Cleveland Club News

Summer 2008

It's a Long Way to the Top...

BMW Motorrad International, July 2008 (Edited to CCN format)

The world-famous Pikes Peak International Hill Climb returned to Colorado Springs on Sunday July 20th and hundreds of competitors on motorcycles, quads, sidecars, dune buggies, superstock cars, vintage vehicles and even trucks will be making their way to the spectacular Pikes Peak Mountain for the second oldest motorsport event in the United States.

This year was the 86th running of the 'Race to the Clouds' and the 92nd anniversary of this historical event. A team of several committed BMW riders will be among the many competitors attempting to scale this 12.42-mile course that begins at 9,390 feet and finishes at the 14,110-foot summit of the Pikes Peak.

One of the many attractions to racing at Pikes Peak is that it's a multi-day event with practice sessions each day leading up to the race on the Sunday. The hill climb takes over the city of Colorado Springs for a week and the atmosphere is electric. Factory teams with the newest machines park next to amateur hill climbers, all with their own reasons for competing in this historic race. Many of the competitors have been coming to the event for years, which draws diehard spectators from all over the world. On race day, around 25,000 enthusiasts line the road, cheer, wave flags and take pictures, and the scene looks more like a stage of the Tour de France than a typical North American motorsports event. There has been a great reaction by the motorcycle community to seeing the big BMWs competing in the 'Race to the Clouds'.

The 2007 event included the inauguration of the 1200cc class, which attracted a factory-backed effort from BMW Motorrad. Most of the bikes are smaller displacement dirt or supermoto specimens, so the motorcycle fans were blown away by the size and style of the BMW Megamotos and HP2s.

Each of the BMWs competing at Pikes Peak is customer-owned and has been rally-prepped for the Atlantic Cup RallyMoto series. Rally preparation typically includes suspension upgrades and/or tuning, additional engine and component protection and wheel set-up for the different surfaces encountered in RallyMoto. For Pike's Peak, the primary consideration will be tire selection. Last year, Max Stratton and Gordon Mullavey used 'Michelin Rains', which performed well on both the gravel and tarmac sections. No machine adjustments were necessary to compensate for altitude and the HP2s performed well from bottom to top.

All the BMW riders in this year's race will be hoping that they will be the fastest on two wheels up this awe-inspiring mountain in the Colorado Rockies. A combination of bravery, outstanding riding skills and perfect machine set-up are vital for any chance of success, so we wish them all the best of luck.

For more information on the 2008 Pikes Peak International Hill Climb, visit the www.ppihc.com website. View on-board footage from Gordon Mullavey's 2007 PPIHC run at **www.maxbmw-motorcycles.com/video/gordonuphill.wmv** or for an award-winning short film showing a four-wheeled impression of the race to the clouds, visit **www.youtube.com/watch?v=edLnXzAwHVc.** ■

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The Gau Gazette

By Judith Gau

Hello, Hello, is anyone home? Guess not because I've seen quite a few of you on the road or at the many rallies. Even though they say this is the rainiest year on record, it sure doesn't keep us BMW riders grounded for long, or grounded at all. Keep the rain gear close by and you'll be set for any destination.

I had the opportunity to travel out west this year, and also attend the RA Rally in Houghton, Michigan. The back to back trips slowed me down some, but a weeks rest and I'll be ready to venture out again. My theory is to empty the side cases, wash the contents, and reload them immediately. Seems like a perfectly normal thing to do, and always ready to ride out on a moments whim.

Some great club rides have occurred, and more are on the way. Be sure to check the website calendar for upcoming events that you'll not want to miss. Summer has just begun, and so do the choices of which fun rides and trips to attend. Life can't get any better, well maybe, if you're retired and the gas prices go down.

Wishing you all a safe and fun riding season. ■

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Darwin's REV-olutions

By Darwin McClellan

Well here it's mid- summer already! We've had some good weather but for a while it seemed the rain would never stop. It looked like rain again when 16 bikes and 21 members headed out on the Sistersville ride on May 31st. Don Poremski plotted an entertaining route and the day got better with every passing mile. There was an incident just before SR 7 on 800. The bike wound up being a total but luckily the only thing that got frayed we're some nerves. The folks at the Well's Inn and the V.F.W. Hall were all so friendly. They were as ornery as our group and fit right in.

While partying at the V.F.W. Hall we discovered that Carl Bork is not the only guy in the club with dance moves, Tom Cannel does a pretty good job also. Tom's style seems a little more Urban or Hip Hop than Carl's, or maybe it's just the way he wears his hat. This was the most entertaining night I've had in a long time. And I didn't have to buy a ticket. What a hoot! I can't wait to do it again.

