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Springs Wings



THE CURRY CHRONICLES

It's ridin' time!! And you could tell that at our meeting on Sept. 3. a number of our regular attendees were attending to a higher priority—a ride to South Dakota with the Noah's in the lead.

Well, those of us who still have to work for a living were stuck back here at the home front, so we had a meeting anyway. The church had other priorities, so we had our meeting at Tom Harder's office / warehouse. Monica had everything set up for us and had the coffee on about 7 a.m. Members started straggling in about 8 a.m. and we even had a few visitors from Chapter L and A. thanks to both Tom & Monica for providing a great alternative meeting place.

Bea McClellan spent a bunch of time and talent renewing our chapter banner. Bea is a very talented artist and we sincerely appreciate her effort to keep this symbol of our chapter looking great. Thanks from all of us, Bea.

It was a pretty good meeting with a lot of member participation. We had a mini-report on the Grand Lakes ride from the Partners and Hillmans. Gene Krull reported on his 2300 mile plus ride. That was Gene and Marina's first long ride and his comments led us into a discussion on how to deal with the heat on longer rides. Many members contributed to that discussion, with suggestions that included using cool ties and cool vests, ensur-

ing you drink plenty of liquids, and wearing mesh armor jackets. Since our educator was missing in action (on the South Dakota ride), we just continued that conversation into a really good discussion about safety riding apparel.

The Curry's and Eric Hutchins played hooky one Sunday morning and rode up to the top of Mt. Evans.

For those of you who haven't done this yet, the 14,125 ft. summit is paved all the way up and is only about 120 miles or so from the Springs. It makes for a nice 1/2 day scooter if you keep moving. Practice tight turns before you leave and dress for the cooler weather on top.

Monica talked with our chapter about several fun event options.



Should we have a Halloween party? What would the chapter like to see for a Christmas function? And how about entering the Parade of Lights? (Tom has this really big flatbed truck that would hold a bunch of Gold Wings) Please give Monica your thought on these topics and she will help us prepare for these events.

We took a survey within the chapter and agreed that we would send a \$150 check to our District Treasurer to be included with the District's contribution to GWRRA members affected by Hurricane Katrina.

Last month's events also include a great Mexican food potluck at the Erskine's home. It was very well attended and we got to see the new landscaping and updates to what was an already great home. Thanks to the Erskines for hosting this dinner.

Dick & Didi led a ride up to Central City late last month—Chris Ward reported that he was the tail gunner and also was the leader of Group 2.

After the meeting three white and one yellow bike scooted up to Elizabeth for lunch and a leisurely country ride back.

Lots of fun events are coming up:

- We have a chapter dinner ride on the calendar for the 15th.
- Colorado COY/IOY selection in Salida on Sept 17. Ron and Marsha are in charge of this event and could use a little help. If you'd like to ride down to Salida on Friday the 16th, spend the night, and help a bit with the selection the next morning, give the Currys a call (488-9865).

- The District of Utah is hosting a poker run in Moab Sept 23-25. You can check this out on their web site.
- We're taking off for Main the end of September and should be back by the middle of October (of Course, we're doing it on the bike.) The Assistant Directors will be in charge of the October meeting, so be sure to show up and help make it a great get-together.

Hope to see you soon, and often

Ron & Marsha Curry
CO-I CDs



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then lead. If you're go-
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It's Dinner ride time!

This **Thursday** ride your bike-a-sickle to the new Golden Corral on Woodmen (5410 E Woodmen). Chris & Casey checked it out recently and they have a big separate room that might prove advantageous in the future. We are just going to meet there at **6 p.m.** for a get-together and dinner, so come prepared to swap lies and have a good time.

