

# BOXER SHORTS

APRIL 2014



BMW R100RS 1978





Photo Below: *Dana Lewis and Kurt Schmucke at breakfast.*



## Prez Sez

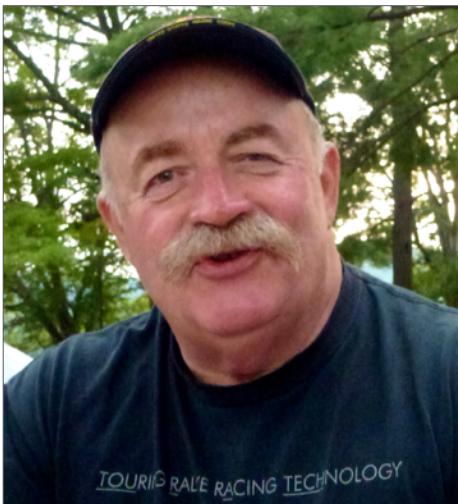
by Bob Blethen

Finally getting back up to speed after a long winter. Gold cards were sold at the last meeting, where we had a decent turnout for breakfast, at around 50 people with only 4 bikes in the parking lot. The temp was in the 30's. I for one am tired of this long winter. Hopefully we will have warmer weather going forward. At the recent board meeting the treasurers report has found the club to be fiscally solvent. Thank you, Jim Sanders, for an excellent job as treasurer. The treasurer's job is the most difficult job in YB land.

The next breakfast meeting is the 13th of April. Bring your MOA mileage contest start forms to the breakfast meeting as the 12th of April is the start of the MOA mileage contest.

Next on the agenda for April 19th is the Gould's Sugar House ride, led by our very own Dana Lewis, "Savant of the back road ride", meeting place as always is the Shell Gas Station at the intersection of Rte. 2 and 202. See you there at 9:30 am and we leave at 10:00 am for Gould's. Frosty Nutz Campout is up next at the Wilgus State Park in Vt. April 25th thru the 27th. There may be a surprise lunch on Saturday at a secret location to be announced. Ken Springhetti and I are co-chairs for Pemi, we are nailing down the details, camping in the same field, the toy box and a pig roast with a dining tent. These are things in the works, as always we will require pre-registration so we can get a head count for the pig.

I would like to see a show of hands on the Holiday Party for next year. Do we keep the Verve as the venue or do we go somewhere else? We could tone it down a bit. I am a member of the New England Riders, and their holiday event was held at a Chinese buffet with about 110 in attendance. There was a hotel nearby, so just a thought. We could rent a VFW hall and have it catered. These are just some thoughts, I am looking for a consensus.



consensus.

Speaking of future events, our breakfast committee chair of one, former President Marc Waegemann, has a couple of irons in the fire for roving breakfasts. We will be returning to the Fairview Inn on July 20th, always a popular destination. The other roving breakfast for June and August are to be announced. Although the dates are known the destinations are not. The June roving breakfast will be the week following Pemi, June 22nd and the August breakfast is the 24th. Stay tuned for more information.

Thanks for following along. Bob

## **Treasurer's Report**

*by Victor Cruz*

We are in a good financial position going into the new riding season. We have about 10% more in our bank account than we had at this time last year.

I have paid the security deposits to reserve our space for the Frosty Nuts Rally at the Wilgus State Park, The Damn Yankees Rally at the Heath Fairgrounds, The Whackey Hat Rally at the Jamaica State Park, The Foodies in the Foot Hills Rally at Snow Farm, and two of the summer roving breakfasts. The total in reservation deposits paid so far is

\$4684.00.

Upcoming expenses will be the food and supplies for the rallies; reservations for Pemi, Lyme Rock and the third Roving breakfast and monthly web, publishing and banking fees.



Our membership stands at 397, however at this time we are only about 68% renewed. Members continue to send in their membership renewals via PayPal, the mail, and a few members have caught up with me at the club breakfasts. I am pleased to announce that we have had 11

math real quick, 129 of you still need to send in your membership renewals at your earliest convenience.

We have 379 Regular members, 43 have joint members and 18 are associate members.

It has been commented on more than once that associate members can't vote but the club by-laws state that even if your current motorcycle is not a BMW; if you have owned a BMW previously then you can still be a regular member... let me know if you want to change your memberships status before the excitement of fall election season.

PayPal has proven to be very popular for renewing memberships and for registering for our rallies and Holiday party.

Last year we had 343 PayPal Transactions.

We will continue to offer PayPal as an option for payments and may get a PayPal credit card reader as well if it is seen as a positive option. These require good wireless connections so may not always be a workable option at some of our more remote rally locations.

## ***Editorial***

*by John Shields*

Why do we ride? Why do we spend so much time cleaning 'em (well, some of us) and wrenching and gassing up and changing tires not to mention wearing funny protective clothing and a plastic head shell? Well, perhaps it was genetics, or upbringing or an epiphany that led us to motorcycles, but what keeps us riding year after year? That's a good question when asked by a non riding person and after all the usual answers are given like it's "fun" to ride or "a feeling of freedom" there remains a blank look on their face, like they don't get it. The best answer is both simple and profound — *riding makes us feel alive.*



The act of riding removes us from the natural ruts we make daily to get by and forces us to focus our perceptions forward to the path ahead, for truly isn't the same old path a new path on the bike?

