

BOXER SHORTS

September 2010



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Yankee Beemers, Inc.

www.yankeebeemers.org

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The House Band rocks the warehouse at the Heath Rally by Brian Anderson

On the Cover: *top photo* (JJS) Damn Yankee's Rally -- Rob Nye and helpers work to extricate Rob's GS from the outhouse after a stunt gone awry. *Bottom photo:* (Brian Anderson) BMW versus Moto Guzzi, slow race, Guzzi wins after BMW is disqualified by Tom Halchuk

Editor's Briefs

by John Shields

Well this year's Heath Rally was certainly well attended with a huge contingent of Moto Guzzi aficionados from all over New England as well as New Jersey and Pennsylvania and lots of YB's from everywhere, a number of whom attended this rally for the first time. Welcome, hope you all had a blast! I don't have attendance records but I'm guessing it might be the all time best attended rally by the YB's. Congrats to the organizers **Dana Lewis and Rob Nye** (and Guzzissti **Tom Halchuk**)! Big kudos too to all those who helped this year.

Mr. Bertalotto was tireless all weekend, running here and there, putting our fires (literally in one case) and generally helping everyone to have a good time. Many others pitched in too, including **Bill Cusack** running the show for **Don Lapierre** as well as **Ken Struble** and **Jennifer Clark** in the Kitchen. **John Devlin** helped out there as well. Many others helped the whole weekend long.

An incident occurred when our own **Rob Nye** was practicing for the Scottish Trials and on his third try at the jump he overreached and crashed spectacularly into two Porta Potties...Rob appeared uninjured but the newish R1200GS Adventure was heavily damaged and had to be dragged away from the outhouses. One privy remained out of use for the duration. For next year the Scottish Trials may include a new event...an Outhouse Obstacle Course. The Toilet Trials. The Privy

Challenge...please make it stop. Full disclosure; I have had a similar crash when showing off for a friend and I launched myself through the back wall of a garage. Does this only happen to redheads? Bob Pipes, you ever had that happen?

Deep Thoughts:

There's this theory I call the "astronaut courtesy" theory.

You ever see astronauts

argue? Me either-- if you don't count the diaper trip. Though it's a little naive, this theory posits that we are all astronauts on a spaceship, the earth, traveling in multiple directions at great speed (spinning, circulating the sun, moving with and within our galaxy) while being protected by a teeny-weeny gaseous atmosphere. Amazing. Thus posited, that we are astronauts, and astronauts are courteous and professional, therefore,



we should all get along, first at home, then at work and play and especially in our beloved club. So the next time, says the theory, someone ticks you off, try and remember we're all space travelers here.

So, who's gonna step up to relieve the current slate of officers? The club don't run itself and we need some good folks to step up and be counted. Volunteering is the single best way to become a valuable member of the YB's, to meet people and to have more fun. True dat...I've met more people and made more new friends since I took over from the inestimable **Victor Cruz**.

Yesterday rode the new F650 GS all around southern Vermont and central Massachusetts and it's turning out to be a very impressive motorcycle in the do-it-all category. This bike achieved 60 mpg (regular gas) in mixed spirited riding including some interstate, some fast numbered roads, backroads and thirty miles of decent dirt road. Coming off the Guzzi at 35 mpg this sure is exciting. The bike is also replacing an '08 Kawasaki KLR 650...while not as dirt-worthy as the KLR, the 650 GS twin is perfectly capable up to but not including very rocky single track, deep mud or sand. The added power is a real plus over the KLR and is simply much more satisfying under all other conditions, particularly when speeds increase. The bike is rated at 71 hp and 55 lbs. of torque.



Handling-wise the bike is very easy to ride with precise front wheel placement and excellent stability while leaned. In fact it's a hoot on fast bumpy backroads and stable and secure on everything, including dirt. The motor is a perfect match for the bike with great torque right where it's needed...this is not a wheelie monster by any stretch, but it gets the job done without fuss or fanfare. The Rotax twin feels lively and the fuel injection response to the throttle is near perfect.

The only issues with the bike are ergonomic...BMW, why oh why can't you make a comfortable seat? Are Germans all hard-a@%es? Perhaps they could make the seat "designers" ride the bike for 300 miles and feel our pain? I've never had a BMW seat I've liked, yet.

