

# BOXER SHORTS

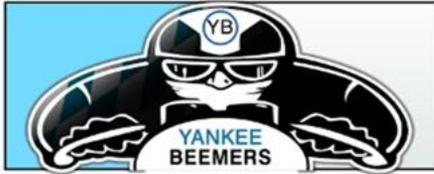
DECEMBER 2013



## Invitation



**BMW Motorcycle Club  
Yankee Beemers**



The Yankee Beemers Motorcycle Club is having a Holiday Party in celebration of 30 years of festive existence. We have grown from a few dedicated members to over 450. Please join us for our annual holiday get together

*Food, Fun, & a good time with old friends!*

**Saturday, January 18, 2014  
Natick Crowne Plaza, Natick, MA  
(Special hotel rate: \$99)**

1360 Worcester St, Natick, MA 01760  
(508) 653-8800

**5:00 pm - 10:00 pm  
only \$50.00 per person**

Please use PayPal or mail payment to:  
**Yankee Beemers, P.O. Box 2151, Fitchburg, MA 01420**

PayPal at [www.yankeebeemers.org](http://www.yankeebeemers.org)

Door Prizes from our supportive vendors!  
We look forward to seeing you there!



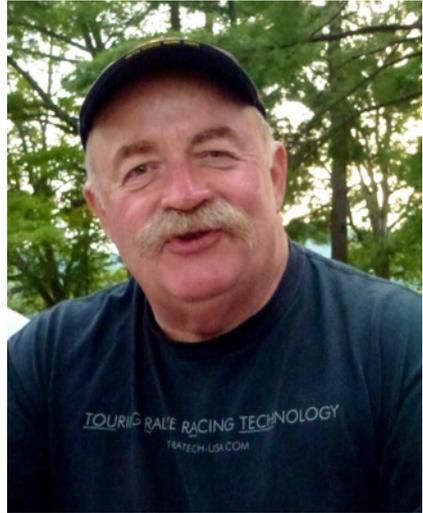
**30**  
**YEARS**

**YANKEE BEEMERS**  
**MOTORCYCLE CLUB**

## Prez Sez

*by Bob Blethen*

The election is over; the incumbents were re-elected in a landslide. Voter apathy is alive in YB land. Voter apathy is the reason we have the trouble in DC, people like the status quo. If you do what you've always done you'll get what you've always gotten. Moving on, the holiday party plans are in full swing. Bill and his team of party planners are planning a gala event. There are hotel rooms available under the YB block. Please see the forum for details.



I have not done a lot of riding this season. Where has the good weather gone? Today's ride to Wright's Chicken Farm promises to be wet, or freezing, or both. This is the annual chicken run put on by our brother, Ocean State Club. The "International Bike Show" moved up to Dec. 15th, hence there is no organized bus trip for this particular show at the Javitt's Center. There was some talk of meeting at the Peter Pan bus terminal in Providence; however you are on your own. There is a bus trip for the Montreal show in the planning stages. This would include bus fare a hotel stay and show tickets, and I believe the date is for March 1st. For more details please check the events pages in the YB forum.

December 15th is the next breakfast at the Willowbrook Restaurant, beginning at 8:30, and the election results will be announced. We need a couple of new board of director members as the terms of Roy Jackson and Dick Gibbons are expiring. Also, are there any volunteers who would be interested in the club store keeper's position? Can you please let me know?

As we move into our second term, some of our events have been changed, Pemi will move up to Father's day, with a pig roast planned and a tent with seating for about 60. As everyone knows, it always rains at Pemi. Back by popular demand the Whacky Hat campout is going to return to Jamaica State Park. There is one roving breakfast planned for July, and we will return to the Fairview Inn at Brant Rock. Marc is working on a couple more to be announced.

Merry Christmas to all! And a Happy New Year, too! That's all for now. Bob

## **Secretary's Report**



*by Victor Cruz*

### **November Breakfast Meeting**

A healthy dose of some 60 breakfasters showed up on 37 motorcycles at the Willowbrook restaurant in Mendon on this overcast, though mild version of November 17. An oddly unusual ratio between number of bikes and number of plates sold. Perhaps the Secretary should start counting the number of cars in the lot. Speaking of which, we saw a new re-launched Indian motorcycle, courtesy of Wagner Motorsports, a sidecar rig and a 1978 R60/7 for sale at \$3,000. While the 50/50 team were rushing to wrap up, President Bob Blethen called the meeting to order.