We had a good turnout for the Micro Rally at the Pit in New Haven, as in the past Suzie and Roger Schoenberger and several other H.R.A. members did a great job of getting the facility ready for us and put on a great steak feed Saturday.

The high point of Saturday was the door prize drawings. Thanks to the great work of Ron and Erica Petras and due to the generosity of many vendors everyone received a gift.

The Toledo Club was well represented and field events were fun as always. We had 13 participants. The winners of the events were:

- Slow Race – Charlie Junke
- Barrel Wrap – Delbert (Toledo Club) and Mandi (Mike & Joyce McGahey's granddaughter)
- Bagel Probe – Delbert (Toledo Club) and Mandi
- Paint Ball – Darwin McClelland and Chloe

Add to that 2 nights of campfires, libations, good company and you have the perfect weekend.

The R.A. national in Houghton Michigan was attended by about 30 BMWMOC members. About a third of them left Cleveland the Saturday before the rally and took the long way. They rode through Sault Ste. Marie and around Lake Superior, then south to Houghton, MI.

Chloe and I hooked up with everyone on Thursday morning. We had left home about noon on Wednesday and made it to Marquette and stopped for the night because it was just too dark and dangerous. We awoke to a bright sunny day and were enjoying the last 100 miles of the ride when about 15 miles south of Houghton a deer jumped over the front wheel of the bike. I saw his head from the right, stabbed at the brakes, saw nothing but brown and he was gone! I flipped on the intercom and asked Chloe if she saw that. Her reply was, THAT WAS CLOSE! This event proved to me deer avoidance is not an art, but the luck of the draw.

We went on a group ride Friday to Copper Harbor with a stop at the bar in Gay Mich. Yes, it was the Gay Bar, and yes we got some fairy nice photos. When we got to Copper Harbor the women shopped, the guys laid on the grass in the sun, and then we went in different directions for lunch. Margi, Chloe, Robin and I had a fantastic meal at the Harbor House Restaurant, complete with great views of the lake and coastline. We finished off a great ride with a leisurely track back to the dorms and some verbal sparring with friends . . . it was a good day! There is also a rumor going around that John Gerow won riding gear from Aerostitch at the rally. Congrats John!

Check out the calendar of events for more trips and rides. Hope to see you all down the road. ■

Long Way Across…

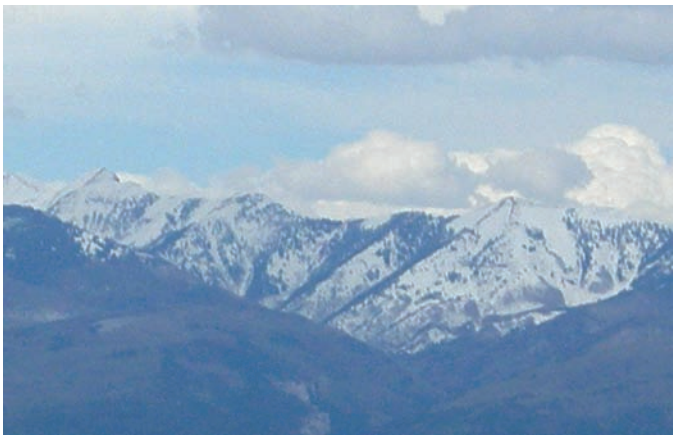
by Judy Gau

Brits Ewan McGregor and Charlie Boorman rode thousands of miles on their BMW motorcycles in their "Long Way Round" and "Long Way Down" documentaries. Since I enjoyed their journeys so much, I thought it fitting to name the trip Roger Pivonka and I took out West in May as "Long Way Across." Since I've been to most states east of the Mississippi, heading west was a new adventure.

Leaving Ohio and heading out west for two weeks was excitement in action. Riding in states I've only flown over, and looking forward to crossing them off my US map when I returned home as been there, done that.

One of our stops was the bombing site in Oklahoma City. The park was well planned in memory of those who died, and very emotional. We met a professor who was 17 miles from the site, teaching at the University when the tragedy happened. His description of campus buildings shaking, windows blowing out and bulbs in the light poles exploding, gives you some idea of the magnitude of the blast. This was his first trip back to the site after 13 years. I can't even imagine what was going thru his mind, but you knew it was painful.

