

WEST BANK MOTORCYCLE CLUB

THE NEWS LETTER

AUGUST, 1978

Welcome Back! - to you all who went to Sturgis and beyond. Hope a good time was had. Since we didn't get to attend this year, clue us in on those memorable happenings and we'll try and get some of them into the NL. Or, if you'd care to write something up- then you'd be sure it got in. Imagine some of you might be in the market for a better seat... Ever notice when you get back from vacation you expect to come back to find some changes, you're almost disappointed if you don't find or see any. Probably an indication you had a pretty good time, you've got a new perspective and feel like you've been on the road forever even tho it's maybe been only a week. You kind of expect to find a new freeway, building, neighbor or even are suprised in a way that you remembered the way to your house or apt. But all in all it's good to be home and we're glad you're all back - there's still plenty of riding to be had even though you may feel like the old buns have had it.

On The Road - Not to try and get you on a downer right away, we'll be leaving on vacation in a short while. Heading for British Columbia. We're going to be pulling a trailer, something we've never done before, and in fact you see very little of in the Club. It's one that's made by one of our own members, Fred Kritzman who's gotten into the business just recently. We'll give you our impressions of trailer towing when we get back, but at this point it looks like the route to go, for us at least ( I know , Felix, but wouldn't it be nice...). In the meantime, if any of you would like to stop by the homestead and visit with Rocky and Nikki while we're gone they'd appreciate it ( I already asked Barb and she said we couldn't cut-off part of the trailer cover, add a windshield and take them along). And Good Luck! to Richie in the 5 hour enduro at Brainerd while we're gone.

Aquatennial Fever - During this year's Aquatennial several members carried its fever pitched celebrating with them on the Wheeler ride July 29th. Granted Wheeler probably had no previous awareness of this explosive event carried-out annually by their western neighbors - at least until that Sat. night. What gave them a hint was the gala queen coronation we held at the local watering hole between sets of the 5 tunes being performed by two local musical artists (who, by the way, are booked the entire month of Aug. to play in the rest-room on the Greyhound to Pheonex). Noting Wheeler had no village queen in our parade, we at least would submit our entry, Miss Scooter Trash 1978 for their review and judgement. Selection of the lucky Miss was carefully and painstakingly carried on for 3 minutes outside the bar - the first female member to stumble upon us was it - not scientific but got the job done. Queens always ride on floats, right? So be it for ours. Now, none of us had any crepe paper, flowers or thrones along but non-the-less a triumphant ride through the bar was needed for reviewal by the unsuspecting "parade" watchers boozing it up inside. Well, the Wheeler city fathers came through; our chariot complete with a catchy saying on one side, "Keep Our City Clean", and our queen's title on the other, "Trash". Plus, the top was like a convertible - it tipped open. Our queen did have some difficulty getting into her throne but no time to look up and decorate a 55 gallon drum. Once packed-in, the top closed and a few practice plastic smiles, it was hernia city as the entorage grunted, groaned and squeezed into the racous paladium to present the sacrifice (at that point she weren't a queen any more, believe me). Quickly onto the dance floor to deposit the load, a few makeshift ta-da's, flip open the top and, "There she is, Miss Scooter Trash..." as up from the bowels of the trash can that was her throne to present herself to the stunned crowd was our one and only - Gretchen. And we didn't even get gonged....

Sobering Thought - The Minnesota Public Safety Commissioner reports studies indicate that on a typical Friday or Saturday night there are over 20,000 drivers on Minnesota roads operating under the influence of alcohol. And if you've been on I35 southbound you've probably seen half of them. Wonder what the figures are for Wisconsin?

And Another - The same fella reports that compared to the January thru June period for 1977, traffic deaths in Minn. have risen by almost 24% but in contrast, motorcycle and pedestrian fatalities are down.

Hurry Back! - We all wish Joan D. a speedy recovery and hope to see her back in line on that BMW real soon. At the moment she's in the Hasting hospital but you may want to check with Lee before sending anything or visiting to find out if she's still there.

HISTORICALLY SPEAKING... (we don't know if these ride summaries do any good really, but on the other hand we do try and write them in such a way that they can't be used as evidence for litigation, paternity suits or commitment hearings)

Flying Cloud - It was nice to sit high and dry and watch a storm occurring somewhere else for a change, The RC, Dianne G. really chose an interesting and challenging route, i.e. lots of hills and curves. You might want to reride it sometime as a tire and suspension check. Three new members were signed in - welcome. Also a new puppy. Tho it may have appeared Richie was headed for Alaska what with all those spare tires on his luggage rack, he'd merely been out scrounging as is so often the case with him - the Honda West auction this time. Guess there were some good deals to be had.

