



BLACK GOLD BEEMERS

News



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www.blackgoldbeemers.ca
 BMW MOA Charter # 141
 BMW RA Charter # 260
 P.O. Box 11714
 Edmonton, Alberta T5J 3K8

David Leeb recently passed on the latest version of the BGB membership list – we have had 600 members pass through the club since the inception of the Black Gold Beemers.

ON-GOING REMINDERS

- **BGB Newsletter Submissions**
Please submit anything and often to waaw@shaw.ca
- **BGB Motorcycle Inventory**
Please submit any additions, updates, deletions, etc., to David Leeb @ theleeb@telus.net on the number of, make, brand and model of bikes ridden or owned by you this year.
- **Bargoons**
Submit to waaw@shaw.ca to have them included in the next monthly BGB Newsletter.

2007 BGB EXECUTIVE MEMBERSHIP

President:	Rick Wortman
464-6722	rickride@telus.net
Vice President:	Harold Beaton
467-2821	hbeaton@hotmail.com
Registrar:	David Leeb
481-5831	theleeb@telus.net
Treasurer:	Lauretta Laaning
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MEETING SCHEDULE FOR 2007 / 2008

Submitted by Road Captain –Paul Crump

- Club Rides leave the Airways Inn in Nisku at 10:00 AM. We ride rain or shine. Riders should check in before 9:30 A.M. Gas tanks should be full prior to start.
- Club Meetings are held at Rosie's Bar and Grill, 6258 - 99 Street NW the 2nd Wednesday of each month starting at 7:30 PM.



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- Sometimes it takes a whole tankful of fuel before you can think straight.
 - Riding faster than everyone else only guarantees you'll ride alone.
 - Never hesitate to ride past the last street light at the edge of town.
 - Never do less than forty miles before breakfast.
 - If you don't ride in the rain, you don't ride.
 - A bike on the road is worth two in the shed.
 - Respect the person who has seen the dark side of motorcycling and lived.
 - Young riders pick a destination and go... Old riders pick a direction and go.
 - A good mechanic will let you watch without charging you for it.
 - Sometimes the fastest way to get there is to stop for the night.
 - Always back your bike into the curb, and sit where you can see it.
 - Work to ride and ride to work.
 - Whatever it is, it's better in the wind.
 - Two-lane blacktop isn't a highway - it's an attitude.
 - When you look down the road, it seems to never end - but you better believe it does.
 - Winter is Nature's way of telling you to polish.
 - Keep your bike in good repair: Motorcycle boots are NOT comfortable for walking.
 - People are like Motorcycles: each one is customized a bit differently.
 - Sometimes, the best communication happens when you're on separate bikes.
 - Good coffee should be indistinguishable from 50 weight motor oil.
 - The best alarm clock is sunshine on chrome.
 - The twisties - not the superslabs - separate the riders from the squids.
 - When you're riding lead, don't spit.
 - A friend is someone who'll get out of bed at 2 am to drive his pickup to the middle of nowhere to get you when you're broken down.
 - Catching a yellow jacket in your shirt @ 70 mph can double your vocabulary.
 - If you want to get somewhere before sundown, you can't stop at every tavern.
 - There's something ugly about a NEW bike on a trailer.
 - Don't lead the pack if you don't know where you're going.
 - Practice wrenching on your own bike.
 - Everyone crashes. Some get back on. Some don't. Some can't.
 - Don't argue with an 18-wheeler.
 - Never be ashamed to unlearn an old habit.
 - A good long ride can clear your mind, restore your faith, and use up a lot of fuel.
 - If you can't get it going with baling wire, bungee cords and electrician's tape, it's serious.
 - If you ride like there's no tomorrow, there won't be.
 - Gray-haired riders don't get that way from pure luck.
 - There are drunk riders. There are old riders. There are NO old, drunk riders.
 - Thin leather looks good in the bar, but it won't save your butt from "roadrash" if you go down.
 - The best modifications cannot be seen from the outside.
 - Always replace the cheapest parts first.
 - You can forget what you do for a living when your knees are in the breeze.
 - Only a Biker knows why a dog sticks his head out of a car window.
 - There are two types of people in this world, people who ride motorcycles, and people who wish they could ride motorcycles.
 - "It is good to have an end to journey towards; but it is the journey that matters in the end."
-



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JOKES

A Beer Before It Starts

A man came home from work, sat down in his favorite chair, turned on the TV, and said to his wife, "Quick, bring me a beer before it starts." She looked a little puzzled, but brought him a beer. When he finished it, he said, "Quick, bring me another beer. It's gonna start."

