

# The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

October, 2005

**NEXT MEETING**  
**Thursday, October 20, 2005**  
**Fay Myers Motorcycle World**  
**7:00 pm**

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

## Thumper's Corner

Well, if you were looking for your Eagle Times last month, you had better come in out of the rain. Our fine editor, publisher, printer, typesetter, and the list could go on and on, was out riding the 30th edition of the Three Flags Classic with twenty other Freewheelers & RMVTA members. Now I ask you, which is more important? Riding almost 6,000 miles on your iron horse, or slaving over a hot computer trying to put out an issue of the Eagle Times? Way to go Mr. Editor, you went for the ride.

Doing a ride like the Three Flags Classic gave me a lot of time to reflect on our riding year of 2005. For this twenty-four year member, it had a whole lot of hills and valleys. Our "Open Rides" did very well in the first four months of the year. Some of our regular rides had poor turn outs, while others had some twenty bikes or more.

Ride Committees in any motorcycle club have a tough job coming up with "Home Runs" on every ride they lay out. My hat is off to all who served on Ride Committees in both the Colorado Freewheelers & the Rocky Mountain Venture Touring Association. I wonder if I should reverse that last statement, as I know George Barrett gets lockjaw when I list the Freewheelers first. Sorry George, but I digress. Anyway, one club had a very nice ride book this year. And if you like to ride, there was something for everyone.

The interaction between the two clubs for the second straight year was a lot of fun too. I know Donna and I both enjoyed the various rides with both groups.

On the down side this year, the Colorado Freewheelers lost two of its long time members. First came the passing of Paul Becker, who did a lot of good things for the Colorado Freewheelers, and was always bringing up a good cause for our club to get

involved in. I know when he helped out with the Three Flags checkpoint in 1999, no one worked harder than Paul. He was a driving force. After some eighteen years of rides behind him with the club, he will truly be missed by our group.

The second member to pass away was Charlene Young. I could sit here and write a complete novel about our friend "Char" and it would not began to cover all that she has meant to the Colorado Freewheelers over the last twenty-four years. As a founding member of our club, the memories she brought to us on the rides will last a lifetime, and when



we talk of her on future rides, it will warm our hearts knowing that she is always still with us on the rides. A giant group hug with lots of love to both Rhonda Becker and Rex Young during their time of healing.

I will leave you with this. I sat down and sort of graded myself on the job I did as your President this year. The best I could come you with was a very low 'C-' at best. For that my apologies to all of our Colorado Freewheeler members. I have been president many times in years past, but the spark that has always driven me was just not there this year. When I joined the Freewheelers in 1982 I was 38 years old,



*continued on page 5*

## Charity Bake & Craft Sale

Each October we hold our annual fundraiser for charity. This year the proceeds of the sale will be donated to The Community Ministry for their Holiday needs, and The Anchor Center for Blind Children to help with their year-round needs.

**Anyone is welcome,  
so bring a friend!**

Date: October 20, 2005  
Place: Fay Myers M/C World  
9700 E Arapahoe Rd.  
(FreeWheelers meeting)  
Time: 7:00 pm

Put your culinary skills to work for charity. Or, if you're like me, and have no such skills, well, that's what bakeries are for! In any event, bring money.

*Photo doctored by R. Norton*



*The 2005 Full Moon Ride was AWESOME!  
Going over Trail Ridge Road we had 13 bikes and  
19 pilots & co pilots. The temperature at the top  
was 39 balmy degrees. Not bad for 11:00 pm.*

# Meeting Minutes

September 15, 2005

The meeting was called to order by President Pat McCombs at 7:05. A light turnout brought only one visitor; Jeff Anderson, Shop Foreman of the Fay Myers Service Department recently purchased a 1500 Gold Wing. Welcome, Jeff.

The minutes of the August meeting were read and approved. Treasurer Mike Woolery reported cash of \$151.83, and \$3,860.14 in checking for a total of \$4,011.97. The Christmas fund has \$248.50.