Also, the **District Couple Of the Year & Individual Of the Year selection** is this **Saturday**. The presentations start at **11:30 a.m. at the Poncha Springs Church of Christ** on the corner of Antero and Ouray (there are only 6 streets in Poncha Springs, so it isn't too hard to find). We are going down Friday evening and will be staying at the **Silver Ridge Lodge** in Salida. This promises to be one of the better selections in the past few years, with 4 couples and 4 individuals competing for the honor of repre-

senting Colorado for the next year. Marsha and I are in charge of the event, and we could use a little help if any of you are willing. This promises to be a fun day - ride the Arkansas twistys down (if you come down the night before you can get in a ride through Poncha Pass and Saguache Saturday a.m. before the presentations), sit in on the presentations, have lunch in the park with us (church youth group is cooking for us), and see who the winners are. We'll be done in plenty of time to get back home on Saturday. If you've never seen one of these competitions, it is well worth the trip, and an excuse to mix it up with your GWRRA buds from other chapters. If someone wants to lead a group down Saturday a.m., shoot me an e-mail and I will send it out to everyone.

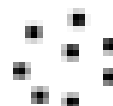
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Chapter I COY



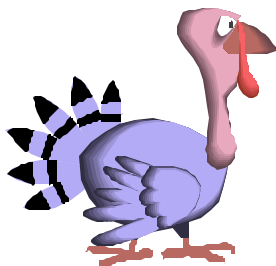
Tom and Monica
Harder



Yep, that's what we encountered on our beautiful trip into South Dakota. What a fabulous trip that was and many, many thanks to Rick and Donna Noah for putting it all together for us. There were 14 of us on this adventure: Rich and Donna, Bob and Jan, Kathy and Dave, Dan and Wilma, Darrell and Laurie, our two weekend bachelors (Mark Damschen and Tom Harder), Chris, and myself.

The itinerary was action-packed and started with a 7 AM departure from the Springs. We took the E470 toll road and avoided all the downtown Denver traffic which was great. Chris and I had not taken the toll road its full length before and it really was a time saver. (However, the toll coast for a motorcycle pulling a trailer was absurd—double what a car is charged!!) After a brief stop in Little America, Wyoming, we were on our way. Oh, but with one minor deviation from the route. We were wondering if Rich thought we needed to see a bit of Nebraska on the way. We headed east from Lusk, Wyoming, for about 27 miles. Can you believe that the riders on each bike were thinking “Hmmmmmm I didn't realize we were going to go through Nebraska.” Well, after admiring one too many hat bales, we got the word from Rich and Donna that we were off-route and had to turn around. Whew, that was a relief! We turned around and headed north and made it to our hotel in Custer, South Dakota, without another hitch.

The next day was amazing! It included the Needles Highway, Mount Rushmore, Chief Crazy Horse's monument, a ride through an open wildlife area where we saw



lots of bison, burros and wild turkeys, on some of the most picturesque roads imaginable. I have to say that the Pig-tail road was really something to experience. That road takes you in such a tight, long turn that the road actually goes underneath itself. It's hard to explain but truly awesome to see. Rich and Donna were great and they would let us know in advance of what sights were coming up so we could get our cameras ready. As we were approaching a tunnel, they'd tell us to get ready for the first viewing of Mount Rushmore. We'd get through the tunnel . . . And WOW! There it was in all its magnificence—Mt. Rushmore. It gave me goose bumps!!! The Noahs led us on the perfect route to see as much as possible, but not be rushed. They even allowed plenty of time for shopping. You know that Darrell is hard to hold back when it comes to looking for just the right sweatshirt or tshirt!! That night for dinner, we ate outside at the restaurant nearby. Tom treated us all to chips and salsa before our meal. Thanks Tom! The service was a little slow and ketchup was a bit of a problem. Turns out there was just a little bit of ketchup at the table and wouldn't you know that Rich practically threw himself at the container, emptying the ketchup on his fries, leaving us at the mercy of the wait staff for more. You just can't take Rich anywhere!