The Prez delivered an update on the catering for Pemi Rally 2014. There will be a Pig Roast. Good food is always good news. If circumstances in your long life have somehow managed to sideswipe you from enjoying a Pig Roast, now's your chance to experience pork like you've never experienced it before. Mouth watering and jaw dropping. To even call it "pork" does a Pig Roast a disservice. If you happened to be living in 13<sup>th</sup> century Spain during the Christian holy wars with the Moors, and if a Christian soldier dropped by your hut only to discover that you had no pork on hand.... off with your head! Although you may not lose your head at Pemi, you will gain a new appreciation.

A big round of applause exploded upon hearing the Prez announce that Whacky Hat 2014 would be returning to its ancestral home, back to

Jamaica State Park, Vermont. So the Green Mountain State will serve as poetic bookends, marking the beginning and ending of the 2014 riding rally season.

The annual bus ride to the Big Apple, called the Hound Butt, will be taking a break this year, seeing how the NY International Motorcycle Show dates (Dec. 13) were moved ahead by a month. Much too early to organize, and too tough a time of year for schlepping. It was mentioned that perhaps some parties could take a bus out of Providence.

Bob "Ain't Stoppin'" Hadden stood up to mention a new microbrewery that just opened Nov. 13 in Dover, NH, called 7<sup>th</sup> Settlement. Looking at the menu of hand crafted 7.2% Brown Ale and American Oatmeal Stout made me want a drink.

Please mark your calendar for January 18<sup>th</sup> to attend the annual Christmas Party feast, to be held at the very decent Crowne Plaza hotel in Natick. Moe Lazzaro stood up to mention giveaway prizes by local vendors and great food. In the past we have had 100 people show up to this necktie event. PayPal has been set up and cost is \$50. A block of hotel rooms will be reserved at discount.

Carl "Sociable" from Rhode Island spoke of the 16<sup>th</sup> annual Chicken Run at Wrights Farm Restaurant and Gift Shop (84 Inman Rd, Harrisville, RI) set for Sunday December 1<sup>st</sup>. The place offers massive halls with bowling alley length tables. We can seat you. Heck, we can seat Gillette Stadium. According to Carl, the event is called "Chicken Run" because, well, besides the gigantic statue of a chicken that lays eggs on top of the roof, we ride in no matter what the weather is doing. Snow, hail, hurricane, tornado, wildfire, earthquake.... No problem. One year was impossible, due to a blizzard. All-you-can-eat chicken that falls off the bone, plus endless bowls of salad, green beans, rolls, slaw, French fries, plus a token dessert for under \$20.

New Member: Luc Hardyn of Amherst rides a GS and works at Smith & Wesson. We're pleased you could join us, Luc. You will probably want to attend the Scoot 'n Shoot event next year.

The 50/50 raffle drawing was held, yielding \$45 to two winners. Thank you for everyone's participation. Thank you Bradley Barrus and Paul Charette for helping out. David Pelletier deservedly won an MOA membership as grand prize.

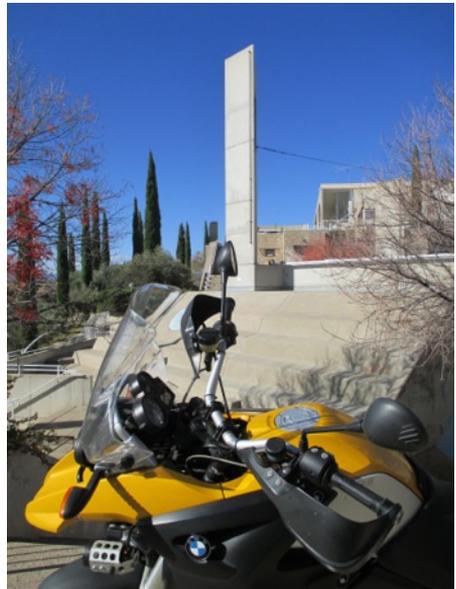
## Well-Done Peter Egan!

*by Jeff Stein*

I'm sitting in a quiet airport terminal on a Thursday night, end of August. In Phoenix Arizona, Sky Harbor Terminal 3, I'm waiting for a Jet Blue flight to bring me back to New England overnight. It's monsoon season in Arizona, where I live much of the time, so it's either been too hot (107F today) or too wet (an inch of rain in an hour, falling onto caliche desert soil where instead of soaking-in, it runs off, washing out roads and washing cars downstream with those roads.) This actually happens pretty frequently. There's a "Stupid Driver" law in this state for just such occasions. It and its heavy fine applies to you if you try to drive across one of these wet spots and rescue vehicles with winches are required to haul you out. So I haven't ridden in nearly a month.