This time she looked a little angry, but brought him a beer. When it was gone, he said, "Quick, another beer, it's gonna start any second."

"That's it!" She blows her top, "You bastard! You waltz in here, flop your fat ass down, don't even say hello to me and then expect me to run around like your slave. Don't you realize that I cook and clean and wash and iron all day long?" The husband sighed. "Oh shit, it's started."

And we know you're a poser if...

- You spit out the bug that just flew in your mouth.
- You spend more time shining your bike than riding it.
- You're too cool to wave at the kids in the mom-mobile in front of you.
- You grab for your hairbrush before your old lady.
- You take your bike into the shop for oil changes.
- Your \$500 boots aren't scuffed from riding.
- You think that a kick-starter is a mocha latte.
- You set at least one mirror, if not both, to reflect yourself.
- Your saddle bags say "Gucci".
- You carry a lap-top in your saddle bags. Your tattoos wash off.
- You put your pony-tail back in the drawer after you get home.
- You won't ride down a gravel road.

- You've never seen a sunrise from two wheels.
- You only ride on weekends, when you can.
- You never ride to work.
- All your leathers match.
- There are no wrinkled, faded, creased, or scratched areas on your leathers.
- You don't own a rain suit.
- You've never ridden long enough to know that stock seats are never comfortable.
- You've never had to replace a worn out tire.
- You've had to replace your tires, but because they were too old and not too worn.
- You like to ride by stores with big picture windows so you can admire your reflection.
- Your longest road trip this year was to Hooter's for bike night.

...and the Number One reason we know you 're a poser...

- You ride a Ducati.
-

Badass Biker Bob

...wakes up at home with a huge hangover. He forces himself to open his eyes, and the first thing he sees is a couple of aspirins and a glass of water on the side table. He sits up and sees his clothing in front of him, all clean and pressed. Bob looks around the room and sees that it is in perfect order, spotless, clean. So is the rest of the house. He takes the aspirins and notices a note on the table: "Honey, breakfast is on the stove, I left early to go shopping. Love you." So he goes to the kitchen, and sure enough there is a hot breakfast and the morning newspaper. His son is also at the table, eating.

Bob asks, "Son, what happened last night?"



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His son says, "Well, you came home after 3 A.M., drunk and delirious, broke some furniture, puked in the hallway, and gave yourself a black eye when you stumbled into the door."

Confused, Badass Bob asks, "So, why is everything in order and so clean, and breakfast is on the table waiting for me?"

His son replies, "Oh, that! Mom dragged you to the bedroom, and when she tried to take your pants off, you said, "Lady, leave me alone, I'm married!""

Grandpa

Three biker guys were sitting in a biker bar. A man comes in already drunk, sits down at the bar and orders a drink. The man looked around and saw the three men sitting at a corner table.

He got up, staggered to the table, leaned over, looked the biggest one in the face and said, "I went by your grandma's house and I saw her in the hallway, buck naked. Man, she is fine!"

The biker looked at him and didn't say a word. His buddies were confused, because he was a bad ass, and would fight at the drop of a hat.

The drunk leaned on the table again and said, "I got it on with your grandma and she is good, the best I ever had!"

The biker still said nothing. His buddies were starting to get mad.

The drunk leaned on the table again and said, "I'll tell you something else boy, your grandma liked it!"

The biker stood up, took the drunk by the shoulder and said, "Damn it, grandpa, you're drunk. Go home!"

...and last of all - Who in history had the very first motorcycle?

Why Moses of course, the roar of his triumph could be heard all over Jerusalem.

BEING IN THE MOMENT

Submitted by Dwight Hillas

From THE PERFECT VEHICLE: WHAT IS IT ABOUT MOTORCYCLES? by Melissa Holbrook Pierson

"There is no room in the brain for idle thought (except on the highway, when idle thoughts appear and float and reconfigure in endless array), and a biker can go for miles and miles without waking up to any sudden realization, including the one that nothing at all has been thought for miles and miles. The faster you ride, the more closed the circuit becomes, deleting everything but this second and the next which are hurriedly merging. Having no past to regret and no future to await, the rider feels free."

WHO IS FRED RAU...???

