

The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

June, 2004

NEXT MEETING

Thursday, June 17, 2004

Fay Myers Motorcycle World

7:00 pm

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

Thumper's Corner

As I watch the sun come up this morning over the lake, and see the wildlife spring in to action for the upcoming day, it is a wonderful event to watch. The trees are in full bloom, and the flowers are popping up all around. Our little band of coyotes are letting all know that they are ready for the day as well. As I sip on that second cup of coffee, and watch the day starting to unfold, I'm thinking of the motorcycling adventures that will take place, now that our favorite time of year is here.

Although I enjoy the open rides in the off season when we could get them in, there's something about looking forward to all of the club's warm weather rides. It gets the old blood pumping thinking of the adventures that lay ahead for the summer months. Here we are this year with eight club rides already behind us, and a full ride schedule in front of us.

Looking in my ride book, I see Chuck Janssen has set up a tour of the Budweiser brewery in Ft. Collins on Father's Day, the old "Thumper" will be trying to find us

some dinner on June 24th, Bob Norton will be leading us over Trail Ridge again in the dark on July 3rd (If this ride is anything like last year, it will be one we'll talk about for years), The old "Thumper" will be trying to find us some dinner on June 24th.

We just completed the Black Snakes to Alligators ride. That was a joint ride with the RMVTA. We're looking forward to riding more with those folks, as we had a wonderful time. Well enough already.

The old iron horse has got new rubber, the 24,000 mile inspection is done, the oil is changed, now let the adventures begin.

As President of the Colorado Freewheelers, I hope you all have a GREAT RIDING YEAR. I hope to see one and all at our club meeting on Thursday night, June 17th at 7:00 p.m. Just a reminder, that we are now meeting at Fay Myers Motorcycle World at 9700 East Arapahoe Road.

Thumper

FreeWheelers Trivia

Here's a little test of your knowledge of our club. Keep in mind we have had at least three different names, but we are still the same club.

If you get 5, you've at least been paying attention. If you get 6, you've been around a while. If you get 7, you're a true club scholar. If you get all 8, you really need to get some kind of life!

Thumper

1. Who has the longest active membership in the club?
2. When was the club founded?
3. What Colorado Freewheelers member has ridden the most 3 Flags Classic Events?
4. What Colorado Freewheelers member raised over \$25,000 for the Colorado Freedom Run?
5. Who was the Colorado Freewheelers first President?
6. What two club members have over 200,000 club miles each?
7. What club member had the idea, and founded the Colorado Association of Motorcyclists?
8. What was the first parade the Colorado Freewheelers rode in as a group?

Answers on page 6

Congratulations

One of our hardest working club members, has joined the Colorado Freewheelers 100,000 Mile Club. Let's have a standing ovation, for a job of fun for long time member Norman Roeder. I know Norman has been wanting one of those 100,000 Mile jackets for a long time. The 100,000 Mile Club now has eight members. 800,000 mile combined, is a lot of trips, worn tires, lots of fuel, and tons of

great memories. Way to go Norman! I am sure the Christmas Party Committee will have your new 100,000 mile jacket ready for you when they hand out the awards. A little side note on the 100,000 Mile Club, is that six of the eight members have also won the Rider of the Year award. Maybe Norman is going after that as well, as he is leading the mileage standing list for 2004.

Thumper

Meeting Minutes

Farewell "Granny"

Meeting of April 15, 2004

Pat called us to order at 7:03. He thanked Fay Myers for the extra time & effort it took to let us use their showroom for our meeting & auction. The new club room should be ready for us next month.

Paul (Boots) Reimer came up & blessed us & prayed for a safe riding season for us all

Pat introduce some new faces. Dave Blanchard who rides a Harley Soft tail, & Gino & Denise (didn't catch last name).

Bob Norton then introduced Jim Waddle, Who came to tell us about RIDE FOR KIDS 2004 This is a pediatric outreach program for kids with brain tumors. We watched a 10 min. tape about the ride & what it has accomplished. Unlike some charity rides all money goes for the cause, 88% for research & 12% for overhead. The ride will be coming to Denver for first time this year. The ride will be June 27th., registration at Heritage Square starting at 8:00 am. Ride leaves at 9:45 for the foothills. A donation of \$300. or more puts you in a drawing to win a Honda Motorcycle.

