

The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

August, 2004

NEXT MEETING
Thursday, August 19, 2004
Fay Myers Motorcycle World
7:00 pm

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

Refreshing

*I found it very refreshing to read an article in the **Venture Voice** for August written by Floyd Thorne. The **Venture Voice** is the monthly newsletter put out by the Rocky Mountain Venture Touring Motorcycle Club. Floyd has been a long time member of the RMVTA, and the time I have spent around him this year as having dual membership, in both the Colorado Freewheelers & RMVTA motorcycle clubs has been of great interest to me as a rider. Floyd is the Treasurer of the RMVTA, but also does a great deal of work on the Venture Voice, to make sure all of their members have something of interest to read each month. I thought I would pass on to you the members of the Freewheelers, the views of a nonmember. Floyd simply calls his article "Impressions & Perceptions." I found it to be very interesting to see a riders outside view of the Colorado Freewheelers. The article reads as follows right out of The Venture Voice.*

Impressions & Perceptions

Submitted by: Floyd Thorne

Over the last few years I have ridden several times with members of the Colorado Freewheelers. I had always had an impression or perception that they were very rough and tough (and some of them are) aggressive riders (and most of them are.) Many of them do several endurance rides throughout the season. High-mileage

totals seem to be a measurement of involvement with them.

I think I always had some reservations about riding with them, again because of these impressions and or perceptions. I have always been one to want to ride with a group but I never wanted to be someone that was going to slow the group down because my riding skills may not measure up to the groups as a whole. Some today might tell me that I should not have any concern about that but by the same token I did have those impressions and or perceptions.

I also have never attended one of their meetings for some reason or another. But, I did take that opportunity here this last month. They hold their meetings on the third Thursday of each month at 7:00p.m. also at Fay Myers.

I must say that again I had impressions and or perceptions that I might experience there - who knows why - just my nature I guess. But, let me tell you that I was very pleased with what I encountered there. To start out the meetings as I turned out on this meeting night they did not have an invocation because their Chaplin was not in attendance. But the fact that there generally do and that they mentioned it at all this evening was a good thing for me.

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Special Thanks

To the riders who came out for the Don Council Memorial 14th Annual Steak Run. My special thanks for your support of the ride. For something that started out as somewhat of a gag fourteen years ago, it has turned into a major event every year. It was nice to see some new faces this year, along with the veterans who have done it many times. With taking the largest group we have ever taken I was a little nervous at the start, but turned out to be a special event this year again. To the following riders a special thanks, for it is you who make the adventure.

Rex Young (*Always a pleasure*), Bill Gillespie (*Great route*), Bob Norton (*Thanks for leading*), Pete Chronis (*Thanks for the patches*), Norman Roeder (*thanks for the JB Weld idea for Cliff*), Parnell Dillard (*Glad to see you back on the ride*), Willy Taylor (*Thanks for sharing a room*), Frank Heinzl (*Thanks for leading*), Mike Finneran (*Upheld his Rookie title*), Stan Stotz (*Thanks for the rescue of Pete*), Bill Lindquist (*Thanks for tucking Billy in*), Floyd Thorne (*Hope to see you back*), Brian Boberick (*Thanks for hanging with Al*), Jon Lofstedt (*Great addition to this group*), Ron Nardiello (*The Birthday Boy*), Gene Porter (*You may have to wait awhile to get Pete's boots*), Vince Vincent (*The Best*), Cliff Eudy (*Time for a new*

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Refreshing... *from page 1*

Then a bit later there was some very nice constructive discussion regarding Safety which is a regular part of their meeting agenda was a very nice and good thing that I had not expect. In all the times I have ridden with them even though they are aggressive I have always thought they were safe to ride with, that was not a part of my impressions and or perceptions. The mere fact they have it as part of their meeting agenda was very good and refreshing.

I came away from their meeting with very good feelings about their organization and the folks that I met that evening and on rides in the past. We, the RMVTA and the Colorado Freewheelers have had several joint rides this year and I think that it has been very good for both clubs to cross pollinate. If you are looking for some different folks to ride with and or perhaps a different destination may encourage you to look into the Freewheelers. They are a great group and most of them know the Colorado Highways and Byways like you and I might know the backs of our hands.

By the way, I did win their 50/50 drawing that evening and as nice as that was, it did not sway or influence me to write these words. The main thing is to get out there and enjoy the riding. Be safe and if you get a chance to meet some new folks between the two clubs then that is even better.

