

# The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

July, 2008

**NEXT MEETING**  
**Thursday, July 17, 2008**  
**Fay Myers Motorcycle World**  
**7:00 pm**

[www.cofreewheelers.org/](http://www.cofreewheelers.org/)

## Member / Alumni Updates

### Bob Swanson

Received from Bob on 6/17;

*Bill, thanks for your usual excellent output. Hope some are visiting Paul Reimer, as a little company makes the days go by much swifter. Updating Tory's report on me (about 1/2 accurate, per Tory's usual standards), tomorrow starts the cardio rehab. Should be able to hold up the Wing or the Black Beauty by end August, and am looking forward to at least one beer with everybody by then. Please remember to thank the club for the very nice fruit basket, it blew us away. Cheers, "Slo Movin" Bob*

### Paul Reimer

The latest report on "Boots" is that he continues his recovery from the second heart artery stent procedure. He says he feels thirty years younger, but the rest of his body hasn't got the memo yet. He just recently returned from a MRA race in Hastings, Nebraska, and other than that is staying pretty close to home. If anyone has some spare time, please call Paul at 303-288-4828 to see if he needs transportation or anything else. He really has no local family, and relies on his motorcycling family for that kind of thing. He would certainly appreciate the call at any rate.

### Willy Taylor

Willy too continues his recovery from recent shoulder surgery.

**We all hope to see all of you back in the saddle real soon!**

### George & Joan Govea

Contact with the Goveas was made after some very serious weather including tornadoes in their area. They responded with the following:

*Thank you for thinking of us. We have had rain but the flooding is in St. Joe and tornadoes are all around us. So far we have been lucky that it's not hit here in Savannah. Hope all is well out there. Joan & George*

### Marc & Jeannine Beaulieu

Received from Marc on 6/17

*Just a short note to say hello to you and the rest of the "Freewheelers". We're still in Washington and still riding. Have the yellow Goldwing and a 225cc Yamaha dual sport. Kind of quiet during the week here since most folks that I ride with still work.*

*I want to thank you for including me on your mailing list for the Eagle Times. Its great reading about you folks and your activities. All we have here is Chapter "L" a GWRRA group. Nice bunch of folks, but they enjoy going camping most weekends, usually some distance away in the Cascades or the Olympic Peninsula.*

*We were in Colorado Springs a few weeks ago to visit my older son Bob and his wife at their new home. Unfortunately, it was a short visit and did not have a chance to come up and visit you guys.*

*The very best to you and thanks again for including us on the mailing list.*

*Your ol' buds, Marc and Jeannine Beaulieu*

### John & Joan Wangenstein

Received from John on 6/20

*We don't know a lot of people in the club but it's fun to read the "Times". I didn't know Paul R. very well, but I hope he gets better soon. Give him my best wishes. I always wanted to go to a drive-in on the bikes, but it didn't happen. Too bad the weather wasn't good. Your ride schedule sounds pretty good. New things, etc. Sturgis and home in one day? Are you nuts?*

*Things up here [Minnesota] are pretty good. I had throat cancer in '06 and it was a struggle. Especially the recovery. I'm 99 & 44/100 percent recovered from the cancer, have a lot of my energy back and all-in-all doing well. We live in a neighborhood of 40 year-olds and some of them consider Joan and me as their parents. They really helped especially with the yard work during my recovery. I mow about an acre of grass. We go camping with them every year and I go "woodsing" (one neighbor has a deluxe cabin way back in the woods that requires 5 miles of ATV after parking) and 4 wheeling with the men a few times a year.*

*Joan had a mild heart attack a few weeks ago but you'd never know it. She cooks, gardens, shops, and carries on her normal routine. Some of the meds give her headaches and she is adjusting dosages and Rx's. The golden years, Ugh! Joan hosts tea parties and had one last week. 20 ladies. She has another one next month. 40 ladies.*

*The neighbors discovered I can repair small engines and every few weeks I get another. So far 3 chain saws, a leaf blower and two weed whips. Two of the above were mine. I enjoy it, helps me think I'm paying my dues.*

*If [any of our old friends] ever get up this way our door is always open. we have two extra bedrooms and lots of floor space.*

*Hello to all, John*

# Meeting Minutes

June 19, 2008

The meeting was called to order at 7:00 pm by President Pete Chronis. There were no visitors, but long-time, and now alumni member, Frank "Slim" Jefferson walked in just as the group was about to recite the Pledge of Allegiance. Slim has been a member since at least the early 1980's. He still has the beautiful 1976 GL1000 Limited Edition he rode way back then. The "LTD" had special markings and distinctive gold anodized spoke wheels. It was great to see Slim.

