

# The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

October, 2006

## NEXT MEETING

**Thursday, October 19, 2006**

**Fay Myers Motorcycle World**

**7:00 pm**

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

## Upcoming Rides & Events

### 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.

### 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.

### Harry's Roamers 50<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.

## Proud To Be a Freewheeler!

*Editorial by Brian Boberick, President*

On October 7<sup>th</sup> some fifteen members of the Colorado Freewheelers came out to support the survivors of the Platte Canyon High School shooting by honoring Emily Keyes whose life was cut tragically short on September 27, 2006 just two short weeks after her 16<sup>th</sup> birthday. Emily is survived by her mother and father as well as her twin brother Casey. RIP dear Emily.

I initially began to write this with the thought "the Colorado Freewheelers did a good thing." But the more I thought about it the more I realized it wasn't what the club did, but it was what members of the Freewheelers did. While it is true that embodied within the philosophy of the Colorado Freewheelers is a spirit of compassion and charity for others, both within and outside of the motorcycling community, these attributes are not something the club instills in its members, but rather this sense of community is just one of many qualities that you the members bring to the Freewheelers. It is your generosity and concern for others that make this club so special and makes me proud and feel blessed to be associated with both this club and the individuals that comprise its membership.

Thank you!  
*Brian*

## 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

September 21, 2006

The meeting was called to order at 7:02 by President, Brian Boberick. Our only visitor was Don McKee who rides a GL1800 Goldwing. Don lives in Boulder, and is a friend of Herb Schaffer. The club has decided not to hold either of those facts against him.

My excuse (both paragraphs) for not having minutes for the August meeting was accepted.

The treasurer, Floyd Thorne reported \$81.33 cash on hand, \$243.00 in the Christmas Fund, and \$2,719.33 in checking for a total of \$3,043.33. The 1000-IN-24 netted \$1,265.96 for the club. Frank was congratulated by the membership for yet another fine job on the 1000-IN-24.

Sunny reported that Chris Janssen has moved in, but the mobile home still needs a few repairs. "Boots" has been helping out repairing things as he can, but needs help lifting things and getting into tight spaces. Sunny will schedule a date for a "help" day, and will send an email. Chris also had some car trouble. She had to have the starter replaced, then the fuel pump. It all ended up being about \$800, but now it's running.

Pat gave an update on Gene Porter. He started feeling very bad in San Diego before the start of the 3-Flags, and ended up in the hospital in Chula Vista. After several days there it was determined he had an infection that had gotten into his blood stream. Jon Lofstedt drove all the way to San Diego to pick him and the Harley up and bring them both home. He is still recovering, but at least he's back at home. The club will send a fruit basket.

Pat then informed the club that he had been asked to assemble a checkpoint crew for the 2007 3-Flags. Right now it looks like the checkpoint will be in Avon at the Christie Lodge. Pat has contacted Lynn Weas, the manager of the lodge, and he is excited about the idea. When asked if the club wanted to take on the checkpoint as a club project, Frank made a motion to do so. Motion was seconded by Rex and passed. Anyone interested in helping on this project should contact Pat McCombs.

Pat and Sunny will make up the Christmas party team this year. We'll let them fight among themselves to see who does what. Most everyone wanted to stay with the same facility, so Pat will check on a date. Chris Janssen has the decorations already finished. Awards were discussed, and nominations for the Bud Davis Helping Hands Award should be made with Pat.

Frank has updated the mileage log on the website. Bill Gillespie has logged 18,000+ club miles this year. Those also over 10,000 miles include Brett & George Barrett, Brian Boberick, Pat McCombs and Floyd Thorne. Frank also went over the Rider of the Year program. Points totals are due to Frank at the November meeting.

The food drive for the Community Ministry continues through November. Bring donations to meetings and open rides.

Brian brought the group up to date on two separate world record attempts now in progress for riding from Prudhoe Bay, Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, Argentina. There were war stories from the 3-Flags Classic from Pat and Bill. Donna McCombs won the "Golden Vixen" award for being the most seasoned female passenger.

The Mental Meltdown Award was once again forgotten by the perpetual recipient... me. I promised to personally deliver it to the new owner, Pat McCombs for his bike parking skills in California.

