

# The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

September, 2006

## NEXT MEETING

**Thursday, September 21, 2006**

**Fay Myers Motorcycle World**

**7:00 pm**

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

## Upcoming Rides

### September Dinner Ride

**Thursday, Sept 28**

**6:30pm**

Leave from: Fay Myers Motorcycle World, 9700 E Arapahoe Rd.

Approx: ? miles

Ride Leaders: Bill (Wing Commander)  
& Becky (Stud Muffin) Gillespie

Bill & Becky are keeping quiet about their destination for this ride, but you can be assured that their will be some great roads and food involved. Bring your appetite.

### Fall Colors Loop

**Saturday, Sept. 30**

**8:00/9:00am**

Leave from: Boulevard Grill, 1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Approx: miles

Ride Leaders: Frank (Freewheelin) Heinzl/ TBD

Like the springtime Blossom Fest ride this one will be a 2 parter, consisting of a long and a short version. Routes will be determined on the state of the aspen leaves on the date of the ride, and up to the discretion of the two ride leaders. No one who attends however will be disappointed.

### Open Rides

**Sundays October thru March**

**9:00 am / 10:00am**

Leave from: Boulevard Grill, 1500 W Littleton Blvd.

Approx: miles (75 min. on motorcycle, 25- 4 wheels,  
no motorcycle min. for breakfast)

Ride Leader: TBD

Breakfast get together starts at 9:00am, the rides, weather permitting start some time after 10:00am.

### Annual Charity Bake/Crafts Auction

**Thursday, Oct. 19**

**7:00pm**

Location: Fay Myers Motorcycle World,  
9700 E Arapahoe Rd.

This is our one and only club activity that raises money for charity, in the past we have raised over \$1000.00 on that night for such charities as: the Anchor Center for Blind Children, Community Ministries, Rocky Mountain HOG's Children Hospital Toy Run, and others. Bring your craft goods, bake goods, or any other saleable items for donation to a worthy cause.

### Harry's Roamers 46<sup>th</sup> Annual Turkey Run

**Sunday, Nov. 12**

**Time TBA**

Location: TBA

The longest (78 years) active club in Colorado, holds the best and most challenging Turkey Run in the state. Join them in trying to follow Eunice the turkey to her nest. Never a disappointing ride, or event. Visit their web site: <http://harrys-roamers-mc.org/> for more information.

## Food Drive

Please bring canned or other non-parishable food items to the meetings from now through the end of the year. Your donations will be taken to the Community Ministry Food Bank. Items also in need by the food bank are: School Supplies, Children's Clothing, and On-Call and Daily Volunteers.

# Meeting Minutes

August 17, 2006

Well, we have a bit of a problem here. Delayed by a home improvement project that ran far longer than expected, the secretary was very late to the meeting tonight. You see, the project was a tile floor requiring the use of wet mortar. I'm sure you understand the urgency of things. The floor turned out beautifully by the way.

As a result of my tardiness, the only thing I was in attendance for was the showing of Bruce Waters' wonderful Mexico photos. And the only reason I made it for that was because I had the discs with his photos on them with me. So, I have no earthly idea what happened before that at the meeting last month. If there were any important votes or large amounts of money spent, please let me know.

*Bill Gillespie, Secretary*

## From the Chaplain

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

*A thank you note received from Boots for the club's gift of a fruit basket following his hernia surgery....*

"It is an honor to have a group of folks who incidentally also ride motorcycles, that have bestowed upon one of their members [long-standing] a gift in the processes of healing from a surgical encounter. Your benevolence is gratefully & humbly received."

*Thank you, Chaplain "Boots"*

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

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

# GEORGIA, on my mind.....

*By Brian "Rainman" Boberick*

On the last weekend in August, Al Harris and I headed east to attend the Curve Cowboy Reunion – a BMW rally being held this year in Braselton, GA. Braselton is a city northeast of Atlanta which plays home to the famous RoadAtlanta race track at which numerous auto and motorcycle road races are held each year. Past CCR's, of which there have been three, have been held in the Ozarks of Arkansas, Copper Mountain, CO and Jackson Hole, WY. They have truly attempted to live up to the rally name by hosting the events in and around the "Twisties." This year was no exception as Braselton lies at the base of some phenomenal and infamous roads that dissect the great Smoky Mountain range.

The CCR rally was scheduled to open on Tuesday, August 29<sup>th</sup> with the closing banquet on Friday, September 1<sup>st</sup>. In my opinion, the Rally itself was nothing to write home about – 300 participants (many who trailered, most who rode) and perhaps a dozen vendors including tour companies, a local dealer performing tire and oil changes, a Gerbing heated-clothing rep, the Unigo trailer rep and several other accessory companies including MotoLight and MotoGear4U.com. You pretty much could cover the vendors in half of day, otherwise you were free to ride to your hearts content.

