



BMW MOA Charter 280

Mid-Atlantic Riders' Rag

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The Monthly Newsletter of the Mid-Atlantic Riders

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From the President

Less than two months to go! We hope you've set aside Saturday, January 28 for our third annual mid-winter banquet at the Maple Dale Country Club in Dover. If doing so somehow got lost in all your holiday planning, then please take a second and do it now. It will be an evening of socializing, dinner, prize giveaways and meeting other members and their better halves. Bob Henig, from Bob's BMW will be on hand to talk about upcoming events at his dealership and BMW motorcycles in general. Our DJ, one of the most popular on the Delmarva Peninsula, promises to keep things lively by engaging us in contests and teaching us new dance steps. The festivities start at 6 pm with a social hour, followed by dinner, door prizes and dancing 'till 11:00 pm. Tickets are only \$65 a couple.

If you haven't done so, please send your check to Tracy Novacich at 202 Tinsley Court, Newark, DE 19702, and let her know if you would like prime rib, chicken Florentine or crab cakes as your entrée. The reservation deadline is January 10, but please take a moment and make yours now; the room can only hold about 50 people and we don't want you left out. There are more details in last month's newsletter.

Next Breakfast

Our next breakfast will be at Matilda's in Newark at 9 AM on Saturday, December 10. A representative from DeSimone Motorcycles will be on hand to talk with us.

New Members

In the past month or so, we gained five new members, and brought our total roster to 55! We recently welcomed Bill Allegretti, Peter Anstey, John Blatz, Peter Hougaard and Dan Nelson. Thanks for joining guys, and welcome to the club!

Motorcycle Instructors

If you haven't already noticed it on our website, please take a moment to read the article toward the end of this newsletter requesting motorcycle instructors (RiderCoaches as they are called). This is a great opportunity for us to give something back to the sport we love, and to help others ride safe.

Are We Supermen or Squaws?

Robert Davis

Way back in the wayback, when a man apologized to his food before killing it and a woman toted a papoose instead of a cell phone, Hurons ruled the roost up there in hockey country. They called themselves Onge Onwe, their words for "super men"; and to prove it, they went stark naked in the dead of winter, even shaving their heads. They loved the winter warpath, for then they could overawe the foe just by showing up. When their neighbors heard a whoop over the wailing wind and lifted the frosty wickiup doorflap to discern a naked shaved warrior wading thigh deep through drifting snow, they would exclaim in dismay "Oh my Tatanka Wotanka! They must be Supermen!"

In the year sixteen hundred and change, a team of Frenchmen determined to discover the North Pole. Brutal cold. Vast distances. Incredible hardships. Sounds like a job for Supermen. So after a certain amount of smoke and palaver, and an expenditure of beads and firewater, an arrangement was made. The Hurons said they needed one year to prepare.

In the ensuing winter, Hurons went on the warpath to all the neighboring tribes near and far, capturing the fattest women they could find. Brought them back and fed them corn and made them pound pemmican. Next summer, the trek began: six Hurons and four Frenchmen with fifty of Quebec's plumpest. Each woman packed a weighty pemmican supply, five fat women per explorer. Northward they marched. Each night, the men ate pemmican for strength, and slept with five plumpers for warmth. The women ate, I dunno, berries or snow, it's not recorded. Thus, each day, the packs got lighter, the women got skinnier and the miles piled up. Eventually, as packs emptied, women dropped by the wayside. A perfect ecosystem, thought the Hurons. Alas, never having been to Santa's toy factory, they had not calculated the distance as accurately as they thought. Somewhere near the far end of Hudson Bay, they ran out of women. So they shouldered what little pemmican remained and hightailed it back.

Nowadays, women will not tote your burden. Quite the reverse and much less five. We do not inure ourselves to cold, but insulate ourselves from it. Widder vests, heated grips and seats, 80 denier ballistic nylon, layers, Gore-Tex, fiberglass fairings; all enhanced by the rumor of global warming. Rather than brag that we are supermen, we boast super gadgets. Let's see if these gadgets really do make us Onge Onwe.

No, I do not propose a ride to the Pole. Unlike true supermen on the warpath, we poor wage slaves have jobs we must return to Monday. Instead I propose a monthly Winter

MARS expedition. Just far enough to keep the carbs clean during this upcoming season, and with a warm destination at the far end of each. Too bad we don't ride Indians; we could call this series the Winter Warpath. Oh, what the heck, let's do that anyway.

It's important to remember that dates and plans for Winter Warpaths may change at the last minute if a blizzard blows up. So DO NOT make reservations in advance.