I have an assistant who walked past the mighty R1200GS yesterday, waiting under its cover outside our office. "You'll have to be careful next time you ride," she warned. "Those webs are from Black Widows." Great.

But even if I did get out on the bike, they aren't like New England, these Western roads. For one thing there are very few of them. Only a single interstate, I-17, goes South to North in the whole state of Arizona, a chunk of real estate bigger than all 5 New England states combined. And because people worry about rising tides on the coasts, and about winter in general further inland, they're coming to the desert. Nearly 12 million cars a year (plus trucks!) drive up and down this road. In Arizona! I live toward the middle of the state, and if I want to go anywhere, this is my road.



So, anyway, I get back to New England every so often, by motorcycle sometimes, by jet plane usually. Tonight the plane is delayed

so I look at the magazine racks in the airport newsstand. There's the new issue of CYCLE WORLD, October 2013. Peter Egan writes for that one, doesn't he? Yes, there's an announcement on the cover: "Egan rides two special Vincents." Ok! I buy the magazine, "Really! \$5.00? Wow, when did that happen?" I sit down and open it to Peter Egan's column.

I like Egan. He's a Midwesterner like me, lives in Southern Wisconsin like I did once, rides and writes about motorcycles in a way I would like to be able to. I have his books, read his magazine columns; I invited him to Lars Anderson ten years ago this month, for a Yankee Beemer shindig, but he wasn't able to make it. He's my age, too; well, actually a few years older, and there's the trouble.

I start reading his column this month. It's entitled "Thirty-Three and a Third Revolutions. Dialing it back a bit..." You have to be of a certain age just to understand the title, don't you? And he starts out by reminiscing, remembering how he got his first journalism job with CYCLE WORLD 33 years ago. "Uh-oh." I think. "I can see how this column is going to turn out already." And sure enough: Peter Egan is retiring.

Oh, man. Peter has always been there for me. Riding and writing and entertaining, while I've been doing my own work. And now? Hey. Time marches on. "If you want your dream to come true, wake up!" Frenchman Paul Valery said. Good advice, and Peter brings it home tonight. Something you want to do? Do it. A ride you want to take? Get out there. Feel like meeting one of the great motorcycle journalists of all time? Peter Egan has some time on his hands these days.

Jeff Stein, onetime president of the Yankee Beemers currently heads an urban design center at Arcosanti, Arizona. His primary vehicle is a BMW R1200GS, but he doesn't get out that often....visit him at

[www.arcosanti.org](http://www.arcosanti.org) >



## **Holiday Party!!!**

**Please bring a non-perishable food item to the party which will be donated to a local food bank.**

**There will be an "Ugly Christmas Sweater Contest" at the party so bring along that tacky multi-colored sweater you got from Grandma before she got run over by the reindeer!!!**

## **Endurance Riding** *by Tony Boiardi, Grafton News Reporter*

A Grafton man recently completed an amazing feat, circumnavigating the United States in just over two weeks on the back of his 2002 BMW R1150R motorcycle.

Richard “Rick” Muhr, a marathon training coach for the Boston Marathon, took it upon himself to test his physical and psychological limits in a 12,000-mile trip this past July.

“Testing my limits was definitely the primary reason for attempting this ride,” commented Muhr. “I have always been drawn to the extreme in any arena I enter.”

And testing his limits is exactly what Muhr did. Attempting a ride of such magnitude is an impressive feat in itself, but try riding 1500 miles in 23 hours as well. Utilizing his physical aptitude from training runners for the Boston Marathon, Muhr logged over 1,000 miles almost every day.

Many endurance motorcyclists attempt this feat, but few accomplish it. Muhr said he reached the 1500-mile mark in 23 hours in the first 40 hours of his trip.

“It took a lot out of me to push the limits right out of the gate in Jacksonville.” He said, “I was in Texas when I surpassed the 1500 mile mark at 23 hours.”

Carrying nothing but a messenger bag over his shoulder, Muhr left behind all luxuries, including rain gear. Of the 30 states Muhr passed through along his trip, he encountered rain in 21 of them.