But that rant aside, I recommend the bike heartily if you are looking for a great, efficient all rounder that will carry you and your luggage for many miles. Some people in the adventure community are saying that the bike in total may be a better choice for many than the taller, higher spec and higher cost F800GS. That's true in my case.

From the Secretary

by Kurt Schmucki

It seemed unusual as I mounted up Sunday morning; Unusual because after weeks of sweltering 90 plus weather it was overcast and cool; Unusual because I thumbed the starter at 6:30 am, much earlier than I do to get to Mendon. I hit the street and pointed the bike North toward Newburyport, the location of our final roaming summertime meetings, Michaels Harborside. After a more than 2 hour back roads trip I arrived at the restaurant's parking lot, many bikes and riders already there, all waiting for the doors to open for an eye opening cuppa joe.

Eventually the lot would host 52 motorcycles, mostly BMW's with Yamaha's, Honda's, a Buell, and Ducati's thrown in for good measure.

Making my way into the dining room I was greeted by **Fred Kolack** and **Eric Kuegler**, both checking off names and handing out raffle tickets for the 69 paid breakfasts. Once again I spent too much time in the lot shooting the breeze, by the time I joined the buffet line stretched across the room. The line moved quickly and I soon was at the groaning board where I was actually served eggs, meats, and potatoes.

This is a classy joint. I was able to grab my own muffin. Most folks headed outside to dine on the deck which was right on the Merrimac River, what a beautiful setting. **Phil and Donna Mikelson** (no not Tiger's nemesis) did a great job of pushing 50/50 tickets throughout breakfast. While at the rally in Heath a couple approached the club about signing Christmas cards which will be sent to returning disabled veterans, they explained how the veterans really enjoyed hearing from motorcyclists. **Phil Foster**

made the rounds of all the tables asking people to sign cards with a little personal note and include an e-mail address in order to correspond with the soldiers, a great idea.

Appetites satisfied, **Roy Bertalloto** called to order what he promised to be a brief



meeting. With the stormy weather quickly approaching from the west Roy sagely pointed out that the safest route for an after meeting ride would be due east. That would probably be best attempted by the GS crowd as the next dry land they would cross would be somewhere in the Azores.

Roy briefly recapped the Damn Yankee Rally, which is one that will go down in the history books for its record attendance of over 300 rally goers, wonderful music (at least the music played at night), and the highest donation we have ever made to the Heath community – a whopping \$5000. The generosity of the coffee lovers was evident, \$300 was stuffed into the donation can to help out **Derek Pandolfo**. The Yankee Beemers ran the coffee concession at the RA rally held in Pownal, VT the week before the DYR. Besides serving many thousands of cups of coffee we were able to collect \$320 to donate to the Pownal Fire Dept.

Running through the upcoming schedule there certainly is no lack of events to drag everyone away from their weekend honey-do lists for the next month.

Sept. 3 – 6 is the Finger Lakes Rally, this is always a great time with some nice riding, nice people, held at a nice venue. It seems that a large club contingent plans to attend.

Sept. 10-12 is our northern neighbors Green Mountain Rally. This is a must do event that unfortunately runs into our next meeting, which is held at The Larz Anderson European Motorcycle Show on Sept. 12.

The Larz event is co-chaired by our own **Dana Lewis**. He is looking for volunteers to work the gates, place the show bikes, judge, or basically help out. Roy urged anyone riding to the show to display their bike on the field, it costs the same to enter the show or display your bike, unless you are one of the volunteers and then the cost is much less. The BMW MOA Foundation will be sending their SmarTrainer device to Larz, it is worth going to get a try on this high tech interactive learning tool. It is supposed to provide all the realism of riding a bike with none of the attendant risks. Keep this on the QT but there is rumored to be a special surprise for the first 150 BMW motorcycles that go on display on the field, remember you didn't hear it from me. There is talk of a group making an early Sunday departure from the Green Mt. Rally to arrive at Larz in time for the event, it is possible and recommended to attend both.

