



Mountain Wheelin'

Volume 31, Issue 11

November 2017

Last week, we enjoyed one of Bob M's B and B rides (Berks and Bucks). The weather was beautiful as we made our way through roads lined with cornstalks and spent farm fields. We had 16 bikes making the journey through hex sign decorated barns accompanied by the clip clop of Amish buggies. Awesome and fun! This newsletter is all about fun! After all, that is why we ride, right? I've placed some interesting articles, jokes, and stories in here for you to read. Enjoy!

Let's take time here and give thanks for the great weather that extended the riding season. Speaking of giving thanks, if you are going to the Thanksgiving Dinner on the 19th, please make sure you contact Lynn Fardella for reservations.

Do you know I have a laughing motorcycle... it's a yamahahhahahhahahaha.

Due to recent financial hardships, I had to trade in my beloved old truck. In its stead, I got myself a motorcycle. Fuel efficient, fun, low insurance -- all great things. But in having a bike as my primary mode of transport, I've learned a lot of terrible things about motorcycles. Not just the fact that any given ride can end with your organs flung across four lanes of traffic. Everyone knows that. Things like:

(to read the rest of this story, check out page 6)

NOVEMBER

11/01/2017	9:00 AM	Billy's Diner	Top of the Hill Gang Ride
11/07/2017	6:30PM	Billy's Diner	Dinner Meeting – Election of Officers
11/8/2017	9:00 AM	Billy's Diner	Top of the Hill Gang Ride
11/15/2017	9:00AM	Billy's Diner	Top of the Hill Gang Ride
11/19/2017	NO	Breakfast Meeting	Due to Thanksgiving Dinner
11/19/2017	5:00 PM	Robert Christians	Thanksgiving Dinner
11/22/2017	9:00AM	Billy's Diner	Final Top of the Hill Gang Ride for the Year

General Membership Meetings:

1st Tuesday of the month – Dinner at 6:30 PM at Billy's Diner, Rt. 611, Tannersville, PA

3rd Sunday of the month – Breakfast at 8:30 AM followed by meeting at 9:30AM at Billy's Diner, Rt. 611, Tannersville, PA



2008 Kawasaki Vulcan 1500 Classic
Mint condition, garage kept 2008
Kawasaki Vulcan. 1500 cc engine.
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Please feel free to send me information and
photos of any motorcycle items that you would
like to post in the newsletter. Send to:
susanmarie1953@yahoo.com

pitooooey

One of the skills I've learn since donning a motorcycle helmet is learning to spit. I know... such a feminine undertaking! I'm not talking about nasty stuff, I'm talking about gum, lifesavors, or the occasion bug that may fly passed my lips! I wore a half helmet for quite a while, so getting rid of gum was a matter of turning the head, take a deep breath, and let her rip far enough to catch the wind and fly behind me. This task became more difficult when I started wearing a full face. I only speak of this because of recent events that at the time, I found comical. I often chew gum while riding. I am grateful that I have extra mic covers.... Blowing bubbles is not an easy task within the confines of a full face helmet and there is no product on earth to get double bubble out of foam.

Getting into position to rid myself of stale doublemint, takes some finesse. Leaving the throttle is not an option, so I must take my left hand, flip my visor up, and pull down the front part of my helmet, move my head in position to purge, take a deep breath (without inhaling and choking) and expel with all my might, (without losing speed or crashing!) Lately, I've been finding chewed gum on my saddlebags, on my sleeve, on my gas tank, even stuck on my back fender! I do have asthma, but I feel I just need some practice to tweak my dwindling skill. I'm buy gum in bulk at BJ's. Next season, I'll be a spitting champion!



An elderly man on a Moped, looking about 90 years old, pulls up next to a Doctor at a street light.

The old man looks over at the sleek shiny car and asks, "What kind of car ya got there, sonny?"

The doctor replies, "A Ferrari GTO. It cost half a million dollars!"

