of the view while waiting for my food, but the camera is acting up again. My Pentax has been a terrible disappointment so far. It appears to be totally incapable of handling the rigors of motorcycle travel. I'd had an error message when I tried it this morning, so I loaded another roll of film. Didn't even get one picture out of it before getting the blinking error message again.

The road from Guanajuato to Dolores Hidalgo is a really great motorcycle road. The locals know it cold though, and can easily outrun me, especially loaded down as I am. I pull over once to let some sort of econobox off my tail and I never see him again.

Dolores Hidalgo must be the pottery making center of Mexico if not the world. The entire town seems to be shops lining the roads selling pottery. Their signage is a bit suspect though, and it takes me a while with a bit of backtracking, as well as a leap of faith to find the correct road to San Miguel de Allende.

San Miguel de Allende is just what the guidebook, Motodiscovery and International Living magazine promised. There are many expatriate Americans living here either permanently or part time, as well as people from other nations, and I hear several languages other than Spanish and English. Neat centro, astounding cathedral, sane courteous drivers - no wonder people like it. My guidebook recommended hotel, Posada de las Monjas, is an old monastery and is gorgeous. Secure parking helps me decide to stay an extra day, do some shopping, clothes washing and resting. This is nice. Final mileage today is 55,871. 211 miles today, 2,228 for the trip and I have survived every one of them.

Editor's Note: The pictures Bruce took on his trip are wonderful. But, since I don't have a clue as to what they are or where, we'll just have to entice Bruce up to a meeting for a slide show and narration real soon.

Partisanship vs. Fellowship

It's no mystery that several members of the Colorado Free Wheelers and of the Rocky Mountain Venture Touring Association have what has come to be called "Dual Citizenship." Each of us having this dual citizenship distinction deal with, or struggle with it in different ways, in terms of our loyalties, depending upon how our respective affiliations came to be, most likely.

I certainly don't think that our dealing with or struggling with, as the case may be, is a bad thing and each of us are entitled to our loyalties. We live in America after all, the finest country in our world, even though I haven't any world traveling to compare it to other than Mexico and Canada last year on the Three Flags, which could hardly even be considered.

Personally, I think it's a wonderful opportunity to plug into an activity and or group of people on almost any given weekend, or many weekday evenings, to be around people that have a similar interest that we share, that being motorcycle enthusiasts. Yes, there are distinctions between the two clubs (but, I am coming to believe that those distinctions are not as varied as some others might feel) that each should be very proud of and continues to hold dear.

This all brings me to the concept and or thought to be brought out by my title "Partisanship vs. Fellowship." If you enjoy getting together with other motorcycle enthusiasts regardless of if they are male, female and or couples to enjoy a ride and or a meal, we all need to know that we are

openly invited to and encouraged to participate in the activities of these two clubs or certainly other clubs. We all have different personality and riding style preferences and the only way that we are going to realize where we enjoy being and fit best is to participate with several and make those determinations.

So, don't be so hung up on "Partisanship" but rather look at the "Fellowship." Oh, there is still going to be the kidding that takes place, like "he, and or she, is one of THEM." Just like the kidding that takes place between the various "H" bike riders. That does not make you or me a bad person but, rather makes us individuals with our own preferences.

What brought this all to a head for me was the March Dinner Ride that took place on March 23, 2006 at the Pepper Pod in Hudson, CO. This was a pretty cold evening but for many of us the gauntlet was thrown down and several of us rode the motorcycles as a result. But, the point was that there were 24 men women and children there to enjoy each others company and some pretty darn good groceries. This activity only exists in the RMVTA ride book, at least at this point primarily because it is published already. But, I think that it and all future Dinner Rides are to be in both ride programs.

At this evening activity there were several "dual membership" people in attendance with not a one single mention that I heard, about CFW vs. RMVTA affiliations or loyalties. We were just a

bunch of folks that have some common bonds, we like to eat and we happen to enjoy motorcycles and the folks that ride them.

I have asked that this be published in both the "Venture Voice" and "The Eagle Times" because I know that on both sides of the fence there are folks that have not come to one or the others meetings and or attended one or the other's rides or functions. I encourage all of us to overcome those hurdles and explore. You may be very happy where you are and I certainly hope so, but you might be "ECSTATIC" with more opportunities.

