

The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

August, 2008

NEXT MEETING
Thursday, August 21, 2008
Fay Myers Motorcycle World
7:00 pm

www.cofreewheelers.org/

Upcoming Rides

Open Ride

Saturday, August 23 7:00 am

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: TBD miles

Ride leader: TBD

Let's fill this hole and ride somewhere

Natural Bridge Ride

Sunday, August 24 7:00 am

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: TBD miles

Ride leader: Bob (Knight Rider) Norton
(303) 915-7742

Open Ride

Saturday/Sunday, August 30,31

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: TBD miles

Ride leader: TBD

Let's fill this hole and ride somewhere

Open Ride

Saturday, September 6 8:00 am

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: TBD miles

Ride leader: TBD

Let's fill this hole and ride somewhere

Mt. Evans Beau Jo's Ride

Sunday, September 7 9:00 am

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: 150 miles

Ride Leader: Frank (Freewheelin' Franklin')
Heinzel (303)295-7137

This might be our last chance (weather permitting) to ride the highest paved road in the US. We'll ride up Bear Creek canyon to Evergreen, then up Squaw Pass road (which goes up to 11,165 ft) to Echo Lake, and then on up CO-5 to the top of Mt. Evans, (14,264 ft.). After that it's all down hill to Idaho Springs where we can partake of some of the world famous Beau Jo's Pizza for lunch.

Open Ride

Saturday/Sunday, Sept. 13,14 9:00 am

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: TBD miles

Ride leader: TBD

Let's fill this hole and ride somewhere

Open Ride

Saturday, September 27 9:00 am

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: TBD miles

Ride leader: TBD

Let's fill this hole and ride somewhere

Fall Colors Ride 1

Sunday, September 28 9:00 am

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: 267 miles

Ride leader: Alan (Husker) Hansher
(303)699-8102

This year we decided to cut it short and have 2 small color rides the first of which will cover the high country passes to include Vail Pass, Tennessee Pass, Fremont Pass, and Loveland Pass. We should see some spectacular scenery on this one.

Fall Colors Ride 2

Saturday, October 4 9:00 am

Leave from: Your Neighborhood Grill,
1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Aprox.: 180 miles

Ride leader: Frank (Freewheelin' Franklin')
Heinzel (303)295-7137

This ride though being shorter than the first should be no less colorful as we will traverse the famous Peak to Peak Highway starting from Clear Creek canyon on CO-119, then CO-72 to Estes Park and then back through the South St. Vrain Canyon to Loveland.

Meeting Minutes

July 17, 2008

The meeting was called to order at 7:05 pm by President Pete Chronis. We opened, as usual with the Pledge of Allegiance. There were no visitors, but did have a couple of recent medical patients in attendance. Bob Swanson, recovering from open heart surgery said he was feeling good, and was given the green light to start driving. His doctor should give him clearance to ride sometime after Labor Day. Willy Taylor is still nursing his shoulder after a second surgery. He said it was healing nicely. Although not here tonight, reports from "Boots" indicate he is feeling better and getting stronger all the time after his heart attack and subsequent heart catheterization procedures.

Don McKee made the motion to dispense with any reading of the minutes from the last meeting, and to accept them as printed in the newsletter. It was seconded by another 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; \$152.75 in the Christmas fund; and \$1,762.89 in the checking account, for a total of \$1,996.97.

Past Rides: Frank reported only two members attended the Ladies Ride - Herb Shaffer and himself. Brian Boberick gave a report on the RMVTA Redstone Ride. There were several reports about the Haunted Places Tour. No ghosts were

sighted, but all except Pete had a good time. Pete picked up, of all things a small combination wrench in his rear tire on CR-77 north of Lake George. Don McKee had come to my rescue with his trailer after an unfortunate encounter with a curb destroying my front wheel in the parking lot of Your Neighborhood Grille before the ride started. Not long after depositing my Goldwing in the garage, the call came from Pete. Don and I were off to rescue Pete next. My thanks, and I'm sure Pete's as well, to Don for giving up his day with family to help us out.

