

The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

June, 2006

NEXT MEETING
Thursday, June 15, 2006
Fay Myers Motorcycle World
7:00 pm

www.cofreewheelers.org/

Upcoming Rides

Aluminum Butt Ride

Saturday, June 17 Depart: 5:00am
Leave from: Furniture Row Parking Lot (Sofa Mart) @ 6th
& Kipling. Approx: 500+ miles. Ride Leader: Cliff Eudy

This is Cliff's annual "lets get out and put some miles on our bikes" ride. We can always have a ball seeing vast quantities of real estate and test our riding skills on this one.

RMVTA June Dinner Ride

Thursday, June 22 Depart: 6:30pm
Leave from: Fay Myers Motorcycle World, 9700 E.
Arapahoe Rd. Approx: ? miles. Ride Leader: Richard Bush

Richard will give us a short tour of NE Douglas County by the back roads with dinner in Castle Rock at the Pegasus. He will try to pick a route that will avoid much of the evening traffic.

Oskar Blues Night

Saturday, June 24 Depart: 4:00pm
Leave from: Park & Ride, Hampden & Wadsworth
Approx: ? miles
Ride Leader: Pat "Thumper" McCombs

If your into Blues, and good food this will be the dinner ride for you. The destination may change due to scheduling problems, but the ride will go somewhere.

Foot-Hills Ramble II

Saturday, July 1 Depart: 8:00am
Leave from: Boulevard Grill, 1500 W Littleton Blvd.
Approx: 215 miles
Ride Leader: Frank "Freewheelin" Heinzel

If you enjoyed or missed version I, you'll love this one. Just add Squaw Pass, & Chicago Creek to the previous list.

20th Annual Ladies Run of Colorado

Saturday-Sunday, July 8-9 Depart: 10:00am
Leave from: Xcel Energy, Hampden & Kipling
Approx: 180 miles (200 club miles, Charity Event)
Ride Leader: Frank "Freewheelin" Heinzel

The Club has been involved with this run in one way or another since its inception. Currently, Frank is head of Security for the start, the run up to Fairplay, and the dance Saturday night. The Club also sponsors the Long Distance Lady Rider Trophy. The charities this year include the South Park Community Relief Fund, Project Safeguard, and The Hep C Connection. The ride up to Fairplay includes a Poker Run w/stops in Grant, then Como for the ever popular Treasure Hunt, then ends up in Fairplay. In Fairplay there will be free camping at the Fairgrounds, a ride in bike show, bike only street parking, street games, tattoo competition, live music, belly dancers, 50/50, trivia question prizes, vendors, and much more. Saturday night there's the Ladies Run Dance at the Legion Hut, where the trophies from the day's events are presented, door prizes are given out, and games such as the Fun Buns, and the Woolly Bully are held. Sunday's events will include a dart & horseshoe competition, vendors and more prizes.

If you would like to volunteer to help out, contact Frank at freewheelinfrank1@msn.com, or call 303-295-7137 for more details.

continued on page 5

What is it That You Want?

Are you just too busy? Are you no longer interested in the sport or, those that you associate with within the sport? We have so many questions and so few answers.

The Colorado Free Wheelers have been around for 25 years under one name or another, and it certainly would be a tragedy in my opinion to have it crumble after having withstood that test of time. But, it is very difficult for all of us to understand what to do differently to spark interest and turn it around.

Several of us, or let me say a few "Dual Citizenship Members" (Colorado Free Wheelers and Rocky Mountain Venture Touring Association) rode with Jon Lofstedt on the "Figure Eight Ride" on June 11, 2006. We had a beautiful day in every way. Everything that you might have been looking for in a GREAT day-ride was there to be shared this day. The only thing missing was YOU! (or, most of you)

I used to work with a fellow who was a recruiting/sales type in the insurance and securities industry. One of his best sayings during our hay-days was that "It's easier to give birth than to revive the dead." Now the real meaning of this as it applied to what we were trying to do was that it was easier to locate, hire and train a new enthusiastic recruit than it was to try and stimulate and reinvigorate some of our sales types that had been around for some time.

