

**NORTHERN
CHAPTER
H.O.G.**

CLASSIC LEGEND TIMES

Volume 10, Issue 12

December, 2004

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CHRISTMAS PARTY

HOLIDAY INN

DECEMBER 4 6—12 P.M.

DINNER—DANCING—SILENT AUCTION

Don't forget your items for the silent auction.

“Shooting The Breeze”

By Michael Cole

Have you ever worked all day, grabbed a quick bite for dinner, and then gone back to work for five or six more hours? Maybe it is raking leaves, shoveling snow, or painting ceilings. Whatever it is, we all get to a point where we say “Enough!” and quit.

Earl Nightingale says “this sort of fatigue forms a kind of wall, inside of which as a rule we work and live our lives.” This fatigue may be mental, or physical, or both. It does not matter. We all know the situation of working a long day and we are so worn out that we cannot keep our eyes open on the way home. I drag myself into the house and my wife says “honey, let’s go to the range and practice with the pistols,” or “Michael, let’s go for a ride on the Harley.” Suddenly, there is an energy reserve stored up on the other side of that wall! It is called our “second wind.” We are tired and worn out one moment, then refreshed and ready to go the next. Sometimes we find stores of energy past the fatigue point that really surprise us. These stores of energy will only go to work when we demand enough of ourselves.

Only a few exceptional people make a habit of making high demands of themselves. The rest of us miss out on the feeling of accomplishment that comes with reaching our goals. Many times, we quit and sit down (too often in front of the television), gasping for sympathy.

The next time you are worn out while doing something important, stay with it! Tap into that energy reserve. Live for the gratification of accomplishment. Emerson said “vigor is contagious and whatever makes us either think or feel strongly adds to our power and enlarges our field of action.”

Pick yourself up, dust yourself off and go for it!

Chapter Website Newsletter

Username: newsletter

Password: 2360HOG

www.northernchapter.com

Nov. Chapter Meeting Drawings

Lew Kirchner won the 50/50 drawing and gave the \$50 back to the Chapter. Thanks Lew!

Kris Cole won the August drawing for a \$25 gift certificate from Classic because she was wearing a Classic t-shirt.

Rick Cole won the Membership drawing for \$20 and he was present. Next month’s drawing will be for \$20

You could be the Next Lucky Winner!

THE GLUE THAT HOLDS ALL RELATIONSHIPS TOGETHER INCLUDING THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE LEADER AND THE LED IS TRUST, AND TRUST IS BASED ON INTEGRITY.

-BRIAN TRACY

To Char Kirchner for her hard work in making all the beautiful silk scarves she made this past riding season. Thanks, Char! (And a personal thanks to Fred Nelson for making the effort of going back to get mine when it blew off my neck. Thanks Fred!)



TIME TO RENEW!

DON'T FORGET THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST NEWSLETTER IF YOU DON'T RENEW YOUR LOCAL MEMBERSHIP. THE MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FORM IS ON THE ADJOINING PAGE.

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP
ENROLLMENT FORM

VOLUME 10, ISSUE 12

AND RELEASE

CHAPTER NAME: Northern Chapter Traverse City, Michigan, Inc.
MEMBER NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
E-MAIL ADDRESS _____ BIRTHDATE _____
PHONE NUMBER _____ MEMBER NAT'L H.O.G. # _____
EXPIRATION DATE OF NATIONAL H.O.G. MEMBERSHIP _____ * see below

I have read the Annual Charter for H.O.G. Chapters and hereby agree to abide by it as a member of this dealer sponsored chapter.

I recognize that while this Chapter is chartered with H.O.G., it remains a separate, independent entity solely responsible for its actions.

- THIS IS A RELEASE, READ BEFORE SIGNING -

I agree that the Sponsoring Dealer, Harley Owners Group (H.O.G.), Harley-Davidson, Inc., Harley-Davidson Motor Company, my and their respective officers, directors, employees and agents (hereinafter, the "RELEASED PARTIES") shall not be liable or responsible for injury to me (including paralysis or death) or damage to my property occurring during any H.O.G. or H.O.G. chapter and resulting from acts or omissions occurring during the performance of the duties of the Released Parties, even where the damage caused by negligence (except willful neglect). I understand and agree that all H.O.G. members and their guests participate voluntarily and at their own risk in all H.O.G. activities and I assume all risks of injury and damage arising out of the conduct of such activities.

