

CRVBMW NEWS

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

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BMW MOA #164
BMWRA #45

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Send newsletter articles, ads, flyers, events, etc. before the 25th of the month for inclusion in the following month. Preferred method is to email an attachment to:

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or mail to:
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October 2009 Motorcycle Trip

by Mike McGlamery

Since retirement, I've taken a fall motorcycle trip, and as I began noticing children with their new clothes walking to school and seeing the flashing lights of school buses, my internal clock alerted me that it was indeed time to plan another October journey. With an invitation to come to the Falling Leaf Rally in Missouri, put on by The Gateway BMW Riders of St. Louis, I decided to make the rally my ultimate destination. For a while, I have wanted to travel on The Natchez Trace to visit "McGlamery Stand" and I also decided to include Vicksburg, Ms, as well as Central High School in Little Rock, Ar, to the list of places of interest.

The trip began with mostly an Interstate highway ride to Lancaster, Pa, for a visit with my sister Nancy and her husband Ed. It happened to be "First Friday" in Lancaster and the town was alive with people, music and activity. We ate dinner at the bar in Carr's Restaurant, a wonderful experience if you ever find yourself in Lancaster.

Bright sunshine greeted me the next day and I rode to Staunton, Va, on state roads, through Gettysburg, Pa, and Frederick,

Md, stopping at Harper's Ferry National Historic Park. As I pulled into a Budget Inn on Route 11, a fellow rider, on a much lowered Suzuki GSX 650, came out of her room to greet me. Melody, 60 years old, weighing under 100 lbs, 4 feet 10 inches, smoking a cigarette as long as she was tall, was enroute to Port Jervis, NY, from her Florida home to visit her daughter. She usually rides with her 300 lb husband (he's on his own bike) and the 90,000+ miles on her bike made quite a statement regarding her riding credentials. Swapping tales over Mexican food just reinforces why I love to ride solo on a motorcycle trip. You just never know what awaits you out there and Melody and I had a fun conversation over beers and enchiladas. When I awoke the next morning at 7am, I did the mandatory "look out the window to see if my bike was still there" and I noticed that Melody had already hit the road.

Looking for breakfast, I headed south on route 11, toward Buena Vista, Va, and was diverted to take route 39 west, in the direction of Hot Springs, Va, the boyhood home

of my father. Little did I know that I was to be treated to the first highlight of the trip. The road brought me through the Goshen Pass, following the Maury River and was just a motorcycle rider's delight, with unending twisting curves and accompanying stunning views of the river, gorge and forest. A Virginia "mountain breakfast" of eggs, country ham, biscuits and gravy - the works, awaited me at the top. In Hot Springs, I rode past The Homestead, a National Historic Landmark, in existence before the American Revolution, where my Grandfather once worked in the stables tending and training horses. After staring for a while at a group of houses, one of which my father resided in as a boy, I ventured into nearby West Virginia. My improvised "route" brought me over so many mountains that I stopped counting, but suffice it to say, the up-and-overs provided a virtual "rider's amusement park" of turns and switchbacks. I followed the meandering Greenbrier River for miles, traveling

(continued on the next page)

Upcoming CRV and Local Activities (see details in the calendar)

November 15 -- CRVBMW November Meeting

January 23 -- CRVBMW Winter Banquet at the Polish National Home in Hartford, Ct.

through West Virginia coal country and also bringing me by the famous and luxurious Greenbriar Resort, another National Historic Landmark, since 1778. Many Presidents have vacationed and played golf here over the centuries, along with many other high profile people. The road also brought me past Talbot, WV, the hometown of the legendary John Henry, the “steel-driving man” who “died with a hammer in his hand”. Ultimately I came into the valley between the Blue Ridge and Allegheny mountains, and headed southwest until rain and approaching darkness forced me into a Comfort Inn in Rogersville, Tn, near Crockett Creek where Davy Crockett’s grandparents perished at the hands of Indians, back in The Day.

