Cleveland Club News

Summer 2007

Micro 2007 Includes Toledo Club ...more on page 9

Along Came Another Spyder

By Don Poremski

The world has seen the name Spyder attached to several truly outstanding vehicles in the past. The Porsche and Alfa Romeo versions come to mind as good examples. Now there is another vehicle with that name and it comes from BRP, Bombardier Recreational Products. This one, however differs from those mentioned above in that it has but three wheels. Yes, it's a trike, but not the sort of trike that we've seen creeping into motorcycling over the last two decades. The CCN featured the Spyder on the front page of the spring issue, and now, with thoughts of selfless sacrifice, your editor has ridden one, actually two, and a report follows.

CCN editor doing field research

Trent Denison called and asked, "Would you like to demo a Spyder?" Well, he rarely fails when he has the inspiration for an adventure so the answer was in the affirmative. The particulars involved going to a web site, that didn't respond, and the follow up work to get Trent, Ed Tatters and the author registered for a demo session. The information showed the June schedule included three Michigan cities: Benton Harbor, Kalamazoo and Utica. Check the atlas and K-town looked to be closest. Well, that turned out to be incorrect, but the trip was on for Wednesday, the 27th.

We rendezvoused in Brimfield to combine the PA and OH riders in a cage headed west via the pikes. AC and the tunes, ya know. Besides, car tires already have a flat spot in the center. Right turn to cross the border into the state shaped like a palm and that made four for the day for Trent and Ed. Left at Battle Creek and a tad of 131 and bam, there we were at Leaders Marine. The Spyders were visible in the lot slightly to the right of all the boats—yellows and silvers. Expectations were high, nearly as high as our curiosity. The pictures were representative as regards style, but the shock was its presence, the bulk, the aura of the machine. It had the draw of a high performance motorcycle, the flash of original design, and the bona fides of proven components like that 998 cc. V-twin, liquid-cooled Rotax engine. Arrival now meant the paper work would follow.

A fellow named Jeff checked our licenses for an "M" endorsement, we signed a release, got a plastic ID card, had our picture taken on the machine and received the basics about controls. Well, front brake lever gone, parking brake in. Self-canceling turn signals, check. 5-speed with neutral indicator AND reverse, check. Not obvious were the elements of the vehicle stability system: SCS stability control system, ABS anti-lock braking system, and TCS traction control system.

Yes, the laps around the practice track dealt with just the basics, but it was good to put the new pilots through the basics before turning them loose on the street. When we did hit the street, it was, well, odd. We practice and practice the counter-

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A commercial advertising rate schedule is available upon request. All communications for CCN should be addressed to: **Cleveland Club News, c/o Donald A. Poremski, 1290 Desert St., Uniontown, OH 44685** or call **330-877-0582**.

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The Gau Gazette

By President Judith Gau

Remember when you were a kid and you'd ask your parent's "Are we there yet?" Some of us are still asking that same question, like me. With so many great rallies to attend, there isn't enough time to attend them all. This has been a very busy last couple of months for me, and I'm sure you also. Riding to an event is one thing, "are we there yet", is another. Excitement is in the air and under our tires. The riding season has not let us down so far this year. Rain or shine, we keep riding on.

The Dealer's Open Houses, Breakfast Rides, and the Motorcycle Accident Scene Safety course were just some of the events in the last few weeks. The Pit Campout with the Toledo Club will be a "must" for next year. A good time was had by all, at least for those whose tents didn't blow away in that nasty storm. I shall not mention any names.

The RA Rally in Asheville, NC will also be a trip to remember. Sixty-seven BMWMOC club members attended and we took first place as "largest club present". WOW! So many wonderful memories are storing up in my gray matter I don't want to let the other past memories slip away. Soon it will be the BMWMOA National in July. Are we there yet? And, other club members venturing out to rallies across the states, sharing their memories of the good times they had, wishing we could have been there with them.

With our riding season not as long as other states, we must make the most of the good times and good rides. Wishing you all safe travels to your destinations and the little you saying to yourself, "Are we there yet," as another fun time and ride is just around the corner. ■

New Denver Noise Law Allows Tickets for Having Aftermarket Exhaust Systems

AMA Press Release Issued June 7, 2007

The American Motorcyclist Association has expressed serious concerns about a new law passed by the Denver City Council that essentially requires all riders in the city to use only stock exhaust systems on their motorcycles.

On June 4, Denver officials approved changes to the city's vehicle noise ordinance that allow police to issue tickets to riders if their bikes don't have a federal Environmental Protection Agency sound-certification label on the exhaust systems. The new ordinance, which takes effect July 1, would apply to all motorcycles made since 1982, which was the first year that federal law required motorcycles sold in the U.S. to comply with EPA sound regulations.

In practical terms, that means the bike would have to have the original exhaust system installed by the manufacturer. Violators would have two weeks to prove to a judge that they have fixed the problem or would be forced to pay a $500 fine.

Previously, the Denver ordinance required all motor vehicles to pass a sound test that set a limit of 80 decibels at 25 feet. That type of performance standard remains in effect for cars and trucks, except that the allowable limits have been raised. Under the new ordinance, vehicles with a gross weight rating under 10,000 pounds couldn't exceed 82 db(A) at 25 feet, and trucks over 10,000 pounds couldn't exceed 90 db(A) at 50 feet. Only motorcycles would be subject to the EPA sound certification labeling requirement.