I release and hold the "RELEASED PARTIES" harmless from any injury or loss to my person or property which may result from my participation in H.O.G. activities and EVENT(S). I UNDERSTAND THAT THIS MEANS THAT I AGREE NOT TO SUE THE "RELEASED PARTIES" FOR ANY INJURY OR RESULTING DAMAGE TO MYSELF OR MY PROPERTY ARISING FROM, OR IN CONNECTION WITH, THE PERFORMANCE OF THEIR CHAPTER DUTIES IN SPONSORING, PLANNING OR CONDUCTING EVENT(S).

WAIVER OF RIGHTS UNDER STATE STATUTES

I further agree to waive all benefits flowing from any state statute which would negate or limit the scope of this Release and Indemnification Agreement including, but not limited to, Section 1542 of the California Civil Code which provides:

"A general release does not extend to the claims which the creditor does not know or suspect to exist in his favor at the time of executing the release, which if known to him must have materially affected his settlement with the debtor."

By signing this Release, I certify that I have read this Release and fully understand it and that I am not relying on any statements or representations made by the "RELEASED PARTIES".

MEMBER SIGNATURE _____ DATE _____

WITNESS _____ DATE _____

LOCAL DUES PAID \$ 15.00 _____ DATE _____

(Dues not to exceed maximum amount prescribed in, "Annual Charter for H.O.G. Chapters", as contained in the H.O.G. Chapter Handbook.)

PLEASE RETURN THIS FORM TO YOUR CHAPTER:

Northern Chapter Traverse City Michigan, Inc.
3939 S. Blue Star Drive
Traverse City, MI 49684

Chapter
activities
or injury is
and at
SAID

On The Road to Nova Scotia

By Lew Kirchner

I think it had something to do with the sun, or more precisely, the lack of it. Winter does that to me. I can only sit inside staring at the bare trees and blowing snow for so long before my mind starts to wander. This time it wandered back to Nova Scotia. Char and I had been there twice. The province was beautiful and pleasantly uncrowded. It occurred to me that the roads might be fun on a bike. Certainly they'd be a lot more fun on a bike than they were in that rent-a-sled I had to drive last time. I wondered if anyone would be interested in riding out there with me.

I mentioned it to Jim Dow at a meeting one night. Jim's response was typical Dow. "When do you want to leave?" It doesn't get better than that, I thought, a long bike trip with an experienced rider who'd been everywhere and done everything. We agreed to leave after Labor Day and I went home to plan the route and entertain some serious second thoughts. Who did I think I was dragging an iron butt like Dow along behind me for 4000 miles when I'd made only one long ride with other people? What's worse, I didn't even lead that one; I just sort of tagged along. Not too intimidating! Things got a little less frightening when Jim Johnson, and later Janet, expressed interest in the trip. I'd known Jim J. for years and had ridden to DC with him. He was a known quantity and added a lot to my comfort level, even if he is a pipe smoker.

With Labor Day weekend on the horizon, we found out that Jim J. & Janet had to be in Lapeer for a family gathering. They offered to trailer their bike down with them; so rather than have them come all the way back to TC, Jim D. and I would leave a day early and we would begin the trip in Lapeer. Riding on Labor Day afternoon wasn't high on my list of favorite things, but the trip to the thumb was fast and pleasantly uneventful. We took M-66 again (I have to find another way south. That road is getting way too familiar. I'm starting to recognize names on mailboxes.) and only hit heavy traffic at major intersections.

Tuesday September 7th started cool and clear. Jim and Janet met us at our motel and we headed east. We made it through customs at Sarnia with a minimum of fuss; at least Jim D. and I did. It seemed to take J & J forever to get across the bridge. Jim D. and I were just about convinced that Canadian Customs had found all that Southern Comfort J & J had stashed in their tour pack when they rolled into sight. Seems that Janet had dropped a glove at the tollbooth and they had to go back to retrieve it.

We got through Sarnia and off the main road as quickly as possible, headed north through the Ontario countryside and stopped for breakfast at a small restaurant in an even smaller farming town. Our first impressions of Canada were that the country had seen better days. Everywhere we rode there were boarded up stores and buildings for sale. Most of the farms seemed prosperous, but many of the towns had a down at the heels feel to them.