I can't help but wonder if that might not be where the Free Wheelers are at this point in their history. It doesn't mean that we no longer care about our members that have been around for some time, but that our energies might be better utilized trying to promote the club with new and interested riders.

That being said, if you or anyone you know, happens to be looking for an organization to plug into and ride with, please introduce them to our website which is now up and running at www.cofreewheelers.org. And very nicely done, I might add. We will get through this year and then hopefully, if you are still interested at the turn of the calendar year you can get more actively involved in the planning and administration of the club going forward.

Hopefully if this editorial piece stepped on your toes in some way, you will take action or step out of the way to avoid being stepped on in the future. We would love to hear from you and get some kind of reaction, one way or another! If you want us to drop you off the roster and discontinue our expenses of mailing etc. just let us know and we won't bother you. No hard feelings and very best of luck to you and yours.

Floyd Thorne, Treasurer, CFW

A Rider's Lament From the Chaplain

I saw you hug your purse closer to you in the grocery store line. But, you didn't see me put an extra \$10.00 in the collection plate last Sunday.

I saw you pull your child closer when we passed each other on the sidewalk. But, you didn't see me playing Santa at the local mall.

I saw you change your mind about going into the restaurant. But, you didn't see me attending a meeting to raise more money for the hurricane relief.

I saw you roll up your window and shake your head when I drove by. But, you didn't see me driving behind you when you flicked your cigarette butt out the car window.

I saw you frown at me when I smiled at your children. But, you didn't see me when I took time off from work to run toys to the homeless.

I saw you stare at my long hair. But, you didn't see me and my friends cut ten inches off for "Locks of Love."

I saw you roll your eyes at our leather coats and gloves. But, you didn't see me and my brothers donate our old coats and gloves to those that had none.

I saw you look in fright at my tattoos. But, you didn't see me cry as my children where born and have their name written over and in my heart.

I saw you change lanes while rushing off to go somewhere. But, you didn't see me going home to be with my family.

I saw you complain about how loud and noisy our bikes can be. But, you didn't see me when you were changing the CD and drifted into my lane.

I saw you yelling at your kids in the car. But, you didn't see me pat my child's hands, knowing he was safe behind me.

I saw you reading the newspaper or map as you drove down the road. But, you didn't see me squeeze my wife's leg when she told me to take the next turn.

I saw you race down the road in the rain. But, you didn't see me get soaked to the skin so my son could have the car to go on his date.

I saw you run the yellow light just to save a few minutes of time. But, you didn't see me trying to turn right.

I saw you cut me off because you needed to be in the lane I was in. But, you didn't see me leave the road.

I saw you waiting impatiently for my friends to pass. But, you didn't see me. I wasn't there.

I saw you go home to your family. But, you didn't see me. Because, I died that day you cut me off.

I was just a biker. A person with friends and a family. But, you didn't see me.

Submitted by Ron Hall

Colorado Free Wheelers' Resident Chaplain, Paul Reimer - "Boots"

Greetings;

My cousin Helen from Lincoln, NE and I will be taking off on the ole scooter for a few days. First stop is Tucson, AZ to visit my adopted Mom and Mother of my former assistant Chaplain @ MRA. Then on to Kingman, AZ and Corona, CA to see brothers and a nephew. Keep us in your prayers as we travel nearly 3,000 miles in the next 21 days. Should be home again by June 20. The desert will be rather warm, but we anticipate a cooling trend by the time we traverse there. My work is nearing completion, where I can leave it for some time, they will be installing carpet and moving in, while we are gone. In July I will be having some surgery, and that will deactivate me for six weeks. Take care, and waiting to hear from you when I have returned.

Blessings, Paul

Alumni Notes

It was sure great to see alums, **Jim & Carol Kelly** at the last meeting. They were visiting family, and payed us a visit too. It had been so long since they moved to Florida that hardly anyone recognized them at first. They are planing a relocation back to Colorado, but are unsure of the time-table. They write: "Thanks again for keeping us posted as to goings on with the club. AND, if you have a ride to Florida planned, come on down." They are located in New Smyrna Beach, very close to Bike Week festivities. If you need their number, contact Bill Gillespie.