Pat mentioned that he thought we had done a ride for kids about 187 years ago. Jim said he hadn't been able to confirm this but if so we are glad to be back.

Bill Gillispie asked everyone who wants a newsletter to be sure he has their address.

Frank Heinzl rose to tell us we already have 3 paid entries for the 1K in 24. We are probably getting this early response because of our web site. One of the entries is from California, so we are getting the word out about our ride. Frank is looking for help with check in & check out ect.

Sunday the 18th of April is bring a new member ride. The ride will meet at V.I. at c470 & Broadway at 9:00 am for breakfast. ride length & route to be decided.

April 24th & 25th will be Bill Gillespie's "Neon Ride"

There will be a " Welcome Home the Troops" bike show at Medved in Castle Rock on Sat. the 24th. Everyone come & show off bike & show our support for these folks!

Bob Norton passed a sign up sheet for the upcoming ERC course. It's to be held May 8th & will be slightly different from previous years. Sign up & sharpen your riding skills.

The ride book we had last month wasn't complete. The new & improved blue book has all the correct information on our upcoming rides.

We then had our 50/50 drawing. the \$32. pot was won by Mike. The business part of our meeting was concluded & we where ready for the auction.

Bob Norton & Frank Heinzl handled our auction & bidding was brisk on all the wonderful looking goodies & crafts. When we where leaving Mike Woolery was still crunching numbers, however it appears we will be in much better financial shape next month.

Yours respectfully, Chris Janssen

Meeting of May 20, 2004

Pat called us to order at 7:08pm. After greeting us all he turned the floor over to Bill Gillespie. Bill told us about the rules & regulations for use of our new meeting room. Do not open emergency door or push the elevator buttons. This will send an alarm & the police will respond. We will have use of the meeting room & restrooms.

Pat asked for any newcomers to introduce themselves. Jim Wink who rides a Suzuki Marauder found us on the internet. Leah also joined us for the first time. She will be riding whatever Willy Taylor is riding. Our last newcomer is Bob Young who rides a Honda 900. All where welcomed!

Mike Woolery gave us a treasury report we earned \$900.00 from bake and craft sale & are thus in much better shape than last month.

Bob Norton rose to advise us on safety. Four members of the Freewheelers attended the ERC course he taught. Bob remained us that at this time of the year be prepared for four seasons riding. Temperatures & conditions can change a lot during course of a ride. As the weather gets hotter remember to stay hydrated. Drink lots of water instead of soda or coffee or tea. Dehydration can lead to confusion & poor judgement. Bob also told us the new formula for the paint on white street lines is making the markings very slick. BE CAREFUL!

The upcoming Devils Gulch ride will be on Sunday rather than Saturday as it was listed in ride book. Bob is looking for someone to lead this ride as he has another commitment.

The Cheyenne mountain ride was very nice although only four riders where there. Pat says there is a great view from the shine.

The Blossom Festival ride had to be postponed until Sunday because of weather, Although we missed the parade, the booths for art, crafts, & ect. where still set up.

Bill Gillespie says 27 people will be going on the Black Snakes to Alligators ride. 25 on bikes & 2 on 4 wheels.

Frank spoke to us about the upcoming Ladies Ride on July 10th & 11th. He needs volunteers. This year they are raising the price of admission. It pays to register early & thus get a lower price. Frank also told us more about the 1000-IN-24. We are the longest running endurance ride, Rex Young is the only rider to have been on all 20 rides.

Bob Norton mentioned that the traveling Viet Nam Memorial will be at the Meadows in Castle Rock. This will be the only chance to see it in Colorado this year.

Pat suggested that the club buy some accessories for the club room. Another club is providing a large coffee maker. He thinks we should buy 2 nice trash cans & 6 storage tubs so that each club that uses the room will have a tub for thier stuff, this was approved.

After a short break we returned for the 50/50 drawing. The Christmas dinner was won by Dena Neilson & the pot of \$30.00 was won by Bill Gillespie.

We where adjourned at 7:51 pm

Thank you, Chuck & Chris

Eleanor Alberhasky, 79 of Greeley, Colorado entered eternal life on April 19, 2004. She was born on June 1, 1924, to Lisle & Mildred (Pearson) Dugan in Bayard, Nebraska, where she grew up and attended public schools. In 1944 she married Robert Yeatts, and later married Dale Alberhasky of Denver, Colorado, October 20, 1961.