We spent Wednesday night son-in-law's parents. Bert beautiful home had a room had to be the best-equipped of a magazine. It even had Yeah, I know, but I don't get friends consider any restaurant haute cuisine. This kitchen, though and Chris use it. She's a wonderful



in Montreal with J & J's and Christiane Boivin's for everyone and what kitchen I'd seen outside a commercial stove. out much and most of my rant without a drive-thru was an impressive definitely knew how to cook.

It rained cats and dogs (or in Quebec) all the next day. and catch up on our naps, eye on the weather channel An obsessive interest in the hikers and bikers share. hiker will start walking in the have a different attitude. "Anyone can get caught in starts out in it." No argu-

whatever passes for them We got a chance to read all the while keeping an for the Friday forecast. weather is something The difference is that a rain. Bikers seem to Jim D. put it pretty well. the rain, but only a fool ment from me.

The Harley dealer in Montreal is large and well stocked. It's also in what my father would have kindly termed, a rough part of town. The front windows were very thick plate glass and had horizontal bars up to four feet off the floor. The bars were stainless steel and looked like they were designed to compliment the building's the décor, but they were still bars. All the bikes in the windows were also chained to eyebolts set into the floor. This goes against everything I'd always believed about Canadians. Canadians are supposed to be our civilized neighbors to the north. Canadians aren't supposed to have a crime problem (That's apparently why they don't need guns.) and they certainly aren't supposed to be subject to the smash and grab theft of motorcycles. Tsk, another cultural icon down the drain.

From Montreal we cruised up the south side of the St. Lawrence River to Quebec City where we crossed over to the north shore. Quebec City is the center of French culture in Canada. It's also the center of some really nasty traffic. The worst part was the signage on the expressways. They let you know where you're supposed to turn exactly where you're supposed to turn and not a moment before. Makes for interesting traffic flow and an exciting time for tourists. We finally found the Quebec City dealer, no bars on the windows this time, and I got my ABCs of Touring pictures for Quebec. Something started to notice about now was that almost no dealers in Canada had dealer pins. "Too expensive" they said, "and the minimum order quantities are just too large." One owner told us he'd have to tie up \$12,000 in his initial order. That's a lot of bucks just for pins – even in Canadian money.

A couple days later we took a ferry (There are lots of ferries in this part of Canada.) baaack to the south shore of the St. Lawrence and a two-day ride around the Gaspé Peninsula. Last time I was here I could barely communicate. The province of Quebec had just passed an ordinance mandating that government documents, all public and private signs, all menus, and virtually everything else you could think of had to be in French – and the people took it pretty seriously. (If they didn't, they were fined.) Kinda put a damper on the tourism industry, though. This year was refreshingly different.

People were unfailingly friendly and if they didn't speak English well enough to help you, they found someone who did. One motel owner even volunteered to let us park the bikes in his maintenance building for the evening. Jeez, what a change!

The Gaspé Peninsula was still as unspoiled as I'd hoped, rugged coasts, picturesque towns, and a much more sedate pace of life. You couldn't crest a hill without looking down on a seaside village topped by a church steeple. And the houses, the houses were painted every color you could think of and none of them were allowed to fade and weather. It was absolutely beautiful.

And then we arrived in New Brunswick, and all things considered, pretty rural, and all things considered, pretty dealer in Miramichi (Pronounced have his oil changed and where I foolishly didn't buy two years ago. It been for the last 20 months. I was should have gone at a premium and brake pads replaced. All in all, a

From New Brunswick it was on to ferry to the island (I told you there now a 7-mile long bridge with visitor you to get over, but should you want Brunswick is like Ohio, PEI is like They grow lots and lots of potatoes in started his ill-fated search for the until we got out of Maine, every time the biggest lobster the restaurant sold on the open market and the local "appetizers," as Jim was so fond of late in the season and most of the



wick. New Brunswick is like Ohio. Flat, dull – at least the western part is. The mirā'-mē-shē') is where Jim D. chose to found that 100th Anniversary gas cap cover was hanging on the wall, right where it had able to get a deal on an item that really Jim was able to get his oil changed and pretty good day.