Of course Don's trailer is usually available to those in need, and Bob Swanson also has a trailer he will be transporting his bike to Iowa on in September. After that he has offered to donate it to the club for use by any member if someone has a place to store it. Brian will try to find some room at the Boberick Ranch. Our thanks to Bob.

Upcoming rides: The Leadville Train Ride should be a nice scenic outing. Bob Norton was disappointed that his "real job" requires him to work that day. Frank Heinzl will be leading the way on the 1000-IN-24 Pre-Ride on 8/2 & 8/3. He is still taking reservations for the overnight in Taos. The Sturgis T-Shirt Run will be 8/9. Frank passed around a signup sheet for volunteers to staff the start and finish of the 1000-IN-24. He has 26 entries so far, but expects that to go up significantly. The current standings in the Zip Code Tour are Frank, Herb

Shaffer, followed by Bob Norton.

Safety Committee: Bob Norton noted that it simply must rain sooner or later. When it finally does, watch out for the oil and dirt on the road surface. It will be very slippery right after the rain starts for a longer time than usual.

There was further discussion about some sort of tribute to Lon Uncapher to be placed at Children's Hospital. In a previous discussion the idea of a bronze bust or similar thing was brought up. The cost of such an item would certainly require participation from outside sources like the HOG Chapter. Brian Boberick indicated that Children's will not accept any portrait or likeness of any particular individual.

Mental Meltdown: The two nominees were Pete for his recent string of break downs and tire problems, and me for my battle with the curb. A hand vote was taken, and it appeared to me that Pete was the winner of the prestigious award. However, Alan Hansher proclaimed me the winner! I think Alan is full of it, and to quote Bob Uecker (as Harry Doyle) in the movie *Major League*, "Personally, I think we (I) got hosed on that call."

Alan Hansher won \$15.50 in the 50/50, which he donated to the Christmas fund.

Meeting adjourned at 8:00pm.

Submitted by Secretary, Bill Gillespie

1000-IN-24 Report

Frank Heinzl

We started this ride this year under very adverse weather conditions and from rider's reports, although most of the route was dry, it was cool and very difficult most of the time.

I want to thank all the riders who braved the rain, hail and wind to participate in this ride and especially those who knew when and where to stop when they could not safely go on.

Some statistics to start with.

Number of entries: 47 (45 Solo, 2 Couples)
7 out of state entries: 1 WY(DNS), 1 BC Canada (DNS), 1 TX (DNS), 2 NE (DNS), 2 IL (DNF) One of the IL entries was a couple.

Twenty-eight motorcycles left Fay Myers Motorcycle World Saturday morning. Of the 16 who did not start, 4 are club members who will ride later. Of the 28 who started, 10 did not finish. Of the 28 who started 18 were trying for an IBA-SSIK. Of those 18, 9 were successful.

There was one minor accident involving a rider and hail near Chama, NM, with no reported injuries.

One reported tornado sighting, and lots of hail & rain.

Everyone who finished did so in less than 24 hours. The best average speed was Bob Junker with 60.3 mph on a Honda GL1800. The best overall time was Bob Junker and Floyd Thorne with 17:24 hrs, both on Honda GL1800's (Bob & Floyd went to Manhattan, KS)

The best average speed on the required route: Chris Coonshead with 60.2 mph. on a Honda ST1300. The best overall time on the required route: Doug Zolnick with 18:26 hrs. on a Honda GL1800. The slowest average speed was Scott Stewart with 44.1 mph. on a HD FXDS Dyna Glide.

The slowest overall time (but by God, we finished) was Scott Stewart and Snake Yates with 23:35 hrs. both on HD's

The average time was 20:49 hrs.
The average mileage was 1061 mi.
The average speed was 51.5 mph.
The map mileage was 1062 miles.