"We understand the motivation for cities to pass laws controlling sound levels from traffic," said Ed Moreland, AMA Vice President for Government Relations. "But the approach being taken in Denver creates a special class of enforcement that unfairly targets motorcyclists. Loud trucks and cars are every bit as annoying as loud motorcycles, but only motorcyclists would be subject to this new provision of the labeling law."

To understand the restrictions being imposed on motorcyclists, Moreland asked car drivers to consider the impact if Denver city officials had instead required stock mufflers on cars, making it illegal for Denver drivers to buy replacement exhaust systems from companies like Midas or Meineke.

"That would force everyone who drives a Ford to return to the Ford dealer and get the exact replacement muffler every time their exhaust system wore out," he noted.

The AMA's position on the new Denver ordinance got support June 7 in an editorial in the Rocky Mountain News which stated: "As more than one critic of the ordinance…noted, it just doesn't appear ready for prime time."

Several years ago, the city of Albuquerque, New Mexico, passed a similar certification ordinance affecting motorcyclists there. Motorcyclist groups, included the AMA, worked with city officials for two years before that provision was rescinded and the city went back to a performance-based sound standard.

The AMA has a decades-long history of opposition to excessive motorcycle sound, and has hosted national summits on the subject that have brought together riders, manufacturers, aftermarket companies, law-enforcement officers and government officials. Those summits have resulted in the development of "Sound Advice," a document that represents the motorcycle community's response to this contentious issue. Among the groups that have supported that effort is ABATE of Colorado, which has issued a position paper warning riders that they could face this kind of discriminatory enforcement because of growing public complaints about traffic sound levels.

The AMA is contacting Denver City Council members in hopes of opening up a dialogue on this topic before enforcement of the new law begins on July 1.

"We look forward to working with the Denver City Council to come up with a more reasonable solution for dealing with excessive sound levels from traffic," Moreland said. "Our experience has shown that there are a range of approaches cities can take to this issue without imposing restrictive laws on motorcyclists." ■

The American Motorcyclist Association: rights. riding. racing. Founded in 1924, the AMA is a non-profit organization with more than 280,000 members. The Association's purpose is to pursue, protect and promote the interests of motorcyclists, while serving the needs of its members. For more information, visit the AMA website at www.AMADirectlink.com

Final Chapter . . . the Barmaid, the Indian and the Devil

By Paul Mitchell

You may recall from the last issue of the BMWMOC CCN that I was on a Motorcycle Zen Journey in White Mountains of southern Arizona on an R1200GS.

I had just finished dinner at the Bear Wallow Café and since there was no cell service with my carrier, I was looking for a pay phone. I was going to contact another rider in Phoenix that was going to meet me at Roosevelt Dam in the morning. I was at least 6 hours away and wasn't going to be able to make the rendezvous. As I walked to the parking lot I heard a muffled grunt and then profanity. Appears that there was a La-Z-Boy recliner in the back of a pickup and it just ejected its inebriated occupant. The gent picked himself up and staggered into the darkness.

Looking for that elusive and now, rare pay phone, I spied a flashing light from the OK Corral Bar further down the street. I mounted the GS and pulled into the gravel parking lot. Entering the local establishment, I was a bit concerned about my ATGATT appearance in cowboy land. As the swinging café doors parted, all heads turned to see this alien in the high plains.

Approaching the bar, I noticed that the buxom bar maid had tattoos encircling her biceps that depicted barbed wire. I asked if there was a pay phone nearby. There wasn't but she offered the bar phone if I could use a credit card. Finishing up my calls, the

Highway 666

swinging doors parted again and the tipsy La-Z-Boy ejectee bounced into the bar. Although it was dark I felt that this young man was a Native American and unfortunately reinforcing the stereotype. He knew most of the patrons and stumbling from table to table. My business was done and I thanked the bar maid. She asked where I was headed. I responded, "To meet the devil." She winked and wished me a safe journey. That night I didn't sleep well thinking of the young man, his dim future and his life in the mountains.

White Mountains

Phelps Dodge Copper Mine

I was on the road by 7 a.m. There was a chill in the air and frost on the bike's seat. The GS had heated grips, but my knuckles were cold and numb until the sun warmed the air. Highway 666, renamed SR 191, started out as a mule-train path for the copper and iron mines in the 1800's. There are so many turns you almost need to stop every 5 minutes to catch your breath. It's easy to be lulled into a rhythm, but decreasing radius turns can be more than exciting. There are no guard rails and the drop offs go hundreds of feet into chaparral and mesquite. It rivals my recent experience on the "Tail of the Dragon" in North Carolina and Tennessee.

The altitude of the White Mountains varies from 8500' near Alpine to 3800' at Morenci at the southern end of the San Francisco River Valley. The views are breathtaking and hard to image as a southern Arizona landscape. The "Devil's Highway" was challenging but made easier due to the lack of traffic. I rode for 75 miles (2 hours) without seeing another vehicle.

continued on page 6

CORNER MARKET

SPRKE and the Other Bikes

By Donna Schettine

Hello, I am a very neglected 1992 K75RT. 120,000 miles and I run good and still look good too!! My seat is worn, (like my owners butt) and a few cracks in the fairing. He dropped me in a creek in Texas! He says that gives me character. I thought that when we were struck by lightning that gave me character!!!