Marc & Jeannine Beaulieu checked in by email. Marc writes: "Thanks once again for sending the Eagle Times. Its good to hear about the Freewheelers activities and the associated members. I would like to say that Floyd Thorne's and Pat McCombs' articles re: club status and thoughts for continued growth were well written and certainly meaningful. I fully agree with them.

I am still down in Biloxi, MS working Hurricane Katrina Disaster Relief. I have inherited the MS crud. I have a disease called Veinus Satis which is commonly called Ulcers of the legs. I go to a wound treatment center in Pascagoula, MS 3 times a week for treatment. I asked the other day if it was a treatment center or a torture center. The treatments have been painful. Oh well, I guess you have to suffer to be beautiful.

Hopefully, this summer, we may be able to ride over to Colorado and catch up with you guys.

My very best to all the Freewheelers and their continued success.

My Mexico Trip, Parte Tres

A Ride Report by Bruce Waters

As we left Bruce last time, he was in San Miguel de Allende, northwest of Mexico City. He was following the recommendations of the guidebook *Motodiscovery* and *International Living* magazine. He found expatriate Americans as well as people from other nations in this central Mexican village. Bruce had checked in at the *Posada de las Monjas*, an old monastery beautifully restored as a hotel. Actually, he decided to stay an extra day due to secure parking, and took the opportunity to do some shopping, clothes washing and resting.

Wednesday, November 9, 2005

Fiesta! Revolution! Something! Complete with fireworks or cannon fire at 4:45 this morning, and a brass band of questionable musicianship, but great enthusiasm and volume at 8:00. Once I figure out how the door latch works and can let myself out, I also see a hot air balloon.

There is hot water this morning, so I shower and dress. I go to the front desk of the hotel to inquire about another day, and also ask about laundry facilities. The desk clerk speaks about as much English as I do Spanish, but she gives me a couple of plastic bags and indicates I am to put my dirty clothing in them and return them to the desk. Someone, most assuredly a woman, would wash and dry them and return them to me that afternoon. Sure, why not? It will probably be cheaper than it costs me to do them myself at home.

After checking on my bike and refilling my chain oiler, I leave the hotel and walk up the street to the square. I find an open air cafe with good food and a view of the proceedings, which include a parade of men and boys on horseback. A woman washing the sidewalk with soap and water (slick!) confirms "Si" a fiesta.

At the cafe, I overhear some people speaking English, who sound like they might be residents, and I inquire about an internet cafe. They direct me to Cafe, etc. a couple of blocks from the centro where I'm able to check my email and buy a few postcards. The proprietor speaks English and he's able to direct me to a place where I might be able to find a jam tonight.

I wander around town looking at stuff, doing some shopping, reading on the zocalo and find my first natural/vegetarian food restaurant since entering Mexico. I try their special and have my first beet soup. Not bad, but the salad and something unknown is better.

When I return to my room this afternoon, my laundry is waiting on my bed. Seventy pesos - about \$7. I've certainly paid more to wash it myself in a laundromat at home.

The motorcycle is alive and well in Mexico. They are so common, that it's no big deal and nobody waves. Probably best - you'd have to ride around with only one hand most of the time in cities. Probably the most common bike I see is a 125 Honda called a Cargo. These seem to be a sort of two-

wheeled truck, and usually have a large box of some sort mounted on the back. They are used to deliver pizza, the mail, etc. You see stables of them parked outside a Domino's Pizza down here. The police get the big bikes. How long has it been since you saw two policemen riding a single 250? To be fair, I also see several policemen on 850 Suzuki cruisers, but there's almost no big bikes in Mexico. Almost no BMWs, Harleys, etc. I begin to see why so many people have expressed astonishment at my 650. I see a good many two-strokes including several European things we don't see in the U.S. Islo? Carabella? Didn't even fire my bike up today.

