

BOXER SHORTS

Yankee Beemers Motorcycle Club News

June 2015

PEMI RALLY June 12!

RALLY SEASON ARRIVES !



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Director: *Ken Springhetti*

Cover: YB's have a Time in West (by God) Virginia at CASS rally

Below: Ray Burke of Stoughton purchased a NEW R1200R
Wasser-Roadster at Dunbars BMW in Brockton. He MUST have
read Dana's review of that bike in last month Boxer Shorts .

Ray He traded his 1989 R100GS—Now available at Dunbars !



Past YB Presidents at Dunbars Open House 2015 Have Bruce Phil and Bob chosen alternate lifestyles ?



**DUNBAR
EURO SPORTS**



ONLY THE BEST SINCE 1955!



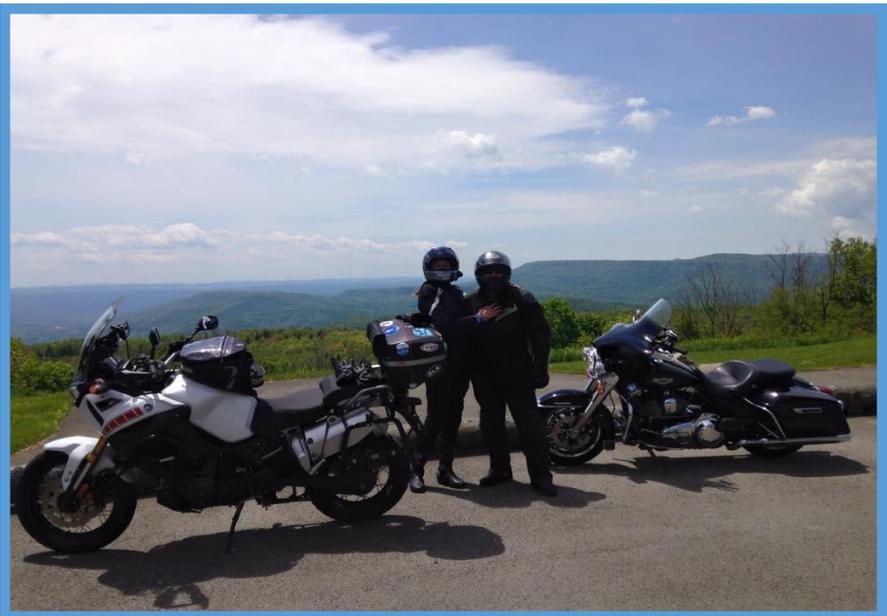
Prez Says

By Ken Springhetti

Happy Summer YB Nation! Rally season is in full swing, and I'm happy to say that I put well over 2000 miles on my bikes in the past 7 days. My monthly column is going to be more of a trip report than my usual Hoo Rah Hoo Rah come to the events, as I'm still riding the high from a long ride to a far off rally.

I packed electric gear, rain gear, mesh gear and used all of it. We're in that sweet spot where its either raining, hailing, or roasting. Being the hopeless Rally Rat that I am, I made the pilgrimage to the 2015 Mountaineer BMW Club Cass Rally again. This is my 7th or so trip. Kate joined me and I took the luxobarge, stayed in hotels, and rode the wheels off the bikes. I typically jam this trip into a 3 day venture, surfing Pat's couch in Maryland on the way in and out, trying not to use up any PTO. My friend and coworker **Colin Samuel** recently suggested "why don't you take some time off and actually enjoy the ride".

While my instinct was to reply that I do enjoy the ride, I took his advice and made it a mini-vacation. Thanks Colin, good idea.



