



EXHAUST FUMES



JUNE/JULY 2010



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AT THE MEETING ON THE 13th Nancy Bowen won the 50/50 took home about \$130, (small crowd). A nice, social, gathering was enjoyed by those in attendance.

A lunch group had a enjoyable time at Beef O'Bradys in Alachua on Saturday the 17th.

Our Past President, Jerry Todd has dutifully recorded the above and all other chapter activities on film. See these and other photos on our web site. www.blueknightsflorida1.com

A REMINDER

The SRC is in Huntsville this year on September 16 --19th. This is good riding country. Should be a fun time.

FOR YOU INFORMATION

The DVD "Ride Like a Pro" is available to any member for viewing and improving your riding skills. See Sec/Treas Jim Strauss if you want to borrow it.



"The Bike Ran Great!"

We had left Gainesville on July 6th and kept on the Interstate roads to save time getting to Canada so we could spend our time riding the beautiful Cabot Trail in Nova Scotia and, perhaps, even ride around the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec. We rocketed up I-95 to Millinocket, Maine where we stopped to visit Florida 1 member Peter Walsh who maintains a summer home there. Then headed into New Brunswick. The ladies at the N. B. Welcome Center were terrific. They booked us a room at the Delta Hotel in Fredericton, N.B. for ONLY \$109 a night. I think we took a beating on that one!

In the morning we woke up to rain that lasted, to various degrees, for the next four days. Still, the scenery in New Brunswick, and later in Nova Scotia is beautiful. We left Canada #2 and entered smaller roads with nice sweepers which made the ride enjoyable. Our destination was Port Hastings where we had a room at the Skye Lodge waiting, courtesy of the Nova Scotia Welcome Center.

In the morning we were to ride the famously beautiful Cabot Trail. We woke to intermittent rain which lasted all day but we bravely set out on the West leg of the trail. It certainly is beautiful even though some of the scenery was obscured due to the overcast and rain. We rode through the national park which has some amazing roads.

with some sweepers, and even more twisties. I sorely underestimated the distance around the Cabot Trail and it took us all day to get around and down the East side, where we discovered that the ferry would save us two hours and cost only \$5.00. Since it would be very dark in much less than two hours, we reached into our wallets and paid the five bucks. Seven miles from The Skye Lodge, the sky opened up and a torrential rain came down. We made it back to the room and unloaded our gear in a downpour. The next morning, at breakfast in the hotel, I met a motorcyclist whose wife had been a student of mine nearly forty years ago in Enosburg Falls, Vt. Small world!

We left Port Hasting in another (or the same) downpour and pointed our bikes toward Port Elgin, Nova Scotia which is nearly at the foot of the new bridge to Prince Edward Island. When I was there 30 years ago, the only access to P.E.I. was by ferry. The bridge has brought prosperity and, along with it, progress to the simple folks on P.E. I. It's a shame. What was a quiet, sleepy, little island, has now become like most other tourist areas. Too many cars, too many people! Still, it was a beautiful ride in sunny, clear weather. Our only sunny day in Canada. We made the obligatory stop at Red Rock Harley Davidson to do some souvenir shopping. From there we went back to our hotel in Port Elgin. The hotel is the Indian Point B&B and Hotel run by a German couple named Flad. It is run in a typically German fashion – clean, organized, and friendly. Step out of our room and we were looking out on a lovely bay with a small lighthouse on the shore a few hundred yards away. Mrs. Flad runs the hotel and her husband takes care of the 50 acres of land. Breakfast is \$4.50 extra and includes 2 eggs, bacon, and home-made bread with home-made jam. While we were riding on P.E.I she did our laundry for the exorbitant price of \$4.50. When we got back she handed us all of our laundry, cleaned and folded.

The morning brought more rain which lasted until nearly the Maine border. At times it was heavy and the trucks splashed us continuously. Once we reached Maine, the rain miraculously vanished and the weather became increasingly clear as we rode south. That night was spent in Auburn, Maine where the Fireside Hotel has pseudo – Irish Pub which served good food and no riding was involved.

The next day was spent riding across Maine and New Hampshire to Brattleboro, Vermont at the base of the Molly Stark Trail which winds over Hogback Mountain to Bennington, Vermont. We stayed at Dalem's Chalet Inn on top of a hill and ate dinner at Gilly's. The owner, Gilly himself, came and sat with us and talked motorcycles while we ate excellent food.

The Molly Stark Trail climbs, winds, and twists its way over Hogback Mountain for about two hours not counting the necessary tourist stop at the gift shop at the summit. A beautiful view out over the mountains below! Then on to Bennington then Troy, New York and I-87 South toward home. We made it through Scranton PA and hoped to stop on the south side of it to avoid rush hour traffic in the morning but Wilks-Barre, PA is just to the south so we rode through it also. By now it had begun to rain moderately and darkness crept up. We stopped at a convenience store and the clerk directed us to Hazelton, PA where we might find a room. While at the store we heard that there was a 15 mile traffic backup in the southbound lanes due to construction. That convinced us and we found a room at an Econolodge near Hazelton. In the morning we rode through Hazelton, stopped for breakfast, then entered I-84 south of the traffic backup. We dodged a bullet there! We stopped for the night at Christiansburg, VA because I did not feel well. We made it a short day and checked in to a motel with a Waffle House a few yards away. We didn't eat a regular dinner but, later, I went to Waffle House and ordered my favorite – a pecan waffle. I was not disappointed! I also met four bikers from New York heading to New Mexico. When I asked why New Mexico the answer was "I don't know".

We left Christiansburg early after a Waffle House breakfast and rode down I-81 then I-77 in 70 degree temps and virtually no traffic since it was Sunday morning. That was the best riding of the whole trip. Nice sweepers with consistent curves and moderate temperatures. Things didn't turn crazy until we got to Georgia where the road becomes a three lane and drivers become insane. We fought traffic, signal-less lane changes, weaving, cutting in between cars, etc. all the way to the Callahan, FL. exit where we turned west toward Florida route 121 and home. Total 4,993 miles!

All in all, a good trip spoiled only by the rain in Canada. Oh well! That's motorcycling!