“In a car you're always in a compartment, and because you're used to it you don't realize that through that car window everything you see is just more TV. You're a passive observer and it is all moving by you boringly in a frame.

On a cycle the frame is gone. You're completely in contact with it all. You're *in* the scene, not just watching it anymore, and the sense of presence is overwhelming.”

— Robert M. Pirsig, *Zen And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry Into Values*

## **FROSTY NUTZ!**

**April 25-27, Wilgus State Park, Windsor, VT**

So...time to wipe the winter sleep from your eyes and wake up and smell the crocus...just kick the snow aside. As I'm writing this my yard is still half covered with snow, its 15 degrees and for tomorrow they are predicting a blizzard for the Cape and maybe a few more inches here in southeast Mass. While double checking the date on the spiffy new YB calendar, the pictures remind of the great times we have at this rally and I believe this is our fifth year at Wilgus, we have had an unbelievable run of good weather albeit cold at times. Its best to be prepared for cold and wet but Ken and I are working on the forecast. With less than a month to go I have to assume it get warmer, the snow will melt and a good time will be had by all. This rally usually brings the first sightings of the seldom seen Lonesome Weirdo's.

Most of us know the drill but this is a great outing with great riding and camaraderie in central New England. Wilgus is a nice setting directly on the Connecticut river where you can see New Hampshire from your tent or lean-to. What a fantastic way to kick off the camping and riding season. Come prepared to have a great time. Firewood is available at a reasonable cost from the park ranger and delivered to your site. The Saturday night group fire is always a hit and as the crowd dwindles late

in the evening the stories get taller. Bring what you need for how you camp. Bring your own food and a little to share. Cook on your own fire or heating device of choice or join up with one of the several group feed fest. We have seen bacon and eggs cooked over the fire on foil to complete game dinners. One very esteemed YB usually shows up with a large cooking pot and throws together a pot of chili for the mid-day and late afternoon crowd returning from the Saturday rides. There are several stores in the area for anything you may forget or run out of. Coffee is provided and going all day long.



I'll also share a little secret I learned last year. My bike spit and sputtered the last few miles to the campground and was then down for the count. I was not happy as I could not ride but I did get to see the laid back side of this rally by just hanging around the campground, getting in a mid-day nap and chatting it up with others who know and enjoy this daytime quiet time not seen by most of us.

\$25 for the weekend and a Gold card event. No gold card? If you are committed now you may pay through the website via PayPal or send our Treasurer a check. If you need to make a last minute decision, we will take your cash at the event. \$25 is a great value and we have an entire Vermont State Park to ourselves for the weekend.

The park has many campsites and lean-tos available on a first claimed basis. There are 4 Cabins available via a lottery system for an additional \$100 for the weekend. Cabins have electricity but no heat, sleep four comfortably, more depending how friendly you want to get. Each cabin will be assigned to one person for payment but split the cost with your buddies as you like. Email me your interest in the cabin lottery, [bcusack@comcast.net](mailto:bcusack@comcast.net).

We are looking forward to another great year, see you there!

Your camp counselors: *Ken Springheti & Bill Cusack.*

# **Motorcycle Marshalling**

*by Kate Murphy*

A couple of years ago, I drove out to Albany, NY and took a class on Motorcycle Marshalling. Since there was a class at MAX BMW recently, I thought a quick writeup about motorcycle marshalling would help drum up a little interest. You don't need to take a class or be certified in order to help out with a triathlon, an amateur bicycle race or a charity bicycle ride.

The class I took was offered by the New York State Bicycle Riders Association (in conjunction with USA Cycling -- <http://www.usacycling.org/>).

It was an all-day affair, and I am boiling it way down here.

Basically, being a Motorcycle Marshal is all about facilitating the bicycle race, NOT officiating it. Race officials are a different animal, and you have to know quite a lot about bicycle racing in order to do it. The rule book for bicycle races is approximately 3 inches thick and you need to know all of that in order to officiate.

Marshals run interference at the head of the line, in front of the race, keeping cars off a closed course, warning about things like trains, slippery grates, anything that presents a clear and present hazard to the riders. They take up space in the middle when gaps form in between groups of riders so that other road users do not interfere. They fall back and protect riders who've fallen behind, from traffic. They carry media, taking photos or video. They carry VIPs who've donated a bunch of money to sponsor the race and OOOOH CAN I HAVE A MOTORCYCLE RIDE? Mostly they're given a job and directed to stay out of the officials' and most importantly the riders' way.

Some vocabulary: "Riders" are the race participants, and they're on bicycles. "Motors" are the motorcycles. "Comm" (Commissaire in Europe, Official or Referee in US) is in a car, and is an official, and is not the driver. A "Motor" with a number after it, is an official on a motorcycle. "Comm 1" is the head official, and "Motor 1" is that official's "long arm," who zips around (way easier than a car can) for, and is in near constant radio contact with, "Comm 1." The bigger the race the more Comms and corresponding Motors there are. As a Marshal you do NOT get in the way of any of these guys.

