

CRVBMW NEWS

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

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Wandering Around

by Larry Friedman

The motorcycle carried me away from Harlan, Kentucky toward memories waiting to be created along the unplanned route ahead. Sunday afternoon with the roads nearly empty allowed for a smooth ride past villages and farms, hills and forests toward the spider web of highways that my map depicted as a lure converging on Lexington. The attraction was not so hard to resist this time. I'd motored around and through that white fenced horse farm sprinkled with elegant structures of the equine set. This voyage needed no swirling urban arteries or miles of malls with nothing I needed.

Most small settlements offer no lodgings due to the lack of traffic and attractions or competition from busier places at the crossroads ahead. Scouting runs through quiet Main Streets offered repeated scenes of waking up to another day like yesterday. There's the local ice cream shop with a little line out front. There's the local funeral parlor in the nicest old house in town with several neatly dressed people, mostly old, walking in or out the front door. Maybe there's an old movie theater, sometimes open, with a cluster of cars and pickups parked around or railroad station with no tracks nearby.

All eyes see the motorcyclist drift by, clearly from away.

Corbin's vacancy signs were as welcome as the local eateries advertising the Sunday Southern Buffet. I settle on a clean single with the weather channel on cable and a laundry room near the office. That buffet had so many of the traditional local foods that I was obligated to try. The beans and cornbread, greens and other fresh healthy things looked artistic when arranged alongside the baked, fried or roasted meats of several formerly feathered fowl and mammals. My approach after a long day's ride was to try small portions of everything, more portions of some things and leave room for those tempting desserts.

Sweet tea? Yes, please, ma'am.

The singular claim to fame in Corbin is that icon of American cuisine known throughout the world. Colonel Harlan Sanders original Kentucky Fried Chicken place is there to attract hungry motorists to that wafting breeze scented with secret spices and millions of molecules of artery clogging grease.

That southern buffet was a wiser choice. I would be able to

suppress that chicken addiction for a few more weeks until the colonel's Canadian franchise drew me to the Poulet Frit Kentucky with a side of poutine.

That sweet tea brought a sweet good morning with sunshine and blue skies. The saddlebag was filled with folded clean laundry and there were more inches of map lines waiting to be drawn with the single invisible track left by my motorcycle's tires. So many small towns offer stately homes with the character of past prosperities.

The in-town houses are so often likely to be well maintained with deserved reverence for their past. There is something about a community that engenders that priceless sense of dignity, and values the treasures that too many cities have abandoned. Two lane roads pull me onto the shaded streets to view the properties from the panoramic and unobstructed vantage point of my motorcycle's seat. Slow riding with brief stops will help to imprint the images a bit longer on the seemingly insatiable visual memory bank. The level of concentration required to

(continued on the next page)

CRV and Local Activities for October (see details in the calendar)

- October 3-5 -- Buzzard Crest VI
- Oct. 18 -- Pizza Ride Camp Out
- Oct. 19 -- CRV October Meeting.
- Oct. 19 -- The Borellas' Fall Pizza Ride
- Oct. 26 -- (CRV) Best of the West Ride
- November 8 & 9 -- (CRV) Kettletown Camp Out

safely navigate the roads by motorcycle seems to enhance the sensory experiences. The sights and scents along with occasional rain, heat or cold will blend to form a less fleeting memory that will return in future flashbacks triggered by vaguely related thoughts. A passenger could share their views that would contain many of my own personal responses to the sights. One could argue that it is impossible to share the precise impressions, interpretations and feelings that are derived from a combination of sensory input processed by two people riding on a motorcycles or on separate machines close together. Our divergent pasts and genetic lottery are the major influences that make travel more interesting.

Along comes another town, far from cities and highways, that has no fast food or big box stores. The storefront lunchroom is in a preserved, century old tavern.

It turns out to be another one of those gastronomic gems of home style regional cooking. It's a place where the lunch special really is special. Seems I'm still in the land of "sweet tea?". Meatloaf, salmon patties or ham steak, with perfect mashed potatoes, pan-fried cornbread and fried green tomatoes. Slow food with no day's destination.

Maysville appears to be the likely river crossing since I'd rather avoid Cincinnati. Bridge closed in the old town center but signs lead downriver to an impressive new span. My map shows the ancient Serpent Mound to the north. Long stretches of countryside in shades of green lead to the turnoff for the Indian sacred site. The gate is closed and the ranger gone home for the night. The winding mound with artifacts inside and spirits drifting around will have other visitors tomorrow.

