

The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

June, 2005

NEXT MEETING
Thursday, June 16, 2005
Fay Myers Motorcycle World
7:00 pm

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

Thumper's Corner

Pat McCombs

"Awesome, just Awesome." Those are not the words of the club President, but of my bride of forty years. In forty years of riding all over the United States, Canada, and Mexico, I have never heard those words come out of her mouth. The results of this action coming to be, were in a great part due to some wonderful planning by two of our long time club members.

I am sure it's no big secret by now that Bill & Becky Gillespie always seem to be able to pull a rabbit out of the hat, and come up with a great Memorial Day ride for all to enjoy year after year. For a number of years we went as a group to Great Bend, Kansas. Who in their right mind would go to Kansas the end of May

for a bike rally called "The Great Bend Grand?"

Then for a number of years we were off to the land where all the Texans go to play and relax. Our runs to Ruidoso, New Mexico had many stories and great adventures as we toured in the "Land of Enchantment." Well, I'm here to tell you folks that it is all history.

After forty some years of doing about every kind of ride you can dream up, and putting a number of major rides together, Bill & Becky Gillespie delivered as they say in boxing "The Knockout Punch" heard round the world.

On Friday, May 27th my bride and I had the good fortune to be able to ride the Canyonlands/Colorado National Monument Tour put together by the Gillespies. All the riders were from the RMVTA Motorcycle Club and the Colorado Freewheelers Motorcycle Club. This was a four day ride, that would cover some 1292 miles by the end of the ride. I am not sure how you keep thirty-four people happy for four days, but Bill & Becky found a way to do it. My hat is off to them both for a job **WELL DONE**. They kept us all laughing, entertained us, guided a lot of folks though a lot of roads they had never ridden, and took time to deal with folks who were new riders who were new to the sport of motorcycle touring.

Cabela's Spring Fling Ride

Floyd Thorne

This was another very successful and enjoyable joint venture between the Colorado FreeWheelers and the RMVTA. It was led by "Knight Rider" Bob Norton of the FreeWheelers. The number of participants from both clubs was pretty evenly split. We had a rolling total 12 bikes and 14 +/- people on the day.

I say rolling because once we got to Cabela's and looked around for a while and had lunch, two RMVTA bikes and three riders left to head back to Denver. We were then joined by two additional FreeWheelers riders on their way back from an Iron Butt Association gathering in Omaha. So, we were still 12 bikes and now only 13 people traveling as a group on the way back home.

The weather could not have been any nicer all day. Oh yes, we had some wind along the way and there at Cabela's in Nebraska but not bad at all. There was no SMOG to be seen anywhere. It was good to have weather that it was comfortable enough to shed the coats and ride in shirt sleeves for sure.

If you have never been to Cabela's you are missing a real treat for sure. It is not only one of the finest hunting and fishing sporting goods stores you will ever go into but it's a collection of some of the



Photo by Willy Taylor

FreeWheelers' President, Pat "Thumper" McCombs and RMVTA President, George "K-Mart" aka "Sand Hog" Barrett, organize the **Presidential Plunger Patrol** at the **Tuff Shed** in Moab.

continued on page 2

continued on page 2

Thumper's Corner, *continued*

My bride and I have always had our favorite rides, and I have always had my top five rides stuck away in my head for many years. Well, one of those five has gone away, and been replaced by the Canyonlands/Colorado National Monument Tour. Our necks were sore from looking every direction you could look, our legs hurt from all of our side trail hiking, my arms hurt from all the twisty-turns, and my stomach looks like a beached whale from all the good meals. Yes, we had a great time, and would head back tomorrow at the start of a motor.

The evenings were well spent, with both clubs kicking tires, swapping touring tall tales of rides gone past, and even enjoying a few adult beverages while watching Bill and Donna conduct their nightly bike covering class. This is one ride, that folks will not forget for a long time to come.

To Bill & Becky, thanks again for a **Great, Great** weekend, and although there is pressure in keeping thirty-some odd motorcyclists happy, you both do it with a lot of class. I think there is a motorcycle God, that keeps watch over folks with with talent to put these types of rides together.