Motorcycles:

Brand	Entered	DNS	Started	Finished	DNF
Honda	20	8	12	10	2
BMW	8	4	4	1	3
HD	8	3	5	4	1
Yam	6	0	6	3	3
KTM	1	0	1	0	1
Victory	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	44	16	28	18	10

Brands: #Entered-Make

Honda: 9-GL1800, 3-ST1300, 2-CB750, 2-GL1500, 1-CBR600f4i, 1-CX650TC, 1-ST1100, 1-VFR800
BMW: 2-R1200RT, 1-K1100RS, 1-K1200LT, 1-K1200RS, 1-R100RT, 1-R1150RT, 1-R1200GS
HD: 2-Ultra Classic, 1-DH?, 1-Dyna Wide Glide, 1-FLSH, 1-FXDS Dyna Wide Glide, 1-Road King, 1-Wide Glide
Yamaha: 2-FJR1300, 2-FZ1, 1-FZ6, 1-R1
KTM: 1-999Super
Victory: 1-Vision

There was only one mechanical/electrical breakdown on a BMW R1200RT from IL. All other DNF's were because of fatigue, or improper or inoperative cold/wet weather gear.

Thanks go out to Fay Myers Motorcycle World for the use of their meeting room, and the food, tables, chairs and easy-up tent. And many thanks go to our volunteers who put in many hours of work to help make this ride happen and a success: Frank Heinzl (Chairman), Pete Chronis (President), Alan Hansher (Vice-President), Bill Gillespie (Secretary/printer), Floyd Thorne (Treasurer), Bob Norton (Safety) Norman Roeder (Sgt-At Arms), Brian Boberick, Tory Brown, Ron Hall, Don McKee, Bob Swanson, Dennis Yamaguichi, Gary Winkler, Bruce Waters.

Freewheelin' Franklin

The Steak Ride ...not a FreeWheeler's sanctioned ride!

by Pete Chronis

Just when you think there's no way "Thumper" McCombs can top his choice for the previous year's Don Council Memorial Steak Run, he up and outdoes himself again. This year's jaunt to the Inn of the Mountain Gods Resort & Casino in the spectacular environs south of Ruidoso, N.M., definitely will be tough to beat in 2009.

Once again, Thumper had silk-screened long-sleeve T-shirts and embroidered hats for all hands (and some folks who couldn't make this year's ride).

After the traditional breakfast at Your Neighborhood Grill in Littleton, two groups of riders set off for our destination on the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation, with the first batch taking the "short" 520-mile itinerary and the second group following the "scenic" 550-mile route, via Cimarron, Eagle's Nest and Angel Fire, then down through Mora and Las Vegas, on to Duran, Corona and Carrizozo and then through Ruidoso to the Inn of the Mountain Gods.

This year, there were no rookies along to tease, but still the 18th Annual Don Council Memorial Steak Run was lots of fun for all hands, including Thumper, Wing Commander Bill Gillespie, Rex Young, Bob Norton, Frank Heinzl, Floyd Thorne, Gene Porter, George Barrett, Brett Barrett, Randy Barrett, Don McKee, Alan Hansher, Bruce Vinson, Dean Bartos, Don McKee, and yours truly.

The Wing Commander's routes down to the resort were through the most scenic countryside you could hope to see, featuring some really bladder-challenging twisties and breathtaking vistas.

From the moment we pulled into the circular drive leading to the hotel entrance it was immediately clear that the Inn of the Mountain Gods more than lives up to its AAA 4-diamond rating. The bronze statues of costumed Apache dancers in the huge fountain and the tribal drummers and chanters who greeted visitors were a sure sign that this place is top drawer.

The impressive eight-story hotel and casino sweeps out and curves to either side of the spacious lobby. Everything about the lobby proclaims this is a quality establishment. Stunning statuary, paintings, prints and other works by Apache artists are in abundance in the common areas and also decorate the rooms and suites.

Because long-time FreeWheeler Kent Beach's back kept him from making this year's run I was left without a roomie, but Bill Gillespie and Bob Norton graciously offered to let me room with them in a suite that included a very comfortable

hide-a-bed sofa. (Yes – the Breathe Right no-snore strips actually work.) Once settled in, we kicked back and shared a few healthy slugs of Jack Daniel's.

In addition to an exceptional view from the balcony, the air was incredibly clean and fragrant, redolent with the scent of the evergreen trees and native plants and grasses – a welcome serendipity for refugees from the Land of the Brown Cloud.