Here's what I have in mind so far:

The Spy Who Rode In From The Cold

In, of all apt places, Washington DC, is the country's only museum dedicated entirely to espionage. What's it called? Well they call it the Spy Museum, of course. Try and keep up. They have a website at www.spymuseum.org which explains all.



Here's their blurb:

The International Spy Museum is the first and only public museum in the United States solely dedicated to espionage and the only one in the world to provide a global perspective on this all-but-invisible profession. It features the largest collection of international spy-related artifacts ever placed on public display. The stories of individual spies, told through film, interactives and state-of-the-art exhibits, provide a dynamic context to foster an understanding of espionage and its impact on current and historic events. In addition to the Museum, the Complex includes a Museum Store, private dining and event facilities, and two restaurants: Zola and Spy City Cafe.

I propose a Winter Warpath to the Spy Museum, Saturday, December 3rd 2006, leaving my house at 10 am and trekking down MD 213 to 301, across the Bay Bridge, then a jog right to the New Carrollton Metro station. Our brethren from slower Dull-Aware may elect to ride direct to New Carrollton and meet us there. There, we shall park our bikes in safety, and take the Metro into downtown DC. The Spy Museum is a block from a Metro stop.

Let's plan a HOT lunch in one of the three restaurants inside the museum. We'll return by five. Admission is \$14.

I repeat: Plans may change at the last minute if weather blows in. I imagine even the Hurons holed up upon occasion. So do not go on line to book your tickets now because tickets are at the door. You will note that each trip begins from my house. This is so that people coming from afar can come on in and thaw out their bones before proceeding. So if you are coming from Lewes, come on early and getta cuppa java.

Drop a Dime



When I was but a tad, you could still buy shrunken heads. I remember someone advertising them in L.A...Fresh from the Jibaro Indians of Brazil. Okay, well, maybe not fresh, but you could buy them.

Nowadays, where do you go to see a shrunken head? That, my macabre friend, would be the American Dime Museum in Baltimore. Shrunken heads and squirrels armed with squirrel guns; unicorns, and dead Siamese twins, oddities and what-the-hecks, plus flotsam, jetsam and lagan to boot. Collectabilia and memorabilia, even a lotta bilia not worth memoring, much less collecting.

Check out www.dimemuseum.net for the whole skinny. It's only an hour away in Baltimore.

I propose a Winter Warpath to the Dime Museum Saturday, January 7th. We shall set off from my house at 10 am, drop a dime, lunch in Bawlmer and return by 4pm.

Now here is inflation for you: Admission to the Dime Museum costs five bucks!

Take the Time



I know I must have been by this place a jillion times. But I never took the time to stop.

What do they have there? Beats me. Big machines, I bet. Train rides no doubt. Seven bucks to get in is all. Plenty of pocket money left over to grab lunch in Strasburg.

I therefore propose a Winter Warpath on Saturday, February 4th to the Strasburg Railroad Museum. Leave my house at 10 am, return by 4 pm.

For more info, check out www.rrmuseumpa.org/index.shtml.

The Winter Warpath: First Saturday of every frigid month. This will sort the Supermen from the Squaws.

Pocono Giddy-up: Here We Go!

Geoff Ward

WWe'd been planning this ride for a couple of weeks now; Bud H., Dean S., and yer humble author, me. The initial plan was to ride west into MD, then north to Gettysburg, eventually ending up in Slatington, PA for some twisties and a free rack at Bud's bro's house. We left bright, if not early, Friday 11/4 after a big ole country breakfast at my house. Bikes and bodies fueled, we headed in a vaguely south-westerly fashion over to the Conowingo Dam. Initially I was leading but after the first 3 dead-ends at closed bridges, Bud and his lightnin' fast GPS took over. We proceeded over some nice rolling MD roads and eventually stopped atop the Dam for pictures. After a short rest we set out again racing fearlessly over perfect roads as the autumn leaves swirled in the wake of our passage. The new RT makes me a better rider than I was before; it actually makes me faster **and** more in control in the corners than my old GT ever did. Yes, I am a convert. Bud led a great route up to G-burg. I have no idea what the roads were as I was too busy trying to keep



Dean's helmet in sight while still enjoying the foliage flying past. I'll have the joy of rediscovering them myself later.

We reached Gettysburg at roughly 1300 hrs. and proceeded directly to the Farnsworth(?) Inn for a colonial lunch. The Inn's a very neat place, rustic and heavily memorabilia-laden. The brochure says that it's one of the



most haunted inns in the country. Considering the number of war casualties at Gettysburg, that would not surprise me at all. We did no sight-seeing, this was a ride d*mmmit! Soon we were on our way to Jay's house thru many more glorious roads. I often wonder if the people that live on the twisties appreciate what's in their front yard.