Pete asked me to read the minutes of the May meeting. I refused, noting that if any member was unable or uninterested in reading the minutes as printed in the newsletter, it was their problem, not mine. Don McKee wisely made the motion to accept, it was seconded by some other intelligent member, and passed.

The Treasurer's report was also accepted without any undue bloodshed. Our treasurer, Floyd Thorne reported \$81.33 cash on hand; \$113.75 in the Christmas fund; and \$1,561.73 in the checking account, for a total of \$1,756.81.

Past Rides: The 4-Canyons Ride saw Pete's bike fail to start in Ward, CO. A push-start was in order, but more problems forced Pete to call for help. There was a short discussion about when it's alright to leave a fellow rider with a breakdown.

Upcoming rides: The next ride will be the Haunted Places Tour with planned stops in Jefferson, Florissant, Cripple Creek, and Divide in search of ghosts. Bill Gillespie changed the overnight trip to the Alamosa/La Veta train to a one day trip to the Leadville scenic train ride on July 19<sup>th</sup>. The schedule of the Alamosa train would have necessitated either a pre-dawn departure on Saturday, or a late Sunday return to Denver. Frank Heinzel has organized the overnight stay for the 1000-IN-24 Pre-ride on August 3-4.

Thumper gave a synopsis (I like to use a new word each month) of the Route 66 ride he and Donna took with Willy Taylor, Rex Young, along with the American Icon and his new lady friend. The trip was apparently a bit cooler than they had counted on.

Frank then went over the Rider of the Year program. He is hoping to get several entries this year. He also gave a report on the current mileage stats. Pat McCombs has gone over the 200,000 mile mark, and Floyd Thorne is just short of 50,000 miles with the club.

Bob Norton gave a report on the Zip Code Tour showing Frank in the lead. Pat & Donna McCombs have submitted the only 10-point photo so far. There was a discussion about riders stopping to get post office photos during scheduled rides. Some rides have been held up while this was taking place. The general feeling of the group was those who want to stop during a ride to obtain PO photos are on their own, and should find out where the group plans to stop so they can catch up. The ride leader should adhere to the agenda of the scheduled ride.

Safety Committee Chair Bob Norton simply advised everyone to stay hydrated this summer, and always keep your head and eyes up.

Jon Lofstedt is on an extended trip with his sister, Nancy Morjerud as his passenger. While Nancy has never attended a meeting, the club voted to make her an honorary member.

Pete won \$17.50 in the 50/50, and donated it to the Christmas fund.

There was no Mental Meltdown awarded because the current holder is on a road trip as noted above.

Meeting adjourned sometime after 8:00pm.

Submitted by Secretary, Bill Gillespie

# Snakebit?

Pete Chronis

For one brief moment on Sunday, June 22, I considered changing my handle from "Bedrock" to "Snakebit", but then dropped the idea. More about that later.

Now anybody who rides a motorcycle (*spare me the snide remarks about Harleys*), sooner or later, is going to have a breakdown a fair distance from home. In fact, the way I got the nickname *Bedrock* was the result of a rather major mechanical malfunction with my 1981 BMW R65 during the 2004 Don Council Memorial Steak Run. "Major mechanical malfunction" is a softer-sounding euphemism for "the damned tranny exploded." But this month was a real record.

I have since sold the Beemer and also traded off my 2005 Harley XL883 Sportster and am currently riding a 1994 Harley Dyna FXDS Convertible, which I bought in February 2007. On June 14, while riding with Bob Norton and Frank Heinzel, the hog wouldn't start after we stopped at the Ward post office, cleverly concealed in an old church or schoolhouse that also serves as the town hall. We noticed the stator plug had come loose and reconnected it. Bob helped me bump start the bike, but shortly after we went through Nederland, the Harley started backfiring and spitting flames out the muffler, so we stopped. Fortunately, it was across the road from the famous Café Sundance on Highway 119.