Setting out Wednesday evening from Groton Mass we rode out to New York, it was chilly and the cold finally stopped us around midnight, and we grabbed a hotel. I really love a good night ride, the air is different, the landscape is either bright lights or pitch dark, and I relish the solitude of the darkness. Rested and back on the road we met up with YB **Ken Struble** in the Poconos. He led a stunning back road ride along the river, over the bridge, and on thru the twisties until we split at Jim Thorpe. An old Pennsylvania brick downtown was a perfect lunch stop. If you want a fun read, look up the history of the town of Jim Thorpe. His relatives shopped around until they found a town that would name itself after the famous athlete, and there is a little monument to him down by the railroad tracks. The Poconos led us to route 209 where we rode out to Martinsburg West Virginia. Friday night we arrived at the rally at Boyer Station, at the same time a gang of YB's showed up. One by one, the usual suspects all rolled in.. **John Van Hook** surprised us with an appearance, and joined **Maurice Kornreich, Gary VV, Jack Phelps, Ned Phelps, John Shields, Bill From New York, Kate, Cy Ubinger , Beverly, Kate** and myself for a 3 day weekend of twisty roads, starry skies, and bluegrass by the campfire. There were fiddlers and guitar-pickers, singers and toe tappers. I could go on and on but you get the picture... The Mountaineer BMW Club throws a heck of a rally! The YB presence at Cass was the biggest yet, lots of new faces, lots of fun riding and the rolling party back to New England was a hoot! Kate and I took the long, long way back from West Virginia via Vermont. But, despite all those miles, back woods and far flung places, we were reminded how small the world truly is when just as we were leaving a restaurant in Marlinton WV, some guy on a V-Strom pulled up and parked his bike in our parking space. Hey.. uh.. that bike looks familiar.. where have I seen .. umm..... oh .. uhh. **Hey Colin, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!**

Editors View

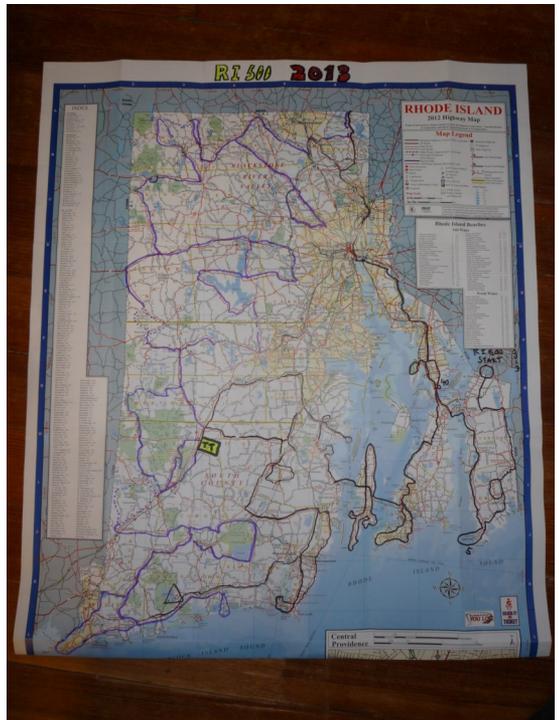
By Dwight Nevins

Twisted RI 500

This Last week of May was pretty busy for your editor: I filled a dumpster, put a house up for sale, Graduated College, and finally rode the RI500 / Twisted Throttle Open House.

My daughter moved to Rhode Island six years ago , I used to think of the Ocean State as Interstate 95 with a Baseball stadium at one end, and Westerly at the other end, with a few girlie joints and a place called Wyoming stuffed in the middle somewhere. Boy did I ever miss a lot : Quonset, Carolina, Naragansett, Bristol, Saconnet, and many more (see map) . My son in law is a native of Wickford. He has been a great guide the past 2 years. I gave him my scooter so we could ride the Main Streets and back roads of the Ocean State together. If Watch Hill is good enough for Oprah and TayTay ,it's good enough for me !

It turns out that you can find some great roads to ride: Farm roads, Ocean Roads, Mountain Roads (600Ft Elevation !) and even maybe a little Interstate. I have tried to take a couple of days the last few springtimes to explore new RI Roads I haven't met yet. Of course the members of OSBMWR know these roads already, Maybe you should consider joining their club too ?