Traveling on to the Pan Handle of Texas, we thought this would be a fun place to stay for the night. According to my GPS, there were many towns listed and we didn't think we would have a problem finding a room or gas. What a surprise when most of these little towns were now dilapidated ghost towns. As the gas gauges were screaming in the red zone, we finally came across this little tiny gas station and store. Gas was quite expensive and the store was also the post office, gift shop, police station, jail, you name it. Population was 52. The town reminded me of Psycho, so we made a hasty retreat after filling up and continued on.



My Aunt Betty from Gallup, New Mexico, 81 years young, was eagerly awaiting our arrival so we could take her on her first motorcycle ride. We had all kinds of plans and places we wanted to travel while visiting, but unseasonable weather & snow prevented her ride. We did experience some inconveniences trying to get there, such as a flat tire, gusty winds, rain, hail, and cell phones that didn't work out in the middle of nowhere on roads that were seldom traveled. If it wasn't for two Christian Motorcycle Riders from Kansas, Dwight Boese and Lee Roy Charvat stopping to help us with the flat tire situation, and arrange for a tow, we may still be out in the land of no return. A few other riders stopped, but no one had a plug kit so we could get into town. The first thing we did the next morning in Roswell, New Mexico where Roger's bike was towed, was purchase two plug kits. This is an item every rider should carry on their bike. If you have it, you most likely will not need to use it. First lesson learned.

While in Roswell, Roger looked up a BMWMOA member in the Anonymous Book, Kurt Richardson from Roswell, to see if he had a plug kit so we could get the bike from the hotel we were towed to over to the Harley Dealer next door for a fix. Taking the tire off in the parking lot was not something we wanted to tackle. To our surprise, Kurt had a new tire in his garage that was the exact tire Roger had on his bike (except for the hole). How lucky for us. They ended up putting on the new tire and Roger ordered a replacement from the dealer for Kurt. There are nice people out there helping others. This was the second time in two days we were blessed.

Second lesson learned was to pack for all types of weather. I packed light clothing as I thought the farther West we went, the warmer it would become. Wrong. It rained, hailed, and snowed for three days with winds over 50+ mph grounding us in Gallup. We made good use of the time off the bikes visiting Navajo Museums, with a history lesson on the Navajo Code Talkers, learning a few of the original 29 are still alive. We

attended a ceremonial Kachina dance at Acoma Sky City, shopped at the many Trading Posts, and visited the ancient statue of the Zuni Indians, the Santo Nino de Zuni, which is kept in the Zuni Village. This statue dates from 1628, and has been handed down to Zuni caretakers who religiously guard the saint which represents to them the Holy Child, Baby Jesus. Since my Aunt was an Archeologist, we hiked some ancient ruins finding pottery shards, the skull of a child which we reburied, and a live rattle snake and horned toad which the guys had to investigate more thoroughly than I. So, being grounded off the bikes was a good thing.

Another BMWMOC member Dan Dobosz, from beneath Lake Michigan as my Uncle called him, met us in Gallup for all the off bike activities. A fun time was had by all.

We were trying to hook up with Mike and Gretchen Nahas, MOC members who were heading out west, but our timing didn't work out.

The first day the winds decreased and the snow melted, we left Gallup heading up to Four Corners and the Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado. The cliff palaces and dwellings build by the Pueblo people in this National Park were astonishing, giving us a view into their ancient world and the architects of long ago. It was worth the harrowing ride up and down the Mesa with its winding roads, never ending turns and switch-backs. The altitude affected some on the Mesa (altitude sickness), but we experienced none of this. Everyone told us to drink as much water as you can, and you'll be fine, which we were. But, little did I know this ride to the Mesa was to prepare me for riding the Million Dollar Highway. The highway starts in Durango, Colorado and runs thru many mountains to Monarch Pass on to Silverton.

While in Durango, a street bike race was taking place. This race was to be held on the Million Dollar Highway thru the Pass and up to Silverton. Due to heavy snows the day before, 18 inches, the pass was closed, so they decided to hold the race in town. Hearing all the talk of the snow started me thinking this may not be a good road to ride. If we wanted to get to Colorado Springs, this was the route we were to take, and were assured by towns folk that the roads were now open and cleared. I was up half the night thinking about the next days ride.