Now for more misery, he bought a 1995 K75RT. And why would he do that?? Well, at least he did ride both of us. But when he was going to ride to Alaska he decided to ride the other one. That son-of-a #$%@#!!! I've hauled his butt all over the U.S.A. for over 100,000 miles.

Then to make matters worse, he went to Mathias to get oil filters and he bought a new R1150RT. Oh my, the pain!!! How could he do this to me?

Well, now he sold the 95 K75RT and still kept me. There could be hope for me yet!

When the new BMW R1150RT came home he parked me in the corner of the garage. Then I knew this could be a problem, and now I do not care for my owner any longer.

He walks right by me and gets on that, that, other BMW and is gone for weeks at a time. I used to do this!! DAMN HIM!!

So here I sit in the dark and dust waiting for someone to save me from him.

PLEASE HELP ME!!! — SPRKE

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At the southern end of the ride, I motored into the devils belly. The Phelps Dodge Mine is the largest open pit copper mine in the world. It's an incredible sight with terraced ridges and heavy machinery delivering raw ore to the smelter in Morenci. Copper prices have almost tripled in the past decade with insatiable demand from India and China.

The ride from Morenci, Globe & Apache Junction and then into Phoenix was all Interstate. The road is true desert with low cacti and sand. The temperatures rose to the mid 90's . . . quite a contrast from the snow and chilly morning in the mountains. I returned the GS to AZride, gathered my business travel gear and taxied back to an airport motel for the return trip home.

Hannigan Meadow

My Arizona motorcycle Zen experience was coming to an end. The interaction with the land and the people will be branded in my memory forever. The direct, individual experience of one's own true nature is the essence of Zen, but I don't think Buddha had the advantage of a BMW R1200GS! ■

Low Desert

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Spyder... continued

steering techniques which make motorcycle riding feel solid and controlled. Now that handlebar must be pulled into your body to turn that direction. The first couple of turns got twitchy until a style, not unlike an ATV rider's, got hardwired into one's brain. The SCS didn't get any exercise until the last mile of the loop that included a 35 m.p.h.- posted ess turn. Oh, yeah. Seeing the front wheels turn is an added bonus. It is akin to an open-wheeled race car, to be sure.

The brakes, and knowing that really, really hitting them hard would not have you on the ground, were a joy to use—totally predictable, totally straight, totally whoa! Long-time riders will still reach for the front brake lever, but learning not to put your foot down when you stop comes quickly. The parking brake works like the one in some cars. Push down to set, push down to release. Reverse is a process.

Neutral, clutch in, down to first, pull the "R" lever toward you and the lever goes down one more notch and slowly let out the clutch. The rest is just being watchful of those front wheels. The wheels are two different sized Kendas , 165s front, 225 rear. And oh, how you can light up that rear wheel! Lift your butt off the saddle just a tad and drop the clutch at about 2700 r.p.m. and leave lurid black stripes in the crosswalks. Jeff wasn't encouraging such behavior, but he was in front and arrested development can raise its head at any time.

There weren't enough riders for the next group out, so the three of us got a repeat ride. If the learning curve continues with each ride, as it did with us, one wonders just where the edge of the performance envelope occurs with the Spyder. Trent got bitten really hard and left a deposit and an order for the yellow version to be delivered sometime in January of '08. Trent is THE apexmeister on his 2000 GS now and one wonders what a year of Spyder piloting will give him. His main concern is how much explaining he'll have to do every time he refuels it with 87 octane. Perhaps he should feign a lack of English fluency.

$18,673 is a giant leap into any new machine (as Trent ordered it), but the bragging rights will probably last at least as long as the two year warranty. Bon chance, mon ami. Bon chance! ■

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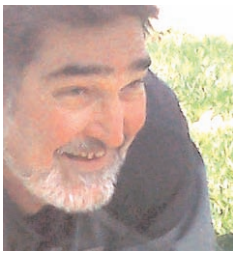


Darwin's REV-olutions

By Darwin McClellan

Hello everybody! For those of you who didn't have the opportunity to attend the Micro Rally, you missed a great time. As usual the field events were a hoot, the meal Saturday was also great. Darryl Apple along with his wife Julie designed and executed an observation ride Saturday a.m. that was most entertaining, enjoyable and well attended. Thanks Daryl and Julie, nice job. If not for two well-timed thunderstorms the weekend couldn't have been more perfect.

For about 60 of our members there was a short recovery time before heading out to the RA national at the Biltmore Estate in Asheville, N.C., where we took the award for being the club with the most members in attendance. Think we can do it again at the MOA?

Anyone who hasn't been to the Biltmore owes it to himself or herself to visit and be amazed at the opulence and grandeur of the way the 1%ers live. This place is spectacular! We enjoyed the tour and the winery.

On the rally scene, I managed to miss most of the entertainment. I enjoyed spending time with club members, acquaintances from rally's past and meeting some new ones. Most of all I enjoyed spending this time with family members that made the trip. Also, I just wish more of them could have been there. Chloe was taken in by Cheryl and Turp the night we pulled in. They offered her the overhead bunk in Fran and Ray's motor home. The following night she stayed in the tent with Victoria and Claudia from Westlake. These girls only live a few miles apart from each other, yet only manage to see each other when they go to a rally.

