

Mountain Wheelin'

Wishing all of you the Happiest of Holidays as we move into December. I'd venture to say we all have nothing to do but read this, but the weather is still providing us with some viable riding time!! I've included a little story about my jaunt today....

I've put in a few notes about snow/bike conversion kits and a new magazine for those of you who might be interested. There is *part one* of an article written by a woman who describes her first long distance trip motorcycling in Alaska. If you like it, please google her and read the rest of the article.

Please note the Officer's nominations on the right and Javitz trip information. Also, if anyone is attending the ride planning meeting on the 10th, please check your email first.

Stay tuned for holiday party information. I saved the best for last.....

2018 RMTC OFFICERS

- President: **Rob Heh**
- Vice President: **Scott Gilliland**
- Secretary: **Mary Heh**
- Treasurer: **Patrick Fardella** - see what happens when you do such a good job? (says Pat!)
- News Letter: **Susan Crowley** – see what happens when you don't attend meetings?
- Road Captains: **Larry Predmore, Bob Mc, Triker Bob** (yea, I know, but we love him)
- Sunshine Officer: **Sue Boland**
- Party Planner: **Alice Swink** by default, looking for volunteer

Please make note that the club is still looking for party planners. Please contact Alice if you are interested.

Merry Christmas, Happy Holidays and a Happy and Healthy New Year!

DECEMBER

- 12/05/2017 6:30 PM Billy's Diner Dinner Meeting-nomination & election officers
- 12/10/2017 9:00 AM Breakfast Billy's (10 AM Bob DeYoung house for Ride Planning Meeting)

JANUARY 2018

- 01/01/2018 10:00 AM Billy's Diner New Year's Day Brunch

HOLIDAY PARTY TBA

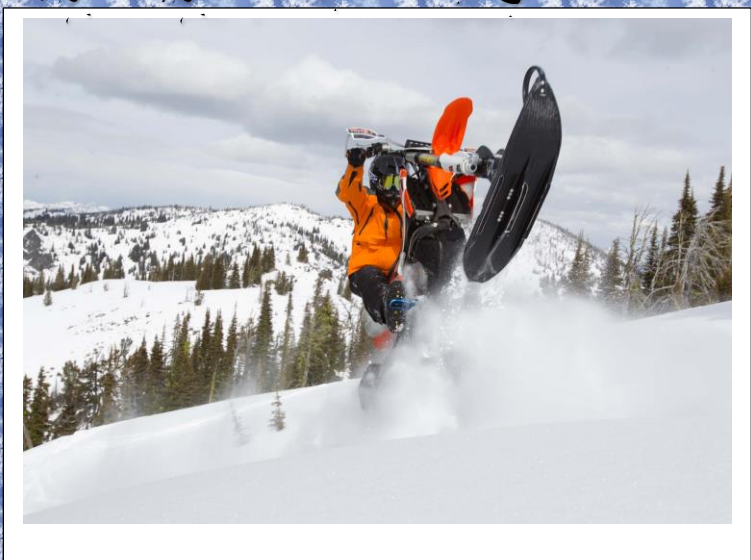


Check out this new magazine!

A revolutionary way to safely and easily transport snow bikes and motorcycles of all kinds

I suppose most of you know of the conversion kit that turns a motorcycle into a snowbike. Most kits come assembled and all it takes is a few bolts and you're on the slopes.... riding the snow waves. There's no modifications needed to transform your motorcycle into an all terrain vehicle. Some might say, "what's the advantage of a snowbike...I have a snowmobile". The bike, number one, is much lighter which makes it much easier to control and maneuver. It's nothing like riding a snowmobile because there's less weight. And it's nothing like riding a bike, since the track and ski completely change the bike's handling. Apples to oranges. It's all different, regardless of what kit you buy or bike you own. Reviews stated that it was hard to crash a snowbike, even with little experience. Its size allows you into more places since its narrower than a snow mobile. There is so much traction, it digs in the snow and stabilizes the ride. In fact, the traction is so powerful, off roading (or off designated trails) is recommended. When winter is over, pull off the track, ski, and chain and reroute you brake lines back to stock, remount your wheels and You're back to a two wheeler.....

O're the hills we go, laughing all the way!!



Twas the day before December
And the weather was great.
I jumped on the bikes, planning to come home late.

While at a stop light
I smell burning tires?
On the senna, I say. "Jeff check me, Am I on fire?"

We killed the engines
To try and make things right.
Only to discovered smoke billowing out of HIS bike!

Peering into the muffler
I was a little scared.
Acorns perhaps...or is it the creature that put them there?