Sept. 17-19 is the Boxer Shorts rally, **Victor Cruz** pointed out that this is the 3rd year for this low key, indoor, no camping rally. This is the rally for you if you want to sleep under a roof in a bed, eat gourmet meals, see a glass blowing demonstration, and go on a guided tour of a local winery led by none other than **Bob “Ain’t” Hadden**.

Sept. 27-29 is the Whacky Hat rally held at New York’s Copake State Park. It is possible to reserve a cabin spot for this weekend, you have to go to the New York State Park web site to do so. Of course you could sleep on the ground with the unwashed masses if you prefer. Contact **Fred Kolack** for more info.

Winding down his brief remarks Roy spoke how he was a little dismayed that we haven’t had members stepping forward and showing any interest in any of the 4 elected positions that will become vacant Jan. 1, 2011. With a club our size we should have a dozen potential candidates by now. Come on people we need a group to guide the club next year, speak to any of the current officers and we can tell you how satisfying these past 2 years have been. And finally- Currently our treasury is flush, Roy is looking for suggestions of any charitable organizations that we may consider for a donation of some type.

The floor yielded **Don Wilson** had brochures and enthused about the product line from a company called Altrider. Don purchased some of their goods at the RA rally and said it is all high quality, good value stuff. Warmed up now Don went on about how he appreciated the breakfast starting ½ an hour later to accommodate the distance that members had to ride to get to Newburyport, he finished by pointing out that he regularly makes it to the other early meetings riding down from the great white north of New Hampshire.

Surprisingly this was one of the only meetings of the past couple years that we had no new members, hopefully not the start of a trend. So without further ado the 50/50 drawing was pulled.

The first drawing of \$45 was won by **Phil Mikelson** (not the golfer).

The second drawing of \$40 was won by **Valerie Brown**, I know who is getting the first round at Color in the Catskills.

Additional swag raffled off was a BMW hat won by **Brian Anderson** and a Hi-Viz safety belt won by **Phil Mikelson** (yeah him).

As the contents of the meeting spilled back into the parking lot and ride decisions began to be made a steady rain began, deciding for me that I’m picking the route home rather than north to the enduro races in Maine.

Larz Anderson

by Fred Kolack

BMW MOA Foundation's Rider Performance University will be bringing their SMARTrainer simulation device to **European Motorcycle Day at the Larz Anderson Transportation Museum** on **September 12th**. Breakfast Meeting **TOO!**

Overview; The SMARTrainer is a fully functioning device, complete with real motorcycle controls, and is designed to help riders gauge their mental and visual riding skills under the supervision of a specially certified SMARTrainer Coach. This device does everything but lean into the turns. The SMARTrainer presents student-riders with



realistic traffic situations, collision-traps, unusual occurrences, and enables riders to display their visual riding skills and their degree of good judgment. Riders who make serious errors and "crash" or have close calls have the opportunity to learn valuable riding lessons without the pain, injuries and other consequences associated with bad riding poor judgment and

failure to spot impending troubles. A ST Coach reviews and replays the ride with the student rider, and offers helpful and timely coaching and riding concepts; riders develop their own personal "riding lesson," a key takeaway concept that can help each and every motorcyclist become more proficient in predicting and recognizing impending risk-factors that could easily and very quickly overwhelm the rider on the "real" road.

What's involved; This is NOT an inexperienced rider training device but it does evaluate physical and mental riding skills. In a nutshell, instruction involves the following; a student rides 1 to 2 minutes to gain familiarity with the workings of the system. Then, a baseline ride lasting approximately 5 minutes exposes the rider to 7 years worth of hazards and possibly even "crashing". Then, the student replays the ride with the Coach, who speaks to visual or mental strategies that the rider could employ to improve their performance. Then the rider is expected to articulate improvements that have been learned. Generally, this all lasts about 15 minutes per rider, so 4 to 5 riders can cycle through this per hour of instruction time. A second screen is planned to be set up for

others in the group to observe and a second coach can prompt the crowd to yield extra learning opportunities, so a lot more learning can take place in a group setting.