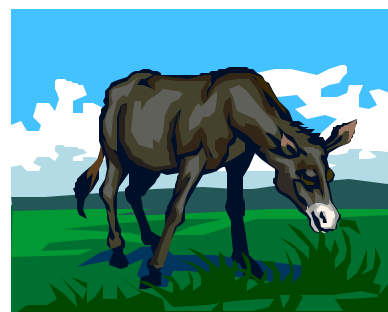
Sunday was just as great a day of riding as the day before. After a warming breakfast—well, for most of us that is: Donna's meal of rancid strawberries and oatmeal that could be used for brick mortar left much to be desired—we headed up to the Devil's Tower in Wyoming by way of Spearfish. We zipped

along through the Spearfish canyon and it was nothing short of spectacular. The road was winding and the views were beautiful. There wasn't much traffic to speak of and that made it all the better. If you've not been to Devil's Tower, it's worth the visit. Mark, Rich, Donna, Chris, and I walked the trail around the Tower and were lucky to see a number of rock climbers scaling the heights. Bob and Jan opted to enjoy the scenery from a cool, shady spot while we hiked. We returned back to our hotel by way of the Spearfish Canyon road and it was just as enjoyable as the first pass.

After dinner that night, we headed across the street for some fresh pie and ice cream—after all, we're Goldwingers, it's what we do. The pie was delicious and the specialty that evening was rhubarb pie which happens to be Wilma's and my favorite. We contained ourselves and didn't go back for seconds. . . or thirds. The next morning we were up and out early. We rode through an area with tons of bison and one bad boy was just itching to charge. May be the deer repellent sound from Rich's bike made him a little annoyed. Anyway, we high-tailed it past him! On the way home, we went through Nebraska (this time deliberately) and didn't run into any bad weather the entire way. The only time we got rain was about 1/2 mile from our house!!

So it is with many thanks that we applaud Rich and Donna for planning such a great adventure. They put considerable thought and planning into the long weekend and everyone had a great time. Can't wait to go again!

Happy Trails, Sandie Erskine



Vintage Riders on Vintage Goldwings Ride California's Highway 1

I didn't know that I was vintage until I took my 1985 Honda Goldwing 1200 in for a tire. When I complained that the mechanic had left my fender bolts out of the fender but in my sad-dlebag they recommended that maybe I'd rather take my bike to a mechanic that specializes in vintage bikes. Well, maybe I am old fashioned too> I think the fender bolts should go in the fender.

February 2004, I was visiting my brother, Paul, in Tucson telling him about my wife< Pat, and my trip to California for my youngest son's wedding. After the wedding we had taken the motor home up Hwy 1 for two days and I really believed that Hwy 1 would be a great motorcycle road. Now Paul has had a GW for 19 years, but I had never had a road bike and to complicate things, five years ago I had had an allergic reaction to a medication that left me with nerve damage in my fingers, toes, and lungs. At that time I had given away my motorcycles, thinking that I would never ride again. Soon after returning home to Falcon, CO, I began to receive emails about Hwy 1. I began to think that maybe I could pick up an older bike and try it just to see if I could handle one again. I shopped around and purchased a 1985 Honda Goldwing 1200. My first impressions were of how heavy this thing is. If I ever drop this I'd have to get a crane to pick

it back up. I couldn't really ride it for the first couple of months because I have difficulty breathing cold air, but one warm day I took it out for a short ride. I needed gas so headed for the local Safeway where I was mugged by GWRRA riders and forced to sign up. As it warmed up I was convinced that maybe I could handle the trip if we'd only ride short distances at a time. I received a schedule in one of my next emails and the trip was on.

The plan was for Paul to ride to Colorado then we'd ride Northwest to Crater Lake, to the coast, connect with Hwy 1 and ride all the way to San Diego, to Tucson and I'd ride back to Colorado. We would camp along the way and crash at my son's home in the center of California and my younger brother's in San Diego, and at Paul's in Tucson.



