

The Eagle Times

Colorado FreeWheelers

September 2003

NEXT MEETING
Thursday, September 18, 2003
Burt Chevrolet
7:00 pm

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

From the President's Saddle

Wow!!! What a month, I've spent more time on the road last July than ever.

The month started out with the "All ABATE Campout" in Leadville, there's nothing like escaping the heat of the city up in the Rocky Mountains.

Then the "Ladies Run of Colorado" was another great getaway opportunity, and it served a good cause.

Next, came the "Boy's Steak Run", good times, good friends, and good food.

In lieu of the "Rocky Mountain HOG's Poker Run to Black Hawk", which was canceled we rode to Granby to have breakfast and then over Trail Ridge road for the fun of it, and it was fun.

The 1000-IN-24 pre-ride was successful with 4 riders, Mike Finneran, Herb Schafer, Alan Hansher and myself, all enjoying the sites and experience that will

be equally enjoyed by the registered riders this coming weekend. Only in a shorter period of time of course.

We covered 1,020 miles, noted a few minor construction sites and road hazards to inform the riders about, and found some interesting items for the riders to look for on the route. The motel in Durango (Quality Inn & Suites) where most of us stayed was very nice, and a welcome break from the rain we had rode in all most all the way from Pagosa Springs.

Breakfast the first day was at McDonalds in Canon City. Lunch was had at Lake City at a quaint Mexican joint in town whose name escapes me. Dinner that evening was at an unimpressive BBQ joint which just happened to be across the street from the Motel.

The next day we returned to the main route and stopped in

Ignacio for breakfast, then lunch at Sonic in Alamosa. The weather was great for the most part except for the rain at the last stretch of each day. The traffic on I-70 was backed up as usual from the tunnel all the way to Idaho Springs on Sunday afternoon so Alan & I took the frontage road from Georgetown down to Idaho Springs and gained about 5 miles and saved about 30 minutes on Mike and Herb. Mike also earned his nickname on this trip, he will from now on be known as "Slow Poke".

The last ride of this jam-packed month was the "Sturgis "T" Run" which I will let Pat "Thumper" McCombs tell you all about.

That's all my rant for now, later.

Freewheelin' Franklin'

Meeting Minutes

Meeting was called to order by President Frank Heinzl. Our president has his arm in a sling, because, on the 100 in 24 Rally, he ran into a deer and broke his collar bone. The deer had to be shot, and the bike is in the shop. Meeting was held in Burt Chevrolet's secondary meeting room, because Burt was having a meeting in our regular meeting room. There will be no 50/50.

This month's meeting is a bake sale to benefit George Barnes' attempt to ride the 2005 Iron Butt Rally.

Chaplain Paul Reimer gave invocation. Paul is not going on the 100th Anniversary Celebration Ride for Harley Davidson. He had asked for prayers about the matter and the final outcome is prayers were answered. Paul is not going; that is God's answer.

Secretary's Report - Minutes approved as reported in the Eagle Times.

Treasurer's Report - Mike Woolery stated that club has a net worth of \$4,344.95. Report approved as reported.

Activities Committee - Chuck Janssen stated that the club has purchased tickets for "Unsinkable Molly Brown". They are \$31 each. Chuck also moved to give SW Food Bank \$100. Moved and approved.

Welcome Jim Larson.

Safety Committee - Talked about the Motard Race Event August 22-24 at Copper Mountain. This will be nationally televised.

Ride Committee - Pat McCombs stated that club's has ridden 158,000 miles so far this year (total mileage on club rides by members), a high for any year and the season isn't over yet. We are going to blow that number away this year.

Bake Sale - George is going to Missoula, MT to greet winners of this year's Iron Butt Rally. So, because of the mileage and timing he can't be here tonight. We took in over \$300.

Meeting Adjourned.