The next day came way too early for me and the ride began. At first, I thought this really isn't that bad riding thru the Colorado Mountains. I've ridden many mountains in the east without any problems, but this was different, you could feel it in your bones. The altitude was climbing to 11,385 feet. Then we started to see two feet of snow on one side, roads narrowing, no turn offs except a few heavily graveled areas, and no guard rails on the opposite side, just a long way down. I was having a hard time trying to keep focused on the roads while Roger is talking to me on our bike to bike communicators, telling me to look at all the breathtaking sights. If I had a third hand, I would have turned the communicator off as I was really stressed by this time. There was no letting go of the handle grips to attempt this task. A few expletives in the headset, and he got the message loud and clear. Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, the winds picked up and it started to snow. I wanted to be anywhere but where I was; this was way out of my skill level and a challenge I didn't want. What was I thinking when I agreed to this. The snow was light and was on and off. Still it made for a very stressful situation for me, and I never got out of second gear. Finally, the roads opened up, less tight turns, and I started to see guard rails. What a comforting sight. We road to Canon City, Colorado and spent the night. We bypassed Colorado Springs, and any talk at all about Pikes Peak was totally out of the question. All I was looking forward to was riding in Kansas, flat and straight.

I survived that day and we are now in Kansas. We had been watching the Weather Channel on our trip as the storms were kicking up with a punch all around us. The clouds were very low to the ground and you could see groups of them coming one after another, rain falling and the winds picked up out of the North, which I thought was unusual for Kansas. We discussed what we would do and not do if we saw a funnel cloud. I told Roger if I saw the Severe Weather Storm Tracker trucks, I was off at the next exit. Well, no sooner than I said that, and here comes five Storm Tracker trucks with full electronic equipment heading west. As long as they were going in the opposite direction, I felt some relief. We continued to ride, and it continued to rain, all the while I'm watching the sky.

We settled in for the night in Russell, Kansas with the rains. We had not eaten much this day so we decided to head to the local diner, which was straight out of Mayberry 1950. Everyone, including those dining, greeted you like they knew you all your

Continued on page 6

life. Diners came up to our table and asked about the bikes, the ride, the gear, the weather, where we've been, where we were going, you name it. It was like a large family gathering. It was refreshing to put the last few days stresses aside. And the rains continued.

The next day we decided in order to stay out of the storms, we would head south to Branson, Missouri. What a fun place. There was so much going on I was in awe. I think the whole town is built on a mountain, as not one parking lot or road was flat. Parking a motorcycle on a sloped road is not one of my strongest skills. We saw the Liverpool Legends Show, a tribute to the Beatles. George Harrison's sister, Louise, is the producer and she is a very wonderful lady. She came out and talked with the audience and told stories of the Beatles before and after their success. An enjoyable evening was had, and the cheapest rooms on the whole trip.

We again watched the Weather (Worry) Channel plotting our route to stay away from the storms. They were coming one right after another. We rode to St. Louis where we went up in the Gateway Arch. I think I could almost see my house from there. You would think this arch would be a magnet for lighting with all the storms, but the town folk said it has never been hit. After being in the arch, this is a good thing. Rode to Terra Haute, Indiana and called it a good day's ride, staying dry. The next day we rode home, arriving two days earlier than expected as the storms were heading our way.

Long Way Across is a trip I will never forget. Despite some stressful moments, numerous weather challenges, and being able to ride 4,130 miles safely, life was good on the road. A huge thank you to those that helped us when we were stranded; you will not be forgotten. Now it's our turn to help someone else and repay the kindness that was extended to us. Would I make this trip again? Probably, but the Million Dollar Highway will have to wait until my next lifetime. ■

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Your Club Needs Your Help...

QUARTERMASTER UPDATE:

- We now have a place to store club supplies such as canopies, coffee pots, paper-ware, burners, etc., however we need someone to transport these items to the Tune-Up Clinic, Pit and Clam Bake events. For more info contact Judith Gau, **330-467-2620** or **jgau@alltel.net**

SAY YA TO DA U.P. EH!

Judy Gau

The RA rally in Houghton, Michigan was a great destination to ride to this year. Not only did our group of eight make it to the rally a day early, but in a long round about way. A group of MOC members, George Lopez, Robin Moss, Margie McClellan, John Gerow, Roger Pivonka and I started our journey the Saturday before the rally. We slabbed it up to Lewiston, Michigan where we spent the night after a day's ride that started with rain. Arp Viiberg was delayed in meeting us due to work issues, but caught up with us in Lewiston. Bob Beason had some tire challenges, but caught us in St. Ignace on Sunday to meet us on Mackinaw Island. Also along for the Saturday send off were Darwin McClellan and Chloe. Unfortunately Darwin and Chloe had to wait a few more days before joining us up in Houghton, so they headed back home after breakfast. Colleen Lopez and Lola, their Greyhound, followed in the car so they could enjoy the trip to Mackinaw Island, before heading back home Monday.

