

# THE CRAB POT

June 2005



The Only Publication of the Mid-Atlantic's  
Most Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious  
Motorcycle Organization

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## **FINALLY! A CRABS EVENT!**

Once again, the erstwhile Ms. Seidel has come through where I have failed and offered their farm for a CRABS event on 18 June!!! Here are the details:

### **Trials and Trails Farm Ride**

**June 18, 2 pm (rain date June 25)**

Joe and Jen Seidel  
3845 Spears Road  
Huntingtown, MD 20639  
410-535-6558

**Please bring a dish, we'll provide drinks and BBQ stuff  
(hamburgers,  
hot dogs, and accoutrements)**

#### **Directions:**

from St. Mary's Co. take Thomas Johnson Bridge into Calvert Co.  
follow Rt. 4 north, approx. 25 miles  
turn right on Ponds Wood Road (Huntingtown High is a good  
landmark,  
we'll be soon after that)  
take 2nd right onto Spears Road  
follow to the end, the road becomes our driveway.

The Crabdicator will set up a few practice trials sections and bring along his Honda TL125 for you all to try. Some of the usual suspects will have trials bikes there as well for trialsin' or trails or just horsing around.

**PLEASE RSVP TO THE CRAB-DADDY IF YOU'RE  
COMING:**

[cornersquid@aol.com](mailto:cornersquid@aol.com)

**STEVE WHETSTONE'S IRON BUTT**  
**The Hole in the Hole Dam Rally**  
**by Steve Whetstone**

Two-wheeled travel has always been an interest of mine. After college, I got back into bicycling for a variety of reasons, but soon found myself wanting to take bigger and longer trips. I commuted to work year-round, tried a couple of Cycle Across Maryland trips, and even an extended camping trip of 491 miles up the Blue Ridge Parkway. Those trips didn't quench my desire for high endurance riding, though. I then learned of bicycle rides called "brevets" that start at 125 miles and extend as far as 750 miles over a timed period. On a bicycle, I've never managed to go beyond the 2<sup>nd</sup> shortest brevet of 300 kilometers (189 miles) in a day, however.

Then I discovered the wonderful world of motorcycles, which gave me the ability to cover long distances in reasonable periods of time. After buying my first motorcycle at age 39, it took all of 13 months for me to try my first endurance ride. Fellow CRAB Scott Davis mentioned a local rally called the Mason-Dixon 20-20 ([www.md2020.org](http://www.md2020.org)) that whet my appetite for longer distances. During my first attempt in 2004, I came up a little short of the minimum 1,000 miles needed to join the Iron Butt Association: I ended up with ~961 miles (according to my GPS) in 24 hours. The lesson I learned was not to try to pick up too many little bonuses early in the rally and concentrate on the big ones. For example, I missed "Finding Leon" at the Roanoke Star by 4 minutes, which completely changed the route I would take through the evening/late night.

For the mini-rally participants (the MD2020 has both one-day and three-day versions), general locations of the bonuses are listed about 10 days before the rally so you can prepare initial thoughts on what route to take. I went through about 10 different routes in an attempt to maximize points with sufficient miles and time allowed for rest. Speaking of rest, the resident moto-doctor of the MD2020 rally, Dr. Don Arthur, also has a day job as Surgeon General of the US Navy. Before this year's event, he gave us a presentation (which can be found on the MD2020 website) on fatigue and fatigue management. He should know: he's done over 100,000 in one year. After his talk, he gave us his thoughts on what might be a workable route for the mini-rally. His thoughts were that you always need to go for the highest density of "big" bonuses.

The granddaddy of all big bonuses on the mini-rally was the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel into New York City. Arrgh! I had decided it was not a good idea to be heading into the chaos of that city during daylight hours. I considered a late night raid on it, but later discounted that because of the frustration factor. After the Friday night rally dinner, I checked the Weather Channel and the Garmin software on my notebook and came up with yet another plan for "my ride" that would begin in the morning. Apparently, some deep-seated flaw in my personality didn't want to let the opportunity to experience riding a motorcycle through NYC escape me. After all, life is a journey, not a destination. So, I decided if I was going to go on a search for the origin of salsa in NYC, I was going to do it early when I was fresh (and before the storm front came through since I didn't know how long the rain might last once it hit).