Mrs. Alberhasky lived in Commerce City for more than forty years, and moved to Greeley to be with her daughter nearly four years ago. She was employed as a secretary for Adams County School District #14 and served as a substitute teacher for many years.

Her love of motorcycling, occupied a great deal of her time while not working. She was a member of the Christian Motorcyclists Association, Women on Wheels, Motor Maids, Colorado Freewheelers, RMVTA, Gold Wing Touring Association and several other organizations.

Early in her riding experience it was dirt biking, and would take her husband as a passenger on many excursions. When she took to street bikes, a 750 Honda provided great opportunities to travel. Eleanor rode over 150,000 miles, which included every State including Alaska & Hawaii. When in Hawaii, she went to a rental place to rent a motorcycle. The agent felt she was too old to operate a bike, but she proved differently in a parking lot with great expertise. She often stated it didn't matter what type of bike you had, as long as it had two wheels and a road to lead you to a destination. But make sure you were on time for departure, fueled and ready to ride. She rode her own motorcycle till she was 75 years old.

Eleanor was very active in her church and Christian Motorcyclists Association, not to mention social groups like, Commerce City Recreation Center, North Suburban Senior Friends group, to name a few. Mrs. Alberhasky also took pride in driving Malibu race cars on the Pink Panther Team, where she took first place in 1994, with a best ever time of 56.1 seconds.

Eleanor is preceded in death by her husband, Dale in 1984, a daughter, Doreen in 2002. She is survived by two daughters, Janice Meadows of Brighton, Colorado, Tammy Salmans of Greeley, one son, Ralph in Wyoming. Two sisters, Bertha Greathouse of Scottsbluff, Nebraska and Karen Dugan of Gering, Nebraska. Fourteen grand children, and seven great grand children.

Memorial services were held on Saturday, April 24, 2004, at the Greeley Christian Church, Chaplain "Boots" Paul Reimer officiated. Tabor Funeral Home of Brighton was in charge of arrangements. Contributions may be made to; Alzheimer's Association, 710 11th Avenue, Suite 107, Greeley, CO 80631, or Greeley Christian Church, 3451 23rd Avenue, Greeley, CO 80620 or Hospice & Palliative Care of Northern Colorado, 2726 W 11th St, Greeley, CO 80634 Cards may be mailed to; Family of Eleanor at; 1936 34th Avenue, Greeley, CO 80634

Submitted by "Boots"

Black Snakes to Alligators

Bill Gillespie

Photos by Bob Norton
& Floyd Thorne

It was wonderful to see the great interest in the Memorial Weekend ride to southern Colorado. The idea of involving both the FreeWheelers and the RMVTA jointly on a 3-day ride turned out to be very well received. Certainly, some new friendships were made. Twenty-nine members of both clubs participated, with the RMVTA taking a slight edge in head count.

Saturday morning found us riding in a strong wind most of the day. Of course, no matter what direction we were riding in, it was a crosswind. We split into two groups, not based on club affiliation, just two groups. Lunch was served at the Country Bounty in Salida with our group taking all but one table in the back room. We provided good entertainment for the three folks at the other table. After lunch it was on to Colorado Gators near Alamosa. Starting out as a fish farm many years ago, they brought in a few gators to help dispose of dead fish. There is a natural hot springs that flow through the area to keep the water in the ponds at a "gator comfortable" temperature year-round. They don't really



worry about the gators feeding on live fish because as fast as the gators are, the fish are usually faster. Besides, the gators seem to get their fill on the ones that don't move. Over the years, while they still raise fish for human consumption, the gators (several hundred of them) have become a true tourist attraction. They range in size from babies to about 11 feet! A note about the ride name here; Some folks didn't truly understand the name. Actually, I stole it from a former RMVTA member, Rick Griggs. Rick led a ride by the same name to the Colorado Gators several years ago. He said we were going to ride the Black Snakes (highways) to the Alligators. After the gators we proceeded south through the continuing high winds to Antonito for the night.

On Sunday morning twenty-three of us took a bus from Antonito to Chama, NM to board the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad. The other three couples took to the black snakes again to see the sights. The train ride was an all day affair and very enjoyable. It is a rustic narrow-gauge route that connects the two towns through a scenic array of canyons, mountains and valleys. There is a lunch stop in a remote location about halfway.