My main purpose for attending this CCR was not the event itself, but for the opportunity to ride some roads in that part of the country. Believe me when I say, I was not disappointed.

We departed the metro area around 7am with the Day 1 destination being St. Louis, Missouri. After a stop for breakfast in Limon and an early dinner at a Cracker Barrel east of Kansas City, MO we arrived after a 13 hour, 862 mile run across I-70. This is a stretch of road I experienced for the first time (east to west) and second time (west to east) on consecutive days just one year ago while participating in the 2005 Iron Butt Rally. While I had hoped to never have to endure this piece of interstate ever again, I quickly observed while planning for the CCR, that there really is no way to efficiently bypass the Land of Oz so we simply bucked it up and got it out of the way in a single day.

The curtain in the motel room was slightly drawn when we first awoke on Sunday morning to sunlight beaming into the room. Looks like the makings of a pleasant day so I rollover for a few more minutes of staring at the backside of my eyelids. CRACK! I am brought back to life by the sound of lightning and thunder – Dang! Better turn on the television to the Weather Channel. While Al packs up his stuff I jump in the shower to wash away the sleep. I get out of the shower and the rains have stopped so we prepare to checkout. We head to the front doors where the bikes are parked under the watchful eye of the security guard, tossing the door cards on the front desk as we pass by. As we exit the doors the rains reappear. About face! We head to the front desk and retrieve our room cards to wait out the rain and check the weather channel again. After ten minutes back in the room, the skies clear and once again we head for the front doors. The Cracker Barrel is nearby so we stop in for breakfast. As we begin to eat it starts to drizzle outside and just when we exit the restaurant to leave the drizzle turns to heavy rains. I sprint over to the bike, tuck all the non-weather resistant electronics into dry secure places and grab my riding suit and head back to the porch of the Cracker Barrel to get suited up for a day of wet riding ahead. Al dons his rain suit.

Out of the parking lot and up onto the highway as we continued along I-64 through Illinois. The rains that delayed our departure this day ended just 10 miles or so up the road. We remain on I-64 passing through Indiana, then Kentucky and on into Charleston, West Virginia where our next motel reservation awaits. Yeah, another day of interstate (only 500 miles this day), but we were sort of back in the mountains and it was awfully lush and green. Alongside the interstate in Kentucky we spy a impressive complex of attractive brick buildings situated on acres upon acres of lush pasture. I thought it was some sort of university campus but it turns out to be the home of the Kentucky Thoroughbred Retirement Farm. Obviously not all horses wind up in a bottle of Elmer's.

*(to be continued...)*

# Mexico Trip, last part

Bruce Waters

Yes, Bruce will finish his grand tour of Mexico in this, the last installment of his journal. When last we left the wandering Mr. Waters his plan to make Veracruz by nightfall was altered by a combination of slow mountain roads and dense fog. He had just spent the night in the Gulf fishing mecca of Alvarado. After a supper consisting of goat meat and tacos, (it is unclear if the goat meat was inside the tacos) Bruce found a dealership for a brand of Mexican made motorcycles before retiring for the evening.

## Wednesday, November 30, 2005

O.K. I admit I am wrong. There is a place in Mexico where they go to work early - Alvarado. My hotel must be on Main Street. About 3:00 or 4:00 A.M. the trucks start arriving to pick up the day's catch. Jake brakes going downhill, hard-working diesels coming back up loaded with fish. After a while I doze right through it.

I crawl out of bed about daylight, load everything up to head out of town, and - dead battery. So I take everything off, dig down to the battery and it's dry of course. I've got to start checking this thing more frequently on a trip.

I've figured out how to get rich. I'm going to invent a squirt top that screws to a standard drinking water bottle and sell it to motorcycle tourists. The holes in the top of a motorcycle battery are just too small to effectively pour into. The surface tension of the water bridges the gap trapping a bubble of air inside. Anything poured after this simply goes on the ground. A slow process. But once finished with this procedure, the bike starts fine. Whee! Must be my day! Even though it's raining.

When I'd awakened early this morning to Mexican commerce at full tilt, I'd noticed that it was raining - hard. Really coming down like it does this close to a large body of water. Don't ever think commercial fishermen have it easy. It is still raining as I leave, although not hard, so I head on down to the pierside and take a couple of pictures. Then I get the heck out of Alvarado.

