

# BOXER SHORTS

**Yankee Beemers Motorcycle Club News**

**MARCH MELTDOWN !**



Jess and Tobì

Touring the Southland

## 2015 Yankee Beemers M.C. Officers

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Director:	<i>John Shields</i>
Director:	<i>Ken Springhetti</i>

**Cover :** Jess Holderbaum and his pal Tobi strafing the Dragon  
Read their story on Page 18

**Next and below >>** YB Patrick Mullen visits Berlin Moto Museum

Did you know ? YB SHORTS CAN BE SEEN IN **LIVING COLOR** AT :  
<http://www.yankeebeemers.org/news.html>



**Moto Journalist** Scott "Bones" Williams writes for us on page 20  
"If you have to ask" © 2014 by Scott A. Williams, aka *Bones* •  
Submitted for complimentary publication in *Boxer Shorts*

Scott has just acquired a new RT, so we're lobbying for his YB Membership.  
See the April edition of RIDER magazine to read Bone's article "Tobacco Road" about his wanderings in Northwest Connecticut and the Berkshires.





# Prez Says

By Ken Springhetti

Prez Sez – March 2015

Last night I went out to the garage to move the battery tender from the R80 to the R1100, and the cable was so brittle I thought it might snap. I checked the tire pressure while I was there, it was down to 18 pounds from a recommended 32.



Those who took chemistry in high school will recall that  $PV=nRT$ . Pressure x Volume = number of Moles x Avogadro's number x Temperature. To make it simple for those who didn't, or just can't remember that far back.. Pressure is inversely proportional to Temperature. So in a few weeks, when this ridiculous cold snap passes, and people stop posting pictures of negative temperatures on thermometers buried in snow, remember your tires are going to need some air.

If you haven't thought about it in a while , put your battery on a tender, as your oil is like Jell-O, your starter has to work a lot harder to crank the motor over, and your battery may be a little low. If you put a voltmeter on it and its below 12.5 volts, give it a little charge before you push the start button.

I'm happy to say that despite the cold, the snow, the SAD, the PMS and the Ice Dams, we had a great turnout at the breakfast on Sunday. Twenty three intrepid souls braved the cold and frozen rain, and there were a bunch of new members and breakfast virgins. **Ken Struble** drove out from New York for a weekend of Non-Riding Motorcycle Madness and breakfast camaraderie. **Fred Burgess, Chuck Doherty, Jim Sanders, Karen Salemi, Kate Murphy,** myself and a few other YB's enjoyed free waffles at **Max BMW**.

After Max's Waffle-Fiesta a bunch of us drove over to Hampton beach, where the ocean was frozen , the snow was over the sea wall, and the restaurants were all boarded up. Despite all this, we climbed up the snow pile and enjoyed some winter fun. On the way back we stopped at a few other bike dealers and made vroom vroom noises on the showroom floor.

Since there was no lobster-by-the-sea, we stopped at a favorite ride-to-eat destination: **Las Olas Taqueria**. We pretended that there was a pile of gear on the chair, that our bikes really were out in the parking lot, and we'd just had a nice long ride by the coast. A Dos Equis and a Carnitas with Tapatio were all I needed to shake off the "my-bike-aint-here" blues. A few hours were well spent at the Kittery Trading Post checking out the guns, tents, and micro folding chairs. I love that place... **John Van Hook** has agreed to host a Tech Day at his place in Dighton Mass on May 9th. I convinced him that he doesn't have to fix anyone's bike, and that nobody would leave oil stains in his drive way. You can camp out in his back yard with us on Friday night if you want. Bring marshmallows for the campfire. Tech days are a great way to get to know other YB's, learn to work on your bike, and generally hang out and make new friends. The YB's are diverse club and there are a lot of gear heads who know how to adjust, maintain, lubricate, and otherwise restore their bikes. If you are curious about doing your own oil changes, bleeding your brakes, changing the pads, adjusting the clutch, adding a farkle or making a repair, **YB Tech Day is a great opportunity to learn**. If you are just looking for a Saturday ride destination and want to watch others work on their bikes, eat hot dogs, and hang out, come on down! Please post on the forum if you are coming, so that we have enough food!