The road home on Sunday started with certain members of our travel group stating that we could take any direction home, as long as it was NORTH. Ok, so we get to the Blue Ridge, sign says South. Hope they didn't notice that. We then rode to Maggie Valley and the guys did the Wheels of Time Museum while the ladies relaxed under the trees. What a cool place, not Barber cool, but gearhead "I love motorcycles" cool! The guy that owns the place was letting some visitors ride a vintage 40's Harley around the parking lot and starting other bikes on display so we could hear them run. Then he fires up a vintage V twin Crocker, one of three that exist and the only one running, rides it around the inside of the museum and does about a 50 foot burnout with it. Right in the museum! This guy really enjoys his collection.

Then it was time to head for the Cherahola Skyway. That other Darwin found some interesting 1-1/2 lane back roads into the skyway which were very technical and challenging. We had a pleasant ride on the Cherahola into Telico Plains where we stopped at a sandwich and shake shop along the river for lunch. From there it was time to get to the slab. We rode till about 8:00 P.M., stopped at a hotel and swam. Derek brought chicken, tacos and beer to the hotel and brought some chairs onto the veranda and we had a little party. The guys also had to answer three questions: *Q. Why did we go south on the Blue Ridge?* A. Sign said south, however, if you look at the map it's actually kinda west. *Q. Why, after riding 50 miles on the Blue Ridge, did I see a sign that said, "Asheville", 10 miles?* A. That's because we were going west and looped the city, scenic route. *Q. Why have we been riding all day, over 200 miles, and we are only 100 miles from Asheville?* A. Ahhhhh, because the roads were crooked and it was fun!

From the hotel it was the slab home for us. But Derek and Cindy took the back way across Kentucky to Pittsburgh, lucky ducks.

The part of the trip that I enjoyed the most was following along behind and watching Margi and that other Darwin with Melanie out in front of me. I makes me happy to have them on the road with me and seeing how sensible Darwin has approached motorcycling and how accomplished a rider he has become. Having Melanie along for her first long distance ride and hearing Darwin speak of how he enjoyed having her with him was very heart warming.

Though Margi hasn't had much experience in the twisties and riding has taken a back seat to family obligations in the last couple of years, I was very impressed with her skills on the back roads. She set good entry speeds, accelerated out of the apex and was very smooth the whole trip. Stuff like that makes me smile and proud. She even flipped off a truck driver that cut her off at a tollbooth on the way to Asheville on the West Virginia turnpike.

Time to get ready for Wisconsin! See you there! ■

Clockwise from top: 1) The Pit grounds 2) Carl Bork and Air Marshall Doug McGhee monitor fire 3) Gary Haydel and Lori Doliber try to Busta Balloon 4) The Borks at ease in new trailer. 5) And the rains came, but no harm done 6) Charlie and Megan probe der bagel 7) Dale and Lucy observe the events.

CPR/Motorcycle Accident Scene Class

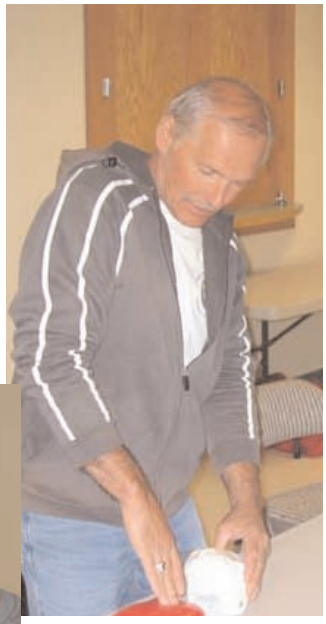
Candi and Larry Cardo

On May 20, thirteen club members attended the subject class. Candi and I found the class very informative as neither one of us felt we were prepared to assist in an accident—even our own.

The class was taught by three experienced EMT fireman. In addition to the medical information, they cited many real life examples from their experience. Plus, they injected a bit of humor into what could have been a dry class.

The CPR portion of the class used the latest techniques, which are far simpler and more effective than earlier CPR approaches. The accident scene management portion covered how to safely secure an accident scene, get bystanders to call for assistance and initial aid for the injured person. Information such as "He is bleeding badly and not breathing—what should I do first?" was presented.

Serious riders should consider adding this class to the list of things to do. Another class is planned for November or December, when riding season slows down. Try to note the dummies in the pictures below! ■



Feel a little safer when you ride with these members who completed the motorcycle accident scene safety course.

Pictured left to right: Geoffrey Gilway, Jerry Riha, Mary Riha, Candi Cardo, Larry Cardo, Rich Gzesh and Jim Reith. Kneeling L to R: Darwin W. McClellan, Rick Sessions, Judy Gau, Robin Moss and Paul Mitchell. Seated center: Don Walker

Turp's Annual Tune-up Clinic

Annual Kirt Zautner Memorial Spring Tune-up Clinic, April 21

Held at Howard "Turp" Cobb's shop, provided advice and assistance as needed to prepare for 2007 riding season.

