

THE CRAB POT

June/July 2004



The Currently Tardy Publication of the
Mid-Atlantic's Most Eclectic Motorcycle
Organization

Notes from the CRABS' Benevolent Dictator

For those of you who miss my drivel, apologies for not providing something earlier. For those who don't, you had a welcome respite in June. Life has been very busy: the first week of June I spent in West Virginia as a counselor at the American Legion Mountaineer Boys' State. There I had charge of 35 17-year-olds for seven days. I didn't have any real problems, save a broken window from an errant soccer ball, but it took several days to recover the sleep I lost!

Motorcycle-wise, it's been busy as well. Several CRABS joined us for the Classic Motorcycle Day at Butler's Orchard, MD. Aside from my usual bicycle race moto'ing (including 180 miles around Reston Town Center one day), I've been commuting a lot as well. Steve Whetstone and Scott Davis tried their hands at the Mason-Dixon 20-20 long-distance rally over Memorial Day weekend. Their stories are presented later in this issue.

As for the future, Randy Black will be heading for AMA Vintage Motorcycle Days in Lima, Ohio the weekend of 17 July with trials buddies and fellow CRABS Buz Brining and Marty Kitner. Anyone wishing to join them should contact Randy. BMW is the featured marque this year.

Rallies are everywhere: July 4th weekend, Betsy and I camped out at Steve Coburn's Whisperwood Cabin to see off the latest edition of the Oilheads Rolling Rally. They left today (5 July) from Charlottesville to retrace the route of Lewis and Clark to the West Coast over the next 10 days, then attend the BMWMOA National Rally in Spokane Washington. Two Virginians, an Israeli living in Boston, and a firefighter from Delaware left this morning from the Route 29 Diner in Ruckersville, VA with a guy from Florida in a chase car. More later.

Betsy has been learning to ride the Honda TL125 trials bike, although she hasn't been on it lately, partly due to a fouled plug and partly due to other responsibilities, namely a new West Highland White Terrier (or Terror) puppy named "Angus." So, any wonder why there is a combined June/July issue? If you have a problem with that, I'll gladly refund your club dues...oh wait...

Welcome to new member Mike Whalen from Virginia Beach!

Your Dictator,
Papa Crab Duvalier

Brit/Euro Motorcycle Day, Butler's Orchard, MD

Betsy and I met fellow CRABS Frank Conway and Mark Murphy at the St. Mary's Landing restaurant in Charlotte Hall for the mid-May trek to Butler's Orchard, MD and the British/European Motorcycle Day. Mark was the only one really in the spirit, riding his Norton Commado 850. He is a master of tickling Amal carbs to get the Snortin' started and he had no trouble running with Beemers on the Beltway. Once there, Mark was directed toward good parking with the rest of the Anglo iron, while the rest of us were directed to the fields. We met other CRABS Randy Black and Buz Brinig at the Potomac Vintage Riders/Mid-Atlantic Vintage Trials tents. Randy was also in the spirit of the Crown, doing trials demos on his BSA 441 Victor. Whilst drooling over some cool Ducatis, the familiar voices of father/son team Harold and Red Sciarra hailed us. Those CRABS were there with the elusive Frank Dawson and a son/grandson in tow. Cruising through the vendors, who should show up but Joe and Jen Seidel and Joe Hawxhurst! Then we saw Lou Church from Gaithersburg: that's 13 CRABS! We watched Randy and Buz do some great trials demos. Apparently, the "Corbin's Ride-On" guys liked the demo too, because Randy got the "come here" finger from the film crew for a command performance. Later, they were seen with the camera close enough to Randy's Beezer to get oil on it. The day was very hot and we headed out early for the ride home, where I led us on a merry, mistake-filled adventure through suburban Maryland before making it to a familiar road for the route home. Be forewarned: I am a pretty good pathfinder when I have an inkling where I'm going, but beware of me around urban/suburban areas. The Calvert County crew left us, but Mark Murphy graciously joined Betsy and I for lunch at Uncle Nicky's in Crofton (decent barbecue and original home of the Maryland Snakehead Fish Pond). Mark got to watch me dodge road kill on the way home. A good day and a good show.

Randy Black on Corbin's Ride-On, Speed Channel!

I told you they were impressed! Randy and the Beezer will be part of the program to air at 2130 (9:30 PM) on 27 July 2004 on Speed Channel. Check your local listings as they say in the Bizness. Who sez CRABS aren't famous? Randy continues his orneriness on the Beezer at Mid-Ohio in July and he's recently proved the "Victor" name worthwhile, placing highly or winning some trials on what is really a "man's man's bike." Follow the BSA's oil trail to find him at the trials near you.