I plan on demonstrating brake bleeding with a Mighty-Vac, and if you bring the proper fluid for your bike, I'll show you how to do it. I'm going to bring my Airhead, and I suspect there will be all flavors of BMW's and other Marques there as well.

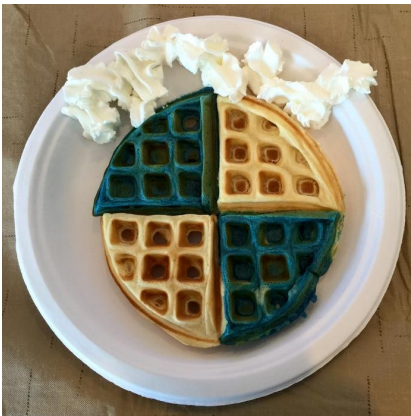


**so : Even if you don't have a BMW , ride on over!**

####



**MMMMM Breakfast**



## **Saturday May 9<sup>th</sup> is a YB tech day in Dighton, MA**

Our new Vice President (and President of Vices) John van Hook discussed the upcoming “Tech Day” at his homeplace in Dighton, Mass.. JVH has a fairly well equipped heated garage with a lift, some specialty tools will be available. He also graciously offered “rough” camping for those who travel from far away places (with strange sounding names).

We plan to help YOU tackle simpler jobs, such as brake bleeding, tire changes, or other tasks that might hesitate to take on by yourself. Jobs that may take a couple of hours to complete. (ie: This guy below will need to seek professional help). If you are a technical wizard , please come along too , you can advise !

So please contact John or Ken for input or any questions related to this upcoming event. We hope to provide yet another answer to that age old question, “Why should I become a YB?” . We encourage the shy and technically challenged to attend these events to simply have a better understanding of the machines we choose to ride. Keep ‘em Flying !

#####





**Ural Enthusiasts  
enjoyed their**

Winter Campout  
On the shores of  
Lovewell Pond  
Fryeburg Maine.  
January 2015 .

Why don't WE do  
this too ?

Elefantentreffen  
West !  
[www.bvdm.de](http://www.bvdm.de)





# Elefantentreffen

## 2015

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eXmYo26bseI>



The German Motorcyclist Federation Bundesverband der Motorradfahrer e.V. (BVDM) invites everybody to come to the traditional **Elefantentreffen**, which took place from 30.01. - 01.02.2015 in Thurmansbang-Solla/Loh.

The meetingplace is situated in a beautiful and **restful** site in the middle of the Bavarian Forest. Motorbikers and residents have been enthusiastic since 1989 when the 'Elephants' first came to Loh.

Under the motto "Backwards for the Future", the BVDM has adopted a **seven-point plan**; this will be implemented from the event in 2015.

Thurmansbang-Solla/Loh is situated about 40 km (25 miles) north west of Passau. To get there take the motorway BAB A 3 (Regensburg, Passau). Leave at the exits Hengersberg or Garham. The main roads that lead to the site of the Rally will be signed from these exits.

Entrance fee is EUR 25,-. BVDM and FEMA Members pay EUR 15,-. The Elefantentreffen is a quiet and very traditional Rally with no music bands and other corresponding activities. As always there will be a traditional torch-light procession reminding of traffic lost lives and comrades.

For room reservation outside the camp contact following tourist information: Verkehrsamt D-94169 Thurmansbang, Schulstrasse 5, phone +49/8504-1642 or Verkehrsamt D-94513 Schönberg, phone +49/8554-821.

Have a nice trip and see you in Loh.

