



Fall Color Ride riders enjoy "pure gold" views.

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<http://www.rmvt.org>

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**Officers**

**President:** George Barrett *gsbab1@comcast.net*  
**Vice-Pres.:** Floyd Thorne *fthorne\_jr@msn.com*  
**Secretary:** Bill Gillespie *bgtwice@msn.com*  
**Treasurer:** Sherri Barrett *gsbab1@comcast.net*

**Board of Directors**

**Chair:** Stan Stotz *stanstotz@comcast.net*  
**Member:** Brett Barrett *usdefcon1@comcast.net*  
**Member:** Dena Nielson *dsnielson@comcast.net*  
**Member:** Richard Bush *bushre@yahoo.com*  
**Member:** Lloyd Nicholson *mrapackrat5@earthlink.net*

**Officers Speak**

Submitted by Bill Gillespie, Secretary

Have we had some great rides this year, or what!? I was just reminiscing about some of the rides I've been on.... Riding with my granddaughter on the Spring Highway Cleanup, and in the snow on the Sponsor Ride, my first visit to Cabela's in Nebraska, pulling my hair out on the Canyonlands Tour, yet another fine Aluminum Butt with an impromptu visit to the traveling Viet Nam Veterans Wall in Rifle, the Steak Ride (all I'll say about that), lunch at the Bucksnot on the Multi-Pass Ride, Brett getting lost on the Brad Garrett Ride, a fantastic night for a Moonlight Ride, and some magnificent scenery on the Fall Color Ride. Not to mention the great Dinner Rides. The 30<sup>th</sup> annual 3-Flags Classic from Mexico to Canada saw a number of members participating. Brett Barrett was the youngest driver in the 3-Flags out of nearly 500!

And there are still some great rides left! The last multi-day ride of the season to the Albuquerque Balloon Fiesta will be September 30<sup>th</sup> - October 2<sup>nd</sup>. After that

we'll have the Mystery Ride, Fall Highway Cleanup, Progressive Dinner Ride, one more Thursday night Dinner Ride, and cap off the schedule with the Fall Polar Bear Ride.

I'm excited about the future of the club too, with several new members coming onto the roster during the year. I think a group like ours needs new people with new ideas to keep the interest level high. It's always great to make new friends, and what better way to meet them than with a common interest in motorcycle riding. Welcome to all the new members in 2005.

I'll pat a few people on the back now, starting with George and Sherri Barrett. If you look at the ride schedule right about now you'll see that just back from a two-week road trip they organized the recent (and excellent) Dinner Ride as well as the Balloon Fiesta Ride. Just a few days back from New Mexico, they will lead the Mystery Ride and the Progressive Dinner Ride. George has played cook, janitor and handyman in addition to his role as President. And how 'bout those full-color ride books? Sherri has kept a close watch on the club

funds, as well as keeping the membership roles in order to a tee. I still think her toughest job though, is keeping George in order.

Floyd Thorne has done a fine job of running the meetings and filling needs wherever they may be. He seems to think of things that need to be taken care of before anyone else does, and before they become problems.

Stan Stotz and Lloyd Nicholson have done yet another superb job on the newsletter all year long. Stan has had the unenviable job of trying to get me to get the minutes done on time, as well as writing articles like this one. Great job, both of you!

Brett Barrett has brought the web site along in a way only a teenager can. Us older folks think we've really accomplished something just retrieving e-mail.

Thanks really to all of you... all the members for making this a great year for Becky and me. We've had a blast so far!

*"Wing Commander"*



Minutes

RMVTA Meeting Minutes

September 8, 2005

Acting Secretary Dena Nielson

Note from Acting President Brian Graves

I would like to thank all of you for showing up to the meeting and showing your support to me. I was a little unsure as to how the meeting would go until I got there and forgot the keys. I knew then it was going to be a good meeting. I am glad I was in the company I was in because you really made me feel good and that it was not a big deal until the next meeting, thanks a lot. When the keys arrived, the meeting went off great and I believe we all had fun even if the BIG CHEESE called in to see how things were going, and to say hi to us all. Again thank you all for your help and I would like to thank Dena for taking the notes of the meeting.