The RMVTA (www.rmvta.org) meets on the second Thursday evening of each month at 7:30 p.m. and the CFW's (www.cofreewheelers.org currently in the construction process) meet on the third Thursday evening of each month at 7:00 p.m. Both meet at the Fay Myers club meeting room.

In the what ever it's worth category, the CFW's continue to have a NO DUES policy where the RMVTA charges \$30.00 for a couple and \$25.00 for a single, a pretty darn good value in both cases.

Regardless of where you hang your helmets and regardless of what kind of bike you ride remember to do so safely and often. Leave the "Partisanship" to our paid professional government elected officials. We can see the results of that often times there.

Floyd Thorne

Now that's what I'm talking about! (Partisanship vs. Fellowship follow-up)

On Sunday April 9, 2006 there were 24 bikes and 30 folks that assembled at the Ramada Plaza Hotel near 120th Avenue and I-25. There were Rocky Mountain Venture Touring Association folks, there were Colorado Free Wheelers folks and there were "Dual Citizenship" folks. The bikes with riders, riders and passengers just kept coming. You would have thought there for a while that there was going to be a bike rally held there.

There was no mention (that I heard) of "oh those are CFW folks" or "those are RMVTA folks." We were all just motorcycle enthusiasts looking forward to getting out and enjoying our sport and each others company. The weather looked a little ominous but we had faith that the weather prognosticators might possibly get it right for once.

It was decided that to better manage the group over all that we would split into two groups. It was only there than you could see a little division between the groups and I believe that this is a natural

thing and will take more time to resolve. The first group led by Cliff Eudy (actually on of the many "Dual Citizenship" folks) seemed to attract the majority of the RMVTA folks. It was an RMVTA planned activity and many of those folks are relatively new to either club so the gravitated to where they felt most comfortable with whom the kind of knew, again a very natural human behavior.

The second group was led by Bob Norton, a CFW member (not yet a "Dual Citizenship" fellow but has led numerous rides where both clubs have participated over the years) so, again following natural human behaviors the majority of the CFW, and several of the "Dual Citizenship" folks, fell in behind him to make up and or help balance out the two groups.

It was at gas stops and food stops that you could see more interaction between everyone. It was just wonderful to see people moving around and interacting and getting to know one another. I think that we could still do better in this area but that

will take time. But, do try to mingle with everyone on any given gathering and broaden your own horizons, experiences and acquaintances. We all have a story to tell and most truly enjoy telling it.

We are very fortunate in both clubs to have some very diverse and interesting people. As a side note we ranged in age from a very young 84 to I think now a very mature 17 (don't quote me on either or both of those.) We had a pretty large number of women either riding their own machines and or as passengers and this always adds a GREAT DEAL of value to our outings. We know that they can't always join us but they need to know that they are always welcome and encouraged to join in.

Let me wrap this up with saying, that is was just a GREAT to have everyone out to enjoy the day and each other. I hope that this can be the beginning of mine and your growth and enjoyment of our sport each other and life in general.

*Floyd and Linda Thorne
Mr. "T" and Mrs. "T"*

Who was Burt Munro?

Burt Munro was born in 1899, and past away in 1978 at age 78. Now Burt Munro may not be a household name, but to a lot of folks in the biking community he was some what of a "Biking Icon" in his day. He was the type of guy, that tall stories would be told of in the racing community at the Bonneville Salt flats in Utah in the late fifties & sixties. He was in fact a man who had a major love affair with the Indian Motorcycle. In Burt's case, it was the Indian Scout.

When the Indian Scout went into production in 1920, the first engine number was 50R001. The Indian Scout that Burt Munro would spend better than fifty years trying to perfect, carried an engine number of 50R627. The Scout was a 37cu.in (600cc) 42 degree V twin with side valves. A helical gear primary drive was contained in an oil-tight, cast alloy case and a 3 speed, hand change gearbox with foot clutch was fitted. A double down-tube cradle frame was used, rigid at the rear, and a leaf-spring provided the forks with nearly 2 inches of movement at the front. Chain drive was used in contrast to the drive systems still commonly used on English motorcycles.

To Burt, motorcycles & speed were one in the same. His goal over all the years of his love affair, was how do I get more speed out of it. A great number of Burt Munro's speed records were set in his home country of New Zealand, but when after a twenty year wait, made it to the Salt Flats of Utah.

