



The Crab Pot

*The Catty publication of the mid-Atlantic's
most Doggy moto club*

February 2007

The Motorcycle Club Newsletter of Record

CRABS Holiday Party

Thanks to everyone who came to our CRABS Holiday Festa on 17 December '06! We had a great day with warm temperatures and lots of folks decided to come on two wheels. Long-distance awards go to Steve Anderson and Don Graling of Morton's from their abodes in VA and Phil Ager from Fort Washington, MD. Short-distance goes to my next-door neighbor and GS rider, Tim Pugh. 🏍️

*"OK, baby, hold tight. We'll take in a quick
bite at the Restaurant at the End of the
Universe."*

Zaphod Beeblebrox, President of the Galaxy

*WHAT I'VE SUSPECTED ALL ALONG ABOUT
HOW YOU GET A DRIVER'S LICENSE THESE
DAYS...*

NAUGATUCK, Conn. — A license inspector for the state DMV has been charged with persuading a woman to strip off some of her clothing in exchange for passing her driver's test. Kevin Chagnon, 48, of New Britain, allegedly took advantage of **a woman in her 20s who had failed her driver's test several times in the past**, police said.

Chagnon was charged with coercion when he turned himself in to Naugatuck police. The charge of coercion is defined as compelling a person to involuntarily behave in a certain way by threats or some other form of pressure or force. Police said Chagnon was giving a road test to a woman who had failed the driving test several times previously. Chagnon allegedly told the woman he would issue her a driver's license if she would take her clothes off.

Police said the woman reluctantly took off some of her clothing, but refused to take off all of it and Chagnon issued the woman a license. Chagnon was released on a written promise to appear Wednesday in Waterbury Superior Court.

When reached at his home by telephone by the Republican-American newspaper Wednesday afternoon, Chagnon said he had no comment and hung up. Chagnon has been placed on paid administrative leave at the DMV.

[No wonder Connecticut ranks 44th out of 50 in scores on a standardized written driving test. I'm not sure which of these two is the bigger idiot. MB] 🏍️

DC MOTORCYCLE SHOW

We saw quite a few CRABS at the DC Convention Center for the International Motorcycle Show. Marty Kitner even spent some time working the Vintage Japanese Motorcycle Club booth. I sat on a lot of bikes, particularly the dual-sport variety and of particular interest were the new F and G models from BMW. Time will tell if they're successful. 🏍️

BACKROADS NEW WEB SITE

The good folks at *BACKROADS* magazine have a new and improved web site at www.backroadsusa.com. Of course, I'm strictly an impartial observer... Check out the Rip & Ride Archive and the Video of the Month. 🏍️

CONFEDERATE CYCLES NEW MODEL

Confederate Cycles, the folks who have many of the "custom" cycles so popular these days, have introduced a new model called "The Woody." It carries warning stickers against parking it near beaver dams and termite mounds. Truly versatile, it converts into a bass boat dock when needed. Get a woody! 🏍️



Confederate Cycles "Woody"
NEW BOOT TEST

Hunting buddy and helo pilot Ralph Chappell sent this review, conducted by a Royal Navy Puma pilot. It sets a standard for product reviews that should be emulated. For CRABS who would like to conduct a trial of these as a motorcycle boot, I'm sure it could be arranged as long as a similarly thorough review is written...

TRIAL OF DR. MARTINS' SLIP-ON FLYING BOOT

Dear Lord Melchet,

In accordance with your instructions, I have begun to trial the boots supplied to me with a view to introducing them as standard issue to Company Flight Crews. I have thus far used the boots for two operational flights, each just a short 3 hours duration. My initial impressions of this boot prompt me to write to you early with my findings as I feel for me to continue with this trial would have a detrimental affect on my performance and reputation as a North Sea Commander.

The boots I were given are a size 8, a standard fit for me. I usually have no problems with width fitting as my feet are relatively slender appendages. I would also like to comment that I have had very little problems with my feet such as blistering, hot spots or other soreness associated with ill fitting shoes/boots in the past and in particular throughout my 12 year military career. Enough about me, what of the boots?

Firstly the boots themselves appeared to fit quite well although giving the impression of a snug comfortable feel. However, upon walking (of which I covered approximately 1-2 kms to and from the line office) the boots give a very good impression of "wobbly wellies" with the characteristic "slap slap" onto the fore and aft of the shin areas. This feature is accompanied by a correspondingly "I've just shat my pants" type perambulation on the part of the wearer. The net affect of this particular

feature of the boots is to purport the wearer to the public at large as either: Crippled, gay, hung like the proverbial donkey, or indeed a combination of all three.