Mr. "T"
Treasurer RMVTA

Special Thanks... *from page 1*

bike, hope the back is OK), George Barrett (Shot up 200 pictures the first day), Brett Barrett (Fit right in), Al Harris (What can I say, was great to have you back).

Hope to see you all back next year for the 15th Annual. It is too bad that the Colorado Freewheelers does not have a "Missing Link Award" because on this trip Gene Porter would have won it hands down for his statement when Pete Chronis's BMW broke down in Bedrock. With Pete trying to figure out what he was going to do, Gene asked, "Can I have his boots?" Pete had the look of a guy who could see the buzzards circling overhead. Good thing he doesn't have gold fillings.

Thumper

Don Council Memorial Steak Ride

It was with GREAT anticipation that I looked forward to this ride. And so it was that we assembled at the Village Inn restaurant near C-470 and Broadway the morning of July 30, 2004. We had been given the Route before hand and it looked to be a very good and interesting one to say the least.

There were 22 bikes and 22 riders anxious and ready for the next three days laid out in front of us. After some breakfast and a brief pre-ride meeting we were saddled up and ready for the adventure planned out before us.

As always when you ride with members of the Colorado Free Wheelers you can look forward to many new roads that you may never have been on before. This trip was no exception. There were lots of twisties to be negotiated as well as the opportunity to get out and let the equipment run on some straight two and four lane highways and byways.

The weather for the most part could not have been any better if we could have special ordered it. It was a very comfortable mid seventies most of the time. We did get into some warm stuff in New Mexico on Saturday and then again on Sunday coming home in the Pueblo area. But we also got into some nice little rain showers in New Mexico that were a welcome cooling freshness. We never did get into rain gear as we could always see blue sky out in front.

We had some mechanical opportunities along the way which I suppose when you get that many machines together the odds are certainly there for that to happen. It started out with one of the machines giving up the Ghost in Bed Rock, Colorado. Not sure yet what happened but it had to do with the drive train someplace in the rear of the bike. It became pretty apparent that it was a dead soldier. In that same vain as we were all standing and or sitting around deciding what we were going to do next there came a voice from the back of the crowd "can I have his boots?" This certainly got a chuckle out of every one at the time. We divvied up his weekend provisions and got him nestled into the back seat of a GL1800 Gold Wing and we were off once again.

Friday evening in the parking lot of the Monticello, UT Canyonlands Motor Inn brought to the attention of the group a front tire on another machine that did

not look at all worthy of the rest of the trip so fortunately Saturday some of the group were able to go to a cycle shop and get that machine fitted with a new front tire and then continue on.

Sunday morning, after a very comfortable evening in Red River UT Best Western river's Edge Motel, started with another machine not wanting to start, perhaps to a faulty charging system and the cooler temperatures of the Red River morning. But a jump start got the rectified and we were ready to head out. This same rider then decided that he needed to stop and get on some sun glasses a bit further down the road. All would have been good if the bike could have been shut down with confidence or parked in such a manner that it did not want to roll forward off the kickstand.

A call from him on the CB dispatched help back to pick up the machine only to expose a hole in the valve cover from the highway peg puncturing it that was leaking oil when the machine started. With some quick thinking from some pretty clever mechanical minded folks and the good fortune of finding an auto supply store open in the small town of Eagle Nest on a Sunday morning, a tube of JB Weld Kwik Weld the cover was temporarily repaired and we were once again on our way.

After our last group meal in Trinidad, CO and then going over Cuchares Pass to Walsenburg some of the members of the group decided to take the balance to the planned route and others, after the delays of the morning, decided to head straight north on I-25 towards home.

I, on behalf of the RMVTA members in attendance, I would like to thank the Colorado Free Wheelers for the opportunity to participate in their annual ride. We all had a GREAT time of it and look forward to further rides and activities between the two groups. A Special thanks to Pat McCombs for ball caps and Pete Chronis for patches commemorating the purpose of the ride and Pete. Pat also did a GREAT deal of planning and coordination of motel accommodations and restaurants and as I understand it Bill Gillespie planned the route. Also, a BIG thanks to the folks whom led and served at tail riders for the ride. GREAT job to all!!!

Floyd Thorne
Treasurer, RMVTA

Don Council Memorial 14th Annual Steak Run

We couldn't have asked for better weather than we had on Friday, July 30, when our intrepid crew gathered at the Village Inn at South Broadway and C-470 for this very special steak run, now named in honor of our departed brother and fellow rider, Don "Spider" Council.