Brian Boberick gave a report on his Iron Butt rally as best he could remember it. George Barrett showed a video program of the Steak Ride. Great job, George.

Chuck Janssen said the outing to the Flying "W" was a nice time with 10 people attending. The club was recognized by the Wranglers before the show. The Pinnacle Dinner Theater activity will be October 9th.

In the apparel department, there are still about a dozen club hats still available, as well as hats and pins from the 1000-IN-24. Speaking of the 1000-IN-24, Frank gave a very detailed rundown on this year's event. Not all finished, but there were no accidents. Another fine job, Frank.

Rides: The August Dinner Ride was led by Floyd & Linda Thorne to the Wayside Inn in Loveland for fried chicken. It was Linda's birthday, so there was cake for all. The Poudre Canyon ride was a no-go. There were several comments and stories from those who went on the 3-Flags. Brett Barrett was the youngest rider (driver) on the 3-Flags.

Upcoming rides include the Full Moon Night Ride, and the September Dinner Ride to the Little Gambler steakhouse in Ft. Collins. The Fall Color Ride has 9 bikes and 17 people so far. The winter ride schedule starts October 2nd.

Chuck Janssen won the 50/50 for \$27.50, and Norm Roeder won the Christmas Dinner.

There were three nominations for the Mental Meltdown Award, all occurring on the 3-Flags ride:

1) Mike Finneran for replying to Jon Loftsted's instruction of, "Mike, you have to make a right turn onto I-10" with "I'm all right, I have my own water."

2) Bruce Vinson for complaining that the road was too bumpy around Jerome, Arizona.

3) George Barrett for taking his lawn chairs on a 6,000 mile trip.

Bruce was the "hands up" winner.

Meeting was adjourned at an appropriate time, I'm sure.

Submitted by Secretary Pro Tem,  
Bill Gillespie

# Three Flags Classic – 2005

submitted by Floyd Thorne, "Mr. T"

First of all let me start out by thanking Brian Graves and whom ever he may have recruited to help run the September meeting. It made us feel good knowing that we had left the club in good hands while we were gone.

I know that the Three Flags Classic was not an RMVTA activity but as it turned out there were several of our group that participated in it along with several of the Colorado Free Wheelers. There were some twenty plus of minus riders and a few souses that rode in the 30<sup>th</sup> annual activity this year.

For those of you that are not familiar with it let me briefly explain what it is all about. It is sponsored by the Southern California Motorcycling Association. This years rally left Tijuana, BC, Mexico at 3:00 a.m. on September 2, 2005. There were four check points along our way with the first being at Holbrook, AZ, the second at Vernal, UT, the third was at Missoula, MT, the fourth was at Fortress Mountain, AB, Canada and then ending up at Calgary, AB, Canada on the afternoon of September 6, 2005. This covered some 2,622 planned route miles, not counting the miles necessary for all participants to get to the departure point and then home afterwards.

In our case we experienced HOT temperatures in the desert where we expected them and were prepared with cooling vests. We had cold weather in Canada also where we anticipated and were prepared with proper gear to deal with it. Other than that our group got into rain gear for about 45 minutes one afternoon near Vernal, UT and could have possibly passed on it then if we would have known that it was not going to last any longer than it did.

There were 459 bikes that completed the Rally. They were made up with 218 Hondas, 90 Harleys (of which they all made it), 90 BMW's, 34 Yamaha's, 13 Kawasaki's, 9

Suzuki's and 1 Triumph. I failed to capture the numbers but there were a few women riders and quite a few women passengers along on the trip.

The smallest bike to complete the trip was a 650cc Honda. The oldest bike to complete the route was a couple of GL1100 Gold Wings. The youngest male rider was our own Brett Barrett at age 17 and the youngest female was a gal 32 years old. The oldest male to make the trip was 89 years young riding a 1989 GL1500 Gold Wing. They mentioned the oldest female rider but did not mention her age, a woman thing I guess. They did mention the age of the oldest woman passenger at age 89.