Muhr, 55, says he has been riding motorcycles for 46 years, receiving his first motorcycle at the age of 9. Always a lover of movement and exploration. Muhr says motorcycling has allowed him to experience many new areas.

Muhr survived on Gatorade and energy bars for most of his ride. Time was crucial at each fuel stop, so he would eat while refueling his bike. Muhr lost 15 pounds during his excursion.

The trip included completing the coveted “Four Corners” Tour, where a rider drives to the four corners of the United States. Starting in Madawaska, Maine, Muhr traveled south to Key West, Florida, west to San Ysidro, California, and then north to Blaine, Washington in just over 8 days.



Muhr rode 1100 miles from Grafton to Madawaska in 17 hours. Afterwards he rode from Grafton to Key West in 34 hours, stopping briefly in Christiansburg, Virginia due to inclement weather. During his trip, Muhr also was

attempting to ride coast to coast in less than 50 hours.

“I rode from Jacksonville to San Diego, California in just over 40 hours.” said Muhr. “I didn’t sleep for 46 consecutive hours and only stopped to refuel my motorcycle 12 times.”

He then rode non-stop from San Diego to Blaine, Washington in 26 hours straight,

His entire ride almost was for naught when his bag of receipts, cash, and credit cards almost fell off his bike.

“Receipts are everything when completing a ride of this magnitude,” explained Muhr, as they provide proof of the time, location, and mileage on the motorcycle.

“I’ve heard horror stories of riders leaving their receipts at a fuel stop,” he said.

While riding through Texas, Muhr felt something hit his left foot. Reaching down, Muhr discovered that the bag containing the receipts had fallen out of his zippered pocket.

“My entire trip would not have counted because I didn’t have the required paperwork to provide the proof,” Muhr said.

“I continue to count my blessings for averting that disaster.”

Disaster almost struck for a second time while in Texas. Muhr stopped at a closed gas station and went through his normal procedure. After completing refueling, he hit the receipt button and the message “SEE CASHIER” lit up.

“My heart sank because I desperately need the receipt, it was 4:00 a.m. and the station didn’t open until 6:00,” Muhr explained. “I moved to another pump and was able to add 10 cents of fuel. Again I received the “SEE CASHIER” message.”

With time running out on his 24-hour deadline, Muhr rode to the next exit and refueled again. The station was closed but he was able to convince the attendant to open the door. He explained his mission to the attendant who said she was running the morning books and would not be done for an hour.

Muhr waited anxiously for one hour, fearing to sleep as he might not have woken up. He eventually retrieved both receipts but lost two precious hours that would have allowed him to break the 40-hour mark.

According to Muhr, things became incredibly challenging once he hit the desert and temperatures began surpassing 124 degrees.

“I was at the 33 hour point and really had to dig deep to stay awake, tolerate the heat and make it to San Diego,” commented Muhr. “I was in an extremely altered state and feel extremely fortunate to have weathered that storm.”

Shortly after arriving home, Muhr said to his wife, Lori LeClaire Muhr, that he would never attempt something similar, not even for a million dollars.

“It was the hardest thing I’ve ever done...no exception,” he said.

Yet within two weeks of returning home, he began researching the 2014 Cannonball Run and the 2015 Iron Butt Rally. The rides include traveling from Key West to Seattle, Washington on a pre-1930 motorcycle and riding 11,000 miles in 11 days, respectively.

Completing the “Four Corners” journey was a monumentally emotional experience for Muhr.

“When I took the final exit in Blaine...I was extremely emotional,” explained Muhr. “I thought about all the people that I love who are no longer here. They taught me to enjoy the small things in life and to chase my dreams.”

He says circumstances are never likely to be perfect, so people must accept that and just get on with chasing their dreams. The whole experience left Muhr with feelings of pride, accomplishment and inspiration.

“When I am sitting in a nursing home later in life, I may not know my name but I will darn sure remember this ride.”

## **Go East, Old Man**

*by Dexter Ford* *NY Times*

### **Duel in South Dakota**

Dexter Ford is traveling from Southern California to upstate New York along mostly obscure roads, on a motorcycle that, by American standards, is quite tiny. This is the third of his occasional reports from the paths less traveled.

After stewing in a natural hot spring, talking with a guy who reminded me of myself and generally relaxing, it was time to hit the road again. It's not far from the Grand Tetons to Yellowstone — the same \$20 entrance fee lets you roam both parks for a week. I woke up in the Tetons with tent fever, packed everything onto my little Honda and headed north, head up, eyes peeled for exotic wildlife and ecstatic terrain.