Thursday, November 10, 2005

I wake early and walk downtown to hit the internet cafe. Imagine a coffee shop that doesn't open until 9:30. Only in Mexico. Marvelous. So, back to the zocalo and the same breakfast place as yesterday. I try something different this morning - not as tasty. Back to the hotel, pack everything up and decide on my route for the day.

I begin by deciding to try for the internet cafe again if they're open yet, but have to wend my way around the zocalo through the maze of steep, one-way cobblestone streets. I'll bet I ride 2 miles to get 6 blocks. Bike isn't very happy climbing streets this steep behind slow moving trucks. I'm going to have to buy her a new clutch after this. I'm asked to move from the first parking place I find, but I find another one not too much further from my destination. I drink a cup of coffee while I get online, then head out of town.

Surprisingly, I get the right road first thing and I'm doing fine until I realize that I haven't remembered to check my brake light. I pull over and check it and sure enough, it isn't working. It isn't burned out, just the standard dirt in the socket and on the bulb contacts that is a constant source of irritation (and danger) on this motorcycle. While I'm cleaning contacts and putting this back together, a fellow in a VW bug stops and asks in English if I am OK. He's a motorcyclist and an ex-U.S. Marine who lives in San Miguel de Allende part of the year. During our conversation, he informs me that there's a significant tax on motorcycles over 150 cc's in Mexico, explaining the dearth of larger bikes in this country.

I find the correct autopiste to get me around Queretaro and pay the toll, whereupon I realize that I am just about out of cash. No ATMs on the toll road, so I get off and go into Queretaro anyway. Ten miles or better out of my way, I finally find an ATM in an upscale shopping mall where well-dressed locals give a scruffy biker the evil eye.

I'm now hungry and have cash again, so I decide to have lunch at a Mexican buffet on my way back to the autopiste. I believe they nail me for way too much money for the food. Another Mexican learning experience: Get the waiter to total your bill.

Back to the toll road where I go on reserve just a couple of miles after passing the last Pemex in the country. I limp in to the next one on fumes, but make it.

I find the exit to the ruins that I want to see, but I'm behind three, count 'em, three double semi-trailers which have traffic backed up a long way and of course I've got the ever present taxi just inches off my tail. When we get to a four lane segment, he passes with millimeters to spare, then doesn't have the huevos to pull the grade. I do, however and blow him into the weeds - very satisfying.

The guidebook has forgotten to mention that the Tula ruins are right in the middle of town as well as the fact that they lock the whole works up at 5:00 P.M. No ruins today.

My hotel choices are either something that looks like it will cost \$300 per night, or the one I take that costs 80 pesos. I wonder what they would charge for a room with a toilet seat on the toilet? Seriously, the seat and lid have been removed! I think I've finally stayed in one of Mexico's infamous no-tell motels. I guess between the meal and the motel, the price has at least balanced out. Ending mileage today is 56,046 miles. Only 175 miles today. At this rate, I won't make Cancun by Sunday evening, but I'm still going to try to see Teotihuacan tomorrow. I'm blowing Tula off - they don't open the gates until 10:00.

Friday, November 11, 2005

Not a bad night's rest despite the surroundings. I crawl out of bed around 5:45, shower, dress and pack. Not truly light yet, but the darkness is somewhat less, and surprisingly, there are people out everywhere, presumably going to work. There is a big refinery of some sort outside of town which I find while I'm riding around lost. Eventually, I find my road. Since my guidebook doesn't have directions from Tula to Teotihuacan, I'm just trying to follow the map. I'm sure I'm on the back road that I want, but there are several moderate sized towns which don't show up on my map. It's quite cool and a bit humid this morning. These back roads are basically very decent roads, although there is fairly heavy traffic much of the way. And topes of course. I get to Teotihuacan right about 10:00.