The folks that finished the trip that traveled the furthest from home was a male and a female from Richmond, VA with 2,857.3 Street and Trips mileage. They in turn then had to make it home from Calgary as well.

Our own Bill Gillespie had completed 19 of the Three Flags Rallies out of the last 30 and there was one individual that had completed 28 of the last 30. Some pretty incredible statistics over all when you think about it.

We had a GREAT trip and though it was a long trip having to cover 500 to 600 miles per day it seemed like the time passed all too quickly for most of us. Oh, yes, it was good to get home also after being away for some 10 or 11 days.

The question was asked numerous times, would I do it again? I can definitely say that I would but, not sure I would do it every year as have many, many folks. It was a very beautiful trip with some absolutely beautiful scenery along the way. It was a pleasure to see old (with the majority of the folks being in the 50 plus eras) friends embrace one another that may not have seen one another since last year.

## Christmas is Coming

The annual Christmas party and Awards Banquet is fast approaching.

Here are the details:

**Date:** Saturday, December 10<sup>th</sup>, 2005  
**Place:** Boulevard Grille, 1500 W. Littleton Blvd. (Woodlawn zCenter)  
**Drinks & Visiting:** 6-7 pm.  
**Dinner & Awards:** 7 pm.

### Menu

Pasta primavera - \$10.00  
Honey-Dijon Fried Chicken - \$10.25  
Filet of Salmon - \$15.00  
Sirloin Steak - \$14.25  
Margarita Shrimp - \$14.25  
Boulevard's Best (steak & shrimp) - \$25.00

Please make your choices & payment by the November meeting.  
Chuck & Chris: 720-495-2897

# Fall Color Ride Review

submitted by Brian Boberick

Eleven folks riding in a mixture of solo and 2-up configurations on eight machines convened in the parking lot of Target near I-25 and Arapahoe Road for an 8am departure. Freshly back from the Three Flags Classic, yet polished and ready to ride on mostly unpolished steeds, and holding dual citizenship as both RMVTA and Colorado Freewheeler regulars were Floyd Thorne, the Barretts Three and the tandem known as BGTwice (the Gillespies). From the Freewheeler family we were joined by our fine German representatives Reiner & Lisa Kappenberger with Reiner sporting a new red ST1300 while Lisa straddled the GL1800, myself (Brian Boberick) and a couple of voyeurs, I mean a couple on a Voyager, in the name of Paul & Debbie Maynard. Paul and Debbie are new to our respective families in that Paul first showed up at the August meetings of both clubs. I don't know that Paul & Debbie have officially joined the RMVTA, but by virtue of his appearance at the Freewheeler meeting, Paul is member of this club whether he wanted it or not.

Holding true to Freewheeler form, we actually mounted up closer to 8:30 as we fruitlessly awaited one other couple. Before leaving the parking lot the route was subjected to physical & other examination – having just come off an 11,000+ mile ride which included massive volumes of interstate miles, I found myself looking to reduce the amount of interstate on this Fall Color ride. So, I pulled the MRI from the patient file (Map & Route Instruction) held it up to light of scrutiny and saw that Hwy 83 was the way to bypass the major artery to Colorado Springs. Bill Gillespie made the fine surgical suggestion that we also consider a dissection through Florence and Westcliffe where we could intersect a secondary artery (Hwy 69) to Walsenberg. As a result of these two “superslab-ectomies” we successfully reduced those irritable interstate miles to a tolerable sum of 40 for the entire official trip. Along Hwy 83 just a couple miles north of the Springs, Freewheelers Grady and Jill Dunham joined the “Color train” riding 2-up on a FJR 1300.