Frank won the 50/50 for \$22, and donated it to the Community Ministry. Sunny won a dinner of her choice at the upcoming Christmas banquet.

Meeting adjourned.

Submitted by Secretary, Bill Gillespie

# The Ramblings of an Old Guy...

Colorado Freewheelers,

I'm not one to make good friends easily and it comes even harder for me to say "thank you!" However that is exactly what I'm attempting to do.

About four years ago I was introduced to the Colorado Freewheelers by two brothers; Mr. Finneran and Mr. Norton. The first few meetings seemed a little different from meetings that I attended for work. You see, I spent over 20 years attending meetings at the White House and the Pentagon where the bottom line drove you through. At the Freewheelers' meetings however, I wasn't sure if these people even liked each other. The riding was great none the less and so I continued to attend. After a fashion I came to realize that the Freewheelers not only cared for each other, but they cared for many, many others including their community and the community of motorcycle folks. It has been my true pleasure to help with a few community rides and functions and I was always rewarded with the opportunity in itself.

Now, recently I have experienced a little bad luck with some health issues and I must say that the Colorado freewheelers have been there for me in spades!! You folks have called, sent great cards, hospital gifts, checked on me regularly and then this week you blew me away again. Mr. and Mrs. Pat McCombs (two of the very finest people on the face of the Earth) came by (that is about 80 miles round trip) to deliver a wonderful get well fruit basket from the Freewheelers and at the slightest mention that I was concerned about getting my bike serviced, Pat and Donna dropped everything in their schedule and within one hour had my bike delivered to RPM Motorsports and it was being worked on. Mr. Gene Porter had also volunteered to share in the re-delivering of my bike back home.

A special thanks to all my friends who sat the long hours at the hospital with my wife Callie, and made sure she had everything that she needed, no matter what.

I'd like to mention everyone who has called etc. but that would include about every member.

I have never belonged to a group of people or an organization that I was so proud to be a part of and I simply would like to say, "Thank You, from the bottom of my heart for being my friends and allowing me to be part of your team."

You all Honor us both,

Jon and Callie Lofstedt

# From the Chaplain

Colorado FreeWheelers' Resident Chaplain, Paul Reimer - "Boots"

Greetings fellow Freewheelers,

Another season of riding will soon mark it's inscription into the archives of history. With each passing year, it seems we get busier, and the calendar pages turn over faster? Our bodies cumber with the aging process, and the aches and pains that go along with it, become indistinguishable. Is it aging or something really necessary for medical intervention?

My riding has waned a bit since the inception of the original purchase in 1986. Although, this '85 Harley finally turned it's mile marker of 287,000+ miles, with anticipation of many more. The summer availed itself to a well deserved three week vacation. Visiting my 95 year young adopted Mom in Arizona, and brothers and nephews in New Mexico & California. Cousin, Helen accompanied me on the scoot.

MRA (Motorcycle Roadracing Association) facilitated in accumulating more mileage as well. Since we added Miller Motorsports Park, in Salt Lake City, UT & Motorsport Park Hastings, in NE to complete our schedule. The 2008 schedule may introduce a new local race track...? As case scenario, scapulas, collar bones, wrists, ankles & concussions, are an integral part of racing and followup. However, most recover successfully to race another season.

Due to my heavy ministry involvement, my presence & visibility with / at Colorado Freewheelers, rides and meetings have been minimal. There never seems to be enough time to cover all the bases, but I may surprise you with my attendance?

Until then, remember, you need not ride alone. 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.

Chaplain "Boots"

# GEORGIA, on my mind... (Part two)

By Brian "Rainman" Boberick

...With two days behind us, the ride begins to pick up on Monday as we headed southeast from Charleston toward Lexington, Virginia. South of Charleston, I-64 turns into a tollway so we opted to ride US 60 along the eastern shore of the Kanawha River. This was quite a delightful detour and I would highly recommend it to anyone riding in the area. The Kanawha Park on the western edge of the resort community of Glen Ferris offered some very nice photo ops of both a very old power plant beside some gentle and picturesque falls, as well as, beautiful trees covered with a green cloverleaf-like lichen. After nearly one hundred miles of alternating between the left side of the tires and then the right sides, US 60 sadly terminates when it once again encounters I-64 for the ride east to Waynesboro, Virginia.