Before leaving I clean the stoplight terminals and check my rear tire. I expect to see cord showing, but I don't even see wear bars anywhere on the tire. I've got good tread all around, but the sides of these Avons are wearing much faster than any of my other tires. Hmmmmmm. Anyway no need to go to Veracruz. I head for Pachuca.

Needing to make some time, I get on the cuota as soon as practical. I get off again in Puebla, get briefly lost when I can't read Spanish fast enough, then find the road I'm looking for. The map says it's a four lane road. True, but every second kilometer there's a little village with topes, cross traffic, and people selling stuff in the middle of the street. One guy is selling baseball bats. In the middle of the road. In Mexico. In November.

But it gets better. The next road I take is one of the roads that Skip Mascorro of Motodiscovery had me taking on the way down. I'd bypassed it in favor of downtown Mexico City at 5:00 on a Friday afternoon. It's a right decent motorcycle road, but it carries a lot of truck traffic.

I've decided I like staying away from the large cities, like staying in Alvarado instead of Veracruz. So instead of going into Pachuca, I find a hotel in Apan, a little farming community maybe an hour away.

My left ear has been stopped up for a week or so, and although it's been bothering me, I haven't considered it serious enough to go to a doctor. But

since I've stopped early today, I decide to see what can be done. I pose my question to the hotel owner, and he does some phoning. Doctors still make house calls in Mexico and this one comes to me. Seriously. Fifteen minutes later, a doctor and a translator show up at my hotel room. He checks me over, says I have an infection, and gives me a prescription. 200 pesos. About \$20. Wow! I see why people without insurance are moving to Mexico.

I spend the remaining few hours of the day walking around town looking for a pharmacy. Of course they're everywhere until you need one, right? I don't find a pharmacy, but I do find an internet store. I get online and get caught up. I might go eat now. Maybe while trying to find a restaurant, I'll find a pharmacy.

59,569 on the clock. I need to start thinking oil change. 281 miles today, 5,926 for the trip. I got stuck with a fake 100 peso note sometime today. Probably at a toll booth in change. It was right after that that a Pemex station wouldn't take it and the hotel owner brought it back. We looked at a real one and I can feel the difference in the paper. Ouch!

## Thursday, December 1, 2005

Payday! Whoopee! I'm supposed to be home today. Guess that won't happen. I'm loaded and headed out by about 8:00. I find a pharmacy, but they don't have any of the stuff. Neither does the next one. What good does a prescription do me if nobody has it? I do find an open restaurant and get a great breakfast for 35 pesos. I find the road to Pachuca and from there, Actopan. That puts me on Mexico 85 which Skip had described as a great one. Right on, Skip! This may be my favorite Mexican road so far. Not quite as curvy as Mexico 175 from Oaxaca to Cosamaloapan, but no rain or fog either. Very few trucks, not too many busses, and not a lot of topes either.

I stop for gas in Actopan since this road looks like one that might not have a Pemex every 10 kilometers. I also buy a Gatorade and I'm leaning against a wall in the shade drinking it when a lady walks over and asks if I'm American. Between her English and my Spanish we have a nice little conversation. Her name is Nora Sanchez and she had worked at a factory in Indiana. She doesn't hate Americans, likes them in fact and when we part, she gives me a hug and a kiss. Wow! Best gas stop yet.

I'm able to twist the throttle a bit more on Mexico 85 than I've become accustomed to over the last few days, but since it winds all over some of the most impressive mountains I've ever seen, that means maybe a 45 or 50 mph average. The road is in much better shape than Mexico 175 with very few places where the mountain has fallen onto the road, or where the road has fallen off the mountain. Mostly small things too. The difference, of course, is that these mountains don't get nearly the rain the ones further southeast do.

All in all a truly great motorcycle road. I stop about 4:00 P.M. in the little town of Chapulhuacan. I probably could have made Tamazunchale, but I've become paranoid about getting caught out on these roads at night. The "hotel" is toward the bad end of the scale, one of the no-toilet-seat variety, and not the cleanest I've been in on this trip, but I think it will work for what I need. There's an internet cafe and a restaurant within walking distance. 59,773 total miles. 204 today, but it sure isn't much on the map. 6,130 on the trip.

## Friday, December 2, 2005

The local roosters are hard at it bright and early this morning so I go ahead and get up around 6:30. I wasn't that impressed with the food last night, so I put off eating until Tamazunchale. It's not anything to write home about either: The jugo de naranja I ordered was served as room temperature chocolate milk. There is quite a bit more traffic than yesterday, too, although as I get further north, the road straightens out and I am able to pass easier. From time to time I pick up a rabbit and I'm really able to fly for a while.