There will be some solid radio geekery. Suffice to say, I'm pretty sure that if I showed up with my Chatterbox FRS-X2 and set it to whatever frequency they told me, I'd be OK to communicate (well, OK, listen in, since the marshals generally do NOT take up airspace talking about anything that isn't major amounts of blood or fire).

Main priorities: Stay safe. DO NOT influence the race. When you're riding near bicycles, you should be going at least slightly faster than they are, so that nobody gets "caught" behind you. If there is a bicycle on your ass you've done something wrong. Bicycles go way faster than you think they will (and perhaps even faster than you're comfortable going) on downhills. Stay the hell out of their way.

The "team cars" present the biggest danger to the Motors, as I took it. Team cars are affiliated with a rider or group of riders, and when that rider raises his hand, meaning he needs something, his team car will zip up to the front of the pack to get near his rider, and mow down any Motors that are in his way. Driven by lots of money, the desire to win, and the assurance that they and their rider(s) are the absolute most important thing about this particular race, they drive like assholes.

Watch some Tour de France coverage and you'll see vehicles in this general order:  
Marshals, clearing the road  
Comm 2 and Motor 2,  
officials

Still Photog Motors  
Video Motor (occasionally with a helicopter overhead receiving the feed from the pole on the back of the bike) -- this is the only motorcycle allowed to stay

right at the front of the pack of riders, and no marshal is allowed to get between their camera and the bicycles!

Bicycles (Riders)

Comm 1 and Motor 1, main officials

More Marshals, occasionally interspersed with more bicycles

Team Cars (hundreds of them)

Comm 3 and Motor 3

Sweep/"Sag Wagon"



More Marshals, maybe with some bicycles

I carried media (still photographers) as a Marshal for the Monster (Boston) Triathlon several years ago, which was a good time, since we'd zip out on the course ahead of the race, park, he'd SNAP SNAP SNAP as all the bikes went by, then we'd ZOOM OUT again past all the riders, park, repeat. Good fun!

If you've got questions about any of the above I'd be happy to answer or elaborate as I can.

If you couldn't make the class held at MAX BMW's Brookfield CT location at the end of March, this run-down should give you enough information to go volunteer and see if you like it! I find the entire crew to be helpful, enthusiastic and generally a ton of fun. It's a great hard day on two wheels.

## **Five and Dime**

*by Angus Crowe*

*A look back at five and ten years ago in the club....*

### **May 2004:**

In the Boxer Shorts, edited by Victor Cruz, President Kit Wise reported on a member survey. Unfortunately only 20% responded, so the results did not reflect even a simple majority of the membership.

Victor reported on the 2003 MOA mileage 'contest.' The Yankee Beemers came in first among 285 chartered clubs for total mileage. Angus was the profiled member that month and bored us with stories of his motorcycling past (40 years) that evidently he and Victor thought were entertaining.

Second Wind BMW hosted a YB Day on the 8<sup>th</sup> with food and refreshments; a fine outing.

At the meeting at Stone's Public House, we had 88 paid breakfasts (\$10) and 83 bikes in the parking lot.

It was a busy month; The DownEast rally, and Ride the Peaks for Diane fundraiser were held the same weekend, and on that Sunday Bob and Kathy Hadden hosted a breakfast at their new home in western Massachusetts and local ride of the backroads. The following weekend was the 9<sup>th</sup> annual Black Fly Rally. That same weekend was the Charter Oaks Rally in Connecticut. No wonder that YBers racked up so many

Andrew Card, Thomas Card, Steve Dudka, Larry Marquis, Tom Halchuk, Luis Nunes and Paula Freitas, Thomas Gill, Rick Witek, Thaddeus and Janet Yukna, Peter Withers, and Mark Isenberg. In reporting the May meeting minutes (in the June Shorts) Bruce reported new members to be Tom Perkins, Sean Latham and Dan Main. A bit of a mix up perhaps, but warm welcome to all.

### **May 2009:**

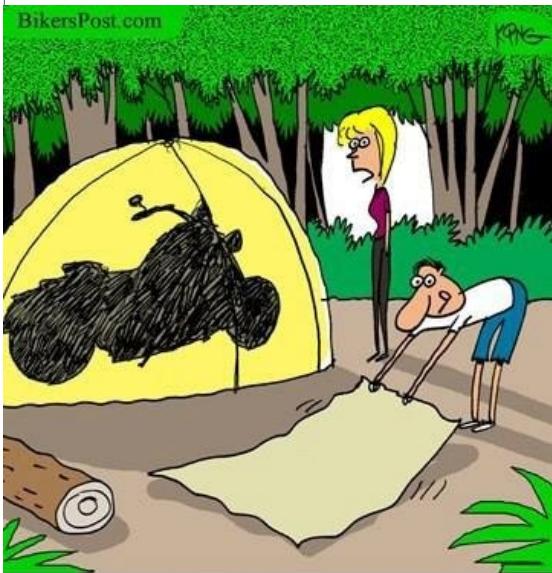
Boxer Shorts editor Victor Cruz put John Murray on the cover in respect for an article, written by John, he used in the Shorts.