Chillicothe is up ahead and the old Ohio city has everything I want. I cruise past the endless strip malls to the downtown motel opposite the original Crispy Creme donut shop (C.C., not K.K). Feels good to walk several blocks through town to an independent book store. I settle on a small book that will fit that last space in my motorcycle's tank bag. A collection of poetry by Billy Collins, the poet laureate of the United States.

How stimulating the scenery of the world.
the rows of roadside trees,
the huge blue sheet of the sky.

How endless it seemed until we veered
off the broad turnpike
into a pasture of high grass,
heading toward the dizzying cliffs of mortality

Generation after generation,
we shoulder forward
under the play of clouds
until we high-step off the sharp lip into space.

So I should not have to remind you
that little time is given here
to rest on a wayside bench,
to stop and bend to the wildflowers,
or to study a bird on a branch——

from the poem - The Parade
in Nine Horses by Billy Collins

Chillicothe- say it three times, fast. Reminds me of the railroads that came through after the canal boats had made the area prosperous. Now it's Freightways and Mead paper.

The canal-side sports pub had a terrific prime rib sandwich and local brew. The evening's conversations led me to a plan for the morning. The Mound City Group was not far from town. It is a National Monument that has a couple surprises that were quickly discovered. First, the site is bracketed by two gigantic prisons, one federal and one state. Next , the interpretative center shows the artifacts and the Native American history along with the fact that most of the smaller mounds were bulldozed to build a very big Army training camp for World War 1. It was peaceful wandering alone among the vast acres of grass with trees on the perimeter obscuring the distant prison buildings. The rebuilt grass-covered mounds seem to have lost the spirit of the original.

Friends have told me to stop at the Air Force Museum in Dayton. I ride through Washington Court House, Xenia and around Dayton. I've ridden into the middle of a gala two-week celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Wright Brothers first flight. The festivities, called Time Flies, were at several locations around the city.

That explains why the only room I could find was a worn out place near the Wright Patterson Air Force Base. This would be another one of my serendipity stops.

The museum has three of the world's largest hangars. They contain scores of aircraft from the Wright's to the Stealth. Those local bicycle shop owners sure got things off the ground. One building has a B-52 near the center, surrounded by dozens of other planes. As I was leaving at closing time I saw an area of the floor was set up for a formal banquet. Valet parking at the entrance was already greeting guests for the inauguration dinner of the Aviation Hall of Fame located in one of the hangars.

John Glenn was there along with this year's inductee, John Travolta. Seems Mr. T. is a respected pilot and a role model for civil aviation.

The bike was parked for the night and a brisk walk led me to a Chinese eatery followed by a stop at the nearby White Front Bar.

It was another one of those strange visits to the Twilight Zone, that mystical place between long past eras of

CRV Web Site Address

Visit our CRVBMW Web Site at

<http://www.crvbmw.org>

wartime booms at the nearby base. Time had been frozen there when the big flights of B-52 bombers were based across the street and throngs of airmen staggered along the boulevard and among the barstools. Worn out linoleum and vinyl covered booths echoed the boasts and bravado of the crews who no longer stopped in. The handful of regulars appeared to be original issue who just couldn't let go. Good thing since they would certainly have landed on the floor if they did. Introductions all around followed by brief autobiographies. Everyone had a motorcycle story. Either they once rode one or wished they had. Tomorrow Time Flies again so I figured this town would need a couple days to see what all the fuss was about.

next time: Wright B Flyer, Air Show, Idling near the T/A, to AMA Vintage Days, friends in Mansfield, beating the storm home.

Penguin's Perpetual Rally

One of life's little joys is just kicking back and not having anything pressing to do. Well, it happened to me just a few weeks ago. I went to a BMW Rally near Point Judith, Rhode Island. It was at a YMCA camp. And right on the waterfront. The camp was just off of Route 1. Great site!

Fire ring with seats, cabins, very good restrooms, and a fine dinning hall. And speaking of dinning room! There were four meals provided, 2 breakfasts and 2 suppers. All you can eat affairs.

I missed the Friday supper but it was my own fault (ahh, I could miss a few more meals as well). From all accounts it was a good one. I know that the others certainly were.

Towards the big hours and into the small the fire pit was the home of much joculariry. We told jokes and laughed till our sides hurt. On occasion there was blender glass passed around which contained Lo and Behold a blender drink. Pour a little into your glass and have some stupid juice. Well at least something to relax by. This also happened on Saturday night.