During the morning meeting, where our rally packets were distributed, Rick Miller received yet another call on his cell phone from a rally participant who wouldn't be completing the rally: as soon as I heard the name Scott, I had a flashback to last year's rally where Scott Davis lost his license and headed for home, leaving me with the hotel reservation we planned on sharing. This year it's Scott again, but this time he's hit a deer and a ruptured gas tank has ended his rally!

Finally, the 8 AM start of the rally arrived, only now I had to wait another hour if I wanted the 450 point bonus for delaying my departure until 9 AM. It was time to move the bike to the check-in area and wait some more before departure. At 9 AM, all but the three early departures finally rolled out of the hotel's parking lot. The group immediately split into groups that headed South, West or North. I was in the group heading North. I figured at least I would have a group I would see regularly throughout the day as we leap-frogged each other on our quest for points. At the first exit, all thoughts of seeing other participants were dashed as almost everyone turned off to collect the first of three plugs that were needed to keep the points you collect from leaking thru the "Holes" in the dam. For every plug you didn't get, you would lose 1/3 of the points you collected. Obviously that meant you better get all 3 of the plugs.

I was left with one other rider who soon turned off to collect points for the Three Mile Island Power Plant. All alone, I pressed on to Fort Indiantown Gap National Cemetery. After quickly collecting that bonus, I headed to another small bonus before hitting Wanaqua, NJ, which has a very impressive stone- and grass-covered dam. As I was cruising along, I passed a Target and picked up one of the toys and a York Peppermint Patty needed for a couple of bonuses. Back on the road heading toward NYC, I spotted a donut shop out of the corner of my eye. I needed a receipt from there for another bonus, but the line was just way too long to actually consider buying something. I quickly scooted up to the front of the line where a gentleman was paying for his donuts & orange juice. "Excuse me, but do you need your receipt??" I said. After a brief explanation, he gladly handed me his receipt. Another mystery bonus was put in the bag I was wearing around my neck to contain my "Documentation."

Traffic was moving well and I was only about 9 miles from my destination at the tunnel into NYC. Of course, in my haste, I hadn't exactly mapped out a smart route to minimize my distance covered in the congestion, so I soon screeched to a slow crawl as I spiralled down into the Lincoln Tunnel, the first of many bridge/tunnel crossings. Once the non-EZPass people finally got out of the EZPass-Only lane, I made it down to the tunnel. Coming out, I didn't even have a few moments for the GPS to reacquire satellite lock before the high-rise buildings blocked out all reception. Intermittent signals allowed me to navigate in brief spurts as I continued in the general direction of the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel. In my search for the elusive bonus, I managed to get a little sightseeing in along Park Avenue, Broadway, the Brooklyn Bridge, and 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue. Most of the details are pretty fuzzy as to in what order I saw things, but I do remember seeing the Statue of Liberty, the Library from the "Day after Tomorrow," and enough cobblestones to think I was working the Paris-Roubaix bicycle race.

The secret to traveling thru NYC by motorcycle is: no matter what the cab drivers seem like they are going to do, you absolutely cannot flinch. If you flinch, they've got you. Surprisingly, I had almost no trouble with cabs or cagers in NYC. I had more concern with fellow motorcyclists who felt it was OK to lane-split with me at a greater than 30 MPH difference in speed. After successfully doing battle in NYC, I collected my toll receipt and tried to point my way out of the inner circle of hell. Downtown NYC during the day makes the Washington Beltway at rush hour seem like an almost quiet country road.

Since picking up a vintage trials motorcycle in December, I've had an itch to try dual-sporting. In my wildest dreams I hadn't planned on doing it at 10 PM in West Virginia on my BMW during an endurance rally. My GPS decided it was time my GS finally got a chance to do something more than just gravel roads, so it routed me down a gravel road about 2 miles from downtown Harper's Ferry, between the river and the train tracks. The gravel road was fine, although the potholes were pretty common, but soon the road degraded to what can best be described as a wide dual-track (2 tire tracks with grass in the middle barely wide enough for a car) and then it narrowed even further. A couple of minor water/mud crossings later, I started worrying that with all of the changes around historic Harpers Ferry, the road might be blocked before I could make it all the way into town. I finally happened upon a space big enough to turn the GS around and decided I would take advantage of it while I could. After heading back to pavement, I made my way downtown in only about 10 minutes.