Weather forecasts were very ominous during this trip, and under overcast skies with a misty on and off rain, I traveled the 300 miles to the northern terminus of The Natchez Trace, just southwest of Nashville, Tn. I took a break at another landmark, The Loveless Café, an establishment providing homemade eats to travelers since the early 50’s, and allowed myself to sample their famous homemade biscuits and preserves and bourbon pecan pie with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. My-Oh-My, was that good. On the very lonely, yet lovely Trace, I put an additional 100+ miles, visiting the historic McGlamery Stand. In frontier language a “stand” was an inn or a trading post, sometimes both, usually located on a well travelled route. Such a place was established on the Old Natchez Trace in 1849 by John McGlamery, but this stand didn’t survive the Civil War. I visited the nearby village, Collinwood, where there is a McGlamery Elementary School, McGlamery Church and McGlamery Cemetery. With the skies darkening around 5:30pm, I went in search of shelter for the night, ending up in a motel in Muscle Shoals, Al, about 25 miles away from The Trace, next to Florence, Al, where everyone was very excited about a Master’s Fishing Derby that was happening. Go figure!

The next day I travelled to Vicksburg, Ms. The weather presented sun, clouds, 82 degrees, high humidity and ultimately severe thunder and rain. Just as I checked into my motel, the sky opened up, with loud thunder, lightening and rain, which hammered for about 15 minutes. Knowing intuitively that more of this was to come, I took advantage of the lull to ride downtown to find Rusty’s Riverside Grill, which WJ found on tripadvisor.com. Once at Rusty’s it rained so hard, I could barely see the bike parked on the street. My red fish with crayfish cream sauce, baked potato and green

beans, followed by key lime meringue pie and a fine coffee, did not disappoint. The rain stopped long enough for me to ride back to the motel at river’s edge around the base of the bluff that was once a pivotal battle in the Civil War.

What began as ominous ended perfectly! At 7am, it was raining mightily and I thought my plans of exploring the Vicksburg Military Battlefield would be dashed or at least dampened. At 9:30, the rain abruptly stopped, the sun emerged, and I packed the bike and proceeded to the national park. Having read Shelby Foote’s “The Beleaguered City”, which gives a detailed account of the events leading up to and including the battle in 1863 by Ulysses S. Grant and his Union troops. It was one of the pivotal battles of the Civil War for the Union, and distinguished Grant as a military genius. I



was eager to see the “lay of the land” for myself. The Battle of Vicksburg encompassed practically all of the elements of warfare, including forced marches, land and navy artillery, trench warfare, counter-espionage, deception, military politics, to name a few. Seeing the park is self-guided, while driving one’s own vehicle over the approximately 16 miles of undulating roadway. Cannons, troop placement signs, and over a thousand memorials to those killed mark the landscape. A highlight of the Park was seeing the ironclad “Cairo”, sunk in 1862 and resurrected in 1964. Much of the artifacts that went down with the gunboat are on display, giving a glimpse into 19th century daily life on a boat. The ship itself,

beautifully restored and presented, is “one-of-its-kind” in existence.

I departed Vicksburg around 2pm, crossing the Mississippi River, passing through a piece of northeastern Louisiana, landing for the night in Monticello, Ar for the night. On the way, I passed a couple of prisons (detention centers), just off Route 65 and the Louisiana State Cotton Museum, where I stopped. The museum, consisting of the plantation house (nothing like the antebellum mansions, imprinted in my mind), a barn/exhibit hall and some transplanted buildings (church, sharecropper homes, outhouse, and store) was quaint and nicely presented. Annie, the daughter of a sharecropper of another time, was staffing the place and took me on a personalized tour of this treasure, out in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by cotton fields. I also stopped at a post office in Sondheimer, La, also bracketed by cotton fields and nothing else, to buy some postcard stamps. The Postmistress seemed eager to talk with someone, but when she discovered that I was a Connecticut “Yankee”, got all evil

in telling me how the people of Gettysburg disrespected the Southern dead in their burials, while the folks in Vicksburg properly buried the Union dead. I listened to her and calmly said, "The Civil War ended a long time ago. Thank God for that!" She responded, "Yes, thank God". I had noticed that in the South, invariably "God" enters conversations.