Brief history; Honda Corporation first developed this device, originally intended for use by their Dealers. Now the MSF, after having made some adaptations, has exclusive rights for this in the USA. The BMW MOA, with a membership of about 40,000 people, has acquired one of these instructional devices. This is NOT a stand-alone device, and requires a trained instructor. Training for those who are already MSF Rider Coaches takes about 4 hours and about 12 to 14 hours for others. **Roger Wiles** will serve as the RiderCoach for this device at European Motorcycle Day. Look for this device in the main display area of the museum and sign up for a ride.

In the Mist

by Steve MacDonough

Another hot day outside, another hot day at work. So it goes in the summer of 2010, a summer of relentless heat. I work in a large commercial kitchen, and during meal service there is one crisis after another to deal with. Ever seen "Hell's Kitchen?" Lose some of the rudeness and it's not that far from "reality." And it's hot...the heat drapes around you like a mantle, your heavy chef's jacket actually keeping the worst of it off your body. The stress and heat can build up like a pressure-cooker, and sooner or later there must be a release. Sometimes the release happens at work, and that's not always pretty. But not today...

Shift over, I lingered in the building's air conditioned lobby, breathing deeply of its purified air and slowly sipping a large iced tea. When the tea was gone it was time to go, so I picked up my gear and headed for the parking garage, where the K75RT awaited.

You know the temperature is off the charts when the outside air snatches your breath away, just vacuums it right out of your lungs. That's how it was today. I cheered up a bit when I got to the bike. Love seeing the long line of vans and SUV's broken up by the unassuming, chrome-free German, standing tall on its center stand like a steed ready to fly. Unhurriedly I put the rest of my gear on: ear plugs, jacket, helmet, gloves. Just standing next to the bike I could feel tiny beads of sweat starting to push out of my pores. "Are you sure you want to ride to work today?" my wife had asked that morning. "Your car's AC would really feel nice on the way home." Indeed it would. Certainly I was tempted to drive instead of ride, but I'd already lost enough riding miles this summer

because of the heat. Now, standing next to the K, I was glad I had ridden to work. A quick blast up I-190 North was going to do my head a world of good.

Out on the slab I took it slowly the first mile . I was still within the city limits of Worcester, after all. The uber-heated air was blustery, winds punching me from one side then the other. Thunderstorm weather , but too early in the day for the big show.



Passing the Greendale Mall exit, I slowly began to roll on the throttle. Four ticks on the tach. Four and a half. Five. The inline triple began to sing, and I could feel my internal pressure start to bleed off. To my west now I noticed a large, dark rain cloud. This was a well-defined beast, half a mile wide perhaps and moving north by east. Not tall or angry enough to threaten lightning, but definitely holding a lot of water. Judging by its position and direction, I reckoned I would have to ride beneath it at some point in order to get

home. It was somewhat remarkable for being the only rain cloud in the sky, as around it swirled grey and white clouds that had not yet picked up enough moisture to produce rain. Giving the throttle a good twist, I held six thousand rpms all the way up the long incline to the Rte. 140 exit...ohhh, yeah.

Off the highway and riding North again. This short section of 140 is twisty and shaded, a third gear kind of road. Coming up on the junction of Rte. 62, I dropped down to 2nd for the turn west and quickly got the bike back up into third, keeping the engine percolating between four and four and a half thousand rpms. The K ate up the turns in its dignified RT sort of way, and shortly I reached the backroad that would start me homeward.

This old road meanders for a mile or so through the woods of Princeton before rising to the open fields of a hilltop farm, and if you stop right there you have a great view in three directions and the west wind smacks you in the side of your face. I was riding under the rain cloud now and scattered drops were pinging off my helmet as I crested the hill and rolled to a stop alongside a freshly mown hayfield. Remaining in the saddle , I removed my gloves and helmet and took a water bottle out of the side pocket to slake a powerful thirst...ahhh. Suddenly a gust rocked me and the machine, and the black cloud began to strafe me with its rain. The drops stung a bit but were blessedly cool. Turning into the wind, I let the fresh water lave my face and neck. The stress of the workday was washing out quickly now. I rubbed the rainwater through the short bristle of my hair and into the hot skin of my scalp...God it felt good.

When, I wondered, was the last time I had taken a deliberate rain "shower"--as a grade-school boy?