There was no set routine for Thursday night, so some of us went to the sports bar in the casino, where we discovered the hamburgers were not just good – they were damn fine. Next morning, several of us had breakfast at the in-house buffet-style restaurant, and once again, the cuisine and the selection was first-rate, including made-to-order omelets. There was an abundance of other selections, including pancakes, French toast, ham, sausage, home fries, hash browns, fruit, cereal and other assorted goodies in the self-serve line.

Throughout our stay, the quality of the food never slipped, and, most important, the steak dinner Friday evening was a resounding success. The impeccably laid table on the patio of Wendell's Steak & Seafood Restaurant had a commanding view of the resort's lake, which also serves as the water supply for the golf course. There we sat, in our bright blue T-shirts and black & gold baseball hats, causing one wag to observe that we resembled a convention of Smurfs. (This year, Stan Stotz got a hat that actually fit.) A welcome companion was none other than Willy Taylor, who has been recovering from shoulder surgery but nonetheless drove to Mescalero to attend the evening's festivities.

Our servers – like all the staff at the Inn of the Mountain Gods – knew their stuff. Everything was brought to the table fresh or hot and absolutely delicious, from the iceberg wedge salad to the grilled-to-order 16-ounce steaks, baked potato, and corn on the cob. The chocolate cake and vanilla ice cream dessert was a chocoholic's dream.

Earlier on Friday, the Wing Commander played golf at the resort's top-rated course and then later he and I took a ride to the Fort Stanton museum which, although small, has some interesting military relics from the Indian Wars era, including a McClellan saddle – a contraption that probably should have been banned under the Geneva Conventions. (Do the conventions ban cruelty to one's own troops, I wonder?) The volunteer on duty informed us that Billy the Kid (the

dead outlaw, not the FreeWheeler) was briefly held at the fort on his way to be tried for murder.

From there, we went next to the town of Lincoln, a few miles away to visit the courthouse where Billy the Kid escaped, killing his jailers.

Then we beat a path on back to the Inn to get ready for dinner, running into a little rain on the way.

Meantime, some of our fellow riders had visited Roswell, where they toured the museum built around the supposed 1947 UFO crash. (Alas, none of the space aliens abducted any of the FreeWheeler's and weren't in the least interested in snatching their bodies.)

On Saturday, Bill and I rode through the rain to Cloudcroft, where the Wing Commander played nine holes on the historic course overlooked by an architectural treasure of a clubhouse that dates to the 1890s. The tranquility and lush green beauty of the course explains why Bill is so fond of this ancient Scottish pastime.

The free-form schedule allowed everyone to do his own thing (or not do anything). Some of us tried our luck at the slots or the card tables, and one rider who shall remain anonymous is reported to have won 10 large at the slots.

Sunday, on the way home, we headed home in the rain, just beating the flooding that stranded residents and vacationers in Ruidoso and cost a few people their lives. My Harley, which had started acting up when we first arrived in New Mexico, had the mechanical equivalent of a massive coronary, stopping and utterly refusing to budge north of Santa Fe on US 285, just outside Nambu Drug and a stone's throw from the Lost Cities of Gold Casino. Fortunately, my brother, Nick, lives in Albuquerque, and, best of all, owns a pickup truck. With the FreeWheeler's help, we got the bike loaded on his truck, and drove to the Duke City. Next day, we took the scooter to Thunderbird Harley-Davidson, a direct descendant of the old Harley-Davidson of Albuquerque dealership where I bought my first Panhead in 1965. Meantime I took the Greyhound home. It took a while for the techs to set aright the transmission and primary problems, and I flew down on a bargain Frontier fare to retrieve my motorcycle. Rode her home alone on Aug. 14, and she behaved herself all the way. To say the least, this was my most expensive Steak Run to date.

My nephew, George, has started calling me Uncle Stranded. T'ain't funny, McGee.).

Bedrock

Photos from the 1000-IN-24

Photos by Don McKee



The rider's meeting just before 0200. Don't they look happy just to be there?



Some riders prepare for the soggy ride ahead.



The route as depicted on the t-shirts