



TRCER

Three Rivers Competition Riders



"Western Pennsylvania's Premier Off-Road Club"

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Member PA Off-Highway
Vehicle Association

OCTOBER 2006 NEWSLETTER

EVENT CALENDAR

Visit www.district5ama.org for updated HS, MX, GNCC & AWRCS race schedules

NOVEMBER

4-5 This Sat/Sun, trail work detail at Toy Run site

6 Monthly Meeting, 8pm Cross Roads Motorsports, R. 8, Gibsonia

11-12 Steve Stiller's Toy Run (ATVs on Sat/Bikes on Sun), Natrona Hghts

19 Adopt-a-Highway clean up at I-279 N. site, 9am, Camp Horne Road exit

DECEMBER

4 Monthly Meeting, 8pm Bohn Cycle, 2015 Saw Mill Run Blvd. (Rt. 51 So.)

THREE RIVERS COMPETITION RIDERS

President: *Steve Stiller* Vice President: *Michael Perry* Treasurer: *Nicholas Milan*
Secretary: *Jeff Pflugh* Legislative Affairs/USFS Liaison: *Mike Babusci*

GREETINGS FROM THE BACK OF THE PACK

First, some sad news. We learned of the passing of long time member Ernie Wesche last weekend. The club sends its sincerest regrets to Ernie's wife Nancy and their family. Ernie had been battling illness off and on for some time now. And he did it with a positive attitude along with his genuine sense of humor. I'm not sure how long Ernie has been in the club, but he was here when I got here in 1991 and I liked him right away. In those days, Ernie could always be seen coming to rides with Ed "Twinkle Toes" Knisley. I buddied up with them on rides because they rode at my pace – not abby normal fast, but a brisk comfort zone. Still, Ernie was no slow poke and he liked adventure. At Hatfield McCoy one year, Ernie showed up on the street legal version of the DRZ 400. He hung right with us on all the nasty, rocky trails and even zipped off on his own to ride at one point. Ernie was also one of the most active behind-the-scenes members we've had. He was a regular at almost all the work details and club events. I remember Ernie helping out at numerous Marienville Trail work details and I-279 clean-ups. He always attended the annual holiday parties and the club picnics, often helping run the gate or doing many of the other things that need done to pull these kinds of events off. He was a fun guy to be riding with who will be sorely missed.

Here's an update on Steve's plans for this year's TOY RUN. The event will be the weekend of November 11th with quads on Saturday, Bikes on Sunday as usual. More immediate is that he could use help in marking/clearing trail at the site. That is scheduled for this weekend, the 4th and 5th. Enter the site at the usual mine entrance (main entrance used last year). Some of us will be meeting mid morning and fanning out to mark and clear downfalls. The event itself will be a grand event as usual with food (we need some help on Saturday cooking/serving), prizes and good trails. As for TOYS, Steve says that the Tree of Hope has contacted him to report their need this year is even greater than usual and to keep in mind to donate toys for the little ones too, not just stuff for older kids.

And, one more event where the club could really use your help. Bob Huerbin has scheduled a litter pick-up detail at our section of I-279 north for Sunday, November 19th. If you've never gone to do one of the Adopt-a-Highway clean-ups, don't you think it's time to pitch in? If we can get 16 guys to show, the job goes very quickly – usually done in 2-3 hours. And, bring your bike because there is a ride afterward at a secret location with prizes and dancing girls. Okay, maybe no girls, just door prizes as an incentive to attend. Meet at the Camp Horne Road exit at 9:00 am.

The October meeting was held at Bentley's Cycle in Murrysville where Mike Worchol and the guys really went out of their way once again by having a Luau, complete with roast pit, palm trees and everything. We had a somewhat light turnout of around 40 members but Bentley's still put on a great meeting and gave away fantastic prizes. If you are missing these meetings at Bentley's, you're missing out on chances to win great stuff, for example, last month they gave away some great KTM shirts, including the cool silk ones, as well as a KTM jacket and a deluxe model bike stand valued at over \$300. Two brand new members won the biggest prizes - the jacket was won by Bill Lauver and John Buzzie won the bike stand.