# Editors View By Dwight Nevins

## Winter Escapees

As I write this, the snow is once again falling outside, and I'm wondering how bad the roads will be on the way to Mendon tomorrow morning for the YB meeting. The SOCIAL NETWORK is on TV ,so I subliminally check FACEBOOK , where I see this photo of our friends the **McDonoughs**. They're motoring south on the Seven Mile Bridge in the Florida Keys, headed towards Havana. Those lucky stiffs! Well, I guess they're not really lucky so much as they are good planners.

I had worked with **Kevin and Donna** at State Street for years, where we became friends because of , you guessed it: Motorcycles. Kevin would come by and tell me about his old days , his travels on an old GS750, stories about his long hauls coming home to new England from where he was based down south in the Air Force. He's ask me where I'd been and where I'd like to go. He had the **FEVER !**





Well a few years ago they got back on the road with a new touring bike,(not German, but that's OK ) and they haven't stopped much in that time. A big trip back through his old stomping grounds in the deep south, an adventure on rental bikes (k16 and gl18 ) across Utah and the southwest. The folks they met on that southwestern trip inspired them to step up their game, by adding a BIG Ford Pickup, and a GIANT third wheel toy hauler to their travel arsenal. They are now "Loaded for BEAR !" and ready to get on the road again.

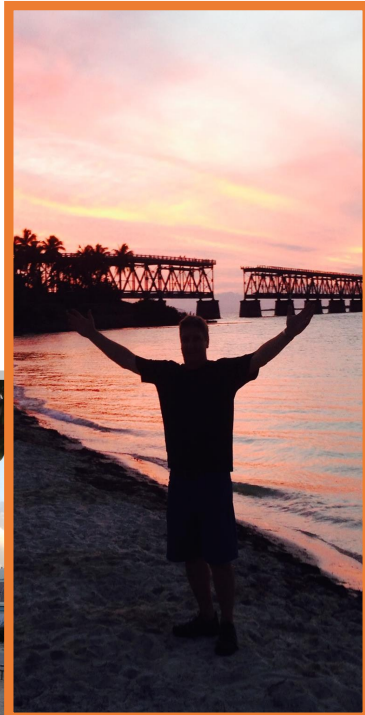
Due to their status as highly valued employees to the Good Ship State Street , they were able to talk their bosses into letting them "Work From Home" for the Winter. Well, I'm not sure that they explained to management that "HOME" had 400hp, was 66 feet long and would be parked quite a ways south of Miami for the winter !

As Charlie Sheen would say " WINNING "



**The McDonoughs are still smiling as they put on the miles, while the rest of us only weep and shovel.**







# **Secretary's Report** By Marc Waegemann

## February Meeting

On February 22, for the first of ten Yankee Beemer Breakfast extravaganzas, 23 attendees, 17% of whom were women (perhaps a record for a YB event), all drove automobiles to congregate at the Willow Brook Restaurant in the little town of Mendon, Massachusetts. Scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage, potatoes, real hash, and English muffins were offered with at least two types of coffee and three juices.

Our newly minted President Ken Springhetti took the floor at 09:00. Initially, he calmed the excited group by assuring that all prizes for the 50/50 would be disbursed at the end of the meeting. He spoke of his prior day's visit to MAX BMW's for tasty MAX waffles, where our trusty Treasurer Jim Sanders and Ken Strubel (from New York) made it up to their New Hampshire location. And kudos to you Ken Strubel for traveling the furthest this weekend to attend our breakfast meeting.

President Springhetti suggested that members continue to check the Vbulletin for impromptu events, while also remembering that although we have a Facebook presence, our club events, official and unofficial are all on our forum, which can be found on our website at



[www.yankeebeemers.org](http://www.yankeebeemers.org). A quick note on Facebook, please, if someone were to post something like their motorbike under 5 feet of snow or perhaps a ride to Daytona, it would quickly be suppressed much like that crystalized water under all the commentary and likely not be seen as an upcoming event for long. If you would like your post to be recognized or are looking for the most up-to-date information, the forum and website is the go to source. The webmaster, and forum administrators are more than willing to assist in helping you get set up.