Thumper

Editor's Note: There are far too many scenic pictures taken by many people to do justice in this rag. Bob Norton has been kind enough to consolodate hundreds of pictures from several sources in a slide show complete with music. If you would like a copy of the DVD, contact Bob.

Cabella's, *continued*

finest taxidermy presentations that you will ever witness. I have only seen one other store that beats them (at least that I have been in) and that would be the Bass Pro Shop in Springfield, Missouri.

Thanks, Bob Norton and the other Free Wheelers for sharing the day with us, the RMVTA. It was a great ride on a great day. We look forward to doing it again soon.

Mr. T



Photo by Bob Norton

*This vehicle was spotted in Cabella's parking lot. Somewhere between Virginia and Nebraska there are some **big bugs!***

From the Chaplain

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

A TRIBUTE TO DAD

As many of you know, I am acutely interested in family history. Whereupon I have perused many volumes of history books detailing the events for the past two hundred fifty years plus. Genealogy does not necessarily grab my interests, however I will leave that for my cousin, Helen. That said, here are some results of my research...

FATHER [*World Book Dictionary*] n. a male parent. Among other attributes this appears to be the most commonly used definition. **DAD**, however indicates informality, apparently children's speech. But the latter is used most often. It has often been said, anyone can be a daddy [sic], but very few can be a father. In a generation of many orphaned children including those who live with both parents, the Father figure appears to be absent.

I have often longed to be a father, and in my life it may never occur. Although I have adopted many young men and taught them a valuable trade. How would I react to a boy, called **SON**? A girl called **DAUGHTER**? Would he/she grow up to be like me? Would he/she emulate my life and actions? Do I have the qualities to pass along to his/her generations? How proud would he/she be of the one who they would call Father?

Being a **FATHER**, requires great dedication and time, not to mention resources. A developing boy child needs a person who will be there for him as he grows into maturity, more so than a girl child. The psycho development of children, especially boys requires a responsible, available intimate loving Father, not just a bread winner, and provider. It is proven that a child who has a loving and available Father is less likely to be involved in drugs, abhorrent

behavior, and will excel in life more than those lacking a balanced family.

My life has been filled with many regards to my Father, though he was not present for me as a child in the maturing years. With much disparity, hate filled discipline, & absence, I had to do what I felt would make me a **MAN**, and to negate some of the hereditary disciplines he pursued. I was a young man when he journeyed to his reward, fortunately a changed man. I owe that person in my life a great deal of respect even when there are displeasures & memories in so much of my young life. It is only by the Grace of God, that I am what I am today. I wish I had come to know my Father better.

FATHER [*Greek: Biblical definition*] n. nourisher, protector, upholder, betokens unreasoning trust, an originator of life, chief, principal. Often used out of proper text, [*Father, as in religion*]. We have but one Father, He is called **ABA FATHER**, one who cares, always there when we need Him, gives us life, heals our souls & bodies, does all that the definition implies.

As in the account of Abraham, when he was about to offer Isaac as an offering, [*one who took his place*], the account of the man who when his prodigal son, who his father [*accepted him after his stench living*], and yet, "...what is there a man, whom when his son asks for bread, will give him a stone? How much more is our **FATHER** in heaven, who gave His only begotten Son, that we might have life. John 3:16 "That I might know Him better."

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

Until then, ride safely, and remember you do not have to ride alone.

Chaplain "Boots"

Paul Becker Update

Frank Heinzl

Paul has been in and out of University Hospital several times in the past many months. As previously reported, he has developed Chrohn's Disease, a disorder of the intestinal system. He has undergone at least two major surgeries to remove portions of the affected areas.

He was readmitted on Thursday the 19th of May because of another fistula that had developed on his small intestine, which had built up to an infection inside

his abdominal cavity and had broken through the skin on his left side.

He has returned home as of this writing, trying to build up his strength enough to survive yet another surgery. He has lost over 75 pounds since last December. His demeanour is as upbeat as can be expected of someone in his condition.

Let's all pray for his successful recovery from this latest bout.