I try to co-ordinate my RI500 (That's 500 Miles, Smiles or Kilometers, Your pick) with the annual Open House at Twisted Throttle in Exeter, they're just up Rt3 from Wyoming. This year it was the weekend after Memorial Day. Same day as the Rhode Island Airshow out at Quonset Point . We met up with some YB's and the South of the Border MC at Middle of Nowhere diner at 8 for a Hearty breakfast . Then explored the southwest part of the state before lunch back at Twisted. Routes 165 w to 49s to 1a took us past some amazing scenery. Lunch and Festivities back at Twisted T was a blast , then off to Naragansett bay to view the Blue Angels. It was socked in by fog, so the view above was obscured by clouds, but we heard their F/A-18s a couple of hundred feet above us. We finished up with a tip to the tip of Bearvertail, and the shore route home through the Naragansett Casino back to party with TayTay. All in all a great loop I will suggest you try someday soon .



Secretary's Report By Marc Waegemann

May Meeting

55 breakfast attendees graced the Willowbrook in Mendon, MA, anxious to find out what's new with the Yankee Beemers, despite the fact that our fearless president was missing in action. I assure you the committed shepherds of the club will have a special subcommittee hearing to comprehend the facts regarding our fearless leader's denegation of duty, perhaps even related personal emails on the YB server, and some lingering overdue library book charges (the last item is the current focus). Most likely, for those in attendance, hedges where left untrimmed and lawns un-mowed. Regardless of these minor consequences of being a motorcyclist, this time of year spawns the circadian rhythm to stretch its arms; those who did attend seemed to know that after this unpleasant winter, it is time to ride before the entrainment turns against our natural desire.



One of those inspired individuals is Jeff North, who had a few of us drooling over his 2015 RR. It has taken 6 years since the introduction of BMW's true full-on-superbike for one of our members, at least to my knowledge, to ride one of these marvels not only on the street, but have the best of intentions to show it around the local tracks. Not so slow guy himself, Dana Seerno was found discussing the finer points of a 3 day California Superbike school. After a *ShamWow®* was used to clean up slobber, we all headed in to breakfast.

Once the group was satiated with quiche, fresh fruit, and a number of breakfast surprises, we settled to hear Vice President John Van Hook take the floor. John promised to be quick yet precise. John recapped events and dove right into the upcoming Pemi River campout which is happening the weekend of June 12th. On Friday night there will be both types of food available, and on Saturday there will be a feast featuring a roasted pig.



At the meeting Dana Lewis was touched to receive recognition for his continued support of the club. Thank you Dana!

Ken Richmond, perennial president of the Ocean State club, took the floor to discuss the "Gathering of the Clams" September 18 - 20. All the specifics can be found on the dedicated website for this premier event.

Next we addressed our new members: Thru Salagopen and Rodney Pajot seem to illustrate that the K1600 is a popular bike amongst the newbies. Keith Gribbs was the exception with his RT75. Welcome all!

The next Sunday breakfast meeting is June 21 at Vanson Leather!

Vanson Leathers

951 Broadway

Fall River, MA 02724 <http://www.vansonleathers.com/>

N41 42' 5" W71 9' 15"

Coffee at 8ish, breakfast at 8:30.

Motorcycles in Cuba Kathy Haddon

I recently had the rare opportunity to visit the beautiful island of Cuba on a 17 day, coast to coast, people to people, tour. This was a licensed educational tour that is offered by only a handful of travel companies. You must adhere to a strict schedule which includes many educational activities, and meaningful interactions between the travelers and individuals in Cuba. The United States and Cuba have begun the process of restoring diplomatic relations, so I'm hopeful that Americans and Cubans will soon be able to travel freely between the two countries. This trip exceeded my expectations. I learned so much about the history, rich culture, and everyday life in Cuba. I wish I could list all that I saw and did, but it would take several pages. One thing is for sure....it was one of the most memorable trips I have ever taken.