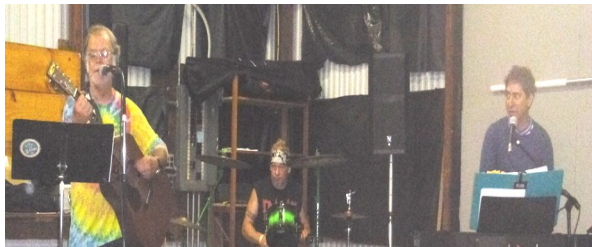


Ken reported that a few weeks ago there was a great holiday party at the Warren Inn and Conference Center in Ashland, MA. The event was such a success that it was agreed that it would be prudent to rebook for next year, mark your calendars for January 16, 2016.

Next Bob Blethen, past President who from what I am told, has lots of energy at his disposal, popped up to present YB Store Keeper Richard "Catfish" Roy with the most coveted placard/award of volunteer of the year. Great job Catfish! From the store there are very nice wool caps coming soon, just in time for the Frosty Nutz along with some extra surprises! Next four New Members were introduced:

### **New Members**

**Mike and Lindsey Butkiewicz Sutton, MA**  
They have a /5 restoration project and a GS. The slash 5 is BLACK now, but was RED WHITE and BLUE stars and stripes when they rescued it from a BARN 2 years ago.



**Paul Provost,**  
Brookfield, MA rides an airhead, and a newly acquired DR650 loves ice racing and was part of the Rock the Silo band at Heath 2014

**Greg Apperian (sp?),** originally from Rhode Island, who comes to us by way of the Ocean State BMW club. This writer welcomed him, but by the time I could confirm the spelling of this new member's name and the bike(s) he rides, he had disappeared, apologies on my part.

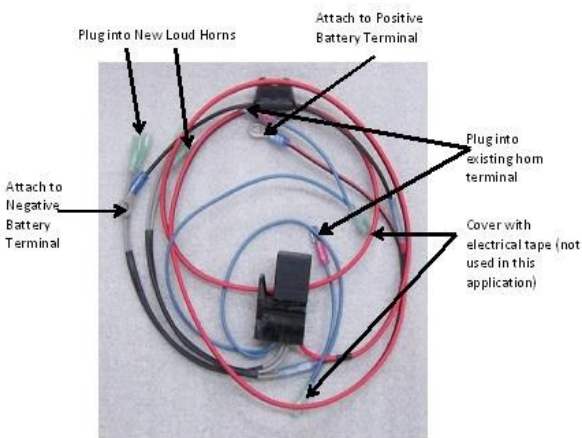


**Pat Klish,** East Bridgewater, MA who has a K1200GT, and a New Pneumatic trailer, closed out the group of new inductees. Welcome all !

## Installing Aftermarket Horns On Your Bike by Kate Murphy

Certainly there is some disagreement about how effective a loud horn is in any given situation, and absolutely training and an evasive maneuver is probably going to do you more good than a loud horn, but from my view, a loud horn is another tool in your kit. It is invisible until you need it, and when you need it it's nice to have a loud one!

Having been in a situation where a louder bike horn may have made the outcome just a smidge on the less-crashy side, I am firmly in the loud-horn camp and have installed aftermarket 2-tone horns on my bike. Instead of sounding like the Roadrunner, now it sounds like a large truck.



A louder horn will draw more power than the stock horn, and your best bet is to wire in a powered relay. Failing to do so will at best render your new horn no louder than stock, and at worst blow a fuse when you hit the horn button. Not wanting to tap into any electrics on the bike, and not own-

ing any electrical supplies, I decided to order a pre-made harness.

Murph's Kits (no relation, just a happy customer!) makes a great fused relay kit just for this purpose ([murphskits.com](http://murphskits.com) product number MU-166, or simply look under "General M/C Accessories" on their website) Note that this harness will work on any motorcycle, even one with a CAN-bus system because you are not tapping into any of the bike's wires – you're attaching the harness directly to the battery on one end and plugging it into the existing horn terminals on your bike. The picture is just to show how plug-and-play easy it is – the harness comes with its own very good instructions; use them!