Freewheelin'

2004 "1000-IN-24"

Ray Stoye

OK – so it's 11:45 PM and the alarm says I need to get up and finish the final preps for the Free Wheelers 1000-N-24 ride. A quick shower to wake-up, check the insulin, carrier and ice supply to keep it cool and finish loading the bike. We're off.

Get to Fay Myers at 12:55 AM, five minutes early. From Arapahoe Road it looks deserted. There are two lone people I can see at the front door just standing around in the light. Hmm, I must be first here – and I thought everyone would be psyched-up and there early. Great, I can get everything done with no hassle and relax for a bit!

Turn on Dayton and go in the back entrance – there should be so many bikes and people there on a normal Saturday. Everyone was hiding in the dark. I was disappointed that I had to stand at the very end of the line but glad to see the participants and all the people there. The room and everyone are infused with a great spirit of Bon Aimee. Makes me feel great, everyone is upbeat excited and looking forward to the trip, even Frank is upbeat although he will be manning the post and not riding. Wonder if everyone will be so positive in 20 or so hours when this is nearing the end?

Do the required paperwork, go down and get in line for the mileage calibration. Wait: is this the license bureau where one has to wait on line interminably? Stop complaining these folks are doing a great job and if you're testy now how are you going to survive until way later today or very early tomorrow. After this discussion with myself and an "attitudectomy" Bob gets me on my way for the odometer check. This goes well, got the correction factor and at 1:45 AM all is ready for the 2:00 AM start. Got my extra water (boy those Free Wheelers think of everything) so I spend the next few minutes speaking with various folks and making much appreciated small talk.

2:00 AM – the old fashioned 24 Hours of LeMans start has nothing on this. Lots of folks were already on their bikes and were at the starting line at the stroke of 1 second after the hour. Since I have already decided to have a good attitude a few minutes on the start time won't be critical to ultimate success of my personal quest. I, therefore, wait for a lull in the activities and then get in line. Frank (this man is everywhere, maybe I will see him in East O'My God on the trail) gives me a quick but thorough safety check and I'm off at 2:11 AM.

I settle down on I-25 into my "Touring Mode". I haven't yet put a radar

detector on my new steed so I use the 10% Solution (apologies to Sherlock Homes) by figuring no LEO is going to get excited (usually) if you are going posted limit plus 10% or less. Having the GPS tell me what the true speed is and the cruise control makes it easy to change up or down in 1 MPH increments. As I'm heading South, I pass some folks and some pass me. Everything is settling in just fine. First task is to find Bust which I believe is below Woodland Park and Frank has promised the sign is easy to see from the road.

It may be easy DURING THE DAY but at 3 something AM the place blends into the night. Saw the "town" but the sign must be taken in at night. See nothing so I turn around a mile or so up the road and go back, pull over and stop – still nothing. OK – I learned something on the Moon Light Estes Park ride (but that's a whole different story) and I pull out my 2 MILLION Candle Power portable light. Now the signs are plain visible – fill in the passport and get ready to leave. Two bikes an RT and a GS pull up as I'm getting ready to leave. My "attitudectomy" still being in place, I pull the light out and illuminate the sign for these wayward folks, then leave. As I'm coming up on Woodland Park, the two bikes pass me. Not wanting to blow a good opportunity, I fall in behind them letting them lead by a 1/4 mile or so. Turns out to be a not bad idea as shortly one of the local's finest appears to have a Wing pulled over for a lecture.

The trip – at this point is a little dull in my mind – perhaps because my mind was a little dull. I settled into a routine of riding, thinking of the cold/rain/fog and wondering if I want to press on or stop and put on the Gerbing. I follow some bikes that are going close to warp speed and allow them to be rabbits to my greyhound. A bike or two pass us but for the most part we pass a few more bikes. We get to Buena Vista and all stop to tank up.

The other decision I've made is to stop at the 'obvious' corners for gas just in case I screw up the passport. It would be nice to add another SS1K so I'm just adding a level of insurance. Talk with the other two riders – they are going for the optional route while I'm going to bet the east approach to Wolf Creek will be (1) Passable, and (2) in day light. So we pull out and separate at the junction of I7 and 285. Now I'm looking for the Drive-In, how hard can that be?