The next hurdle for these boots was the entry and exit into the Puma Helicopter. As you are no doubt aware, entering the Puma Helicopter with the sense of purpose and style that one would like to associate with the qualities of a highly trained, confident North Sea Commander, requires a not inconsiderable amount of poise and practice. Crucial to this manoeuvre is the fit and comfort of ones footwear. Unfortunately the lack of fore and aft stability of the trial boots (the reason for the "wellie" effect) translates into an appalling vertical instability of the wearer during the crucial transfer of CG at the key point of rotations (ie foot in footwell, f**k me I'm not gonna make this, whoa, s*it jesus, hope no-ones watching this, type of manoeuvre.) Failure to locate the foot squarely in the footwell results in an almost theatrical twitching of the stressed leg as the wearer grasps desperately for the handholds in an ill fated attempt to compensate for the lack of quadraceptal thrust necessary to complete the manoeuvre safely.

Once in the cockpit the boots assume a more "passive" role in that they are no longer required to support the wearers body weight nor protect the feet from third party objects. Startup, taxi and take-off are normal events and the boots present little impact on these events. However, climbing to altitude is a different matter. Dr Martin has provided the wearer with an aircushioned sole which at sea level provides very good comfort to the sole of the foot. Unfortunately he has failed to anticipate the sudden reduction in air pressure associated with flight in a non-pressurised machine. The net effect of a gentle climb to say 3000 ft is a gentle, ever-increasing feeling of pressure through the normal axis of the foot. This promotes a feeling of the foot being gradually squeezed which, although pleasant at first, soon begins to create a feeling of heat. Eventually, after some 20 minutes or so, the wearer begins to be

overwhelmed by the singular desire to remove the offending boot and release the by now tortured digits. Clearly this feeling is associated with restrictions of bloodflow to necessary tissues and invariably leads to numbness and loss of all sensation. Eventually, a little over 1 hour later, the feet have ceased to exist in the wearers conscious mind. Sadly the chronology of this results in the wearer arriving at an offshore installation bearing the full effects of the "pedacal squeeze" with a mind in complete denial as to the existance of the feet.

It is extremely difficult for me to articulate to you the results of attempting to exit a burning & turning Puma without the aid of one's feet. Location of the footwell is impossible and results in a desperate scrabbling of the lower limb (I have deliberately not mentioned the feet as to all intents and purposes they no longer exist). After a controlled "fall" from the cockpit one is left standing on the helideck entirely dispossessed of one's feet. Attempting to move across the deck gives the impression to the wearer of "floating on air" but unfortunately invokes little if any confidence in the deck crew or indeed the inbound passengers who are unfortunate to witness the shambling, aimless, almost drunken waltz of the unfortunate wearer.

Stairs to fuel installations are not for the faint hearted. Only the provision of handrails allows the wearer to slide, fireman like, to the bottom. Ascent is a different matter. Heather Mills may be able to dance with Sir Paul McCartney with only one leg, but I doubt that even she could negotiate stairs with the remaining foot entombed in a depressurised Dr Martin Slip-on.

Finally I am compelled to relate to you the words of my 14-year-old son upon seeing the boots in the box at the start of the trial and mistakenly believing that his mother had purchased them for him to go to school. He took one look in the box and said under his breath, thinking I had not heard "If she thinks I am going to wear a pair of arse bandit boots to school she can F**k right off." 🐞

NEW BOOK ANNOUNCEMENT

"Wheels"

Press Release By Doug Grosjean

"Wheels" is the true story of the author's two-wheeled adventures with his son, Jean-Luc. "Wheels" begins with Jean-Luc's first ride on the back of the author's motorcycle at age 5, home from Kindergarten the long way, via the northwest Ohio countryside outside Pemberville, Ohio. "Wheels" ends with Jean-Luc learning to ride a motorcycle himself at age 8.

In between are a series of short stories of motorcycle travels and adventures shared between father and son. There's a trip to a haunted bridge to see a ghostly motorcyclist, time spent in Thomas Edison's hometown of Milan, Ohio; Henry Ford's museum, and a visit to Ohio's Continental Divide. At age 6, there's a 6-day trip to Virginia (from Ohio) and back. There are also reflections on motorcycling, fatherhood, life, and death.

"Wheels" also includes approximately 50 black-and-white photos. Obscure locations, such as the haunted bridge or Ohio's Continental Divide, include GPS coordinates.

After the stories, there's an Addendum on riding with children, listing tips and tricks, communications / hand signals, things to consider, sources for gear, and additional sources of training and information.