Now, about those motorcycles. In the rural areas of Cuba you won't find many cars. The main modes of transportation are walking, bicycling, horses, and a few motor scooters. As you get closer to the larger cities, you will find more motorcycles. Most of them are 250 cc or smaller. I've included some photos of the more common brands. The Jawa from the Czech Republic, was well represented, as was the German MZ ETZ 250. There were many small Suzuki's, but I never saw a Honda, Kawasaki, Ducati or Triumph. I saw 1 Harley Davidson, 1 Norton, and 1 Chinese Jialing JH 125. The Police rode on Yamaha Virago's. I had been in Cuba for almost 2 weeks before I saw my first BMW. .





Our group had just arrived at Divino Restaurante in Mantilla for lunch when I noticed a BMW F700 GS in the parking lot. As I strolled over to ask permission to photograph the bike, I noticed that there were several other riders there with the same BMW motorcycle. I was amazed to learn that these riders were a group of Americans on a licensed motorcycle tour similar to the one that I was on. I had no idea that a sanctioned educational motorcycle tour of Cuba for Americans was an option. What a wonderful way to see Cuba.

There are some beautiful seaside and mountain roads in the country. I thought about La Farola (the lantern), a famous highway that travels through lush green scenery and climbs the scenic mountain road between Guantanamo and Baracoa. It would have been such a thrill to ride this road on a motorcycle. This scenic highway has 11 bridges suspended over the abyss, and is listed as one of the seven wonders of Cuban architecture. The winding roadway and tight cliff-side turns take you from desert and coastal scenery through a beautiful area of rain forest. It is the only road to Cuba's oldest city, Baracoa, the most mountainous Cuban municipality.

The leader of the BMW motorcycle group told me that they booked their trip through Moto Discoveries. If you are interested you can check it out on their website at www.motodiscovery.com

Close Up View of the Tour of Battenkill

by Shawn Sweeney (with the Moto Cavalry)

The post on Facebook said: “Looking for a few good Yankee Beemer motorcyclists. Twenty five hundred plus bicyclists from the US and Canada will be competing just south of Saratoga, NY, this Saturday in the Tour of Battenkill, and we need some competent motorcyclists to serve on the moto pace, moto marshal, and moto support crews. Free housing will be available Friday night for the Sat event which will entail leading or following fields of bicycle racers over combination paved and dirt country road courses ranging from 105 to 25 miles in length...” As part of the small percentage of Americans watching the Tour de France and hoping to one day follow it across Europe, my interest was piqued by the thought of taking part in such an event; especially from the center of the pack in rolling support.

The week-end was only a couple of days away, but I had already planned to spend Saturday piling on some miles with no particular place to go. Rumors of free food, a warm place



to roll out a sleeping bag Friday night, and a home cooked breakfast Saturday morning (at 5:00 a.m.???) began to emerge. The host home was just a few country roads west of Hogback Mountain which was an ideal ride after work on a 60 something degree Friday afternoon.

The weather couldn't have been better. It was a little chilly going over the mountains, but the absence of traffic allowed me to quicken the pace through the twisties and I warmed right up somehow. The 1150RT turned 92,000 miles on the way out and was running smooth as silk as usual. 400 pounds of rider and gear took the sport bike feel away, but there was still plenty of fun to be had on a spirited run through the hills.



The route from New Hampshire to New York through southern Vermont is a regular route for me. Half of my family lives in Southern NH and the other half lives in Central NY so the family sedan traces that route at least monthly. This, however, was my first time on the motorcycle. I remember thinking that life seems to be on hold when making the slog across that route in the family sedan. On the bike, however, it was a whole different experience. Usually I have a co-pilot applying the imaginary brake, saying “slow down” in a shaky voice, and gasping routinely. It was much more fun without the extra drama.