Business at the October meeting included reviewing the outcome of the fall picnic where we picked up a few new members, had too much food, lots of kids riding and well, of course, plenty of beer. Another successful event. Thanks to Steve for making his Bruin site available.

JT Bennett came to the meeting with his wife Gretchen to promote JT's upcoming trip to New Zealand for the ISDE. The club passed the hat for the cause and bought t-shirts too. Some of us attended the comedy benefit last Saturday at the Dorseyville Firehall that featured comedian Dave Reilly. The even was great. It took over a day for my jaw to stop hurting from laughing so hard. Gretchen as well as Mark Weiland at TDI Racing have done a commendable job promoting their rider to get him to the ISDE. They're leaving for New Zealand this weekend and you can log onto www.tdi-racing.com to track JT's progress and maybe even some pics (if web service cooperates). The event begins November 14th.

The annual fall Hatfield McCoy ride was the weekend of October 21st. Turns out that was a difficult weekend for some to make so there were actually 3 different weekend rides. One group including Bob Huerbin, Joe Clark and others rented a cabin in Gilbert a couple of weeks before that and had a good weekend on the trails. A separate group including Dale Gordon, Al Swager and others, went down this past weekend. Only 4 members made it the weekend of the 21st – Dan Martin

and Fred Goldsmith came down to join Vinny Kabay and I. Vinny and I had our best ride there ever. We put on 185 miles in 2 ½ days and we rode all the difficult trails in all the difficult directions and made all the hills. I do have to say, borrowing a term from Jim Seibert, it was an Epic Ride. We rode a consistently fast pace with no incidents, for a change, and I was able to keep up to Vinny. Well, or so it seemed to me, most of the time. The new 250 XCF-W helps. The weather was even good, except for the first half or so of day one – very, very wet at Buffalo Mountain. But, luckily, I had a fresh IRC trials tire on the rear, which was sort of like cheating. The wetter it gets, the more that baby shines. Only problem was, as good as traction was in the rear, I had problems up front. I had decided to experiment and run the IRC front trials tire on this trip. Bad idea – it doesn't work up front. In fact, in the mud, it's downright scary. Same goes for loose, loamy woods dirt on single track. It's just not as soft as the rear and there's no lateral grip on turns unless they're smooth. Anyway, Buffalo Mountain was a great ride that took us down into Matewan, WV and across the border into Kentucky and back. The single track there is sweet - some nice, technical trail. Day two, we went to Rockhouse, where there is over 120 miles of trail now, including the most, and most difficult, single track. We tackled it all, riding some of it in both directions, and rode till dark. Again, no incidents, just covering a lot of ground quickly. Day three, Sunday, was to be a more abbreviated ride due to the trip home. So, the night before, I grabbed a trail map online and plotted a course, writing all the turns and trail numbers in order on a piece of cardboard that I taped to my tank. And the ride was sooooo much fun that way. No pulling out the map to decide where to go next, just looking for the next turn and wicking it. We wound up riding 45 miles in less than 4 hours. No small feat when you consider all the single track we rode, including trail 183 from south to north (some tough climbs – one is a rock garden with zero dirt). We saw more turkey than we could count. Vinny was actually racing one that took to the air up an open hill section. The turkey won the race but we still had an epic ride.

Well, that's it for this month. The NEXT MEETING is at Cross Roads Motorsports, Rt. 8 north in Gibsonia. On our plate will be the Toy Run and nominations for 2007 officers. Anyone with submissions for the newsletter can email them to the club website or me at jpflugh@peircelaw.com or, talk to one of the officers at our next meeting – Monday, November 6th at Cross Roads. In the meantime, we'll see you in the woods.