Yellowstone is a pretty popular place in July, so much so that I was stressing about finding a place to camp. I had a reservation for the next night, but I showed up a day early, rode past the Campsite Full sign and threw myself at the mercy of the sweet woman at the Bridge Bay campsite window.

I won the lottery — a beautiful site overlooking Lake Yellowstone. The campers around me were a melting pot of restless humanity. Up the hill, a loud scrum of Swiss college students, sending out acrid smoke signals whenever they threw the wrong thing on their fire. Next to me, a couple in a beat-up two-and-a-half-door Saturn — Lisa and Steve — who were running away from their jobs in San Francisco and splitting for Pennsylvania. Above them, an earnest pair of Korean-American families from Texas, erecting a Costco tent the size of the Jefferson Memorial.

Yellowstone is bigger than Rhode Island and Delaware combined, so I knew that if I wanted to make the most of staying there, I'd have my work cut out for me. I put up my tent and set out to see as much as I could whenever the bison and their admirers would get out of the way long enough to let me pass.

Yellowstone has bison the way New York has pigeons; they're everywhere. Many of them are content to chew their cud within arm's reach of the roads. S.U.V.'s stop dead in the middle of state highways,

with a quarter-mile of stalled traffic behind them, to make sure that every child in the vehicle gets to take an identical picture of the beasts. I don't know if it is legal to ride around a bison jam in Wyoming, but more than once I idled past, hungry for the open road that would inevitably lead to the next bison jam.

Between steaming geysers, dizzying gorges and sulfurous mud volcanoes, I tried to see how far I could push my Honda's fuel economy. The speed limit was 45 miles per hour or less, and for once, I agreed with it completely. I had once hit a deer on a motorcycle, didn't like it one bit and was not about to add a 2,000-pound buffalo to my "ridden over" list. I burbled around the park in as high as gear as possible, amazed at how well it would run only a couple thousand r.p.m. over idle speed. I averaged 91 miles per gallon for the two tanks I burned in the park, which gave me a rare burst of moral superiority over the next Prius I saw.

Yellowstone National Park was spectacular, in a touristy sort of way, and Firehole Canyon, which is a hidden swimming hole where the local children throw themselves off cliffs, no matter what the signs say, was one of the highlights. Leaving the park, I headed east. That's when things began to change.

Sturgis, S.D., had a population of 6,627 as of the 2010 census. But on the first weekend in August it turns into the biggest city in the state. The Sturgis Motorcycle Rally, which has been held in one form or another since 1938, increases the population of South Dakota by about 50 percent each year during the long, beer-fueled, Harley-Davidson-centric weekend.

But I passed through the town in July, not August. The fun-hungry hordes of Harley riders had yet to arrive. So I peeled off into the Black Hills to take a cornering sabbatical. After all, how could anyone resist riding down a route called Spearfish Canyon?



The twisty road was a

cold splash in the face after the hot, straight roads of eastern Wyoming. I felt like a Royal Air Force Spitfire pilot, arcing into high-banked turns for the joy of it, swooping daringly between incoming Messerschmitt Me-109s.

I approached a potential bogey from behind. It was a Harley guy, straight out of central casting. He had a Captain America helmet, but it was strapped to his sissy bar. He wore a leather-wrapped pony tail, his legs jutting out in a casually defiant manner on his bike's forward-mounted foot pegs. He wore perfect mirror-lens shades. Every fiber of his being said, "Don't mess with me."

So I messed with him. I swooped past and disappeared down the canyon. After a few turns I sat up, slowing down to enjoy the cool river air rushing through my mesh jacket.

Then I spotted a single headlight wavering in my mirrors, a few miles back on the dark green roller coaster. When I halted at a stop sign to head north toward Deadwood, the Harley guy throbbed up next to me. To catch me on my little road racer, he must have been working his laid-back Harley pretty hard. He refused to look at me. I felt like Dennis Weaver in his dusty red Plymouth Valiant, being intimidated by the malicious trucker in Steven Spielberg's road-rage classic, "Duel."

Side-by-side, we charged up the mountain. I was wringing everything I could out of my tiny 250-cc single, and he was cornering as hard as his bulky Hog would allow. It felt like a race, but between my underpowered Honda and his cornering-challenged Harley, we were barely touching the speed limit.