After our arrival back in Antonito it was just a short walk back to the motel to fire up



the bikes for the short ride to Monte Vista for the night. I decided to lead the group on some county roads that I had never

been on, but they looked fine on the map! Well, maps and even GPS units sometimes don't keep you from missing a turn now and then. It looked like road 15 went all the way through to Monte Vista. It did, but there was about an eight mile section that was not paved. As many of you know, I can find a dirt road most anywhere. A few riders went back and took the 'improved' route, while the rest of us braved the dirt. We all got to the Movie Manor Motel by one route or another and checked in. The Movie Manor started out as a drive-in theater back in the 50's. The motel was added by the same owners later on with large windows overlooking the parking area and a view of the screen. Sound from the movie is piped into the rooms. Over the years the motel has been improved and added to, as has the drive-in. They have recently added a second screen. Problem is the new screen is only visible from about half of the rooms, so they don't offer the sound from that movie in any of the rooms. It was just our luck that the best movie, the one everyone wanted to see was playing on the new screen. They told us we were welcome to park in the regular theater parking area to watch the other movie

those who took the short route: "Na-na-na-na-na-naaaa! To bad for you"! The Rio Grande Valley and mountain passes between Creede & Lake City were spectacular. It was decided that another stop at the Country Bounty in Salida was in order for lunch, and once again the food and service were excellent. From there it was down the Arkansas River to Cañon City, Penrose, Colorado Springs and home.



The headwaters of the Rio Grande

at no charge. While that may have been fun for some, I for one didn't feel like camping outside a room I had just paid \$100 for. Oh well.

Memorial Day began with breakfast at the motel and some good-byes to those who chose to take the short route home. Most of those folks were in cars, and said the scenic route just wouldn't be the same. There were other reasons, but it's too early to remember them. After a pit-stop refueling in Del Norte the rest of the group started up CO-149 toward Creede. A note here to

The Waltz Across Texas Rally – 2004 edition

Brian Boberick

Commander (Bill Gillespie) and I let out of south Denver right about noon on Wednesday April 28th headed for Marble Falls, Texas and the 7th running of the Waltz Across Texas Rally (“WATR”) – another traditional 24hr scavenger hunt through the Hill Country of West Texas that was scheduled to take off at 7am on Saturday. Both of us were loaded down and ready for a long weekend of riding. Marble Falls appears to be a popular getaway about 50 miles due west of Austin, TX. Commander had just laced up a new pair of shoes on the silver ST13 – at least one of us was thinkin!

We headed south to Raton, New Mexico via I-25 where we made our first stop for petro and exchanged hellos with a young Texan headed for the coast of Oregon and Hwy 101 with a Triumph sport bike tethered to the bumper of his Cherokee (I guess those things aren't really designed for getting to and from one's destination). From Raton we headed east on Hwy 64 into Texas towards Amarillo. Hwy 64 becomes Hwy 87 at the Texas line and appears to be a major artery for “Brown” as the UPS trucks coming at us from the east comprised nearly 50% of all vehicles we encountered on this road. In Texas we hooked up with Hwy 385 out of Dalhart and headed south towards I-20 keeping some 25 to 30 miles to the west of the bigger towns of Amarillo and Lubbock as we passed through the towns of Channing and Vega. The landscape doesn't change a whole lot along this route though we did pass by Cal Farley's Boy's Ranch immortalized in the old Micky Rooney film “Boy's Town.” After stopping off in Hereford, TX for gas and dinner at KBob's we continued along 385 through Dimmit, Littlefield and others re-connecting with Hwy 87 at Brownfield for the last push to Big Spring where we stopped for the night after a 600+ mile day. Lots of flat land here in Texas – at one point we passed through the town of Leveland but if you weren't looking for it you wouldn't know it was there as the topography and landscape for two hundred miles in any direction fit the description.

The next morning we were up and on the road by about 7am headed to Marble Falls by way of Florence agreeing to stop along the way for breakfast. Little did we know that breakfast was still some 160 miles away in the town of Brady. We passed through more than a half-dozen little towns without restaurants that serve a morning meal (I am sure glad Bruce wasn't on this trip). Breakfast in Brady was worth the wait as Commander was able to feast on his breakfast staple – Grits.