"That's a lot of money," says the old man. "Why does it cost so much?"

"Because this car can do up to 220 miles an hour!" states the doctor proudly.

The Moped driver asks, "Mind if I take a look inside?"

No problem," replies the doctor.

So the old man pokes his head in the window and looks around. Then, sitting back on his Moped, the old man says, "That's a pretty nice car, all right....

But I'll stick with my Moped!"

Just then the light changes, so the doctor decides to show the old man just what his car can do. He floors it, and within 30 seconds the speedometer reads 150 mph.

Suddenly, he notices a dot in his rear view mirror. It seems to be getting closer !

He slows down to see what it could be and suddenly WHOOOSSSHH! Something whips by him going much faster!

"What on earth could be going faster than my Ferrari?" the doctor asks himself.

He presses harder on the accelerator and takes the Ferrari up to 180 mph.

Then, up ahead of him, he sees that it's the old man on the Moped!

Amazed that the Moped could pass his Ferrari, he gives it more gas and passes the Moped at 200 mph and he's feeling pretty good until he looks in his mirror and sees the old man gaining on him AGAIN!

Astounded by the speed of this old guy, he floors the gas pedal and takes the Ferrari all the way up to 220 mph. Not ten seconds later, he sees the Moped bearing down on him again! The Ferrari is flat out, and there's nothing he can do !

Suddenly, the Moped plows into the back of his Ferrari, demolishing the rear end.

The doctor stops and jumps out and unbelievably the old man is still alive.

He runs up to the banged-up old guy and says, "I'm a doctor... Is there anything I can do for you ?"

The old man whispers,

"Unhook my suspenders from your side view mirror!"



Fun Bike Facts

The current owners of Bimota-Lorenzo-Ducati is a direct descendant of the original founder of Ducati.

Cagiva is a shortening of the words Castiglioni – the founder – and Varese – the town where the company is based. Triumph also makes golf balls.

The most technically complex production motorcycle ever was the Honda NR750 of 1992, with its oval pistons, eight valves per cylinder and two con rods per piston.

When torque in ft/lb. and power in bhp are plotted on the same scale, the curves always cross at 5252rpm.

In 10,000 miles, the average four-cylinder bike engine will have done 100,000,000 revs.

Hell's angels' founder Sonny Barger says in his autobiography that he prefers Japanese bikes to Harley Davidson!

Gatso speed cameras were invented by dutch rally driver Maurice Gatsonides.

Lawrence of Arabia was killed while riding his Brough Superior.

Under its own power, Triumph's rocket III can accelerate 0-60mph at almost exactly the same rate as it would when dropped out of a plane.

Honda Super Blackbird riders crash, on average, once every 10 years.

One in five ungaraged bikes in inner cities gets stolen.

Insurance companies estimate that up to 25 per cent of bike theft claims are fraudulent.

On average, engineers are the most likely people to crash. Lecturers are the least likely.

The first monkey-style bike, the excelsior welbike, was designed to be dropped from planes with paratroopers during world war 2.

more fun facts....

The pneumatic tyre was invented by John Boyd Dunlop in 1888 for use on push-bikes. Boyd also invented the word “pneumatic”.

Slick tyres offer more grip in the wet than treaded tyres up to the point at which they aquaplane. Modern sports bike tyres don't contain any natural rubber.

Front tyres disperse water at three times the rate of rear tyres.

When cornering, 75 per cent of a bikes grip comes from the front tyre.

The GS in GSX-R denotes four cylinders with overhead valves.

The X means four valves per cylinder and the R is for race replica.

Vespa means wasp. Cucciolo (the name of the first Ducati) means puppy.

Hayabusa is the name of a Japanese falcon that preys on blackbirds (you gotta laugh!) It was also the name of a WW2 Kamikaze fighter plane.

Steve McQueen didn't do the famous 65 ft motorcycle jump in The Great Escape. American Triumph dealer Bud Ekins did it – in one take.