Courtesy of Fred Rau Adventure Tours

Fred Rau [fred@fredrau.com]

www.fredrau.net

I receive, as do other members of the BGB executive, e-mail from Fred Rau and his company Adventure Tours. I have featured a number of articles written by him.



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So who is Fred Rau? The following is verbatim from his website.

Fred Rau has been a professional motorcycle journalist for over 35 years, beginning back in the 1970s as a freelance writer for several regional and national motorcycling magazines. In 1987, he became the editor of Wing Wor ld magazine for the Gold Wing Road Riders Association (GWRRA), serving there until he became the Managing Editor of Road Rider magazine in 1990. In 1991, Fred and his mentor, Bob Carpenter, started up Motorcycle Consumer News (MCN), where Fred served as the Editor, and later, Senior Editor, for the next 15 years. In 2005, Fred went back to his roots as a freelancer, writing for Friction Zone, Backroads, Roadbike, RoadRunner, Robb Report Motorcycling and Motorcycle Online, while serving as the Editor for the MRF Reports for the national Motorcycle Riders Foundation.

Along the way, Fred received the Motorcycle Safety Foundation Award for "Excellence in Enthusiast Press," and the MVP Award from the American Motorcyclist Association as a "Most Valued Person in Motorcycling." He also edited and helped publish David Hough's "Proficient Motorcycling" books, which earned the American Library Association Gold Seal Award, and received a Writer's Guild Award for "Best Editorial Writing."

During these years, Fred racked up over one million miles on two wheels, testing and evaluating over 200 different motorcycles, and helping to evaluate hundreds of various motorcycling-related products. While doing so, he also arranged a half-dozen tours for his friends and business associates, taking them for three-day to week-long tours on his favorite roads throughout Southern California, Arizona and Nevada. After moving to New England to

help a friend start up a new motorcycle rental and tour agency, he then began to arrange the same tours for his new Eastern friends, and soon began to realize that setting up and leading tours was the thing he enjoyed doing most of all.

So, though he is still actively writing for a half-dozen motorcycling magazines, Fred and his wife, Cherrie, have moved back to Southern California and started their own company, "Fred Rau Adventure Tours," to spend the rest of their days leading like-minded touring motorcyclists on tours around the Southwest, and even to more exotic locales like New Zealand. We hope you can join us!

The Freditor's 2008 March Newsletter

On The Road Again...



Well, it's been a couple of months since I've written - sorry. Things have been awfully busy around here. I just returned a couple of days ago from leading some Rhode Islanders around the Mojave, and I'm leaving tomorrow to do the same for some folks from New Hampshire and Canada. Though it is the first week in March, and I see on the news that much of the country is suffering from a late winter storm, it was 90 degrees in Death Valley last week, and is



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predicted to be 93 by the time I get there a few days from now. That's why this will be our last "Route 66" tour for the season, because it will be well into the triple digits out there in another week or two. But we'll have another run at it in October, with our sponsored tour of Route 66 with Bob's BMW of Jessup, Maryland. Really looking forward to that. And we also have a Utah tour in October, with Amy Holland and the folks from Friction Zone magazine. Hope some of you can join us. And just a reminder, our New Zealand tour is almost full, so if you are interested, you better get your deposit in soon!

Thanks, Fred

BACKROADS USA

Fred Rau has written many times for 'Backroads' during his career. I went to <http://www.backroadsusa.com/home.html/home.html> and found a useful link for myself, or anyone else wishing to track their ride adventures – **Writer's Guidelines**.

It outlines procedures to follow if you are interested in seeing your article featured in a longstanding successful motorcycle magazine.

There is actually money to be made if your stories are accepted – is this incentive enough to submit your articles to the BGB newsletter thereafter?

GRUESOME REALITY CHECK

Submitted by Dwight Hillas
Courtesy of Sea & Shore 2004

<http://www.safetycenter.navy.mil/MEDIA/seashore/issues/fall04/default.htm>

Dream Motorcycle Trip Becomes a Nightmare
Courtesy of ATC Dave Epps

My saddlebags were packed, and my bike was fueled and ready to go. It was a beautiful morning, and the forecast called for an above-average warm and sunny, November, Florida day. I was in a great mood because I finally was getting to make the 510-mile ride from Jacksonville, Fla. to Key West on my new 2003 cruiser-a motorcycle made for the sole purpose of riding in comfort over long distances. I had dreamed of riding across the 7-mile stretch of bridge near Key West since the day I got my first Harley-Davidson.