Brian

Minutes:

Meeting was called to order at 7:30 p.m. (really 8:00 p.m.)

We talked about saving your newsletters that you received from the guys on the Three Flags Classic and bring them to the next meeting.

Treasurer Report: Checking as of 9/8/05 \$602.29, Savings \$2,175.29, Total \$2,777.58

No old business

New business: Remember to bring your favorite baked items or arts & craft items to the bake sale at the October meeting.

Don't forget that elections for new officers take place in November

We talked about Jerry Henn and his injury in Germany and what all that happened to them while they were there. A card will be sent from the Club.

Rides: August Dinner Ride, some had trouble finding the site to meet, we will not say names but 2 ride a blue bike and the other a red bike and it was raining when we started. We ate at the Wayside Inn, in Berthoud, Co. and celebrated Linda's birthday with cake and balloons.

Camping ride: Was at the Alien Watch Tower campground, which was the reason for Jerry and Linda's extra-terrestrial vest. Linda modeled the required head gear for the ride (you had to be there). Catering was provided by the owners of the campground and it was GREAT. Everything was good and fun for all.

Black hills ride: 6 bikes and 12 people. Good ride up. On Sunday we broke up in groups of 2 because some went to Devils tower and Sturgis and some went to Mount Rushmore, Crazy Horse Monument, Sturgis and the Pig Tails road. It was great fun for all and yes we did gamble a little. When we left we all went to lunch and then we broke up into groups of 2 for the rest of the ride.

Upcoming rides: September 17th is the Moonlight Ride. Meet at 5:45 p.m. from RPM Motorsports- Grand Lake for dinner then the ride through Trail Ridge Road.

September 22nd is the dinner ride from Graystone Castle at 6:30 p.m.

September 24-25 is the Fall Color Ride to Chama, NM and leaves at 7:45 a.m.

September 30 is the Albuquerque Balloon Ride. See George or Sherri for rooms if you still want to go. Leave from Fey Myers at 7:00 a.m.

October 9 Mystery Ride leaves 8:30 from 6th and Kipling

October 15 remember the Fall Clean up, breakfast at Pegasus, Castle Rock, CO.

Also Ron has tickets he needs to sell for the Rockies for September 20...Tuesday evening. They are \$20.00

New Members: John Swinson's Wife Gloria...best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Missing link award: Nominations: ALL officers not here because of the Three Flags Classic.

Bill Neilson for not knowing what time his own ride left for the Black Hills.

Bill won the award.

50/50

3rd place \$5.00 to Larry

2nd place \$8.00 to Casey, Larry and Diana's granddaughter

1st place \$12.00 Ron

Meeting close at 9:00 p.m.

Three Flags Classic 2005

First of all let me start 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 around twenty riders and a few spouses who participated in the 30th annual activity this year.

For those of you who are not familiar with this rally I will 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 2,622 planned route miles, not counting the miles necessary for all participants to get to the departure point and home afterwards.

In our case we experienced HOT temperatures in the desert where we expected them and were prepared with cooling vests. We also had cold weather in Canada 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, 93 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 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.



**Brett Barrett received Youngest Rider Honors on 3 Flags Classic (17 years young)**

The folks that finished the trip that traveled the furthest from home were 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 to 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 beautiful trip with great 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.

Floyd Thorne  
Mr. "T"

**August Dinner Ride**

Submitted by: Floyd & Linda Thorne

It was a pretty evening on August 25, 2005 even though it started out a little damp. It was raining lightly there at the departure point but looked fine in the north-bound direction that we were headed. So, we did not bother to get into rain gear but rather to head out for our dinner.

There were eight bikes and a total of sixteen riders and passengers assembled at a Park and Ride near 120<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Wadsworth Boulevard. Two of the bikes were carrying guest riders and passengers. It's always good to have new friends join us on any of our rides. We hope that they had a good time and will join our ranks as members down the road.

We left the Broomfield city boundaries and already we started hear flack on the CBs "where is dinner"? This only continued to get louder and more vocal as we continued to ride. There were even threats of people breaking off to get something to eat at various fast food places we passed going through Longmont.