Monticello, population of around 10,000, which makes it a metropolis by Arkansas standards, was shrouded by dense fog, when I set out the next morning for my next destination, Little Rock, Ar. The fog dissipated fairly soon after I hit the road and by the time I got to Central High School in Little Rock, the sun was shining brightly and the afternoon was hot and muggy. The road brought me by many small and depressed communities, some numbering under 200 residents. Many people live in trailers, some as small as campers and some of these trailers seem to date back 30 years or more. In Arkansas, as well as in other southern states I passed through, I noticed an over-abundance of junk cars and other metal debris scattered hither and yon, wherever I went. It seems many have a penchant against discarding the hulks of cars, trailers, washers, driers, etc., dumping them instead around their homes and properties. Other impressions of the South, besides friendly people, beautiful country and terrain, were the many churches, pawn shops, Christian schools, Camo, bad teeth, more churches and countless pick-up trucks with hoods open with one or more men in ball caps peering down at the engines.

I found Central High School easily, a huge edifice, nestled within a quiet neighborhood of smallish city homes, in what seemed to be a mellow, almost lazy-feeling Little Rock. The National Historic Site has a new visitor center, across from the High School, that presents information about The US Constitution, the Fight for Civil Rights, School Desegregation in general, and it chronicles the events surrounding integration of the school. The Little Rock Nine were a group of African-American students who were enrolled in Little Rock Central High School in 1957. The ensuing Little Rock Crisis, in which the students were initially prevented from entering the racially segregated school by Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus, and then attended after the intervention of President Eisenhower, is considered to be one of the most important events in the African-American Civil Rights Movement. Timing is everything and I got to go on a tour of Central High itself. Today, it is a well respected and integrated engineering/science & math Magnet School. The building, inside and out is simply a beautiful work of art.

I paid a brief visit to BMW Motorcycles of Little Rock to get preferred-roads directions to my next destination and of course a T-Shirt and found the staff very helpful in mapping out a beautiful ride along twisty, scenic roads through the Ozark Mountains to Mountain View, Ar, where I was to meet my friend Steve, a BMW rider from St. Charles, Mo. Steve and I met in St. Louis 11 years ago and have done a

ride together just about each year since then. Mountain View calls itself the "Folk Music Capital of the World" and this is a place where the aura of music permeates the culture there. In the evenings, from April through November, locals come into the town with their guitars, banjos, fiddles, voices, etc. to pick, play and sing this uniquely American mountain music. Sometimes as many as two dozen or so "groups" form and perform. There were about four such groups the evening we were there playing amazing music, in spite of cool temps and an approaching storm.

The rain did come, as did heavy winds, continuing through the night and into the morning, dumping a reported 3-4 inches on the already soggy earth. Discouraged, we hung around the motel until around 11 o'clock, when the maids, chomping at the bit, encouraged us to depart our room. "We're Beemer Riders, Let's Go!" we said, and we were off into the hard rain and dropping temperature. In Mammoth Springs, Ar, we stopped at a small café for some food and respite from the elements. While there, we were treated to a "concert" given by our waitress/café owner. Fifty years old, missing her two front bottom teeth and generally appearing to have led a "hard" life, this woman sang for us and talked about how these economic times affect her small business. Some days, she said, she is hard pressed to take in \$50. But, "God" has summoned her to play her guitar and compose music. We each dropped \$20 on the table for the breakfast and the entertainment and moved on to Potosi and the Falling Leaf Rally, where the temperatures were going to hover around the freezing mark overnight. We set up our tents and sleeping bags and put on warm clothes to hang around outside. Around 450 riders showed up and also set up their tents around the place where about 50 stacks of wood for campfires were arranged throughout the park. Gateway BMW Motorcycle dealership and other vendors along with a dinner of pork steak, baked beans, potato salad, white bread and cake, provided by the Gateway BMW Riders Club, an entertaining awards ceremony which featured the launching of 3 anvils 100s of feet into the air by-way-of powerful explosives, which most likely could have disabled armored vehicles in Afghanistan (Where was Homeland Security?), and all of the small group campfires made this a fun and mellow Rally worth attending.