After our day long visit to Mackinaw Island on Sunday, we started with a quick stop on Monday for breakfast in Sault St. Marie, Michigan at the Soo Locks before crossing into Canada to ride the shores of Lake Superior. The scenery was magnificent, but the weather was not cooperating. Rain, cold and fog were on the agenda for the next two days, but we managed to keep warm and dry despite the unexpected colder temperatures.

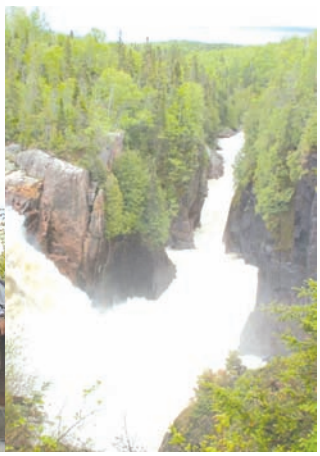
Traveling as gypsies with no planned overnight accommodations, we did well in finding places to stay. Canadian gas prices were really high [$6+ per gallon], but we all managed to dig into our pockets and fork over the cash to keep on riding. We had a few mishaps, but we picked ourselves up and continued on.

Back in the USA, we headed for Duluth so we could shop at the Aerostitch Factory. What a fun place to visit! Several of us made purchases, and George finally found his Darien riding pants. Getting out of Duluth was a challenge due to an accident on the highway we needed to take, but George and Arp got us on our way and no 'child' was left behind. We saw more of Duluth than we planned, but the sun was shining and all was forgotten.

I was amazed at how well these eight riders travelled together for 1,435 miles over five days. When we arrived at the rally and checked in to our rooms, it was hard to say goodnight knowing we wouldn't all be waking up together for another day's ride. It seemed most of us were having symptoms of separation anxiety that became more acute when we separated for our individual rides home.

Everyone really enjoyed the rally events and especially the day ride up to Copper Harbor for lunch and shopping. It was nice to get the group together again for the ride, along with other club members at the rally.

Hooking up with old friends and meeting new ones is what I like most about these rallies, and I will always remember the five days spent with seven wonderful people who all enjoyed the ride as much as I. As the saying goes, "The Journey is the Destination". ■



Falling for the UP

by Phil Nerandzic

Having always been captivated with the BMW mystique and having ridden one for the past two years, I now have an even better reason to ride one.

Getting ready for the RA Rally in the U.P., I was very grateful for the wonderful service given to my 1996 R100GS by the folks at Sills, namely Pam, Bruce & Jack who got my bike ready in very short order.

The two day ride, the longest distance I have undertaken solo, was an enjoyable journey and the GS performed flawlessly.

Upon arrival at the University site for the rally, I found members of BMWMOC and got set up and prepared for a few days of riding and socializing with friends old and new.

On Friday I joined a group of 18 MOC members on a scenic ride to Copper Harbor. The weather was perfect and the roads were, for the most part, well paved and bucolic. The company was excellent.

The following day I decided to repeat the previous day's ride with three others, Don Walker, Ron Jackowski and Sigrid Hugemann. The trip to Copper harbor was as great as the day before . . . a scenic ride, good food and great friends!.

After leaving Copper Harbor we rode up Brockway Mountain Drive when my fun abruptly ended.

While riding uphill and negotiating a short right turn, the front wheel hit a patch of gravel. The bike and I went down unexpectedly and hard. The impact jarred my foot off the peg and I vividly recall the frightening sight of my precious bike sliding across the road with my body following behind . . . except for my right foot which caught on the tarmac and quit sliding. Needless to say, something had to give. That something was my right leg. The way my foot was flopping, I knew immediately my leg was broken.

My friends stopped to render assistance and in short order I was helped off the road and into the shade. My bike was righted and parked in the turnaround.

Assessing the immediate event, I quickly realized that my rule of ATTGAT (All The Gear All The Time) kept me from sustaining more serious injuries. My jacket, riding pants and gloves made road rash a non-issue. My boots saved me from suffering a compound fracture. The gear worked as advertised and designed and was worth every penny I spent. At this point, the local volunteer Fire & Rescue team arrived thanks to an anonymous woman who rode back to Copper Harbor to call 911. There was no cellular service on that area! I want to thank her and I hope she reads this article.