The first Honda motorcycles were pushbikes with generator engines for army field telephones bolted on.

Kawasaki also makes spaceships.

Yamaha makes swimming pools and unmanned helicopters.

Ducati once made radios.

BMW is the only current major manufacturer to reject the use of telescopic forks on its big bikes. Yet BMW was the first to use and patent them, on the R12 in 1935.

Devil, Satan and Lucifer have all been names of motorcycle manufactures.

Suzuki went from GP also-rans to world champions in 1962 after works MZ rider Emst Degner defected to the firm with all the company's technology.

Yamaha started making bikes in 1954 but didn't produce a four-stroke motorcycle until 1970, when the firm built the XS2 650 twin.

Harley-Davidson built push-bikes between 1917 and 1923.

The Kawasaki motorcycle division was established in 1962 for no other reason than to publicize Kawasaki's heavy industries, which was huge but unknown to the general public.

Evel Knievel holds the world record for breaking the most number of bones and surviving. His real name is Robert Craig Knievel.

The nickname Evel is said to have been given to him by police when he was jailed alongside William (Awful) Knofel. Knievel used a double in the film Viva Knievel. During his stunt career, Knievel spent a total of three years in hospital. When Knievel came to Britain to jump 13 buses at Wembley in 1975, he refused to drive his Cadillac on the left-hand-side of the road, insisting on driving on the right.

The Fonz (aka Henry Winkler) couldn't actually ride a motorcycle.

In the 1970s cop show CHiPs, Larry Wilcox and Erik Estrada, who played bike patrolmen Jon and Ponch, were so dissatisfied when their Kawasaki Z1000s were swapped for BMWs that they put the BMW fairings on the Kawasakis and continued to use them.

Contrary to popular opinion, the motorcycles used in Easy Rider have not both been lost or destroyed. One of them, which was wrecked during filming, has been restored by Dan Hagerty, who played Grizzly Adams in the TV show of the same name.

No one knows what became of the Triumph 6T ridden by Marlon Brando in The Wild One. its worth £500,000.

Street Hawk only ran for 13 episodes.

Although BMW claims it has been making Boxer twins continually since 1923, production stopped for a few months in 1986 when the company decided its future lay in triples and fours.

Customer outrage persuaded the Germans to restart the twin-cylinder engine production lines.

MZ invented two-stroke expansion chambers.

more fun facts...

Early bike helmets were lined with cork.

Before becoming famous for bike helmets, ARAI made helmets for building sites.

The founder of ARAI, Hirotake Arai was a stunt rider.

Princess Anne and George Harrison have both owned custom-painted ARAI helmets.

Barry Sheen's King helmet was Bell Star helmet with a King sticker on it.

The term 'motorcycle' was first coined by British inventor Edward butler when he built a twin-cylinder tricycle prototype in 1885.

Some poly carbonate helmets are made from melted-down bottle crates.

Helmet manufacturer FM also make bottle crates.

British superbike rider Scott Smart is Barry Sheen's nephew. Smart's mum 42, Maggie, was the first ever MCN grid girl in 1971.

Mike Duff, the Canadian rider who won the Belgian 250cc GP in 1964 and the Dutch 125cc in 1965 is now Michelle Duff, following a sex change.

Castrol Honda makes a special sticky tape that improves airflow over race bikes' bodywork. Laid across the nose section, it allows the air to slip up and over the helmet and leathers of the rider more smoothly.

The first motorcycle ever was the SH Roper 1869 steam cycle.

The first production bike to advertise a top speed of over 100mph was the Brough Superior.

The first bike to ever top 200 mph was supercharged 499cc NSU in 1956. It achieved 211.4 mph

The first rider to ever go over 300mph was Don Vesco in 1975, on a 1496cc Yamaha-engined streamliner.

The first production motorcycle was the 1488cc, 2.5hp Hilberand & Wolfmuller Motorrad, made in Germany from 1894-97.