Before we set out, the working title I had in mind for this narrative was "Pete Chronis' Excellent Adventure," but before the day was out, it seemed for a time a little more like "Bad Day at Bedrock," only without Fred Flintstone.

Participants in the run received black memorial baseball caps inscribed "Don Council Memorial 14th Annual Steak Run 2004" in gold thread on the front and "Spider" on the back, and black-bordered memorial patches reading "In Memoriam, Don 'Spider' Council June 29, 1954-Oct. 22, 2003, Brothers Forever."

Arrangements for this year's steak run, which included some of the most spectacular scenery God put on the planet, were handled by Pat "Thumper" McCombs.

Other participants included Bill "Wing Commander" Gillespie, Bob Norton, Rex Young, Norm Roeder, Willy Taylor, Frank Heinzl, Mike Finneran, Stan Stotz, Bill Lindquist, Brian Boberick, Jon Lofstedt, Gene Porter, Vince Vincent, Floyd Thorn, Cliff Eudy, the father-and-son duo George and Brett Barrett (each on their own Wings), Parnell Dillard, "Renegade" Ron, and old hand Al Harris.

Although Wings and Hondas in general were in the majority, this year's entourage included four BMWs and a Harley Road King.

The run drew such a large crowd this year that it was split into two groups - one led by Frank Heinzl and the other by Bob Norton. Riding was all business, with stops kept to a minimum because we had to cover a lot of ground - 473 miles in two states on the first day. We left the heavy I-70 traffic behind at Glenwood when we turned south for a scenic ride through some beautiful country with lots of magnificent rock formations and impressive bluffs and canyons and twisties enough to please any two-wheeler.

But as we blasted along, I noticed that my heretofore faithful 1981 BMW R-65 seemed to be utterly lacking in pep. Its get-up-and-go seemed to have done got up and went.

Not long after we had gassed up at Naturita, I stopped for a few minutes to stretch my legs, which were getting a little stiff. Norm Roeder pulled over, too., and after we started up again, we noticed

what looked like one hell of a big dog and some pups sitting on the road ahead, but on closer observation, it turned out to be a mama bear and her two cubs. I sounded my horn, and Mama Bear and one cub skittered off to the left side of the road. But the other cub skedaddled to the right. (Guess he must have a mind of his own.). I'm told most of the bears in Colorado are brown, but this bunch was sort of a dusty gray-brown.

A few miles down the road, as I went to upshift from 4th to 5th, my tranny (at least I think it was) made a gawd-awful noise that sounded like a ball bearing rattling around in a tin can. I tried shifting back in to 4th. Same racket.

So I pulled over to the side of the road, and Norm joined me to see what was wrong. Pretty soon, Bob Norton looped back to see if he could be of help. He said it was best to try to get to the nearest town rather than leave the bike by the side of the road. He suggested trying to get the bike going and to find a "sweet spot" where it didn't make that hellacious racket. After several attempts, I got the bike moving, and by keeping the speed between 30 mph and 40 mph, it was possible to make headway. It was slow going, but we made it to Bedrock, where, after listening to the monstrous noises emanating from somewhere in the Beemer's innards, the consensus was unanimous: that bike wasn't going anywhere and I was (bleep) out of luck. We decided that the bike should be secured and left in Bedrock until I could come get it. My removable hard cases and my tank bag were parceled out among Thumper, Bill Lindquist and Floyd.

Stan Stotz graciously offered to let me ride (rhymes with "witch") for the rest of the trip. And Gene Porter (probably a grunt in an earlier life), asked if he could have my boots.

I asked the young lady at the Bedrock store if it would be all right to lock up the bike behind the store until we could come get it the next weekend, and she told me it would be better to park it at her home, which was just up the road, and so I did.

It had been years since I had ridden on a motorcycle as a passenger (as a matter of fact, about 43 years). While Stan did all the hard work, I rubbernecked the scenery and observed an interesting phenomenon: The images of cars and countryside that we passed reflected on the back of Stan's helmet disappearing into the distance sort of off to the sides (It's a good thing I was sober.)