Shortly afterwards, EMS arrived at the scene and started to evaluate my condition and then transported me to the hospital in

Hancock. The emergency staff X-rayed my leg and put it in a temporary cast as well as performing a complete exam to check for any other injuries. They provided me with a cell phone charger, reading glasses and those magic meds to alleviate my pain.

In the meantime, a host of RA Members mobilized to take care of my bike and equipment. My sincerest thanks go to Don, Ron and Sigrid for getting the bike back to Copper Harbor. Also, Debbie, Mel Harbour and Delbert Schuat enlisted the help of the other members to transport my bike back to the RA site. Thanks for getting my bike and equipment back to Michigan Tech where Don, Sigrid and others packed my tent and gear away.

Delbert told Gary Haydel and Lori Daliber of my situation and Gary graciously offered to ride my bike back to Toledo while Lori carted all of my gear with her. Gary had already cannibalized his bike so that another ralley-goer could get back to Kentucky.

The outpouring of help and sympathy from these people made me so proud to be a member of the BMW Community.

The remainder of my trip was relatively uneventful . . . a limo ride and two plane flights and a final car tip to get me back home.

My bike and gear made it to Toledo where Gary & Lori graciously have stored it for me.

I finally had surgery on July 2nd. I am now going through the slow process of healing and rehabilitation. It's estimated that it will be 6-8 weeks before the injury can bear any weight.

A very unpleasant circumstance was made extremely bearable due to the concern and kindness of friends, strangers and now new friends!

So thanks again to my BMW family. I hope to see you all on the road very soon. U-Betch Ya! ■

After the Fall

Reprinted from January '08 MOTORCYCLIST contributed by Don Poremski

Motorcycling can be dangerous. Over time and with proper training, we tend to get better at the safe and skillful operation of our beloved machines. Trouble is, crashes happen for a variety of reasons. If your buddy goes down on a group ride, do you know what to do and not to do?

It all starts with preparation. What you do as the first responder can make or break your buddy's future.

✔ **DO:** Call 911 fast!! If you or someone in your group has medical training to properly evaluate your fallen brother or sister, that's great, but call anyway. DON'T assume your buddy is OK just because he says he is. Believe me, EMTs and paramedics have no problem evaluating a patient and releasing him if he is uninjured.

✔ **DO:** Remember your ABCs: A=Airway, B=Breathing, C=Circulation. If your buddy is talking, he or she is obviously breathing. If your buddy is not talking, then you need to check his ABCs. This is simple: Look and listen for breathing. If he's not breathing you have no choice but to remove his helmet and breathe for him. No pulse? That's worse. This is why you and everyone you ride with should know CPR and basic first aid.

✕ **DON'T:** Remove your buddy's helmet unless you absolutely have to. Excessive head and neck movement could make things a lot worse. Firefighters and paramedics receive special training on how to properly remove any helmet, so if you can, leave helmet extrication to the professionals.

✕ **DON'T:** Move the victim unless absolutely necessary, especially if you see major helmet damage—this suggests possible spinal injury. Hold the victim's head still and encourage him to remain motionless, then wait for the cavalry. Improper movement of a spinal-injury victim can lead to permanent damage, including paralysis or even death.

✔ **DO:** Carry a first-aid kit. A couple of bandages, dressings, ACE wraps, Band-Aid-type products and some protective gloves (for your use) are better than nothing.

✔ **DO:** Control bleeding. Severe uncontrolled bleeding leads to shock and, eventually, death. Do this by applying direct pressure to the wound. Forget what you see in the movies about using a tourniquet—it can cause major damage.

✔ **DO:** Take a CPR course. If you can, take a first-aid or advanced first-aid course, too. Want to be an EMT? Your local Fire Rescue or Emergency Medical Service can not only help you find these courses, but perhaps also teach your riding group some valuable emergency-care tips.

✕ **DON'T:** Forget to take care of each other. Know your buddies' health issues. Having a plan in case someone gets hurt is the best and smartest start to any group-riding activity. ■