I'm a member of a motorcycle group, with mostly seasoned riders. We do parades and charity work. I've ridden various types of motorcycles for 19 years and am a motorcycle-safety instructor for the base where I'm assigned. My group makes this ride annually, but this year would mark my first time-Navy commitments never had allowed me to go before.

The plan called for everyone to rendezvous at a pancake house near Saint Augustine before sunrise, get a good breakfast, and head south. A friend and I were the first to arrive. As others began to trickle in, I noticed a new rider-one who wasn't a regular member of our unit. I later found out he was interested in joining our group, and other members had invited him to come on this trip so he could get acquainted with everyone.

By the time we had eaten and were ready to saddle up, 14 beautiful Electra Glide Ultra Classics were sitting in the parking lot. As we were gearing up and getting into position to start the ride, I noticed that our guest wasn't wearing a helmet. It's legal in Florida to ride without a helmet, as long as you carry the required medical insurance, and no one challenged him about it.



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I also saw three members leave the parking lot ahead of us. They had said they were tired of waiting. I later found out the main reason they had left early was that they weren't comfortable riding so far with a large group. I was tempted to strike out behind them and ride solo or in a smaller group but decided to stick with the main formation and the friend I had ridden with to the pancake house.

The sun was coming up as we merged onto Interstate 95 and headed south. We got into the formation we would ride in for the rest of the day. We were lined up in a single lane, with the bikes staggered left to right from the lead rider to the last man. We remained in the same position, except after stopping for gas or to pay a toll, at which time some members would move forward or backward a spot or two.

I initially lined up as the fourth man in the group but sometimes alternated to the third spot in our formation of 11 riders. The new guy ended up as the second rider. As the trip progressed, I noticed he would set his motorcycle on cruise control every 20 or 30 minutes and take his hands off the handlebars. He then would light up a cigarette or wave his arms and roll his shoulders, as if he was experiencing stiffness in his upper body. He usually waited until traffic wasn't congested, and it was as safe as possible to do what he was doing, but I decided to keep him on my radar for the rest of the trip—just in case. After going a hundred miles, we left the interstate and got on a turnpike, where the traffic became more congested and the tollbooths grew more numerous.

I noticed our fair-skinned guest was starting to get a sunburn. During a gas stop just after midday, I saw him pull a bandana from his saddlebags and drape it over his head and sunburned neck. He then put a hat over the bandana to hold it on. As we left the gas station,

I was in the third spot, directly behind him, and soon realized he was becoming much more animated on his motorcycle. With increased regularity, he would put his bike in cruise control and take his hands off the handlebars, despite the congested traffic. At times, he even would turn and wave at cars with both hands as we passed them.

I didn't want to break off with our group in this heavy traffic and possibly cause an accident, so I eased up on the throttle a little to open the distance from our guest. I also decided I would try talking to him at our next stop about the risks he was taking.

It was about 1:15 p.m. when I saw him again take his hands off the handlebars, turn sideways, and start waving at a car beside us. While I was focusing on him and the car he was interacting with, traffic ahead of us narrowed from two lanes to one as the turnpike ended. He stopped waving at the car just in time to turn around and see nothing but brake lights ahead of him. He overreacted and jumped hard on both his front and rear brakes, which caused him to skid sideways, with the front of his bike facing to the left side of the road.

I didn't feel it would be safe for me to stop abruptly in the heavy traffic, so I tried to go around the rear of his motorcycle. As soon as I dedicated myself to this action, he let up on his brakes, causing his bike to go into a violent wobble. It started sliding directly toward me. I reacted by turning harder to the right, but, by this time, I was riding the yellow line marking the shoulder of the road and was within a few feet of the guardrail.

Just as it looked like I would be able to get around his bike, he was ejected and landed hard, face-first, on the road in front of me. I had no reaction time left, and my motorcycle ran directly over the top of his body. This impact caused me to lose control of my motorcycle, and



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I, too, went down. I somehow came clear of my motorcycle after hitting the pavement and proceeded to tumble down the road. When I finally came to a stop, I was amazed to find I still was alive and was standing on my feet...or so I thought.

