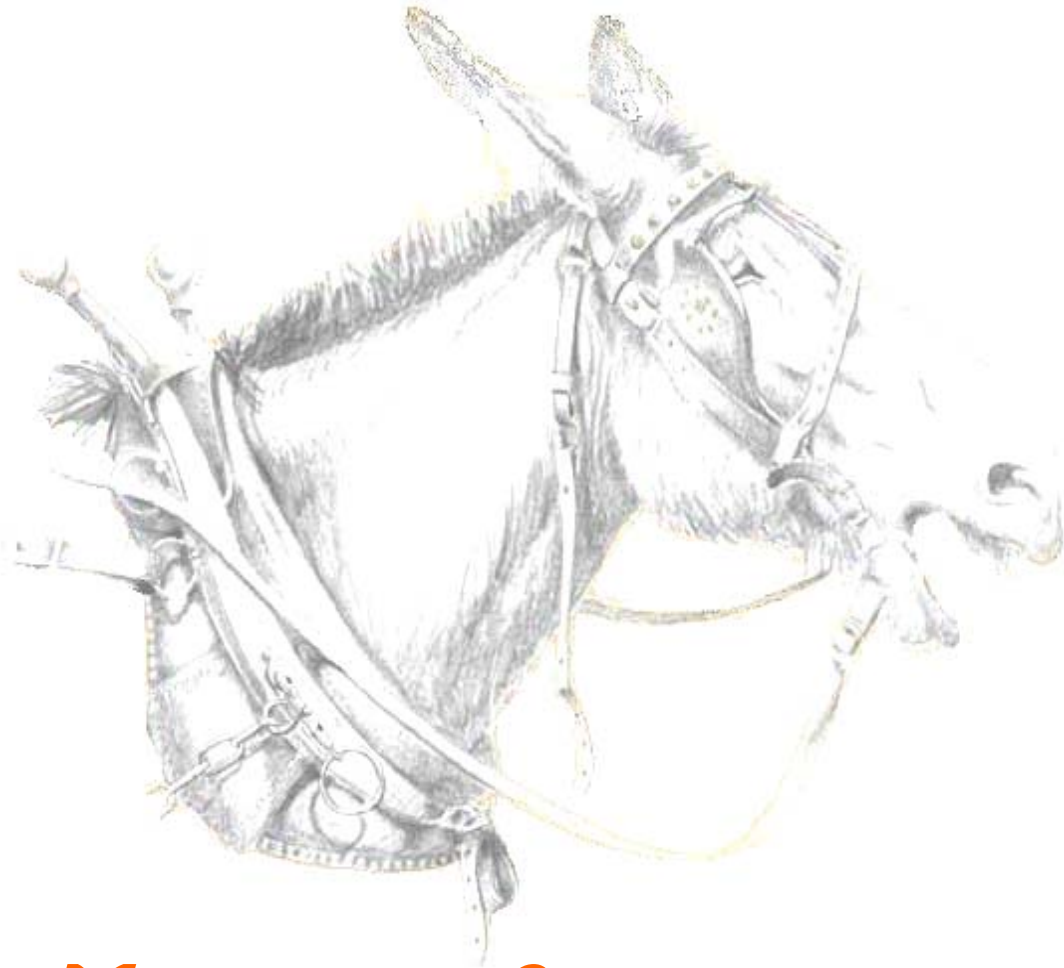


MULETOWN NEWS

AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 2007

HARLEY OWNERS GROUP®



MULETOWN CHAPTER 2033

WWW.MULETOWNRIDER.COM

Chapter Officers

Director - Bill Isom
 Assistant Director / Web - Arnold Conner
 Secretary - Randy Kinsey
 Treasurer - Ken Steverson
 Activities Coordinator - Eddie Campbell
 Head Road Captain / Safety Cord.- Ron Miller
 Newsletter Editor - Hope Conner