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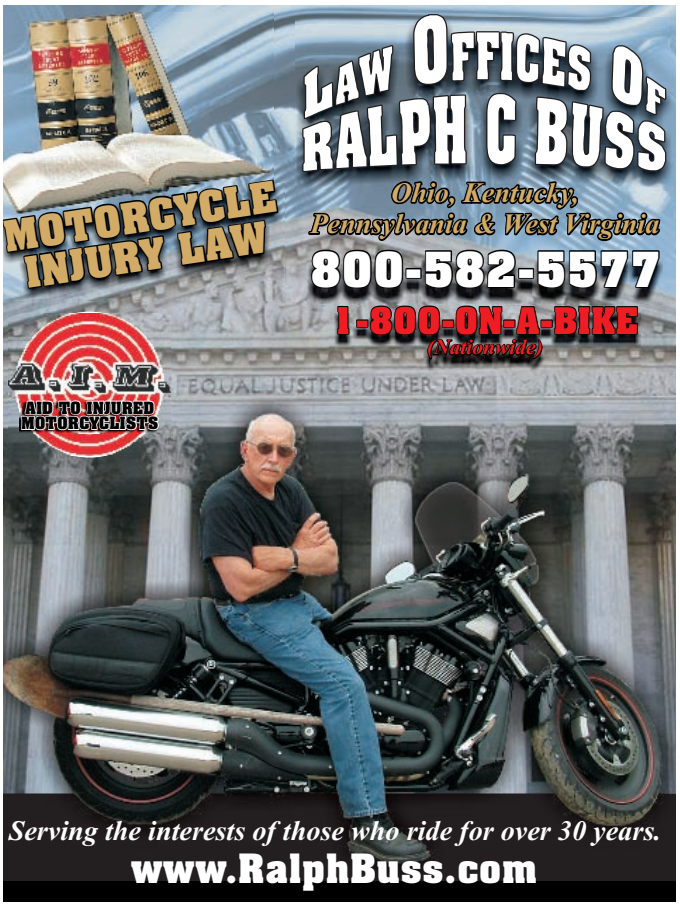

BMW - A Living Legend

The Bassella (Spain) Motorcycle Museum

In northern Spain, about an hour's ride north of Barcelona towards Andorra, is one of motorcycling's best kept secrets.

Surrounded by mountains, the family-run Bassella Motorcycle Museum is a must-visit destination for riders, as it contains some fantastic rare examples of motorcycling memorabilia.

Every year there is a featured exhibition and since February 2007 the main theme has been 'BMW, a living legend'.

A selection of BMW's famous competition motorcycles

This has been one of the most successful exhibitions in the museum's history and for this reason, the museum's owners have decided to extend it for another year (until February 2009), keeping the current motorcycles on display and adding some very special models that have been sourced during the past few months.

This exclusive exhibition in the Bassella Motorcycle Museum is devoted entirely to the history of the German brand and puts on display some of the most important mass-produced models manufactured by the company throughout its history.

Approximately 50 motorcycles are on display that have either been loaned by private Spanish collectors as well as many that have been provided by BMW Mobile Tradition - the organization within BMW that coordinates all activities that are connected with the company's varied and successful history.

The R 32 – the first BMW motorcycle ever produced

The first display covers the years from 1923 through to 1938 and includes 15 fantastic and rare machines, such as the R 32 - the first BMW motorcycle ever produced - and the R 37, the racing derivative of the R 32.

Also on display is the R 12 - the first bike in the world to be fitted with telescopic front forks - and the R 63 with sidecar, which is probably the best example of a classic BMW motorcycle currently kept in Spain.

The second part of the exhibition covers the years from 1948 to 1993, starting shortly after the Second World War, with a defeated Germany as well as a practically destroyed factory that had to start again from scratch.

There are approximately 20 motorcycles on display covering these decades, such as the R 24 - the first post-war model; the R 27 'Roa', which was the only BMW bike manufactured in Spain; the R 90 S, one of the all-time classic BMWs; as well as various four-cylinder K Series models, which at the time were part of BMW's plan to phase out the Boxer twins.

The mythical military BMW R 75 in its 'Africa' guise

The exhibition also offers two additional special sections. One is devoted to military BMWs and their role in the Second World War. Bikes such as the R 20, R 35 or mythical R 75 in its two 'Africa' and 'Russia' guises can be seen. The second section covers competition motorcycles - both on track and off-road, where visitors will be able to look at prototypes as well as see models that have conquered international championships during all these years.

As well as all of the motorcycles mentioned above, the Bassella Motorcycle Museum is currently planning to add some very special models to the display, which will be arriving in Spain very soon. These include machines such as the 500cc R51/2 of 1950, which was the first Boxer twin produced after the

The ISDE-specification R 68

Second World War.

Also included are rarities such as the BMW R 10 Scooter; an 800cc Paris-Dakar rally prototype machine, the amazing BMW Futuro prototype and the BMW JCobas, which is a 1000cc race bike that was specially manufactured for the 24h of Montjuic endurance race in Spain in 1984.