As I get to the traffic light with the sign pointing to Center, (east 3 miles) I

see no stinkin' Drive-In. My thoughts of Frank and my "attitudectomy" are starting to fade at this god forsaken hour. I mean this is almost when I usually get up but noooo – I've been out traipsing all over the countryside – freezing (too lazy to stop and too focused when I got gas to pull out the Gerbing) and now apparently I've been deceived by the rallymaster.

Turn left and go to Center – It's so dark that I can't even see the outline of a screen. Some larger buildings but no Drive-In screen is apparent. OK, so Frank said it could be seen from the road but didn't necessarily say what road. Go east from the town center another 3 miles with still no luck. Turn around go back to town to the all night gas station (amazing a town this small has one). There are maybe 150 stoop laborers getting on buses to go to work. I get gas for the receipt in case I've missed the theater, it's burned down, is a patch of weeds or the correct answer is "WHAT ^&* \$ ^*% DRIVE-IN?"

I ask the nice lady where the Drive-In is. She says, "The old one?" (Ah ha, it is a grown over patch of weeds!) I tell her yes – she says – go west couple/three miles, turn left you can't miss it. I say, "Really. Are you sure? I looked and didn't see it." At this point she steps back just a hair – I think she is making sure the ball bat and/or shot gun are in position in case this yoyo in the red bunny suit gets violent. I say thanks and leave.

I drive west slowly looking in the rising light for the screen or a sign or a road to the left. Suddenly, I'm back at the intersection that started this whole adventure. Turn left and immediately see the screen silhouetted against the south eastern sky 'bout 1/3 mile south of me. Time for another "attitudectomy" as I stop to fill out the passport and ask the gods to reclaim and ignore the visions of Dante's Hell which I had been contemplating calling down on the passport writers.

Continue on to Wolf Creek. The sun is coming up, and it should be getting warmer. I've not really been cold, the heated grips and seat help a lot. Another sweater or the Gerbing would be nice but I know that unnecessary stops can be really costly in the long run. Besides the slight bit of cold helps keep me sharp and alert.

Go past South Fork and come to the construction signs, but there is nothing but beautiful smooth pavement. Boy, are those guys that took the option going to be disappointed. I ride on for five miles congratulating myself on the good decision I made.

Continued next page

Oops, where'd this hard packed mud come from? It's hard packed, a little wet and very slippery. I can handle this - use a smooth throttle and brakes - nothing sudden, keep the weight on the pegs and let the speed come down easily and don't do anything stupid. Got through that, another section at the tunnel and the grooved pavement on the western side - BTDT. Ok - Durango, Cortez and then northward.

Going through Durango - saw the sign but I'm on a roll - I'll just remember the altitude and fill in the book when I stop in Cortez. By now the sun is up, the day is great and warming I'm making good steady progress and I'm thinking the pre-rally ride folks are just princes and all 'round good people. Get to the turn in Cortez to go north - the GPS says to turn right here but just beyond the turn is a nice gas stop - should stop and document the corner so I go pull in.

Gas, water, check blood sugar for insulin and have a couple of foot long pepperoni sticks. Maybe 12 minutes total - not bad! Write down the elevation for Durango but, was it 6512 or 6215? I can't for the life of me remember. It'll come (I hope).

Saddle up and the GPS says turn right so I blindly follow it with no thought. Go most of the ways through Cortez and turn right onto highway 666 - I remember this - the "Devils" highway, But I thought it had been renumbered to be politically correct - Garmin must not have gotten the word. Drive about 3-4 miles when it strikes me this isn't the road the rally was following.

Stop, dig out the rally instructions on the sheet I previously made (don't tell me that the passport has the instructions - I don't remember this for several more hours) and confirm my error. Turn around again and go back to the gas station and the proper turn onto 145. Now the GPS is constantly telling me I am off course and I should turn around. The further north I go, the mileage to destination is getting larger as it wants me to turn around and go back to 666. Now I am seriously incanting that the proper folks at Garmin make Dante's acquaintance that I had previously staked out for Frank and his fiendish bunch.