I pulled off the last country road and rolled up the driveway just as it was starting to get dark. It was cooling down fast and I was glad to be at the end of the trip for the day no matter how much fun I had been having. As I approached the house, a garage door was open and I could see several BMW style bikes neatly parked facing out. Dave, our host for the night, was waiting in the garage to welcome me and my bike to his home. He assured me that the garage would be secured for the night and kept at room temperature (as far as I know, that was a first for my bike).

I shed my gear and patted my bike a couple of times in appreciation. When I entered the dining room I could see an ice bucket full of beer (I brought some spares), two tables covered with food, and a full dining room table of people planning the next day’s events. They all welcomed me and we talked, ate, and drank for the next few hours. For some reason, we had to get up at O dark hundred so the night ended well before midnight.

BATTENKILL (cont.)

Before dawn, I woke to the voices of the guys cooking breakfast. We had a great breakfast and got geared up for the day. It was getting light when we all rolled out together for the twenty minute ride to the fairgrounds (event central). It was a cold morning and we ran into some fog on the roads along the river; a sure sign of a day full of riding weather.

It seemed like every gas pump we passed had a BMW (or BMWish) bike in front of it. There were small groups of bikes all the way in and we all ended up together a stone's throw from the start/finish line for the 2500 bicycles. 40-50 motorcycles were parked in rows in the pavilion and there was a constant buzz of preparation and coordination.

Since I had absolutely no idea what my role was or where anyone was supposed to be, I was not nearly as busy as most of the riders there. Liz was running the show and greeted me with a warm smile and a big hug to welcome me to the group. She then handed me a high vis jacket to go over my black mesh. Apparently black on black on black with a black helmet is frowned on while operating in and around 2,500 or so motorcycles, cars, and bicycles of varying speeds and directions.

The instructions were simple enough: "Ride back and forth on the course within your area of responsibility and assist cyclists who have broken down." I was given a radio to call for anything I couldn't handle with a few tools and a bag full of bicycle tire tubes. I was one of three people named Shawn in my radio range. I answered several times, but it turns out nobody was talking to me.

My group, "Neutral Support", were led out to our areas of responsibility around the course by an immaculate 70s vintage Honda CB something. We rode the course in reverse dropping off one rider after another as we transitioned from dirt to pavement and back. All of the dirt roads were in good condition and there had not been any rain in the prior days so it was an easy task for the well-worn road tires on the RT.



Each rider had a length of the course to patrol. The Neutral Support coordinator showed me the start of my area and I rode with the pack until the next rider's area began. Then I turned back to the start of my area and waited for the bicycles to start rolling through. It was just before 9:00 a.m. when I reached the intersection at the starting point of my area. At about 10:00 a.m. a couple of EMTs arrived on station and said they expected the cyclists to begin coming through in about an hour.

At about 11:45 a.m. the short range radio started getting very busy and a crowd of cars, bicyclists, motorcycles, and support personnel came over the hill and raced past me. "Finally", I thought, and rode off behind the pack following them the entire length of my stretch of the course. I quickly realized that I was in back two cars carrying a multitude of tools, several spare wheel/tire combos, radios, and even a couple of spare bicycles just in case. It was unlikely that my limited skills and tools would be required near the front of the pack. I rode to the end of my stretch just to make sure and to keep myself occupied.

As I began to return to the beginning of my stretch, I spotted a cyclist standing beside his bicycle with a flat tire. "Finally", I thought. As I stopped to assist, the cyclist explained that he had "tubeless glue-on" tires. He was calling his family to bring him a wheel/tire and there was really nothing I could do to help. On I went.

As the classes of cyclists went further down the list, there were fewer support vehicles travelling with them as they passed. I stopped to check on several cyclists who were stopped on the roadside, but none of them needed the guy with a couple of tools and some tubes. Broken pedals and derailleurs were beyond my capabilities and supplies. An ambulance was loading up one cyclist from what was described to me as dramatic high speed crash on a long winding downhill about half way along my area. Everybody very appreciative knowing the motorcycle cavalry was there to help if they needed it.