Our numbers now swollen to 13 folks on 9 steeds, we briefly entered onto I-25 in search of Hwy 115 which would take us away from the Springs heading south and ever slightly west in search of Fall colors. Following 115 all the way to Florence, we then picked up Hwy 67 south to Wetmore, leaned the bikes to the right to pick up Hwy. 96 for the westward push to Westcliffe where we refueled and stretched our legs. From Westcliffe, it was a hard left turn onto Hwy 69 and a brisk run down the valley at the base of the Sangre de Cristo mountains which offered up the first hint of Fall color. It was here that George had an opportunity to test the tracking accuracy of his lounge chair carrier with its newly extended tongue. The “official” top speed of this trip of 85.1 mph was recorded on this section of road by this ride captain's Garmin 2610. All other reports of elevated speedo readings should be considered puffery – the motorcyclist equivalent of “fish stories.”

Hwy 69 dumped us off in Walsenberg. Under the original plan, we would have exited

I-25 at Walsenberg about 10 am with about 150 miles on the Odometer and a big fat “ZERO” on the OOH-dometer. Our little deviations put us in Walsenberg closer to 11:30am and approx. 210 miles on the Odometer, but more importantly, the OOH-dometer was reading “FUN +1.” From Walsenberg, we headed west to LaVeta where we picked up the Highway of the Legends (Hwy 12) for the scenic route to Trinidad. We stopped off at the Timbers Lodge in Cuchara for lunch – a very warm and beautiful log structure with a mighty fair restaurant inside. It took three tables to accommodate our group, but once seated, the camaraderie and stories of past travels down this road flowed like a good wine. The food was pretty good, although some of the expressions captured by George's lens may give off a different perspective. Cornered at a round table, Bill Gillespie provided the answer to the age-old question, “Why is it called the Highway of Legends?” In his best Indiana Jones impression, Mr. Gillespie explained “Why, because you've ridden on it, George!” No, no, I'm not buying it either.

We returned to “the Highway” after lunch and proceeded to enhance its legendary status. While the vibrant yellows were still absent on the ride, they were on their way. Interspersed with reds, mostly on the scrub oak, the colors were beginning to offer pleasure to the eye. After polishing off the balance of Hwy 12, we re-entered the interstate for the 28 miles from Trinidad to just south of Raton, New Mexico. Exiting onto Hwy 64, the last of the interstate behind us, we scurried across the open sage infested plains to Cimaron. Continuing west, the trees return and the road begins to resemble their roots – twisting left and right, up, over, down and around. We are still at least a week early for the best colors in northern New Mexico, but not to worry, the roads are in fine health and the needle on the OOH-dometer is a risin'. Followed closely by the FJR, then Lisa on her 1800 and Reiner on his new toy, we run this section of road with much enthusiasm descending upon Eagle Nest where we pull to the side of the road and await the arrival of the other five cars of the Color train.

A few miles further west we take a 20 minute break to visit the Vietnam War Memorial near Angel Fire. Did you know we were active in one way or another in Vietnam for over 20 years and through four different presidencies? It sure seems like Nixon was the only president to take much flak during this event in history.

West of Angle Fire the road and the trees become intertwined once again and pretty much remain so clear into Taos. The OOH-dometer is reading “FUN +2.”

From Taos, Hwy 64 runs northwest to Tres Piedras over more scrub oak infested prairie. Along the way, the road passes over the Rio Grande Canyon. Cars pulled over on both sides of the road and people are leaning over the railing of the bridge trying to get the perfect camera shot of this natural beauty.

Having stopped briefly back in Raton, everybody is good the rest of the way into Chama so we roll right past the gas station that

is Tres Piedras. But we have to ask, 'cuz that lounge chair carrier really cuts into George's fuel economy. I have been lobbying for him to put an auxiliary fuel cell in the nose of that thing, but I think George thinks I am just kidding him.

About a mile west of Tres Piedras, the sun is getting low on the horizon as the road sets up for a couple switchbacks and begins its climb to the next level. The corners begin to open up a little bit and the speedometer needle is climbing along with the altitude. “FUN +3” and climbing. Oh, and the colors of Northern New Mexico are beginning to brighten with the altitude as well – still a good week ahead of peak fall viewing in this area. The run west of Tres Piedras to Chama is about 42 miles and concludes with a very sweet set of S-curves that include an altitude drop of probably 1,000 feet as it heads toward the Chama River valley below. This area of New Mexico is absolutely breathtaking if you catch it near the peak of color, but be watchful of the sheep herders who like to run the flock right down the middle of this highway when it is time to move them to lower grounds. The sun descended below the horizon during the last few miles yet we pulled into Chama with a hint of light remaining. After a mere 501 miles, the Vista del Rio Lodge awaited.