Soon the rain lessened, and the sun re-appeared before it had stopped completely. The heavy cloud had merely creased me and was moving on. It was time for me to move on, too, having a schedule of sorts to keep. Donning helmet and gloves, I fired up the K and headed down the hill, hayfields stretching out a quarter-mile on either side of me. To my surprise there was now a heavy mist curling up from the asphalt road. Thick and deliciously cool, its vaporous tendrils rose about

four feet before dissipating in the sunlight, high enough so that most of my body was in it as I rode. Why was this mist so cool? It must have had something to do with the cooling properties of evaporation, as the rainwater steamed off the hot road. Feeling and breathing its coolness, I was rewarded also with the



fabulous aroma of freshly fallen rain on asphalt. Could any motoryclist be indifferent to that smell.?

My ride lasted another fifteen minutes or so as I slowly wound my way home. The cool mist followed the hot asphalt, and I followed the mist. Detouring up another leafy country lane, I stopped the bike alongside a pristine woodland pond, the breeze ruffling its lily-padded surface. The pond smelled of large-mouth bass. Down the shoreline a heron slowly stalked the shallows, waiting his chance for a hapless minnow. The sun was getting stronger now, the road-mist not as high as it had been minutes before. Moving out, the road dipped and I passed through the palpable stink of a skunk, though no carcass was in the road. Rising up out of that low spot I left the skunk-funk behind, but at the next turn I passed through an indescribable stench wafting from an over-ripe cattail swamp. The rain seemed to have sharpened the odors in the air, liberating the natural perfumes of the landscape from the stifling heat of this brutal summer.

I was in my driveway. The sun was really turning up the heat now, and the cooling mist had been vaporized into a memory. It was good to be home. It was good to have ridden there.

The Pin Boy

by John Murray

The car arrived in front of the house exactly at 9 AM on June 22, 1947. Though he couldn't see the driver, he knew it was Mr. Silvia. No other person was expected that early and besides, it was Mr. Silvia's black Buick boasting its toothy front grill. Closing the lace curtains over the front door, the boy shouted over his shoulder: "Mr. Silva's here, Ma; I'll see you later!" and, without waiting for a reply, was out the door.

What better way could a boy celebrate his fourteenth birthday than being driven to Quincy City Hall where he would be issued his working papers? A provision of the 1939 Fair Labor Standards Act prohibited youngsters under fourteen from employment in jobs that were exceptionally laborious and dangerous. Setting pins in a bowling alley fell into that occupational category. Mr. Silvia, manager of the Wollaston Beach Bowling Alleys and full-time shop teacher at North Quincy High School, did not want any boys working under his supervision if they lacked proper working papers. Presenting evidence of being over fourteen years of age to city hall officials, a boy or girl could readily secure a permit to work. The permits were to be kept on file at their place of employment. Mr. Silvia frequently drove aspiring pin boys to Quincy City Hall to secure their necessary documentation.

A boy passing through puberty in almost all cultures often has to navigate successfully a rite of passage - a passage demonstrating his readiness to advance from adolescence into manhood. Girls often undergo similar rites initiating them into womanhood. Bar Mitzvah and Confirmation are religious manifestations of this passage. Both boys and girls all over the world might be subjected to rigorous, dangerous, and often painful experiences as part of the rite. Only after their successful passage could they be admitted to realms wherein they might engage in warfare – sexual and that other kind.

An American boy living along Wollaston Beach in the mid-nineteen forties had but two paths he could follow to demonstrate his readiness: he could either dig clams or set up pins in a bowling alley. There were neither wild animals nor foreign enemies for him to confront to demonstrate that he was made of the right stuff. The rite of passage, though not formally recognized as such in the broader society, was

unconsciously felt by many youngsters and urged them to search for some means of attaining passage. Delivering papers, mowing lawns, shoveling sidewalks, or delivering groceries and other common childhood tasks just didn't hack it. A boy had to do something that was dangerous or to perform really hard work - work that was repetitive in nature, work that required bending and stooping, and work which ideally bore some element of danger. Only then could a boy walk erect among men. There were only limited opportunities possessing the desired passage criteria in Wollaston in the nineteen forties. Of these, clam digging and setting up pins rose to the top for they yielded all the bragging rights a boy might require. As he joined Mr. Silvia in the front seat of the Buick, the boy was following in the footsteps of his two older brothers; he had chosen the path of becoming a pin boy.

