

CRVBMW NEWS

A Newsletter for Members of the Connecticut River Valley BMW Riders, Inc.

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BMWRA #45

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Return from Bakersfield

by Forrest Anderson

Oh yes, the Bakersfield trip. Let's see where were we? OK, I remember Eddie James and I had traveled from Lake George, NY to Vermont to snap some pictures of Bakersfield. We needed it for the *I've Been Everywhere* Grand Tour. If I remember right it was close to midnight when we finally got those pictures and our story left off with the two of us leaving the fog covered town and heading toward Canada.

Canada? Eddie wanted a picture of the Vermont/Quebec border and since we were only 12 miles away . . . Besides at this time of night the ferries across Lake Champlain were closed. Thus we planned to go north and cross over the top of the lake in Canada and then come down I-87 back to Lake George. Simple right? We thought so.

Following Eddie on this fogged-in night was a good idea as I guessed he must see better than I. Besides Eddie religiously obeyed the speed limits on two lane roads. Thus at a constant 35 mph we made our way to the border. We were greeted by a "Welcome to Quebec" sign that had worn out its welcome. It was in poor shape and was barely legible.

Only a few yards past the sign was the border guard terminal with its illuminated

parking lot. We pulled in next to the guardhouse and got off our bikes. We were the only visitors at this time at night. There was only a single border guard and she did not like the looks of us. We had to be a sight; two half crazed guys, on bikes, dressed in a combination of leather and rain gear, helmets and gloves, etc.

We walked over to her window and said hello tried to make small talk. We asked if there was a better Quebec sign nearby that we could photograph. "No, that one is the only one," we were told. We were taken back by her rude attitude. OK then, we asked, "Is there an east-west road that would take us to I-87?" "It is many miles from here, this is far away from anything," she surly announced. Finally we asked permission to enter Canada and she frowned but nodded yes.

Eddie and I rechecked our maps. The maps showed an east-west route only a few miles north of this border stop. But we were told different. Eddie ran out and took a picture of the dilapidated "Welcome to Quebec" sign and then we mounted and headed north.

Just getting into second gear

we rounded a corner and WHAM. There, next to the road was a huge, new and illuminated Quebec sign. We quickly pulled over for a shot of this welcome sign. Curious, we thought, why would the border guard not mention this sign? "This confirms it, the east-west road must be just ahead." Eddie postulated.

Sure enough, in less than 5 miles we came to a junction and turned westward. We followed the road until it came to 202. 202 meandered through many small towns and villages, over the top of Lake Champlain and eventually delivered us to I-87.

As we entered I-87's southbound lane another BMW rider joined us. At the border crossing while Eddie was taking his turn with the border guard I talked to the other rider. As it turns out he too was going to Lake George. I told him he was welcome to join us as we were heading there too. Finally Eddie left the staging area and I pulled ahead to go through the routine-border-crossing questions. While talking with the guard for awhile, I noticed two things. One; it appeared that the guard's

(continued on the next page)

CRV Activities for September and October

(see the calendar for details)

September 9 -- CRV Club Barbecue

October 10 -- Foliage Ride.

October 12, 13 and 14 -- Buzzard Crest Bash

October 13 -- The First Ever "Fayerweather Yacht Club Race Nite Rally"

October 13 -- The Greater Hartford Marathon

friendly chatting (noticeably different from the first guard) was a method for him to check if I was fit to drive (it was after 1 in the morning). Two; Eddie had not pulled over to wait for me, he was gone.

Ending the conversation as quick as I could, I pulled away to chase Eddie. As soon as I was out of sight of the guards, I cranked up the throttle. Eddie was long gone. Just like yesterday I'm chasing Eddie. Only this time it was dark and my diminished sight line held my speed to "it's almost reasonable." Mile after mile I'm cranking as fast as I dared. After a few more miles, passing a few more trucks I could barely see Eddie's taillight in the distance. Eventually I came up behind him, slowed and tucked back into the right "wingman's" position. He checked his mirror and nodded as if I had been there all along.

