

THE CRAB POT

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Atlantic's All-The-Time
Motorcycle Organization

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DRIVEL FROM THE CRABDICATOR

I haven't done ANYTHING for the CRABS organization for a while and I apologize. No rides or anything! This is something that has to change. I've got a bunch of excuses: trips out of town, extremely hot weather, bicycle races to referee, and so on but it all comes down to not making time to do a CRABS thing (not even a July newsletter, hence this combo version). Maybe some of the stuff in this issue will help explain.

That's not to say other folks can't contribute. I'm constantly in need of ideas and stories and stuff. Believe me, there isn't anything you can write that I can't get in publishable form for this forum! Let me hear about your trips and tips and whatever you can. Speaking of which:

THANKS TO THE SEIDELS!

Thanks to Joe and Jen Seidel for hosting an event at their farm! We had a good cookout and several folks stopped by. We rode offroad a little and a few people got to try their hand at trials riding. Randy Black brought a Honda 80 and my wife Betsy even tried her hand at offroad, as did Jen Seidel. They did really well. Lou Church got to do trials again, once he found us, that is. Mark Murphy showed us all what he could do on his old Spanish Bultaco. Mark and I laid out a couple trials sections, one of which was really tight and of course Randy Black toyed with it. Anyway, it was a GREAT time and thanks to Joe and Jen for being such gracious hosts.

ANOTHER CRABBY KID

Zachariah Drysdale is the newest little CRAB in the fold. Zacharias lives in New Bern, NC and his Dad Neil just retired from the Marine Corps there. Neil rides and decided to get Zachariah involved as well. He apparently has had a couple close calls due to his gonzo nature, but his Mom hasn't passed out yet.



Zachariah Drysdale doing his new thing in New Bern (Mom is under sedation at an undisclosed location)

OUR CLOTHES LINE

Want 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.

CAUTION RIDERS: MARYLAND'S DEER POPULATION FROM A MARYLAND STATE STUDY

"The current population of deer in Maryland, estimated at more than 250,000, is far beyond what the available habitat can accommodate. Despite the disruption of rural areas because of development projects and recreational uses, deer are remarkably adaptable to residential areas, including urban and suburban sprawl areas, where they enjoy safety from natural predators and hunters.

As demonstrated by a 1998-1999 survey of Anne Arundel, Howard, Montgomery, and Prince George's counties in which the number of deer in the areas studied increased by approximately 50% in the course of only 1 year, the population is not only thriving but reproducing at a startling rate. When a deer herd reaches its upper density limits, as is now the case, the results are the poor health and weakened physical condition of the animals themselves, as well as their overconsumption of native plants, shrubs, and trees that are necessary for the survival of other species in the ecosystem.

The rate of reported deer-vehicle collisions has more than doubled in the State since 1990, and these collisions have caused multiple fatalities and serious injuries. Deer-vehicle collisions cause property damage of about \$10 million per year, which, in turn, leads to higher insurance rates for all drivers.

A recent University of Maryland study found that 92% of the State's farmers suffer damage to corn, wheat, and soybean crops, an annual economic loss in excess of \$38 million, which is considered a conservative estimate because it does not include damage to fruits, vegetables, and other crops. In tandem with this multiplication of the deer population have been alarming spikes in the rate of tick-borne illnesses transmitted to human beings, such as Lyme disease.

Non-lethal control mechanisms, such as fencing, fertility control, repellents, relocation, deterrent reflectors along roadways, and behavior modification by the installation of lights, have proven largely ineffective because they cannot be used routinely and inexpensively and moreover, they impact only a small number of deer. Extended research has shown that hunting is the most effective method to reduce the size of the deer herd, and it is likewise the most cost-effective method to do so."

A couple years ago, I struck a deer less than a quarter mile from my subdivision. I was lucky: the motorcycle sustained only minor damage and I was unhurt. It could have been much different: a BMW rider at the Canaan Rally struck a deer and was hospitalized for a lengthy period with serious injuries. You need to be careful out there, especially when riding at dawn and dusk when deer movement is most prevalent. We tend to like rural roads, but they are prime places for deer activity too.

MICK ANDREWS' TRIALS SCHOOL

When was the last time you got to take a riding class from a World Champion motorcyclist? That's exactly what Steve Whetstone, Mark Murphy, and I got to do on Saturday 23 July 2005 at Monrovia, MD. Thanks to Potomac Vintage Riders and the Mid-Atlantic Vintage Trials groups, Mick Andrews (World Trials Champion in the mid-70's) came down and did two, one-day schools in this area. Thanks to CRABS Randy Black and Buz Brinig for the information!