In 1947, American Machine and Foundry had yet to develop and produce automatic pin-setting machines. Moreover, plastic had yet to replace maple as the stuff from which candle-shaped bowling pins were made. Unlike the odd-shaped duck pins, candle pins had symmetrically tapered and duplicate ends. When struck by bowling balls or other pins, the wooden ends became chipped, rounded, and burr-covered with projecting splinters. Seriously wounded pins defied even the most studied attempts by a boy to stand them on end without their toppling over.

At the Wollaston Beach Bowling Alleys the old German guy who waxed and buffed the alley surfaces would periodically grind down both ends of the most seriously damaged pins. With the rounded ends ground flat the pins were easier to place upright. But this goal was achieved only by reducing the pin's overall length and weight. The shorter pins were easier for the boys to manipulate and stand upright, but this advantage came at the cost of an increased tendency of the now smaller pins to fly through the air when struck by fast-thrown bowling balls. A few of these high-flying pins invariably struck the boys; hence it was a no-win situation for the boys. They could find themselves either with pins that wouldn't stand up or with pins that might strike them.

Each bowler played or bowled one or more "strings." A "string of bowling" consisted of ten boxes. Each new box presented the bowler with an opportunity to fell ten standing pins by rolling up to three bowling balls per box. If all three balls were required to knock down all ten pins, a score of 10 would be awarded for that box of bowling. If only eight pins were felled, a score of eight would be awarded. A "spare" was achieved if

all pins were downed with only two balls, and if all pins were felled with only one ball - the equivalent of a golfer's hole in one - a "strike" was had. In any event each bowler threw a total of thirty balls within each string and with them tried to maximize the number of felled pins. The fallen pins needed to be raised again and again, and by the expression, "to set pins" was meant the process by which a pin boy raised the pins to their proper upright location and returned the balls to the bowler from the



deep end of the bowling alley.

Just as a weekend golfer might attain an average score of 100 playing a round of eighteen holes of golf, an typical candle-pin bowler might average a score of 80 for a string of ten boxes. Rookies

might achieve a score of only forty or so. Scores in the range of 120 were rare. Duck pin bowlers using larger balls with finger holes in them and striking smaller pins had their own different set of performance standards. Suffice it to note that on a typical weekday school night, a candle pin boy might have to "set" an average of fifty strings. That average might fall within a range of a minimum of thirty strings to a maximum of over one hundred for the really competent and fast-setting pin boy.

In setting an average of fifty strings, each with an average score of eighty, the boy would have to retrieve and reposition about 4,000 pins (50 strings x 80 pins per string), and recover and place in the return rack

1,500 balls (50 strings x 30 balls per string.) That evening's work was performed in a horrific work environment. He worked in a padded depression at the deep end of the alley wherein the fallen pins and thrown balls landed. This depression was fittingly called a pit. As jobs went, that of being a pin boy absolutely sucked. Digging clams was worse. Clam digging was performed in all seasons - in all kinds of weather - sometimes even in darkness - while racing against an incoming tide. The boy had tried clam digging but that was to remain his road not taken.

Bowling alleys were loud places. That noise was amplified down in the pits as the boy labored in the cacophony of striking balls and bouncing pins; the din was continuous. And the physical task of setting pins was literally back-breaking. After a night's work most boys walked home bowed and with ears ringing. All boys were occasionally struck by flying pins and more than one looked up from his stooped position to see an unexpected ball coming down the alley aimed right at him. He was expected to shake off these common discomforts and accidents. Workman's comp and OSHA? These compensatory and protective umbrellas were not to be found in the 1940's world of the pin boy.