Having spent my formative years in the

great (and big) state of Alaska, I have long been a bit unfavorably biased when it comes to the Republic of Texas due to the attitudinal stereotype of those who claim this land as their home, BUT, I must say the folks in rural parts are the most considerate drivers I have ever encountered. Out on these 2-lane roads, they pull onto the shoulder to let you pass no matter the pattern nor color of the highway stripes, OR, if they are making a left-hand turn up ahead, they will pull into the oncoming traffic lane (assuming no oncoming traffic) before slowing down and completing the turn allowing those behind them to proceed past them on their right without change of speed.

The open road speed limit in Texas is 70 mph (65 night) no matter a rural 2-lane or a 4-lane interstate and most folk here are good at maintaining these speeds – few folks plunking along below 60mph on any of these roads – perhaps because to do so would mean little chance of crossing the great expanse of Texas without celebrating a birthday or two.

The Rally - When Commander rode (and won) his first WATR back in 2000 he spoke of the storms and the rain that was unleashed on the Hill Country. Well, this year, we knew when we left home, that the forecast for Colorado that weekend held a high probability of rain and snow. As for me, I was under the impression that Texas would be dryer – high humidity certainly, but didn't really expect to encounter much rainfall. Wouldn't you know, the rain began to fall in the wee hours of Saturday AM and by the time the alarm went off it sounded to be falling in sheets. As the 7am start time approached the Commander and I discussed the conditions and both concluded that, although we came 1,000 miles to ride in the rally, we came to enjoy ourselves and the prospect of an all day run in the rain just did not sound FUN. I kept the television tuned to the weather channel and it looked as though the first checkpoint to the southwest in Del Rio had a high probability of being dry. So thirty minutes after the starting gate lifted, I threw my leg over the saddle and headed south on Hwy 281 with the hopes I would soon ride out of the rain. The rain continued to fall as I turned west onto Hwy 290 and it wasn't looking much like it wanted to letup. With only 30 miles down and Fredericksburg, still some 25 miles ahead, I decided that if it was still coming down hard when I arrived in Fredericksburg that I would change out of my rain soaked gloves, turn the ironhorse around and head back to the barn where relaxation and libation would be waiting. The alternative of sleeping in a hotel bed after the sun settled

below the horizon as opposed to traipsing around Texas looking for the sunrise had a certain appeal.

On approach to Fredericksburg the rain began to subside. To the west the roads were dry and the clouds began to give way to the late morning sun. Continuing along Hwy 290, I made a quick stop 65 miles west in Junction, TX for a 30 point photo at Cooper's BBQ of the “Hysterical Marker” and then it was off to Del Rio 120 miles southwest. One of the groups of boni (plural of “bonus”) that WATR rallymaster Jack Tollett always throws in are Texas Historical Makers – you must take a Polaroid photo of the marker with your rally towel appearing in the photo. You would be granted 5 points for each marker up to a maximum of seven markers. I soon learned that Hwy 377 to Del Rio is chalk full of historical markers. After taking my picture of the 1st marker, I no sooner shifted out of 2nd gear and there was another marker. This continued on until I had bagged my limit of markers – actually I bagged a couple of extra markers because, as they say, reading comprehension is critical, and my recollection from an early reading of the requirements was faulty. In a rally wasting time on such foolishness as making unnecessary stops (too many markers) can come back to bite you and this one would. So, on to Del Rio. I rolled into the outskirts of Del Rio from the north encountering numerous other riders headed north out of Del Rio. These were obviously those who hit the road right at 7am. They appeared to have gone well into town to get their obligatory receipt which would serve as proof that they did indeed go to Del Rio as required. I opted to pull into a gas station north of town for much needed fuel and, hopefully, a receipt that would show the time, date and the town name of Del Rio. Sure enough, the gas station was in Del Rio proper and I was soon back on the road headed north away from Del Rio over the road I had just come in on. About 20 miles north of town I continued due north past the junction that would have taken me back towards the earlier town of Junction. Instead, I was headed along Hwy 277 in search of the Caverns of Sonora to buy a souvenir pin and secure another bonus. Of course these caverns are not in the town of Sonora, that would be too easy. Rather, they were to be found some 15 miles west of town in the opposite direction of the next mandatory checkpoint of Brady, TX some 107 miles to the northeast (yes, the same Brady where Commander and I had finally found break-