Unlike another resort town some of us visited a couple months back, Chama didn't roll up the streets until after 10pm. Some walked and some rode the ¾ miles to the High Country Inn for drinks & dinner which appeared to satisfy the hunger of all on board the Color train. The atmosphere was completely comfortable as were the entire cast of characters that comprised our manifest. We are learning to ignore George and his camera around the table. Afterwards, those that had walked got the opportunity to walk back as those who rode did not offer up transportation.

Back at the Lodge, since the Hot Tub was off limits after 9pm, purt near everyone turned in for the night. It was rumored by George that he actually set up his lounge chairs, but we have no credible witnesses.

Floyd had the alarm on his cell phone set and it starting singing promptly at 6am. While he attended to his hygiene habits, I collected another thirty minutes of rest time. There were no sounds emanating from outside, so it appears we are the first to rise. Stepping out into the morning air, seems the river valley really chills down over night. The thermometer on my bike was reading in the mid 30's. Brrrrr!

Slowly, folks were beginning to poke their heads out of the caves and eventually everyone had wandered down to the office to get their “continental” breakfast comprised of a Sara Lee muffin and a tin of juice. Since when did Sara Lee become “continental?” Folks came and went to load up on gas and we officially began Day 2 around 8:10am just as the sun poked its face over the treeline– Riders and pillions adorned in electric gear if they had it.

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## Fall Color Ride, *from page 3*

Hwy 64 and 84 join forces just south of and share their path for 15 or so miles west of Chama after which 84 peels north where the Color train followed it to the outskirts of Pagosa Springs. Picking up Hwy 160 the colors are improving as the train headed northeast to South Fork (no, not Texas) where the Hungry Logger waited to warm our hands and bellies with a large variety of breakfast fair. The only people disappointed in their meals were those who discovered that the "Huge Cinamon roll" was merely "big." Between Pagosa and South Fork we were passed on the climb over Wolf Creek Pass (OOHH-dometer reaching FUN +4) by a motorcar which I originally mistook as one of those VW kit cars. Upon pulling into the Hungry Logger we discovered an entire herd of these odd little, open-aired roadsters. It seems a British club transported "their toys" by oceanliner to Houston arriving between Katrina and Rita and are running the roads of the southwest on their way to San Francisco where their cars will be placed back on ships and returned across the Pond. Perhaps Mr. Gillespie will provide an article, complete with photos, on these folks and their right-hand drive motorcars.

With energy cells now fully charged with caffeine, carbs and calories we embark upon Hwy 149 toward Creede and Lake City. Immediately we notice the mountains on our left are coming alive with color – not just yellow but a significant amount of red is present both in the lower brush and amongst the Aspen trees. As we continue north it just keeps getting better. The colors and the color train are building up a head of steam. North of Creede the road begins to climb up out of the valley. Now the trees that we have been oggling over in the distance are suddenly ahead of us alongside the road itself. Soon, you feel as though you are plowing your way through a sea of yellow Aspen. No doubt from above it must look as though someone has painted over a map of the roads with a yellow highlighter. Its spectacular. This is why we are here on this particular weekend. This is why God made mountains and trees and seasons and motor-cycles. The colors on Hwy 149 are at their peak on this day of all days. And the OOHH-dometer? It's at FUN +6 – yeah, somewhere in the last 20 or so miles we blew right through "5."

After a roadside photo-opportunity, the ride continues up Hwy 149, and as we approach Lake City the corners tighten up and we eclipse "FUN +8." Passing through Lake City, once again we come upon those pesky Brits and their motorcars – it must be Tea Time!