Mick is 61 years old, but he bounds around the woods like a kid when he's teaching trials. He started us out with a little weaving drill around ever-closer flags stuck in the ground. Then we practiced riding one-footed riding, one-handed riding, jumping off and running beside the motorcycle, getting back on while running alongside, and popping small wheelies (all during a frenzied game of follow-the-leader). Then it was off on a trail ride through the woods.

Mick set up the first "section" up a hill into a rut with a tree root "step" in it. He had two "lines," one harder than the other and I opted for the easier one on my vintage '74 Honda 125 (and my vintage '63 Homo Sapiens body). Then, after another trail ride, it was off to do hill climbs up a pretty long, steep grade. I let the front get up the first time and ended up taking a..."detour" but the second time I nailed it. Don't ask me about going down: I went...down. Mark Murphy fared much better on the "Bull," as did Steve Whetstone (whose bike was way down on power for some reason).

At lunch, the first question Nick asked was "Where's the beer?" Fortunately I had a few Yeungling's in the cooler and he's not a beer snob, so down they went. He entertained us while we waited for takeout sandwiches (and while Randy Black and Mark Murphy rebuilt the throttle on the Bultaco). He's a very personable gent and not the least bit superior-acting. At the Mid-Ohio Vintage Bike Days, Mick rode the entire event...without putting his foot down.

After lunch, we tackled a section Mick laid out in the woods, complete with a couple rocky steps and tight turns. I never did master the thing: I could get one part right, but never put them all together. I think the heat and fatigue were taking a toll on all of us. The next part, a log jump, saw me hit the deck pretty hard and I decided that discretion was the better part of valor at that point. We ended with a trail ride, but Mick threw in a long, messy ascent up a rocky stream gully as a final abuse. I buried my bike in a mud hole and Randy pulled me out.

The day ended with Mick talking to everyone, downing a few more beers, and signing the bikes of anyone who so desired. The three of us headed home, very tired, a little beaten up, but better riders. Hopefully we can put some of the lessons to good use.

For those of you who aren't familiar with "TRIALS" (not a misspelling of "trails"), it's a sport in which competitors ride a series of obstacles called "sections" while attempting not to put their feet down. Every touch of a foot, called a "dab," earns you a penalty point, up to a maximum of 3. A crash earns you a 5 point penalty. There might be 12-18 sections, each of which must be ridden three times in a four- to five-hour period. At the end, the person with the fewest penalty points wins. I encourage everyone to try this form of motorcycling: it will improve your balance and throttle/clutch/brake control.

RANDY BLACK WINS AT MID-OHIO

Speaking of trials and Mick Andrews, Mick made a point of letting everyone know that our own CRAB Randy Black won his class at Vintage Motorcycle Days in Lima, Ohio. It was a manly win, as Randy rode his old BSA Victor 441 thumper to the win. If you ever have an opportunity to see Randy ride, you should do so. There aren't enough O's in smooooooth to describe it. To win on a monster like the BSA (or just to keep one running through an entire event) is an even greater feat. Way to go, Randy!

NEW ENGLAND BY MOTORCYCLE

One of my excuses for not being a better CRAB-daddy is that Betsy and I took two weeks around the 4th of July to make a motorcycle trip through New England. We had 3 premises for our trip: no interstates, no chain motels, and no fast-food or chain restaurants. We did pretty well on those for the most part. Our odyssey was 16 days and 2,565 miles long and covered 7 states.

In Pennsylvania, we went to the Yeungling Brewery and paid homage to my favorite brew, then up to Jim Thorpe to see the Carbon County Jail where 7 members of the Irish miner's group "The Molly McGuires" were hanged. The jail was in use until the late 70's and I can't imagine anyone wanting to go back: the dungeon alone was enough to deter me.

After a trip through the Poconos, we found a great Inn/Motel called the Reynolds House at the foot of the Catskills in Roscoe, NY. The proprietor was an Irish motorcyclist originally from Dundalk, Ireland named Des Lambe. Des and his wife Carmel fled New York City when their son (little Des) was born. Anyway, they run a great Inn and Motel that Besty and I highly recommend. Raimondo's Ristorante down the street is awesome too.

We rode through the Catskills and then the Adirondacks, stopping at the Sandy Point Motel in Long Lake, NY. There were floatplanes taking off and landing when we got there. We had a room with a screen porch, where we enjoyed sandwiches and Saranac beer for dinner. Another motel home run.