Calendar of Events

- AUG 24-25 - National HOG Rally
Knoxville, TN
- SEPT 15 - Chapter Sponsored
Lunch Ride—Perryville, TN
- SEPT 13 - Officers Planning Mtg.
- SEP 18 - Chapter Meeting
(Park Place Catering & Reception Hall)
- SEP 29 - Pickwick Landing State Park Overnight
& Lunch Ride
- OCT 13 - Reelfoot Lake State Park Overnight &
Lunch Ride

Financial Statement

(Through 7/31/07)

- Income - \$269.30
- Operating Expenses - \$912.81
 - \$511.00 — Door Prizes
 - \$170.00 — Catering (Park Place)
 - \$231.81 — HOG Merchandise
- Bank Account Total — \$2680.00



To Our Newest Members

Sammy Boshers
 Ed Chambers
 Shelia Cook
 Michael Gum
 Donna Riddle
 Stephen Riddle
 Len Roberts
 Ron Sharp
 Rick Slaughter
 Butch Yancy

The Muletown Chapter Members
 Welcome All Of You

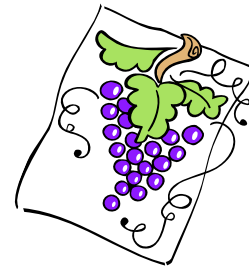
Chapter Membership Total
 As Of August 2007
 - 117 -



*It is never too late to become
 what you might have been.*

George Elliot

Heard It Through The Grapevine.....



Membership Cards have been mailed. If you have not received yours please contact Randy Kínsey at: GrandpaTenn@aol.com



Harley Owners Group
MULETOWN CHAPTER 2033

Name: **Your Name Here**

National HOG Number : **USXXXXXX**

www.muletownrider.com

Expires: 12/31/2007

H-D 105th Anniversary Tickets Now Available

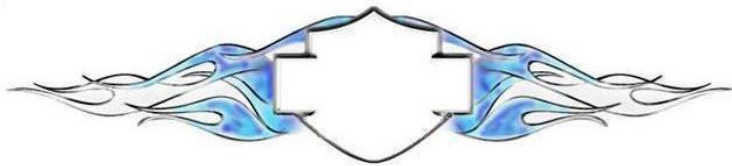
Buy before Nov. 30 to qualify for special access passes

Tickets are now on sale for the Harley-Davidson 105th Anniversary, a celebration taking place August 28-31, 2008, in Milwaukee, with several exclusive ticketed events, as well as many activities that are free and open to the public.

The Harley-Davidson 105th Anniversary Celebration ticket package sells for \$60 and includes a Signature 105th folio, laminated event ticket good for a two-day entry to the Summerfest grounds and a one-time entry to Discovery World's special Harley-Davidson exhibit, an event guide, a Signature 105th Anniversary copper wristband, a 105th Anniversary flag and an American flag. PHOTO>1 %>

Those who purchase tickets before November 30, 2007, will be entered into separate drawings for entrance to two limited-access ticketed events. Each early ticket purchaser will be entered into a drawing to receive two Harley-Davidson Museum tickets for entry during the 105th Anniversary weekend and a second drawing for one 105th Anniversary Parade Pass. These drawings are being held due to the limited capacity for entrance into the Parade and Museum and are virtually the only way 105th Anniversary attendees can get access to the Parade and the Harley-Davidson Museum during the event dates.

For more information and to order tickets, go to: Harley-Davidson.com/105th.



3RD ANNUAL MULETOWN CHAPTER PICNIC AUGUST 11, 2007



ARE WE IN CANADA YET?.....

By: Ken Steverson

The sun rose and it was a clear crisp morning (at least it was crisp for July in Tennessee) and nine Muletown H.O.G. members hit the road bound for Red Boiling Springs and CycleMo's Motorcycle Museum. What an adventure!