Being a long-time Navy technician, I immediately did a visual op check of my body to see how I had fared. Everything seemed OK until my scan reached my feet-my left foot was at a 90-degree angle. I next observed I was standing in the middle of the right-hand traffic lane. My friends later told me I took a couple of hops before dropping and rolling until I was under the guardrail. I also later found out the rider immediately behind me had locked up his brakes, slid 65 feet, and ended up wedged under the guardrail on the opposite side of the road. The highway-patrol report said we were going the speed limit (65 mph) at the time of the crash. During my life flight to the Miami Trauma Center, I learned that the rider whose actions had led to the accident-and who had chosen not to wear protective equipment-had died at the scene. The rider directly behind me was wearing full safety gear, as well as leather chaps, and escaped with a broken collarbone and multiple road abrasions on his upper body. He also required reconstructive surgery on his right elbow. I was wearing full safety gear, except for leather chaps, and ended up with torn ligaments in my left shoulder, four broken ribs, a collapsed lung, three broken bones in my left leg, and multiple road abrasions to my knees, elbows and shoulder. I was on convalescent leave for more than three months and spent almost four months using a walker or crutches. I have been undergoing two to four physical-therapy sessions a week for the last two months and anticipate another month or two of those sessions before I'm done. My gloves show the marks of saving my hands from further road abrasions, and my helmet has a large dent on the

left side. Without them, my injuries would have been much worse.

The final accident-report findings say the rider who died at the scene caused the accident through his actions, and he was charged with reckless driving. He died from massive blunt trauma to his head when he initially hit the road. The findings went on to state he had a BAC level of 0.03, and he was under the influence of a strong painkiller at the time of the accident. One of our members told me that he had seen the victim drink two 16-ounce beers at the last rest stop we made before the accident. It's the policy of our group not to drink and ride. No one else was drinking that day, except him. We all learned a hard lesson that day about having rules and enforcing them as a group. Several of us had opportunities throughout the day to talk to our guest rider about his actions but didn't do it. While talking about it later, we all said we didn't feel comfortable challenging him because we didn't know him-a costly mistake we all agreed never to make again. I've always felt I'm a very capable and safe rider. I also always have acknowledged that a motorcycle provides no protection in an accident, except for the PPE you're wearing. As a rider and motorcycle-safety instructor, I can list many examples of other riders who were taken down through no fault of their own. Do yourself and your loved ones a big favor: Wear your PPE every time because you never know when your luck is going to run out.

BOB MACKAY UPDATE

Hi all - My new address (effective March 9th) is:
14 Mark St
Grafton, New Brunswick
E7N 1N9
E-mail: thewander08@live.com



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780- 970 1964 until I get a land line
Take care...see you in Hyder! - Bob

ABOUT. COM: MOTORCYCLES

Courtesy of:

<http://motorcycles.about.com/?once=true&>

Do You Really Care About Fuel Economy?



I'd love to profess a deep preoccupation with MPG, but every time I climb aboard a motorcycle it seems a few extra thousand revs become a lot more appealing than a few extra miles per gallon.* I know I'm not a good example, but I've always guessed I wasn't alone.

The LA Times recently ran a [story](#) mentioning the lack of public information about motorcycle fuel economy figures, and cites a 2003 Motorcycle Industry Council study which ranked "practicality" sixth out of eleven possible "reasons for riding a motorcycle"-- though higher fuel prices might produce a different result in 2008.

Where do you stand? Are fuel prices encouraging you to [hypermile](#) like our friends Christine and Scott Gable at About's [Hybrid](#)

[Cars & Alt Fuels site](#), or is motorcycling a strictly visceral experience, MPG be damned?

Motorcycle Deaths Rise as Helmet Laws Slacken

http://z.about.com/d/motorcycles/1/0/M/J/-/JoeRaedle_GettyImages_1280.jpg

Death rates for motorcyclists have been rising since repeals of helmet laws began in 1995, according to [USA Today](#). DOT statistics reflect that 5.6 motorcyclists per 10,000 registered motorcycles were killed in 1996, and the number jumped to 7.3 in 2006. The number of motorcyclists who wear helmets has dropped from 63% in 1994 to 51% in 2006.



There are numerous variables that affect statistics, including the rising age of motorcycle accident victims. But the correlation between helmet use and protection from head injury has been rehashed everywhere from the famous Hurt Report to this October, 2007 [NHTSA report](#). One particularly compelling case study is Florida, where [motorcycle deaths rose significantly](#) after helmet laws were repealed.

Wearing a helmet is certainly your choice as the law permits, but which do you choose given the potential repercussions?



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THE LATEST MODELS

Courtesy of

<http://www.reckless-few-mcc.co.uk/jokes.htm>

Trike Burger



Bike For Women



Cowasaki

