



## The Crab Pot

*The Overt publication of the mid-Atlantic's  
most Covert moto club*

**JANUARY 2007**

*The Motorcycle Club Newsletter of Record*

### *CRABS Holiday Party*

The party will be held at the Crab Shack on **Sunday 17 December, from 3PM** until the Sheriff arrives. MD 5 South out of Leonardtown; Right on MD 244, Medley's Neck Road; 3 miles and 2<sup>nd</sup> Left into Kingston on Bird Haven Drive; 2<sup>nd</sup> Left on Rosebay and all the way to the end. **Nerd Directions:** **N38°15'04.6", W76°36'45.7"** 🏍️

### *DC MOTORCYCLE SHOW*

Saturday 13 January. Google it. 🏍️

*Biker Found Miles From Where He Thought He  
Crashed*

Scotland 12/7/2006 By Sean Rice

Late 1 December, a 48-year-old Lexington Park man called 911 on his cell phone after crashing his motorcycle into the woods off of MD Route 5 in the Southern end of St. Mary's County. He could not tell police where he was and was too injured to move from the scene.

St. Mary's Sheriff's Lt. Dan Alioto told *The Bay Net* that the rider, Richard Cadwell, reported the last place he remembered passing was Monk's Inn. [For those of you who don't know St. Mary's County, Monk's Inn is one of our more notorious purveyors of liquid entertainment. One wonders if Mr. Cadwell remembered because of an all-too-recent visit. MB]

Police and rescuers responded and began to search the area around Monk's. Helicopter support was eventually called in. It was not until more than an hour after the crash that police found Cadwell miles away in Scotland, MD. "We didn't even know if he was going North or South," Alioto said Wednesday.

Cadwell's phone cut out while he was talking to police and he wasn't found until he saw helicopter lights and police nearby heard his screams from the woods, Alioto said.

Cadwell was taken to the hospital with incapacitating injuries, but has yet to be issued any charges Alioto said. It has been determined that alcohol was a contributing factor in the crash, but it is not yet known if the level of intoxication will warrant charges. [The Crab-Daddy will give you just one guess what the outcome of THAT one will be. MB] 🏍️

*Drivers in This area suckt*

NEW YORK (CNNMoney.com) - The tiny state of Rhode Island still ranks rock bottom in terms of driving knowledge, according to a national test conducted by GMAC Insurance. Oregon drivers answered the most questions correctly.

The test revealed that about one in 11 licensed drivers in the United States would fail a state drivers test, according to GMAC Insurance.

Rhode Island ranked last year, also, with an average score of 77. Last year, Oregon's average score was 89, which still placed at the top of the rankings that year.

Based on average scores, northwestern states generally ranked highest while the bottom-ranking states were mostly in the northeast. One exception was Vermont, which ranked third. Washington state drivers ranked second. Drivers in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and the District of Columbia ranked at the bottom, with D.C. finishing just ahead of Rhode Island.

The test and an accompanying survey were completed by 5,288 licensed drivers including at least 100 from each of the 50 states and the District of Columbia. The survey asked about responses to specific driving situations.

Approximately one in three drivers said they usually do not stop for pedestrians in crosswalks. At least one out of five drivers did not know that pedestrians in a crosswalk have the right of way. At least one in five also did not know that roads are most slippery when it first starts to rain after a dry spell. 🚗

Average: 83.7 percent

1. Oregon 90.6
2. Washington 88.2
3. Vermont 87.5
4. Idaho 87.3 (Tie)
4. South Dakota 87.3 (Tie)
6. Montana 87.2
7. Nebraska 87.0
8. Kansas 86.8
9. Iowa 86.7
10. Wyoming 86.2
11. Wisconsin 86.1
12. Minnesota 86.0
13. Alaska 85.8
14. California 85.6
15. Indiana 85.2 (Tie)
15. Colorado 85.2 (Tie)
17. Michigan 85.1
18. North Dakota 85.0
19. West Virginia 84.8
20. Utah 84.5
21. Mississippi 84.4
22. Illinois 84.3
23. Tennessee 84.2
24. Texas 84.0
26. New Hampshire 83.9
27. Arizona 83.8
28. Virginia 83.5
29. Arizona 83.4
30. Georgia 83.2 (Tie)
30. Louisiana 83.2 (Tie)
32. North Carolina 83.1 (Tie)
32. Maine 83.1 (Tie)
34. Ohio 83.0
35. Oklahoma 82.9
36. Alabama 82.8
37. Missouri 82.7 (Tie)
37. Delaware 82.7 (Tie)
39. Nevada 82.6
40. South Carolina 82.3 (Tie)
40. Florida 82.3 (Tie)
42. Pennsylvania 82.1
43. New Mexico 81.5
44. Connecticut 80.9
45. Hawaii 80.7
46. Maryland 79.5
47. New York 79.4
48. New Jersey 78.6
50. Washington, D.C. 76.5
51. Rhode Island 75.1 🚗