It turns out that I had the "auto-reroute" feature turned on. As soon as I went 100 feet beyond the initial turn beyond 145, the Garmin did its thing and just didn't want to be deterred. It took me several days to figure that one out. But at least it helped keep me entertained for a good while.

Beautiful ride, beautiful day. Just north of Rico I wind up pacing a little four point buck with velvet still on his antlers. He's going north in the south bound lane and I'm just behind him on the right warily watching what he's going to do. We run together for 100 or more yards and then he veers off to the left as quickly as he appeared.

Someplace around Norwood - I start seeing bikes going south. Wonder if these are the counter-clockwise contingent. (Frank later tells me that at least some were since this is near the half way point at Sawpit.) Anyway - they are all friendly and even the Harley folks give a great wave and acknowledge that I and (my non-American, non-PC and non-Cruiser) bike deserve recognition. Life is good.

Stop for gas in Naturita - make small talk with 2 couples that are just touring and enjoying the area. Two other bikes, RT's, pull in for gas. They are from Colorado but not sure if they are in the great adventure or not. The couples left northward about five minutes before the three of us. As we pass the two couples we get a great wave and horn honk from them. I start trying to stay up with the RT's but they're going Warp Factor-I plus. I remember "The Pace" and "this isn't a race" so I quickly back off. I wistfully wish those guys a good trip and know if they are indeed in the 1000-N-24 they will be in Denver well before I get there. Hard to remember (at times) it's not a race but I am (usually) extremely realistic about my abilities and age - neither being what they were when I started riding in (CENSORED).

Get on I-70 using my 10% solution. Pass a ST1300 in Debeque Canyon who drops in behind me. We pick up a 3rd bike half way to Rifle - Mercy me, we got us a convoy. I pick up the pace somewhat on 13 since I traveled this road for 20 years (yet another story) and the ST1300 stays with me and the 3rd bike disappears.

Stop for gas in Meeker and introduce myself to Gary who's on the Honda. We make a semi deal to ride together for at least a while. I take the lead and worry about being too brisk for him. You know the old story about Pride? Peruse further gentle reader - if you've come this far we're not far from the end.

I mostly lead until we get to the western approach to Rabbit Ears. As we're climbing, a couple of squids, a Duc 999 and a Buell, go by us with a fair amount of vigor. Gary and I ride on for maybe another five minutes when, he passes me in a turn, and takes off like a rocket ship. No way am I going to stay with him and I watch him disappear. It was fun while it lasted and we made some good time.

As I'm coming off Rabbit Ears I figure I've got three rabbits in front of me so I pick up the pace a bit but stay within my limits. About three miles north of Kremmling I catch up with Gary (in the lead) and the Squids (following Gary) behind a whole bunch of cars and trucks. As we stopped briefly to pay homage to Lady Liberty, Gary had a grin almost without equal. He'd run down and passed the sports bikes. They tried to run with him but experience and talent will always trump. And from watching Gary ride there is no shortage of aces in his hand. Talk about being humbled - the man can flat ride and I was worried earlier about being too brisk. Personal Crow isn't all that bad a dish.

Gary lead us out of Kremmling and on the eastern edge of town as I'm starting to try and crank it up a few notches, I get a hand wave that says (in no uncertain terms), "Fool, slow down and take your time!" Ten seconds later, we pass an alcove in the High School behind which is sitting a member of the local finest with a ray gun of some kind he has pointed at us. The death ray must not have worked as we motored on in peace and below the limit.

At Hot Sulphur Springs while tanking for the last time, Gary extols the virtues of his Passport 8500 and the HARD system. I'm guessing what he saved me would be a good down payment on the whole shebang. Gary then asks for speculation on when the first riders will be back at the barn. I tell him maybe one or two will be showing up during the next few minutes and maybe 6 to 12 will be in before our current ETA of 7 something. He says he'd told the starters he'd be in at 7:00 PM and sounded a little bummed. He stayed with me all the way back to town. We got in at 7:16 PM the first two riders back but he was really the first one in. He could have easily made his 7:00 prediction but he graciously slowed his progress for me. I owe you one, Gary.