Down the highway we went, as before. Just 5 miles an hour over the speed limit, Eddie's constant for interstate highway travel. After several more miles the other BMW rider joined us for a short distance before peeling off for an exit. "Strange," I thought, "I thought he was going to join us."

Mile after mile, with the cold seeping through every opening and seam, interstate boredom had set in. Every once in awhile Eddie would swerve and then continue straight. "Nothing in the road," I noted, "Maybe it one of Eddie's how-to-stay-awake tricks for long riding." His long distance riding tales last almost as long as the rides. He had finished 4 Iron-Butts, the four-corners of the USA in 11 days, Iron-Butts. Mile after mile. After each mile marker in my head I redo the calculations of how far it is to Lake George and then estimate the minutes until I'm in bed.

Surprisingly, Eddie turns on his signal to exit. I follow suit. At the stop sign he waits for me to pull up with him. "How's your gas," he asks? Gee I hadn't given it a thought. I rethink the calculations that I've been going over and check my trip odometer. "I won't have enough to make it all the way back to Lake George." I tell him. Eddie then admits that he has been on second reserve for several miles and needs gas soon. No gas at this exit and as I check the map Eddie explains that he got gas two exits down the line but he won't make it that far. I tell him that if he runs out that I will go and retrieve some for him, that is if it is open at this time of night. Eddie asks for me to stay with him, just in case, as we continue on. Back up the entrance ramp we went. However, instead of a steady 70mph Eddie set the pace at a suicidal 45mph trying to squeeze every mile from his tank.

As we crept along, as a warning for trucks rushing from behind, I place the turn signal on one direction and then the other, left and the right, right and then left. Warily I watched as each speeding vehicle changes lanes to give us berth. As I switched my fuel to the first reserve a single head light appeared behind us and soon zoomed on past. It was the other BMW rider. "Now I know where he went, he went to get gas!"

Inevitably we came to the exit which professed to have

(continued on the next column)

gas. We coasted down the ramp. No gas in sight. Eddie took a left and slowly followed the road, down and around but in parallel with the highway. About 3 miles later, rounding a corner we were relieved to find the gas station. And it was open! We made it! As we pulled into the station, Eddie's bike coughed and died. Laughing as he got off his K bike to push it to the pump, Eddie confessed that was really cutting it close.

We filled our gas tanks and went in to have a hot chocolate and warm up before heading on. I conceded to Eddie that my R bike was also near empty, taking in 5.8 gallons of a possible 6.35.

Eddie retorted, "6.3 the R tank only holds 6 gallons." "That may be true," I said, "but when you run out and have to push it into the station it will take 6.35."

I asked Eddie about his swerving to stay awake tricks. "Naw," he admitted, "I was actually falling asleep. One of these days I might not be so lucky."

Will we ever make it to Lake George? Wait 'til next month for the conclusion. Can't take it anymore, cancel your subscription now, or better yet, send in your own story next month!

ride far, ride responsibly,
Forrest

CRV Club Store

The following items are available for purchase from our club store:

Club T-shirts — heather gray with club logo

Short sleeve S, M, L, XL, XXL, XXXL \$8

Long sleeve M, L, XL, XXL, XXXL \$10

Club Sweatshirts — heather gray, crew neck, club logo, lettering on arm M, L, XL, XXL \$15

Club Hooded sweat shirts — heather gray, club logo, lettering on arm M, XL, XXL \$20

Cycle foot \$2

CRVBMW Belt Buckle \$15

CRVBMW Club pin \$2

CRVBMW 4" decal \$2

CRVBMW 3" decal \$1

If you're interested in purchasing any of these items from our club store, contact Penny Podgwaite at 203-776-9757 or email to mrmrsp191@aol.com

Web Page Address

Visit our CRVBMW Web Site at

<http://www.crvbmw.org>

CRV Barbecue

How about a catered barbecue like we had over a decade ago? You don't want to miss this one. Rain or shine the event will occur on Sunday, September 9. Your president has arranged for BBQ Blues Catering to provide a pig roast plus steak, chicken with corn, and more. We will gather at the Stanley Park in Westfield, Massachusetts, opposite the presidential palace.