The Stebel Nautilus is arguably one of the best and loudest horns on the market, but after a little research I found a Fiamm Freeway Blaster is just as good, and quite a lot less expensive. I purchased two – a high note (Fiamm 72102) and a low note (Fiamm 72012).

The toughest part of the entire process, I have found, is to locate a good mount point for these horns. Each one is bigger than the one that comes on your bike, and there are two of them. Any decent hardware store should have stainless fasteners; choose stainless for less rust later. Test fit everything, horns and wires, before you make the installation permanent. Remember the horns will need to clear all fairing pieces and forks lock-to-lock. Put your bike on its center-stand, swing the wheel all the way to either side and make sure nothing binds up or tries to occupy the same space. Remember also, you don't want the horns facing straight ahead or up; any orientation that fills them with rain water from above or in front will significantly shorten their lives.

After that, it is simply a matter of tightening everything down, and plugging everything in. Please, be careful with your battery and remember: disconnect it from the bike before you begin this work, and don't short anything across the terminals! Happy Beeping!

Kate

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### **Gold Card March 15 Breakfast**

What is a Gold Card, and why do I care? The Gold Card is a way to address the rising dues and costs associated with hosting rallies, campouts, and events. Some of our members are on fixed incomes, like to micro-budget, or are simply folks who want to pay once to get multiple benefits. So, to help control their costs and make things easier, the Gold Card offers a great way to prepay at a substantial discount.

The Gold Card is an unbelievable opportunity and is one more answer to the question, "Why be a YB?" The Gold Card entitles the bearer to admission to the following rallies:

Frosty Nutz; Pemi River Campout; Damn Yankees , Whacky Hat.

Gold Card holders must present the Gold Card at each event; no card, no discount even if you're "on the list". The purchase price of the Gold Card reflects a substantial discount on the sum of all the above-referenced event fees. The discount is so large that you may miss one or two events, and still have substantial savings. The Gold Card can only be purchased in person for \$65 at the March meeting and is available for active 2015 members only.

We will offer a total of 50 cards. REMEMBER : The ONLY chance to get your's is on Sunday March 15<sup>th</sup> in Mendon



## Travels with Tobi *by Jess Holderbaum*

“Hi, what’s (looking at the dog) his name?” That’s usually the first question I get when someone walks up to talk. It seems innocuous enough, but after a while I feel like a side show to “Tobi the wonder-dog.” I guess if I really think about the subject, it is probably for the best. Without Tobi, I’d run out of things to talk about, unless I’ve had a couple at the end of a day of riding, then all bets are off. Ask Christine (my wife, not my bike), she’ll be happy to confirm that in that situation I can get both talkative, and loud (in a boisterous Hawaiian kind of way). Tobi on the other hand, he’s pretty quiet most of the time, and since he doesn’t drink, he stays that way.

I first learned to ride in Hawaii (I was 20) while living with my father. He had a little 500ish Yamaha, a good island bike, which he let me use. That was a mistake (that’s a whole other story). I live on Cape Cod now. I bought a 1987 HD Sportster 883, then a ’08 Low-rider. I was in love again. So much so that I got divorced...

After a few road trips with the Cape Cod HOG group, I met a stunningly beautiful woman on a 2008 Soft-tail Deluxe (yet more stories).



I fell three stories at a job-site and spent many months in recovery. Part of that recovery was (self-prescribed) riding around on one of my motorcycles with a big boot on one foot and crutches sticking off the bike.

Eventually I healed, and even made a cross-country trip with the bike and self-built trailer, yet again I was hooked.