The further north I get the straighter the road gets. I easily make my goal for today, Ciudad Valles and keep going all the way to Ciudad Victoria before stopping for the night. There is a sign right before town telling me I've crossed back over the Tropic of Cancer. I even have time to wander around town for a while and get my prescription filled at a big city pharmacy. Just about the time I decide I'm thoroughly lost, I find a really decent hotel with air conditioning, toilet seats and everything! Whoopee! And I get unlost! Am I great or what? Final mileage 60,122. Time for an oil change. 349 today, 6,479 for the trip.

## Saturday, December 3, 2005

A good night's sleep even if the air conditioning wasn't that efficient. I wake to a gray dawn and am lucky enough to catch a news show that has a three day weather forecast. Looks like it's going to get cold and windy. I may regret saying this, but right now I could use a bit of cooler weather.

Staying on Mexico 85 I head out of town still aiming north. This road reminds me a bit of I-25 along the Colorado Front Range - mountains to the west and plains to the east. The mountains are seriously steep though, and the plains have palm trees on them. Similar but different.

I'm making good time until I get closer to Monterrey. I never see a sign, but I figure it out anyway. Let's see, how can I describe Monterrey? Imagine you're on I-25 coming into Denver. Every two or three miles there's an interchange with about the complexity of the old Mousetrap. About every third or fourth interchange you might get a sign telling you you're still on Mexico 85 heading toward Nuevo Laredo. Maybe. These signs directing you to your destination are usually all the way across the road from the lane you're in and indicate that you just passed your exit.

If you do manage to stay on the proper road, you may suddenly find that your lane is occupied by a parade of people walking down the road. I see two of these, one of them in my lane. From time to time the interstate simply quits, depositing you into downtown Monterrey, which is not radically different from being dropped off of I-25 in Aurora and having to find your way to Westminster in order to pick up the interstate again.

Somehow I make it. I follow national busses or trucks. Once I go the wrong way on a major street to get back to the road I need, but only for a few feet. I finally get out of town and end up on the cuota. This is actually good, since once I get off onto Mexico 85 libre, I find it's a major truck route.

I stop in Sabinas Hidalgo for gas and notice my Scottyler is low. While I'm filling this, I notice I've thrown my master link clip. No problem, I've got a spare, right? Problem: It's a different design,

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## Mexico, continued...

and I can't figure out how to install it. Oh, well, it's held this long, maybe it'll hold until I get to Nuevo Laredo, where I plan to spend the night.

I get stopped once for a military checkpoint before I get back on the cuota, and they want to check everything. While I bake in the hot sun in my Aerostitch.

Then I get stopped again at the big checkpoint on the main road 20 or so miles from the border, and they go through the whole works too. They get fairly excited over my laundry detergent, but let me go once I open it up and show them the scoop.

From there I ride straight into the Nuevo Laredo centro and to the same hotel I'd stayed in on my first night on this side of the border. I know they have seats on their toilets and I still have quite a few pesos I need to use up. I burn a few at a Burger King down the street since I'm ready for an American meal. The young man who waits on me is very excited about my trip and the bike. Mileage at day's end is 60,358. 236 miles today and 6,715 for the trip.

### Sunday, December 4, 2005

A look out the window shows a gray cloudy sky, but a trip outside to check the bike proves that it's still quite warm. I've still got tread left on my rear tire, which is a good thing since I've got two days before a motorcycle shop opens. Battery is due for water, so I take care of that, this time, before it dies on me. My master link is still holding together, despite no locking key, and the idea I'd had last night for how to make the unusual spare key work, doesn't cut it. Nothing to do but ride, and see how long it holds together.

The continental breakfast is better this time around than it was a month ago, and I stuff myself. Then I load up and hit the road. I've decided to cross back over at the same bridge I'd used to cross over into Mexico, since I already know where the office is where I need to cancel my temporary vehicle importation permit. On my way over, I drop the fake hundred peso note by the side of the road. I'll never be able to pass it off and maybe somebody will get a laugh out of finding it.

I ask the lady in the toll booth where to cancel my permit. I don't understand a word that she says, but I ride through the barrier, park and go inside. The first person I talk to indicates that the piece of paper I give him is what he needs. I hope I understand correctly. I still have a piece of paper that says something on it about a temporary permit.

I ride back through the barrier, across the bridge and back onto U.S. soil for the first time in a month. It feels good to be home.