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Waltz, *continued*

fast on Thursday morning). Along the general path to Brady there were two other bonus opportunities, the first being at Fort McKavett where a patch worth 17 points could be purchased at the gift shop to secure the points, and the second being a 13 point photo-op of a water wheel in the town Menard. There were two different routes available to get to/through these two towns. The more obvious was to return to Sonora and continue north 21 miles on Hwy 277, then head northeast on Hwy 190. This route surely would be posted for 70 mph but require a side trip south to reach Ft. McKavett. The other route involved Farm Road 864 that could be picked up about 5 miles east of Sonora and would run directly into Ft. McKavett before merging with Hwy 190 west of Menard. Like Del Rio, the Brady checkpoint required obtaining a receipt that showed you went through Brady. As an added bonus, you could visit the Tim Grimes Trike Shop and snap a 21-point photo of Tim's wife Noemi ("NAY-OH-MEE"), however, as the shop closed precisely at 3pm on Saturday, you had to be there before it closed. A recheck of the clock and the mileage to Brady confirmed that I should arrive in Brady around 2:55pm. As I recalled seeing the trike shop while passing through that past Thursday I figured it was cake. Like many rural towns all roads leading to Brady intersect at the courthouse. While passing through Brady on Thursday I failed to note that the roads that made up the spokes to which Brady served as the hub numbered five. Additionally, I failed to recall whether the trike shop I had seen only 2 days earlier was on the spoke that came from Big Spring and San Angelo, or was it the spoke that led to breakfast that morning, or was it the spoke that took you east towards Florence. Well, the five minutes to spare that I had when I stopped at the traffic signal across from the courthouse quickly evaporated as I investigated one wrong spoke after another. At 3:01 I gave up on the trike shop and found a gas station for the required receipt.

From Brady, the next mandatory checkpoint was south and east back in Marble Falls which would be open for two hours beginning at 5:00pm. Being that it was now about 3:15pm the option of heading straight back to Marble Falls would put me there before the checkpoint opened, and in my mind, was not taking full advantage of the time available. Instead, I headed 45 miles north to Santa Anna and the Texas Ranger Motel for a 90 point photo-op followed by a trip over several farm roads that led south, then east, then south, then east, etc. as I zeroed-in on the Regency Suspension Bridge (one of the last remaining such bridges in the state of Texas) worth

some 42 points. Now the info available on this bridge indicated that it could be found along a dirt road that would be impassible if it had recently rained and a tough ride otherwise. Being an old dirt biker I always seem to be drawn to these challenges – see Flashback below.

FLASHBACK - Back in 2001, Jack Tollet offered a very tempting bonus combination that required going to both Ruidosa, TX and Ruidoso, NM. The catch was that the Texas town was westerly some 36 miles up a poorly maintained road and once there you either backtracked those same 36 miles east to Presidio, TX and then north about 60 miles to the next bonus in Marfa, TX. OR, you could venture over 40 or so miles of dirt roads from Ruidosa directly to Marfa, TX. Naturally, I opted for the dirt. Probably 8 to 10 miles up "the road less travelled" I came upon a middle-aged man riding a KLR650 dual-sport Kawasaki. He flagged me down and informed me that the Border Patrol was battling a range fire some 10 miles ahead and would very likely force me to turn back. At this point, if I ventured ahead and was allowed to pass I would reach Marfa with gas to spare, however, if I were forced to retreat by the Border Patrol I would run out of fuel and become stranded as there was no fuel available in Ruidosa. On the other hand, if I turned back now I could still make Presidio for fuel and continue on to Marfa having run an extra 75 plus miles in the process. I caved and headed back to Presidio. As I headed east from Ruidosa to Presidio I passed a 1200 Goldwing headed west. About 1 ½ hours later while putting my camera away after the photo-op in Marfa, in rolls the 1200 Wing. The Border Patrol had not interfered with his ride and I had wasted both precious time and 75 miles by playing it safe and in the WATR, miles can be your nemesis as the scoring is influenced by a "points per mile" factor. In the end those extra 75 or so miles I covered caused me to finish in 3rd place missing out on 2nd by ¼ of a point. The Commander went on to 1st place in 2001 earning him a bookend to his victory in 2000.

BACK TO THE RALLY – I kind of figured Jack had exaggerated the challenge of the road a bit and I guessed right, negotiating the mile of dirt road to the suspension bridge. From the bridge it was more farm roads south and west to Colorado Bend State Park where some eight miles of dirt road led to the ranger station and a 72 point photo-op. Along the way I encountered my first live Armadillo meandering across the road at a pace so slow it would have brought shame upon a 3-legged tortoise. Backtracking the dirt road out of the park it was now time to focus on reaching Marble Falls about 30 minutes away. I reached the checkpoint just about

7:00pm. Taking a brief break, I ventured back out for late shift around 7:30pm.