Arnold, I Lost My Directions, Conner was in the lead and the ride from Columbia to Murfreesboro was uneventful. Then the fun began. We're looking for Lascassas and as fate would have it, we end up in Walter Hill, Tennessee. What a surprise! Ah, but Eddie, GPS, Campbell comes to the rescue. The new Garmin 550 says we need to take 840 to Lebanon. But hey, we just passed 840. We practiced our slow parking lot maneuvers made a group U-turn, stopped, and consulted the Garmin 550 again. Yep, 840, that's right. We pulled a "Ron Miller" and revisited some of the sights we saw earlier and managed to locate 840 again.

It was a smooth ride on 840 to Lebanon then we took HWY 70 to Carthage. Our stomach's were beginning to growl but Joe, Map Man, Hopper comes to the rescue. He knew a great little Mom and Pop restaurant where we could eat. There it was just ahead. We practiced our slow parking lot skills again with another U-turn and Joe checked out the sign on the door.

"CLOSED, ON VACATION, BE BACK MONDAY!"

What a bummer! But it's SUBWAY to the rescue and it never tasted so good.

After taking on nourishment, we had a nice ride on Hwy 80 and we eventually made it to Red Boiling Springs. CycleMo's is a neat motorcycle museum with lots of potential. They are expanding the building and it will be interesting to see what they bring in next. There were two highlights of the visit to CycleMo's. All the machines are in running condition and they cranked up a 1947 Knucklehead. You couldn't miss that Harley sound. The bike is in original condition and we were told that Harley Davidson is about to have a fit to get their hands on the bike for their museum. Seems it was a special bike with only 3 of its kind produced.

The second highlight was really special. Jim, HO-HO-HO, Wilson, looking every bit the part of Santa with his white beard and red tee shirt made the day for a little girl and her Grandmother. They were locals and apparently enjoy waving to all the bikers as they come to visit CycleMo's. The little girl's grandmother said they always wave back but never offer a ride. Well, Jim came to the rescue and the little girl had her very first ride on a Harley. I don't know who smiled the most the little girl, grandmother, or Jim. What a random act of kindness that was! It was time to go and Joe Hopper took the lead. We retraced our route on HWY 80 and then make our way to Hwy 96, what a great ride to Hwy 70 S. We stopped along Hwy 70 for a break and the thermometer on Eddie's bike said it was 100 degrees but no one was complaining. We'd been on an adventure.

About 6:30, we stopped at the Country Market in Thompson Station. We were so close to home but again everyone welcomed the break. After a few minutes of stretching, conversation, laughs, and thoughts about the day's ride, we mounted our bikes for the last few miles home.

It had been a great day!

SLOW SPEED SKILLS

By: Ron Miller

Anyone who has had either the basic course or the experienced rider course remembers the dreaded "Box." The box is perceived by most riders as the most difficult exercises in the course. After the course we never see a box again and wonder why so much emphasis was placed on our being able to perform figure 8s in a 24' by 70' rectangle.

The ability to perform a slow speed U turn forms the basis for all slow speed maneuvers. If we can control the motorcycle at slow speed in making consecutive left and right hand turns in a confined area, we probably have sufficient skills to control the motorcycle in most slow speed situations. With enhanced skills come increased confidence in our ability to handle the bike in all situations.

Many riders, after they get their "big" bikes following the BRC, want to stay as far from tight U turns, and other slow speed maneuvers, as possible. Not only are the slow speed exercises not practiced in the parking lot, but situations in the real world which might require a slow speed maneuver are avoided.

Of course there are techniques we can use to maneuver our bikes at slow speed, but they mark us as amateurs. Two of the most widely used are duck walking and foot dragging. A few months back I was pulling into a convenience store parking lot when I saw a group of four riders leaving. One of the riders duck walked his bike through the parking lot, around the pumps and to the street. I was beginning to think he was going to duck walk it home. When he got to the street, he stopped and then made a sweeping right hand turn onto the street, dragging his feet the entire time. His turn consumed both of his lanes, and he almost went into the lane for oncoming traffic when completing the turn. I watched as he dragged his feet another 20' down the street after completing the turn. Only then when he got up some speed, did he put his feet on the pegs.