By 3:00 p.m. many of the workers on course began checking their watches. I was routinely being asked when the event was supposed to end. I did not have any information about that. Based on our wake up time, I would have estimated that the event would have ended by 10:00 a.m. I ate the sandwich in my top bag around that time and by late afternoon was starting to wonder about lunch. There were very few cyclists passing by then and some of the riders from the beginning stretches were stopping by my area since there were no more cyclists in theirs.

BATTENKILL (cont.)

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When the cyclists stopped coming all together, we rode back to the fairgrounds. After a couple of minutes we were dispatched back to the course to escort the remaining straggler bicyclists to the finish line. The RT was not really designed to follow behind the slowest bicyclists out of 2,500 as they reached the end of their 68 mile adventure. The pace was very slow. The exhausted cyclists expressed their lack of enthusiasm for our vulture like positions behind them.

Over the course of the day I heard some people talking about the following day's events. By 5:00 p.m. it was becoming clear to me that we were expected to stay another night and do the same thing on Sunday. My family, however, needed their Neutral Support back in New Hampshire. So at 6:00 p.m. I said my goodbyes and started out of the fairgrounds and back over the mountains toward home.

The weekend with the Moto Cavalry at Battenkill was all about meeting new friends, riding great roads in great conditions, great food and drink, doing good work. When I arrived home Saturday night, my children had already gone to their homes, my grandchildren were sound asleep down the hall, and my wife was just sitting down after a long day. Under those circumstances, a lengthy marriage has taught me not to mention my own exhaustion. I just sat down and started wondering when I could do it again.



The Rattler! 290 curves in 24 miles

by Victor Cruz

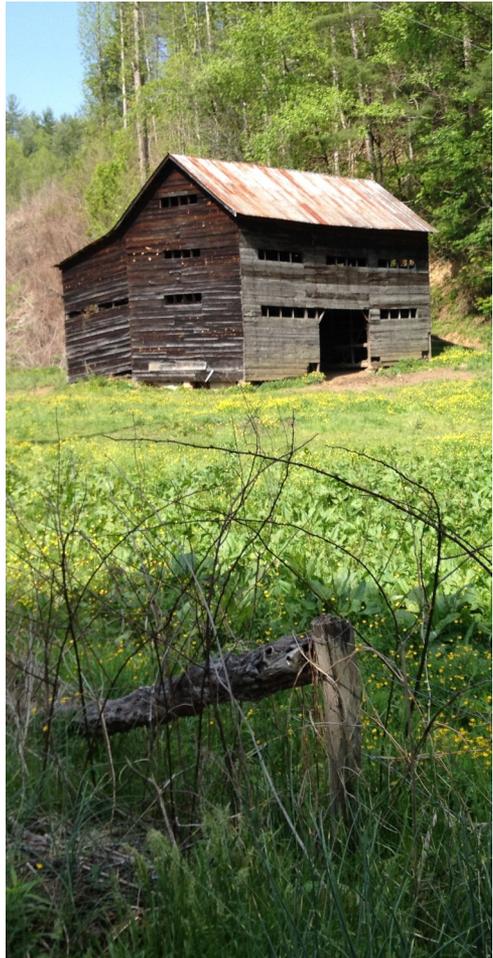
Most of you know about the 13 miles and 318 curves of the overcrowded overhyped “Tail of the Dragon” in Deal’s Gap, on the Tenn–North Carolina border. It’s got a “Tree of Shame” ornamented with sheared-off fairings, cracked headlamps and scraped helmets. A cockroach motel sits there with shirtless tattooed gentlemen scholars smoking and drinking, and a ginormous recently expanded souvenir stand so heavily commercialized as to make the whole thing comic. On weekends you can expect to tail a line of show-moving cars, trikes and cruisers. Average daily traffic is 1,400 vehicles. Here’s another number: 41. That’s the number of deaths since 1995. There’s no fun in that. Buy the dumb T-shirt and off you go....



