

Springs Wings



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Harder Happenings

The past couple of months have been full of a variety of riding adventures. Many of you rode to Cedar City, Utah for the Region Rally. In July we were off to Billings, Montana for GWRRA's annual international celebration called Wing Ding. Then just recently we went to the District Rally in Salida. That one was a little closer to home which contributed to a large turnout from Chapter I members.

What we've observed was that it isn't necessarily the destination but the adventure along the way that intrigues many of you. While on the trip to Cedar City there were quite a few riders who took their time and admired the scenery to and from. We know of one couple who continued on and toured around California before returning home. The way to Billings took many through majestic Yellowstone Park and out through Bear Tooth Pass. As far as riding to Salida, sure there is a somewhat straight

shot there but there's also many round about ways to and from that have great scenery.

For many of us the sights, smells and the elements (rain & thunderstorms) are what we ride to experience. We could simply get in a vehicle and make the same trip but it's about the experience. Whether you take that straight shot or find a more round about way on your rides, make sure to enjoy all that our beautiful roads have to offer. Every time we stop to take a break, we find people are curious about our bikes, trips, clothing and so much more. Many times in their faces you can see them daydreaming about a previous time in their lives when they did ride. Or you see them staring off fantasizing about being able to ride someday.

We ride. We experience. We enjoy each other and the friendships that we've cultivated. Whether you are tak-

ing a day trip or taking a vacation on your bike, enjoy the experience and the adventure. If you have an idea for a chapter ride please don't be shy. Call us or email us with your idea. We welcome all ideas especially if there's a great restaurant or ice cream parlor close by.

Friends for Fun, Safety & Knowledge,

Tom & Monica Harder
Chapter I Directors



Dave's Pics from Wing Ding

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Many of you are probably familiar with the stick figure guy with the huge grin proclaiming *LIFE IS GOOD!* He's found on tee-shirts, ball caps, stickers and all sorts of outdoor gear. I have always liked that simple statement because it seemed to sum up my belief that life is indeed very good. And this past weekend reinforced that conviction. Chris and I joined up in Steamboat Springs with 6 other couples and we had a great time from start to finish.



On Friday morning, we met up with Tom and Monica on their beautiful yellow bikes for the journey to Steamboat. We took the route from Woodland Park up to 285 and it was stunning. I've not been on the road for about a year and it was a pleasant change to see it so very lush and green. We planned to stop for lunch in Frisco at a little hamburger shop that the Harders had been to before. As we were walking up to the restaurant with anticipation of a big juicy burger on our minds, a young man with an amazing head of dread-locks was outside, wiping down tables. Were we in the right



place? Could this young man be our burger chef? Turns out the restaurant recently changed hands and it is now a Himalayan cuisine hot spot and our burger dreams were dashed. I supposed we could have considered a Yak burger or possibly llama with rice

balls, but decided not to and instead headed down the street to a more recognized menu.

Amazingly our ride to Steamboat was pretty much rain free. The clouds overhead were very dark, very low and very threatening. However, just when it looked like we were about to be pummeled with rain and/or hail, the road veered west and the clouds blew east. While we did have a few rain-drops find us, it was nothing compared to what Darrel and Laurie and Dave and Kathy experienced on their ride. They were hard hit a couple of times where the sky opened up and poured down in buckets. Luckily those storms were over quickly so it wasn't for their entire trip. Cliff and Mira dodged the storms pretty effectively on their ride, while Dick and Didi were warm and dry in their RV. Ray and Bea had already been at the campground for a day or two before we invaded the place and might not have even noticed the dark, foreboding clouds.

Once we were all settled in at the Steamboat Campground, dinner was started and drinks were mixed. And not just any old drinks mind you, but Pina Coladas! – complete with umbrellas and a maraschino cherry. Now that's roughing it. We can tell what Kathy's priorities are – she remembers the drinks blender but forgets the controls to the electric blanket. Dinner was delicious, the evening was cool and dry, and the conversations were fun and lively. Life is good.

Saturday we all came together for breakfast. After a delicious meal of French toast, eggs and sausage, and heaps of fresh fruit, plans were made for the day. Kathy, Laurie and I would take the shuttle into town for some much *needed* shopping; Ray and Bea would laze the afternoon away with their three dogs; Tom and Monica were in charge of holding down the fort and people-watching at the campground. That left Cliff and Mira, Dick and Didi, Chris, Dave, and Darrel to get some ride time in. On their way over to Walden through the back road, Mira got a bee in her jacket which stung her TWICE! Brave soul that she is, she didn't mention it until they stopped. I'd have made quit a scene that's for sure. Well, the point of this ride was not just the beautiful winding road, but it was also a pie ride. And doesn't Darrel just have the pie run down to a science? While the others were all carefully



Steamboat Springs Pro-Rodeo cont.

parking their bikes and putting gear away, he's dashing into the restaurant asking if they have any blackberry pie. As it turns out, there's only one slice left and it's all his, which left Chris and Cliff whining. Better luck next time guys! They did concede that the peach cobbler was excellent too. About the time Kathy, Laurie and I got back from shopping, the other group got back from Walden and the afternoon was spent lazily in the shade. Life is so good.