This is one of the most beautiful parks in New England. Walk through the gardens, along hiking and bicycle trails, and around the ponds. There are great roads to and from the park. You'll really like this!

The CRVBMW club is paying for all members and auxiliary members.

To get a correct count and to properly plan the barbecue, all persons age 12 and over must **send \$15 to our Treasurer**, Ron Faibusch. Members and auxiliary members will **receive a full cash refund at the barbecue.**

Children 6-12 eat for \$5 each.

Kids under 6 eat for free.

Bring your family.

CRV members will be talking about this picnic for another decade. Directions will be printed in the next two newsletters.

Send your checks to:

Ron Faibusch

CRVBMW Treasurer

241 Talcott Notch Road

Farmington, CT 06032

Directions to the Picnic September 9, 2001

Stanley Park in Westfield, Massachusetts

---- **From 1-91** ----

Take Bradley airport highway.

Exit for Route 20 to Granby.

Go to Route 202 traffic light in Granby.

Straight on Route 20 for 1/4 mile.

Right on Route 189 to Granville, Mass.

At end of 189 turn Right on Route 57.

1/4-mile turn Left on Old Westfield Rd.

FOLLOW OLD WESTFIELD RD

7 miles then Left on Northwest Rd.

1 mile, turn Right on Western Ave.

2 miles to the second park entrance.

Follow the driveway across the parking area.

Walk through rose gardens to our picnic area behind the buildings to the left.

----- **From Route 8** -----

A few miles into Massachusetts,

Right (east) on Route 57

Pass Tolland, Ma., and continue to Granville

Down the long hill then

Left on Old Westfield Rd.

See above from; "FOLLOW OLD WESTFIELD RD."

----- **From Other Routes** -----

If you get to Westfield, Ma. On any other road, such as Mass. Turnpike, Route 10/202, or Ma. Route 20, look for Westfield State College since it is across the street from the park. There will be BMW roundelles with arrows near by.

Buzzard Crest Bash

Once again, Siouxzanne and Voyle Harris invite you to enjoy two cool days (and cold nights) of fall camping on their ten acres in Gallatin New York-(between Pine Plains and Red Hook, NY) Held on October 12, 13 and 14, Friday night there will be chili and munchies available, and a campfire going. Saturday there will be a few breakfast runs and foliage rides, then a grilled dinner with everyone's contributions. Sunday we'll drink some coffee, eat some leftovers, and head out.

Directions

From Rt. 44: take 44 west through Millerton NY, turn south (left) onto Rt 22- follow for a little bit to NY rt 199. Take a right (west) follow 199 through Pine Plains. About 2 mile west of the town, take a right turn onto county rt. 50. Follow to the end. bear left at fork. Travel approx... 6/10ths of a mile-driveway is on the right side. There will be roundels to help guide you from Pine Plains.

From rt. 84- Rt 84 west to Taconic Parkway- go North to Jackson Corners Rd. exit. Go right at end of exit. Travel 6/10ths of a mile to driveway on the left. There will be roundels to guide you.

Address: 1789 Jackson Corners Rd.

Please RSVP either e-mail vsharris@taconic.net or telephone 518 398 5436

The Greater Hartford Marathon

Riders are needed for this event!!

Event: 8th Annual Aetna US Healthcare Greater Hartford Marathon

Date and Time: Saturday, October 13, 2001 at 7:00 am

Location: Bushnell Park, Hartford, CT

This is the third year that the CRV has been doing the Greater Hartford Marathon; it's good for the community and the United Way. Plus it's a lot of fun and it showcases the best side of motorcycling by showing the public how dedicated and skilled we are. This year we will need 12 riders for this charity event.

To volunteer:

A) Contact John Shields by email at: jjshields01@snet.net or telephone 860-646-5177

and

B) Go to <http://www.hartfordmarathon.com/GHMvols.htm> to sign up and make sure you're on the list for a free t-shirt and other goodies.