Well, I found that if we took several breaks I could ride all day long and we soon were out of Colorado and in Utah. I had been worried sick that I'd melt in Utah and Nevada's desert heat. We had to put on our winter

gear in morning and strip in the afternoon. The road from Green River (Hwy 191) to Price, UT, was worth a trip all by itself. We followed the Price River and a set of railroad tracks which wound through mountains, steep canyons and tunnels. The Great Salt Flats have a beauty all their own. We stopped at "Salt Aire", a



castle looking ballroom with once rich interior now nearly abandoned struggling to survive. A huge sculpture in the middle of nowhere and the Bonneville Salt Flats. We headed North out of Winnemucca 87 miles with no services to Denio where we were met with two signs—the first saying no services for 81 miles and the second saying sorry no gas. Intellectually my brain says I can make it. But my gut says don't try it. So we detoured 22 miles north to Fields, OR, paid \$3.15 per gallon, and then backtracked back to Denio and over the 81 mile stretch of volcanic rock, hills, cliffs, and valleys. At about the 78 mile point, a river crashed through the basaltic columns in a pretty valley.

We camped at Lakeview

where there is no longer a lake; a dam upstream has left the lake a marsh. My visor had ripped off and at Klamath Falls the Honda dealer stripped a new helmet to get me going again AND gave me a GWRRA discount! We arrived at Crater Lake in the early afternoon and set up camp. We then rode



around the lake stopping at every pull off for pictures. There is no describing how beautiful the landscape is. Always in the back of my mind thinking about an explosion of Mt. Mazama that moved billions of tons of rock not only away from the center of the volcano but its gone many miles away. The water is the bluest of blues, the rocks are jagged, the contrasts are breathtaking. My photos barely touch the actual beauty of the area. We went back to camp and made plans to go back in the morning. We went to the same places and took the same pictures all over again, only this time the water was still as glass and every mountain was mirrored in the water. By 10:00 the wind

was stirring the water and us as well. We headed to Oregon Cave.

The road from Crater Lake to Oregon Cave follows the Rogue River. The Rogue River follows a path for hundreds of miles that it was forced into when Mt. Mazama was erupting. At one point the river is forced into what may have been a collapsed lava tube only 20 feet wide. The rushing torrent of green and white water is terrifying and beautiful at the same time.

We camped below Oregon Cave for the night and got up bright and early to make the 9:00 tour. Sometime



that evening my jacket disappeared with my camera in the pocket. I found my camera, but not my jacket. The cave tour was great, many formations and a unique geology. By 11:00 we were on our way to Crescent City, CA, where the 1964 Alaska earthquake caused a Tsunami that destroyed most of the downtown area. Here we had our only mechanical difficulties. Paul's battery chose this time to die and we bumbled around figuring out what was wrong and then finding a

battery in a city with no motorcycle shops.

We camped just outside of Crescent City in a state park. Here we began to feel the cold fog off the Pacific. We had read that the average temperature was 63 degrees. We failed to note that 63 degrees and one hundred percent humidity is very cold. We made a note to stop in Eureka where there are three MC shops and find a jacket. No luck.

This is our first view of the coast. I'm amazed at all the vegetation, the trees are huge! Hwy 101 is called the Redwood Highway at this point. The coast is rocky; often there is no beach, the water crashes against cliffs. There are flowers everywhere—some wild. Nearly every home has a garden.

We get to Legget and the beginning on Hwy 1. the fog has lifted and there is little traffic, we forget for a while that we are old and crippled. Soon we remember and we set up camp at MacKerricher State Park. We traveled 2,000 miles, in theory this should be the half-way point in our travels.

We attend a ranger talk and learn about tidal pools, Indians and early explorers. Bits of this talk pop into my mind the rest of the trip.

We see cliffs that prevented the Spanish from settling Northern California. We see the seaweed that

makes our ice cream smooth. We see the seals and an otter that is struggling back from near extinction from Russian hunters. We stop at several light houses. There are so many places where we could stop and explore for a month; this trip could easily



take years. We are ready to visit my son and head east.

Within a few miles of the coast the temperature rises and we have to stop off our



cold weather gear. A chance to do laundry, sleep in a bed, relax, and visit. Over all too soon. We head for the Golden Gate Bridge. Fog again! We still stop to take 20 or 30 pictures then over the bridge and through San Francisco.