Anne (One Term Only) Hudson
In GOD we Trust, *Anne*

Rides

It seems like it was just a couple of days ago, that the ride committee sat down to plan out the 2003 riding year. Now here we are nine months into the year, and after our meeting on the 18th of September will be down to one ride in the book. Before we get to far into this, a BIG CONGRATULATIONS to this years Colorado Freewheelers who rode the 28th Three Flags Classic Event from Mexico to Canada. Members riding the event this year were, Bill & Becky Gillespie, Brian Boberick, Rex Young, Vince Vincent, and Tom Shader. I'm sure we all look forward to the stories, as they did a lot of the route we did on our first Three Flags in 1986. I know this rider sure missed it. When you read this, we will be down to our last scheduled ride in our 2003 ride book. The Bishop's Castle Ride, will be on Saturday, September 20th. It will leave from Fay Myers Motorcycle World at 8:00 a.m. The day will be about 300 miles, and will take in the fall colors and castle. At the meeting this month, we will need to decide where we want to start our open rides from. Open Rides would be starting on the weekend of September 27th — 28th. Speaking of rides, we have had forty-four members log mileage this year. Bye the time you read this the club will be knocking on the door for combined mileage of 130,000 miles. LET'S BREAK OUR RECORD OF 158,000 MILES. We are in reach of this goal. RIDER OF THE YEAR 2003 If you are a member who is in pursuit of the 20th Rider of the Year Award, let me remind you that all your documentation has to turned in to Frank Heinzl at the meeting on Thursday, November 20th. And speaking of Frank Heinzl our fearless president and leader, it is nice to see him on the mend. After dancing with the deer, Frank is on his way back to riding again. The ride committee hopes you have enjoyed this years events, and we all thank you for supporting the 2003 riding year.

Pat "Thumper" McCombs
Ride Committee

Way To Go Folks!

When the club's ride committee got together on a snowy night in January, it was our goal to get our members riding again. It was shocking to us when one of our members threw out the number of 40,000 combined miles is all the club did in the year 2002. I would like to thank the members of the ride committee, for putting together a fun year of riding and events Ride Committee members for 2003 are, Bill & Becky Gillespie, Bob & Sunny Norton, Pat & Donna McCombs, and Frank Heinzl. I think it should also be mentioned that Chuck & Chris Janssen, have done a nice job of putting together some non-riding events. The ride committee cannot give you the members a big enough thanks. You the members, have responded to help us in reaching our goal for 2003. As of July 28th, the members of the Colorado Freewheelers have ridden 81,947 combined miles. WOW!, and high five to all our members. To give you some insight on this, the club is doing about 11,706 combined miles a month. We are on track to do 140,000 combined miles for the year. If my mind is working right, Bob Norton once told me that the club had never done over 100,000 combined miles. To give you just a few statistics, we have had 24 rides since the 5th of January. The average ride has been 9.5 bikes, and 11.5 people on the rides. The average ride is 300 miles plus. Again a BIG THANKS, to you the members. We still have a lot of riding left for 2003. Let us continue a GREAT YEAR.

Thumper

Nostalgic Riding

One of my most favorite roads to ride over the years has been the route of 666. For years they have called it the Devil's Highway. The first time I rode this road was back in the 80's. My wife, the navigator, had picked it out on our way out to the 1988 Three Flags Classic. After a days ride on Route 666, I could not wait to get to a phone. I called and talked to Bill Gillespie and Bob Norton to fill them in on the adventure. You got it! It was just a matter of time and the three of us rode the Old Route 666 together. I would like to thank Dave Frey, better known as one of the "Writers on the Range" for his article entitled "The Devil Sinks Route 666" appearing in the Denver Post on the 7th of September, 2003. Dave lives in Carbondale Colorado and takes most of his trips by motorcycle. Following is Dave's article, which I hope you enjoy as much as I did. I know a lot of our members have ridden this road more than once.

*Pat "Thumper" McCombs
(Article reprinted with permission
of the author, Dave Frey)*

The Devil Sinks Route 666

Route 666 is fading in the distance. That stepson of the Mother Road — Route 66 — is headed toward oblivion. That's a shame, because for me—like plenty of pavement pilgrims who arrived in the West over the last half-century in RV's, SUV's, or astride Harleys—the Devil's Highway was the road into God's Country.

U.S. Route 666 was a lonely stretch of asphalt stretching 194 miles from dusty Gallup, New Mexico., across the rugged Navajo Reservation through southwestern Colorado into Utah, where it ended at Monticello, Utah. The stretch of asphalt is still there, but it has shed the number of the beast

in favor of less ominous numerology. Exit Route 666. Hop on Route 491.

Last spring, New Mexico Gov. Bill Richardson led politicians from the highway's three states in petitioning the federal government to change the highway's numbers. They argued that the Bible's link between 666 and Satan was bedeviling the economic well being of the towns along the sickle-shaped highway.

But according to the Book of Revelation, a ramhorned, dragon-talking beast would stamp 666 on our heads and hands, not our highways. I can't believe that it's the three sixes that are possessing the struggling communities along that desert highway.