But, we managed to stay a group and arrived at our dinner destination, the Wayside Inn and Tavern in Berthoud. CO. There everyone tied on the feed bags in fine fashion. The claim to fame for the Wayside is fried chicken. So, everyone made their choices and we were starting to hear the noise quiet down as people started to fill their tummies and they could then focus on other things.

This happened to be Linda's birthday so I had called ahead and the folks at the Wayside went out and got her a cake to share and celebrate the occasion. Linda was pleasantly surprised I think and we had a great time of it. The club gave her a nice potted plant that was somewhat of a challenge to get home but we did and it survived just fine. She wishes to thank everyone for the well wishes.

It was nearly 10:00 p.m. and everyone is still standing around the bikes and visiting. It turned out to be a beautiful evening and everyone acted like they did not want it to end. We all had a great meal and finally headed to our homes via a more direct and expedient Interstate route.

Linda and I would like to thank everyone for coming out and sharing the evening with us. We look forward to doing it again down the road. In the mean time, stay safe and have fun.

Mr. "T" and Mrs. "T"

**PAST RIDES:**

**Black Hills Ride, Sept. 3-5, 2005**

Submitted by: Bill & Dena Nielson

All that begins well, ends well...Right?

We met at the Ramada Plaza at 7:15 a.m. Saturday morning. OK OK...I met the group at 7:30 a.m., because the ride leaves at 8:00 am, right? Geeezzz, I'll get it right sooner or later. That's another story, and if you were at the last meeting, you would know why I am the proud owner of the "Missing Link". We started off the ride with six bikes, 12 people. Going into Wyoming, we lucked out with the wind. What's Wyoming without the wind? Absolutely fantastic...OK, that's a lie, but there was no wind heading up to South Dakota, really!

Once we signed into the Gold Country Inn in Deadwood, we all freshened up a bit, and then walked into town for some chow. We had a leisure evening looking, gambling, and...just having a good time. Sunday, we split up in two's. Three different groups headed out and did there own thing. One group went to Devils Tower; another went to see the caves, Pig Tails, Mt Rushmore, and Crazy Horse, which crossed paths with the third group who saw Mt Rushmore, Crazy Horse, and the Pig Tails. Later that night, we all met to have dinner in downtown Deadwood again. After a broken promised dinner reservation for our group resulted in Jamie talking to the restaurant manager and informing him of a thing or two...we got free meal tickets! Dinner was extra good

that night, and the price was right. Thanks, Jamie!!

Monday morning, we headed back home bright and early. We stayed a group until lunch in Lusk. From there, everyone set their own pace the rest of the way.

We thought it was a really nice three-day weekend. The weather cooperated, no bike trouble, and the company was great! See ya'll at the next meeting.

Bill & Dena

### 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 8 a.m. 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 BG Twice (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 direction 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 OOOH-dometer. Our little deviations put us in Walsenberg closer to 11:30am and approx. 210 miles on the Odometer, but more importantly, the OOOH-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.



Fall Color Ride stop in Cuchara

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 OOOH-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 Angel 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 Peidras 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 auxilliary 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 10 p.m.. Some walked and some road 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 9 p.m., 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 6 a.m. 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 8:10 a.m. just as the sun poked its face over the tree line– Riders and pillions adorned in electric gear if they had it.

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 Cinnamon 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 ogling 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. It's spectacular. This is why we are here on this particular weekend. This is why God made mountains and trees and seasons and motorcycles. The colors on Hwy 149 are at their peak on this day of all days. And the OOH-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, George 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 OOH-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 OOH-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 north-west 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



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, to 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 318 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



Brian Boberick at the start of the Iron Butt Classic. Brian finished 15<sup>th</sup> on his rookie run.

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 neighbor-



hood 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 farm girl, 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!