Four of us went for a short ride on Saturday. Connecticut weather forecast was for rain on Saturday. I am not sure how much this affected our journey. But it might have as none of us were ready for a long ride. We thought that we might go to an amusement park and ride the Bumper Boats, they had water cannons (yes, big squirt guns). The place never opened until it was too late for us to spend any time there. So instead we went down to the Block Island Ferry slip and walked around. And then out to the point where the light house is at the Coast Guard station. We spent some time there watching the lads try to surf. We thought that the storm (hurricane out to sea at this time) would have brought big waves .

A stop for lunch, or coffee at the Java Joe's. A small snack and rest watching the boats in the Harbor.

I needed to make a stop before heading back. Almost a

big mistake. As we were waiting to cross Route 1 a quick storm hit. The rain looked to be heavy and no way to put on our gear. I crossed traffic and headed towards the storm for about 100 feet, right turn and on the gas and within 100 yards no rain. Phewww!

I think if Amber and Joan got wet I would have paid dearly for it. At least the 1 and 1/2 mile dirt road had no dust. Or mud! Not enough moisture. I think that Jon Gorman missed all the drops as when we went back to town he headed for a short ride in the opposite direction.

We got back to the site, put our feet up and enjoyed meeting some of the rally goers from all over.

Ed Mix was there (I think that this is his favorite rally). Soon Matt Strus showed up and said that he ran into hard rain a few times but we never got anymore till very late at night.

Dinner was another good meal, and plenty to eat on top of that. Soon after the meal we all headed back to the fire ring. That was where the awards were to be held. The club did a little teasing among themselves, but did at least let us in on the stories.

Door prize giving was the standard pick a ticket, if you have it you win. They had some neat prizes. One in particular was a week stay for 4 adults at a Resort in Maine. Free! I think that I would have liked to win that one. I did win one \$25 gift certificate at Razzee's Motorcycle shop. I'll use this. Amber won a clock that ticked all night long. I think some of you need earplugs. I never heard a thing.

Sunday morning, it took coffee awhile to be made, it seems as if the camp lost power for a bit. On Saturday the coffee makers were blowing the circuit breaker and we thought it was the same thing happening again.

Well it turned out alright after a bit. Every rally needs a panic situation, keeps everyone on their toes!

The power outage also slowed down breakfast. The cooks were so busy that Joan and Amber jumped in to help with a few little things to make it easier on the workers. Thanks ladies. The penguin told me that I had better get you to come back next year. I'll try!

After breakfast we all headed home. But not as a group, which is okay it was mostly a short ride for CRVers. Ed and Matt headed towards Farmington and Bristol respectively. Jon was on his way to Shelton, Joan went to New London to see her family. I had Amber on the back (Art her husband went to Florida to visit family and friends), so I got to torture her on the ride home. We kept looking at rain clouds, found some wet roads, and then 3 miles from home while on the Portland-Middletown bridge the sky opened up. But luck was on my side. Amber hid behind me and smiled behind the windshield for the length of the bridge and then it stopped.

All in all a damn fine rally, with good friends old and new.

Brian Fisk

Lights

Not too long ago, an aluminum Maglite was the latest thing in flashlights. New technologies have created lights that are brighter or longer lasting than the flashlights we had as kids. These technologies are halogen lights, super-bright LED's, electroluminescence, and power management chips.

Halogen lights are much brighter than conventional flashlights. They go through batteries a little faster, but even a small halogen flashlight can give off a tremendous amount of light. The light is also whiter than conventional flashlights.

Super-bright LED's are a new type of LED that is more efficient and gives off more light than traditional LED's. Their drawback is that they are not as bright as conventional flashlights since the light is more diffuse. Their light is also more difficult to project and focus through a lens. Some new versions do have lenses to focus the light like a traditional flashlight with some success. The main advantage of super-bright LED's is that with regular batteries they will produce 50 to 150 hours of light at full strength, and then reduced light output for an additional two to three times that. That is not a misprint; these things can be turned on and will still be giving off light a week later. The batteries last so much longer because most of the power goes to generate light, not heat. I really like that I no longer need to carry spare flashlight batteries for these lights.

LED's also have much longer lives than light bulbs. A typical flashlight bulb burns out after 20 to 40 hours of use, while LED's typically last thousands of hours before they burn out, and are unlikely to ever need replacing.

Electroluminescence is a big word for lights that glow without using a bulb. Like LED's, batteries can last a very long time, 50 or 100 hours at full strength, and an additional two to three times that at lower levels because, again, very little heat is generated. The technology was originally used in Timex Indiglo watches and later showed up in night lights.

Power management chips are beginning to show up in advanced lights, especially LED lights. These semiconductor chips allow power to be used more efficiently for a longer life, as well as providing some additional features, such as flashing modes.