Prince Edward Island. You used to take a were a lot of ferries in Canada.), but there's centers at each end. They don't charge to get home again ya gotta pay. If New Michigan. Posen, Michigan to be exact. both places. This is also where Jim D. illusive three-pound lobster. From here on, we stopped for dinner Jim would ask about had. Inevitably, the really big lobsters were restaurants carried only 1 1/2 to 2 pound calling them. It didn't help that we were lobster trapping was already finished.

We took another ferry from PEI to Nova Scotia. It was a three-hour passage and these aren't small boats. This one could carry almost 200 cars, but wasn't that full. It did, however, have three tour busses on board and the geezers on these busses were pretty savvy travelers. While we were tying down our bikes they were busy grabbing all the tables in the cafeteria. They didn't buy any food; they just monopolized the tables so those of us who wanted breakfast couldn't find a place to sit. Janet was finally able to scare up a table and defend it long enough for a couple of us to get through the food line and let her get her own breakfast.

Now, for those of you who are geographically challenged, Nova Scotia is that islandy looking place just northeast of Maine and in answer to the question I was asked most often before we left, no it wasn't cold. Nova Scotia is on the 45th parallel, the same latitude we are. In addition, the Gulf Stream flows up its east coast. It makes things a bit foggy, but their climate is really a lot like ours. They do have something we don't, though; they have their very own time zone - Atlantic Time. It's an hour behind Eastern Time. Nova Scotia is also a hub of Celtic culture. They even have a university that conducts classes entirely in Gaelic. So – if you love Celtic music, this is the place to hear it. More fine fiddle players per capita here than anywhere I can think of.

Nova Scotia also depends heavily on tourism to support its economy. The province is divided up into trails (Driving tours, not hiking trails, though they have them, too.), each with its own unique flavor. The Cabot Trail follows the coast of Cape Breton Island, which is the north island and by far the prettiest part of the province.

Our first stop was the Alexander Graham Bell museum in Baddeck. Bell built a home here and conducted a wide variety of experiments ranging from hydrofoil boats to sign languages to aid the deaf. His wife was deaf. Did you know that? I didn't.

From Baddeck we backtracked a bit and headed across the island to a motel where we had reservations for the night. This was the first night both Jims got off their bikes with real smiles on their faces. To quote Mr. D., "Rock and roll! Now that was some riding!" Cool.

When I went to check in, the motel owner just stared at me over the top of his glasses. "Oh, crap." I thought to myself, "He hates bikers." About that time he reached behind the counter and tossed me a box of rags. "Here, you'll probably want to wipe down your bikes. I can also arrange a bucket and some hot water. You look like you'll need it." False alarm. He was right about needing the water. About half way to Baddeck we hit a stretch populated by some of the juiciest bugs I'd ever seen. I don't know what they were, all I know is that they were black and made a real mess of everything they hit.

The next day we followed the Cabot Trail and some spectacular coastline around the top of the island to Louisbourg. Louisbourg was an 18th century French fortress and at one time was the third largest port in the Americas. It was first settled in 1713 and 30 years later had a population of about 3200. In 1745, a combined force of New Englanders and British captured the fortress and sent the inhabitants and garrison to France. Four years later a treaty gave it back to France and the French inhabitants came back. Ten years after that, apparently feeling they got snookered in the treaty negotiations, the British attacked again, this time with 30,000 men, sent the inhabitants back to France, and in 1760 blew up the fortifications. (Can't have those nasty French wandering back again now, can we.)

By the way, this French speaking part of Canada is called Acadia. It takes in parts of New Brunswick, PEI, and Nova Scotia. Not all the French settlers displaced during the wars with Britain went back to France. Many of them made their way south to Louisiana and came to be known as – wait for it – Cajuns. Acadians – Cajuns, get it? I gotta tell you, though, they cook a lot better in Louisiana.

In 1961 the Canadian government started a restoration project at Louisbourg and has rebuilt about 25% of the original town. It's complete with fortifications, canon, guards, homes, shops, interpreters in period costume, and the occasional wandering herd of goats. It even has a couple of restaurants that serve the same kind of food the people here would have eaten. We spent about four hours at the fortress. For me it would have been easy to spend twice that.