We press on, Gunnison is about 50 miles ahead where Bob "Knightrider" Norton and "Freewheelin Franklin" lay in wait to jump the Color train for that final run to Union Station. But, does the train have enough coal on board. About 20 miles north of Lake City, Geoge Barrett's coal guage has dropped below the E mark. "I think I can, I think I can" he chants under his face shield. He isn't saying much to anyone else, but the mysterious moisture trail he begins to leave on the pavement is evidence

is he sweating heavily under his riding suit. Well, ol' George can and did, but not by much. He pumped over 6.2 gallons into the Kmart Special at the Conoco in Gunnison. We all dismounted, refueled, stretched and snacked for a good 45 minutes. George, he was wringing that sweat out of his socks!

Miss Becky hollered out that she needed to get home to shave her legs and, with that, we all remounted and continued east and north. The Color train ascended Monarch Pass, 11 bikes and 15 riders strong. Along the way, a punk in a brown Porche Carrera passed the train with conviction. Somewhere on the climb that is Monarch, the train overtook the Porche as the needle of the OOHH-dometer quivered near "FUN +9." We never saw that boy again.

Turning north onto Hwy 285 near Poncha Springs the colors began to weaken and the wind began to strengthen. Had Rita made it this far north? No, just Kansas doing her thang. You all been on 285 before? I thought so. No need to tell you how it goes from here. I'll just leave you with one adjective – TRAFFIC!!

By the way, if you have been diligently observing the OOHH-dometer you probably noticed it didn't hit redline at FUN +10. Sorry, but the road with such capabilities lays east of here in the northwest corner of North Carolina. It goes by the name "Tail of the Dragon." A legendary road that can't be adequately described, it must be experienced.

Hope you all had fun, I know I did, both on the road and around the table. Thanks everyone.

*Brian Boberick*

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## MSgt. Wille

Congratulations to FreeWheelers member Audrey Wille. Audrey (*sister of Sunny Norton*) has been stationed at Buckley AFB since June of 2004. After sitting for and passing the exam, Audrey was officially promoted to the rank of Master Sergeant (MSgt/E-7) from the rank of Technical Sergeant (TSgt/E-6) at a ceremony which took place on the air base on October 1, 2005. Audrey's current assignment at Buckley is due to last for another two years.

Although Audrey is a Colorado native, her permanent place of residence where she lives with her husband and 2 daughters is Port Washington, Wisconsin.

Job well done Sissy!!

*Bob Norton*



## ICE – In Case of Emergency

*Submitted by Floyd Thorne, "Mr. T"*

I was watching the evening news this afternoon and saw a piece that seemed to make a lot of sense to me. Apparently this started over in Europe some time ago regarding the programming of an emergency contact in your cell phone.

An excerpt taken from a web site [www.icecontact.com](http://www.icecontact.com) states that eight out of 10 British people carry no next of kin details. Yet 80% carry a mobile phone, most of whom have it on them all the time.

There is no simpler way of letting the emergency services know who to contact should you be involved in an accident than by using ICE.

Standing for **In Case of Emergency**, ICE will allow ambulance crews and police officers to quickly contact a nominated person who can be informed of the incident.

- Type the acronym ICE followed by a contact name (for example, ICE - Wife or ICE - David) into the address book of your mobile phone

- Save their phone number
- Tell your ICE contact that you have nominated them

In my case I programmed ICE - Linda and also ICE - Patrick. Linda happens to be my wife, as most of you know, and Patrick is my son. These are people that I, and in the event that both Linda and I were involved in an accident on the bike together, would want contacted. I have my home number programmed as well as my son's numbers but a stranger looking at my contact list would not know them from all the other contacts found there. By setting them in a special grouping if you will, (i.e. ICE) they would know those to be first of kin folks that I (or we) would want to have contacted.

None of us ever plan on having an accident, but then isn't that the definition of an accident, an unplanned event? This seemed like something so very simple to just program this information into the cell phone that most of us have either on us, or in the tail trunks of the bikes. If we all did this, then in the event of the unthinkable event happening, your loved ones could be notified as soon as possible. It could make all the difference in the world. It's certainly food for thought.