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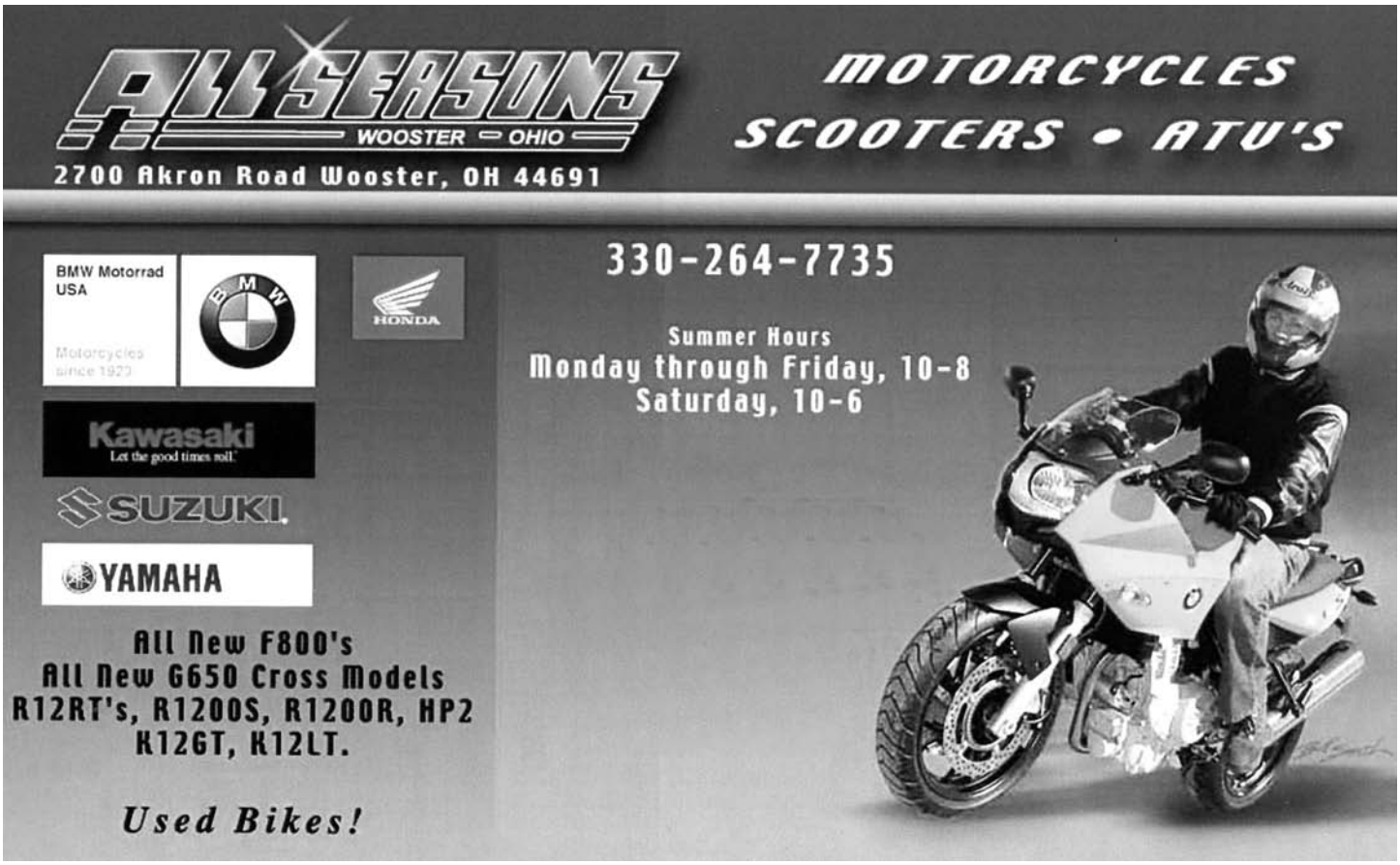
Breakfast Ride Calendar

The MOC Breakfast Ride locations and dates are shown below. Riders are asked to arrive early enough to begin rides at 9:00 a.m. Gas tanks should be full and bladders empty to start the ride. Destinations are free form, but this is an opportunity to be Road Captain for a Day. Let the other members know that you will be on hand by stating so on the web site, or just give a fellow member a call and say, "Let's ride!" Remember to turn in your ride, who lead and who attended for MOCal points. ■

BMWMOC Breakfast Ride Calendar

Breakfast Ride East	Breakfast Ride South	Breakfast Ride West
Bob Evans Restaurant 6100 Som Center Road Rts. 422 & 91	Farmer Boy Restaurant 1324 Canton Road Rts. 224 & 91	Steak & Shake 5300 Abbe Road Rts. 254 & 301
April 14, 2007	April 8, 2007	April 15, 2007
April 22, 2007	April 21, 2007	April 28, 2007
May 12, 2007	May 13, 2007	May 20, 2007
May 27, 2007	May 19, 2007	May 26, 2007
June 9, 2007	June 10, 2007	June 17, 2007
June 24,2007	June 16, 2007	June 23, 2007
July 14, 2007	July 8, 2007	July 15, 2007
July 22, 2007	July 21, 2007	July 28, 2007
August 11, 2007	August 12, 2007	August 19, 2007
August 26, 2007	August 18, 2007	August 25, 2007
September 8, 2007	September 9, 2007	September 16, 2007
September 23, 2007	September 15, 2007	September 22, 2007
October 13, 2007	October 14, 2007	October 21, 2007
October 28, 2007	October 20. 2007	October 27, 2007



Susquehannok Lodge

By Jim Sedivy

Join Road Capt Darwin and myself for a ride to Potter County Pennsylvania the weekend of Aug 11/12. We will leave Sat AM, Aug 11 at an east side location TBA and meander thru the eastern part of Ohio, finding historical markers if you want 'em (earn Mocal points), have lunch somewhere near Allegany National Forest, and continue along the back roads of Western/Central Pennsylvania to our overnight accommodations at the Susquehannock Lodge about 10 miles east of Coudersport PA on US 6. The cost PER PERSON is approx $58 which includes a home style dinner on Saturday, lodging and a full breakfast on Sunday morning.Potter and Tioga counties have 25 Historical markers between them.