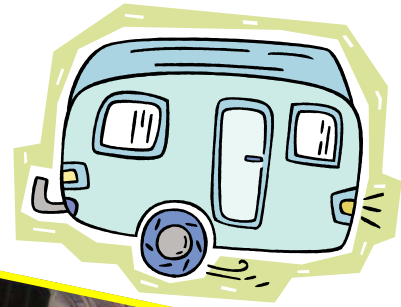
Around 3:00 Chris and I took off on the shuttle to pick up the presale rodeo tickets. We figured it would be a quick hop over to the Sheraton where I had reserved our 14 tickets. The Sheraton couldn't have been any further from our campground and the shuttle stopped at every stop imaginable. YIKES! Then the Sheraton wouldn't take credit cards and we didn't have enough cash or a check book with us. It was a bit of a skirmish to work it all out but I finally made it back to the campground at 4:50 with tickets in hand and we all hopped on the 5:05 shuttle into town to start the rodeo festivities. I thought I had seen a sign saying that the Bar-B-Q started at 5:30. In we walk at 5:30 only to learn that the dinner actually starts at 6:00. All I can say is: don't ever elect me to be a tour guide! We moved a couple of picnic tables together under a shady tree and listened to the Yampa Valley Boys sing about cowboys and old times while we waited for the bar-b-q to open. I have to say that my dinner was delicious and I'm sure my very potent margarita helped with that opinion. But from what I observed in my blurry perspective, everyone seemed to be enjoying the meal too. Well, every one except Dave who wasn't feeling well at all at that time and looked a bit green around the gills. Perhaps that was just my eyes crossing! I digress. After the meal, we headed up into the stands to get ready for the pro rodeo. It had been years since Chris and I attended a rodeo and it sure was fun to be back in the excitement. There was calf roping, bucking broncos, cattle wrestling, the whole works. But to me, the most moving time was at the very beginning when the announcer encouraged us to recognize and give fully our respects to the men and women who have served our country over the years. This an-

nouncer was so appreciative and grateful and he imparted his emotions into the crowd like I haven't experienced in a good long time. The singing of the National Anthem was done with such spirit and emotion that evening – it truly was powerful. It made the hairs on my neck prickle. It was a perfect way to kick off the events of the evening. Two other events occurred that evening which I won't soon forget – first was the full moon rising over Mt. Werner. The sky was perfectly clear and that big old moon was like a beautiful spot light rising in the sky. The second occurrence was watching the 4-year-old girl compete in the barrel race. She and her horse worked like a team and you should have heard the shouts when she took 2nd place in the pee-wee competition. That evening, life just got even better.

When the rodeo was over we walked the two blocks and patiently awaited our chariot (read: shuttle) to whisk us back to the campgrounds. It was a fun time and you can bet that we'll do it again. The next morning Cliff and Mira, Tom and Monica, and Chris and I got an early start and headed home. Naturally, we had to stop at Winona's for their famous breakfast and if you've never had their granola, you don't know what you're missing. Our ride home was perfect. No rain, good company, and ideal roads to ride – it just doesn't get any better than that. So thanks to those who joined us this weekend; thanks for the food to share; thanks for the patience waiting for the tickets; thanks for the camaraderie. Life is so very good and it's almost always the little things



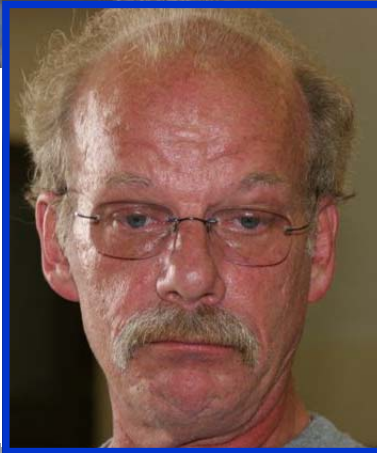
Steamboat Pictures



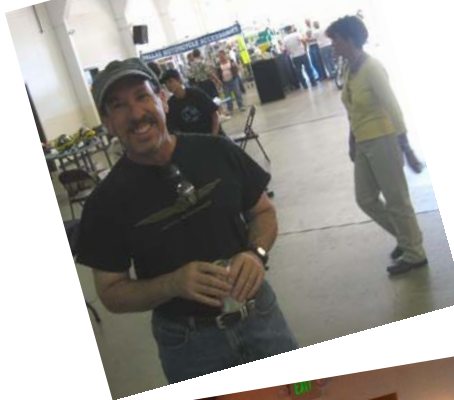
Rally at Salida

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Coffee and a smile



If you see this man staring aimlessly into space, please contact Casey Ward



Gold Wing Restaurant Reviewers Association at work



This is how TOO much coffee will affect you—so please don't drink and swim with Ralph.

My First Time

It was my first time ever
 And I'll never forget
 I'd do it again
 Without a single regret.
 The sky was dark
 The moon was high
 We were all alone
 Just she and I.
 Her hair was soft
 Her eyes were blue
 I knew just what
 She wanted to do.
 Her skin so soft
 Her legs so fine
 I ran my fingers
 Down her spine.
 I didn't know how
 But I tried my best
 I started by placing
 My hands on her breast.
 I remember my fear
 My fast beating heart
 But slowly she spread
 Her legs apart.
 And when I did it
 I felt no shame
 All at once
 The white stuff came.
 At last it's finished
 It's all over now
 My first time ever
 At milking a cow...



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information:

WHEN

First Saturday of the month, 8:30
coffee, 9:00 meeting

WHERE

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Elbert, CO 80106

Mailing Label Goes Here