I don't have words in either Spanish or English to describe this place. Incredible, overwhelming, spectacular don't really even come close. I'm seriously thinking of suing Pentax for breach of implied contract when I can't take pictures of this place. The guidebook says the Pyramid of the Sun (now thought to be dedicated to a rain god) is the largest pyramid by volume in the world. I've never been to Egypt, but if theirs are any better than these, they would really be something. If you have even a tiny bit of interest in archeology, you must see this place. It is huge. It's got to cover several hundred

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acres. Some of it is original, some restored, some awaiting restoration. I can't always tell original from restored, but the occasional electrical cable or piece of rebar sticking out is a pretty good indication of modern work. Hawkers everywhere try to sell me 'original' stuff that they carved out last night with a Dremel, but "no, gracias" and walking away work just fine. They try everybody, but really aren't too pushy. I climb to the top of both the Pyramid of the Moon and the Pyramid of the Sun. Wear hiking boots. It's quite a climb even with the modern plastic covered cables to assist. I can hardly imagine what that climb must have been like knowing that when you got to the top, a priest was going to cut your heart out and feed it to a god.

That doesn't happen to me, but later this afternoon, the motorcycle gods eat me alive. One of the constants of this trip has been that I will not ride into Mexico City. But just as I'm leaving, I find a couple of perfect gifts too big to effectively carry all the way home. I need to ship them. The gate guard speaks just enough English to try to help. He doesn't know where a UPS store is in town, but he directs me to the airport. Should be something there, right? Makes sense to me. Problem is, I'd guess he's never been there, and by the time I realize where he's sent me, it's too late. Mexico City's airport is right downtown.

Worst of all, after almost getting there, the signs disappear and I never do find the airport, even though I get close enough to count the oil drops on the underside of the planes as they land. So here I am in downtown Mexico City at 5:00 on Friday afternoon. Eventually, I give up, get directions out of town from a helpful local and leave. I still can't believe either my bike or I survived.

I take the toll road toward Puebla and get there just as it's getting seriously dusk. The road is a good one and goes over a mountain range, which gives me a chance to give the bike a good leg stretching after broiling it all afternoon in town. I find another crappy hotel with no toilet seat, paper or towel rack, but it seems clean and I lock my bike the best I can.

There is one of those little carts parked outside the front of the hotel and I decide that's going to be supper. Pretty decent even if halfway through I find out I'm eating goat. I do this while having my first genuine conversation in Spanish. The owner is probably in his twenties or so, is friendly and willing to put up with my poor Spanish. He cooks the food right there in front of me and even introduces me to his wife. Not bad at all. We talk about traveling, motorcycles, food. I can hardly believe I'm actually getting my point across and understanding much of what he says.

So here I am in Puebla with 56,275 on the clock. Only 229 miles today even though I sat on the bike all day except while I was actually walking around Teotihuacan. Daylight to dusk. 2,632 miles so far on this trip. My friendly chef just introduced me to his motorcycle - a step through Yamaha. Now I understand his interest.

Saturday, November 12, 2005

The worst hotel I've ever slept in anywhere, anytime, ever. 300 pesos for a saggy mattress with only a rough bottom sheet, no top sheet, a scratchy wool blanket and only one at that. I was cold all night. The tiny room doesn't have any place to stash my stuff and when I try to take a shower in the morning, the water cuts off. No hot, no cold, nada.

After dressing and loading up the bike, I ride downtown looking for an ATM. Hotels everywhere. Grrrr! I finally manage to extract a few thousand pesos from a rather recalcitrant ATM, then hop back on the cuota headed for Puebla, which despite the signs last night, I have apparently not yet reached. There's a big Volkswagen plant in Puebla explaining the great number of these cars I see on Mexican roads.

After a while, I stop at a roadside restaurant for a bit of breakfast, then continue east. Today is going to be a day of grinding out mileage since I've been loafing and sightseeing, and the cuota is a good way to make miles in Mexico. I see several volcanoes as I ride. I think the first right outside of Puebla is Popocatepetl, and the later one off to the north Pico de Orizaba. I pass through or around Cordoba, Cosamaloapan and Acayucan.

It is interesting riding. The road starts in the high desert around Puebla, rather straight and interstate-like, then it goes over a mountain range and drops down into the coastal lowlands in a really nice curvy section where my bike eats trucks and busses for lunch and holds it's own with most of the cars. The day starts out quite cool with me trying to decide whether it's worth it to stop and plug in my electric vest; but by the time I reach Cordoba, I'm venting my 'Stitch' at a rapid rate.