After leaving Paul at a small motel in Canada, I continued onward. I had about 2 ½ days and 2,200 or so miles remaining with planned bonus stops at the Soo Locks near Sault Ste. Marie, a another lighthouse some 25 miles off the beaten path in the upper peninsula of Michigan, and the Sioux Falls in the heart of Sioux Fall, SD. As Paul's ride was coming to an end, the rains began to fall again (the remnants of the storm that spawned Katrina was now crossing through Canada). I was headed toward Quebec City when I came upon Sgt Steve Hobart of the California Highway Patrol, who too was riding in his first Iron Butt. Steve and I continued on together a grabbed a motel room on the western edge of Montreal. Hoping to get a bit farther west of Montreal than we did, we lost a good 30 minutes negotiating the maze of highway construction and detours in and around Montreal. I know the highway number I wanted to be on west of Montreal, and after what seemed an eternity of riding in circles following the detour signs, we were finally spit out of this web and, miraculously, found ourselves headed in the proper direction. Steve and I grabbed a good 5 hours of sleep this night (the most sleep in one stretch I have had thus far) and continued our sojourn on Wednesday morning (Aug 31<sup>st</sup>). Our goal this day was to arrive at the Michigan lighthouse before sunset yet again. We ended up passing up the Soo Lock bonus for fear of not beating the sunset to the lighthouse. As it turns out, we arrived at the lighthouse with about 30 minutes to spare. Steve and I hooked up with Dean Tanji and Thane Silliker (a Canadian) at the lighthouse and all agreed we should celebrate with our first relaxing sit-down dinner in, what, 9 or 10 days. Afterwards, we grabbed a couple of motel rooms and nearly 6 hours of sleep. We awoke Thursday a.m., and set our sights on Sioux Falls, SD and the finish in Denver. We were still some 1,200 miles

away from the finish, but had nearly 24 hours in which to get it done. We all rode into Sioux Falls together, but shortly after leaving our photo-op, Thane and I split off from Steve and Dean as they wanted to stick to the interstate heading toward Omaha, NE. Thane and I liked the optional route west of I-29 that took us south on Hwy 81 through Yankton, SD and Norfolk, NE allowing us to bypass Omaha entirely before re-joining I-80 near Grand Island, NE. This optional route shaved nearly 70 miles from the route Steve and Dean opted for. It was probably about 9 p.m. when Thane and I finally transitioned onto I-80. It would take us until nearly 4 a.m. to finally make it into the Doubletree Hotel at Quebec and I-70 after a brief 30-minute nap at the rest area just outside Sterling, CO.

While running south on Hwy 81, Thane and I were joined by Dave Biasotti on a Yamaha GSX 1000. Somewhere in western Nebraska, I made the offer of buying the first round of drinks when we got back to the Doubletree Hotel. Well, Dave called his wife on his cell phone as we rolled down the highway and learned that the bar would be closing at 2 a.m. As it was pretty clear at that point that we would not make the finish by the 2 a.m. closing time, Dave's wife offered to meet us in the parking lot with refreshments. Upon dismounting my K12LT in the parking lot, I was presented with a very delicious Margarita whose rocks had long since melted. It didn't take long for the Tequila to make its impact on my weary brain, and it felt great! Unfortunately, I still needed to pull my fuel log and bonus photos all together. Moving slowly and purposefully, I was able to garner enough concentration, despite the cloud in my head, to correctly pull my documentation together. I processed through the scoring tables and promptly headed to my wife's van where a mattress and sleeping bag had been waiting now for the past 11 days. It was LIGHTS OUT!!

The 2005 Iron Butt Rally culminated in a dinner banquet that got underway at 5 p.m. on Friday afternoon. My wife and I joined George Barnes and his wife and daughter at one of the 25+ tables filled with riders, their families, rally staff and

volunteers and other riders who weren't fortunate enough to be drawn to actually ride in this event. After a delicious buffet-style dinner, the rally hostess, Lisa Landry proceeded to read off each finisher's name while Lord Michael Knee-bone handed out the finisher's plaques and stood for photo-ops. In all, 70 of the original 92 riders finished this rally. Of the 22 who failed to finish, most were caused by mechanical failure of one sort or another, one succumbed to a deer strike and another was taken out late in the game by a road gator near Green River, WY. In the final analysis, the riders of the 2005 Iron Butt Rally logged nearly 1 million miles with no serious injuries to report. An amazing result!