Changing the number won't change the fortunes of small towns strung across the dusty Southwest, in Indian Reservations and nearby, where the future offers little more hope than dry thunderclouds promise rain.

No jobs. No industry. No crops. Only lines of cars passing from one national park to the next, and they're just passing through.

I am nostalgic enough to believe that something was lost when those numbers changed. Route 666 took it's name from place on the map. It was the sixth branch off route 66, the Mother Road that was once the path of choice for millions of vacationers, truckers and automobile pilgrims looking for salvation among the motels, dinners, tourist traps and expansive beauty that was the west.

"If you plan to motor west," the old song says, "travel my way, take the highway that's the best. Get your kicks on Route 66."

Only isolated fragments of Route 66 remain. They've been split apart by the interstate highway system that gave us convenience at the cost of character. When I first ventured west of the 100th meridian, it was to Route 66 country, and although Route 66 no longer remained, its romance lingered. Driving on Route 666 was as close as I would get to a connection with a piece of lost Americana.

It was something else, too. That highway pulled me out of Gallup, New Mexico., which would soon seem to me like a big city once I hit the dusty towns on the Navajo Reservation. Tohatchi. Naschitti. Shiprock. This is the rugged west that doesn't show up on postcards. And it isn't sung about in that song.

Kicks on route 66 are found in Kingman, Barstow, San Bernadino, not Tocito, or Towaoc. I became enchanted by this country's sagebrush and mesas, turquoise skies and red rock, and years later, it lured me back.

Thankfully, what I love most about old Route 666 won't change when the signposts do. It will still be a track through a rugged, struggling, beautiful place that carries the heart if the West. But I also loved where Route 666 came from. It was a branch off a piece of history, one that is now another step closer to forgotten.

No kicks, I'm afraid on Route 491.

Thanks for a nice piece of history Dave. I know this rider enjoyed it. My favorite parts of Route 666 are in Arizona, and that's a story for another day. Ride safe, enjoy the memories, and savor the trips.

Pat "Thumper" McCombs

Sturgis "T" Ride Pictures

All photos by "Thumper"



It's got some pink in it. Yeah, I think Becky would wear it.



The Yellow Canary in a sea of Sceamin' Eagles.



A representative of the American Dairy Association, I'm sure.



Our long-time Black Hills friends, Bob Kemp (right), and son Nick with Donna McCombs



The old Star Trike is starting to show some age.



World famous Gunner's Bar on Main Street Sturgis.

Black Hills

Pat "Thumper" McCombs

Becky Gillespie was telling my wife at the July club meeting, that she thinks the "Old Thumper" has got way to much times on his hands these days. She is probably right about that. It has always amazed me, what might trigger someone's mind about different things that have taken place in one's life? I was goofing around in the garage on Sunday morning, and for some reason my eye's kept coming back to a map I have on the wall of the Black Hills. It was about that time, that my wife came out to see what I was up to. I was just sitting there starring at the map of the hills For whatever reason, the dam of memories had broken. When I was a young boy, my father had taken a position as principal at Newcastle High School in Newcastle Wyoming. Little did I know at that time, that this would be the start of a long love affair with the Black Hills of South Dakota. The year was 1952, and I was in the third grade waiting to turn eight years old. My father had passed away five months earlier of a massive heart attract, at twenty-eight years old. I can remember that my mother was working at the local cafe as the host & cashier trying to make ends meet since my fathers passing When you are young, things in your life that you encounter seem to stay with you for life. Nineteen fifty-two was a big year in Newcastle. They had built a new movie theater in town, and named it the Doggie. Two weeks before the opening of the Doggie, a World War II tank showed up in front of the theater. No one in town had a clue as to why it was there. In another week a big sign. Grand Opening, and the movie is The Tanks Are Coming. The star is Jack Palance , who will be there for the opening. Now this is a big deal for a town of eight hundred people. On opening night the whole town turned out for the movie and a chance to rub elbows with Mr. Palance. I was on of the lucky one's. Got to put my hand in the wet cement in the front of the Doggie, right next to the hand print of Mr. Palance. Kind of a big deal, if you are a boy of eight years old. Now you have to realize that in 1952 there was not a lot to do in Newcastle Wyoming. A big thing there was watching cowboys

punch cows, counting antelope, or watching a couple of crazy guys looking for oil with witch sticks.