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## Paula Sharp

Congratulations to alumni member, the former Paula Moeller. She has remarried, but still lives in northern Texas. Paula's late husband Don passed away a few years ago.

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## For Sale

Toy-hauler, or would also make a great work trailer: 21 foot Pace America enclosed trailer. 7000 lb weight capacity. 2 air conditioning units. Wired for electrical - 110 or 240. Fluorescent lighting installed. Tongue-and-groove flooring.

Asking \$4,950.00

Contact John Redford @ 303-903-3395

# The 2005 Iron Butt Rally

Through the mind of Brian Boberick

Well, the 2005 Iron Butt Rally is now history and true to form, there is still no two-time winner. Shane Smith, a soft-spoken and humble man, a true southern gentleman hailing from McComb, MS, emerged as this year's victor. Shane nearly abandoned his rally after learning that his family and home were victims of Hurricane Katrina. Shane called home immediately after the storm hit and was informed by his wife that while water had inundated the first floor of their home, the roof was heavily damaged and they had no power, that the family was safe and he was to finish his ride. The Iron Butt rally was grueling, but to persevere with the burden of knowing your family was in the midst of such a disastrous event as Katrina is simply remarkable. Shane Smith certainly has my admiration.

As for my ride, I met my two main goals – first to "Arrive Alive!" and, secondly, two achieve a Gold Medal finishing position. Shane, in finishing in first place, rode 13,277 miles and accumulated 111,834 points. Conversely, I rode 11,465 official miles and accumulated 88,915 points to finish in 15<sup>th</sup> place overall – a result I will gladly accept.

My Leg 1 ride (Aug 22<sup>nd</sup> to Aug 26<sup>th</sup>) led me from Denver east through the mid-west to Michigan where I crossed the border into Canada at Port Huron. Once in Canada, I was headed to Miscou Island in northern New Brunswick to snap a photo of a lighthouse worth some 17,000 points located at the extreme northern point of the island. From there George Barnes and I headed south into Maine where we then set our sights on the 3,000 point bonus at Fontana Dam in North Carolina stopping for a much needed rest bonus worth another 3,000 points in Scranton, PA. This particular leg of the ride proved to be the highlight for me as the road into Fontana Dam turned out to be the infamous "Tail of the Dragon" in the Deal's Gap area. They say that there are some 128 corners in this 11 mile stretch of road and I believe it. WOW! If that road were in my backyard, I don't know that I would have to ever ride another road in my life – What a blast! From Fontana Dam we high-tailed it back to Denver primarily by way of I-70 enduring hundreds of miles of heavy fog and/or severe thunderstorms. One particular lightning strike encountered as we approached St. Louis was close enough to cause the bike to shudder from the concussion. I arrived back in Denver having ridden nearly 5,700 miles in just under 4 and 1/2 days. At this point I was sitting in 7<sup>th</sup> place with George Barnes.

Leg 2 (Aug 27<sup>th</sup> to Aug 29<sup>th</sup>) - Denver to Buxton, (Maine) found me retracing I-70 back to St. Louis where I took a photo of the shores of Illinois from an abandoned bridge over the Missouri river that was once part of Route 66. Racing to beat the sunset, it was off to Illinois to snap a Polaroid of a two-story outhouse. This particular outhouse is the focal point of a neighborhood park in Gays, IL. To my chagrin, the outhouse was not in service. A few more hours of riding lay ahead before grabbing a motel for a three hour nap. The next day (Aug 28<sup>th</sup>) was spent mostly crossing Pennsylvania on

my way to Washington Crossing, PA to take a photo of the monument commemorating Gen. George Washington's crossing of the Delaware river. From here I was northbound on various New England turnpikes toward Maine. Scary stuff, I tell you, these turnpikes are like riding I-25 during rush hour traffic with traffic flowing at about 85 mph. I grabbed another few hours of sleep in a motel in the wee hours of Aug 29<sup>th</sup> before continuing on to the Checkpoint before the deadline of 8am. At right at 48 hours since departing Denver on this leg, I had put down another 2,200 plus miles and had dropped down to 11<sup>th</sup> place in the official standings.