Cumberland - If you were on this one you got to see a first: Harry's and Harald's tents come down at the same time as everyone else's. In fact, everyone's came down about the same time, we got to camp twice, once in Cumberland and, thanks to Mike C. and Gay, a second time at their new farm. Seems the city regs in Cumberland require campers in their city park to pay by tent rather than by site - too bad, it was a nice park. But so was Mike and Gays - quite a place. Got a big crowd to go to the Paradise Sunday am for their breakfast feed - can you imagine 35 West Bankers in one place where it's all you can eat! And welcome to tent city Don, Wendy and Dugan.

Holland-Jensen - A mello trip. Diverted a bit by the Twins and the Yankees. And those wooden bridges over the Minn. River had to spark you up a bit. We're gonna have to get Ron R. to do a little piece for the NL on why the black glove, at least for the benefit of the new members who keep asking.

Eau Galle - Participants numbered near the average in spite of the rain, wind and 50 degree temps. It's interesting how the looks on peoples faces from inside their cars differs as does the weather. Some are sympathetic, some think it's pathetic, a few are assured we're somehow escaped from the State Hospital, but one or two retain that wistful envy (probably in handcuffs on the way to Stillwater). Maybe our looks back at them change as well - probably less trusting of their two ton hulks, a little snooty maybe, some envy tho quickly squelched, and of course disdain - somehow that this further "qualified" us as real bikers, which it probably did help do. At least it made you feel you really earned a ride credit. Anyway, it turned nice when we arrived and not having to prove anything to anyone anymore, we had a good time. One lingering question; how can Eau Claire be 55 miles one way and 37 back to Eau Galle? What some people won't do for an egg roll...

Chemolight - A reminder from the evening's RC, Harley Gail: If you're riding behind the Road Captain (RC) he or she may wave you off on a corner, or may ask you to do so before the ride leaves. It isn't that you're being an annoyance or are boring, you're being asked to remain at that corner, or turning point, as a marker to all who are behind that a change in direction was made at that point. This is especially helpful when the line becomes broken-up by traffic or traffic lights and those at the back lose sight of the leader. Usually the last person in line, most likely someone who waited at the last corner, will let you know when all known riders have passed, then you fall-in at the back which may give you a new and interesting perspective of the ride lines. If you do get corner duty, try and pull-off in a safe spot where you're visible but not a hazard to the rest of the riders going by. Oh, ya, the ride - suppose you could guess the kind of bike leading by the route taken... Maybe, but a direct route was taken so those who wanted to return for the Torch Light parade would have time to do so. Again, some more new faces to welcome!

Take a Break - Locksprocket, MD. Following the Pigs Eye shot last month, our good 'ol boy rumbled on to Sturgis. Reports have it that he got bounced out of town a week before the thing even got started when he crashed the Passion Play in the nude, having failed to fully read the brochure...

Speaking of Breaks - Don't forget Q Petroleum when in need of some goodies for those breaks or for gas when it's time to go again!

Racing News - Up at Brainerd August 26 ( 5 hour endurance) and 27 (sprints). WBMC members will get a half price discount on admission (it'll only cost you \$2.50) with camping at likewise \$2.50. There'll be free beer Saturday night and lap pledges taken for the Kidney Foundation on the Enduro - you can pledge on a specific team or have your amount assigned to one. For further info call Randy S. at 770-1188. This is the one, the enduro, that one of our own illustrious members plans to enter. To make things easier, the Club ride for that week-end will be going to Brainerd with a half way sign-in at Garrison.