Mason-Dixon 20/20, Memorial Day, York, PA **by Scott Davis, IronCrab**

My Mason-Dixon rally started benignly enough, with the standard check-in process and pleasantries. At first glance, this year's scoring was going to be a challenge: bonus points were grouped and there were additional points for those who completed each group. There were three easily-obtained jokers that could be used as substitutes for one location in each of three groups: one, \$5 worth of lottery tickets from either MD, PA or VA; two, a picture of your rally flag and a "welcome to" sign from any state that did not border PA; and three, a picture of a 24-hour rally rider with your rally flag (Steve Whetstone did not know it, but he was on tap for that one). An additional twist was that a good friend of mine, Leon Begeman, was running around the countryside and was going to be in different locations at particular times. If you caught up to Leon four times (three times with use of a joker) there were additional bonus points.

When planning my attack, calculations called for using jokers for the greatest impact. That strategy called for using them against bonus locations that were the furthest away, offsetting my need to ride really long distances. I could accomplish more group bonuses because most groups had one really-out-of-the-way place and several in-close Mid-Atlantic locations. My plan called for using jokers against Madison, WI, Marathon Key, FL and someplace in Iowa where Buddy Holly's plane went down {Mason City, near Clear Lake - Ed.}. In total, my "attack" had me coming back into York PA with over 106,000 points: I was ready to ride.

I was running well, making it to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame about an hour ahead of schedule. The traffic in Cleveland was light and the Hall was very easy to reach. A five-minute stop and I was off to Cairo, IN to get the Skywatchers memorial. Cairo is not on any map, but is at the intersection of Indiana Rte 18 and I-65. The memorial is dedicated to Indianans who dedicated their lives during WWII to watching the skies over their glorious state for enemy aircraft. Someone should have clued them in about a WWII aircraft's range... I was at this location last year for the MD 20/20 rally, but it took me about 30 minutes to find the thing. This year, due to the recon mission the year before, it was another five-minute stop. Next on my list was Westville, IL, home of the first Monday night football game.

I got to the intersection of Indiana Rte 63 and I-74 around 2:00 AM. I had been running since noon and needed a break, so I pulled into the Pilot Truck Stop, calculating that I was around two hours ahead of schedule. I was planning a rest bonus right after the Westville stop on my way to Shakerstown, KY. I went in and got a cup of coffee and started to walk around the store looking at the life of a truck driver and the things they need. I made room for someone coming out of the bathroom and my Aerostitch jacket caught a shelf of glassware and knocked it to the ground. Standing there with one of the world's worst cases of helmet head, I felt really small. I went up the cash register unzipping my jacket pocket and asked the lady how much I owed her. She was very nice when she said "Nothing."

At about the same moment, a very large man at about 6'7" looked down on me and asked "what is that all about?" After I figured out that he was looking at my suit, I told him about being a bike rider. I do not know if it was my state of mind, his size, the time, or the issue of him being a close talker, but all I wanted was to be out of that situation. I headed out to my bike and he followed me asking me all about the mount, my DOD sticker and what I was doing there at 2:00 AM. I kindly excused myself as I put in earplugs, mounted my bike, and rolled off to Westville.

I got the bonus location at Westville pretty easily because even at 2:15 in the morning, one could not miss a "Welcome To" sign. At this point in the rally, I was feeling great because I had two jokers in my pocket, three bonus locations and three good gas receipts. I headed back East on I-74 looking forward to burning off the rest of my tank and looking for a nice rest bonus location. In Brownsburg, IN, I saw many opportunities for a good gas receipt to start my rest bonus. A "good" receipt contains the following information: time, date, location, gallons, place, and odometer reading. It is hard to get a "good" receipt because usually one of those items is missing. The odometer reading you write on the receipt. I pulled into a Shell and started my gas stop routine, but it was abruptly halted when I reached for my zipper and noticed it was fully open and my wallet was gone. I searched the bike in a desperate attempt at hope, but at last I was true to my actions and the only place it could have been was open to the elements for the past 90 miles. My wallet was gone.

Since I was running so far ahead of schedule, I made the decision to return to the last place I remembered having it, the Pilot Truck Stop. Luckily, I had enough gas to return to the Pilot, but I was going to be on fumes when I got there. On my return the lady remembered me, we all looked, but to no avail. Normally, I would have a spare credit card and some cash reserve on my bike. I had spare during the Ironbutt the year before, but this time I did not even think about placing anything in my secret location. I called my parents and the lady let me use their credit card number to fill up my tank. I set off to attempt to find the needle in the haystack at 3:30 AM by re-riding my route from the Pilot to Brownsburg.

It is amazing what little you see when you have been riding for over twelve hours, it is oh-dark-thirty, and every piece of retread on the side of the interstate is about the size of a wallet. As I rode to Westville, my major hope was that it was laying near the "Welcome To" sign since I got off the bike and walked around. When I got to the sign, another rider was getting the bonus. I told him of my plight and he reached into his bike's secret stash and gave me \$40 gas money to get back home. Go figure. I continued my search down the interstate to Brownsville, but luck was not on my side. In Brownsville, I called the rally masters and asked for a DNF. It might have been a little premature to DNF, but licking my wounds, not knowing if everyplace I went would accept my parent's credit card, and the fact I did not have any ID just made me want to get home. Thanks to Brad, I made it home with enough cash for three fill-ups and a meal.