To conclude on this report, I wish to thank both the Colorado Freewheelers and the RMVTA for their spiritual and financial support. A special thanks to George, Sherri and Brett Barrett and Bob Norton for their solid support in getting me back on the road for Legs 2 and 3 after my GPS crapped out on me late on Leg 1. Additionally, my thanks go out to Bill Gillespie and Floyd Thorne for the enthusiasm and encouragement both provided at the start of the rally and at checkpoint 1, to Ray Stoyle for the use of his BMW luggage shelf, to Brian Graves for the use of an XM radio system, to all the others whose thoughts and encouragement made this possible, but MOSTLY to my wife who gave me the ultimate kitchen pass.

Thank you all!  
 Brian Boberick



**Brett Barrett watches Old Faithful erupt  
 3 Flags Classic**



**Entering British Columbia  
 3 Flags Classic**



**Glacier National Park – 3 Flags Classic**



**Dudley Do Right escorts Stan  
 from 3 Flags banquet**



**Leaving Mexico – 3 Flags Classic**



**Bill & Beckie Gillespie at Chateau Lake Louise**

## ONLY IN AMERICA:

Only in America.....do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a diet coke. !

Only in America.....do banks leave both doors open and then chain the pens to the counters.

Only in America.....do we buy hot dogs in packages of ten and buns in packages of eight.

Only in America.....do they have drive-up ATM machines with Braille lettering.





Photo op at the Grand Canyon



September Dinner Ride meeting place

Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?

Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?

Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?

Why do they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?

You know that indestructible black box that is used on airplanes? Why don't they make the whole plane out of that stuff?!

Why don't sheep shrink when it rains?

Why are they called apartments when they are all stuck together?

If con is the opposite of pro, is Congress the opposite of progress?

If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?

EVER WONDER .  
 Why the sun lightens our hair, but darkens our skin?  
 Why women can't put on mascara with their mouth closed?  
 Why don't you ever see the headline "Psychic Wins Lottery"?  
 Why is "abbreviated" such a long word?  
 Why is it that doctors call what they do "practice"?  
 Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavor, and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?

**For Sale:**

**21 foot Pace America enclosed Toy-Hauler Trailer.** Toy-hauler just in time for Sturgis (2006)!!! Would also make a great work trailer: 7,000 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.

**1992 Honda ST 1100.** Looks like new. candy red, color, 52,000 Miles, heated grips extra luggage, backrest. \$2,495 or best. Excellent! Call Bill Torrence @

**1996 Kawasaki Vulcan 1500A.** 6,200 miles, Purple, Vance & Hines pipes, Windshield. \$3,500.00 OBO. Call Thomas @ (303) 549-5821.

**2004 Yamaha FJR1300 Sport Touring Bike.** The bike has 4,500 miles and is in perfect condition (not 1 scratch or blemish). Options include a matching Yamaha top trunk, professionally installed & tuned J&M CB/Intercom/Weather Radio, Electronics Shelf (for GPS, radar detector, MP3 player, etc.), throttle lock and oversized windscreen. All bags are detachable and become luggage with a handle. The bike has 145 horsepower and 92 ft. lbs. of torque. The windscreen has an electric up & down adjustment which you can set on the fly. Price just reduced to \$9,995.00 OBO. Call Stan at home at (303) 690-4133 or office (303) 676-3230. Email address is stanstotz@comcast.net.

**1996 Honda ST1100** ABS2/linked braking system, MR Accessories shelf, Clear-view +4" windshield + stock shield, rear luggage rack, MEZ4 tires, 58,000 miles. A well cared for bike, \$6,200.00 to a club member. Call Bill Gillespie, 303-781-0032 or 303-758-8804.

**Don't forget to check for your free brace of 50-50 tickets at the next meeting. Look for your membership number in this issue.**

**The Deadline for the Next Newsletter is October 23, 2005**

**Next Meeting:**  
 Thursday, October 13, 2005  
 7:30 p.m.  
**Fay Myers Motorcycle World**  
 9700 E. Arapahoe Road

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