We have stayed at this lodge many times in the past for cross country ski weekends, and it has great food and comfortable rooms. We will be able to have a campfire "outback" the lodge Saturday night and star gaze while we rehydrate with our supply of fluids that we bring from the local beer/wine "depot" in Coudersport (Yuengling is in plentiful supply there). Rough mileage from east side Cleveland to the lodge is about 260 miles (your actual mileage may vary). Sunday those who want to see the Grand Canyon of PA could travel the 25-30 east along rt 6 for some fantastic views www.visittiogapa.com. We will need a 30 dollar per person deposit to hold the limited # of rooms I have on hold by July 26. Any questions email **jsedivy9@yahoo.com** or call Jim Sedivy at **440 729 7656**.

Hope you can join us! ■

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More from Biltmore...

Largest RA rally to date; campout a first for Biltmore Estate...

Rally at the end of a rainbow

BMWMOC, largest club in attendance

Bob and Rose Wood and their youngest daughter, Angela

Calendar of Events

July 12-15

BMW MOA National Rally

35th Annual rally to be held at West Bend Wisconsin. For more information go to **www.bmwmoa.org**.

July 20-22

Carlisle Summer Bike Fest

Thousands of motorcycles, acres of vendors, a motorcycling paradise with 82 acres of two-wheeled entertainment. Motocross competition, motorcycle giveaways, beauty contest, seminars, stunt riders, dyno testing, burn-outs, a swap meet, celebrity guests, custom bike builder roundtable and sponsor Midway. For information visit **www.carlisleevents.com** or call **717-243-7855**.

July 26

BMW MOC Board Meeting

7:00 p.m. at president Judith Gau's residence, 1091-F Fleetwood Drive, Sagamore Hills OH 44067. Tel. **330-467-2620**.

July 27-29

AMA Vintage Days

Held at the Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course in Lexington, OH. **1-800-MID-OHIO** or **www.midohio.com**.

August 2

BMW MOC Membership Meeting

7:00 p.m. at Huntington Beach Park in Bay Village OH, Rt. 6 west of Cleveland. Come early to cook out or swim.

August 3-5

Honda Supercycle Weekend

Doubleheader race weekend held at Mid Ohio Sports Car Course. **1-800-MID-OHIO** or **www.midohio.com**.

August 7

March of Dimes Ride

Details to come.

August 10-12

Kelley's Island Film Festival

Movies under the skies at the Island pavilion. Grounds open two hours before movie to picnic, check out vendors. Tent sites can accommodate up to two tents. To reserve go to **www.kelleysisland.com/members/kelleysislandstatepark.htm**. See club website calendar for last-minute changes.

August 11-12

Susquehannok Lodge

Outside of Coudersport, PA. Total cost for lodging on Saturday night, Saturday dinner and Sunday breakfast approximately $58 per person. $30 deposit required by 7/28. Contact **Jim Sedivy** at **440-729-7656**.

August 17-19

41st Annual Four Winds Rally

Held at Redbank Municipal Park east of New Bethlehem PA. This is the longest continuously-held BMW rally in America. Rides, tech seminars, swimming, Saturday meal, entertainment, field events and more. Additional information at **www.4windsbmw.org**.

August 28-31

Curve Cowboy Reunion

Held at Tan Tar, A Resort, Osage Beach Missouri. Located on the shores of the Lake of the Ozarks in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. This is the ultimate BMW Luxury Touring event of the season. Our "reunion" is a resort-based week of activity complete with great riding, tech sessions, spousal programs, seminars, vendors and special entertainment. Venue capacity forces limiting of attendees. To register, see www.curbvecowboyreunion.com or contact Jeff Eagan **questions@curvecowboyreunion.com** or call Bill Wescoe at **301-373-5480.** ■

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Laurel Highlands Rally, Somerset, PA

By Judith Gau

If you missed the Laurel Highlands Rally, you missed a great time. Well, that is except for the overnight temperatures. It dipped into the low 40's and everyone pretty much had a hard time keeping warm. With the temperatures of the Biltmore Rally in the high 90's the week before, and the Cleveland weather the week after in the high 80's and lower 90's, packing for this trip was a breeze. Take clothes to keep cool, light sleeping garments, no need to pack long sleeve shirts. What was I thinking? We were camping in the mountains. I packed the sleeping bag from hell. It's for sale if anyone wants a bag that DOES NOT KEEP YOU WARM, even though it was rated for 30 degrees.