The lessons I learned the hard way on this rally included to have spare cash and a credit card on hand and breaking the zipper on my stitch so it does not go all the way down. On the plus side, I did get to ride 1,600 miles and enjoyed every moment of that.

Editor's Footnote to Scott's story: Steve Whetstone had better luck with his wallet, but didn't reach his Iron Butt goal of a thousand-mile day. Steve fell less than a hundred miles short of a thousand, but finished the rally in fine style for a rookie. He told one story of sleeping a few hours on the sidewalk of the WAWA store in Dahlgren, VA. I tried to keep track of Steve via his GPS link to his ham radio, but the lack of digipeaters and a wiring issue made him hard to spot. I knew he was safe when I saw him heading for York on Sunday morning. I'm sure these two GS-mounted IronCrabs will have more tales to tell. Thanks to Scott for a great story and sorry for your misfortune. Maybe that burly trucker sleeps with your credit cards...

Oilheads Rolling Rally Sendoff, Charlottesville, 5 July

Over the past 10 years, Chief Oilhead Steve Coburn has had several "Rolling Rallies" for Oilhead BMW owners and others. The concept is simple: start from some point in the U.S. and ride to the BMWMOA National Rally, picking up people along the way. This year's Rolling Rally was in commemoration of Lewis and Clark's great trek to the West Coast, fitting as the MOA National Rally is in Spokane, WA this year. Kandy Dunn, the Rolling Rallymistress, plotted a course that would take them from Charlottesville, home of Merriwether Lewis and Thomas Jefferson, to Spokane via roads that would most closely approximate the route of the Corps of Discovery.

Betsy and I joined the Rolling Rally crew Saturday the 3rd of July and met Steve, Kandy, and Bud Myers, a former motorcyclist from Florida who would drive a chase car since he no longer rides on two wheels. Sunday, a Harvard Microbiology professor named "Emir" showed up. He is originally from Israel. Dean, a firefighter from Delaware also arrived and the party was on. We had a great cookout Saturday night, featuring St. Mary's County's finest Amish sweet corn, green beans, red potatoes, and cucumbers. Anton and Meredith, Beemer geeks from Charlottesville, also joined us, but like Betsy and I, could not join the rally.

The rolling rally very nearly ended before it began the morning of the 5th, when just after turning North on Rte 20, a deer crossed so closely in front of Steve he could hear it's hooves clattering on the pavement. Had he gone down, he might have taken out the following riders as well. But as luck would have it, we reached the departure point of the Route 29 Diner in Ruckersville intact and despite the slow service and mediocre food, the four intrepid riders and one driver sped off for the first stop in Marietta, OH (via US 33 and 50 through West Virginia). Godspeed folks.

The Arrival of the Terror...er...Terrier

Last week Betsy brought home a 7-week-old West Highland White Terrier (AKA Westie or Highlander). Because his heritage goes back to Portalloch, Scotland, we named him Angus McGregor of St. Mary's, or Angus for short. There's a reason puppies are cute: so you don't kill them. He has two speeds, asleep and full blast, and has two main functions, excretion and chewing. Picture Betsy and I standing in the woods in the rain at 11 PM with a squeaky toy in hand, desperately waiting for a 3.8 lb canine to excrete SOMETHING so we can go to bed. He, on the other hand, will play with the toads for a half hour, then go inside, get a drink to prime the pump, and pee all over the rug. He thinks his name is "Angus, NO!" or simply "NO!" and likes to eat Mom's new bushes (Sorry Joe Seidel).

JULY 2004

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				1	2	3
4 Independence Day	5 Oilheads Rolling Rally Start	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16 MOA National Rally	17 MOA National Rally
18 MOA National Rally	19	20	21 Ride to Work Day	22	23	24
25	26	27 Black on Speed Chan @ 9:30 PM	28	29	30	31

Tour de France (Check out the Motos) July 3 to 25
Ride to Work Day on the 21st!!

Let's fill in this calendar: your benign dictator can't do it all. Please email about some ride you'd like to do and have a little company. Right now I can name a bicycle race event for every single weekend on the July calendar for myself, but that doesn't mean you can't do something without me (you'd probably be better off!). Think about August too!

Ride to Work Day

Please ride your bike to work on the 21st to support Andy Goldfine's great idea of a National Ride to Work Day to show auto drivers, employers, etc. that we're out there. 50 MPG beats an SUV any day.

Patio Christening Party Coming Up!

Thanks to the wizardry of Joe and Jen Seidel, CRABS and owners of Outerscapes Landscaping, we now have a beautiful paver sidewalk and patio and some great landscaping we're doing our best to keep the dog from eating. We're hoping to get the deck built and the driveway paved so the next time you come over, you don't have to park in the yard. Shameless plug to Joe and Jen Seidel of Outerscapes for a great job!

New Shirt Order!!

Due to demand, especially for larger sizes, it's time to get some more CRABS shirts. I will again impose upon Jen Seidel to get the screener in Prince Fred to do our bidding. The price will be around \$11 (cost) again.