His was a good example of how not to do it. But how do we do it the right way? The basic "start" position is to have the left foot on the ground, right foot on the brake, left hand engaging the clutch, with the right hand on the throttle. When ready to move forward, partially release the clutch, holding in the friction zone with some throttle to keep the rpm up. Immediately put the left foot on the peg as the bike begins to move forward. We are now in the slow speed maneuvering position--friction zone, rpm a little above idle speed, and the right foot barely on the brake (perhaps just taking up the slack in the brake pedal). We control our speed with the clutch while at slow speed, with our foot brake available to help out if needed. From this position we have no need to duck walk or foot drag.

The best way to start learning this type of riding and developing the requisite skills is by going back to the dreaded box. By using the box we develop "head and eyes," throttle, clutch and brake control. These are the basic tools we use to make us better riders.

Standard practice is to enter the box on the right hand side at one end. Travel to the opposite end, make a left hand U turn, travel to the other end, make a right hand U turn and exit the box on the left side, opposite the end you entered from. This completes the figure 8.

I recommend that when starting box practice that you widen the box to 30' or so. The most important tool is proper use of the head and eyes. It is easier to learn the technique when the box is a little wider.

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SLOW SPEED SKILLS - CONTINUED

As you enter the box, get your clutch in the friction zone with your RPM up around 1000 to 1500 and your right foot gently "kissing" the brake pedal. As you come to the end of the box to your transition point, turn your head and eyes as far around as you can and look over your left shoulder. Smoothly start your turn to the left by both turning the handle bars and by leaning the bike to the left. As you come around in your turn, you will still be looking over your left shoulder and will be able to see your initial entry point into the box. This is the area where you will be making your turn to the right. When you get to the transition point, repeat the procedure for the turn to the right and exit the box on the left hand side opposite of the end you entered. Or you can remain in the box and do consecutive figure 8s to develop your balance, practicing head and eyes each time. It's a lot to remember and implement, but after a while it will be second nature.

Another technique to make a tighter turn to the left is to approach the end of the box away from the right hand line by 3' or so. As you approach the transition point, quickly "dip" the bike to the right to the line, then get your head and eyes to the left and start your left turn. This allows the bike to make more of a teardrop turn rather than a 90 degree turn. Motorcycles don't do 90 degree turns very well, but they really like teardrop turns. This is also a useful technique to use in the real world when making U turns in confined spaces or when making a sharp left or right turn into a street or parking lot entrance when the roadway into which you are turning is partially blocked.

After working the box for awhile, you will realize how useful a tool it can be. Don't expect to master it in the first few sessions; it will take awhile to master. Then you will want to make it smaller, coming in by about 2' each time.

When doing slow speed maneuvers, both the clutch and the engine will get hot and will need to be "breezed" out every ten minutes or so. To breeze the bike, get it up to at least 30 mph and ride it around until it cools down--maybe 5 or 10 minutes, depending on the speed you are able to obtain and the ambient temperature. During this cool down period the clutch should not be in the friction zone, the speed should be as high as practical, and the RPM as low as practical without lugging the engine.

One indication that your bike is getting hot is that the idle RPM will be a little higher than normal--easy to notice if you have a tachometer. Another is that the bike begins to feel really hot--time to breeze.

If you have stayed with me through all of this, you have a desire to improve your slow speed skills. Now go out and practice what you have learned.

Next time we will cover 90 degree pullouts from a stop, U turns from a stop, U turns from a stop with the forks locked and tight continuous circles. These are advanced techniques and will help you with the slow speed maneuvers and U turns. A good exercise to eliminate foot dragging as you start from a stopped position, is to learn to put your feet on the pegs before you start forward. Once you master that trick, I guarantee you will never feel the need to drag your feet again!

Remember, the ability to make a tight U turn distinguishes those who can ride from those who are just along for the ride.

NEIGHBORHOOD HAZARD (Or: Why the Cops Won't Patrol Brice Street)

Submitted By: Ken Steverson

I never dreamed slowly cruising through a residential neighborhood could be so incredibly dangerous!