The smoke was black,
Like bread caught in a toaster...
But, it's just a Triumph turned into a chipmunk roaster.

November 30th, the weather was awesome... sunny and high 50's. Needed stabilizer in the tanks so we figured we'd take a long ride to the gas station. Got the gear on and backed the bikes out of the garage only to find that my bike is dead as a doornail. It took 6 times of pushing it down the driveway until it finally bucked and nearly put me in the neighbor's lawn! Well, with that little problem fixed, we fill the tanks and head to Delaware Water Gap. On the way, I mention that I smell something burning. Jeff acknowledges and we assume someone is burning leaves or the woods are on fire, but it's a real funky stench! Further down the road, I can't get the smell out of my nose...in fact I think it's worse! I'm signaling Jeff to pull over. We are standing along the road looking over my bike to find the problem and the smell is really bad... rank. Suddenly, I see smoke and its coming out of Jeff's right muffler. Its not only coming out, it's billowing! We try to look down into it with a flashlight and there is nothing we can see. Hmmmm.... Mystery. (For some background on why we do the next thing, let me state this. We have a variety of creatures who visit and make their home in our garage. This year, we had a squirrel that incorporated a small lawn American flag into their nest! So, chipmunks, squirrels, moles have the opportunity to sit on my bike and pretend they're bad ass.) OK...back to the story. Jeff and I stood there having a discussion whether the smell was burning nature...like nesting material, acorns OR burning flesh. We cannot come to a certain conclusion so we decide to go home. I for one did not want to experience a flaming chipmunk flying out of his pipes onto my windshield!

The bikes are safely away and we are not sure of "said burning material". All I know is that it prevented us from having a longer ride on such a beautiful day. Boo, munks.



(found a great article written by Colleen First ...thought you'd enjoy it)

Ten Top List For Alaska

Anticipating a trip to Prudhoe Bay and the Arctic Ocean was daunting to me. Neither my riding partner nor I had never been on a major ride like this to a desolate and far away place. I researched all that I could on the Internet and asked the few people that I knew who had experience with the route. I gathered knowledge like a squirrel gathers nuts before the winter snow and ice. In the end it was all worth the effort. I breezed through the trip like I was riding to Neah Bay, not the Arctic Ocean. Did all of this preparation help? Well, some of it did. Some things were just luck and some problems never even surfaced. Below are some observations that I have about riding a motorcycle to Alaska, and the Arctic Ocean. Naturally, certain things will vary according to each individual, the fickle weather and road construction schedules.

1) It's a long way to Alaska. British Columbia itself is huge, and it took three days just to get from the BC border to the Yukon, although I suppose we could have pushed it and made it a much quicker journey. But that defeats the purpose of a ride like this, doesn't it? There were a few things that surprised me about the trip, although most of them were good surprises. For one, Alaska is vast. I knew that it is a big state, but until you ride for hours on the same road, seeing the same mountains in the distance, you can't comprehend just how large it is. The road from the border of the Yukon Tok to Fairbanks was straight for a considerable distance, or at least not as curvy as I expected it to be. However there were always mountains in the distance to fill my camera lens with, so scenery was never a problem. Each turn in the road brought something new to see, be it wildflowers, a distant mountain range, vast expanses of trees or even vast expanses of burnt out forests. There was always something different to catch my eye and my imagination.

2) For the most part the roads are in good condition. I had heard horror stories about miles and miles of mud, gravel, dirt and potholes and found very surprisingly little of that. I suppose that there were more gravel roads that it appeared in retrospect, it's simply that I was anticipating the worst that a road could offer and it didn't live up to that expectation. We took the Stewart-Cassiar highway to the Yukon and the Alaska Highway back, and found very periodic segments of construction. I recall one stretch of very loose gravel about 10 miles long, but that was the worst that I came across, well at least until I hit the Haul Road. In the frequent construction sections along the Alaska Highway there was dust when it was dry and mud when it was wet, but it was all passable.

Passing/following traffic caused more problems than anything else, with dust and hurtling rocks wreaking havoc on our bikes and visibility. The KLR made the ride easy and I would have been less enthusiastic if I had been on my VFR, but mostly because of the damage inflicted to the body panels of the bike by flinging rocks and not so much a lessened level of confidence. The preceding sentences do not apply to the Haul Road to/from Fairbanks to Prudhoe Bay, however. While for the most part the Haul Road was in excellent shape while we were on it, I can see that one flicker of the weather would turn it into a nightmare of slick mud (and it did in one section close to Coldfoot). Not to say other bikes can't make the trip, but the dual sport made it a lot more enjoyable.