*Chasing the Elusive White  
Buffalo*  
By Mark Murphy

With John's plane running an hour late, the only thing to do was pop a Lonestar, hand Sam a Pearl, and head to Hooters. Welcome to Texas! It's quite amazing how 14 days motorcycling in the Alps will build friendships, and after a September reunion in Knoxville, the Hill Country was the next logical choice for the gang. A few beers at Hooters, a quick spin through the San Antonio airport, and we were off for the Guadalupe. Poor ol' Sam, our slightly crazy and always entertaining host, had been smoking a Boston Butt (the smoker was acquired by handing over his mother-in-law's car title). With a slew of motorcycles out front (including the 900lb Royal Star, known to all as the Buffalo), a pig on the smoker, cold ones in the cooler, and the blue waters of the Guadalupe streaming below, life was good.

For some *unknown* reason, in the midst of a frigid afternoon, the "best damn jukebox in Texas" was the call for the group. Four of the usual suspects, joined by Barry (the Memphis Man), piled in the Explorer and made tracks for the Devil's Backbone. Whatever images you manage to conjure up in your mind for the quintessential "Texas Roadhouse"... you're right on. What sort of folk do you suppose to find in a Roadhouse at 3pm on a Friday? The sort of folk capable of 3 things... belting out a Hank Williams melody, massaging a weight down a 20'

longboard, and punching your lights out. Lucky for this Yankee, I managed to lose every game of longboard (and most of Sam's money). With our welcome wearing thin, an exit was necessary. Plus, the pig was a callin' my name.

With our navigator a little (lot) tipsy, the "tour" home took a little extra time. Worries of the pig being charred were for naught, as the meat did not disappoint. In fact, after dousing the goodness in hot sauce, affectionately known as Panther Piss, we choked down countless sandwiches in record time. As the night drew near, I realized that these old men were hell bent on riding tomorrow... no matter what the forecast! And given the fact that Diddy, Barry, and Sam are more than twice my age, who was I to argue? Serenades by Sam were abundant, and the cans filled the trash. Just in time for clean-up and passing out, the beautiful southern belle, Miss Johnnie, joined our party. She had *willingly* made the 300 mile trip from the homestead on the Mexican border to join us fools for a weekend of debauchery. My spinning head, full of beer and a little apprehension about the morning, hit the pillow. After being joined on the pull out by the Memphis Man (Monster), I was fighting for space and covers. Sometime during the night, as the struggle for sleep persisted, ugly sounds emanated from the driveway... and the bathroom.

At 7:30am, the "crack-spit" sound of a Beast Light can filled the room. Sam, our convicted midnight bathroom hurler, had started the day off with a fizz. What have I gotten

myself into? Johnnie, in her infinite wisdom, made a run for a Mexican breakfast. Returning with sloppy goodness, and a taste authenticity only found near the border, Johnnie treated us to the Guadalupe's best. As expected, the birthday boy (Diddy, turning 69 that day) doused the burrito in hot sauce... repeatedly. After a few trips to the bathroom, I was a tightly packed sausage, encased by Cordura. Poor ol' Sam had finally located the keys to the third of 3 Pacific Coast motorcycles. That's right, the man owns 3 Pacific Coasts (all pearl white)... and the Buffalo. The band of brothers departed in a steady stream of exhaust smoke.

Leaving the house, the thermometer on the porch read 39 degrees. In hindsight, I think the thermometer was broken. LT-riding Diddy and his heated everything was feeling no pain. Sam, wrapped in Buffalo skin and Frogg Toggs, might as well have been wearing boat shoes (with no socks, just like 10 days through the Alps). The Memphis Monster, Barry, was fine on his mid-80s Goldwing. John and I were surviving, mounted on the Coasts, and hiding behind rather large windshields. Duck, on the other hand, was hurting. His Moto Guzzi wore the classic don't-mess-up-the-Italian-look mini windscreen. The miles went by, and the heat disappeared... it was 31 degrees, and that was the high for the next 250 miles.