We knew Roger gets around, too

The rally had around 100 in attendance, and the local volunteer fire fighters again did all the cooking and kept us hydrated. Firewood was plentiful, and the showers had plenty of hot running water. The BMWMOC came in second place with number of attendees, the hosting club took first place, and Four Winds came in third place. Door prizes were won by Roger Pivonka and Cheryl Fallis. Nancy Simpson won the 50/50. A wine tasting at the camp site was available from the local winery up the road, with proceeds going to support the local fire department. On Saturday night a band was playing in the barn above the campsite registration area, and the band was pretty good. We missed you Carl.

Trust Rick Sessions to have a MOCal point opportunity. Sharon Viberg, Judy and Euro Arp Viberg got some, too

Who's boots are these???

The roads to ride were plentiful and the sun was shining brightly during the daylight hours. Thunder in the Valley in Johnstown was in full swing, so we heard MANY H-D's. Old friends visited and new friends were made. At the campground, it was easy to see that the goose and duck population had multiplied since last year so many shoes were kept out of our tents. All in all, everyone enjoyed the rally and looked forward to attending it again next year. ■

Judy, Cheryl Fallis and Nancy Simpson look happy... in the sun

The 2007 RA National

By Donna Schettine

Getting to the Biltmore Estate in Asheville NC from Ohio would consume 485 miles according to Mapquest. We had packed the night before and I picked Devon up from her last day of school. Summer was officially starting with a road trip. I set the trip meter to zero and started out. Devon had left her flute at school. We retrieved it. I needed more gas so I had gone into town and got caught up in traffic and a train crossing. We neared the highway and stopped for a drink. It was hot out. We concluded that we had been on the road for 2 hours now and had logged only 11 miles. "We're pathetic" Devon said.

We made it to Charleston, West Virginia and tucked into a hotel for the night. We got an early start and made good time through the beautiful mountains. We headed down 177 and lunched at Wytheville, then took to 181 to 126. I calculated we would arrive at the rally by 2:15 p.m. We stopped for gas and Devon mentioned she needed sunglasses. I said we would find them in Asheville not at the overpriced gas station. After proceeding down the road about 3 exits I spotted a Walmart. We pulled off the exit and had a little shopping spree. We both found glasses and had a small snack.

As we walked back to the bike, I noticed a large dark puddle of what looked like oil on the ground around my rear tire. I remember there had been many oil spots in this parking lot, but none that big. Surely I would not have parked right in one that size and not noticed! Denial was no use. I knew we were in trouble, but did not know what to do about it. I felt it, smelled it, and decided it wasn't brake fluid. Devon helped me check the motor oil. It was still OK. I looked for a tire changing bay door in this "Super" Walmart, but there was none. Thinking the tiny island gas station in the parking lot would be of no help, I rode over there anyway. I was hoping that the cashier could direct me to someone in town that might be able to help me.

Out, out, damned spot!

There was a GS in the station. Its rider, Jim, was on the ground checking something on his bike. I smiled and said

Wisconsin Jim

"Excuse me, I wonder if you might be able to help me. I don't know what's wrong with my bike." We discussed it and decided to try the easy fix. Maybe the plug had not been completely tightened or had backed off on the final drive. We could tighten it back up and put the gear oil back in. He got the correct wrench out of my tool kit and tugged at the drain plug. It didn't budge. Uh-oh. Maybe it's just a gasket. We could put the gear oil in and limp to the rally, maybe 50 more miles. There would be somebody there that could repair the bike.

His travel companions came around from the other side of the island and Jim introduced them. It was Betty and her father Joe, They were all from Wisconsin. Hey, I know her! I had met Betty a few years before at the Beemer's in the Bluegrass Rally.

Betty and Joe

She was a fun girl with her rabbit ears and fuzzy tail stuck to her helmet. Jim got some gear oil from the Walmart and put it in the bike. They put Devon and me in the middle of their pack and escorted us down the road. We pulled over 20 miles later at the North Carolina welcome center. As soon as I turned off the bike all the oil fell out of the back end again. Bummer! Betty took charge. She had a cell phone and with it made calls to the rally and lined up a trailer to bring the bike into the rally. She called my boyfriend Don to let him know where we were. He was at the rally early to volunteer.

The folks at the welcome center were very nice. There was cold water, clean restrooms and air conditioning. I couldn't ask

Continued on page 15

Closing ceremonies took place on the Estate's front lawn

for a better place to break down. We got to know George the caretaker while he was putting the oil dry down. The Wisconsin gang refused to leave me alone and stranded. Scott from Acme motorcycles showed up with a truck and trailer. We loaded the luggage in the truck and the bike on the trailer. Devon hitched a ride with Betty and Don had arrived in time to haul me in. As I rode in I reflected back. HMMMMM remember about 2 or 3 weeks back when I said I heard a new noise in my bike. I heard a high pitch metallic "aweek aweek aweeka" like a child's tricycle, the noise reflected back off the guardrail or bridge wall. Then it was gone the next day. Bearings? We arrived at the Biltmore around 5:30.

The rally is the BMW Riders Association's national. There were 3009 in attendance, the largest ever. The grounds were spectacular with 30 miles of private road. The main house with its 250 rooms, 43 baths and 65 fireplaces is the largest private residence in the U.S. built by George Washington Vanderbilt, transportation tycoon, in 1895. It was breathtaking. The winery included an educational tour, wine tasting, a shop and restaurant. The gardens were magnificent. All 100,000 acres seemed to be totally landscaped and painstakingly maintained. They have their own hotel on site (I hear it is $385/night).