About now Jim and Janet were running out of time. They had to be home for their grandson Christian's second birthday party. So, from Louisbourg it was a direct run down to Halifax and the Harley dealer. Jim J.'s cruise control had quit and he hoped they might be able to fix it. No such luck. The diagnosis and repair would take more time than J & J had to spare. The consensus at the dealer was that they could make it to the ferry at Yarmouth,

in four hours. So, they headed south to catch the boat to Bar Harbor, Maine. Rumor has it they hit rain on the way and were about 30 minutes late. As that great American philosopher, Maxwell Smart, once said, "Missed it by that much!"

While the Johnsons were racing down to Yarmouth, Jim D. and I made for Peggy's Cove. Peggy's Cove is the lighthouse you see on all the maritime calendars. It's billed as the most photographed lighthouse in North America. It's also probably the most crowded lighthouse in North America. It even has a post office in it. I mailed all my postcards from there and beat them home by three days. Some things just don't change, no matter where you are.

Not a mile down the road from Peggy's Cove is a small memorial to the victims of Swissair flight 111. The memorial is designed so you can look through slots in the monument and locate the site of the disaster on the horizon. It was sobering to think of that kind of tragedy occurring amid so much beauty.

By now the remnants of hurricane Ivan were us. We made our way down the coast to Hubbard and I met on our trips here. Doug Robinson sounds a little hokey. The Canadian government him a national treasure and the CBC made a while, but we were finally able to locate his. He's had three heart attacks in the last two to talk with him, but he tired easily and we left

His wife Mabel, who is just as sprightly at 83 as still had three ships left and Mabel was kind by the Canadian government and only recently display. She did it all on trust, too. She didn't so she shipped it out on my promise to send a did.

By the time we left Doug's it was starting to nearby, (Hubbards Cove is pretty small.) but wanted to pay, so we rode. We rode two hours cancy. We became a bit concerned when the channel in front of our door. The channel did was also a good restaurant right next door, so fice's overhang, we didn't have to take them out half to Digby and the ferry that would take us back to the mainland and Eastern Standard Time. Digby, by the way is where the finest Nova Scotia scallops and shrimp come from. They're the real thing folks, not the farm raised ones we usually get.



The ferry from Digby took us to St. John, New Brunswick. From there we made a fast run down to Calis, Maine and the US border. I had a very disturbing senior moment when the border guard noticed I hadn't signed my passport and wanted to see my driver license. I couldn't find it. I looked right over it twice before I realized that I was looking for the old laminated license and that I'd gotten the new credit card style last year. Panic attack over, I crossed the border and pulled into a gas station to take slow, deep breaths and make use of the restroom that seemed suddenly indispensable.

Northern Maine was a bitter disappointment. US-1 is just a road through the woods. We'd hoped to find the coastlines and scenery we saw in Nova Scotia - not even close. The best views were in Acadia National Park. We rode up Mt. Cadillac, the highest point in the park and were rewarded with a spectacular panorama of Bar Harbor, complete with a big, white cruise ship full of German tourists. From there it was over to Lewiston and a night with one of my hiking buddies.

Ray's a pretty good guy. He works for Verizon and is a retired Army Master Sergeant. He was also Special Forces and like most guys I've met who chose that particular career path, has a worldview just a little different from everyone else's. He treated us to a meal at a great steak house, but somehow it just didn't seem right that the host should pay. As I said, he has a slightly different view of things.

Breakfast the next day was in Portland about 45 minutes from Lewiston at a restaurant three blocks from Big Moose HD. Who could ride through Maine and not stop at a dealer with a name like that? From Portland it was west into New Hampshire.

On our way to New Hampshire we got the bright idea that it might be nice to ride up the Mt. Washington auto road. Actually, I got the idea; Jim had already done it and went along just to humor me. Have I mentioned that Jim has already done everything?

I think a little history is in order here. At 6288', Mt. Washington is the highest peak in the northern Appalachians and advertises itself as the home of the world's worst weather. That may well be true. In 1934 the observatory there recorded sustained winds of 231 mph. That kind of stuff doesn't happen often, but the winds are regularly strong enough that one of the buildings is chained down. Yup, they threw chains, big chains, right over the roof and cemented them into the bedrock.

The Appalachian Trail also climbs across the top of Mt. Washington, so I'd already been up there, twice, actually, once on foot and a week earlier as a passenger in a car. Believe me, climbing was much less stressful than riding up and back in a rented blazer with a good ol' boy from Albany, GA at the wheel.