The inspectors ask me if I have anything I'd bought in Mexico and I say no. Later I remember the earrings, disposable cameras and medicine. Hopefully gasoline doesn't count, and they don't put me in jail for the rest. They also ask me if I'm an American citizen. I say yes to that one also and they let me go. The dog doesn't believe me, and tries to take a chunk out of my leg. He misses and I ride away in one piece.

The only road that looks like it's going in my direction is a toll road, so I stop to try to locate my dollars. It takes me a while, but I find \$7 and the toll turns out to only be \$2, so I'm in good shape.

I find U.S. 83 and I'm motoring right along when the bike sputters. A quick switch to reserve picks it up again, but I'm way out in the middle of nowhere. 42 miles to the next town on my map, Carrizo Springs. More than I think I can make on my reserve, but closer than going back to Laredo. I

keep going and before I run out, I find a gas station in a town that isn't on my map. I buy a gallon of regular that gets me to Carrizo Springs where the cold front hits.

I get money, food and fuel in Carrizo Springs, then head north and west. The sun finally comes out, but it stays cool. This is seriously desolate country, so I'm watching my gas. I refill again in Del Rio and keep going. Soon I stop for America's version of the military checkpoint, the Border Patrol. These folks don't have a machine gun trained on me, but they do finger their handguns and the dog tries to bite me, again unsuccessfully. I don't remember military dogs in Mexico.

At Sanderson, the gas station has a big map of Texas taped in the window that shows it's 65 miles to Ft Stockton. It's 4:30. I can make it before dark. I fill up and head out.

Nice road through hilly west Texas canyon country and I do make it before sundown. I even have time to scout around and locate a good motel. The Town and Country has a Suzuki cruiser parked under an awning out front, so that seems a good sign. It feels good not having to worry about whether they'll have a seat on the toilet. And at almost as good a price as your average Mexican hotel.

When I come back from my walk to supper, we've added a Harley 'Glide to the two-wheel mix. Man, this place is going motorcycle crazy. Bet none of them have my kind of mileage, though. Which by the way is 60,770. That makes today a 412 mile day, and this a 7,127 mile trip so far.

### Monday, December 5, 2005

Good and cold this morning. I put on a bunch of clothes and plug in my electric vest. I finally have wear bars showing on my back tire. Time to find a motorcycle shop, but probably not today. An IHOP provides breakfast, and I get on the road before 10:00. It's a little breezy, but I motor right along. I keep heading north on US285, and cross over into New Mexico around noon.

After a while, I notice the bike is down on power. I'm having trouble maintaining a steady 75 mph. I stop in Roswell where the tourist information office advertises free internet access. I avail myself of that service, gas up and continue north.

There is definitely a problem. Soon, I'm using 4th gear on even gentle upslopes. I stop once to check a few things, but find nothing. No brakes dragging or anything. I limp as far as Vaughn and find a motel. I check in, then check the bike over thoroughly. The only thing I find that might be the problem is the air filter, but I have no way to clean it on the road. I decide to remove it for the run to Albuquerque and see about getting it cleaned at a bike shop there. Neat '50's diner for supper. Ending mileage today is 61,095. 325 miles today, 7,452 for the trip.

### Tuesday, December 6, 2005

It's quite cool this morning. I go back to Penny's Diner for breakfast, then put on everything I have to keep warm before heading out to see if my minor motorcycle surgery has done any good. It hasn't. I'm still way down on power. OK - That means I head to Albuquerque and a dealer instead of home. The map indicates that the shortest way to Albuquerque is stay on US285 as far as I-40, then head west.

I do this, pulling over to the shoulder when the occasional car or truck overtakes me. I am still unable to get above about 50 or 55 except when I encounter a downgrade, and those seem pretty rare around these parts.

Eventually I-40 appears, and I get on it and head west. Surprisingly, I am able to get up to a

steady 60 - 65 mph most of the time. This makes me close enough to the speed of traffic that most drivers are able to pass in the left lane, and I only have to take to the shoulder when a group of vehicles approaches. Once a truck passes me just a bit over my speed and I'm able to draft him at about 70 for a mile or so until he pulls away and I lose the draft.

I also get up to speed when I-40 heads downhill for a bit just as it approaches Albuquerque. I take the first Albuquerque exit and call the bike shop. They're only going to be a BMW dealer until December 21, but they still are today, and they give me clear instructions for reaching the shop.

When I get there, they take my order and the smiles just get bigger and bigger as I add items: Exhaust gasket, rear tire, oil change, etc, etc. It takes them about 2 hours to diagnose torn carburetor diaphragms, keeping the jet needles from rising in response to engine vacuum.