After my first trip into WV, I headed down to Luray, VA for another reasonably large bonus at a dentist's office. Heading North again, I got onto US 50 heading into WV and finally encountered the first other rally participant I'd seen in 16 hours: at 1 AM Sunday morning, I passed a Gold Wing headed in the other direction.

Reading comprehension is a big part of these rallies. Planning with a PC and GPS are a good 90% solution, but that other 10% is critical to getting to bonus locations quickly and efficiently. Small towns tend to have small roads that occasionally look like driveways. Too bad I didn't get bonus points for making U-turns. Looking for Tunnelton, WV I must have made at least 6 in less than 5 minutes. After Tunnelton, it was time for another dual-sport adventure. This time it was sometime after 4 AM on what passes for a county road in WV. CR250/6 and CR30/5 were the culprits in question this time. It started as gravel, but parts could better be described as a goat path. More than one rider I talked to turned around after starting down that road. Honda Valkyries don't quite have the same handling characteristics of a GS. I made it through since I was pretty certain it wouldn't disappear completely. Reading comprehension struck its ugly head again and caused extensive delays obtaining these bonus points. If only I had read and reread the instructions given before I ventured off the main road, I would have been much better off. I figure I must have lost at least another 45 minutes trying to find the bonus without retracing the steps that would allow me to follow Rick's directions. Doh!

The cumulative effect of my dual-sport adventures and travel delays was placing me in dangerous territory again if I really wanted to achieve my goal of the IBA's Saddle

Sore requirement of 1,000 miles in 24 hours. I had somewhat decided before the ride that I was willing to trade points for guaranteeing the SS 1K. Quick calculations in my head convinced me that I was still going to be able to achieve the SS 1K if I kept pushing until just before the 24-hour clock ran out. The Rest Bonus for this year's mini-rally was worth 2,500 points, so I really didn't want to have to forego it if I didn't absolutely have to. The fog inside my head kept me pushing all the way into Hancock, MD where I obtained a partial tank of gas to top off and document where I last stopped in the 24 hours. Gas completed and receipt in hand, I rolled the bike over to the edge of the parking lot where I planned on a checking into the Iron Butt Motel for a couple of hours before proceeding. I was going to take some penalty points, but I completed my SS 1K requirement and was going to get the 2,500 rest bonus points. I decided to pull out my rally book to see if there were any other requirements to get the rest bonus. Another Doh! I had to start the rest bonus by 6 AM Sunday and it was already after 8. Oh well, I accomplished one goal and blew 2,500 points in the process.

It was time to roll down the road to collect the final 2 plugs I hadn't gotten and get back to the hotel for some much-needed rest. The next few hours went by smoothly, I picked up 1 more plug + 1 additional bonus point + 1 speeding ticket. Oops, that last item wasn't in the plan. I was rolling across PA on the turnpike and blipped the throttle to pass a car a little quicker (since I don't like passing other vehicles too slowly for fear of an unexpected lane change). Before I rolled off the throttle enough, I passed a speed trap and knew what was about to happen. By the time the trooper pulled out, I already had my signal on and was pulling onto the side of the road.

I headed back to York to collect the final plug and a couple of surprise bonuses before arriving at the hotel. The final bonus points I was hoping to collect involved getting a sew-on patch. After trying several stores, I declared no-joy on the only bonus points I tried for that I couldn't achieve. It was time to call it a day and head back to the hotel. I arrived 15 minutes before the penalty period began feeling pretty good about my score considering I missed the 2,500 points for resting. It was still too early to check into the hotel, so I pulled out the computer and sat down to fill out my scoresheet so I could take a nap without worrying about missing anything until dinner later that evening.

Filling out the scoresheets went well. I had all the required "Stuff" and receipts and odometer readings and times needed to earn all of the points from the bonus locations I visited in 7 states. I double- and triple-checked my answers before proceeding to the scoring tables. When you arrive at the scoring tables, there are a series of questions you are asked before you sit down to be scored. If you answer "Yes" to all of them and sit down, there is no changing allowed on the forms. Mrs. RallyBubba went through my scoring and confirmed the numbers I added up for my points total. There was an extra 5 point bonus for something that got added to the point total, giving me a total of 7,897 points for the rally. Not too shabby considering I didn't get the rest bonus. That would have been enough to put me in 9<sup>th</sup> place again in the MD2020. But wait, that would be too easy and not allow for one of Murphy's Laws that bad things come in 3's. The big DOH! came when Mrs. RallyBubba said "You're not going to like this." When I was filling out my scoresheets, I wondered what to do with the answers to the Plugs, but in

my fatigued condition, I forgot to ask before sitting down. I had not listed my 3 plugs on the bonus sheets, so ALL of the points I collected drained away into oblivion! The only consolation afforded me at that point was that I wasn't the only one and if I had been doing the two-day rally, I still wouldn't have finished in last place. The two-day rally actually had one participant end with -1,800 points due to the penalty period.