The auto road is a narrow, mostly paved, two has been improved somewhat since then.) and mean much to me either until I remembered translates to a climb of something more than 600

We were lucky; the weather that day was excel- temps near 80°. That, of course, was at the 46° and winds gusting over 40 mph. (Just like

pushing into the area and it was starting to drool on bards Cove where I wanted to find an old guy Char an artist who made ships in bottles. I know, it ment, however, thought enough of him to declare documentary about him some years ago. It took a studio. Doug is now 83 and in pretty poor shape. years and is confined to his house. We were able after only a few minutes.

Doug is infirm, took us on a tour of his studio. He enough to sell me one that had been commissioned returned from a museum where it had been on take credit cards and I didn't have my checkbook, check when I got home. It was the second thing I

rain - harder. We tried to find a place to stay the motel was full and the B & B was more than we in pouring rain until we found a motel with a va-owner showed up with a shovel and dug a drainage the trick, though, and our floor stayed dry. There once the bikes were safely parked under the of- again. From there it would be an easy day and a Digby, by the way is where the finest Nova Scotia

scallops and shrimp come from. They're the real thing folks, not the farm raised ones we usually get.

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The auto road is a narrow, mostly paved, two has been improved somewhat since then.) and mean much to me either until I remembered translates to a climb of something more than 600

We were lucky; the weather that day was excel- lent. Scattered high clouds, calm winds and temps near 80°. That, of course, was at the bottom. At the summit things were a bit different: the day I hiked it, but that day it was so foggy 46° and winds gusting over 40 mph. (Just like





they had to close the road.) thought: "How bad could this Dragon's Tail – twice – and this as twisty. I forgot about the

The people who own the road \$18.00 and a motor vehicle the thing (They are, after all a even people with short-term they tell you before they let you "Don't stop on the road." It's cept and you'd think it would the 20 odd minutes it takes to people from New York there are two significant exceptions.

The first exception is that you can stop any time there's something interesting to look at. There are two corollaries to this first exception: 1) the inconvenience and danger to other drivers must be maximized, therefore, all pull offs shall be ignored and any stop must be made in the middle of the road; 2) if corollary 1 can't be achieved, vehicle speed and position must be adjusted so the hoodlum on the motorcycle behind you can't keep his balance, can't pass, and must stop before proceeding. Extra points are awarded if the hoodlum drops his bike.

The second exception is triggered whenever another car approaches from the opposite direction. I still don't understand how stopping in these situations defies all physical laws, suddenly widens the road, and makes it easier for either car to pass, but that seems to be the case. What I do understand is that stopping a bike on a slope like this is bad enough, but starting it up again is a real treat, especially on gravel. The guy from New York seemed genuinely surprised to find someone was upset with him, but did pull over and let us by, albeit grudgingly. The rest of the trip to the top was a great ride and I realized that I hadn't worried about the lack of guardrails the whole way up. Too busy being cheesed off at Mr. Big Apple to notice the drop offs.

The ride up was put into perspective when I took a look at the automobile speed records set for the trip to the top. F. O. Stanley set the first record in a steam-powered car in 1899. He took 2 hours and 10 minutes to do the 8 miles. A guy named Frank Sprongl, at 6 minutes 41.99 seconds, holds the current record in an Audi Quattro. In the middle is a veritable who's who of auto racing including guys like "Cannonball" Baker, Bill Rutan, and Carroll Shelby. Shelby, by the way, made his run in a Ferrari.

The summit was a bit of an anti-climax. It was crawling with tourists and windy as sin. We took the obligatory photos of us at the summit and the bikes against the horizon and then retired to the cafeteria for a well-deserved bowl of chili. The trip down was much easier. For some strange reason nobody wanted to stop on the way down, but we didn't meet anyone from New York, either.

After an exciting ride along the Vermont back roads (Losing a race with the sun and having your low beam go out on you in the process probably qualifies as exciting. It does in my book, anyway.), that evening was spent in Killington at the Inn at Long Trail. Jim had skied in the area, but never stayed at the inn. I like it because it has the most perfect pint of Guinness on the entire Appalachian Trail, that and they give you a very nice breakfast as part of your stay. If you're lucky enough to be here on a weekend, they also have live Irish music on Friday and Saturday nights. The place really jumps. Course I'd expect nothing less from owners named McGrath.