As yet *another* car pulled off to the side, graciously letting us pass, I focused my attention on the spectacular views present on both

sides of the road. Jagged hills for as far as the eye could see. Down another valley, and up the other side, the views only matured. Not having any idea what to expect when my plane landed, I couldn't be happier. We were riding due west, located somewhere southwest of Austin, and northwest of San Antonio. Destined for sparsely populated "hills," we cruised at 70+. Ahead of their times, the Coasts dropped the center of gravity by dropping the fuel... but only managed a 125 mile cruising range. A fuel stop was imminent, and the Duck was not faring so well. The street corner in anywhere-Texas saw coffee shaking onto bare hands, and a cig wobbling wildly between lips absent any hint of pink. Time for a wardrobe change. Sam, ready for a beer and a Hawaiian shirt, pulled out the big guns... a pair of 1950's Army issue gauntlet style mittens, complete with what appeared to be a full sized animal holding on for dear life. Hey Duck, you might not be able to use the clutch, but your fingers won't fall off.

Further west we rode. The houses disappeared. The cars disappeared. The rocks larger and the trees smaller. The beauty only intensified. Lunch brought thawing, red meat, coffee, birthday cake, and of course, a beer for Sam. Through spitting and sputtering coffee slurps, the Duck assured us he was fine. After the red meat settled, and we had unsuccessfully flirted with the gals of the family, we stuffed the Duck into yet another 3 or so layers and turned north. Climbing to what resembled a high altitude desert landscape somewhere in northern New Mexico, the windshields began

to ice, the gas gauges plummeted, and we turned east. We were somewhere near the headwaters of the Guadalupe, paralleling on blacktop mysteriously hovering over the river at every turn. After jumping the river span a dozen times, and not viewing 4 wheels in 40 miles, the needle on "E" began to hit me in the gut. The phenomenon of "if I ride faster, I will reach a gas station sooner" took hold. Diddy and I jumped the pace up over 80mph. But a rather rare event started to occur... our windshields grabbed a 1/4 inch of ice. Sitting erect with eyes peering up and over, I was now far more aware of each little twist and turn.

**W**ith Sam's earlier statements of serious 120 mile gas concerns, I dreaded the minute by minute trip gain... now well over 140 miles. At 80+, the miles rack up! Not only did a gas pump greet us, but the local behind the counter in the lodge was donning short sleeves due to the raging fire just to her left. We parked ourselves, dazed off, and individually reminisced about the beauties of the headwaters. Thoroughly thawed, and half baked, the rest of the crew rolled in. Sam had massaged the Buffalo east as his windshield, substantially higher than the others, accumulated the ice. The Buffalo limped into the station sideways, as 5 foot 7 inch Sam hung off the side, like a dog with its head out the window. Quite a sight. As the Duck lifted his street boots onto the hearth, I handed him my Smartwools... and we were off again, with fading light, freezing drizzle, and many miles ahead.

90 miles later, and we were popping cold ones and peeling off layers. Johnnie, our savior, had been stirring a rue for well over an hour, and we were soon warming our bellies with inch-thick pork loins, homemade biscuits, stir-fried greens, red potatoes, green onions, and an assortment of spicy items. Some serenading (Sam style), many a brew, and the best damn chocolate cake ever ended the evening. Waking the next morning to the smell of homemade milk-sausage gravy and biscuits capped off the trip. Thoughts of the hills, the abandoned roads, the clear blue water, and the people filled my head as the boarding call came. I knew I'd be back. 🐾

{Murph's stream-of-consciousness style and young lingo are always unique and entertaining, but this one left me gobsmacked. Wow. MB}



**Murph's Next Adventure: A Texas Track Day**

### *Draw Your Own Conclusions*

WASHINGTON (AP) -- Fatalities have risen sharply in Florida since the state repealed its helmet law. States that repeal such laws run the risk of increased deaths according to two studies.

The first, by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), found that, in the three years following FL's repeal of its helmet law in '00, 933 motorcyclists were killed, an **81% increase** from the 515 bikers killed from '97 to '99. Even though FL requires helmet use by riders under age 21, fatalities among that group nearly tripled in the three years after the repeal; 45% of those killed were not wearing helmets.

The study, conducted by the Connecticut-based Preusser Research Group, mirrored the findings of an '03 federal review that found fatalities grew by more than 50% in KY and 100% in LA after those states struck down helmet laws. "The results are remarkably similar that when you repeal a helmet law, you can expect an increase in fatalities and you can expect an increase in medical costs," said NHTSA spokesman Rae Tyson. **{Duh! MB}**

The second study released by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (IIHS), found that the death rate of motorcyclists from '01-'02 increased 25% compared with the two years before the repeal of the helmet law in FL.