We made it to Monticello and

checked into the Canonland Motor Inn.. A couple of good Jack Daniels Black Labels later, and I really wasn't all that worried about the Beemer. After Billy Gillespie mentioned there was a Honda dealer in town, I got to thinking that maybe he had a good used (older) machine that I could finish the steak run on & I could put on the Visa card, so we went out to the dealership to have a look. The shop was closed, but the guy who lived next door gave him a call, and the dealer dropped by. He said he had an '82 Honda 900cc Custom for \$2,500 (a bit stiff in anybody's book) but he had a meeting to attend that evening and would meet us at 9:30. We looked through his fence and saw a less-than-pristine Honda four with a Vetter fairing. But when we came back after dinner, he was a no-show. (Somebody noted that the dealership's sign said it was also a Mormon bookstore, and we had been drinking a tad, so maybe he was offended..)

Dinner was at the Lamplight Restaurant, owned and operated by Scoot and Alexa Laws. Dinner was superb, and because it was Renegade Ron's birthday, everybody was treated to their choice of ice cream and a slab of chocolate fudge brownie cake. (Never mind the crack Scott made about the guy who ordered chicken parmigiana on a steak run. It's not that I march to a different drummer or that I'm into weirdness, I just can't handle steak again for awhile.)

There was a toast to our old riding buddy, Spider, and some reminiscences about that old Tennessean who was such great company.

Turns out, I wasn't the only Beemer rider who was snake bit on this trip - the front tire on Al Harris' K1200 was down to the cord after only 9,600 miles, so Al, the Wing Commander and (??) stayed behind in Monticello see if they could get him a new tire. (They did - a Dunlop.). The ride took us through some beautiful country that I hadn't seen since I last lived in New Mexico in the '60s, including the Jicaria Apache Indian Reservation, Cuba (near the Jemez country), and Los Alamos (where part of the crew got temporarily lost). Also passed the old Los Alamos fire station where I had to leave my first Beemer, an R-26 that had a clutch cable break back in '65 on a ride with some school friends. Then we turned north through Taos (which has lost a lot of its old charm and gotten too commercialized, if you ask me. Which you didn't). We

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Steak Run... from page 3

zoomed by Angel Fire, but caught a glimpse of the stunning war memorial built there. (Thumper has a great story about the memorial but I have to warn you that it will bring tears to anybody's eyes.) We pulled into Red River and checked into the Best Western River's Edge, which is one fine motel. As always, I roomed with Norm because we both snore so loud nobody else will room with us but we drown each other out.

Some of us wanted to eat early, but Texas Red's said it would be a 2 1/2-hour wait (til about 9:30) before they could even seat us, so we went in search of another place to eat and settled on a Mexican place that served some wholesome (but very bland) Mexican food and advertised "sopapillas in season," whatever that means. Anyway, they were about the strangest-looking sopapillas I've ever encountered.. Modesty prohibits a more accurate description.

Went back to the motel and had a quiet drink of Jack with Stan and then hit the sack, although I understand that some of our comrades stayed late at Texas Red's and "philosophized" in fine form.

Next day, shortly after we left Red River, Cliff stopped to put on his sunglasses, but his Wing tipped over and one of the bolts from his highway pegs punctured his left side valve cover. Oil came gushing out, and it looked like Cliff might be stuck, too. But wait! All hope wasn't lost. Cliff coasted his bike down hill (and got pushed across some flat spots) until we came to a level area outside a rodeo arena. There the intrepid crew concocted a way to repair the hole and get Cliff back on the road. Several riders pooled their tools to find an SAE Allen wrench to get out the bolt that held the

highway peg. An ingenious repair was effected by wrapping a spare screw from Cliff's tool kit in black electrical tape and using it to plug the hole. Some JB Weld acquired in town was mixed and used to fix the bolt to the valve cover. (Billy went to town to get the JB Weld, George got the screw to fit, and Norm applied the weld to hold the screw in place. The repair worked, and Cliff was back on the road.

We stopped at Trinidad for breakfast at the C-H Restaurant, which serves excellent Mexican food (properly hot, liek God intended) and has great service, and then it was back on the road again to Walsenberg by the scenic route. Several riders, including Stan, decided to finish the trip by blasting straight up I-25.

I don't know about the rest of the guys on the Don Council Memorial Steak Run, but I had a blast. The experience showed that this group of riders look out for, care for and help each other any way they can. Stan Stotz was kind enough to let me ride on the back of his Wing, and went a mile farther: He loaned me his motorcycle trailer to go get my bike, and Billy Gillespie took a long day the next Saturday to accompany me to Bedrock, help me load up and strap down the bike, and drive the trailer back to Denver, a 759-mile round trip that had us on the road from 6:30 a.m. To 10:30 p.m. What's more, Billy brought his satellite radio rig, and we listened to some really classic rock'n'roll and country music the whole way. They don't make folks any better than the bunch we ride with, and it's a privilege to know them.