Victor also wrote of an amusing encounter with “Bob” a Harley dealer; our current editor should run it again, as part of a monthly “Best Of” from the archives of the Shorts.

Prez Roy presented a very enthusiastic “Sez” report of past events and upcoming ones too. Twisted Throttle will have an open house on the 23<sup>rd</sup>.

Rob Nye presented his case for a camping-out rolling rally to the MOA rally in July, The Big Johnson, in Tennessee. Mallory Slate also presented an alternative, The High Thread Count Tour. Participants will have their dinners prepared and served in fine restaurants before laying the heads on soft pillows and mattresses, and of course high thread count sheets.

New members included Paul Schwalm, Walter Gammell, Larry Fisher, and Garrett Fardelmann.



*“I realize you like to baby your motorcycle,  
but shouldn’t WE be sleeping in the tent?”*

## **Gould's Sugar House Spring Ride To Eat 2014**

Y.B. Nation's First Official ride is the 2014 Spring, Gould's Sugar House "Ride To Eat"

SATURDAY, April 19. We meet up at the SUNOCO gas station Rt 2 (EXIT 16) at the Rt 202 junction in Orange, MA.

Arrive by 9:30am. We depart promptly at 10:00 am for a Guided tour through the foothills of the Berkshires.

We we usually break up into 2 groups "Spirited" or "Scenic back roads"

E.T.A to Gould's Sugar House between 11:00 to 11:30 am for THE BEST Waffles and Pancakes on the planet. (I.M.H.O.)

Hot Coffee, Corn Fritters and Home Made Pickles.

We ride Rain or Snow. Dress accordingly.

BE there!

DanaL

SaVaNt off the pavement

Don't like group rides?

Drive directly and meet us there on a bike or in a cage. Gould's Sugar House Rt. 2, Shelburne Falls MA.

So who's in?

## **Oil Change, Bike Change**

*by Victor Cruz*

Thursday March 20 and forecast called for 50 degrees. Time to ride up to MAX in N. Hampton. It had been months since I last rode. I needed more than just an oil change. I called and was told I could get the change done. Great, I'll be there at 12:30.

Then I asked Service about a Recall No. 4XY8-yourhosed-9XT6 pertaining to a fuel line flange. The report claimed this issue could spill gas on your thigh. You could be riding with your leg on fire. This could happen at any time. They told me that that Recall bulletin was leaked to the press prematurely. Dealers were not yet prepared to make the fix. However, I was lucky. Why was I lucky? Because another Recall, No.

9ZR5-yourscrewed-G2X8 was due on my 2007 K1200GT. A Recall pertaining to the timing belt chain guide, a plastic part that if it failed, piston and valve would wed, go down the aisle together, honeymoon, then collide and divorce, effectively totaling the bike in one gesture. Okay. Will your guys have time to address that Recall? Yes, we can.

Fifty degrees outside but still it felt like riding in a refrigerator. Cold air wrapped like a rope around my neck. From my home in Manchester, Mass. to MAX took 50 minutes.

Not a single car in the parking lot. An oversized UPS truck was pulling out, so business is booming. There was only one other customer waiting for his K1600 service. He had brought along his bank's loan officer. Inside, there was a parking lot of repaired bikes ready for delivery.

The always smiling John Martin was moved from the back counter to a front desk. Friendly as can be. He makes for an ideal salesman. And Joe Warner, the GM, was very welcoming. A bunch of good guys. I picked a great time for service, before the ceiling caved in with busyness. Two hours, I was told.

Then the sun poked out. They had an F800GS, an F800R and the R1200GSW parked out front waiting for a demo ride. No nineT or the new RTW sitting there. Beggars can't be choosy. I took the GSW and was impressed with its silky gearbox. It shifts like a Japanese bike. I had owned the new configuration when they first came out in 2005. The bike would buck up on hard acceleration on every gear. At 70, the front end would wobble uncontrollably if the sidecases were extended. On my first weekend trip with it, I rode two-up to Americade and when I got back the oil level had disappeared in the spyglass. It took 2 quarts to fill it. The bike hadn't been broken in yet, but I must have broken it, because every time after that, the bike had a voracious appetite for oil. I had to travel with a quart of the black stuff every time I took it out. It ran out of oil the way a bike normally runs out of gas. I asked Gary Van Vorhis, a master BMW mechanic about it. He said, "Yeah, they do that sometimes. That's why they're called oilheads." What did I know?

What a nice ride along the sea coast. I rode the GSW by a bunch of black suited bobbing surfers looking for their own kind of ride. Past billion dollar houses. The sun glittered off the water casting a blinding light and the great, sweeping views were over as quickly as they began.