The process of setting pins had a rhythm to it. After the bowler threw all three balls or succeeded in knocking down all pins with a spare or a strike, the boy dropped into the pit from his elevated perch behind it. It was while sitting on this perch he briefly caught his breath as he bobbed and swayed - dodging pins flying at him from all sides. Once in the pit the boy would gather the balls in his two hands and wrists and elevate and place them onto the head-high return rack - a track-like structure that divided his alleys from those of his neighboring pin boy. There gravity would take the balls on their downhill slide back to their point of origin. In placing the balls in their return racks the boy tried to avoid inadvertently dropping a ball on the head of his neighboring pin-setter who might be laboring in the adjacent pit. Grasping two pins in each hand, he would lift them out of the depression and place them flat in a soldier line along the back edge of the alley surface. Alternately drawing pins from each end of the line thus formed, and setting the first pin on the outermost spot of the pin-pyramid, he progressively worked his way back until all ten pins were set. Spots marked on the alley surface indicated to the boy where the pins were to be placed in order to form the familiar triangle shape.

Each of the ten standing pin's location was identified by a number within the pyramidal bunch. "A perfect set" found each pin standing exactly centered on its spot. Boys prided themselves on the accuracy of their sets. These numbered locations were known both to any knowledgeable bowler and to all pin boys. A "missed spot" might bring a yelled complaint from some prissy bowler. His haughty command: "Spot number seven!" might penetrate a boy's ringing ears. It would usually elicit an age-appropriate though well-tempered, under-the-breath, semi-Christian response from the aggrieved boy: "Screw you! You couldn't hit any of these fucking pins with a goddamned howitzer even if they were sticking out your ass, you cross-eyed Nazi prick!" Nevertheless, the boy would obediently descended into the pit and give a nudge to pin number seven.

Once all of the pins in one alley were set, the boy would hoist his rump up onto the bench that ran behind all of the eighteen alleys and briefly lean back against the wall. Stretching his legs out over the slim and shallow partition that separated the two alleys he was tending, he might catch his breath, take a drink of water, wipe his brow and wait until the third ball had been thrown in his opposing assigned alley. Dropping into that side he would repeat the process of returning the balls and setting the pins. It was hard, deafening, repetitive work without end. All boys kept several bottles of water and a towel near them on the back bench.

Clambering up and down, reaching, grabbing, returning balls, and arranging pins the boy would thus labor all evening. On a typical weekday night, the first party of bowlers might arrive around six o'clock. Upon their arrival Mr. Silvia assigned the bowlers to some alley or alleys and called out for the boy assigned to those alleys to head down to his customary pits. The number of bowlers and the need for pin boys might taper off beginning around ten thirty, but usually the last boy did not leave until midnight. By eleven o'clock, most boys had "had it" and dreaded seeing arrival of a late party of bowlers assigned to their alleys by Mr. Silvia. A late party of drunks was not unusual, nor was it uncommon for one of them to unwittingly toss an extra fourth ball down the alley while the boy was bent over in the pit tending to his task. Most boys also worked double shifts on weekends and some afternoons as well. Their parents welcomed the additional inflow of cash into the family coffers.

TO BE CONTINUED....

Boxer Shorts Rally @ Snow Farm

September 17-19 * Williamsburg, Mass



Leave your camping gear behind and put a roof over your head at this artist retreat north of Northampton, off **Hyde Hill Road and Route 9**. Private rooms (two single beds per) with everything provided: sheets, towels, pillows, blanket. Glass-blowing exhibition, bonfires. Low-key and limited to about 50. Buffet set up for late Friday night arrivals. Hot breakfast and gourmet dinner Saturday, breakfast Sunday. Website: www.snowfarm-art.org

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City/State/

Zip: _____

Cell: _____

Fee Per Person: \$140 Amount enclosed: _____

Mail completed form with payment to:

Craig Cleasby, YB Treasurer
27 Timber Trail, South Windsor, CT 06074

Yankee Beemers EVENTS

SEPTEMBER 12 -- Larz Anderson European Motorcycle Day -- 15 Newton Street, Brookline, MA 02445

SEPTEMBER 12 -- Breakfast Meeting at Larz Anderson

SEPTEMBER 17 to 19 -- Boxer Shorts Rally at Snow Farm -- Williamsburg, MA

SEPTEMBER 24 to 26 -- Whacky Hat -- Taconic State Park, Copake Falls NY

OCTOBER 17 -- Breakfast Meeting -- Willowbrook Restaurant -- 16 Hastings Street -- Mendon, MA

OCTOBER 23 -- Savant's Ride to close Goulds

NOVEMBER 7 -- Carl Saccaccio's Ride to the Bean

NOVEMBER 15 -- Breakfast Meeting -- Willowbrook Restaurant

DECEMBER 19 -- Breakfast Meeting -- Willowbrook



Valerie Brown, Phil Foster, Fred Kolack, Mark Waegemann, Don LaPierre and Victor Cruz post breakfast meeting at at Captain Dusty's in Beverly, MA. *Photo by Mark*

Motorcycle Suspension Bible

by John Shields

Race Tech's Motorcycle Suspension Bible
by Paul Thede and Lee Parks.