We rolled up and over the top. Now I had the advantage — more grip, better brakes and more cornering angle. But the guy was serious. Sparks trailed off his frame in the tighter corners. I finally put him behind me on a series of long, fast turns.

At the next light, he finally turned to acknowledge me.

"You ride that really well," I said. He just nodded.

When the obligatory afternoon thunderstorm hit, he pulled into the first gas station. I pulled into the second.

Taking off my dark-shielded helmet, I relaxed on the bench in front. I saw him trolling past, looking for shelter. He saw me, now revealed as a

fellow gray-bearded old guy. He laughed and pulled his bike next to mine. With his shades off he morphed into a warm, funny, comprehensively bearded human being named Randy. He had come all the way from Alabama with just a couple of duffel bags lashed to his bike.

For a while there, I had thought I had finally met an unpleasant person on my coast-to-coast ride. In the end, though, Randy and I will probably exchange Christmas cards.

Copyright 2013 The New York Times Company

## **Yankee Beemers Celebrating 30 Years/Holiday Party January 18th, 2014**

*The following is based on an interview of Bob Pipes by Bill Cusack*

Chris Kosta was the founder- 1984 the birth of the Yankee Beemers in the backroom of Razez where some early meetings were held. Ralph Razez was very supportive and provided a clubhouse area in the corner of the show room.

Steve Wingett also instrumental in the early years.

Bob Pipes joined in 1987.

Phil Rose elected president in 1988

Bob Pipes was made MOA ambassador in 1994, he has attended 14 national rally's and served two terms as YB president and well as several other positions. Bob is very proud of his association with the Yankee Beemers and he has every anonymous book and blue book which he uses for accuracy and kept referring to as we spoke.

Bob showed me his workshop where he has all thing's BMW, he loves his new FG700 the best. He'd setup his last airhead for sale to Paul Charrette while I was there.

Several stories came fourth but the most interesting was the one about how just after the club was formed and some concern as to how "Yankee" Beemers would play in the south and several members split off to form the "Colonial" Beemers which never gained traction and some of

those went on to form the ocean state riders.

Bob also had several stories about the politics of the early years and how some guys just walked away from their positions and others had to fill in...sounded like a rocky road.

The charter was never to be a big club but more to represent our position to the MOA...but the club just grew and grew.

The Steve Goodin award was started by his friend and early member Pete Martin after Steve died of a brain tumor. the award is passed on every year and the recipient is chose by secret vote by those who have received the award before.



Here's a rough outline provided by Bob;

1986-1987 — Charlie Kelly was president and his wife Sue was the Secretary

1988 — Phil Rose, President

1989-1990 — Steve Winget, President, Bob Pipes, Treasurer

1991-1992 — Bob Pipes, President, Liz Keller and Pete Martin Treasurer

1993-1994 — Pete Martin, President, Bob Pipes, Treasurer

1995-1996 — Dave Swider, President

Early Members — Crist Costa, Kenny Higgins, Doug Morrison, Joe Souza, Tom Fornier, Steve Gooding, Jim Costello, Jim Pavo, Bob and Lou Nesson, Liz Keller, John Sweeney (1987), Alan Pugh (1987), Bob Pipes (1987), Gary Van Voorhis, Mark and Nina Glavin, Rich "Catfish" Roy, Dana Lewis, Mike Andrews and Bob Johnson.

If you have records of who did what when please forward to [jjshields01@cox.net](mailto:jjshields01@cox.net).

## Us Motorcycle Fatalities Increased 7.1% In 2012: NHTSA

Motorcycle fatality rates in the U.S. increased for the third consecutive year in 2012, according to data compiled by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

The 2012 Fatality Analysis Reporting System (FARS) data from NHTSA counted 4,957 motorcyclists and passengers killed in traffic crashes last year, compared to 4,630 the year before. Total injury rates for motorcyclists also rose, seeing a significantly large 15% increase to 93,000 people from 81,000 in 2011.

Motorcyclists accounted for 14.8% of all traffic fatalities but only 3.9% of all traffic-related injuries. According to the FARS data, there were 33,561 traffic fatalities in the U.S. in 2012, including motorcycles, cars, trucks, pedestrians and bicyclists, a 3.3% increase over 2011. Meanwhile, overall traffic injuries in 2012 increased by only 6.5% to 2,362,000.

A continuing worry is the dangers of driving or riding while drunk. In 2012, there were 10,322 fatalities where one party (not necessarily the

the person killed) had a blood alcohol content level of 0.08 g/dL or greater, representing 30.8% of all fatalities. Alcohol was a factor in the deaths of 1,390 motorcyclists.