The good news was at least I finally satisfied my desire for completing a SS 1K ride. Had I not blown the rest bonus and listing the plugs I could have actually finished in 3<sup>rd</sup> place. I still don't think I have the drive and determination to complete something like the 11-day Iron Butt Rally, but I definitely see more short rallies in my future. Anyone up for a 4-6 hour version of the Mason Dixon 2020 Rally to be held in the MD-VA-DC area???

[An excellent, albeit slightly tragic story from Steve Whetstone. He has earned the right to the "World's Toughest Motorcycle Riders" IBA license plate frame you'll see on his yellow GS soon, however. Scott Davis was not physically damaged in the deer collision and by now should be back astride his GS. Scott has promised to tell his story in another issue (perhaps along with one from last year where he was ROBBED of his wallet). Steve and Scott are working on a little rally for the CRABS and have already collected some bonus sites in St. Mary's and Calvert Counties. Stay tuned for more.]

## **MORTON'S BMW FLYING CIRCUS RIDE**

OK, they're not going flying, but they are going to the Flying Circus Aerodrome in Bealeton, VA for Motorcycle Day! Join them **Sunday, July 31** for a ride to the Flying Circus Airport/Airshow. It's half price day for motorcycle drivers and they want to pack the place with BMWs! Don't worry, though, all brands are welcome on a Morton's ride!

**Meet at Morton's BMW at 9:00 AM** and get going by 9:30. They'll take a nice ride through the countryside and stop at a restaurant for lunch. After lunch, it's off to the Circus -- the Flying Circus, that is! **The airshow starts at 2:30 PM**, so they plan to get there before 2:00. Biplane rides are available before or after the show, depending on the weather and pilot availability. This is a fair-weather only ride and if it is raining, it will not be held.

Betsy and I have been to the Flying Circus Airshow and it's a blast. Old airplanes doing great stunts and some schtick for the kids makes for a great day. Take your sunscreen and lots to drink. The Flying Circus Aerodrome is on US 17 North of Fredericksburg/Falmouth, VA, just past Hugo's Skate World, the place with the giant roller skate out front.

I will not be going, but if you want to organize a group ride from here to Morton's, use the mailing list and go for it!

## **THINGING OUR THONG!**

Want to have CRABS in your underwear? Check out all the CRABS goodies at <http://www.cafepress.com/chesriders>. There are T-shirts for you more modest folks. Thankth to Lou Church for the plug on wordth...

## **PAX RIVER TO ENFORCE MOTORCYCLE RULES**

Since August 2001, the rules for riding a motorcycle aboard NAS Patuxent River have included a clause that says you must wear a "Brightly-colored upper, outer garment." That statement represents a big relief from the requirement to wear those orange vests with the reflective strips. With all the post-September-11<sup>th</sup> requirements, the gate guards have not had the time to fuss with people over their apparel, so the brightly-colored garment rule has not been enforced.

This morning on the way in, I was handed a sheet outlining the requirements and given a gentle reminder that they were going to start actually enforcing the rules that have been in place for four years. Now the guys who have been wearing their black leather jackets (and the guys like me who have been wearing...just about any jacket they have) are going to have to suck it up and comply. It was only a matter of time, since we've been taking advantage of the lack of enforcement for literally years. The party's over.

I did call Bev Jeffas, the person in charge of the motorcycle program at the safety office, and asked if the orange vests were the only way to comply with the requirement. She said an emphatic "NO" and said brightly-colored jackets would suffice. Tomorrow, I'm going to look for one of those obnoxious high-viz green or yellow mesh ones. If you ride at night, the good news is that the old 20 square inches of reflectors per side is gone and you just have to have "reflective material" on it. Don't think the sticker on the back of your helmet will suffice, hoss: it will not. A Darien jacket probably will.

## **PICTURE OF THE MONTH**



Danger Dave Black on the Montesa RT-4 taking 2<sup>nd</sup> at the National in California