Carb parts and exhaust gasket will be overnigheted from California. They'll go ahead and replace my rear tire and oil now, then have the bike ready to go by tomorrow afternoon.

Only one problem. Every news show I've seen is talking about a blast of arctic air headed this way. It's already cold enough that I'm only marginally comfortable in all my gear. What will it be like when the weather gods drop the temperature another 20 degrees?

Once I figure out that I'll need a hotel for at least one night, I eat lunch then start looking. There isn't much choice for a guy who has to get there by bus without knowing the city, so I end up at a Sheraton. It's about the same price as a week at a Mexican hotel, but it's on the bus line and they take my credit card. Also unlike Mexico, they charge me \$3 to drink the bottled water in my room.

The service sheet shows my mileage to be 61,207. That makes today a 112 mile day. Total for the trip is now 7,564 miles. But my bike is sitting in a shop in Albuquerque, I'm sitting in a hotel in Albuquerque, and we're both waiting on the same parts. And single digit temperatures are headed my way. Waaaaaah!

### Wednesday, December 7, 2005

Pearl Harbor Day. I wake fairly late; the sun is up and shining around the curtain at my window. I shower, then dress in my oldest jeans to further incense the snooty desk clerks. Somewhere along the line yesterday, I lost my handlebar map case and New Mexico map. No great loss, actually. I never was that impressed with the map case. The information that came with it said it wouldn't flop around in the wind, but it always did. I'd have to grab it and hold it steady or even stop, in order to look at it. Sorry, but it doesn't get my attaboy.

I have breakfast at the hotel and it is quite good. The waitress is friendly and unlike the desk clerk yesterday, doesn't seem to care how I'm dressed.

I must have just missed the bus, because I wait a long time in a cold wind with busses going every which way except north on my road. Finally, one comes and I get on and ride it up to the shop. I'm a good three hours ahead of the time they told me to show up, so I don't expect them to be done, but they say they've got my parts and are working on it. I sit in the showroom and read until they tell me it's done. The bill gives my credit card a final going over, but it survives this latest indignity without complaint.

I pack everything back onto my now refurbished machine, and after a final goodbye to all the fine people at the shop, I motor off to see how many miles I can put behind me before the cold

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## Mexico, continued...

shuts me down. Albuquerque itself isn't too bad, but the further north I ride, the colder it gets.

With Santa Fe on the horizon, the cold is making my fingers numb even with the heated grips turned up high, and I need to get warm pronto. I see a sign for a Budget Host, which usually has reasonably priced rooms. They give me one where I can keep an eye on my bike, and I order Chinese food for delivery. Very decent. The tally stands currently at 61,289 miles. I only braved the cold for 89 miles today. Trip mileage now stands at 7,653.

### Thursday, December 8, 2005

John Lennon was assassinated 25 years ago today. Not a peep out of the bike when I go to start it this morning. It is seriously cold here. TV weather says single digits overnight, teens this morning, with a pretty decent wind chill to top it off. No precipitation, though.

I take everything back off the bike and dig down to the battery. Back to the room and put the battery into a hot water bath in the sink. Check out time is 11:00 and it's after 10:00 already. I'm not going to make it. I've been abusing this battery quite a bit this past month.

It responds somewhat to its warm bath, but not enough to start the bike. The hotel manager is very helpful and accommodating. He does need to let his cleaning ladies work on my room, but he lets me put my stuff in his laundry room. He even suggests that I can use a hair dryer on my battery. I try all these things, then try once again to start the bike. Still not enough juice. The battery is not dry this time, so that's not it. Wish I had my charger with me.

OK. Let's call a BMW dealership. No, they don't do jump starts, but they will give me the 800# for Emergency Roadside Assistance. I call them. It's a computer that has you punch in a bunch of numbers, then half way through tells you to make sure you have the VIN# handy. I'm so impressed. You can't read the thing on the bike, but I dig out the service sheet from yesterday which has the number written on it. Back inside to call again. I get about two steps further and find out I'm talking to the BMW car end of things. They'll transfer me to bikes.

Fifteen minutes of elevator music later a human answers, but has to go through the whole process even though I tell her right up front it's not new, has lots of miles on it, was bought used, couldn't possibly be under warranty and I just need a jump start.

She puts me on hold and calls their local jump start guy. He has to have \$67 cash and can be there in 45 minutes. What other choice do I have?

The towing company shows up as promised. I've got everything unloaded so he can get to the battery. He jumps it, it fires and starts running just fine. I pay him the \$67 and start putting things back on. He splits, the bike dies. Xpert towing is nowhere in the Santa Fe phone book. I use words my mother never taught me.