After a breakfast stop at the Waffle House (why is all tea in the south "Sweet Tea?"), Al and I made our way to Waynesboro where we gassed up before riding the two plus miles to the southern entrance to Shenandoah National Park and the highly touted Skyline Drive. Skyline Drive is posted at 35mph for the entire 104 mile trip through the park. We came face to face with our one and only park patrol just after entering the park and, fortunately, he continued on in the direction of the park entrance. It was a reasonably nice day in the Park. In August, at least, clouds are ever present and the chance of rain a constant threat. On this day, the roads were dry and the park traffic seemingly light. About half-way through the Park, we stopped at the visitor center to stretch our legs and chat it up with the resident ranger. Ranger Steve had previously been stationed at Rocky Mountain National Park and longed to return there. He had a PC on the desk behind him and I asked if he had access to weather radar info. There were scattered storms headed toward the Park and the radar clip seemed to indicate that we still had between 3 and 4 hours before the rains would arrive. It was still about 50 miles to the north end of the Park, followed by 104 miles backtracking to Waynesboro, plus 120 more miles south to Roanoke where we have motel beds waiting. And, with a 35 mph speed limit, we best beat feet in case Ranger Steve erred in his judgement of the storm's closing speed. Skyline Drive is a gentle and pleasantly sweeping two-lane road

that basically follows along the upper ridge of the Shenandoah mountains. As a result you will find that one side or the other of the road skirts a precarious dropoff and thus that side of the road will sport an attractive stone wall to serve as a safety barrier for passers by. Interspersed every mile or so along the road are scenic overlooks with plenty of room to keep the sightseers and their vehicles out of the main traffic flow. I am sure the sights are amazing on those rare days when the haze created by our human occupation is minimal. According to Ranger Steve, the best views are had in the dead of winter or just after a hurricane has passed whose heavy rains have collected up the pollutants as it descends to earth. I can hardly imagine what a magnificent view must be revealed when the weather gods and/or seasons conspire thusly. I do know that even through the haze, one can see numerous mountain ridges across both the vistas east and west of Skyline Drive. Only once along this north-bound journey did we see the ever prolific gang of "forest rats" and it was only a few miles after that encounter that we rounded a corner to find the road obstructed by a Corvette convertible – the owner whom had stopped to aid or observe a sizable snake coiled-up in the right-hand track of the right-hand lane. We continued past the snake and pulled into the last overlook before the northernmost Park exit near Front Royal, VA. After a brief pause, we reversed our direction and headed back from whence we came taking in all new views which had previously only appeared in our mirrors. We had only traveled 20 miles or so on this southward journey when the sky began to weep. Within another few miles the weeping turned to drizzle. It would seem that the ranger is not entirely qualified to estimate the speed at which clouds and storms travel. For the remaining 80 miles to the southern exit we would run in and out of light showers.

It was about 6pm when we exited Shenandoah National Park, crossed over I-64 and stopped to snap a photo of the sign heralding the beginning of the Blue Ridge Parkway. It was still a couple hours before official sunset, however, the overcast skies and rains conspired to bring dusk upon us prematurely. From here it was 120 miles south to Roanoke where the Super 8 awaited. Let's see, that was 104 miles up through the Park, 104 miles

back, and 120 miles to our destination for the day. Hmmm! That's 328 miles on Al's 6.3 gallon tank. We're headed south so, hopefully, that means a lot of downhill roads and high gas mileage, right?

Not a lot of scenery to report over these next 120 miles – the sky has darkened and is raining sporadically. When it's not raining, we are frequently running through tufts of fog and somewhat obscured by the fog and the darkness are those miserable "forest rats." I couldn't begin to tell you how many were out that evening but I would guess it was well north of 30. Fortunately Virginia believes in very wide shoulders and keeps the vegetation mowed back perhaps 20 feet from the tarmac. Most of "the rats" were grazing along the shoulder and being well-behaved. I only had to get on the brakes hard a couple of times. It was a long 120 miles taking us close to 3 hours to negotiate. In addition to the elements and the animals, Al had the added burden of having his fuel reserve light come on, a sight he had not previously experienced. I did not have that worry as I still had 5 gallons hanging off the back end of my bike. When we arrived in Roanoke, we hit the first gas station before bedding down at the motel. Al put 6.18 gallons in a 6.3 gallon tank. That was close!