One of the most challenging do-it-yourself projects on a motorcycle may well be the proper setup of your motorcycle's suspension, oft referred to as a black "art" or beyond the understanding of mere mortals like you and me. My own efforts have been hit or miss over the years and so I've yearned

for a way to increase my knowledge of suspension tuning and the ability to get the most out of the motorcycle's handling. By the way, the suspension guy I use in East Hampton, CT says that suspension is not a black art, but a science.



According to Lee Parks the most important job of the suspension is to keep the tire in contact with the road. Comfort and felt response from the shocks or telescoping forks are secondary to this mission. "The goal is to maximize traction."

The point of the book is to simplify the suspension tuning process and make it understandable to the layman. "Too many authors of technical books have forsaken the average reader in the hopes of impressing their peers...we have gone to great lengths to make this material accessible to the layman as well as thought provoking to the engineering elite."

The book is laid out simply and in order by chapter with titles like "springs, damping, friction and geometry." The illustrations are first rate and serve the printed explanations well. The writing is down to earth and any technical terms are thoroughly explained. My own method of setting sag is revealed in the book to be an inaccurate method due to "stiction" which is the amount of friction present in the suspension components and the book shows one how to do it right. Race Tech's book has become my real go-to suspension bible.

Motorcycle Minder

IPHONE APP OF NOTE

I've been using an Iphone app called Motorcycle Minder for a month or so now and it's proven it's value. Following is a list of features...

- Manage Multiple Vehicles
- Display Photo for Each Vehicle
- Manage Multiple Services for Each Vehicle
- Repair Log for Each Vehicle
- Track Any Mods You May Make
- Service Intervals for Mileage and Date
- Lights indicating services that need attention
- Maintain Complete Service History
- Store Notes for Each Bike, Service and Service Record
- Miles and Kilometers Option
- Optional Built-In Services to Help You Get Started
- Notification when services are due soon or overdue



The app sells for \$1.99 and functions great.





Photos at Heath by Victor Cruz



RA Photos by Daniel Falgerho





Yankee Beemers Inc.

2010 Membership Form

1) Place a checkmark

- Membership Renewal
 New Membership

2) Complete the following information

Regular Membership (a BMW Motorcycle Owner)

Associate Membership (Non-BMW motorcycle owner) – no voting privileges

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Home Telephone: _____ Cell: _____

Email: _____ Work: _____

Forum User ID: _____

MOA#: _____ RA#: _____

AMA#: _____ Other: _____ Motorcycles

Owned (Year, Make, Model): _____

3) Complete the following to add a Joint Member (same address as above).

Regular membership (a BMW motorcycle owner)

Associate membership (Non-BMW motorcycle owner, no voting privileges.)

Name: _____

Phone/Cell: _____

Email: _____ Forum UID: _____

MOA#: _____ RA#: _____

AMA#: _____ Other: _____

Motorcycles Owned (Year, Make, Model): _____

Annual Membership Fees to December 31st, 2010.

If you completed sections 1 & 2 only, include check for \$30.00

If you completed sections 1, 2 & 3; include a check for \$35.00

Please Make check payable to : **Yankee Beemers Inc.**

Mail this completed form with payment as described above to:

Craig Cleasby, YB Treasurer

27 Timber Trail, South Windsor, CT, 06074

Boxer Shorts September 2010

Journal of the Yankee Beemers Club
for 25 years

c/o Craig Cleasby, Treasurer
27 Timber Trail, South Windsor,
CT, 06074

Next Meeting Sunday

September 12th at the Larz

Anderson Museum
15 Newton Street Brookline, MA
02445