Tobi entered the picture after we lost our Black Lab, Bart, to cancer. Immediately I thought of putting him on the bike. I built a simple seat for him on my Ultra-Classic, trained him to ride, and he has been my riding companion ever since. In fact Tobi has ridden at least 95% of the miles I have on the K1600.

So, yeah, the K1600. We traded in the Ultra-Classics on his and hers K1600s. I loved the bike from the get-go, Christine liked it, but felt out of place with our friends in Cape Cod HOG (they didn't care actually, and she was still a primary officer in the group). She now has a '14 Street Glide Special after selling her K1600 in Denver (you guessed it, another story).

Tobi, well, he loves to ride. We took a trip to the Colorado, Arizona, and Utah areas last May (part of the above referenced other story). Tobi is a trooper. He can handle the cold pouring rain of the North-east, wet plaster-like snow of the Colorado high passes, and the blazing heat of New Mexico and Oklahoma Panhandle. Many of the pictures of Tobi and I riding together were taken on US129, not my favorite road, but I had to do it with him to say we did.

We first heard about Yankee Beemers while purchasing the bike(s) at Wagner Motorsports. At the time I thought the group was too far away to attend many rides, which is still partially true. When Tobi and I attended the Damn Yankees Rally though, I realized many in the group were a lot like us (perhaps a bit more eccentric than the HOG people we knew), and shared similar interests and ways of travel (motorcycle/camping).

Our next big trip will be out to the BMW MOA Rally in Billings, MT. We also have a couple of nights booked at the Roosevelt Lodge in Yellowstone, the only part of the park we have not had a lot of time to explore. After that, who knows, we haven't decided on either Olympia NP or someplace else. That's the nature of riding, just go where your nose leads you (ours is black and covered by fur).

####

# If I Have to Explain...

by Scott “Bones” Williams



Motor vehicles that expose their riders and passengers to the elements and fall over if you don't plant your feet at every stop just don't register with everyone. Many folks will never understand how joy arises from the speed and motion created on a motorcycle. To each his own.

Gladly most people driving cars, even those who don't "get" motorcycles, are sufficiently safe and courteous to keep an eye out for those of us motoring on two wheels. They're not all so obliging, of course, and some drivers have been downright hostile to me seemingly for no other reason than my choice of transportation and whatever stereotypes they attach to me as a result.

Whether motorists mean me well or ill, I try to be an ambassador for the two wheeled community every chance I get. One cool summer morning I was riding home to New England after a few days carving up mountain roads of West Virginia and southeastern Ohio. Since first light I had been zigging and zagging to stay ahead of severe thunderstorms and options for staying dry were diminishing. At a roadside rest area in central Pennsylvania I stopped to check the latest weather radar. I was ahead of the rain, but just barely. I decided to don rain gear, reasoning that making the effort to put it on would lessen the need for it.

A man walked by me on the way back to his car. I offered a good morning greeting, which he returned. He looked up at the ominous sky and then at me. Shaking his head he said, "I can't believe you're out riding in this. Hope you don't have far to go." I said that I didn't, just a couple hundred more miles home. "A couple *hundred*?" he replied. "Man, that's just nuts. I mean really, what is the appeal of riding a motorcycle?"



Perhaps the question was meant to be rhetorical, but given the impending deluge it wasn't unreasonable. More than once, I've heard a rider dismiss a similar question by saying, "If I have to explain it to you, then you wouldn't understand." On one level that kind of indifference is rude. On another, it's the failure to answer a simple question: if a rider can't explain the appeal of riding a motorcycle, why should the person asking the question believe that even the rider understands?

It doesn't take much for me to shift into ambassador mode, so I started to think of a way to convey the appeal of riding a motorcycle to this man. It hit me quickly. "Sir, I wish it were a sunny day but it's not. This gear will keep me dry and so far I'm managing to stay ahead of the storms. Besides, I'd much rather be on two wheels than in a car. Riding a motorcycle is dancing with a machine."