Leg 3 (Aug 29<sup>th</sup> to Sep 2<sup>nd</sup>) - Back to the finish line in Denver) found me heading north to re-enter Canada and yet another scamper through New Brunswick. Departing Buxton, ME around 2pm, I rode with Paul Allison of England along the coast of Maine and on into Canada with Prince Edward Island being our immediate destination. Arriving in Charlottetown, PEI shortly before midnight, we grabbed a few hours sleep and a 4,500 point Rest Bonus before rising shortly before sunrise to make the final 50 mile push to a 9,000 point bonus – the Cape Bear lighthouse on the extreme southeastern shore of PEI.

From Cape Bear we rode west back to the New Brunswick mainland crossing the Confederation Bridge, the toll receipt which was good for another 1,800 points or so. Continuing west I was soon back on the chain of islands which I previously visited on my way



to Miscou Island. Stopping one island short of Miscou, the target was the Black Point lighthouse on Isle LeMeque worth 10,000+ points. From the Black Point lighthouse we continued west through Cambleton and onto Quebec city and Montreal by way of Riviere du Loop (River of the Wolf). Just shy of "duLoop" Paul Allison withdrew from the rally with what appeared to be a gearbox failure. As an anecdote, some of us riders often expect to arrive home and find that our significant others have up and moved. Well, Paul, who recommended that his brother follow his example and marry an Irish farmgirl, related to me that while he was on this side of the pond riding in the Iron Butt, his wife with two young sons in her charge was, in fact, moving their household somewhere back in England – What a gal!

Will Diane leave a forwarding address?  
We hope so, but tune in next month to see.

## Thumper's Corner, from page 1

and along with some members who are still in the club, got involved in everything there was to do with motorcycling in the state of Colorado. Now, some 200,000 club miles later and more meetings than I can remember some of the fire has gone by the way side. My hope is that with the club elections coming up in November, that all of our members will really give it some thought as to who can lead our club in the right direction. I once read an article from the AMA, that stated, "Most motorcycle clubs only last about 5 years, maximum" Well, here we are heading into our 25th year as a club, and still together. If we are to make it another twenty-five, it is going to need a great blend of old and new members, and some folks who want to build a fire under the entire group. It is my hope, that some of these folks will come to the forefront at the November meeting.

Well, that's it from the President and his first lady of forty-one years. We have had a great ten month riding season so far, and have enjoyed both groups and all they had to offer. We hope to see you all out on the nice days for our Open Rides. Could be a short run, or a long run, but we always have a great time. On a personal note, I would like to thank George Barrett, President of the RMVTA for the CD he put together on my departed friend Don Council. I have seen it four times now, and still get choked up. I am sure when Carol Council sees it, the tears will flow. It is great to remember our long time riding pal, Spider.

Thumper

## Winter Rides

With the changing of the season also comes a change in our ride schedule. At the beginning of October the Colorado FreeWheelers ride schedule began "Open Rides." What this means is that every Sunday morning we meet at The Village Inn Restaurant (C-470 and Broadway) at 0900 for breakfast. Weather permitting, most Sundays a ride will commence at 1000. Usually there is no pre-planning for these rides and anyone with an idea about a place to go is encouraged to lead the ride or pass along the idea to one of the other long time ride leaders (Bob, Frank, Bill etc.). The length of the ride usually depends on the weather guessers' forecast.

Each attending member will receive 50 ride miles just for showing up on 2 (or 3) wheels and 25 ride miles for showing up on 4 (or more) wheels. This is one of those times when more is less. Those joining the ride will receive the reported mileage for that ride.

Come on out and join us for the winter ride Open Ride schedule. Just think, you won't have to winterize your bike and you most likely will not have to fight off the dreaded "cabin fever" this winter.

Bob Norton