There were two other bikers staying at the inn. They were both from the area and gave us info on the best roads for our ride through Vermont and into New York. After a great morning following the route they suggested, we crossed over the Hudson River into New York and took a ride down to Fort Ticonderoga. These 18th century sites are Jim D.'s favorites. He loves that time period and reads everything he can about it. My favorite part of the fort was their collection of engraved powder horns. They had horns I'd read about in books, but never thought I'd actually see. I was truly impressed.

From our overnight stop in Pulaski (A kind of depressed former mill town on the east end of Lake Ontario.) we rode to Rochester for a visit with my Uncle. Later that day, we crossed back into Canada at Niagara Falls and were promptly caught Friday night, rush hour traffic. It was a half hour wait to cross the bridge and an exciting ride through heavy truck traffic to our overnight stop in Woodstock, Ontario. It was along this stretch of road that Jim was smacked by a gob of grease from a passing semi. Ask him. He'll tell you all about it.

The ride from Woodstock to Sarnia was really quite pleasant. We got out early, traffic was light and the temps were mild. We stopped at the Canadian side of the bridge to change our money and while I got my GST refunded, Jim grabbed a cup of coffee and cursed the fact that we hadn't been in the country long enough to take some of the cheap booze (Sorry, relatively inexpensive booze. Jim doesn't drink cheap.) from the duty free shop back into the states.

When we arrived at Customs in Port Huron I was first to pull up. The agent gruffly told me to shut the bike off and asked if I was traveling with the guy behind me. He then leaned out of the booth and motioned Jim to pull up. "Oh, man, " I thought, "here we go. He had a bad night and he's gonna have us pull off and unload the bikes." About this time he looked at me, smiled, and said; "Figured I get both of you out of the way at the same time." He asked the three standard questions and motioned me on. So there I sat, passport in my hand and a dumb look on my face wondering exactly what had just happened. He never had me take my helmet off, never looked at my ID, and never talked to Jim. At that point, I decided it might be counter-productive to stick around and debate the finer points of homeland security with him. Besides, I was hungry and a restaurant somewhere in the area was calling to me. All I had to do was find it. Bet Jim wishes he'd bought that scotch.

From Bay City it was west through beautiful, downtown Imlay City, into Lapeer and back along M-57 to M-66 – **AGAIN**. We even managed to stop for lunch at the same restaurant in Six Lakes where we ate on the way down. Like I said, this route is getting way too familiar. Jim and I rolled in to Williamsburg just before 6:00 on Saturday 25 September. We'd been gone 20 days, ridden through five states and five provinces, and covered, according to my finely calibrated, highly accurate Harley-Davidson, LCD odometer, (Your results may vary.) exactly 5099.8 miles. I don't know who was happier to have me home: Char or the puppies. The puppies ran all the way down the driveway to greet me with Frisbees and big wet kisses, but Char had steaks ready to grill. Too close to call.

As much fun as I had, this was my last trip for the year. Tax season is fast approaching and I have to finish restoring the Vette that followed Char home last spring. I also, in a moment of guilt induced weakness, promised to stick around until April 15th and help in the office.

So, here I am, sitting on the couch with a computer on my lap, staring out the windows. Today's been a lot like winter. It's gray, it's rainy, the wind is howling, and the trees are being stripped of their leaves. I'm stuck inside and my mind has started to wander. I wonder if anyone would want to leave for the Natchez Trace Parkway next April 16th?

Traffic was light though and I be?" After all, I'd done the road is shorter and not nearly tourists. apparently let anyone with smaller than a Winnebago up private, for-profit company; memory trouble. The last thing loose to climb the mountain is not a particularly difficult cor- be easy to keep it in mind for get to the top. Apparently, for



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DEC CHAPTER MEETING:

December 2

Peegeo's

Meet at Peegeo's at 7:00

**DECEMBER BUSINESS
MEETING**

December 21

7:00 pm

South City Limits Restaurant

ALL MEMBERS WELCOME!

**DECEMBER DINNER
RIDES**

Thursday, Dec 2

Chapter Meeting

Peegeo's

Friday, Dec. 17

Union Street

Thursday, Jan. 6

Chapter Meeting

TBD