The GSW is a kick in the pants and of course it made me want to trade in my big K1200GT for the nimble handling of the GS. Then we have

the new café racer nineT. What a great looker. Much prettier in the flesh than in pictures. MAX has sold every one of its lot of seven. Sight unseen. When the promo pictures were released, deposits for pre-orders came rushing in. Korie Lawrence in sales told me, “They can’t make them fast enough. These will be collector’s items someday.” I believe her. Like the GS, it made me want to trade in my K1200GT. Not that I’m unhappy with the K bike. I love my K bike. The nineT is a perfect second bike. You can ride it locally. You can’t take it camping, or ride it to Maine for a weekend. Well, of course you could, but when you’re old and decrepit, you want creature comforts like a wide windscreens and glovebox to hold your back-up pair of teeth.

Then we have the 2014 R1200RTW. The “W” must stand for Wow. By far, the most streamlined RT ever. No longer does the RT look like your father’s Oldsmobile. It’s unrecognizable from its predecessor. It made me want to trade in my perfectly fine K1200GT for it.

I took these thoughts with me next door to Locals, a large place with a pool table. I sat down at the bar and ordered a bowl of chili and a Coke.

When I got back, Walter Roettinger in service let me know that the headlight trouble I was having was due to an overheated socket wire. The replacement kit would cost \$250. Because it was so inaccessible to reach and replace, I’d be looking at 2 hours of labor. “Your bike won’t pass inspection without a headlight,” said Walter.

It was approaching 3:30 pm by then. Clouds had darkened the sky. Wind was picking up. I had to bolt. A great tune-up for the psyche.



## **On the Forum**

*by Gary Nelson*

Well it's been over a year since the Yankee Beemers launched our new forum- have you made a visit?

With the distraction of many "social media sites" it seems the Forum is sometimes "lost in the background" of say the YB Facebook page, but it's good to remember- it's really two different things. For the "meat and potatoes" of club-related posting and information, it's the Website/ Forum.

Not "computer savvy"? no worries, we will help you through it. We are running V-Bulletin which is, in my opinion, the premier forum package software and if your not sure on how to do something on the forum- just ask.

On the forum there are many sections that are constantly worked on to keep the membership up to date on all the events. There is an internal calendar in the forum that you can take a peek at or, if you want, a thread in the events section where you can have your event added. There is our usual General Discussion section, Events, Ride Reports, Wrenching, Other Toys, an open Classified section and the Help Desk.

The front/home page for the Yankee Beemers can be reached at- [www.yankeebeemers.org](http://www.yankeebeemers.org) and from there you can maneuver through the buttons to get to the forum ( [www.yankeebeemers.org/forum](http://www.yankeebeemers.org/forum) ). If you haven't registered and would like help, let me know.

Enjoy!

Gary

## **No Real Plan**

*by Eric Mohan*

Left home with no real plan except a couple of destinations in mind and a two week time frame to accomplish it in. Actually, the real plan was to ship the bike to the west coast, ride up to the BMW rally in Oregon, then cross the country home, but an unexpected home improvement project nixed that plan. So plan B was no real plan with a couple of destinations in mind, a smaller budget and we'll see what happens in between...

heading towards Niagara Falls, then east towards the Maritimes, with about a week to ten days to do so. Leaving in 90 plus degree weather, and taking into consideration the long range forecast for the area we were going to and riding two up, made for challenging packing issues. So with every compression stuff sack I own, Nancy and I managed to pack and repack everything we could not do without, not

only the cooling vests but the liners for the jackets and the minimum amount of ballast a woman needs to bring along to keep her feeling like a woman and not a Neanderthal.

No need to pack the cooling vests as we headed out. They were needed right away. We slabbed it all the way across Massachusetts and New York towards the Buffalo area. We were making decent time and were reasonably comfortable, stopping about every 100-125 miles for a break to stretch the legs, use the bathroom and add fuel to the bike and ourselves. Also, to rehydrate the cooling vests, every rest stop had a soda fountain with ice and water so I would fill up zip lock bags with both and place the cooling vest in so they would be nice and cold when we departed. The best part was how people look at us at the rest stops, hunkered down in their air conditioned cars, they looked at you with disbelief and that you are certifiably crazy for being out in this heat.

Riding along, we happened to see two large traffic jams on the opposite side of the thruway. One was a van overturned and did not look good. It had the thruway closed with traffic backed up for miles. People were out of their cars, engines shut off, playing catch with a football, talking with complete strangers and, I think, trying to make the best out of a situation that had impacted others greatly. The other was along the north side of the Finger Lakes and I think that maybe the thruway was shut down as well, causing people to get off the thruway. I was not really sure why, but I was greatful that we were not stuck in traffic and we kept moving west.