We find Hwy 1 again and start south. As we go south, the campgrounds are full—one night we stay at a KOA, the next at a motel. The motel was cheaper than the KOA. More rocky coasts and an 80 foot waterfall dropping

off the cliff onto the beach. More lighthouses, seals then elephant seals. At Lompoc, the farms turn from food crops to flowers. In Dana Point, Hwy 1 ends. We've ridden it from top to bottom! We jump onto I-5 and head for brother #3's home in San Diego. Another day of relaxing, visiting, and laundry. Sunday, Alan gets his V twin out and leads us up into the mountains to an old mining town that now mines the tourist pockets. Julian, CA, is famous for its apple pie and we had to check it out. Then down into the desert 225 feet below sea level, a final goodbye, and once again Paul and I are on the road. I-8 to Tucson, another goodbye and I'm headed back to Colorado. 17 days, 4,256 miles, 534 pictures, and a ton of memories - I'm finally home!!



Roger Pittman
GWRRA #218844



Chris and I have really had some beautiful rides on the bike this summer. Our trip to Yellowstone, then over to Idaho, couldn't have been any nicer. It's been a wonderful way to see our great country and still appreciate our own state of Colorado. Recently, we've taken a couple other trips that were exceptional too.

In August, we joined several Chapter I members (let's see . . . There was Mark and Cindy, Mark and Sue, Darrell and Laurie, Mel and Bruce, Tom and Monica, Dan and Wilma, Dave and Kathy, Nancy, Terry and Didi, Bill and Marie, our neighbors from Castle Rock—Paula and Rick, Chris, and myself) for a trip up to Grand Lake. Since I was taking the Silver Bullet and didn't want to slow folds down, Chris and I left later in the day and had a leisurely (very leisurely) ride up through Evergreen, over Berthoud Pass on into Winder Park before finally setting our eyes on the ever-gorgeous Grand Lake. How great it was to arrive to cheers and clapping—not to mention the promise of a nice, cold beer!

Our motel sat right at the water's edge and the views of the lake were fantastic. That evening we settled in for dinner on the patio. Darrel and Laurie brought along lots of goodies left from the Chapter picnic the week before. We laid into that feast and enjoyed the meal completely. The next morning we thought we'd be taking a breakfast ride over to Walden with Mark Atwell leading the way. However, having the delicate constitution that I have (read: wimp!!!), I found it too cold so Chris and I just ran over to Winter Park for a morning bite. The afternoon found us all wonderfully lazy and happy to relax the day away. Some went shopping, some sat and read, and some (actually quite a few) decided to combine the fresh air with cool drinks. It was an afternoon well spent.

That evening Dave had arranged for a boat to tour us around the lake. Unfortunately, Dave wasn't feeling very well—he looked pretty peaked—so he and Kathy

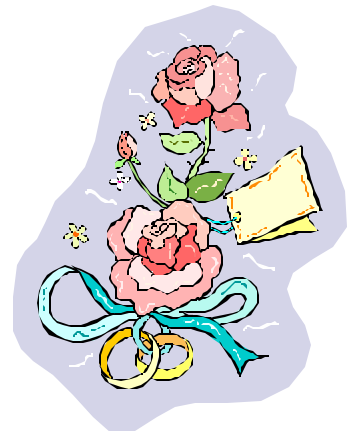
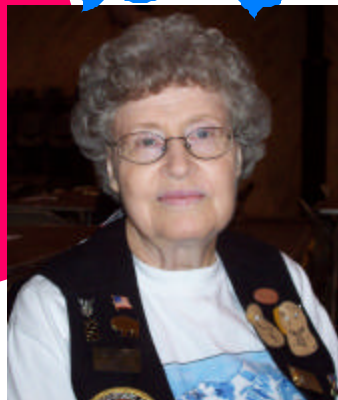
stayed back from the boat trip—and Bill, Darrel and Laurie kept them company on shore. Our boat was plenty snug as we chugged around the Lake learning of the local gossip about the different homes point out to us.