Maybe it takes a flatlander to truly appreciate that sort of thing, no? There were a few snags, rolling roadblocks and construction and such, but overall the goin' was easy. The temperature stayed at 74° all day and the sky was blue. There aren't better riding conditions ever!

Eventually, we de-camped at Jay's and proceeded to dinner at The Terrace where Bud and his associates are treated like rock stars 'cause his brother owns the joint. We ate heartily, enjoyed the libations and listened to an acoustic guitar duo for a couple of hours. The lead player was fantastic; he really tore up the frets! Eventually, we closed the place and headed home to crash in various nooks around the house. In the early light of day (10:30) we (actually, Bud) were less than ready to roll so we decided to head home o'er the convoluted tarmac and save some good roads for next time. Headed home, I did my normal veering all over the map and we ended up riding thru Coatesville over to 82, then 926, then 52 home. There was a bad section of Business Rt. 30 that we suffered thru (my fault) but overall a very nice ride. If the weather holds up maybe we'll get one more in. Anybody feel fast? C'mon, Giddy-up!

A Special Announcement

Do you like helping riders get started on the right foot?

Have you ever taken the Motorcycle Safety Course?

Do you like talking to new wannabe riders about motorcycles?

Imagine getting paid to do all this stuff!

The Delaware Motorcycle Program is looking for motorcycleists to become RiderCoaches. If you think you have what it takes, contact David Hrenchir at maxscycle@yahoo.com, or at 302 734-4449, for more information.

First Saddle Sore 1000

Rogers George

It was kind of an impulse thing. I learned Friday that someone was headed to Florida to pick up a parts bike and I invited myself along. I've been taking longer and longer rides in preparation for a possible trip to Alaska next year, and I wanted to see how the bike and I would hold up for a really lengthy ride. We agreed that I'd leave early and let them catch up with me when I stopped for some shut-eye. With two of them, they wouldn't need to stop. On impulse, I decided to try for a SS1000 while I was at it.

Soon after work I was bundled up and on my way. A few hours down the road, I learned they were having vehicle problems, and had to call the trip off. Time for plan B. I had no reason to go to Florida specifically, so I arranged to have lunch with my daughter and her hubby of exactly six months in Asheville, NC. I worked out a rather crooked route through VA, NC, SC, NC, and then back through TN, VA, MD and DE that would be enough for a thousand miles in 24 hours with miles to spare. I did it, though the Iron Butt Association might not accept my documentation. The total in the first 24 hours, about 1050 miles. I left about 5 PM on Friday, got home Saturday night about 11. The total for the trip was 1402 miles and I did 995 miles on Saturday alone. Official or not, the ride was fun. I'm looking forward to my next one. Maybe I'll make myself my own certificate.

I ended up riding a large portion of my miles at night, and it was okay. Slept from 1 to 5:30 am. If you bundle up enough, and keep the wind out, mid-30° temperatures are doable. I was comfortable, but then, I'm from Minnesota. It was chilly. Cheap ski gloves are almost good enough insulation. Rain suits are wonderful for keeping out the



wind. Riding slowly feels really weird after a couple hours at highway speeds. One of North Carolina's finest gave my first performance award in over ten years. (I saw plenty of people pulled over in every state.) He let me take his picture, and when I asked he told me informally (you didn't hear it from me, and this is no guarantee) that they start enforcing after 9 miles over. Saw no live deer, two deer carcasses on the side, three more as hamburger covering large spots on the road. A semi really does a number on a deer. Bike ran like a top. The rider made one goof--

rode about a hundred miles with the kickstand down. Had quite a scare the first time I needed to lean left. Didn't do much sightseeing--concentrated on the road and the traffic.

Fall colors were great, though.

I'm more tired than I thought I'd be. My hands are tired (weak) and somewhat swollen. Shoulder blades got sore, wrists hurt some. I'm going to try earplugs--the wind noise deadened my hearing for a while. I'm hoarse from humming to myself steadily for all those hours. Butt felt fine the whole time. That Corbin actually works fairly well. Never wished for pain meds, often wished for quiet. Hannah and Daniel are fine. I was pleased to see that they sat next to each other, not across. Dad (me) picked up the tab. It was good to see them.

I saw a couple on a Beemer in DC. It was refreshing to see and ride with them for a while. Saw several bikes during the day, but only one other during nighttime. Ran into one fellow who knew about the IBA, said he wants to do a SS someday on his 650. He also has a Jack Russell, as we do. Nice guy.

I didn't report in often enough Saturday, and the wife was anxious. Note to self: Call home every time you get off the bike. When I finally got home we shared a big hug and kiss. On impulse.