So I'll stick with the original title: This was an excellent adventure, no doubt about it.

Pete Chronis

Open letter to Carol Council

Dear Carol:

My apologies for not getting back to you right away on your e-mail to me. I wanted to take a little time to reflect on this years Don Council Memorial Run. I will probably will not write this with the grace for wording that Billy or Don would use, but it is from the heart. When Don passed away on October 22nd of 2003, it is as I'm am sure with you will be a date that will never leave my heart and mind. Bill Gillespie and I talked many times of Don, and we were talking about Don the morning we both received the calls from California.

After the memorial service you had for Don at your brother's house here in Colorado, Billy and I felt we needed to find a way to remember Don. It did not take long to figure it out. Knowing Don's love for motorcycling and the one ride that he looked forward to every year, we renamed the Steak Run to the *Don Council Memorial 14th Annual Steak Run*. The memories we all have of Don over the years on this ride are many, and I'm sure that with very little effort we could write a book with all of the adventures we have had along the way.

To address your question on how did the ride go, I would say it is in the top three. Might not be up there to when Ken Beach rode his Harley in to the B&B in Spearfish to pickup Don, or the night that Jeff Waites better known as "Little Shithead" bunked with Don, but I think a great time was had by one and all. Truly, Don was on this ride and smiling down on us as we rode every mile of the trip. It was nice to see a couple of the guys back that had missed a few of the runs, but wanted to make sure they were there to honor Don's memory on this ride. Al Harris & Vince Vincent brought some great stories with them of past rides, and it was good to have them along.

Carol, you will see an article this months in the *Eagle Times* from Pete Chronis who wrote of this years ride. I thought he did a nice pece, but the neat thing he did for the Don Council Memorial was to have patches made up for all the riders to sew on their vest's and jackets to honor Don. It was something very simple, but very special. It read as follows: In memoriam Don "Spider" Council June 29, - October 22, 2003 BROTHERS FOREVER.

The hats were handed out the morning of the ride, and as you have one, you know what those brought to the ride. The last thing we did before we pulled out, was all twenty-two of us tipping our hats to Don to join the ride.

So that the printer does not get upset, yes we had a very special time. The three day route was wonderful thanks to Billy, the food was excellent along the way thanks to some special people we met along the way, and the memories were off the charts and will last a life time.

Your Pal & Friend, Thumper

Very Sad News

The following e-mail was recieved from Young Willingham on July 20th;

It is with great sadness that I share this news. You may have heard of a motorcyclist being lost in the Poudre River last Friday. That was my sister, Gloria Nelson. She, her husband [Johnnie], their friend [Larry] and I were riding to capture Colorado passes as part of a Durango H/D dealer's summer theme ride(s).

Riding down from Cameron on CO14, she hit a patch of gravel and lost control. She hit a guard rail and was thrown into the river. We were unable

to get her out of the river's rapids and then lost sight of her. To date her body has not been recovered, but we hope it will be.

All that can be done is being done, so your prayers for my family and a peace of spirit is all that is needed.

Blessing to you and yours.
Ride safe!, Young

As of press time, we have not heard of any recovery of Gloria's body.

The thoughts and prayers of the entire group go out to Young and his family.

Pictures from the Steak Ride...



We started with breakfast. Steak & eggs, of course.



Pete's BMW was running ok over McClure's Pass.



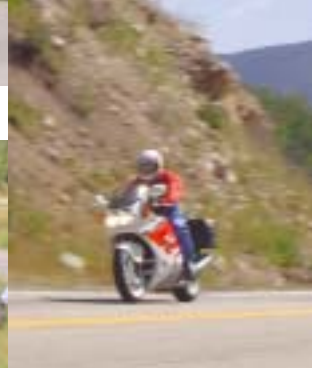
Anxious to get on the road.



The Barretts, George & Brett.



A fuel stop in Paonia.



Parnell on McClure's Pass.



The Hanging Flume along the Delores River.

A military helicopter at the Viet Nam Veteran's Memorial in Angel Fire, NM



Passenger Pete



Spider's Memorial Dinner in Monticello.



Our fearless Tour Director.



Red River, New Mexico



Waiting for the JB-Weld to dry.



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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