3) Spare parts, tool and mechanical knowledge are worth their weight in gold. Because the two of us were riding the same model of bike we felt confident in only taking one spare of each part that we felt should be included. We split the tools and parts between the two bikes to make packing easier. I brought along service manuals in case we ran into something more complicated than a broken fan switch or a flat tire. Neither of us had much mechanical experience with our bikes, but we felt confident enough in the bikes themselves and our own ingenuity to be able to solve whatever problems came up. And we did just that. Be prepared to buy consumables along the way such as tires or chains. Most places did not stock such items (Fairbanks being the exception) so if you anticipate needing something you should arrange to have it shipped ahead or bring it along with you. Be sure that you know the basic maintenance of your bike and its components. We found out the hard way that O-Ring chains do not hold up well to gear oil and it caused some real problems on the return trip.

4) What did I wish I had? I had done a lot of research beforehand and wondered if I would leave anything out. As it was, there was very little that I was found wanting along the way. Some better dry bags would have been nice, but even those I was able to pick up along the way in Whitehorse. Warmer clothes for the snow that we encountered in the Brooks Range would have been welcome, but who was to expect snow in August? The only thing that I really wish I had was more time. Seventeen days from Seattle to Prudhoe Bay and back is enough time, but when you're on a trip as grand as this one there is never enough time. A month would have been perfect!

5) What didn't I need? Fortunately I found that the only thing I really didn't need were as many clothes. Of course there were spare parts that I didn't use, but I wouldn't have chanced it and left them behind. But laundry facilities are available at some motels and I could have easily done without half the clothes I did bring. (But don't skimp on warm socks and a nice warm fleece to layer up with.)

6) Bring cash. While the larger towns and establishments will take plastic and offer ATMs, there are some places that don't, and when they don't take it you're not left with a lot of options. I was able to put almost the entire trip on my credit card but still had a tidy sum of US and Canadian dollars to tide me over for the little sundry purchases made along the way. Once north of Fairbanks, not only should you be prepared with sums of cash to get you through, but be sure to carry a couple of days worth of packable food items as well, as there are no grocery stores along the haul road, and one can't rely on the generosity of truckers handing out food along the way although one trucker did just that for us.

7) The Milepost Magazine is also worth its weight in gold. While I initially scoffed at my partner's purchase of this massive annual publication I soon realized my error and relished the in-depth knowledge that it held between its covers. It's well worth the price and weight of packing it along. Detailed and accurate mile-by-mile descriptions, mileage between gas stops, recommendations on local places; it's all in there.

8) The camera. Sure, it sounds obvious. But don't just bring your camera along; use it! So many people take trips and then say, "I was having too much fun riding to stop and take pictures." These are the same people who "ooo" and "ahhh" over other people's pictures, lamenting that they wish that they had stopped more often. You're on a Grand Adventure, seeing things that most people will never see in their lifetime and, more importantly, doing it from the back of a motorcycle! Stop and smell the flowers (or the moose, as the case may be) and engrave those memories into long-lasting pictures to cherish for a lifetime. It's also fun to show them off to envious friends and when you are writing your memoirs you'll be glad you had the pictures to bring all those wonderful memories back to life.

9) Fuel. Another concern about riding in Alaska is the lack of fuel. I didn't find this to be a problem, but then again the KLR gets 52 mpg and can go about 250 miles before needing refueling. The Milepost lists all available fuel stops, although I did notice its omission of a fuel stop just north of the Yukon River, but seeing as the station was not guaranteed to be open it was wise of them not to include it and present false hope. We each carried a 2-gallon container on our bikes but luckily never needed it. It was a nice peace of mind though, knowing that it was back there "just in case."

10) Your sense of adventure: bring it along! If something unexpected like a flat tire or some other mechanical failure occurs, don't panic. Quietly and calmly try to figure out the best course of action. When you are riding down the road and you wonder where that side road goes, follow it. Or if you see an intriguing little shop at the edge of a tiny hamlet, take the time to stop and go inside. Talk to the locals, listen to the rivers, smell the smoke from forest fires. Each sense will heighten your appreciation of the journey that you're on. Don't be afraid to stop at the side of the road in the middle of nowhere and just sit and listen to the absolute silence or the wind sighing in the branches of the trees. Or to get off your bike and check out up close the devastation that a forest fire leaves behind in its wake, discovering the delicate return of life under the fallen trees.

There is so much more to a trip like this than just eating up the miles and saying "I did it." You're making memories, so make the most of it while you can.

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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