He paused briefly and then nodded, as though my answer made a bit of sense; perhaps I was onto something. He wished me safe travels and drove off. Soon after, I returned to the task of keeping those black clouds in my rearview mirrors.

As I put more miles behind me, I kept bouncing the "dancing with a machine" metaphor around in my mind. The more I thought about it the more it made sense. Dancing with a machine begins with a symphony of mechanical music:

- ◆ a throaty whoosh of exhaust as a motor springs to life;
- ◆ the staccato pulse as it settles into a slow, steady rhythm;
- ◆ a percussive clunk as my foot engages first gear;
- ◆ a stepped crescendo of motor and gear whine as speed builds;
- ◆ the race of wind across my helmet that muffles the din of reciprocation below.

I sit astride a machine that converts a rush of air and a spray of gasoline into power made for motion. I hold onto my partner with gloved hands and padded knees, the soles of my boots and the seat of my pants. Unrolling beneath us is a dance floor of asphalt that continually changes in direction, texture, width, elevation and state of repair. Entering a turn, I slide across the arc of the saddle, push harder on the bars and lean into the turn. *Yeah!* The machine powers me through the curve and into the straightaway. Moving as one, my partner and I glide through twists and banks and dips and rises, continually responding to one another via pressure and resistance. Under power, my mechanized dance partner becomes a solid extension of my own body. I guide its motions and it moves me, both physically and emotionally.

Through the years my road dances have paired me with a variety of partners:

- ◆ balanced lightweights who follow my lead with effortless grace;
- ◆ easy going heavyweights whose composure belies their mass;
- ◆ temperamental *prima donnas* who can be flicked around – yet bite if not handled with a sensitive touch.



Time and experience have taught me to leverage each partner's unique qualities and quirks and blend them with my own. A winding two-lane is a different encounter on a sport bike than on a luxury tourer, yet each can provide a satisfying dance that reflects whatever capabilities my partner has to offer.

Sometimes friends join in a group dance, individually maneuvering their partners gracefully through curves one after the other, each taking their own line. Other times the dance floor belongs to my partner and me alone, brief as an S-curve exit ramp or boundless as the vanishing point on the western skyline. The search for an empty floor often finds us dancing earlier or later than anyone else, or venturing farther. Then, when perfect pavement comes into view, I live in that moment, relishing the here and now, savoring the dance.

Eventually each dance approaches its finale. The volume diminishes. The tempo slows. Carefully I balance my partner and put down my feet as we stop. The turn of a key silences the music. I deploy the side stand and leave my partner at rest until the next dance is called.

For me, the heart of the motorcycle dance is leaning into turns. It's a phenomenon that physics demands of one-track vehicles, and a joy from which drivers of two-track vehicles are precluded. But perhaps those drivers know how it feels to dance. Perhaps they can imagine that their dance partner is a machine they control, that their dance floor can be any road they choose. If I can help someone who doesn't ride motorcycles begin to understand what compels people they see on bikes to choose that manner of getting around, maybe that will create some understanding. Maybe that will keep us all a bit safer out there.

To that man at the rest stop in Pennsylvania and to anyone else who may wonder, it's the dance with a mechanized partner that makes me prefer two wheels to four. Not simply driving a motor vehicle but interacting with it. Turning a machine into an extension of my mind and my body, an orchestra that plays mechanical music, a well-matched partner dancing with me in perfect time across an ever-changing dance floor of asphalt. For me, that's the appeal.