Buddha said that Karma is a real bitch. Ok, I do not believe that Buddha said those words exactly, but you know what I mean and it would soon feel like it. It became clear as the miles ticked by, that we could make it to Canada that evening if we could find reasonable accommodations on the other side. We would have a full day to explore the Canadian side of Niagara Falls as well as a day off the bike. So at the last rest stop, before we would take that giant leap into the great white north, Nancy put her smart phone into action and accomplished the feat in record time all while eating an ice cream. With reservations made, there was now a purpose to end this day's ride, to make it across the border and to the hotel. It was approaching 6 pm or so and as we moved closer to Niagara, I could see the mist from the falls in the distance. I tried to imagine the volume of water needed to create such a wonder and wished somehow that I could have been the first person to have seen one of nature's true beauties. As we moved closer to the border, I caught a glimpse of a sign, one of those digital signs that provide information to people traveling that road and this one gave me pause. I asked Nancy if



she had seen the same thing that I had but she had not. It stated or I thought I saw the following: Border Crossing at Rainbow Bridge 90-120 Minutes. “That can’t be true”, I said to myself as we continued to follow signs towards the border. Remember what I said about karma and those two traffic jams we saw on the opposite side of the thruway and how thankful on such a hot day not to be any part of it? Well that just ended abruptly! I managed to skirt around a small portion of the traffic but we ended up in a line of traffic with no end in sight. I could not keep the bike running as it would overheat, so I shut it off and told Nancy that I think it would be better if she got off the bike at least for right now. “What do mean?”, she asked. I told her it would be harder for me to balance the bike with her on it. I said, “Get off for now and let’s take off our jackets and helmets so that we don’t die in this heat”. It was still hot. “It will be more comfortable for the both of us”, I explained. Luckily the sun was setting and even though it was the middle of summer and the sun would be up for some time, we were not in the direct sun and the temperatures were tolerable. We were stuck with no place to go. I cursed that we had made plans and were trapped because of them.

As we waited in line, it took a second to realize that we were in the middle of the slums- chained up store fronts and empty house lots with grass three feet high and children congregating on the street corner selling lemonade to those stuck in traffic, with no takers I might add. What a sad state to see young children maybe 8 to 10 years old on the streets, some with no shoes, out on the city streets with no parents calling their names to come home for supper. I wonder what their lives would be like growing up. Realizing I do not have a lot to complain about, the traffic moved ahead a car length and I started the bike, moved it forward and then shut it off once again. We made the best of the situation as we found ourselves joking with others in cars. Nancy suggested she walk to the 7/11 and gets us some dinner. “Sure”, I said. “Potato chips and a Gatorade sound fine with me.” Two and a half hours later and one dumb ass cop on the US side who insisted that we put on

our helmets, “REALLY, we’re not moving!”, we arrived at our hotel.

”Falls” is the collective name for three [waterfalls](#) that straddle the border between [Ontario](#) and [New York](#). They form the southern end of the [Niagara Gorge](#).

From largest to smallest, the three waterfalls are the [Horseshoe Falls](#), the [American Falls](#) and the [Bridal Veil Falls](#). The [Horseshoe Falls](#) lie on the Canadian side and the [American Falls](#) on the American side, separated by [Goat Island](#). The smaller [Bridal Veil Falls](#) are also located on the American side, separated from the other waterfalls by [Luna Island](#). Located on the [Niagara River](#), which drains [Lake Erie](#) into [Lake Ontario](#), the combined falls form the [highest flow rate](#) of any [waterfall in the world](#), with a vertical drop of more than 165 feet (50 m). Horseshoe Falls is the most powerful waterfall in North America, as measured by vertical height and also by flow rate.

Niagara Falls were formed when glaciers receded at the end of the [Wisconsin glaciation](#) (the [last ice age](#)), and water from the newly formed [Great Lakes](#) carved a path through the [Niagara Escarpment](#) en route to the Atlantic Ocean. While not exceptionally high, the Niagara Falls are very wide. More than six million cubic feet of water falls over the crest line every minute in high flow and almost four million cubic feet on average.

The Falls are truly a wonder of Mother Nature and a testimonial of just how powerful, yet beautiful she is. I wonder what it must have been like to have come across these falls for the first time all those years ago. We walked along the falls looking at them from different points of view, enjoying the mist in such hot temperatures, staying away from the usual tourist attractions. We did our best to enjoy walking through Victoria Park and the local botanical gardens, however the overwhelming heat limited our activities, taking shelter in a pub, where we could get out of the heat and have a cold drink and spend some time people watching. Niagara Falls seemed an odd place to me, where Mother Nature’s beauty slams head long into humans and commerce. I am not oppose to making a buck, but it seemed out of place to have wax museums, arcades, casinos and a giant T Rex around the corner from the falls. So we made the best of our visit and did a little repacking of the bike in anticipation of taking off the following morning.

The morning weather for that day was the same, hot! Especially for Canada, pushing close to 40 degrees Celsius. The decision to ditch the jackets was made. It simply was too hot. We pushed along

the slab towards Toronto and decided that we would stop into the Hockey Hall of Fame; our beloved Boston Bruins had just lost the Stanley Cup to the Chicago Blackhawks. So with heavy hearts (not really), we thought it would be a nice stop and give us a chance to see a little of Toronto, and a break from the heat. Despite some traffic, we managed to have a nice couple of hours at the hall in which I was able to get a picture with the Lord Stanley's Cup and a nice lunch at a Marche Restaurant. The Marche restaurant started in Europe. They prepare all different types of food right in front of you, quite a different experience that I would highly recommend.