### More History

Center City/Wheeler - When you get jilted, what do you do - wander back to an old friend probably. So it was, we were scheduled for Center City but due to technical difficulties Road Capt. Dave M. redirected to Wheeler - another good reason to swing by the Joint before putting-off to the destination on the schedule. Wheeler was its good old self with some extras - plenty misquitoses, a two-man old time 5 song band, extra locals a 3 a.m. and at least in one case an extra person in the tent. Were you ever dreaming about something, woke-up and it tied-in to what was really going on - like swimming and waking-up and it was raining in on you, or falling off a cliff and waking-up on the floor? Well, Sat. night I was dreaming away about being searched, apparently for something in the boots; wake-up and by golly here's someone pawing away on the feet. Come-to a little more and realize you're being admonished for supposedly being in someone else's tent. After-all if you crawled into what you thought was your tent and found two bodies in residence therein, you'd be insensed too. Upon waking-up further, to yet greater accusation and verbal abuse, the voice in the dark became recognizable. Turn on the flash light and witness there in our tent, fully zipped back up again, in the process of preparing to sleep in the raw, eyes focusing one 180 degrees east and the other 180 degrees west, mumbling about damn squatters was Richie. The flashlight was on him straight-away so had little effect, but the blue tent walls (his being green) and Barb were to the side so came into some kind blurry view. Oops, time to exit, stage left - now zippers are not usually complicated mechanisms, unless you've got liquor polio and floating eye balls; plus it's tough to give verbal instructions on the proper use of a zipper. Finally managing an opening in the corner of the fly about 8" by 18", spurred by a realization that the occupants were coming more to their senses, he shot through the hole into the darkness leaving his coat behind. Ordinarily that would have been that, but he evidently had had a plan on how to deal with any and all misquitoses that happened into his tent - Linenkugals Mustard Gas, at least a thousand cubic feet worth, stored under pressure, at high heat since about 4p.m. that afternoon. Now we know why he vacates his tent so early on Sundays looking like he does, with no misquitoses bites.

Centuria - Well over 50 bikes went well over 50 miles to see some well over average fireworks. Officially it was a pyrotechnical competition - people who make their own fireworks, getting together to see who's got the best, and it was probably the best display around, bar none. Was well worth the longer than usual ride and provided a good shake-down for those planning to make Sturgis. Some faces we haven't seen for a while were there - Tom, and Micky H. with their new daughter, and Mike C. and Gay, all now residents of Wisc. Maybe that East Bank branch will get started yet.

Ella - Let's see, was this Ella, Sturgis or Maiden Rock? Things did seem to get a little confusing. Maybe there are some lessons to be learned. Like when we schedule rides we should make any suggestions/complaints/conflicts known at that time rather than a couple of days before the ride leaves. Or, if the ride is going to such-and-such a place it goes there and that's where the sign-in takes place for ride credit, unless set differently when scheduled. And how much leeway does/should the RC have to deviate from the usual sign-in procedures? My own thoughts are that we're first and foremost in the Club for the riding and the people we ride with. Since it happens we ride together and to common places we are a group, to which some organization, just some, is nice to have to make things smoother, safer and more interesting. But the riding comes first, i.e. the riding promoted/preceded the organization, not vice versa (the "vice" works nicely here). Now, I would venture most of us ride as an escape from our routines, but if we have too much of the organization thing we're building a sort of fence around our scoot'n - you know, "ah heck, got to go rid'n, it's Wed. night, got to meet tonight with the Club, etc, etc."

Continued

Ella (editorial) contd - So what it comes down to is us making this thing go with what organization we already have, which seems just about right, and then make it work by being grown-up, loose, positive and maybe a little understanding about the operation. Keeping in mind we're here for the riding, the patches and trophies are nice extras, but let's not make them the reason we ride.

Bless Me, Father... - The other Sunday night Barb and I were lounging about amongst our soaked camping gear when I commented that I needed some cash for Monday to make good my share of the previous Friday's check number pool down at work. Knowing by this time that any greens I may have had at the beginning of the week-end must have been, "burned in the camp fire, eaten by Dugan or carried off by the chiggers", she obligingly fetched her purse, giving me that look that now substitutes for the scolding I used to get for being such an easy money dummy. Couldn't help but snicker inside as she looked-up from shuffling through all those secrete places with a new look that said, "we've been robbed!" After submitting to a humiliating search in view of the whole neighborhood (I had spent the money for the drapes on something or other) and a calling on the carpet of Rocky to make sure some loose change hadn't somehow gotten tucked under his collar, I managed a faint smile that said, "it can happen to the best of us". Well, unfortunately all our 1977 tax forms got bloated beyond readability when the basement flooded and we had to reconstruct a whole new Deductions Form upon which we set out to figure out just where and how all those resources and us parted company sometime between Sat. noon and Sun. night. I was able to successfully petition that we file the thing jointly due to a bout of temporary insanity suffered during that period by the Male Head of Household (unfortunately I had to concede to a financial guardian for most of the 2nd half riding season, which wouldn't have been so bad had Rocky and Nikki not been defeated as servers of that function, by a secrete ballot no less). Just slightly into the figuring I saw the writing on the wall, threw myself to the mercy of the court and doled out my own penance - so here, before Arthur Burns and all is the sorted public confession of my own personal fiscal policies, or, how the hell can you manage to dump so much money on a week-end when lodging is free, the scooter is getting 40-45 mpg and the eat'n is WBMC style (Wieners, Beans, Mustard, Catchup)? Phase one: With my portion of the treasury in hand Fri, night, it's down to the gas station to fill-up the bike. While it's getting gassed (you go to the full service island when you got big money) you remember about those wrong size nuts and bolts you bought last Friday, and since time and gas are premium, no sense going back home to get them for exchange; boogie right on over and pick-up the right ones. Might as well pick-up some fertlizer to, on sale after all, and hey, they got those 12mm deep sockets you been wait'n for. Oops, best pull-into the grocery store and get those carrots for the dogs, a promise is a promise. Let's see, how much film was left in the camera? Best not take any chances, might be The week-end for pictures-one black&white and one color please. Phase two: Sat. am at the Joint and time for a little breakfast-I'll pick-up the tab and you get lunch. Rest stop: jute box, junk food, liquids, ah heck, have a hamburger(not considered lunch so dutch treat). Arrive - let's cook out. Off to the grocery store, a bit on the hungry side. Staples and treats, you do the staples (wieners and beans, the lunch committment) and I go the treats (pickled herring, crackers, dip, juice, dills, cheese, breakfast rolls..a lesson: one should not cruise the isles with Kelly!). Across the street for some fireside refreshments and on to the pumps for gas (self-service this time). Phase 3: Sun. am and the tomato juice went for red beers and Lady got the rolls. At the restaurant, say this ain't a bad breakfast menu - oh, only diners after 11? I'll get the tip. You know, maybe a financial guardian isn't such a bad idea after all...