# 2015 Yankee Beemers Calendar

Watch the website for the latest updates

<http://www.yankeebeemers.org/events.html>

**2015 MEMBERSHIP renewals due**

**Paper form is in on the last page**

**Or pay via PayPal at :**

<http://www.yankeebeemers.org/membership.html>

**2015**

**Breakfasts at The Willowbrook Restaurant**

<http://www.willowbrookrestr.com/>

**\$14.00 PP Buffet**

**Sundays 8:30 AM 16 Hastings St Mendon, Ma.**

**March 15, 2015**

**April 19, 2015**

**May 17, 2015**

**Oct 18, 2015**

**Nov 15, 2015**

**Dec 20, 2015**

**June - July - Aug—Sept will be Roving Breakfasts**



You can also keep track of late breaking events our YB Website Forum  
 WWW.YANKEEBEEMERS.ORG  
<http://www.kenspring.com/ybforum/forumdisplay.php?5-Events-and-Gatherings>

<b>April 18</b>	<b>Goulds Sugar House Ride</b>
<b>April, 24-26</b>	<b>The Frosty Nuts Campout Wilgus Vt</b>

<b>May 9</b>	<b>Tech Day JVH home Dighton, Ma</b>
<b>May 16</b>	<b>Dunbars Open House Brockton, Ma</b>
<b>May 30-31</b>	<b>RI500 / Twisted Throttle Open House /Campout</b>

<b>July 19</b>	<b>Roving Breakfast at The Fairview Inn</b>
<b>July 23- 26</b>	<b>BMWMOA National Billings Mt.</b>

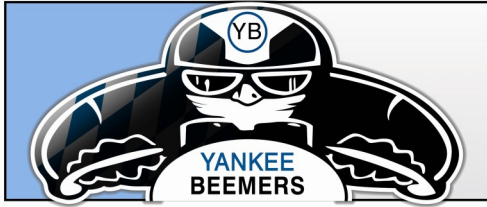
<b>August 7-9</b>	<b>The 20th Damn Yankees Rally</b>
<b>August 14-16</b>	<b>The Lime Rockz Rally, Lime Rock CT</b>
<b>August 23, 2015</b>	<b>Roving Breakfast Quaker Tavern</b>

<b>September 13</b>	<b>European Motorcycle Day Larz Anderson</b>
<b>Sept (TBD )</b>	<b>Foodies In The Foothills</b>
<b>Sept (TBD )</b>	<b>The Whacky Hat Rally</b>

<b>October 1-4, 2015</b>	<b>BMWRA Harrison Arkansas</b>
<b>October 31, 2015</b>	<b>Gould's Sugar House by Dana Lewis</b>

# Membership Form

## BMW Motorcycle Club Yankee Beemers



**BMWMOA #153**

**BMWRA #71**

**AMA#6905**

The Yankee Beemers have been a driving force in the New England BMW motorcycle scene since 1984. We are an enthusiastic group of BMW motorcycle owners, riders and restorers comprising of members from New England to California. Our goal is to promote camaraderie among our members through year-round monthly breakfast meetings as well as through our monthly newsletter, ***The Boxer Shorts***, and with many seasonal campouts and rides.

Non-BMW riders are also welcomed (but have no voting rights). Membership expires 12/31.

### *Additional Regular or Associate Member:*

#### ***Fee Schedule:***

*A single BMW owner in a household – Regular membership - cost \$30*

*Two BMW owners in a household - Both are Regular members - cost \$35*

*One non-BMW owner in a household - Associate membership - cost \$30  
( No Voting Rights )*

*Two non- BMW owners in a household - Both are Associate members- cost \$35*



**Send this form and your payment to:**

Yankee Beemers, Inc.

P.O Box 2151

Fitchburg, MA 01420

**Please make checks payable to:**

**Yankee Beemers, Inc.**

<i>Name:</i>	
<i>Address:</i>	
<i>Email:</i>	
<i>YB Forum user name:</i>	
<i>Phone/Cell:</i>	

<i>Application type: New</i> <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Renewal</i> <input type="checkbox"/> <i>YB #:</i>
<i>Membership Regular (\$30)</i> <input type="checkbox"/>
<i>+Additional (name) (+\$5)</i> <input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Non-BMW Owner (\$30)</i> <input type="checkbox"/>

<i>Your Motorcycle(s) :</i>



**Sun Mar 15** YB Breakfast Mendon, Ma.

**Mar 14-15** Northeast Motorcycle Expo,  
Wilmington, Ma