My First Time

By Fred Goldsmith

I got into dirt bike riding as a way to escape. My job as a litigator is necessarily confrontational and adversarial. People call me at work (and often on my cell when I'm at home, at night, on the weekend) not to wish me a nice day, but usually because they have a big problem, like they've been sued or their barge has leaked its cargo of thousands of gallons of asphalt into the Ohio River and the Coast Guard wants to talk. In fact, when people I know from industry call me, after we exchange pleasantries, I usually say, "So what's wrong?" Then the work begins. Has the sport fulfilled my expectations? Yes, definitely. It's been a blast. I've also found it's fun to maintain and tinker with your bike, particularly for someone who was as a kid very good at taking things apart but far less talented at putting them back together. My family had a running joke about my proclivities: "Fred, no, please don't try to fix it."

Most of you likely started out riding two strokes. Since I got into this sport about three years ago, when four strokes were becoming very popular, I started with a four stroke. But, after hearing the revving of a two stroke's engine and, when I rode my buddy Dan's CR250, after feeling the "hit" of a two stroke, I went in reverse evolutionary order and bought a two stroke as my second bike. Yes, two strokes appear to pollute more than four strokes, and they're the "old" technology, but I love the sound, I love the "hit," I love the fewer things to maintain, and how there's only tranny oil to change, versus crankcase and tranny. And I like mixing my gas, trying different two stroke oils, and asking everyone I know which oil they use and why, and trying different ratios with my Ratio Rite. And since I have a KTM, I necessarily spend more and more time on KTMTalk. It's an amazing resource.

I like the community of dirt bike and ATV riders. On my first and incredibly horrific day of riding about three years ago, I stupidly went alone. The last "dirt bike" I'd ridden was a friend's Honda 50 "Mini-Trail" about 30 years prior, and for only about 15 minutes, in my folks' back yard. My first ride

on the DRZ250 one cold, wet, gray, and generally miserable Sunday in November three years ago began with a descent from the road where I'd parked my car and trailer into a swollen creek, eventually crossing it, then trying to get up the fairly steep bank on the other side. That took about forty minutes. But I persisted. I rode the dirt road, dodged the ruts, and was doing pretty well, even building up a little confidence, until I tried to cross what I thought was a shallow puddle.

The "puddle," I learned as my bike stalled and the water lapped at my knees, was expansive enough to be a small fun park for elephants. The mud at the bottom sucked me and my bike deeper. The more I pulled on the front tire with my soaked new riding gloves, the deeper I and the bike sunk. The cold water sloshed around in my new boots. I became winded. I thought I was in shape. I clearly was not. My energy was sapped. I'd wrestled in high school, but bike wrestling was a whole new and far more strenuous sport, I quickly learned. There I was, with 19 years of formal education, a brand new dirt bike, and a cell phone with reception, but very little idea—no, no idea—of how I was going to get out of this one. Who would I call? How would I describe where I was? I imagined the phone call: "Near a bend in the road and a railroad track and a curvy tunnel, you cross a creek, somewhere, somehow, and then climb a few hills, make a few turns, and then cross a power line right of way, then look for a clearing in the woods..." Even *if* they found me, what good could they be? It would take four people at least to drag the bike out.

So I walked over to a nearby tree, sat on my helmet, ate my only candy bar, considered drinking some of the water my bike was stuck standing up in (yes, it didn't occur to me to bring water on this excursion), and tried to figure out how to get out of this situation. I convinced myself not to panic. Then, just before I reconsidered not panicking, along came two guys on quads, with a tow line. They knew exactly what I'd done and what I needed. They didn't make me feel stupid. They rigged up the towline to my handlebars and easily pulled me out. They even waited to make sure I was able to start my bike. It was wonderful. I was so grateful. They refused the money I offered in thanks. So, feeling like I had a new chance to ride, I foolishly rode alone again for another half an hour...until I laid the bike over on a small "hill climb." Dan and I rode back up that "hill climb" several weeks ago. The "hill climb" was like a two-second uphill blast in third. But in November 2003 it was my nemesis, enough to cause me to lay the bike down, on the left, and thus clutch, side. The lever broke. (This was before I knew what a bark buster was.) Without the lever pulled in, the electric start wouldn't work. It was getting dark. I was on the wrong side of the creek and far from the not so easy crossing. The kick start wouldn't work. So I walked around a bit, down the hill, through the trees, and spied a house across the creek.