Studies have shown that motorcycling requires more decisions per second, and more sheer data processing than nearly any other common activity or sport. The reactions and accurate decision making abilities needed have been likened to the reactions of fighter pilots! The consequences of bad decisions or poor situational awareness are pretty much the same for both groups too.

Occasionally, as a rider I have caught myself starting to make bad or late decisions while riding. In flight training, my instructors called this being "behind the power curve". It is a mark of experience that when this begins to happen, the rider recognizes the situation, and more importantly, does something about it. A short break, a meal, or even a gas stop can set things right again as it gives the brain a chance to catch up.

Good, accurate, and timely decisions are essential when riding a motorcycle...at least if you want to remain among the living. In short, the brain needs to keep up with the machine.

I had been banging around the roads of east Texas and as I headed back into Dallas, found myself in very heavy, high-speed traffic on the freeways. Normally, this is not a problem, I commute in these conditions daily, but suddenly I was nearly run down by a cage that decided it needed my lane more than I did. This is not normally a big deal either, as it happens around here often, but usually I can accurately predict which drivers are not paying attention and avoid them before we are even close. This one I missed seeing until it was nearly too late, and as I took evasive action I nearly broadsided another car that I was not even aware was there!

Two bad decisions and insufficient situational awareness...all within seconds. I was behind the power curve. Time to get off the freeway.

I hit the next exit, and as I was in an area I knew pretty well, headed through a few big residential neighborhoods as a new route home. As I turned onto the nearly empty streets I opened the visor on my full-face helmet to help get some air. I figured some slow riding through the quiet surface streets would give me time to relax, think, and regain that "edge" so frequently required when riding.

Little did I suspect...

As I passed an oncoming car, a brown furry missile shot out from under it and tumbled to a stop immediately in front of me. It was a squirrel, and must have been trying to run across the road when it encountered the car. I really was not going very fast, but there was no time to brake or avoid it—it was that close.

I hate to run over animals...and I really hate it on a motorcycle, but a squirrel should pose no danger to me. I barely had time to brace for the impact.

Animal lovers, never fear. Squirrels can take care of themselves!

Inches before impact, the squirrel flipped to his feet. He was standing on his hind legs and facing the oncoming Valkyrie with steadfast resolve in his little beady eyes. His mouth opened, and at the last possible second, he screamed and leapt! I am pretty sure the scream was squirrel for, "Banzai!" or maybe, "Die you gravy-sucking, heathen scum!" as the leap was spectacular and he flew over the windshield and impacted me squarely in the chest.

Instantly he set upon me. If I did not know better I would have sworn he brought twenty of his little buddies along for the attack. Snarling, hissing, and tearing at my clothes, he was a frenzy of activity. As I was dressed only in a light t-shirt, summer riding gloves, and jeans this was a bit of a cause for concern. This furry little tornado was doing some damage!

Picture a large man on a huge black and chrome cruiser, dressed in jeans, a t-shirt, and leather gloves pattering maybe 25mph down a quiet residential street...and in the fight of his life with a squirrel. And losing

(Continued on page 8)

NEIGHBORHOOD HAZARD (Or: Why the Cops Won't Patrol Brice Street)

Continued from page 7

I grabbed for him with my left hand and managed to snag his tail. With all my strength I flung the evil rodent off the left of the bike, almost running into the right curb as I recoiled from the throw.

That should have done it. The matter should have ended right there. It really should have. The squirrel could have sailed into one of the pristinely kept yards and gone on about his business, and I could have headed home. No one would have been the wiser.

But this was no ordinary squirrel. This was not even an ordinary pissed-off squirrel.

This was an evil attack squirrel of death!

Somehow he caught my gloved finger with one of his little hands, and with the force of the throw swung around and with a resounding thump and an amazing impact he landed square on my back and resumed his rather anti-social and extremely distracting activities. He also managed to take my left glove with him!