Here are some of the lights that I have tested:

Princeton Tec 40. The Tec 40 is a very bright halogen light. This light uses four AA batteries and sells for under \$20. Princeton Tec also sells a number of



other similar lights in a variety of sizes, such as the Blast which uses 4 AAAs. A great thing about Princeton Tec lights is that they are very rugged and carry a solid lifetime guarantee. I actually bought my first one as a diving light since most are completely waterproof.

Princeton Tec Matrix. I have had this LED headlamp for 3 years and it is still on the original batteries despite much use, including reading during rainy nights in the tent and a three day power outage at home. It uses 3 LED's. The head lamp also came with a Halogen module that quickly replaces the LED module for more light, but I have never used it. A headlamp is great because it is like having a third hand to hold the light. I have used it while dressing



in the tent, making repairs in a dark basement, and shoveling snow after dark. The headlamp shines the light wherever I look, without any other thought on my part. Maria calls this my "geek light" and she used to make fun of it until I bought her one. During our three day power outage last November, she decided she likes it. The Matrix light uses two AA batteries and sells for around \$40, including the halogen module and a fleece storage bag.

Princeton Tec Aurora. This is the headlamp that I bought for Maria. It is much smaller than the Matrix, but



still uses three LED's. It does not project the light as well as the Matrix. The Aurora contains a power management chip that provides five different modes, including two that flash, apparently for emergencies. (The flashing is really annoying.) We will probably begin to see these chips in more devices. The Aurora uses three AAA batteries and sells for around \$30. Often, a free keychain LED light is included in the box as a promotion. Petzl makes similar models.

C Crane Trek light. This is the first LED light that I bought, more than four years ago. The Trek light was the first light to use the new super-bright LED's. Once again, it is still using the original 3 AA batteries despite a substantial amount of use. It uses two LED's and costs about \$30. C. Crane also has a number of other LED lights that are either more powerful or smaller. They sell through their web site: <http://www.ccrane.com/> (Note that their prices include shipping.)



Krill light. The Krill lamp was designed as a replacement for chemical light sticks and uses electroluminescence. The lights come in two brightness levels, regular and extreme While I like the light, calling



it extreme is definitely an overstatement. The extreme version is about twice as bright as the regular version, but batteries only last half as long, 50 hours at full brightness instead of 100 hours. They also come in 180 and 360 versions. The 180 version only produces light on one side, but that is twice as bright. The Krill lamps also come in other colors, but green is the brightest. The body of the light is a Lexan tube that they claim will survive a 9mm pistol shot, for those of you who carry a gun with a sensitive trigger in your tank bag. The Krill lights use two AA batteries and sell for under \$25. The web site that I have purchased from is: http://www.backcountry-equipment.com/accessrs/a-hd_lmp/krill.html

Lithium batteries. Lithium batteries are now available in the same sizes as regular batteries, such as AA and AAA. The advantage of lithium batteries is that they last longer, but are also more expensive. I don't think they are necessary, especially with the LED lights.

Many of these lights mentioned in this article are available at EMS and other outdoor stores. EMS has club weekends in the spring and fall where everything is 20% off for members of "outdoor" clubs. They give me the discount with my CRVBMW card. The earthy-crunchy clerk said "Connecticut River Valley – Cool!"

2003 and 2004 Calendar of Events

Every Sunday -- Coffee Break. Meet in Guilford at the commuter parking lot at the intersection of Route 77 and Route 95. Meet at 9:00, go to breakfast, then decide on your ride for the day.

October

October 3-5 -- Buzzard Crest VI.

October 2-5 -- the "RA's Triple B in 2003 - Beemers, Barber in Birmingham" Rally.

October 5 -- Marcus Dairy Super Sunday

October 11 & 12 -- Gotham Motorcycle Classic. At the Interpid Aircraft Carrier in New York City.

All brands motorcycle show. Details at:

www.GothamMotorcycleClassic.com

Oct. 18 -- Pizza Ride Camp Out. Details on page 6.

Oct. 19 -- CRV October Meeting. Details below.

Oct. 19 -- The Borellas' Fall Pizza Ride. Details on page 6.

October 26 -- (CRV) Best of the West Ride. Details on page 6.

November

November 8 & 9 -- (CRV) Kettle town Camp Out. Details on page 6.

November 16-23 -- (CRV) November Cruise. See details on our web site.

January

January 3 -- (CRV) Trip to the New York Bike Show. Details to follow.