Inside the house, lights were on. I was muddy, wet, exhausted, smelly, humiliated, and desperate. I couldn't just leave the bike half way up that hill. I feared it would get stripped or stolen. I waded across the creek. Knocked on the door. I thought whoever was on the other side of that door wouldn't even open it. The woman did. I explained my predicament. She said her husband and son were regular quad riders. She totally understood. She made me feel like part of a club. She told me how they often Life-Flighted people out of those woods, and how what I'd done was no big deal. She insisted that I come inside and have a beer, hang out, dry off, warm up, while her husband and son got back from a contracting job. So I sat there on the floor of her living room, and with her daughter who was in from college for the weekend, drank beers and watched football on TV, and tried not to create a puddle as my riding pants and socks drained. When her husband, son, and their friends came back from the contracting job, they gladly got their quads (with bright headlights) out of the garage, rode to my disabled bike (with me sitting on the rack of one of the quads), towed my bike to my trailer, and then insisted on putting the bike on the trailer and affixing the tie-downs. I offered to pay them for their time and efforts. I offered to buy them a case of beer. No way. They wouldn't think of it. In fact they were insulted I'd even ask. All they said was since I was a biker, they were glad to help out.

So, that's why I always stop when I see someone broken down on the trail. And this is just one reason why I like our community of dirt bike and ATV riders. Sure, we all meet some less than courteous riders on the trail, but most are nice guys and gals, and their friendliness, to total strangers, is a unique and wonderful thing about our sport. I like how there are all kinds of folks in this sport, from all kinds of backgrounds, who have one thing in common: we all like to get outside, get on our

machines, not think of our troubles back in the office or on the job or in the house, and try to get ourselves and our machines up a hill, across a creek, or through the mud. And I'm very much OK with that.

CLASSIFIED - (ad will run for 3 months only, unless renewed)

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TRCR MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION - DUES RENEWAL FORM

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Name: _____

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NEW MEMBER _____ RENEWAL _____ ADDRESS CHANGE _____

New members only – membership is \$3.00 per month for each month remaining in year

Single Membership _____ \$34.00 annual (Anyone age 18 or over)

Family Membership _____ \$35.00 annual (A family includes parents w/ children under 18)

RELEASE

In signing this membership application, I acknowledge that off-road riding is a hazardous activity with inherent risks of injury and that I voluntarily assume those risks. I understand that TRCR, its officers, directors, trail leaders and members welcome my participation as a club member, but are not responsible for my safety or liable for any injury that might result from my participation in any club activity. Furthermore, I will rely upon my own judgment and ability while participating in TRCR events and assume all risks of injury or damage arising out of such participation. I will not sue or make any claim whatsoever against TRCR, its officers or the organizers of its events as a result of such participation. I agree to follow sensible trail riding principles and ride carefully to ensure my own safety as well as the safety of those with whom I share the trail. As a parent or guardian of a member under the age of 18, I agree to indemnify and hold harmless the above mentioned parties from any claim or injury or damages which said minor may sustain. I hereby consent to and permit emergency medical treatment if I am injured. Above all, I hereby acknowledge that TRCR is an off-road vehicle club which is dedicated to the furtherance and preservation of the sport. I therefore agree to follow general rules of good conduct and sensible behavior at all club functions and wherever TRCR appears in public in any way.

Signed: _____ Date: _____

Make check payable to TRCR and bring to next meeting OR mail to
Michael Perry, TRCR VP
667 Baur Drive
Wexford, PA 15090