In Summary - it really was a great ride. I was worried when I saw the route that it would be much a longer time since there was so little Interstate riding. You need to keep a good positive attitude and ride in your own personal limits. Staying on the bike and plodding along is really the way to go. Every minute you are stopped is a mile that could be behind you. I thought seriously about saddling up and blasting out I-70 for 250 getting gas and returning to score a Butt Burner Gold but prudence took precedence. I've got a BBG route in mind (1/2 on the Interstate highway) up into Wyoming, Montana and back. Anyone wanna come along?

Ray

Rider of the Year Program

The following is a summary of the Rider of the Year scoring recommendations proposed by the Rider of the Year Review Committee:

Present Program

Club Meetings

9 pts ea + 1 pt for each meeting you ride to (8 minimum)

Charity Events

5 pts each (1 minimum)
Must be M/C related event (ie, Toy Run)
Need not ride M/C for credit.

Major M/C Event

3 pts ea. (1 minimum)
Nat'l advertised (publication)

Activity Committee Function

3 pts ea. (1 minimum)

Prospective Members

10 pts ea (last 2 yrs)
(last 2 years)

Presentation at Meetings

5 pts each (1 minimum)

Club Rides

1 pt each (10 minimum)

Committees

10 pts each (1 minimum in last 3 yrs)

Eagle Times articles

1 pt each (2 minimum last 2 years)

New Category: Activity Organizer

Revised Program

No change

No change

No change

No change

25pts ea (current year**)
New member must attend 5 subsequent meetings after initial attendance and participate in at least 5 club rides. New member status counts for the year in which "5 & 5" criteria are met.
**Qualifying meetings/rides may begin in one year and finish in following year.

Category deleted from program

5 pt each (15 minimum)
Beginning in '06 – 2 additional points for leading a ride.

10 pts each (No minimum)
Current year only

10 pts each (2 minimum last 2 years)
No more than 20 pts for single article that appears in multiple editions due to length of article. Classified ads and other announcements do not qualify.

5 pts each (no minimum)
Example: Member X volunteers to organize Club Picnic, Dinner Theatre. Does not include arrangement of scheduled rides or dinner rides.

Other Rule Change:

Traffic ticket no longer a disqualifying event.

Submitted by Brian Boberick, Committee Chair

Upcoming Rides

See your ride book for more detail.

June Dinner Ride

Thursday, June 23

6:30 pm

Leave from: Fay Myers, 9700 E. Arapahoe Rd.
Approx. 50 miles or so
Ride Leaders: Pat & Donna McCombs,
303-781-0032

Denver Mountain Parks Tour

Sunday, June 26

7:00 am

Leave from: Fay Myers, 9700 E. Arapahoe Rd.
Approx. 200 miles
Ride Leader: Frank Heinzl, 303-295-7137
freewheelinfrank1@msn.com

Ladies Ride of Colorado

Saturday, July 9

10:00 am

through Sunday, July 10

Leave from: Xcel Energy Parking Lot, Kipling & Hampden
Ride Leader: Sunny Norton, 303-973-9222

Fall Color Ride

September 24/25

Brian Boberick

Well, the plan is looking like a trip south to include LaVeta and Stonewall to Trinidad, south past Raton and west through Eagles Nest to Taos up to Tres Piedra, stopping in Chama for the night (about 450 miles).

Sunday, heading up to Pagosa Springs, east to South Fork, north through Lake City, east over Monarch Pass, then north on 285 home over Kenosha Pass. (about 390 miles). Total trip approx 840 miles.

Accommodations have been made for Saturday, September 24th at Vista Del Rio Lodge, 2595 S. Highway 84, Chama, NM
Tele: (505)756-2138 or (800)939-9943 (when it is working).
<http://www.vistadelriolodge.com/>

A block of rooms is reserved under name of Colorado Freewheelers. 8 rooms w/ 2 Queen beds (non-smoking), and 2 rooms w/ 2 Queen beds (smoking). Rooms may be available with 1 King bed. Inquire at time of reservation. Rate is \$77.84 including tax, double occupancy. (group rate of 10% off standard)

Please call and reserve one of the above 10 rooms under your own name and credit card. Any rooms not spoken for after Labor Day will be cancelled.



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



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



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