Items For Sale or Wanted

For Sale

Sell or trade beautiful, maroon 1995 K75; BMW C fairing color matched, factory hardbags, top case, tank bag, engine guards, ABS, heated grips, radar, factory lowered seat; 4.3K miles. Showroom condition; just bought from Razez's, but it's too big for me. Sell for \$6.4K for everything or trade for similar condition '90-'95 R100GSPD or (+\$) for a R1100GS (for husband who traded in his much loved Guzzi Lemans for it as a present for me). Deb Knowlton (413) 565-2865 (ad posted 8/01)

Wanted

Connecticut Motorcycle License Plates -- HI I'm Matt Strus. I collect and trade motorcycle license plates. As you receive your new Connecticut motorcycle license plate you have the option of destroying the plate or finding someplace that will recycle the metal. The state does not want your plate back (read the paperwork that comes with your new plate), I however do want your old m/c plate. I collect and trade them. Bring your old plate to a meeting. Turn it over to me or an officer of the club. They all know who I am. Missed being a charter member by a couple months, but have held offices in the club of assistant road captain to vice president over the years. (ad posted 9/01)

Foliage Ride

Every year I like to take a few days off from work to enjoy a ride. These usually happen on the first warm day of early spring, and a nice day in the fall to view the foliage. Just in case someone else might want to join me on a day when they belong somewhere else, I've chosen Wednesday, October 10. Weather permitting, I'll be at the gas station/convenience store on Route 188, just north of exit 16 on I-84 at 10:00am. Although the route can change the second a slow car pulls in front of me, the basic plan would be to wind northwest past Lakes Quassapaug and Waramaug, through the state forests and into the beautiful farmlands of Dutchess County, NY. (For those that have been on Keith's "Best of the West" ride, consider this the rest of the west.) Lunch might be in Pine Plains, or someplace along the road that looks interesting. If the weather looks bad, call or e-mail the day before. Jon Gorman

October Newsletter Deadline

Tuesday, September 25, is the deadline for submitting articles for the next newsletter.

2001 Calendar of Events CRV Activities

September

September 9 -- CRV Club Barbecue. Details and directions on page 3.

October

October 10 -- Foliage Ride. See details on page 4
October 12, 13 and 14 -- Buzzard Crest Bash. See details 4

October 13 -- The First Ever "Fayerweather Yacht Club Race Nite Rally". Details to the right.

October 13 -- The Greater Hartford Marathon. See details on page 4

November

November 10 & 11 -- Fall Campout. Details to follow.

Other Motorcycling Activities

September 20-23 -- BMWRA Rally held in Morganton, NC.

October 12-14 -- The Colonial Virginia Motorcycle Rally sponsored by the BMW Motorcycle Club of Hampton Roads. Held at the Jamestown Beach campsites in Jamestown. The rally is open to all motorcycle enthusiasts and their families.

October 12-14 -- "So Howes By You" 2 Fall Foliage Ride and Campout in Cobleskill, NY. For more information contact: Michael Friedle, 845-473-1337 eves., mfriedle@attglobal.net

Something Different

The First Ever "Fayerweather Yacht Club Race Nite Rally"

Where:

Fayerweather Yacht Club
51 Brewster St.
Bridgeport, CT

When:

Saturday, October 13

What:

So what is it? Once a month the club holds a "Race Nite" for members and their guests. A sit-down Roast Beef dinner with all the fixens including desert is served at 7 PM immediately followed by the Sea Horse races. There are ten races run at which you may place your \$.25 bets and also wager on a daily double. Beverages at the bar are very reasonable: \$1.00/ draft beer; \$1.50 mixed drinks; soda \$.50 or \$.75/can in the machine. The dinner will set you back \$6.00 and will only be served to those who have advance tickets. I will prepurchase tickets for those wanting in.

You will be a guest of Bob Naramore who, if enough people buy in, we will have a reserved table for CRVBMW Members. Dress is casual.

Now for the interesting part . . . knowing how sensitive most of us are about riding after the consumption of alcohol, I have been granted permission by the Board of Governors allowing us to pitch our tents on the club lawn so we may avoid the DWI. There is plenty of level grass area; a place for undercover storage for our bikes right next to where we will camp; The whole club grounds will be locked after closing providing adequate security for the campers and their bikes. One door, within the secured area, to the club will be left unlocked for use of the facilities.