The debate generated legislative struggles during the past decade, with motorcyclists rumbling through capitals unleashing torrents of phone calls and e-mails to lobby for repeals. Some motorcyclists complain that they should have the choice of wearing a helmet and urge states to focus on more rider education.

But safety groups contend that less restrictive laws lead to more fatalities and burden society through higher medical costs. **{Not strictly true I'm told since the people who die don't claim retirement/medicare benefits later. MB}** They have waged a mostly losing battle since the mid-'90s, when Congress removed sanctions against states without helmet laws and a handful of states weakened their statutes.

Twenty states and DC require motorcycle riders to wear protective helmets, a decline from 47 states in 1975 according to the IIHS. Nationally, fatalities increased nearly 8% to 4,008 in '04, the first time they surpassed 4,000 since '87. Motorcycle deaths have increased seven years in a row.

FL requires helmet use by riders under the age of 21 or by older riders who do not carry a minimum of \$10,000 medical insurance coverage. The state's climate allows for year-round riding, and Daytona Beach's Bike Week attracts hundreds of thousands of motorcyclists every March. In the institute's report, the motorcycle-crash death rate increased 25% in the two years after FL's law changed, growing from 30.8 deaths to 38.8 deaths per 1,000 crashes.

Tom Lindsay, a spokesman for the American Motorcyclist Association, noted that both studies failed to show the causes of crashes, such as the rider's behavior, road and weather conditions or the motorcycle itself. "We're looking forward to real research that surveys many factors of motorcycling crashes and comes up with ways that we can reduce this number," Lindsay said.

**{A chickenshit answer on the part of the AMA designed not to lose members who are against helmet laws, in my view. They finally took a stand on noise: how about helmets? MB} 🚲**

DEAR CRABBY

Our anonymous volunteer counselor takes questions about life, love, and motorcycling.

Dear Crabby,

I have a problem: my old lady says I look ~~redie...radie...ridie...stupid~~ because I wear a baseball cap on top of my doo-rag.

I look cool in all other ways: I've got the black shirt with the H-D shop logo on it, black H-D jeans, black H-D engineer boots, black and orange H-D leather jacket, black H-D socks, black H-D leather underwear with garter snaps (oops, wasn't supposed to talk about those), black H-D wallet with chain, black H-D fringed leather chaps, black leather H-D vest with a couple hundred pins and 20 patches and the little chain on the buttons because it won't fit over my H-D beer belly. When I have to, I wear my black H-D novelty brain bucket with the cool stickers that say "Worn Under Protest" and "Live to Ride." Crap, I even have black H-D dirt under my fingernails.

My old lady is threatening to go ride with Snake if I don't stop wearing my NASCAR hat on top of my black H-D doo-rag with flames on it. What should I do?

Signed, Fashion Statement

Dear Statement,

You keep on wearing your NASCAR hat on top of that doo-rag, mister. That way you can be a nonconforming individualist... just like everyone else. Besides, your old lady is already sleeping with Snake behind your back.

Crabby

Dear Crabby,

This is the first time I've ever written to anyone like this, so forgive me if I write slowly. I think I might kinda have sorta like a problem. You see, I've always wanted a motorcycle, but my wife says I can't have one. She says if I get a motorcycle I'll get myself killed and then who will go to work and pay the bills to get her Shitzoo groomed?

I mean, I like her and all and I don't much mind her mother who lives with us except when she tells me what a loser I am and how if I get a motorcycle I'll get myself killed and no one will be able to pay for having her corns trimmed.

My wife says I have no business on a motorcycle anyway and that I should be home mowing the grass and trimming the hedges and taking out the trash and cleaning the floors and washing the windows and all that stuff. She says if I get a motorcycle and I don't get killed, she'll leave me.

Signed, Undecided

Dear Undecided,

Grow a pair, get a life, and get a motorcycle. Whether your wife leaves or you get killed, you're still looking at a win-win situation.

Crabby

CONTACT

Send articles, emails, harangues, threats, etc. to the Crabdicator Mark Byers at [cornersquid@aol.com](mailto:cornersquid@aol.com) or to PO Box 15 Patuxent River, MD 20670



THE FUTURE OF BMW??



The prices certainly sound about right... 🏍️