Our trip to Lake Placid's ski jumps was curtailed by rain and lightning: the minute we got there, the young man at the gate said the freestylers had just stopped jumping into the pool and that they were shutting down because of the storm. We tried to wait out the rain in a diner, but it was an all-dayer, so we left. Our Joe Rocket rain liners were failing miserably and I had a cascade of water running down my back that I derisively named "Ass Crack Falls." It's amazing how easily your lofty ideals get corrupted when your pants are full of cold water, so we pulled into an Econo Lodge in Plattsburg, NY just because they 1) were the first place to which we came, 2) they had a room, and 3) they had a clothes dryer.

What the Econo Lodge lacked in atmosphere was made up in spades by the restaurant next door. The guy at Anthony's showed us to a table in the bar despite the fact that it was past their closing time. We had a fantastic meal (mine was homemade sausage with sage and an apple glaze).

The next day we entered Vermont by way of the Grand Isle in Lake Champlain. We crossed through Smuggler's Notch and checked out the von Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe before heading for...ICE CREAM. We went to the Ben and Jerry's factory in Waterbury, took the tour, and had samples of course.

Then it was down Vermont 100 and over Brandon Gap to our home for the next few days, Brandon, VT and the Brandon Motor Lodge (another mom and pop motel home run). The hot tub room looked across a Vermont farm and up at the Green Mountains. I'm not going to belabor Brandon, but you should go. The 4th of July parade was over an hour long and little girls were passing out vials of maple syrup. At the fireworks that night, a guy gave me a pocket copy of the Constitution. Only in New England!

We rode ferries across Lake Champlain to see Fort Ticonderoga, saw the Vermont Teddy Bear Factory and the Vermont Wildflower Farm. We had an incredible meal at the Black Sheep Bistro in Vergennes and another one at the Maple Grove Restaurant in Brandon. We had a picnic by Moss Glenn Falls off Route 100 and rode every paved gap across the Green Mountains. What a time!!

We reluctantly left Brandon and went to New Hampshire via Tunbridge, VT (6 covered bridges). We rode across New Hampshire via the Kancamagus Highway, most of which was under construction. The way they do it up there is to dig up the entire highway, leaving dirt, and then start over. My RS was ridden like a GS, but it was fine. We reached North Conway, NH and went to see the great folks at Whitehorse Press (a motorcycle gear and book warehouse). They were awesome and a gent there gave us a route to a mom and pop motel that took us over a ridge with a winding road at a 17% grade!

It rained for a day, so we bummed around and did laundry and shopping, then the next day the skies cleared and it was off to Mount Washington! We climbed Mount Washington on the bike, up the 8-mile road that's about a third dirt, to the top at 6,288 ft. What a view and we got there on one of the 65 days a year it isn't covered in clouds. It's a little hairy, with no guardrails on the road and some narrow dirt sections, but Betsy closed her eyes and held on.

We left New Hampshire and visited our friends Brian and Shira at BACKROADS central in Western New Jersey. We rode quite a bit of the day in rain and when we got there, the hot tub was uncovered and cool beers were waiting. We partied like (old) rock stars with Brian while Shira slaved away putting the magazine together. What an excellent time!!

The next day we took our reluctant leave, but soon saw a bunch of deer and had an encounter with a black bear (in New Jersey of all places). He sauntered across the road, looked at us and decided we were no threat, then went on. We headed for Easton, PA and the Crayola Factory. It was at this point that Betsy, a non-complainer if there ever was one, told me we needed to stop. It's a long story, but it involves a strep throat, a doctor, prescriptions, and about a day and a half of sleep. We broke our vows about chain motels and chain restaurants both that night, but getting the Super Trooper back in shape was of greater priority.

A day later than planned, we toured the Crayola Factory (which turned out to be a bit of a disappointment) and headed home via the Eastern Shore and the same restaurant in Chestertown where we'd eaten two weeks prior. It was an amazing trip and we'd do it again tomorrow (sans the Ass Crack Waterfall and the strep throat). We want to go back, so if you're interested, we're easily coerced...

PS, we didn't use any interstate highways.

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



David Black rocks Moab, Utah on the Montesa RT-4
Dave became the proud father of Trent Black when he arrived last week, about 7 weeks early. He has some great footsteps and tire tracks in which to follow.

Congratulations Dave and Karla!!
(Dude, is your life going to change...)