Super-fit Troy Bayliss has a resting heart rate of 36 bpm, around half the normal rate. During a race, Bayliss' heart rate rises to 186bpm.

Nobody in the 2004 GP, WSB or BSB series has the number one plate on his bike.

Honda only started racing to win the TT, in 1959 with the RC142.

Jean-Phillipe Ruggia was the first racer to regularly get his elbow down without crashing.

When Valentino Rossi was five, his dad Graziano built him a go-cart to discourage him from getting into bikes.

Magnesium wheels are porous, and allow tyres to deflate if the protective paint is scraped off. The same process occurs with alloy wheels, only much more slowly.

Dynos only measure torque and engine speed. Peak power is then calculated using a mathematical equation.

Titanium ore is abundant. The reason its known as an expensive material is because its strength and hardness makes working with it difficult and costly.

Under WSB rules, acid is used to check if a component that should be aluminium or steel, say it isn't in fact titanium. A colour change indicates the presence of exotic lightweight material.

Joey Dunlop was once a passenger on a fishing boat that sank on the way to the Isle of Man TT.

Brands Hatch started life as a grass track circuit.

"See God. Then back off" Kevin Schwantz on his late braking technique.

The con-rod of a sports bike engine at full chat is enduring alternate compression and tensile forces of 10 tons, 500 times a second.

The foot-operated sequential gear change was invented by Velocette's Harold Willis in 1927.

Shoei helmets have been known to withstand bullets.

The highest altitude reached by a land motor vehicle under its own power is 20,065ft by two Chinese Jinlong motorcycles on Mount Everest in May 2002.

And now you know!

Things Nobody Tells You About Owning a Motorcycle

1. You Can't Trigger Lights

Most red lights work one of two ways: They're timed or they're triggered. The triggered lights usually work on an induction loop, which is basically a bit of coiled wire that completes a full circuit when the weight of a vehicle squishes it together. This is a problem, because unless you're Lord Humungus out riding your massive 800-pound armor-plated tank-bike, you aren't triggering any lights. You're just sitting. Sitting, impotent, while Mad Max escapes with all your precious oil.

So you have a choice: You can sit, potentially for hours, waiting until a "real" motorist pulls up behind you to trigger it, or you can just throw caution to the wind and run the light. You'll wait the first few times it happens -- and it will happen -- but even if you have the patience of a saint, you're eventually going to run a lot of lights. Luckily, this is such a common problem that Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Georgia, Virginia and others have all passed laws allowing motorcycles to run reds. Not in a gesturing-maniacally-at-panicking-cross-traffic-as-you-tear-through-major-intersections-on-your-iron-steed kind of way, but by allowing motorcycles to treat the lights more like stop signs. So as long as you pull up at an intersection, slow to a stop and check both ways for traffic, you can just blow right on through there. It is totally allowed. I mean, you'll collect hatred from other drivers like condensation on a frosty glass, sure, but it'll be legal hatred. And that's the sweetest hatred of all.

2. You Join a Club

When you get a motorcycle, you join a club. Enrollment is automatic, and you cannot opt out. It's a club that you will always be in, right up until you get kissed by an amorous semi, or wise up and sell the bike to invest in a safer, more practical mode of transportation. Heroin, for example. But until you sign up for one of those two inevitable fates, you are part of the club. And there's only one simple rule: Motorcyclists wave at each other. No big deal. Right? Well, until you consider that:

- 1) It seems like every time another bike passes you and waves, you are in the middle of a shift. This leaves you fumbling to expedite the shift and get an arm out there, which will either lead you to stall, or else weave around the street like a drunken toddler experimenting with mom's high heels. Either way, by the time you've managed to get your hand up in return, they're long gone, and completely despising you and your rudeness. Oh yeah, and you're probably also sliding your bike through the median. But it's the dislike that really smarts.
- 2) If you do manage to see an oncoming bike with enough time to get an appropriate wave up, you better make sure it isn't a scooter. Unwritten bike rules make it a crime punishable by exile or death to wave at a scooter. And damn if it isn't hard to tell when you two are approaching each other at a combined 100 mph. If you do catch yourself mid-wave to a Vespa, however, it is acceptable to slowly turn it into an upraised middle finger. It's like the handshake-psyche of the two-wheeled world, and the look of dejection on their face will redeem any momentary awkwardness. 2) If you do manage to see an oncoming bike with enough time to get an appropriate wave up, you better make sure it isn't a scooter. Unwritten bike rules make it a crime punishable by exile or death to wave at a scooter. And damn if it isn't hard to tell when you two are approaching each other at a combined 100 mph. If you do catch yourself mid-wave to a Vespa, however, it is acceptable to slowly turn it into an upraised middle finger. It's like the handshake-psyche of the two-wheeled world, and the look of dejection on their face will redeem any momentary awkwardness.
- 3) Like any club that has grown too large, it has become mired in vacuous debates and split into a million splintered factions. Older riders hate squids... cruisers hate sports riders.... Harley riders hate everyone including themselves. The social labyrinth is like navigating a high school prom, except you're sprinting through it at about 75 miles per hour, on one leg while programming a remote control and probably being attacked by bees.

3. Spiders

Go to craigslist and search for motorcycles. You'll see people advertising their bikes as "garage kept." It makes sense: Less weather, less random molestation, better bike. Right? This is a lie. What you are seeing is a front perpetrated by motorcycle owners. People that have ridden before know what is really being said here: No spiders. Due to necessity, I have to park my bike outside. Often under a tree. For seven months of the year. In Austin, Texas.

This means rain, heat, sun and humidity. These four elements combine together like a horrific Voltron to produce billions of giant, inexplicably hostile bugs. Not the cute, harmless kind; the kind that appear to be sporting prison tattoos. And their yard -- the place where they mingle, fight, maneuver and plot -- is my motorcycle. All the little nooks and crannies are like a pre-built insect metropolis, just waiting to be populated by creepy little pedestrians. My general morning ritual consists of a quick dusting for the visible spider webs, egg sacks and booby traps placed by the crawling terrors that -- but you can never get them all. If there's one thing spiders know, it is patience: They hide in their hidden crevices, waiting for you to get on the street when they can emerge and feast upon your jiggly bits unimpeded.

Like all rational beings, I once had a fear of spiders. But the first time one dangles in front of your face from the inside of your helmet, you make a decision: Overcome your fear, kill the part of your brain that feels emotions, and calmly guide your bike to the side of the road, or obey literally every instinct in your body to swat, scream and flail, and become modern art on the highway.

But for the real excitement, you turn to wasps. Wasps that nest in your exhaust, building the equivalent of an Apocrita daycare in the middle of an active volcano, just so they can fester in hatred when you start your bike up and proceed to barbecue their young. Because that's how wasps work. They only build as an excuse for murder, and they have the uncanny ability to find any opening in your clothing to accomplish it. This is such a problem, people have even patented a quick release helmet ... for the select few steely individuals capable of working a release catch with one hand while maneuvering a street-bike at high speeds through heavy traffic with the other, and all while simultaneously being stung by wasps on the fucking face.

4. You Become Filthy

You Become Filthy I ride to work, which means I ride through exhaust, swarms of bugs, and whatever joy the elements bring me that day. If I wear protective clothing, well, you can't wash that stuff too often, so it ends up smelling pretty funky, and that transfers straight to your body. And then there's rain. Has anybody ever told you what it's like to feel rain against your body at 65 mph? If you want to simulate this experience for yourself, that's easy: Just go stand in the yard in the middle of a Category One hurricane.