"We Are Marshall"

Christmas day I went to see "We Are Marshall." Betsy and I are starting a tradition of seeing a movie on Christmas and I was looking for an experience as uplifting as the holiday. I wasn't sure what to expect: everyone from true film critics to the endless supply of bloggers has a different opinion of this film. Ever mindful of the Teddy Roosevelt quote "It's not the critic who counts..." I decided to see for myself if the film had the power to inform, much less move or uplift.

I was seven when it happened, so I have no memory of the plane crash that took the lives of Marshall players, coaches, and their supporters. In succeeding years, I'd heard of the crash, but only in snippets of conversation wherein people referred to it as "the Marshall tragedy" or in similarly vague terms. Later, I discovered my brother-in-law is a Huntington native with a best friend whose father was lost in the crash (Marshall broadcaster Gene Morehouse). I still hadn't learned the details, however. The first time I even knew there WAS a film is when a copy of the Marshall alumni magazine landed on our kitchen counter, addressed to my wife. That is the background with which I approached a screening of "We Are Marshall."

I am not a film critic. I am not a student of lighting or directing or acting or any of the other myriad pieces of the filmmaking puzzle. I do, however, know what I like. I've been to movies that had me squirming in my seat, looking at my watch, checking the exit. I have also been to movies that left me so transfixed that I sat through the credits, not wanting them to end. I have seen a scant few films that made me wait through the credits and well into the

NEWS FLASH!!



How the US press thinks dictators hide their WMD's (Film at 11).

Movie Reviews (Hey, if you want moto stuff, SEND me some moto stuff.)

emptying of the theater so I could control the tears streaming down my face ("Saving Private Ryan"). I know what captures, educates, and moves me.

If education and spiritual enlightenment are my requirements for a great film, "We Are Marshall" succeeds in being great. It is not "Saving Private Ryan," but it is moving and well told. It took an ignorant, jingoistic Mountaineer and made him a Marshall fan if for no other reason than to honor the courage and commitment it took to rebuild a great college football team quite literally from the ashes of destruction. I welled up, I got goose bumps, and I laughed, all for the measly price of a matinee admission. I laughed with the manic, seemingly hopeless optimism of McConaughey's portrayal of Jack Lengyel, the coach crazy enough to take the job (a man who later became athletic director at the Naval Academy). I admired David Strathairn's portrayal of the football-inept University President Donald Dedmon who took an emotional, seemingly hopeless case to the NCAA. I liked the historical accuracy of the sets and clothing and cars. I grew up loving the songs on the soundtrack.

Most importantly, I was moved by the story and the telling thereof. Again and again, history proves to us that great lighting, photography, soundtracks, acting, and the rest of the filmmaking craft cannot prop up a lifeless, listless storyline. Like "October Sky," this film was a great West Virginia story simply waiting to be told and I am so glad Hollywood chose to tell it (and so ashamed I did not know it already). It was the perfect complement to a Christmas spent with family and friends and a movie well worth seeing.

For people who are unsure about seeing the movie, particularly those who

might feel deeply affected by scenes of the tragedy, I understand your reticence: the first part of the film does, as it must, portray the events of the airplane crash. It is necessary to be realistic to convey not only the losses, but the dire circumstances under which they occurred. Like a football player, you are going to find the first quarter hurts. Unlike some of today's films, however, it is not needlessly, gratuitously graphic.

To me, remembering and honoring the past while still having the courage to get on with life is what this film is really about. It doesn't matter whether this film wins awards for best picture, or actor, or director, or screenplay. It doesn't matter if the critics think there are flaws in some facet of the film. What matters is that the story has been told. What matters is that we *know*. What matters is that we *honor*. What matters is that we *remember*. All of us have experienced, or will experience, a great loss of some kind. Some losses will be more tragic than others, but we as survivors have to face them and, with strength derived from within or without, carry on. In that sense, no matter where we went to school, we are ALL Marshall.

"Cars"

I frequently show my articles to my friend Thom Esposito before I submit them or publish them because he is a student of the language and a thoughtful, insightful reviewer. When he came to me one day and said I should go see this animated feature from the Pixar wizards, I was skeptical but Espo said "I remember that thing you wrote about the US Routes, so I know you're going to love this movie."

As usual, Espo was right. The animated film "Cars" has everything a

great animated film should have: quirky characters (well-played by some of the greatest voices in the industry, including Paul Newman), massive numbers of little symbolic images (buttes made to look like the tailfins at the Cadillac Ranch, for example), and a great story with a moral.

So what's the connection with my article about the lost way of life of the US Routes? Well, this film eerily parallels the theme of that piece: a ghost town along old Route 66 called "Radiator Springs" that was killed off when the Interstate went through. At one point, the personified cars who reside in the town even sit atop a butte and watch the interstate being built, just like the residents of Lavale, Maryland watched I-68 being built above old US 40. It put an end to a way of life in both places.