It was time to get off the slab and there was no place better than along the northern shores of Lake Ontario. We moved along route 2 at first and then to 33. Closer to the lake, the temperatures seemed a little more tolerable and the scenery improved. Wineries, farm stands and small towns replaced slabs. With predetermined rest stops, the afternoon rolled along nicely. That evening, we ended up stopping for the night in a small town of Wellington along the lake. It was exactly what was needed after the past couple of days. Twin Birch Cottages was the name of the B&B and the owners were Alex, Carolin and their daughter, Linda. It was a delightful stop. We were able to walk to a restaurant with a good, simple menu and a spectacular view of a small inlet along the lake. That evening was as pleasant an evening as one could wish for. The calm at which the sun set was a joy to witness and I am grateful to have been there, in that spot, at that moment, with Nancy.

It was time to move on in the am, after we were treated to a homemade breakfast that Carolin delivered to our cottage. We talked over where to head next. Having never been to Ottawa, the thought of going to see the Canadian Capital was alluring but the prospect of driving into another city didn't appeal to either of us. Also, the hot weather was predicted to continue through the day with wide spread thunderstorms moving in during the afternoon. We decided to push towards Quebec City, about 500 miles or so from our current location. Having spent some time there before, we would bypass the cities of Montreal and Quebec and head toward the Gaspe Peninsula where neither of us had been. The morning was as pleasant as the afternoon of the previous day as we opted to stay on back roads along Lake Ontario. The afternoon sifted back to the slabs and through Montreal where we would run into heavy traffic, slowing our progress to a crawl and zapping our strength. The temperatures again were close to 100 degrees. I could tell that Nancy was struggling, so was the bike. She seemed as unhappy with the traffic as Nancy. So with the two of them about to overheat, I did something I do not like to do and drove in the breakdown

lane to move some air to cool all of us down. After struggling past Montreal, the afternoon dragged along. I was tired and I could tell Nancy was as well. Driving down the slabs towards Quebec City, Nancy said over the intercom that there was a hotel off the next exit and it sounded like it was not a suggestion. It turned out to be a perfect time to stop. The thunderstorm that was predicted was about to hit us and as we walked across from the hotel to the restaurant for dinner, the black sky opened up with all she had.

The next morning you could feel the difference in air. The heavy feeling that comes along with the heat was gone. I enjoyed my coffee with the hope that we had turned a corner, but after the last four days, Nancy and I were shell shocked from the heat and we went without the jackets to start the ride. Almost immediately, I realized that I was cold, but I had the faring and windshield to provide a little protection. I couldn't believe that Nancy wasn't telling me to pull over so she could put on her jacket. After 100 or so miles, I needed fuel. So when I stopped, I got an ear full of how cold she was and how mean I was to push on when I knew that she was cold! I just laughed. I've heard this from her before many times. As we rolled passed Quebec City, I felt a little sad that we were going to skip pass the city which was close to my heart. For I had once lived there, trying unsuccessfully at a relationship. Given that the woman who now sits directly behind me has been my companion for over 15 years, I would say things worked out fine. The exciting part was that I was heading off the map somewhere I had never been.

The Gaspe is a [peninsula](#) along the southern shore of the [Saint Lawrence River](#) in Quebec, extending into the [Gulf of Saint Lawrence](#). It is separated from [New Brunswick](#) on its southern side by the [Bay des Chaleurs \(Chaleur Bay\)](#) and the [Restigouche River](#). The landscape opened up as we passed by Montmagny to large farms to our south and the St. Lawrence to the north. Once pass Rimouski, it moved from slabs to a two lane road along the coast. With the farms now behind us, mountains, the sea and a two lane twisting ribbon of asphalt lay ahead of us. Moving between 60 and 70 miles an hour with little traffic, this day's ride was teetering on nirvana. That night, we found a hotel across from the water and picked up a bottle of wine and a pizza and enjoyed dinner as the sun set.

The next day, we woke to grey skies and wind. With no rain at the outset, we would try to push on to the town of Gaspe. Rounding the peninsula, unfortunately, the rain did not hold off long. Coupled with strong wind gusts, the day quickly turned into a long, difficult ride. The rain gear did its job as best as it could. The most difficult part for me was trying to manage the strong gusts of wind that came up unexpectedly

from nowhere. It seemed as though they were trying to send us straight to the land of Oz. The only time I was able to predict these winds was when I could see a cut in the mountains and I knew as soon as we reached those openings, a huge gust of wind was coming our way. I would lean into the wind. Otherwise, the rest of the time I was just reacting after the wind had already hit us. It was exhausting work, coupled with the large number of ongoing construction projects where there would just be gravel roads and one lane reductions where we would have to come to a complete stop. I give Nancy all the credit in the world for making it through these days. They are long and uncomfortable to say the least and she complains very little. We trudged on, stopping for coffee to warm ourselves and trying to make the best out of a difficult ride. With about an hour or two to go before we reached our destination given the days riding conditions, we stopped at the National Park Visitors' Center just as we entered the National Park to take a break. While speaking to one of the rangers there, we found out that we could take another road that cut through the mountains and make it to Gaspe within a half an hour. An hour later, we took it and were taking warm showers and soon would be sitting down to a bowl of piping hot French onion soup, wine and steak...a great treat after a difficult ride!