Tech Series No. ? - For those of you who ride those certain kinds of bikes of which it is said parts keep falling off, a good solution from one of our own experienced members - buy a big magnet and tie it on behind with a stout rope and when you arrive at your destination, or enough parts have fallen off to bring you to a stop, merely pull all the parts off the magnet and reassemble the bike and you're on your way again with no expense.

- CAROUSING - To drink much alcoholic liquid along with others having a noisy merry time.
- DRINKING - To take liquid into the mouth and swallow it.
- MASS - Quantity of matter forming a body of indefinite shape and size, usually of a relatively large size lump.
- MATURE - Full grown, fully developed as a person in mind.
- TOURING - A long trip as for sightseeing.
- LONG - Not short or brief.
- GROUP - A number of persons classified together because of common characteristics, community of interests.
- CLUB - A group of people associated for a common purpose or mutual advantage, usually in an organization that meets regularly.

I am taking the liberty to assume that those who were members last year and are planning on renewing have command of the Anglo American language. Take a glance at the above words and definitions. All of them are not compatible, so how can you have a mature, touring group or club? Carousing, Drinking and mass fall into the same category and really have no place in a touring club. Is that the image you want to portray?

What ever your bag is as an individual bike rider? Whether it be doing it in the dirt, road racing or touring, alone, with a friend or a group.

Why are any of us a member of the West Bank Cycle Club? I don't know your reasons, but here are some of mine.

There are numerous other clubs in the area. Some are status organizations for the person or persons who ride the full touring scooter. Some, you have to be employee of the company affiliated club to hold office. Others are geared for poker and dice runs. None of the above programs fit my diet of biking. My bag is camping and touring.

The loose knit large matter (WBMC) was suppose to be the most advanced touring body around the Twin City area. As I see it the Saturday rides are short runs to get away from the city and have two scheduled drinking spots, midway and end. That is not touring, it is more like carousing in mass. We are not even a sociable mass.

My idea of touring is getting a group of people together with a common interest and planning a definite destination via back roads without spending alot of valuable traveling time in some drinking establishment enroute. Long trips and sightseeing are too beautiful to be wasted in my book.

All I seem to hear from a very small segment of the West Bankers who seem to control the sheep are negative vibes when new and fresh ideas are brought up.

Board, Bylaws, constitution, incorporation etc. Are we or are we not trying to improve the biker image? Biking is not drinking and carousing, taking liquid into the mouth and swallowing it...To drink much alcoholic liquid along with others having a noisy, merry time. Is that what you want to instill in the nonbiker world? We are not mature if we portray the carousing image. How many of us want to ride near someone who has been drinking? What effect does that amount of alcohol have on your body chemistry, to control your scooter?

Everyone in the twenty ride club should be expressing their ideas, We are the hard core of the club and give the rest of the members some direction and become an organization. We need a board, bylaws to be a corporation, if we are not, protect thy rectum.

Get your act together and do your thing as a mature touring cycle club.

Tom Carroll