Some guy had been after my mother for months for a date. I guess for what ever reason, she caved in one week. This fellow had invited the two of us to go to the Black Hills Zoo. Now coming from Minnesota, where everything is flat, this was a big deal. Twisty roads so narrow, that at times only one car can pass, large hills, all dirt roads, and riding in a 1946 Mercury two door coup. After two days in the hills, I know this is the spot for me. I will make several more trips to the hills in the following year. My mother would move us to Denver in late 1953, and it would be another thirteen years before I would return to the Black Hills. In nineteen-sixty five I would return to the hills, that had grabbed me some thirteen years before as a young boy. With my young bride & daughter, we toured the hills for a week. It was like I had never left.

After some forty-five trips to the hills by motorcycle, and another ten or so in a cage, you would think you had seen everything there is to see. Every year we go, it seems that there is something we have missed. This year was no exception. I have shot up many rolls of film over the years on the rail yards, and the 1880 trains in Hill City. This year while staying in Keystone, Bill & Becky Gillespie asked us if we would like to ride the 1880 train from Keystone to Hill City. In all the trips, we had never done that. The ride was of great interest, and picked up a lot of new history on the hills. There might be better places to see, and better roads to play on, but none have drawn me like the Black Hills. I have seen Mount Rushmore grow from four faces in the side of a mountain with no parking lot, to a center that handles millions of tourists a year. I have seen a large mountain transformed into a fifteen story sculpture of the Great Chief Crazy Horse. I have watched the Passion Play in Spearfish, grow from all the towns people being in the production, to professional actors and seating close to a thousand people. I have seen the Black Hills Motorcycle Classic for the last

forty-three years, go from three blocks to a happening that engulfs the entire town and all of the surrounding towns. We are in a motorcycle club, and we all talk about Sturgis every year. When doing Sturgis, look around and enjoy the hills. The history in Deadwood could keep you busy for two days by itself. More roads to ride in a seventy mile circle than you can imagine. Custer State Park, Jewel Cave, Flintstone City, etc. You always find a new road. Thanks this year to Willy Taylor, who got us on a road in Custer State Park we had never traveled. If you want to plan a great trip to the Hills, plan it out and ride 'till you drop (figuratively, of course). If you have a computer, a good site to get information on the Black Hills is: www.blackhillsbadlands.com or www.SDTouristinfo.com.

Hope to see you in the hills in 2004. A lot of our older members know the hills well, but I think our new members deserve to know of one of our favorite spots. Ride Safe, Ride The Hills.

Thumper

Congratulations

While on there trip to the 28th Three Flags Classic, the Colorado Freewheelers had two of its members become 100,000 mile club members. Way to go! The two members to reach this goal are Becky Gillespie, and Brian Boberick. A nice goal to reach, and a lot of roads and trips. Congratulations on a deed well done.

200,000 MILE CLUB

Bob Norton

Bill Gillespie

100,000 MILE CLUB

Frank Heinzl

Donna McCombs

Rex Young

Pat McCombs

Becky Gillespie

Brian Boberick

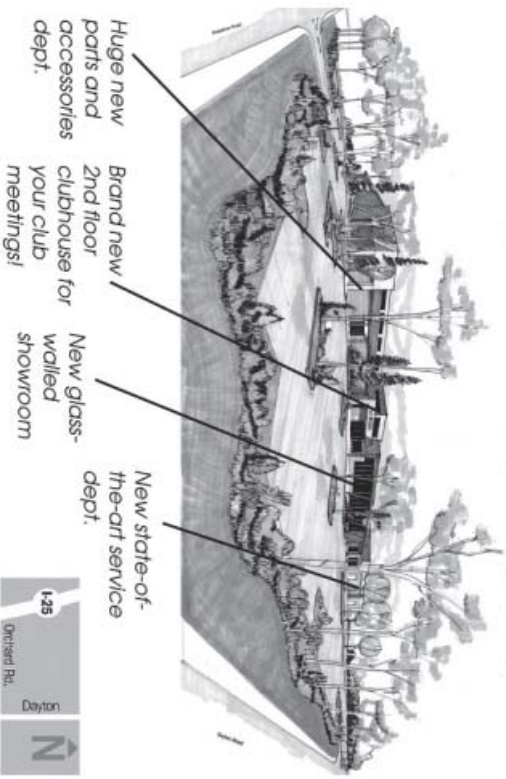
One million combined club miles from eight of our members. WOW!



The future is bright at Fay Myers Motorcycle World

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9700 E. Arapahoe Rd., Greenwood Village, 80112
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Colorado FreeWheelers
P.O. Box 1886
Englewood, CO 80150-1886