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## First Ride with the Club

Posted by shu - 2008/05/29 21:12

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I had an interesting experience on my first ride with the club. Amazingly enough, I actually sat down and wrote about it for "In the Wind" when I got home. Naturally after writing it I missed the deadline for getting it in so I'll just post it here instead:

I didn't really think too much about it when I heard the little "pop" sound come from my rear tire. Must have pinched a rock and sent it flying, I guess. Two corners later- on some little paved road out of Cripple Creek that no one in the group seemed real sure about- I was thinking pretty hard about it. Pop?

So, this was my welcome to the club! Having now been a member for at least 6 days, I am your faithful reporter. (I'll try to use people's names but I admit up front that I don't really know anybody, so I'm not responsible for any errors.)

Saturday morning, after breakfast in Morrison, Terry led us down through Deckers on CO 67, over to Woodland Park, then left at Divide off US 24 bound for Cripple Creek. Fabulous, cool spring weather and clean, dry roads- very good conditions considering it just snowed about a foot through there last Tuesday. Ten or eleven of us were moving at a brisk pace up the road with some fun passing here and there, then sedately through Cripple Creek waving at Harleys and the local police force, and then on to this little road. Don't ask me what it was; my map has a picture of Dick Lamm on the front.

I was riding my F800ST, the most modern and up to date vehicle I've ever owned. It was fast and nimble and fun and everything was going just great and then... "Pop". My new gadget, the Tire Pressure Monitor (TPM) suddenly took over my On Board Computer (OBC) and the numbers on the screen started dropping. 40...36...32...28... oh crap...24 ...there's a pullout...18...stop. (Terry later suggested that I write this up for the newsletter and that I should be sure to include the excitement and terror of the locked wheel, the tankslapper at 60 mph and the valiant struggle to control my machine. So...)

Immediately the club members jumped into action. Greg, an Aussie or Kiwi, I can never tell, but I'm pretty sure he was speaking English, handed me a Leatherman and I proceeded to dig a chunk of 5/16" drill bit out of my back tire. That's a pretty big hole. Ok, get out the plug kit and go to work. (Cell phone? Ha! Tell me one time your cell worked for you when you really needed it.) I heard someone say "Oh good, I've never done this before. Now I can learn something." Glad to be of service- of course I've only done it once myself so it was the blind leading the blind. Nobody else seemed to want to jump in and expertly repair my tire so I went to work. I reamed the hole, and slathered it with glue, surreptitiously glancing at the cribbed instructions I had stuck in with my kit. Looking like I knew what I was doing, I jammed not one, not two, but three of those brown, gummy strings into the hole. Big hole.

Karst, from Holland, in the meantime had pulled his bike up next to mine and rigged up his Slime pump. He stretched the cord out, we stuck the thingy on the valve stem and let it pump. Not too much later, I had 42 psi in my tire and it seemed to be holding.

Now this is where the club members really showed their mettle. Someone said, "We should put some water on it to see if it's holding." At least three voices said, "I know....we can pee on it." This led to much laughter and carrying on, which I will leave to your imagination. Greg, though, had some water. No bubbles, so off we rode.

I am somewhat of a Luddite but I have to say, the TPM is a great idea. I rode a little uneasily for several miles, wondering if those sticky strings would hold. I flipped on the TPM and it showed 40 psi, steadily mile after mile. I relaxed again, and rode normally, watching the "40" and finally feeling comfortable that if it started to leak I would have ample warning.

We turned onto CO 9 and rode up and up, over the pass and dropped into South Park at Hartsel. Here the group split up- half staying in Hartsel for some fine hamburgers and the other half heading off for Bailey's famous Hot Dog Stand. A fine time was had by all.

.....shu

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## Re:First Ride with the Club

Posted by BobOdenweller - 2008/05/30 08:06

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Glad you made it home OK. I wasn't there, but I did ride some of those same roads the previous day on my way to go camping. I have a tire plug kit and a Slime pump so I was glad to hear of your success. I've never had to use my kit. Knock on wood.

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## Re:First Ride with the Club

Posted by bglassman - 2008/06/04 18:46

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Yep.. That was a great blow by blow story. And yes, I did learn something that day !!!

Glad it worked out ok.. I sure hope you changed that tire. I do know another club brother that hasn't and we have discussed it more then once.... :unsure: I don't want to do my own taxes.

See ya next time.

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