After the evening boat trip, it was back to the motel for dinner. Chris and I went to a pizza parlor that was owned and operated by a Polish family—outstanding pizza I have to say. Back on the patio, under the stars, it was time to relax and enjoy each other's company.

The next morning, different groups took off for home at different times. Chris and I took the same route home but this time, we decided to go up Mt. Evans road. What a ride that is!! I was a little apprehensive after reading a sign saying to avoid burning out the brakes on the ride down the mountain. Since the Bullet is automatic, I can't down shift and have to use more braking than 'the big boys'. We were so lucky to not have traffic before or behind us in either direction so we could really enjoy the vistas. I have to tell you, my heart was racing and I was delighted to make it to the top. There was a mother and kid goat at the top—practically posing for all the photos. It was wonderful. The ride down a bit tense—through each turn I could still hear Bob Nyquist, of the parking lot practices, telling me to "Look through the turn, Sandie, keep looking through the turn. Atta girl!!!!" His instructions paid off and all went well—I would happily do the ride again. As a matter of fact, the entire weekend was wonderful and I'd like to give a big thanks to Dave Wren for putting the whole thing together. It's always far more work than expected, but I think I speak for everyone when I say "THANKS DAVE—WE HAD A GREAT TIME".

Happy trails, Sandie Erskine

**Chapter
I's
JOY**



**Jeannie
Bondurant**



COLORADO

Couple and Individual of the Year Selection

Saturday, September 17th in Poncha Springs (just West of Salida)

Presentations start at approximately 11:30 a.m. at the Poncha Springs Church of Christ
(corner of Antero and Ouray in Poncha Springs)

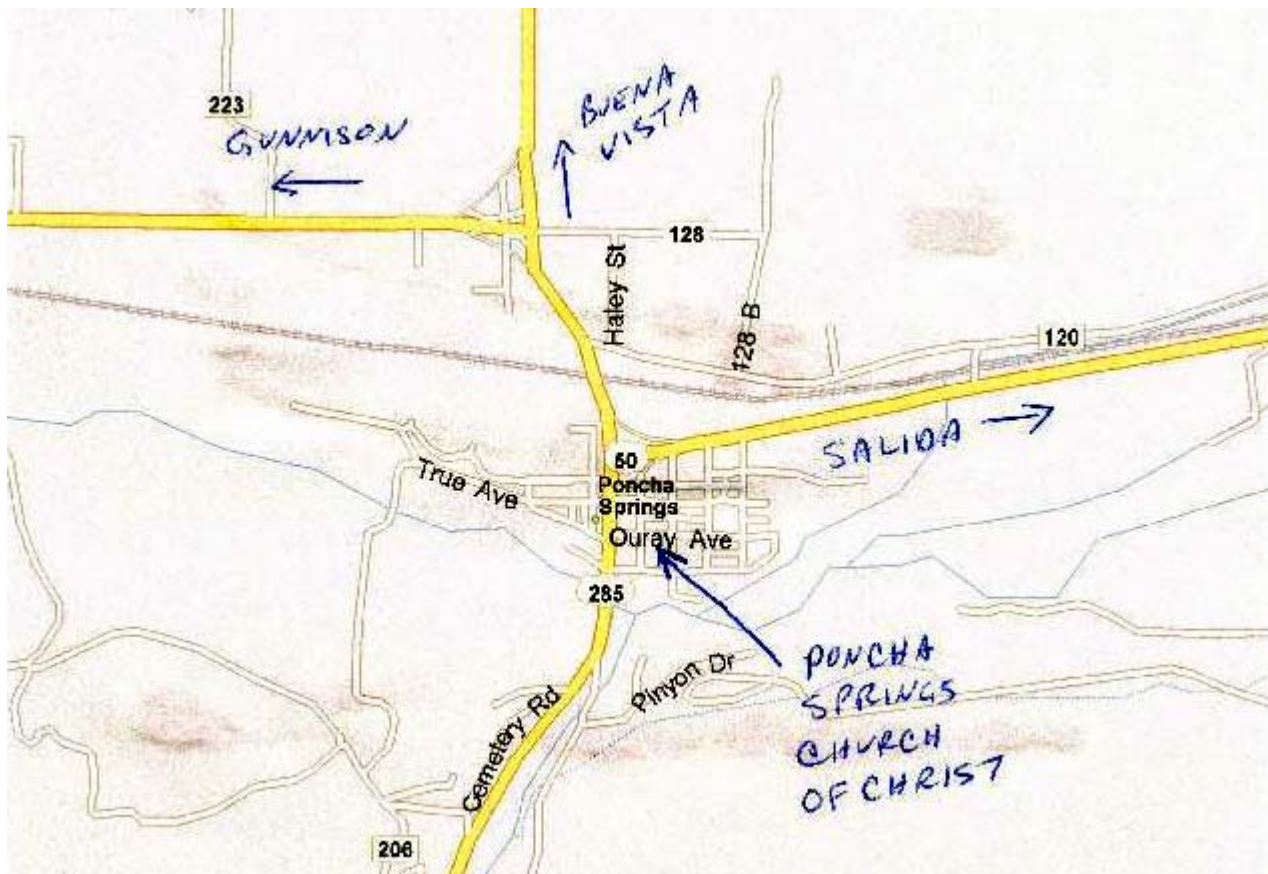
Lunch in the nearby park at approximately 1 p.m. provided by the District with help from the
Church of Christ youth group (\$5/person)