Even if a date late in October is picked, the temperature down by the water stays warm until late November. Those who wish to participate in the event, but do not want to camp, are just as welcome as anyone else is.

Certain rules apply: Everyone who is a guest must sign in a guest register; State Law. There can be no camp fires. No pets. You are not allowed to bring any alcoholic beverages onto the club property; State Law.

If you're interested, and or wish more information; call me (203-888-0880) or email me (bobble@snet.net).

I will publish the date, through the web site, as soon as it is set.

Bob

President's Column

Did you send in your response for the September 9th picnic? Hurry! The food will be served starting at 1 p.m. Arrive early and see the park. Take a scenic ride afterward.

Well, your President went wandering for five weeks and our club survived, We flew back to California in early July and had 37 days of touring. We saw great friends and beautiful scenery. There were 7,000 miles of mountains, seacoast and valleys, There were 36 days of sunny skies and one afternoon thundershower. There were no mechanical, medical or mental worries on the journey. We preferred minimum souvenir shopping and maximum sight-seeing.

Great experiences started immediately after arriving at Oakland. Our friend and host Chris Kiely took a break from his air traffic control duties at the busy FAA facility and picked us up at the nearby terminal. Linda and I then returned with Chris to his final hour at the radar screen as we donned headsets in the darkened control room. You would have to see it to believe it. It's a calmly choreographed shuffle of airplanes in multiple directions and speeds.

Our first days in California included a 200 mile freeway blast to San Jose at high speed in traffic. Imagine, hot weather, strong crosswinds, road raging car drivers, and debris on the pavement. We visited a house with a \$200,000 kitchen/family room addition that would bring the market price to \$1 million bucks. You could scarcely fit a bike between the houses and wouldn't get \$200,000 for the house in CT! We spent a day in San

Francisco. Took the ferry from Vallejo across the bay. It is a faster and less stressful commute to the city. Went to Chinatown, rode the cable car and down to Fisherman's Wharf to catch the ferry. Went to a minor league baseball game, Vacaville Steelheads vs. Yuma Bullfrogs. We yelled, "GO Fish!" Saw a play at an outdoor theatre near San Francisco. The cold fog rolls in after dark and they pass out blankets-in July!

The bike was tuned at A and S cycles before we arrived so, after days of easy living, we packed the bags and left on the R110ORT. The bike was top heavy with 2-up and luggage plus camping equipment on the rear rack. The biggest scare of the trip, one hour out near the Napa Valley, was a deer that dashed in front of the bike and briefly disappeared beneath the fairing. It stumbled quickly

across the road though I didn't feel any contact. That heightened the level of readiness for a few days. On through wine country to the cooler Pacific coast and Highway 1. The Beemer cruised along the coastal curves with ocean to the left and hills to the right and beneath. Mendocino to Fort Bragg with the giant redwoods in between. We walked among the giants in silent groves with footsteps cushioned by the forest floor.

We crossed the mountains and followed the Klamath River for two hundred miles. Passed through the Hoopa Reservation where the Bigfoot photo was taken. That's where the bee entered my helmet and stung my chin while riding through tight curves down a mountain. For a couple days I looked like a combination of Jay Leno and Tom Turkey. My wattle pressed against the non-removable chin piece of the new Schubert helmet. We took the last campsite along the river in the state park. While returning from a hike there was a lightning storm on the hills around us. Helicopters arrived soon after and scooped bags of water from the Klamath in front of our campsite. Every few minutes the two choppers dipped and climbed until they accomplished their mission of dousing the spot fires.

With a few more days before the BMWMOA rally in Oregon we planned to get back to the coast. A BMW rider at the campground discouraged us from going on to the Medford, Oregon area and boring terrain. We doubled back 85 miles to Happy Camp, Ca. and found Forest Service road #48. Changed plans often have great outcomes. The road climbed through pristine forests on smooth pavement with some tight twisties and switchbacks. There was no traffic and endless vistas through the Republic of Jefferson.