Anyway, it's hokey, jokey, schmaltzy fun for everyone and even as an adult, you'll get a kick out of it. It was well worth the \$3.99 on pay-per-view. I can't wait until they make one called "Bikes." I can just see it now: the snooty Italian and the nasty Spanish bikes being beaten by the "Aw Shucks" bike from Kentucky. That film would have some eerie parallels as well...

CONTACT

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



How to Lose \$113 Million in Four Years: Riches to Rags

Remember the cowboy-hatted, toothless West Virginian from Charleson who won \$113 million in a 2002 Powerball jackpot? Fox is reporting that today he is broke, the victim of gambling, crime, greedy associates, and gross stupidity. One example is the time he left a couple hundred thou on his truck seat while he went into a notorious local strip club. The hookers...er...dancers slipped him a mickey and associates made off with the money. Now he claims he can't pay a legal settlement because crooks made off with the rest of his money by writing checks on his account. Thanks, Uncle Jack: there goes my retirement plan. 🏠

Did you hear about the motorcyclist who rode through the chain link fence? He strained himself.

How many fighter pilots does it take to change a light bulb? One: he holds onto the bulb and the whole world revolves around him.

How many BMW mechanics does it take to change a front turn signal bulb on an R1150RS? One, but it takes 4 hours, he has to use special tools and a diagnostic computer, and it throws the valves out of adjustment.

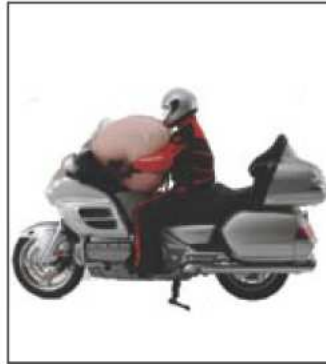
Top Ten Reasons Why Harley Riders Don't Wave Back:

10. Afraid it will invalidate warranty.
9. Leather and studs make it too heavy to raise arm.
8. Refuse to wave to anyone whose bike is already paid for.
7. Afraid to let go of handlebars because they might vibrate off.
6. Rushing wind would blow scabs off the new tattoos.
5. Angry because just took out second mortgage to pay luxury tax on new Harley.
4. Just discovered the fine print in owner's manual and realized H-D is partially owned by Honda.
3. Can't tell if other riders are waving or just reaching to cover their ears like everyone else.
2. Remembers the last time a Harley rider waved back, he impaled his hand on spiked helmet.
1. They're too tired from spending hours polishing all that chrome to lift their arms.



Top Ten Reasons Why Gold Wing Riders Don't Wave Back:

10. Wasn't sure whether other rider was waving or making an obscene gesture.
9. Afraid might get frostbite if hand is removed from heated grip.
8. Has arthritis and the past 400 miles have made it difficult to raise arm.
7. Reflection from etched windshield momentarily blinded him.
6. The espresso machine just finished.
5. Was actually asleep when other rider waved.
4. Was in a three-way conference call with stockbroker and accessories dealer.
3. Was distracted by odd shaped blip on radar screen.
2. Was simultaneously adjusting the air suspension, seat height, programmable CD player, seat temperature and satellite navigation system.
1. Couldn't find the "auto wave back" button on dashboard.



Top 10 Reasons Sportbikers Don't Wave back:

10. They have not been riding long enough to know they're supposed to.
9. They're going too fast to have time enough to register the movement and respond.
8. You weren't wearing bright enough gear.
7. If they stick their arm out going that fast they'll rip it out of the socket.
6. They're too occupied with trying to get rid of their chicken strips.
5. They look way too cool with both hands on the bars or they don't want to unbalance themselves while standing on the tank.
4. Their skin tight-kevlar-ballistic-nylon-kangaroo-leather suits prevent any position other than fetal.
3. Raising an arm allows bugs into the armholes of their tank tops.
2. It's too hard to do one-handed stoppies.
1. They were too busy slipping their flip-flop back on.



- 8) Pathetic heated grips shorted out and welded hands to bars.
- 7) Tired from riding 700 miles to nearest dealer.
- 6) Trying to install new diode board while riding.
- 5) Programming SATCOM/GPS/CB/HAM/SIRIUS/HDTV/RADAR.
- 4) Afraid of losing grip: has driveshaft spline lube on his hands.
- 3) Hurrying to make it to dealer before valves go out of adjustment.
- 2) Standing up because comfortable aftermarket seat hasn't come in.
- 1) Afraid to get smashed bug on palm of phase-change glove.