These coastal lowlands remind me of nothing so much as the Texas or Louisiana Gulf coasts only with the occasional volcano or other mountain around to break the spell.

I hold a steady 75 or 80 pretty much all day with only the occasional stops for tolls or gasoline to slow me down, but I do get stopped once for gun/drug inspection. I'd say the soldiers do their job - they look into most everything I have, but like young men of soldiering age everywhere, they are more interested in the bike.

Maybe it's just me being an American, but I find it strange: Nobody cares how big the engine is, "what'll she do?", or other American interests. They all want to know what it costs! Hell, I can't even remember! I tell them \$4000 used, which is probably close, but that usually elicits whistles of incredulity. Wonder what they would think of a new Harley, R or K bike, or Wing? \$20,000 U.S. is around \$200,000 pesos. They probably wouldn't believe me.

Somewhere east of Minatitlan, I see what I would probably describe as the most unusual thing I've seen on this trip so far: A totally naked woman just walking along the side of the cuota miles from anywhere. I consider stopping to see if she needs any help, but there wouldn't be much I could do, no

room to give her a ride, I don't speak much Spanish, and this has the look of an issue that it is probably best that I not get involved in. I keep going.

As the shadows get longer, I decide Villahermosa looks like a good place to stop for the night. My guidebook recommends the Colinda Viva Villahermosa as a good place and easy to find. I'm wandering around in the general vicinity trying to find it when I begin to think I'm being followed. I pull over into a parking lot and a man hops out of the nondescript sedan and greets me. His name is Julio and he's a member of some sort of motorcycle club. He is very friendly and helpful, pointing out my hotel just up the block.

So here I am. So far it totally lives up to my expectations, for about two and a half times what I paid last night. Big comfy bed, air conditioning, a shower with plenty of hot water, a toilet with a seat... I could get used to this.

56,705 miles showing, 430 today, 3062 for the trip. And the hotel takes my credit card. Will wonders never cease? P.S. Very decent fried shrimp dinner at the hotel dining room. I drink several glasses of water. We'll see if I wake up with the creeping crud tomorrow.

Sunday, November 13, 2005

I wake up about 5:00 A.M. but the bed just feels so good, I lie here and doze for a while until I figure the breakfast buffet is open. I thought the ticket they gave me meant that it was complimentary, but when I checked out there was a 70 peso charge for the breakfast buffet, actually a reasonable price for the quality and amount. Easily the best breakfast of the trip so far, U.S. included.

I inquire about their check-out time but don't understand the fluent Spanish my answer comes in. What the heck, everything happens late here. Both the guidebook and Julio recommended the park and museum just across the street from the hotel and I intend to see it. No way I'm making it to Cancun tonight anyway, even though today is the day I'm supposed to check in at the resort.

This museum is where the large stone Olmec heads are displayed. Villahermosa is the largest city nearest where the Olmec lands were located, and this museum has pretty much everything Olmec. They are displayed outside in a jungle setting and really are quite impressive. This is not Teotihuacan you understand, but interesting nonetheless. The site also incorporates a sort of mini-zoo with jaguars, howler monkeys, crocodiles and turtles - local, jungle creatures that would have been a part of the Olmec world. I walk all around, see my first cacao tree from which chocolate is made, and generally sweat like a pig. Man, but it is hot here! And they're putting up Christmas decorations complete with snowmen!

I go back to the hotel, have a lemonade and check out. It takes me a while wandering around Villahermosa and even asking directions

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Mexico, continued from page 4

from a policeman, to figure out I just need to stay on the same road I came into town on to continue on my way.

This road eventually degenerates into a fairly rough two lane with no shoulders, heavy truck traffic, tall plants growing right up to the asphalt, Mexican drivers trying to do 80 or 90 miles an hour, etc. Just another typical Mexico riding experience.