In the 1940's the local residents protested Washington's lack of support for roads and forest management while taking away tax dollars. Protestors blocked traffic, but only on Thursdays. When Pearl Harbor was attacked the protest stopped for patriotic reasons. A law was later passed to use the tax dollars from the forest industry for forestry projects.

Sweeping curves descended to the coast and we stopped for seafood in southern Oregon. Fresh King salmon, sweet Pacific oysters, Dungeness crab and smoked salmon for lunch. Ever try salmon jerky? Eat to ride, ride to eat. Visited botanical gardens along the rocky coast and picnicked on the boulders. The Oregon Dunes stretch for miles and offer fresh water ponds not far from the ocean.

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We camped near an Oregon Park ranger and had an interesting evening with yet another friend we hadn't met before. He was the only Vietnam Veteran, Methodist minister, clinical psychologist, Buddhist forest ranger I can recall ever meeting.

Inland from Florence, Oregon we went to Eugene and then through cool forests along trout streams. Hiked along a trail through virgin Douglas fir and red cedar along with the taxus yew that supplies cancer-fighting drugs. Over mountains through damp clouds to the sunny valley near Sisters and on to Redmond for the rally.

The rally site was one of the best ones yet. A new fairground with numerous clean buildings for every need. There were two vendor buildings and acres of soft lawns. There were no shade trees, but we were out riding or busy doing volunteer shifts to keep cool.

BMW sponsored a reception at Mt. Bachelor ski area and we were given tickets. The ride there, through Bend, went along the Cascade Lakes Scenic Byway. We rode up on the ski lift wearing jackets and gloves and joined BMW officials for a German buffet at the Summit lodge.

CRVBMW friends we saw at the rally were Pat (Snuffy) Smith and his 11 year old daughter Elizabeth who rode out together, Don and Robin Moss whose first day heading out was 1000 miles on their motorcycles, John and Andrea Borella who organized the running race again, and Susanna (Battit) Parkhouse with husband Matt who help run the MOA and the rally. I finally met the former owner of my R1100RT who was busily buying thousands of dollars of accessories for his new R1150RT just as he had done for his previous RT. Evenings were spent with friends from past rallies and other regions of the country. Sunday dawned and the journey continued as we headed north for more miles of country roads.

In the next issue you will read about further adventures along the trail including my conversation with the mime, chip seal and FOLLOW ME trucks, ferries, friendly natives, First People, UBC, fireworks, Chinatown festival, Canada (Ay), superlatives galore, and much more. There will also be a slide show at a future club meeting that will put this story in pictures.

See you at the picnic,
and on down the road.
Larry Friedman, President
CRVBMW Riders, Inc.

Loud pipes piss people off!

Last month while reading our newsletter, my mind lingered on Forrest's article *Noise Hurts*, and I began to wonder "why"? Noise is certainly nothing new. Loud pipes and their racket have been with us long before any of us started riding. But, why is it so different today?

There's much more noise, too much more from motorcycles today than ever before. It appears that where ever we go, the irritating sounds of unrestricted exhaust noise from Harleys and sport bikes, too are heard.

Their assaults on our hearing in the end can only have one effect. Repression of our rights through biased legislation aimed against all motorcyclists whether the sounds from their machines are offensive or not. But, what can we do?

Forrest gave us all an excellent suggestion- Tell the person that the sounds belching from his or her machine are offensive. Talk to these people. Make your feelings known to them. You really don't have to say much either. Remember, if only one person says something, probably nothing will happen, but, if we all make a concerted effort, I'm sure something positive will develop and change will happen. It's important that we all try. Because, if we don't, our silence will condone their actions.

Remember, loud pipes piss people off, and if there's a massive outpouring of public resentment over this matter in the form of letters and phone calls to our elected officials we will all suffer!

Ride Safe
Lost Lenny

**If you haven't done it yet,
now is a great time to sign-
up for the CRV Barbecue.**

**Don't miss out on a
great event.**

September 2001

NEWS

CRVBMWR

CRVBMWR
c/o Tracy Smith
71 Hillside Drive
Ellington, CT 06029

**It's your last chance to sign-up for the CRV Barbecue?
See details on page 3.**