After a solid nights sleep, courtesy of JD No.7's soothing sleep remedy, we awoke Tuesday to sunny skies and dry ground. As it came with the price of the room, we partook in the continental breakfast – foregoing our usual fare of either Waffle House or Cracker Barrel. We fired up the BMW barges and headed out around 9am - today's destination being the Chateau Elan in Braselton, GA, site of the Curve Cowboy Reunion. Between us and the Chateau lies the balance of the Blue Ridge Pkwy, which terminates near Cherokee, North Carolina, plus another 100 miles of North Carolina and Georgia roads.

The Blue Ridge Parkway is a 469 mile long piece of motorcycling heaven that was built in the 1930's. The following description was excerpted from Wikipedia:

*"The Blue Ridge Parkway is a National Parkway noted for its scenic beauty. It runs through the famous Blue Ridge, a major mountain chain that is part of the Appalachian Mountains. Land on either side of the road is maintained by the*

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## Georgia, continued...

National Park Service. It is the longest, narrowest National Park in the world and is the most visited unit in this country. In many places, the park is bordered by land protected by the U.S. Forest Service.”

Even in those areas not bordered by protected lands, there was a pleasant absence of residential development as most of the land played host to commercial agriculture and ranchland.

“Begun during the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the project was originally called the ‘Appalachian Scenic Highway.’ Most construction was carried out by private contractors under federal contracts. Work began in 1935 near Cumberland Knob in North Carolina; construction in Virginia began the following February. In 1936, Congress formally authorized the project as the “Blue Ridge Parkway” and placed it under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service. Work was carried out by various public works agencies

including four Civilian Conservation Corp camps who worked on roadside cleanup, roadside plantings, grading slopes and improving adjacent fields and forest lands. During WWII, the CCC crews were replaced by conscientious objectors.”

“Construction of the parkway took over fifty-two years to complete, the last stretch being laid in 1987. Twenty-seven tunnels were constructed through the rock — One in Virginia and 26 in North Carolina. The parkway is carried across streams, railways, ravines and cross roads by 168 bridges and six viaducts.

There is no fee for using the parkway, however commercial vehicles are generally prohibited. The roadway is not maintained in the winter, and therefore certain sections are often closed from late fall through early spring.”

When the parkway leaves Virginia and enters North Carolina, the 20 foot deep shoulders narrow dramatically to more on the order of five feet. With the narrowed shoulders, culverts were added to control drainage. The culverts are

particularly noticeable due to being constructed of flat stones skillfully chiseled into uniform share and sized pavers.

On our trip along the parkway, not only was the lack of commercial vehicles evident, but there was also a conspicuous lack of motorhomes. If I recall correctly, we encountered only three motorhomes as we neared the end of the parkway, and these appeared to be traveling together. At Mabry Mills, an outdoor museum has been assembled in which historic buildings (a home, a schoolhouse, blacksmith shop, and various tools have been brought onto the sight surrounding the original lumber mill. This is absolutely “must see” display of early American history.

I can’t begin to do justice to the beauty and pleasing experience of the Blue Ridge Parkway. I can only strongly suggest you plan a vacation around visiting this area. You won’t be disappointed.

(if I still have your interest, look for Part 3 in next month’s newsletter)



Once in a while you get to play a very small roll in the life of your community. Such was the case for me starting on the 2nd of October, 2006. On this day, another door in my heart would open to be able to reach out and be part of a community trying to heal their deep wounds from a senseless tragedy. Although I had only a very brief conversation and a hand shake with him, my hat’s off to a young man by the name of Dan Patino. Dan had the vision to see that something good could come out of the Columbine & Platte Canyon High School tragedy’s. That good would be a new & positive healing for the living

## Emily's Parade

### The Columbine to Canyon Ride

by Pat McCombs Photos by Don McKee

to honor those who were taken from all of us at the two schools. Dan was hopeful of a good turn out, but never in a million years did he see what the event would turn into.