Way too much cold oil drag and gear on the bike to push start it, nobody within walking distance with a battery charger. I've exhausted both my vocabulary and all the options I can think of.

I get another night at the hotel, then start looking for internet cafes in the phone book. Suddenly, it comes to me: Why not just buy a trickle charger at a bike shop? Sure enough there's a Harley shop a couple of miles away. I call. Nothing cheap, but they have a Battery Tender for about \$40. I've needed one for quite a while. Sure.

The bus is approaching just as I get to the bus stop. I must finally be doing something right. I ride to the shop while having a good conversation with the driver. He rides a Wing.

The Harley folks are pleasant, helpful and have me on my way quickly. It's so close and the day

is so beautiful although cold, that I just walk back to the motel, stopping for lunch on the way.

I'm now charging my battery in my motel room and will begin tomorrow with a warm, fully charged battery. And now I have a Battery Tender for my 12 volt bikes.

A little philosophy here: I'm not totally convinced of this, but I'm considering that it's just possible things happen for a reason. That may be what happened today. Maybe that tow truck driver needed that \$67 to give his kids a Christmas or pay his wife's hospital bill. If it was too cold to start the bike, maybe it was too cold for me to ride. I might have ended up with frostbite or something. Sometimes I need to just take a step back and re-evaluate my attitude. If what I'm doing isn't working, I need to try a different way. Zero miles on the bike today - a couple hundred feet pushing it around the parking lot at the motel is all. Oh yeah, I cleaned my taillight bulb again. Maybe that was it. Good bluegrass show on TV tonight. Good wine, but salty chili at the restaurant next door.

### Friday, December 9, 2005

The battery charged for a good five hours, and even then only swapped over to a float charge when I accidentally turned off the socket I had it plugged into. I may have a dead cell.

Once the Weather Channel declares the temperature has climbed above 20 degrees, I make sure that I'm as ready to go as I can be, then I take the battery out and install it into the bike. I load up, dress in all my layers and throw a leg over. The starter struggles to turn the engine over, but does so successfully. It dies once, but restarts with no trouble. I head out.

It's good and cold, but not bad enough that I need my vest turned on. I use the high setting for my heated grips until they warm my fingers up, then turn them down to low. By Las Vegas, it's warmed up enough that I've got everything turned off, but this doesn't last for long. The temp drops again and I turn everything back on.

Before Springer it gets windy and weirdly so: First it's strong out of the west for a while, then in the space of a few hundred feet, it starts coming out of the east just as strongly.

I'm riding along in the middle of nowhere when I have to switch over to reserve. Once again I've underestimated the amount of gas it takes to fight a strong wind. I push it further than I usually like to, but make it to Raton where I fill both my tank and my belly.

I haven't seen another motorcycle on the road since leaving Mexico, but right before Walsenburg I'm passed by a guy riding one of the big KTM touring bikes, and shortly thereafter I see a bike headed south. In Walsenburg, I hop off the interstate and onto SH69 for the shortcut to my house.

Sixty-nine is clear except in a very few places and I have no trouble until north of Westcliffe, where I turn off onto Copper Gulch Road. Copper Gulch has snowpack for the first few hundred feet back from its intersection with SH69, and it's pretty slick, but I make it through upright. The road then clears up for the most part and I'm able to get to within a mile of my house with no further problems. M Path is a different story. Unplowed, snow packed, slick, rutted and potholed, this dirt road is what keeps me from being much of a winter motorcyclist these days.

I take it slow and easy and make it to my street without anything serious happening. The turn onto 37th Trail sends the back end of my bike sliding sideways, but still I keep it up, and am able to get up my street by riding in the fresh snow instead of the wheel ruts. I arrive about 3:30 in the afternoon with 61,612 showing. Santa Fe is 323 miles away and this trip has added 7,976 miles to my tally. I've never taken another trip as fascinating, or as challenging as this one. Definitely one I'll remember the rest of my life.

## Congratulations Reiner & Lisa

FreeWheelers Reiner and Lisa Kappenberger recently took second place in the Northwest Passage Rally. The NWP was a five-day endurance event starting and ending in Newport, Oregon, with checkpoints in Sunnyside, WA and Gerlach, NV.

The Kappenbergers ran by far the most efficient rally. While second in points, they were eighth in mileage, picking their bonus locations carefully.

The final leg from Gerlach to Newport found them in a real dogfight with the fellow 2-up team of Monte & Tammy Leveaux, the eventual winners. To our knowledge this is the first time the top two spots in a major motorcycle endurance rally have been taken by couples.