But hey, sometimes you ride in the sun, and that's great! The open road, the warm summer air, and the heat ... oh God, the heat. A great deal of bikes, like mine, are air cooled. No radiator. So they're only really cooling down while you're in motion. When you're stopped (say, at one of those lights that doesn't recognize your existence) they're just radiating that heat upward, which happens to be right where your genitals are trapped. Aside from sterility and ball-burns, this also creates a nice pool of junk sweat. But don't worry: It will eventually evaporate ... into the rest of your clothing and skin, leaving you smelling like the floor of a teenager's bedroom for the rest of the day. Finally, if you're commuting through a city, there's bus exhaust. If you don't think that's an issue, try this: Next time you're out walking the streets and a bus comes up to a red light, just step right in there behind it and wait. Then when it pulls away, go ahead and jog with it for a few miles. .

5. You Cease to Exist

Motorcycles are straight up invisible. But not in the awesome, you get to sneak into the girl's locker room kind of way (they do tend to notice naked-save-for-a-helmet men idling motorcycles in the shower stalls. Weird, right?). The number one cause of motorcyclist death is people taking an ordinary left hand turn, right in front of the bike. They check their mirrors, they flick on their turn signals, and then they calmly and deliberately proceed to murder you. I know. I've experienced it.

Continued.....

On one particularly blood-thirsty afternoon, while on a two-mile long trip, three people did their best to kill me. One took a left turn across my lane of traffic right in front of me, which ended with him driving through the landscaping of an apartment building. The second pulled across all lanes of traffic into mine, in an attempt to occupy the same space at the same time as myself -- they lost their axle on a curb in a last minute bid to not commit vehicular manslaughter (that was nice of them). The last I only avoided by swerving into the bike lane and flying out of traffic. It's like playing a game of Grand Theft Auto ... as the pedestrians.

6. It Turns You into a Moron

Riding a motorcycle is dangerous, and it's compounded by the fact that you basically have to do dangerous things like run red lights while you ride it. That doesn't get better with experience. In fact, as you get better at riding, you'll become more and more functionally retarded. You'll pull maneuvers you would never attempt in a car, where you're surrounded by steel and airbags and seat belts -- like lane splitting, a practice that's straight up legal in California and more or less tolerated in most other states. If you're not familiar with the idea, lane splitting is when you ride between cars on the passing line. The thought process goes something like this: Traffic is stopped (perhaps for one of those silly little red lights that I can just ride through) and cars are ahead in both lanes, but nobody is actively straddling the center line. Bam! New, bonus lane! What are you guys, stupid? Look at all this unused space! In the places where it is tolerated, there are a myriad of laws and regulations about how to do it safely. Every last one of them ignores a simple, fundamental fact: This cannot be done safely. The entire practice is insane and stupid. I know this. It puts me in a permanent blind spot; an unannounced lane change will guaranteed kill me; I essentially volunteer to become the meat in a crushing steel sandwich. And yet, if it will save even one second of commute, I will somehow consider it totally justifiable at the time.

There is no legitimate reason to ride without a helmet. Ever. But you probably will. I do. I have a thousand excuses for it -- it's low traffic, I'm just going to the store, I don't want to deny the world the objective, artistic beauty of my face and so on. In my mind -- in that basic, functioning part that allows me to use a fork or breathe independently -- I know that I am taking active steps to shorten my own lifespan, but I'll still do it. Because it go fast! Wind in hair! Every time you set your ass on a bike, you're playing a game of Russian Roulette between yourself and your own stupidity. You live and die by the odds, and if given enough time, they will always catch up to you. Which is truly unfortunate, because I know a lot of people that ride motorcycles, and I don't know anyone that has ever quit. Every single person that's ridden for a few years has laid down their bike, and they now know, intimately, exactly how cheese feels when you grate it. Many have suffered serious injuries, and everyone has at least one friend they've lost in an accident. We stink, we stupidly risk our lives just to exchange platitudes, people try to murder us constantly (and that's only when we're not trying to do it ourselves by riding between cars and running lights) and all while constantly, constantly covered in screaming spiders -- and we all still ride.

There's only one possible explanation for it:

It's just really, really cool. You guys, seriously. They make this noise that's like BRAAMM and they go superfast!