After climbing out of the tent and chipping through the frost, we packed up and Steve, once again acting as tour guide, aimed us in the direction of St. Louis via Missouri wine country. But not before stopping for a big Missouri breakfast at a small town restaurant which has its own feedlot for cows and pigs and serves its own hand-formed pork sausage breakfast patties, along with delicious biscuits and redeye gravy. Yum!

My last night of fun was spent with old friends in University City in St. Louis, Mo. After catching up on family news, eating a good home-cooked meal with a great bottle of wine, I was awakened at 5:30 am the next morning, for a

brisk, hour-long walk around Forest Park with Chris, before embarking on the final two legs of my journey. Fortunately, I was prepared with the proper clothing and electrics (heated vest and hand grips), because I was to be in the midst of the cold front that was moving toward the East, with predicted snow in New England, soon after I was to arrive home. The twenty hours of travelling was punctuated with mostly dry riding, but some cold rain and windy conditions.

Kenyon Street never looked so good and with the warm arms of my loving wife, a long, hot shower, a good welcome-home supper and a warm cat on my lap, it felt great to be home. Steve and I are already planning next summer's ride to Alaska, where he promises that he can probably arrange a dinner with Sara Palin while we are visiting her State. He thinks that they might even put us up for the night in their home, under the condition that I just learn to spell CONSERVATIVE before we arrive.

Minutes from the October CRVBMW Meeting

The October monthly meeting of the Connecticut River Valley BMW Riders, Inc. was called to order @ 12:55 PM on Oct. 24, 2009, Larry Friedman presiding. 12 members and guests were in attendance at The Log House Restaurant, in Barkhamsted, CT. 0 members were attending their first meeting.

Officers in attendance:

President	Larry Friedman	Y
Vice-President	Lenny LaRose	Y
Secretary	Linda Combe	Y
Treasurer	Mark Altschwager	
Road Captain	Chris Jennings	
Rally Chair	Chris Jennings	
Member-At-Large	Keith Olsen	Y

Secretary reported 164 members. No treasurer's report.

Charter Oak Rally – Chris Jennings will be 2010 rally chairperson. Discussed reasons why rally attendance has decreased. No one agreed that lack of good riding roads in the 4-H Club area is the sole reason that attendance has decreased, however it may be a contributor. Larry asked if anyone was interested in looking for a rally venue in western CT. It was mentioned that many placed don't want motorcycles. Discussed paring down meals. Club will inquire if any church or firehouse groups are willing to cook for rally. Currently we have a deposit for 2010 but would be good if we had a contract, possibly a multi-year one. Club may send out an e-mailing to former rally attendees to spur attendance. Other ideas: drop breakfast and schedule breakfast rides; ask for donations for breakfast. A motion was made by Bob Naramore that subsidies should be available

for functions such as the Winter Banquet and the Club Picnic only for club members who attend the Charter Oak Rally. Motion was seconded by Mark Phelps. There was discussion around this. The rest of the discussion was tabled until the November meeting. Larry will discuss with Chris to set up a rally meeting soon, possibly Nov. 22 when Bob Naramore will be in town. Bob offered Bridgeport Yacht Club as a possible meeting site.

Rides – Chris is leading a ride Oct. 25th to Bradley Air and Space Museum.

Alaska Cruise – leaving July 25th from Seattle; discussed possibly opening it up to a wider group.

Winter Banquet – either Jan 16 or 23; would like to cut down on expenses, possibly band and giveaways.

Nominations of Club Officers – we need nominations for 3 positions: secretary, member-at-large, and co-road captain. Current nominations:

- President - Larry Friedman
- Vice-President - Lenny LaRose
- Secretary - none
- Treasurer - Mark Altschwager
- Co-Road Captain - none
- Member-at-Large – none

Other business – Club agreed to purchase updated software for our newsletters.