Another worry more specific to motorcyclists, and one recently raised by a government task force and the American Motorcyclist Association, is helmet use. According to the NHTSA report, states without universal helmet laws accounted for 1,858 fatalities from riders without helmets. Meanwhile, in states with universal helmet laws, unhelmeted fatalities totaled just 178 (NHTSA said these states were nearly equivalent in terms of combined population size, eliminating that as a factor in the large difference.)

### **States with safe-on-red laws**

- Arkansas - In effect since 2005, state law allows a motorcyclist to proceed with caution, after coming to a full and complete stop, through a red light that fails to detect the bike. (Arkansas Code section 27-52-206)
- Idaho – (2006) If a signal fails to operate after one cycle of the traffic light that a motorcyclist may proceed, using due caution and care, after coming to a full and complete stop at the intersection. (Statute 49-802)
- Illinois - (2012) Permits a driver of a motorcycles or bicycle facing a red light that fails to change within a reasonable period of time of not less than 120 seconds to proceed after yielding the right-of-way to any oncoming traffic. However, this law doesn't apply to municipalities of over 2,000,000 people – such as Chicago. (625 ILCS 5/11-306)
- Minnesota - (2002) A person operating a bicycle or motorcycle who runs a red light has an affirmative defense if the driver first came to a complete stop, the traffic light stayed red for an unreasonable amount of time and appeared not to detect the vehicle and no motor vehicles or people were approaching the street. (Statute 169.06)
- Missouri – (2009) State law tells both motorcyclists and bicyclists that run red lights that they have an affirmative defense if they brought their vehicle to a complete stop, the light was red for an unreasonable time period, and there were no motor vehicle or person approaching. (Statute 304.285)
- Nevada - (2013) Those using motorcycles, bicycles, mopeds, and tri-mobiles are allowed to proceed through an intersection with a

a red light after waiting for two traffic light cycles, and they yield to other vehicle traffic or pedestrians. (Statute 484B.307)

North Carolina - (2007) Motorcyclists are permitted to move cautiously through a steady red light after coming to a complete stop and waiting a minimum of three minutes and if no other vehicle or pedestrians are approaching the intersection. (NCGS 20-158)

Oklahoma - (2010) Motorcycles can proceed cautiously through a steady red light intersection after a making a complete stop and if no other motor vehicle or person is approaching the roadway. (Statute 47-11-202)

South Carolina - (2008) After making a complete stop and waiting for a minimum of 120 seconds, the driver of a motorcycle, moped, or bicycle may treat a steady red light that doesn't change as a stop sign and proceed with caution. (S.C. Code 56-5-970)

Tennessee - (2003) After coming to a complete stop, motorcyclists and bicyclists may proceed through a steady red light when it is safe to do so. (Tennessee Traffic Control Signals 55-8-110)

Virginia – (2011) Drivers of motorcycles, mopeds, and bicycles may move with caution through non-responsive red lights as long as they yield the right-of-way to others approaching the intersection, and have come to a complete stop for two complete light cycles or 120 seconds, whichever is shorter.(Statute 46-2-833)

Wisconsin - (2006) A motorcycle, moped or bicycle is permitted to run a steady red light after making a complete stop and waiting at least 45 seconds and then yields the right-of-way to any vehicular traffic or pedestrians using the intersection. (Statute 346.37)

## ***2013 Yankee Beemer Club Calendar***

December 15th                      Breakfast Meeting 8:30, Willowbrook  
Mendon, MA

December 13th to 15th        Jacob Javits International Mcycle Show  
NY

January 18th                      Holiday Party

**Join us for the 30th Annual Yankee  
Beemers Holiday Party on January 18th, 2014  
at the Crowne Plaza Hotel in Natick Ma. 5PM to 10  
PM**

The cost is \$50 per person, sign up now via PalPal

# 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!.

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

Please mail this form with a check payable to:  
Yankee Beemers, Inc.  
P.O Box 215 1  
Fitchburg, MA 01420

# **BOXER Shorts** *DEC. '13*

Journal of the Yankee Beemers Club  
c/o Jim Sanders, Treasurer  
PO Box 2151, Fitchburg, MA, 01420

## **NEXT BREAKFAST MEETING**

Sunday December 15th 8:30 am  
Willowbrook Restaurant  
16 Hastings St.  
Mendon, MA



















