Heading north out of Marble Falls this time, I spied a '57 Chevy Bel-Air in a parking lot. This photo-op was good for a few miscellaneous points. Back on the bike I began working my way northeast to some significant bonii a bit south and east of Dallas. I was only out about 30 minutes before the sun went down in the west. My immediate destination was a Mason Lodge in the town now associated with the western White House – Crawford, TX. En route, however, I caught sight of a Ferris wheel near an entrance to Fort Hood – again another miscellaneous photo-bonus which took a little more time than planned due to military security and an unplanned tip of the bike. A couple of America's finest helped me right the ship and I was headed back to the highway and onward ho! The town of Crawford isn't much more of a town than our own Sadalia, CO. Take a picture of the sign on the front of the lodge for 29 points, make a u-turn and point the nose toward Waco, TX and beyond. About 40 miles beyond Waco I pulled into a isolated Chevron station to take on a full load of fuel. It was right about 11pm when most adults, let alone kids, should be home and in bed, but not tonight – three young teens were out wasting time and were drawn to the lone figure and motorcycle under the lights of the gas station canopy. I was more than a bit nervous and had difficulty understanding their questions, made more difficult by the fact that I wear ear plugs. I answered a few of the questions and then excused myself and hurried away – I was wasting precious time not to mention feeling a bit unsafe in this unfamiliar little town. So it's back on the road headed in search of a pea-pod painted on a park bench outside the courthouse at the center of a town called Athens now some 240 miles out of Marble Falls. With picture secured, I am back in the saddle heading southeast on Hwy 175 keeping a watchful eye out for another farm road, not to ride this time but as a reference point from which I begin looking for an obscure little pullout where a natural spring worth 89 points is to be found. Again, Jack warns that this spring will be hard to find in the daylight let alone during the wee hours we will be passing along at. Out of the corner of my eye I catch the road sign for FM1892 and as carefully described by Jack I find the pullout within a hundred yards along the west side of highway. I snap my picture, make a small contribution to the spring waters (you know, like a Wishing Well....Yeah, that's it) and continue on my way towards the first checkpoint of the night in Crockett, TX, 102 miles from Athens. Along the way I failed to locate the 82 point

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Waltz, *continued*

train museum bonus near the town of Rusk. The instructions indicated that the museum was off Hay 84 east of town. I headed east and rode close to 10 miles before giving up and turning back. The museum was actually within ½ miles of town, but on the west side – Darn! Continuing south then west, I skirted the northern edge of the Davy Crockett National Forest and pulled into the small town of Crockett. In addition to being a mandatory checkpoint, an additional 15 point bonus was available for a picture of a pink stone monument in a park just south and east of the abandoned Dairy Queen. I made a couple of circuits through the park before locating the monument, all the while a local sheriff is keeping a close eye on this nut on the motorcycle riding through his deserted park at 2:30am. Fortunately, he correctly assessed for himself that I was not worthy of his intervention so I was able to snap the photo and continue onward without delay.

Not certain of the mileage from Crockett back to Marble Falls (about 310 it turns out), I felt that it would require most of the sub 5 hours I had left, so I passed on a bonus I had planned to grab in Huntsville and deadheaded to checkpoint 2 in Conroe, TX where I stopped for gas and the receipt which would serve as the proof that I was there. While on my brief hiatus in Marble Falls at the end of the first leg, friend and fellow LD whacko Ron Smith observed that my rear tire was looking a little thin. Operating on a defective memory, I assured him that the tire would be fine. Nearly eight hours later in Conroe, TX I decide to take another look at the tire and discover that I was wrong. It is not looking good. It is now around 4am and I estimate that I have 210 miles to cover and 3 hours to do it before the penalty clocks starts calling my number. You know this rally isn't worth getting injured over. I actually have until 8am to be considered a finisher, but every minute past 7am will cost me 2 of the precious points I have thus far accumulated. I decide to play it safe, skipping the last couple of possible bonus opportunities between here and the finish line and take the short line back to Marble Falls. I figure if I can keep to about 50 mph, I will finish under the penalty clock, but I will finish. From this point in I stop about every 30 to 40 minutes and check on the progress of the deterioration. After the second such check I decide that the tire is hanging in there and I pick it up to about 55 mph. With about 80 miles to go, I stop for another tire check. Still there but I am in virgin territory now. Never having experienced a blown tire and not knowing how much cord is too much, I take my cue from Vince Vincent and pull out a roll of duct tape from the saddle bag and begin to apply a