We spent the day like proper tourists, exploring little shops and boutiques and taking a boat ride out to see Perce Rock and Bonaventure Island, which sit to the east of the rock. Bonaventure Island is populated by one of the most important gannet colonies in the world and many other species of birds such as puffins, cormorants and murres. They use the island as a home and breeding ground. As we circled the area, I am reminded of the Hitchcock classic "The Birds". The numbers are countless.

Two days and 685 miles later, we arrived home safely, the key in my mind to any excursion on the bike. Nancy once again showed her blinding faith to accompany me on these fool hardy trips. While others' vacations are used for rest and relaxation, I am prone to use my valuable time away from work to explore, pushing oneself to see places one has never seen before. If not for the bike, I would never have these experiences. The mist rising from Niagara Falls, 100 degree days, the beauty of a sound along Lake Ontario, the power of a thunderstorm, the road jetting along the St. Lawrence River, Perce Rock and countless other moments are permanently placed in my mind. 2229 miles, two countries, four states, two providences, two border crossings, two languages, and countless people who we befriended. A trip that was born from disappointment, with no real plan, turned into one memorable ride.

# 2014 YB Calendar

Apr 13	<b>Breakfast @ Willowbrook</b> 8:30 AM 16 Hastings St, Mendon, MA
April 19	<b>Gould's Sugar House Ride</b>
April, 25-27	<b>The Frosty Nutz Campout</b> Wilgus State Park in Ascutney Vermont!
May 18	<b>Breakfast @ Willowbrook</b> 8:30 AM 16 Hastings St, Mendon, MA
May 29th - June 1	<b>BMWRA Rally</b> Barber Motorsports Museum Alabama
June 13-15	<b>Pemi River Rally</b> Pemi River Campground, Thornton, NH
Jun 15	<b>Breakfast @ Willowbrook</b> 8:30 AM 16 Hastings St, Mendon, MA
July (TBD)	<b>Breakfast @ Willowbrook</b> 8:30 AM 16 Hastings St, Mendon, MA
July 24-27	<b>BMWMOA Rally</b> Minnesota State Fairgrounds
August 1-3	<b>Damn Yankees Rally</b> Heath Fairgrounds, Heath, MA
August 15-17	<b>Lime Rockz Rally</b> 60 White Hollow Rd. Salisbury, CT
September (TBD)	<b>European Motorcycle Day</b> 15 Newton St., Brookline, MA
September 5-7	<b>Foodies in the Foothills Rally</b> Snow Farm, 5 Clary Rd., Williamsburg, VT
September 12-14	<b>Gathering of the Clams</b> clambake, campout, Rhode Island
September 19-21	<b>Whackey Hat Rally</b> Jamaica State Park, Vermont
October 19(TBD)	<b>Breakfast @ Willowbrook</b> 8:30 AM 16 Hastings St, Mendon, MA
October (TBD)	<b>Gould's Sugar House Ride</b> Gould's Sugar House, MA
November 2	<b>Carl's Ride to the Vanilla Bean</b> Pomfret, CT

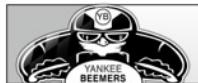
# The Yankee Beemers Motorcycle Club

BMWMOA #153

BMWRA #71

AMA#6905

BMW Motorcycle Club  
Yankee Beemers



## Ride To Eat - Eat To Ride YB Normal?

### Membership Form

The Yankee Beemers have been a driving force in the New England BMW motorcycle scene since 1984. We are an enthusiastic group of BMW motorcycle owners, riders and restorers comprising of members from New England to California. Our goal is to promote camaraderie among our members through year-round monthly breakfast meetings as well as through our monthly newsletter, ***The Boxer Shorts***, and with many seasonal campouts and rides. Non-BMW riders are also welcome!.

Name:	Phone:
Address:	Cell:
	Email:
City:	Bikes owned:
State:	Zip:
	MOA#:
	RA #:
	AMA#:
Application type:	New <input type="checkbox"/> Renewal <input type="checkbox"/>
YB #:	
Member type:	Regular (\$30) <input type="checkbox"/> Non-BMW Owner (\$30) <input type="checkbox"/> Associate (+\$5) <input type="checkbox"/>
Additional Regular Member:	
Associate name: (Associate has no voting rights)	
<b>Fee Schedule:</b> A single BMW owner in a household - Regular membership - cost \$30 Two BMW owners in a household - Both are Regular members - cost \$35 One non-BMW owner in a household - Associate membership - cost \$30 Two non- BMW owners in a household - Both are Associate members- cost \$35 Membership Expires 12/31, You may also renew online using PayPal at <a href="http://www.yankeebeemers.org">www.yankeebeemers.org</a> . Check out our forum!	

Please mail this form with a check payable to:

Yankee Beemers, Inc.  
P.O Box 2151  
Fitchburg, MA 01420

# **BOXER Shorts MAR'14**

Journal of the Yankee Beemers Club  
c/o Jim Sanders, Treasurer

**NEXT BREAKFAST MEETING**  
**April 13**

Willowbrook Restaurant  
16 Hastings St.  
Mendon, MA