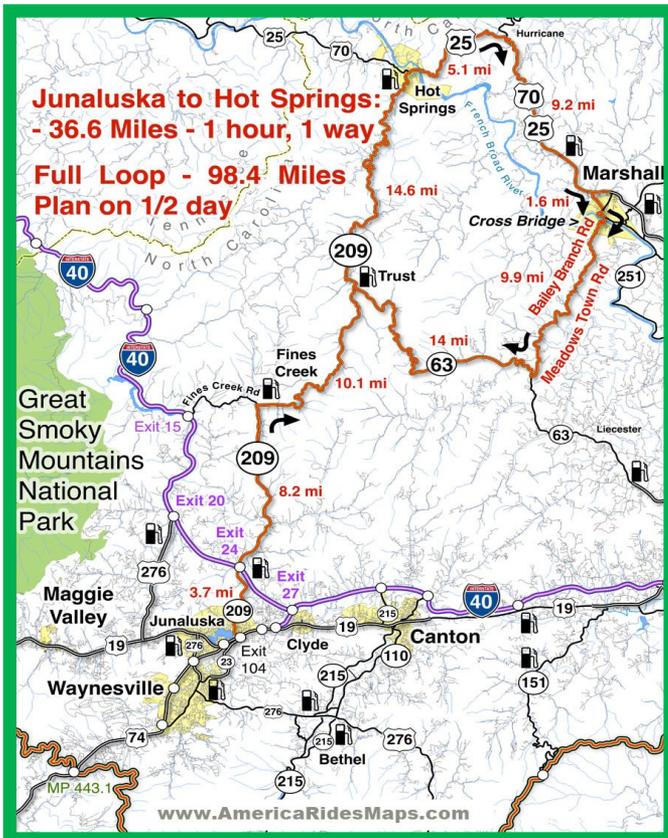
Hopefully you’ll go in the direction of Fines Creek, NC or Hot Springs, NC, where the serenity and solitude of route 209 awaits to greet the unsuspecting rider. A treat if you go in either direction. At Fine’s Creek there’s a general store and a billboard announcing: “The Rattler: 290 curves in 24 miles.”

Vietnam war vet, Purple Heart recipient, NRA-friendly, long-time Yankee Beemer (since the club's birth), and now Tennessee transplant, Gary Van Voorhis, astride a beautiful KTM 1190 Adventure, took Don Lapiere and me to sample the Rattler's venom. We – Moe Lazzaro and Kurt Schmucki, flew down to GA to visit Maurice Kornreich to steal his bikes and attend the Georgia Mountain Rally at Hiawassee fairgrounds. Perfect weather matched the perfect roads. The rally site is stupendous without the stupid. Postcard quality setting with campsites on Lake Chatuge, a nice village setting with permanent booths, Friday night chili and Saturday night grill-your-own steaks.

Amazing mountain and county roads in every direction. Quality roads with no frost heaves. A visit to the "Wheels Through Time" museum in Maggie Valley should be on your agenda. We're talking about the area south of Asheville, NC, where GA, NC and TN all meet. Many roads here are twisted like pretzels and will give you a run for your money or the runs, if you don't know how to hitch a ride on their hairy backs. Extremely friendly people who pick up conversation as though you picked up where you left off. Cheap prices (compared to Mass) at the eateries. Grits, BBQ, trout and jambalaya on the menu. Plenty of options in the many gentrified towns like Helen, Dahlonega, and Highlands. The area is full of good surprises.



And the only thing that bites back is The Rattler.... The road hisses back and forth, snaking up and down a ridge, rearing up to spike you with its fangs, the venom rushing to your head to intoxicate your eye sockets. Scenery is hillbilly classic. Cabins like pioneer homesteads as if nothing changed, warped in aged barn wood and topped off by rusted-out tin roofs, barns sagging, their spines broken by the weight of generations come and gone. "The Rattler!... The Rattler!" you shout out loud, yelling it inside your muted helmet. Van Voorhis led the way, taking us to the very end at Hot Springs, then Cuban sandwiches and fried green tomatoes at the Iron Horse Station. After that, we followed VV to his home in Dandridge, TN, set up high on a hill with lake and mountain views. Former 5-year editor of the Boxer Shorts Deb Macchi lives there too. It's a dream retirement home that master mechanic Gary VV himself built. And if you ever find yourself in Sevierville, TN, visit Smoky Mountain Knife Works where you'll see the weirdness of 10,000 knives in a 50,000 sq foot showroom.