By 1967, he had taken an Indian Scout way past what it had been designed for. An Indian Scout which was designed to go with of a top speed of 55 mph, would knock on the door for 206 mph.

Burt Munro at age 68 would reach his lifetime dream of perfecting his classic Indian Scout motorcycle. Although I have looked at many books & web sites in regard to the life & times of Burt Munro, my real enjoyment came when I took Donna to see "The World's Fastest Indian". What a great movie, and Sir Anthony Hopkins was at his best. I think he told the story well of a obsessed and somewhat quirky true-life senior citizen. This is not just a motorcycle movie, but a great story of a mans life and dreams.

Thumper

20 rules of riding wisdom

20. The two most useless things to a rider are the braking distance behind you and nine-tenth of a second ago.

19. Remember, gravity and centrifugal force are not just a good ideas. They're laws and are not subject to appeal.

18. Keep looking around. There's always something you've missed.

17. Good judgment comes from experience. Unfortunately, the experience usually comes from bad judgment.

16. In the ongoing battle between objects made of metal, rubber and fiberglass going 100+ miles per hour and the ground going zero miles per hour, the ground has yet to lose. Same holds for cars, large trucks, and animals taller than you. Draws don't count.

15. If all you can see in your mirrors is sparks and all you can hear is screaming from your passenger, things may not be as they should be.

14. You start with a bag full of luck and an empty bag of experience. The trick is to fill the bag of experience before you empty the bag of luck.

13. There are two simple rules for riding smoothly and fast in snow and on ice. Unfortunately no one knows what they are.

12. Always try to keep the number of times you put your sidestand down equal to the number of times you put the sidestand up.

11. Never let a motorcycle take you somewhere your brain didn't get to three seconds earlier.

10. You know you've left the sidestand down when all left turn are Bat-turns. You know you've left the centerstand down when you in 1st gear at 4000 rpm going nowhere.

9. Learn from the mistakes of others. You won't live long enough to make all of them yourself.

8. When in doubt slow down. No one has ever hit something too slow.

7. The rear wheel is just a big fan on back of the bike used to keep the rider cool and his/her butt relaxed. If going into a corner too fast, slamming on the rear brake causes the "fan" to abruptly stop. When this happens you can actually see the rider start sweating and his/her butt become tense.

6. The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire

5. It's always better to be on the sidelines wishing you were on the track than on the track wishing you were on the sidelines.

4. Riding isn't dangerous. Crashing is dangerous.

3. If you push the bars left, the bike goes left. If you push the bars right, the bike goes right. That is, unless you continue pushing the bars all the way, then the bike will go down.

2. Every ride is optional

1. A 'good' ride is one from which you can walk away. A 'great' ride is one after which you can use the bike again.

Random Act of Kindness

Editor's Note: This is a little late since there was no newsletter printed last month, but it is still timely, and worth printing.

For those of you that do not know it, Chuck Janssen got out of the hospital/Re-Habilitation facility on Friday, March 10, 2006. This is of course a very good thing. As it turns out that is three months to the day that he was first admitted back on December 10, 2006.

As it turns out Chris and Chuck were determined to be at the Boulevard Grill for breakfast with the group on Sunday March 12, 2006 with an intent to thank the group for all the cards, letters, well wishes and certainly Prayers sent their way over the last months. Chuck, as you might imagine, was certainly not 100% yet but, giving credit where credit is certainly due – he WAS THERE.

Chuck ordered biscuits and gravy, an apparent favorite of his, and nearly put it all away. According to Chris it was definitely more than he had eaten at a single sitting in the last three months. Is this a credit to the quality of the food prepared at the Grill or is it that Chuck was so very glad to be with the group. At any rate it was certainly good that they were able to be there.

As you know, or can certainly expect, Chuck and Chris's money tree has been harvested to the max. There is barely a trunk there let alone branches. So, one member of our breakfast group picked up the tab for the Janssen couple in a random act of kindness. Yes, I and several others know who this individual was but, the Janssen's did not know. But, they were certainly thankful and appreciated the gesture.

To our mystery breakfast participant and generally good fellow, for his tremendous act of kindness, I certainly say thank you and on the behalf of the others there, I am sure. I hope that it made you feel as good inside as it did for me to witness.

*Floyd Thorne,
Treasurer*

Submitted by Floyd Thorne