Way to go Reiner and Lisa! We're proud of your accomplishment.

## 3-Flags Report

Pat & Donna McCombs, Rex Young, and Bill Gillespie recently completed the 31st annual 3-Flags Classic from Tijuana, Mexico to Penticton, BC, Canada.

Unfortunately, two of our members were unable to ride the event. Jon Lofstedt underwent a heart catheterization procedure just prior to the event and was unable to go. Gene Porter rode as far as San Ysidro, CA when he took very ill. Pat McCombs accompanied Gene to the hospital in Chula Vista, where Gene remained for several days. In an ironic turn of events Jon, now suffering from cabin fever, hitched up his trailer and drove his pickup all the way to San Ysidro to pick Gene and his bike up and bring them both back to Denver.

We applaud Jon for his act of kindness to a friend, and hope that Gene is 100% again real soon.

A report on the 3-Flags itself should be ready for publication next month.

# 1000-IN-24 Report

## A few stats for you:

Entries-58 Started-47 Finishers-41  
Solo-44 Couples-4 DNF's-6  
IBA SSIK certification tries-33  
IBA SSIK certification completed-29  
Avg. mph-52.8 Avg. mileage-1034  
Avg. time-18:47

**Fastest rider:** Chris Callahan, Denver,  
Suzuki Hayabusa, 1080 mi./15:12, Avg.  
mph: 71

**Slowest finisher:** John Groth & passen-  
ger, Cheyenne, WY, HD FXDWG, 1049  
mi./23:57 Avg. mph 43.7

Motorcycles: Entered/Started/Finished

**Honda:** 18/14/13, GL1800: 9/7/7,  
ST1300: 2/2/2, VFR800: 2/1/1,  
VTX1800: 1/1/0, GL1500: 1/0/0,  
ST1100: 2/2/2, Valkyrie: 1/1/1

**Kawasaki:** 4/2/2, ZZ-R1200: 1/0/0,  
Concours: 2/1/1, Vulcan: 1/1/1

**Yamaha:** 7/6/6, FJR: 3/2/2, Venture: 1/1/1,  
GTS1000: 1/1/1, FZ6: 1/1/1, YZF-R1: 1/1/1

**BMW:** 12/10/10, K1200RS 1/1/1,  
R1200RT: 3/3/3, I150GS: 1/1/1,  
K1200LT: 4/2/2, F650GS: 1/1/1,  
R1150RT: 1/1/1, R1100RT: 1/1/1

**H/D:** 14/13/8, FLHTC: 1/1/1,  
Road King: 3/3/1, FLHTCSEI: 1/0/0,  
FLHRCI: 1/1/1, FXDWG: 2/2/1,  
Sportster: 1/1/1, FLHT: 1/1/1,  
FLHS: 1/1/0, Electraglide: 1/1/1,  
FLHTCU: 1/1/1, FLT: 1/1/0  
**Suzuki:** 2/2/2, Hayabusa: 2/2/2

**DNF:** Davey Herring, multiple break-  
downs in Durango, HD FLT; Dale  
Carter, Fatigue, Honda VTX1800;  
Patrick Pepler, Accident on CO-141,  
low-side in S curve, brother Michael ran  
over his leg breaking it, at home  
now recuperating; Dale Scott & Terry  
Steffinson, stopped to help Mike & Pat.

### Club Riders:

Entered/Started/Finished: 11/7/7 (*Those  
that rode got the mileage recorded from  
their odometers*). Sam Ashley, Brett  
Barrett, George Barrett, David Burch, Bill  
Gillespie, Herb Schaffer (Rider & Vol.),  
Floyd Thorne, Frank Heinzel (DNS, Vol.),  
Pat & Donna McCombs (DNS, Vol.), Rex  
Young (DNS, will ride later).

I want to give a big **THANK YOU** to all  
our volunteers without whom this ride  
would not be possible. (*Who also got 200  
club miles each for their effort.*) Susan  
Ashley, Brian Boberick, Pete Chronis, Ron  
Hall, Alan Hansher, Jon Lofstedt, Pat &  
Donna McCombs, Bob Norton, Gene  
Porter, Norman Roeder, Rayment Stoye,  
and Dennis Yamaguchi. And also, Bud  
Wolff, who wanted to ride the event but  
couldn't, and though not a member  
volunteered his time.

*Frank Heinzel, 1000-IN-24 Chairman*

A fine write-up about the 1000-IN-24 by  
one of the riders, Carl Schelin (Suzuki  
Hyabusa) can be found at:

<http://www.schelin.org/20060819/index.html>