couple of layers to the worst section. Five minutes later I am back on the road riding on duct tape. I pick up the speed to about 60 mph for the next 20 minutes before stopping to check the status of the "adhesive tread extender." To my delight it seems to be holding up, so I remount for the final charge to Marble Falls. Barring a catastrophe, I realize that I will make the finish long before the 8am DQ clock, but as if things weren't challenging enough, about 40 miles out from Marble Falls I re-enter the Hill Country only to find the road to is in the process of being resurfaced, its current stage is that of having been freshly rotomilled. Dang, will the duct tape and tire stand up to this rough surface? I slow back down to the point I figure a blowout won't prove overly painful (I have visions of Chuck and Chris tumbling along lane 1 on I-25 southbound several years back). Well, I arrived at the finish at 7:12am with the tire still holding air. Whew!

At the banquet I was rewarded with 2nd place. Seems I lost out to a fellow who came to the rally from Pennsylvania having completed a Bun Burner Gold ride in the process (that's 1500 miles in under 24 hours). He arrived late in the afternoon on Thursday, slept most of Friday and then went out Saturday and put down a ride that netted him the 1st place plaque. My hats off to Mr. Jim Owen. Turns out Mr. Owen grew up and still had family in Texas so he had a bit of local knowledge that served him well in planning his strategy for the rally.

After the rally, but before the banquet, I approached Rich Rohlf, a friend, resident of nearby Round Rock, and fellow K1200LT rider in hopes of obtaining a tire with some life left in it. It turned out a buddy of Rick's for whom this rally was a first, is the older brother of the owner of Lone Star BMW in Austin. A phone call to one of technicians for Lone Star and a guided tour from Marble Falls into Austin resulted in a new rear tire being mounted on a Sunday afternoon. Consequently, the Commander and I were able to begin the journey home without significant delay. We made it as far as Lubbock before checking into a Motel 6. It was 10 pm on Sunday night, some 40 hours after the alarm brought me to life for the start of the rally. Good night, I am going to catch a little shut-eye.

Total trip: 1,000 miles out, 1,350 miles around and 1,000 miles back – Give or Take.

1. Rex Young - 23 years
2. April 1982
3. Bill Gillespie - 17 Three Flags Classics
4. Pat McCombs
5. Jerry Freeman
6. Bob Norton & Bill Gillespie
7. Marc Bealien
8. Western Welcome Week Parade, Littleton, August, 1982

Trivia Answers

Be Alert!

Submitted by Herb Schaffer

Hi all. It's Spring and lots of have been out riding, and polishing up those riding skills lost to being in cages mush of the winter.

This month's note is one we heard in the Basic MOST class, **NEVER PUT YOUR BIKE IN NEUTRAL AT A STOPLIGHT.**

I just received an email from a club member of another club I've joined. To drive home the point I've attached some pictures of the accident. The rider, Jay, was sitting at a stoplight with his bike in neutral waiting for the light to change. A car approaching from the rear failed to stop for the light and rear-ended him at 40 miles per hour.



Yes, that's Jay's bike underneath the car. Poor Jay was thrown 60 feet in the air landing on the hood of another car. He suffered broken ribs, bruised lungs, cracked pelvis and some internal bleeding. He's been in the hospital for two months recovering.

All this could have been avoided had Jay just remembered the instructions of our basic motorcycle class. At all intersections while awaiting your right of way: 1. Keep you bike in 1st gear; 2. Keep back from the car in front of you by at least one bike length; 3. Scan the surrounding area for a means of escape; 4. Watch your rear mirrors for approaching traffic; and 5. Be ready to swerve out of the way of the approaching vehicle.



I don't want to scare you about riding, I just want to see you again and not in a hospital. Stay aware, insure your equipment is in top notch condition and ride safe.

Pictures from the Zoo Ride

Photos by Frank Heinzl



The Girraffes will come right up and take a special food wafer out of your hand.



I think I remember these guys from Sturgis....



Show off!



The view of the Broadmoor from the Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun



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