The situation was not improved. Not improved at all. His attacks were continuing, and now I could not reach him.

I was startled to say the least. The combination of the force of the throw, only having one hand (the throttle hand) on the handlebars, and my jerking back unfortunately put a healthy twist through my right hand and into the throttle. A healthy twist on the throttle of a Valkyrie can only have one result. Torque. This is what the Valkyrie is made for, and she is very, very good at it.

The engine roared as the front wheel left the pavement. The squirrel screamed in anger. The Valkyrie screamed in ecstasy. I screamed in...well...I just plain screamed.

Now picture a large man on a huge black and chrome cruiser, dressed in jeans, a slightly squirrel torn t-shirt, and only one leather glove roaring at maybe 70mph and rapidly accelerating down a quiet residential street...on one wheel and with a demonic squirrel on his back. The man and the squirrel are both screaming bloody murder.

With the sudden acceleration I was forced to put my other hand back on the handlebars and try to get control of the bike. This was leaving the mutant squirrel to his own devices, but I really did not want to crash into somebody's tree, house, or parked car. Also, I had not yet figured out how to release the throttle...my brain was just simply overloaded. I did manage to mash the back brake, but it had little affect against the massive power of the big cruiser. About this time the squirrel decided that I was not paying sufficient attention to this very serious battle (maybe he is a Scottish attack squirrel of death), and he came around my neck and got IN my full-face helmet with me. As the faceplate closed partway and he began hissing in my face I am quite sure my screaming changed tone and intensity. It seemed to have little affect on the squirrel however.

The rpm's on *The Dragon* maxed out (I was not concerned about shifting at the moment) and her front end started to drop.

Now picture the large man on the huge black and chrome cruiser, dressed in jeans, a very ragged torn t-shirt, and wearing one leather glove, roaring at probably 80mph, still on one wheel, with a large puffy squirrel's tail sticking out his mostly closed full-face helmet. By now the screams are probably getting a little hoarse.

Finally I got the upper hand...I managed to grab his tail again, pulled him out of my helmet, and slung him to the left as hard as I could. This time it worked...sort-of. Spectacularly sort-of, so to speak.

(Continued on page 9)

NEIGHBORHOOD HAZARD (Or: Why the Cops Won't Patrol Brice Street)

Continued from page 8

Picture the scene. You are a cop. You and your partner have pulled off on a quiet residential street and parked with your windows down to do some paperwork.

Suddenly a large man on a huge black and chrome cruiser, dressed in jeans, a torn t-shirt flapping in the breeze, and wearing one leather glove, moving at probably 80mph on one wheel, and screaming bloody murder roars by and with all his strength throws a live squirrel grenade directly into your police car.

I heard screams. They weren't mine...

I managed to get the big motorcycle under directional control and dropped the front wheel to the ground. I then used maximum braking and skidded to a stop in a cloud of tire smoke at the stop sign at a busy cross street.

I would have returned to fess up (and to get my glove back). I really would have.

Really. But for two things. First, the cops did not seem interested or the slightest bit concerned about me at the moment. One of them was on his back in the front yard of the house they had been parked in front of and was rapidly crabbing backwards away from the patrol car. The other was standing in the street and was training a riot shotgun on the police cruiser.

So the cops were not interested in me. They often insist to "let the professionals handle it" anyway. That was one thing. The other? Well, I swear I could see the squirrel, standing in the back window of the patrol car among shredded and flying pieces of foam and upholstery, and shaking his little fist at me. I think he was shooting me the finger...

That is one dangerous squirrel. *And now he has a patrol car...*

I took a deep breath, turned on my turn-signal, made an easy right turn, and sedately left the neighborhood.

As for my easy and slow drive home? Screw it. Faced with a choice of 80mph cars and inattentive drivers, or the evil, demonic, attack squirrel of death...I'll take my chances with the freeway. Every time.

And I'll buy myself a new pair of gloves.

CUAgain,

Daniel Meyer