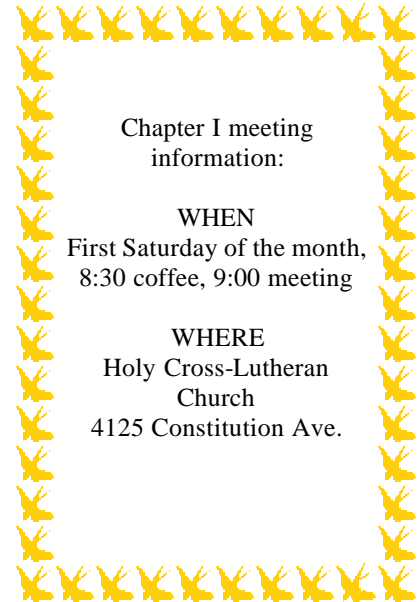
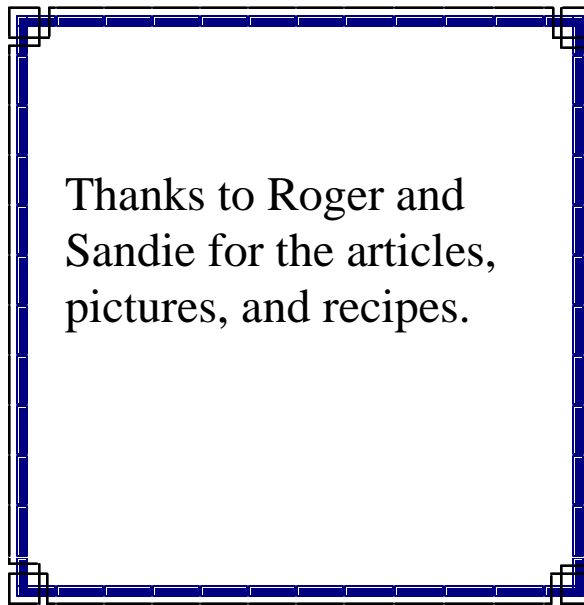
New COY & IOY announced about 2:30 p.m.

Event concludes about 3 p.m.

Please come to cheer for your favorites and to help us welcome in the new 2005-2006 Colorado District Couple and Individual of the year. We expect to have good participation this year and think this is a great reason to ride and to see our friends from other chapters again. A few of us will be in Salida the evening before - look around the Silver Ridge Lodge and you'll find us!

If you have any questions contact Ron & Marsha Curry, Colorado COY/IOY Coordinators,
at 719-590-6113 (office) or 719-488-9865 (home) or ColoWingEd@aol.com





Linda & Butch Shelley
15605 Archer Terrace
Elbert, CO 80106

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