The meeting was adjourned at 2:30 PM by Larry Friedman, President.

Respectfully submitted,
Linda S. Combe
Secretary, Connecticut River
BMW Riders, Inc.
10/24/09

December Newsletter Deadline

November 25, is the deadline for submitting articles
for the next newsletter.

Items For Sale or Wanted

For Sale

Oil Filters Spin-on BMW OEM, Mahle OC91 OEM oil filter BMW# 11-42-1-460-845. Fits K and Oilhead R bikes. \$10 each or 5 for \$40. Plus shipping. Contact Frank at mrmrsp191@aol.com (Ad posted 10/09)

2002 HONDA VTX 1800 C Motorcycle, 11890 miles. This cruiser is in excellent condition and has more than \$1,600.00 in accessories on it. It has always been garaged. It has the following accessories on it: Boss leather saddle bags. RIVCO solo luggage rack and passenger seat. Rifle windshield and lowers. Throttlemeister cruise control. MC 1000-19 engine guards. Powerlet 12 VDC outlet on handle bars. I'm asking \$6,250.00 and am willing to negotiate. If interested contact: Pat McGinley: rpatrickmc@comcast.net or (860)747-8653 (Ad posted 8/09)

1999 Wellmax Trailer in a Bag, a better emergency m/c trailer is not available carry it in the trunk of your car. Single rail m/c trailer with a 1200 lbs weight limit, when trailer is taken apart it fits in a canvas duffel bag for storage, stores in your bedroom closet or on the rafters of your garage or shed. As new condition Asking \$650 [new \$1200]. Matt Strus at 860-584-5760 or madmatt@deadhorse.com (Ad posted 8/09)

Assorted Items, if interested contact Forrest at 860-873-8712 or email forrest.l.anderson@mac.com (ad posted 8/09):

Tank Bag: RKA red, magnet. Used one season on my R100RT. \$50

Hippo Hands: Black used several seasons \$10

Heated Vest: BMW size XL, used twice. \$25

Heated Gloves: Widder size M used frequently @10

Riding Suit: Aerostich Roadcrafters, Jacket size 44 Long in Hi Viz Yellow with Silver shoulders. Pants size 38 Long also Silver \$500

Riding Pants: BMW size 34 regular, legs unzip to become shorts, tan \$40

2007 KLR 650 Kawasaki. Red/Silver. 1500 Miles. Mostly stock. Excellent condition. No scratches. Asking \$2995. Mike Dzen 860-729-0850 (Ad posted 8/09)

Items Wanted

None currently listed.

Help Keep Us Current

If there is any change in your contact information (address, email, telephone) please let us know so that we may remain in contact with you. Send any changes to our club Secretary, Linda Combe, by either email or telephone. Thank you.

November CRV Meeting

The November Meeting, held on November 15, will take place 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. The meeting will begin at 1:00.

Bring a friend and meet others as we gather for our election, lunch and some tire kicking. Nominations and volunteers will be accepted.

Admire the hearty members and their motorcycles while complaining about the chilly New England weather and making lame excuses for coming in a car.

A 2010 Charter Oak Rally Committee Meeting will take place after the regular meeting.

2010 CRVBMW Officer Elections

Voting for 2010 club officers will take place at our CRVBMW meeting on November 15. Our current slate of nominees is:

President -- Larry Friedman

Vice-President -- Lenny LaRose

Secretary -- Jim Montstream

Treasurer -- Mark Altswager

Road Captain -- Chris Jennings

Co-Road Captain -- no current nominee

Member-at-Large -- no current nominee

Additional nominations for any position may be made prior to voting taking place.

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.

November

November 15 -- CRVBMW November Meeting

January

January 23 -- CRVBMW Winter Banquet at the Polish National Home in Hartford, Ct. We are making every attempt to meet our members' requests to not have loud music being played.

CRVBMW
NEWS
November 2009

CRVBMW
c/o Keith Olsen
53 Richland Road
Greenwich, CT 06830-6012

2010 CRVBMW Officer Elections will take place at our November 15th Meeting.