Dan had approached Peter Boyles of KHOW Radio late on the afternoon of September 29th about doing a ride in the memory of Emily Keyes, the young girl who died at Platte Canyon High School the week before. It would be a daunting task to put a major ride together in a matter of one week, as he wanted to do the ride on the 7th of October. This one phone call to Peter Boyles, would put into motion one of the greatest public relations machines in the world. This “Public Relations Group” is known as the Colorado Motorcycling Community. What that entity can pull together in one week, most large corporations would pay millions for.

On Monday morning at 6:00 am. I was awakened out of a great sleep by my friend Peter Boyles from KHOW Radio. Peter, going on the air at 5:00 am, was getting everyone he knew in motorcycling out of bed to start working on putting this ride together. Three words... “Can You Help”. I’m not sure how many people Peter got out of bed that morning, but it must have been a very large number. In a matter of minutes, my phone was

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## Emily's Parade, *continued*

ringing off the hook. People I had not worked rides with in the last twenty years. To the person, it was "Let's do it." This would start a mad search through my motorcycle files to reach everyone who could help us with the event to be named "Emily's Parade." The next five days would be hundreds of phone calls and e-mails to motorcyclists throughout the state. The goal was only one thing, GET THE WORD OUT!!.

Peter has very strong ties to Rocky Mountain Harley Davidson Motor Company, and got them to come on board 100% to support the ride. Their staff was nothing short of a miracle. They took folks away from their normal workload to work on the ride. Linda More, for lack of a better title, is like the "head cook and bottle washer" at Rocky Mountain. She would spend the next five days, fifteen hours a day working this project, and recruiting the services of Colorado Freewheeler, Bob Norton as well.

Well, you guessed it. It is Saturday morning October 7th the day of Emily's Parade, the weather looks good, and we're all hopeful that everyone's hard work is going to be rewarded with some big smiles. At breakfast, there are thirty some riders, and I take this to be a good sign of things to come, even though we are only a very small piece to the upcoming puzzle of events that day.

Frank Heinzl had agreed to lead the group over to Columbine High School, as Bob Norton and myself had to be there early to help some of the volunteers ready some of the things for the ride. When we got there, we were already looking at some one hundred motorcycles ahead of us. This I think is going to be a GREAT RIDE! I called my bride, Donna at 9:30 am to explain that we were over a thousand



The parking lot at Platte Canyon High School. Also known as Highway 285.

bikes and climbing. Yes, it is going to be a wonderful turn out. Little did I know how wonderful.

About an hour before the ride was ready to leave, Donna Delisle, Dan Patino's Gal Friday in this event, pulled me out of line to meet someone very special. I was introduced to Liz Kelly, a 10th grader from Platte Canyon High School. She had never ridden on a motorcycle, but was badly wanting to be a part of the event. This would become my precious cargo for the run up the canyon to Platte Canyon High School.

The sky is full of pink balloons, Pastor Gary Davis of the Colorado Freewheelers M/C has blessed 5,000 motorcycles for a safe ride up the canyon, and the roar of the machines is so loud you have to yell to talk to someone. As we start into the canyon, the line is endless and we continue our journey for Emily's Parade. If you feel you have never been appreciated as a motorcyclist, then you should have been on this ride. All the way to Bailey were hundreds and hundreds of folks lining both sides of US 285. Signs so big, that some of them took four people to hold up. Signs that would read "We Love You Bikers," "Nobody

better than Bikers," "Thank You Colorado Bikers," "Our Community Loves the Biking Community." And those are just some of the hundreds we saw on the way up.

From this riders viewpoint, I am not really sure that any of us have the words to tell how wonderful the day was. I know that there were a lot of tears flowing throughout the day, and folks with a lot of great memories. To



the folks of Columbine High School, Platte Canyon High School, and the Community of Bailey, thank you for letting our community be part of yours.

To the Colorado Motorcycling Community, the vendors, the hundreds of folks who volunteered, the media, and folks who were on the roads without motorcycles, you made the 1st Annual Emily's Parade much more than anyone could have dreamed of.

This was truly a day, that John & Ellen Keyes had a 5,000 member family embrace them with prayers and love.

Pat "Thumper" McCombs