Cell phones wouldn't work up there, but the café had a pay phone, so I called HOG roadside assistance. The staff member on duty said she would call me back on the restaurant's line, which she did. She was having trouble rounding up somebody to come to the rescue. For awhile, it seemed she had the situation under control, estimating help would be there in about 1-1/2 to 2 hours. But then she called back after about 2 hours to say no towing service would be available for at least 4 to 6 hours. At that point, I called Bill Gillespie, aka the *Wing Commander*, who in turn got hold of his long-time friend Jeff Felker, owner of Colorado Motor Co., to borrow the latter's truck and trailer later that afternoon. It was a relief to learn later that Bill and Pat McCombs were finally on the road to the Sundance.

Meantime, I had a couple of beers while waiting. Heck, I wasn't driving, right? When Bill & Thumper arrived, we loaded the Harley on the trailer and drove to Bill's house, where we parked it until Jeff could come for it, and Thumper gave me a ride home. Colorado Motor Co. fixed the bike – turns out the plug on the stator lead was too small to stay connected, so they opened it up. An aftermarket clamp, which keeps the plug from coming loose, is on order.

Got back on the road in time to go on VP Allen Hansher's Haunted Places Ride on Sunday June 22, but didn't make it to the first stop in Florissant. Got as far as 10 miles from Lake George on County Road 77 when I heard

this awful clanking sound. Checked to see if something had fallen from the bike, but nothing appeared amiss. Shortly after that, Dennis Yamaguchi pulled up and signaled for me to pull over, telling me the rear tire was flat. On examination, we discovered that somewhere on that pock-marked stretch of road which seemingly had more potholes than pavement, someone had dropped an 1 1/32" Bonney combination wrench, which had gone through the tire right in the middle of the tread. The worst part is there were only 2,327 miles on the tire. I was beginning to think that if it weren't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all, but I was wrong.

At this point I digress slightly. I wasn't the first mechanical casualty of the day. Earlier that morning at Your Neighborhood Grill, Bill's bike ended up hors de combat when he hit that curb near the entrance to the parking lot. You know, the one that's invisible when the shadows are right (or wrong in this case). The contact bent and cracked his front rim. Don McKee came to Bill's rescue with his trailer, and they had just finished unloading the *Wing* at Casa de Gillespie when I reached Bill on the cell phone. "You're not going to believe this..." is how the conversation began.

Meantime, Thumper, Bob Norton and Brian Boberick kept me company until reinforcements arrived. Don, accompanied by Bill, drove down with his Toyota 4Runner and his enclosed trailer, and we loaded the bike up and took it to Bill's house, where his *Wing* was already on the lift and the wheel was on the floor.

Monday afternoon, Bill rang me up. "You got a bike lift?" he asked. "Yeah, I have a bike jack," I replied. "Well, get over here with it!" he replied. Seems he'd located a Dunlop D402 at Performance Cycle on South Broadway. We put the bike on the jack, and took off the rear wheel. I went and bought the tire, had it mounted at Woody's Wheel on S. Jason St., and rode the Harley home Monday afternoon.

Friends like the FreeWheelers are the main reason I won't be changing my handle to *Snakebit*. And it's pretty clear that I've got some pretty good luck to have such great friends and riding buddies.

*Bedrock*



# Memorial Day Trip, 2008

Pat McCombs

Having been out to California many times to ride the Three Flags Classic, I felt I had ridden most of the great roads in various parts of California. This Memorial Day that theory would be blown out the window.

On May 20<sup>th</sup> five Freewheelers and one non-member started a eleven-day motorcycle adventure to the coast of California. Our plan was to ride about 300 to 350 miles a day, so we could take in all the sites & sounds of the adventure. The plan also included taking in as much of the "Old Route 66" as possible from just north of



The "Icon" & Jenny on Route 66

Santa Fe, New Mexico to the end in Santa Monica, California. We would be riding lots of Route 66 & California #1, The Coast Highway, as well as some special roads that had been pointed out to us near Eureka, California.