2015 Yankee Beemers Calendar

Watch the website for the latest updates

<http://www.yankeebeemers.org/events.html>

2015 MEMBERSHIP renewals due

Please pay via PayPal at :

<http://www.yankeebeemers.org/membership.html>

2015

Breakfasts at The Willowbrook Restaurant

<http://www.willowbrookrestr.com/>

\$14.00 PP Buffet

Sundays 8:30 AM 16 Hastings St Mendon, Ma.

May 17, 2015

Oct 18, 2015

Nov 15, 2015

Dec 20, 2015

June - July - Aug—Sept **will be Roving Breakfasts**



You can also keep track of late breaking events
our YB Website Forum
WWW.YANKEEBEEMERS.ORG



June 12-14,2015	The Pemi River Rally, Thornton NH
June 21,2015	Roving Breakfast Vansons, Fall River

July 19	Roving Breakfast at The Fairview Inn
July 23– 26	BMWMOA National Billings Mt.

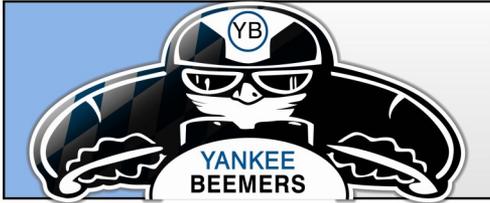
August 7-9	The 20th Damn Yankees Rally
August 14-16	The Lime Rockz Rally, Lime Rock CT
August 23, 2015	Roving Breakfast Quaker Tavern

September 13	European Motorcycle Day Larz Anderson
Sept (TBD)	Foodies In The Foothills
Sept (TBD)	The Whacky Hat Rally

October 1-4, 2015	BMWRA Harrison Arkansas
October 31, 2015	Gould's Sugar House by Dana Lewis

Membership Form

BMW Motorcycle Club Yankee Beemers



BMWMOA #153

BMWRA #71

AMA#6905

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 welcomed (but have no voting rights). Membership expires 12/31.

HAVE YOU RENEWED FOR 2015 ?

Additional Regular or Associate Member:

Fee Schedule:

A single BMW owner in a household - Regular membership - cost \$30

Two BMW owners in a household - Both are Regular members - cost \$35

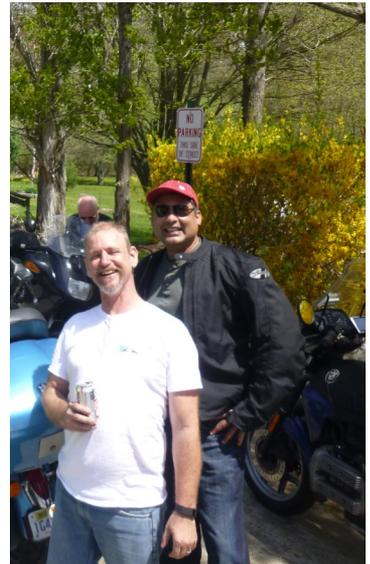
*One non-BMW owner in a household - Associate membership - cost \$30
(No Voting Rights)*

Two non- BMW owners in a household - Both are Associate members- cost \$35

<http://www.yankeebeemers.org/membership.html>



**Welcome to our
NEWEST YB's !**



**BMW Motorcycle Club
Yankee Beemers**



June 1-5 Americade Lake George NY

June 13 -15 PEMI RALLY Thornton NH

June 21 Roving breakfast @

Vanson Leather Fall River MA