We were the first group ever to be allowed to camp at the Biltmore. What a coup! For $67 you got 3 nights of camping and entertainment at the beer tent, access to the gardens, winery and tours of the home for all 4 days. I understand it is usually $47/ day to visit the Biltmore. I also heard that Bill Cecil Jr. (current owner) was walking around at the rally admiring bikes and picking which BMW he wanted to own. He blended right in, a regular Joe.

I camped in the quiet zone with the Wisconsin gang, Don and his brother Sam. I met quite the character, Susan "Galloping" Galpin, an MSF instructor from Alabama. She told me about downshifting and powering through the turns, I will become quick not just fast! The Cleveland Club won largest club in attendance at the awards ceremony on Saturday. It was held on the front lawn of the mansion. This was about the time I found out that my bike would not be repaired this week. I started to panic. How will I get Devon home? She has to go with her dad to a wedding on Wednesday! I started to try to bum a ride back. I was hearing that many of our club members that had driven had already left. I found a way back for our stuff with Gabe Gumuscian and his family. They had room for our stuff but not us. Then Susan Schoenberger introduced us to her sister Harriet and her husband Randy. They live in Upper Sandusky and had room for us but not our stuff. This was working out well. We went with them on Sunday to the Catholic mass held at the Basilica in Asheville. The Basilica is the church that the local bishop presides over. This church was designed by the same architect who designed the Biltmore. They give tours after the service. It was something to see.

Basilica of Asheville

Two weeks later, I rode on the back of Don's RT (OUCH) to Fairview, North Carolina. I went to the Acme motorcycle shop where Scott had taken my bike for repair. The mechanic, Earl, had done a fine job replacing my final drive, fork seals and brakes (they got oily). Earl is a fun guy. He smiles a lot and shouts at you. Earl is a bit deaf. These guys were great. They took good care of my bike and didn't overcharge me. They made sure I would be safe on my ride home. They were very friendly and made sure that we would have a nice scenic ride home, where to go, what to see, where to stop and eat. He gave me his home # if I got into trouble on the way. They were more than helpful. I will look them up again when I pass through that way. I feel that I finally got some closure on my vacation as I ran the parkway. This ride made up for everything. What a great road and I found a great place in Laurel Springs, NC.

There is a motorcycle resort hotel by the name of Stations Inn. It was full and looked like quite the party. I heard that they were dancing in the streets until 3 am. We stayed in the cabin about 1 mile behind the hotel. It was very motorcycle friendly. It had 2 beds, a microwave and stove, sink, fridge, toothbrushes, shaving gel, food in the cupboards, dishes. Everything you might need and a great porch with a view. We had breakfast at the Gap Deli "under the bridge" in Fancy Gap, Virginia. Then we hit the highway and high tailed it home. I'll pay for this later! ■

The Motorcycle Syndrome

Monday, Dec. 07, 1970

"Driving it is a very physical, almost sexual feeling. You accelerate fast and there is nothing between you and nature. The wind blowing in your face is a marvelous sensation. It has tremendous appeal. My new machine has a huge motor. With this under me, I feel I can do anything I want to."

With these words, a 23-year-old Harvard graduate student told his psychiatrist why he had just bought his third motorcycle, despite having suffered serious injuries in two cycle accidents during the previous six months. Luckily, his psychiatrist was Harvard Medical School's Armand M. Nicholi II, who had been studying and treating college cyclists for years. From the way the young man talked about his machine, Nicholi easily concluded that his patient was the victim of a hitherto unrecognized emotional ailment: the motorcycle syndrome.

Writing about this psychiatric disorder in the American Journal of Psychiatry, Nicholi explains that he found the same basic symptoms in all his sick cyclists. Leading the list was a day-and-night preoccupation with the machine: when the patient was not actually riding, he was daydreaming—or night-dreaming—about it. Unlike the healthy cyclist, a person with the motorcycle syndrome literally needs his machine; without it, he has a sense of "something missing" and an "acute awareness of inadequacy." As one patient told Nicholi: "If I got rid of the bike, there would be nothing but me, and that's not enough."

Occasionally Nicholi's patients were promiscuous, but without pleasure; often they were impotent; always they worried about discovering that they were homosexuals. All the patients saw their cycles as extensions of their masculine selves. Said one: "The noise is all you hear. It's masculine and makes me feel strong. I approach a girl on a cycle and I feel confident."

Without their bikes, the students also lacked confidence socially and academically. Passive, apathetic and inactive, the afflicted students spent their non-cycling hours sleeping, talking aimlessly, drinking beer, or escaping reality in TV and drugs. When anxiety threatened to overwhelm them—often in the middle of the night—they took to their cycles for the illusion of "doing something and getting somewhere."

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All these symptoms are explained, Psychiatrist Nicholi believes, by the patients' "tenuous masculine identification," often caused by difficult childhood relationships with demanding, critical and successful fathers. The sons felt it hopeless to try to be like them, and thus used their motorcycles to compensate for feelings of effeminacy and weakness.

Compensation came high. The patients were rarely without conscious and unconscious fears of death and mutilation; fantasies of going blind often kept them awake at night, and terror of possible castration haunted them. As important as their fears were the actual injuries they suffered. All of Nicholi's patients were accident-prone. Most of them had experienced at least one serious motorcycle accident. Yet none were ready or willing to give up their bikes. ■