On Wednesday morning, May 20<sup>th</sup> the group of Willy Taylor, Rex Young, Gene Porter, Pat & Donna McCombs, and Jenny Nebe met at Your Neighborhood Grill for the start of the eleven day adventure. The sun was out, the weather warm, and it was a nice day for a ride. Donna "Dino" McCombs was fussing a little about not being able to find the cords for her electric gear. Little did we know at the time what laid ahead, as those cords would become a necessity. Gene Porter, the "American Icon" had filled his riding companion, Jenny in on what the eleven day adventure would entail. You see, Jenny has always put her bike on a trailer to go to motorcycling events. Gene had explained in detail, that we would be in the deserts of New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Nevada, and that warm clothes would be overkill. Jenny would learn in the next eleven days what life is like on the road, and not to trust Gene when being advised what to pack.

Our first day out was to be an easy ride, with us spending the night in Santa Fe. Except for some high winds, the day was a nice ride down. My daughter, Trudy had told us about a really fun place to have dinner in Santa Fe that night. The Cowgirl Bar & Grill was everything she said it would be. Had some great BBQ and some great laughs at Mr. Porter's expense. We got one of the locals to play up the American Icon thing on the outdoor patio where we were eating. The guy really got into the role, and had the whole place with tears in their eyes, and Gene with a very red face.

Day two, would find us on our way to Holbrook, Arizona. After running Route 66 through New Mexico, we were hot on the same trail in Arizona. Well, that is not quite right. Our leader, Gene was having problems with u-turns. We left the motel that morning, and forty-five minutes later we had returned to the same hotel.



Among, or rather "in" the Giant Redwoods

You know, you just have to love those GPS units. Helps if you plug in a route.

Later on it was a little cool, but a good day for a ride. Holbrook is about another 150 miles out, and it's still not that late in the day. Wait, something is falling from the sky, and I believe they call it snow, and the temperature has dropped to 38 degrees. Gallup, New Mexico is a nice town, but we had no plans to stay there that night. At 4:00 P.M. we spotted a La Quinta in Gallup. Our speed had dropped from 80 mph to 30 mph, and our two Harley riders looked like moving snowmen. The La Quinta had a large awning, and the manager who was a biker as well, let us put the iron horses under it to give them some protection. Five bikes, no problem. After stowing our gear, that number had grown to thirty-some bikes.

Some great tales from riders from around the country, made the evening pass quickly. A quick call was made to the Commander, Bill Gillespie to fill him in on the days ride.

Day three was not an early start. Although the roads were dry, the temp at 8:00 a.m. was still only 24 degrees. Would be a late start. Once on the road, we would make a quick stop in Holbrook to snap pictures of the Wigwam Motel, and the teepees we didn't get to stay in. We have reservations in Needles, California for the night. Bracing ourselves for the hot weather in Needles, we continued on. Did I say hot weather? As we pull into needles in the rain, it's 54 degrees. Had a nice dinner, then Jenny was once again in search of more warm clothing to purchase.

The cool weather stayed with us for most of the trip, and I am sure the folks in Santa Monica thought we were a group of nuts, seeing us in cold weather gear. But it was a great ride!! The best parts – places like the Hearst Castle, Big Sur, the Giant Redwoods, the Route 66 museum in Victorville, and the list could go on and on.

For the highlight of the trip for me, and I'm sure for Willy and Donna as well, we owe a special thanks to the Wing Commander, Bill Gillespie. He had told us of a road south of the

Eureka, California area, called "The lost Coast Road". He had been on a part of it several years ago, but had never ridden the entire road. It was everything the Commander had told us, and more. The road is Mattole Road, or the Lost Coast Road, and officially California Highway 211. It starts in Ferndale, California, and is listed in many of the motorcycle magazines as one of the top motorcycle road in the United States. It is all that, and then some more. It was as Donna said, "Breathtaking" to see and ride. You can see the map on [www.pashnit.com](http://www.pashnit.com).

A very special thanks to Willy Taylor, who compiled all the pictures that he, Dino, and I had taken on the adventure, and made a great DVD with music. The memories will be many, and last for years to come. What a great group to hang with for eleven days.

Thumper



The Lost Coast



Another Harley out of gas



Museum tours? I love a good museum tour.



*Jon and Pat riding the dirt in Nevadaville, Colorado near Central City on Sunday, June 29th.  
The Post Office burned down, but we had a good ol' time looking for it.*