The bike had been reluctant to start when I fired it up around noon, so I suspect I have neglected the battery for too long again. When I stop for gas in Catazaja, I check it, burning my knee on the muffler in the process. Yep, way down on water. I refill it with my drinking water and top off my Scottoiler at the same time. I've decided I'm sold on the Scottoiler. It's got the whole underside of my bike oily, but I've got maybe 6 or 7 thousand miles on the chain so far, and I've made one half turn adjustment to it before I started on this trip. I haven't adjusted it so far on the trip, and it still doesn't need adjusting now. I think most of the excess oil is due to me having it adjusted to drip too fast at first. I'm turning it down by degrees and it seems to be oiling my bike less. Now I need to wash it to clean things up a bit.

The guidebook describes this road as a flat high speed road. That it is in between trucks (doubles, of course) doing about 45 or 50 and constantly riding the center stripe to avoid the frequent Volkswagen-swallowing potholes or 4' drop where a portion of the road has decided to slide off into the ditch. There are, of course, topes - both marked and unmarked - and toll bridges to make sure you never get too much use out of top gear.

Sun is sinking fast enough that I won't make Xpujil by nightfall, so I decide to see what is available in Escarcega. As I ride into town, the first serious rain of the trip begins and the road gets very slick. I watch a local on one of those little runabout bikes do a weave and recovery that would do credit to Valentino Rossi and decide I've had enough for today. The first hotel I check out is of the no-toilet-seat variety, but the second looks pretty decent at a fair price. I take a room, deciding not to pay the extra 100 pesos for a TV remote. Probably just a deposit, but I don't expect to need it.

The room is hot and all I see to mitigate that is a ceiling fan. I experiment with it and find it has several speeds: fast, faster and jet assisted roof takeoff. I try fast for a while until it just gets to be too much. I notice the light on the TV is glowing, so I turn it on and start

working my way through the channels to see if there is any weather information available. Imagine my surprise and delight when I discover the Broncos - Raiders game, in Spanish yet! I watch most of the second half, pleased to see the Broncos win 31-17 even if they almost let Oakland back in it.

I'm hungry. I noticed a Burger King riding into town, and ready for a change from Mexican food, I decide to walk over. As I'm putting the big lock on the bike, I note that it's drizzling rain, so I put my rain suit top on and prepare to walk the kilometer or so to the BK. The further I walk, the harder it rains. I turn around and the rain decreases in intensity. Turn back toward my planned supper and Noah comes floating by in the ark. OK, I can take a hint, no Burger King tonight. The hotel has a restaurant associated with it, so I go in and order the fish. Excellent! Better than any Whopper I've ever had and I don't have to drown to get it.

Walking back through the door of my room, I chance to notice the air conditioner in the back of the room that has so far escaped my notice. Flip the switch and Presto! Cool air. I am now set for the evening. This should work great. Final mileage 56,912. 207 today, and 3269 for the trip.

More Upcoming Rides

COG 3rd Annual Two-Bits Rally

Saturday, July 8
Sign-up: 6:00am
Leave from: Centennial Community Church, 5890 S Alkire St.
Approx: 250 miles. Ride Organizer: Randy Bishop/COG

This is an introduction to endurance rallying, that is only 6 hours rather than 12 or 24. It will end in Frisco, CO, and will offer a challenging and fun experience for those who have always wanted to try their hand at this type of rally, as well as those with many rallies under their belt. Go to their web site at: www.concours.org/co/two-bits.htm for more details and a registration form.

Open Rides

Saturday/Sunday July 15,16
Breakfast: 8:00am
Depart: 9:00am
Leave from: Boulevard Grill, 1500 W Littleton Blvd
Approx: ? miles
Ride Leader: TBD

This is one of those rare times when no one could come up with a ride theme or destination, so we'll leave it up to whoever shows on either date, or use it to fill a previously postponed or delayed ride. Enjoy.

Classifieds

FOR SALE: 1997 Honda PC800
Pacific Coast. 4,349 miles (Like New)
\$3,500. Contact Bob: (303) 915-7742.



Some of our members have indeed, been around a while.