October CRVBMW Meeting

The October CRV Meeting will take place on Sunday, October 19, beginning at 2:00 p.m. at Central Pizza in Berlin, CT. Central Pizza is located at 96 Mill Street, west of Route 9 and the Berlin Turnpike, at the junction of Mill St. and Webster Square St. in Berlin, CT (adjacent to route 9.) Telephone: 860-828-0133. Come and share your ride and rally stories from this riding season. The CRVBMW Riders' treasury will provide the pizza.

November Newsletter Deadline

Saturday, October 25, is the deadline for submitting articles for the next newsletter.

CRV Country Store

Matt Strus has volunteered to take over the CRV Country Store. Thank you Matt. Details will follow on items available from the store/

Kettletown Camp Out

The annual Kettletown Camp Out will not be at Kettletown State Park. I'll be hosting it on Saturday and Sunday, November 8 and 9. But in East Hampton, CT at Markham Meadows campground. This is a private campground that I have been using for the April Breakout. I can no longer trust the state to have anything opened.

This campground has a pavilion (well not anymore, it has sides now), but we can use it. The showers will be closed but flush toilets will be available for us to use.

Details:

Markam Meadows 860-267-9738

East Hampton CT

Follow the signs from Route 16 and Tartia Road.

I'll try to be there around noon, but you never know. Bring something for the stew pot, your own spoon/fork/knife/cup/bowl, and a piece of firewood. And a heads up to me if you plan on going brainfish@deadhorse.com or 860-635-1173

see ya there or be square,
Brian

Borrella's Pizza Ride Camp Out and Ride

On Oct. 18, the Pizza Ride Camp Out @ the Borellas' abode. Rt. 6 Danielson, CT. Arrive in the afternoon. Chili Pot ... Campfire provided. Rain date Oct. 25. RSVP by 10/17 if you're coming.

On Oct. 19, the Borellas' Fall Pizza Ride - Snacks ... camaraderie from 10-noon then we ride the back roads of northeastern CT. to the Pizza King for some real food. Rain date Oct. 26. For directions or info on camp out or ride call 860-774-5535 days or email borella_ent@hotmail.com

Best of the West Ride

You've ridden the northern, central, and eastern parts of the state . . . well on Sunday, October 26, is your chance to ride the best of the western side of CT. What a great way to enjoy a colorful fall day. We're going to ride from Greenwich, where we'll pass some of the homes of the rich and famous, up to the Mass. border and return south to Route 84, in Newtown. **This is not a high speed adventure**, but a day to enjoy the curves, country roads, and hopefully little traffic at a relaxed and fun pace. Rest and food stops are planned. For most of the day we'll be within 15 miles of the CT border, either in NY or CT. Route directions are on our web site.

The ride will begin promptly at 9:30AM, from the McDonalds, directly across from Exit 5, off of Route 95. Come early and enjoy breakfast at McDonald's or coffee and a snack at a nearby, great little Italian bakery. If you want to start a little later, there's a spot to join the ride in Danbury around 10:30. The ride will end between 3:00 and 4:00 in Newtown. **This ride will not be held if it rains.** If you plan on going on the ride please telephone or email me by Friday, October 24. Contact me at 203-532-9733 or email to crvbmwr@aol.com Hope to hear from you and see you at the ride.

Keith Olsen

Hartford County Motorcycle Lions Club 1st Annual Poker Run

All bikes (and automobiles) welcome , proceeds to benefit Lions Sight Projects. October 19, 2003. Registration 10 AM to noon. Knights of Columbus, Elm Street, Windsor Locks, CT \$20.00 per person. Music, food, 50/50, Tattoo Contest and more.

Were you there when . . .

CRV members enjoyed Bobble's 5B Camp Out



Items For Sale or Wanted For Sale

1995 BMW K-750 K3, Arctic Silver, 18K, BMW RT Fairing, Electric Windshield, BMW Bags, Touring Trunk, Engine Guards, 2 Electric Plugs, WP Cover, New Tires, Garaged, Dealer Maintained \$6,500. Leave message for Walter at 860-563-7108. (ad posted 9/03)

BMW Factory Stand for R-1200C. For garage use only. 050-90-88-6-001-550. New \$190, asking \$100. Leave message for Walter at 860-563-7108. (ad posted 9/03)

1982 BMW R100RT, black, like new. Selling because of health. Asking \$2,500. Contact Richard at 860-346-0508 or cbjohn35@yahoo.com (ad posted 8/03)



Some additional bikes for sale, owned by non-club members, may be found on our web site. Check the "For Sale" listings located there.

Items Wanted

None currently listed
October 2003



October 2003

NEWS

CRVBMWR

CRVBMWR
c/o Tracy Smith
66 Morris Street
Naugatuck, CT 06770

CRV Meeting on Sunday, October 19. Club provided free pizza.