It's also worth noting that the 'BMW, a Living Legend' exhibition forms only part of the museum's attractions. There is also a permanent collection located on the first floor of the museum where visitors will find around 70 exceptional machines from different manufacturers with a history all of their own.

These include BSA, Norton, Harley-Davidson, Ariel, Terrot, Motosacoche and the main Spanish motorcycle brands such as Bultaco, Montesa, Ossa and Derbi.

More information about the BMW exhibition and this family-run motorcycle museum near Barcelona can be found by visiting the www.museumoto.bassella.com website, which has Spanish and English language options. ■

The BMW Motorcycle Owners Club of Cleveland wishes to thank the supporting vendors who have provided merchandise for our functions in 2008. We sincerely appreciate their support!

Aerostitch
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Dowco Inc.
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Haynes Manuals
Held USA
Johnny's Vintage Motorcycle Company
Kershaw Knives
Outdoor Products
Parmer Screen Printing
Remington Arms
RyKel Industries
Whitehorse Press
Works Performance Products
Zan Headgear

Calendar of Events

August 7
BMWMOC Membership Meeting
7pm – 8pm Huntington Beach Park, Bay Village

August 15-17
42nd Four Winds Rally
Four Winds BMW Riders #6
The longest continually-held BMW rally in the U.S.! Redbank Valley Municipal Park, 2.5 miles northeast of New Bethlehem, PA. 18 miles south of Interstate 80 on Route 28. GPS Coordinates: N 41 00.94', W 79 17.52'. Rally events include tech sessions and seminars, GS adventure ride, touring rides, self-guided 'local trivia' ride, field events and Saturday night BBQ. Door prizes, rally pin to first 300, free coffee and iced tea. Sunday morning donut breakfast. Vendors welcome! No pre-registration. Info at www.4windsbmw.org or Mitch Kehn, President 412-881-5068 or j.kehn@verizon.net.

August 22-24
B&B Ride to Coudersport PA - Extended!
This ride will leave Friday afternoon, slab to Kinzua via I-90 and I-86 then south on 280 to 321 to 53 then Rt. 6 to Coudersport and the Susquehannok Lodge. Breakfast Saturday a.m. then tour the area, dinner and campfire p.m. Breakfast Sunday a.m. and ride home via the state routes with lunch and ice cream stop. Cost will be $95.82 per person. The cost includes, taxes, 2 nights accommodations, breakfast Saturday and Sunday with dinner on Saturday. This was a great time last year. STAY TUNED FOR FURTHER DETAILS!

September 4
BMWMOC Membership Meeting
7pm – 8pm Oak Grove, Brecksville Reservation, East of Rt 21 on Valley Parkway.

September 12-14
U.S. GP Indianapolis Motor Speedway
I am going! Anyone else interested contact me A.S.A.P. We need to get seating soon., The tickets are going fast. Darvroom@sbcglobal.net or 216-631-0851.

September 19-21
Fall Foliage Clam Bake
Whispering Hills Recreation, Inc., Shreve, Ohio. Visit www.whisperinghillsrvpark.com for more information. 800.992.2435. The clam bake will be on Saturday afternoon. Grill space available for grilling alternative foods. Scheck IGA Foodliner in Shreve is open Saturdays from 8 AM till 9 PM phone: 330.567.2045 ORDER YOUR BAKES BY SEPTEMBER 13!! Bakes $19, Chicken bakes $15, Extra dozen clams $7, bowl of chowder $2. Send SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE WITH PAYMENT (Payable to BMWMOC) to: George Lopez, 5962 Chestnut Hills Drive, Parma, OH 44129 Email questions: george_lopez@ameritech.net or phone 440.532.0627.
See announcement on next page.

October 2
BMWMOC Membership Meeting
7pm – 8pm NEW LOCATION: Teamz Restaurant & Bar, 6611 Eastland Rd, Cleveland, OH 44130. Tel (440) 243-728. Take 237 past airport, left on Eastland road, corner of Eastland and Sheldon Rd.

October 31 - November 2
Ohio RA Halloween Camp Out
N40 20.484 W81 01.463
Trail Riders Campground, 4 miles north of Cadiz on SR 9. Primitive camping, pit toilets, and a paved road into the campsite. Look for a Harrison State Forest sign marked "Trail Riders Campground" http://www.bmwra.org/~raOhio/cadiz.htm . All interested BMW riders are invited to this end of season the camp out. RA-Ohio coffee, tea, etc., Sam Hill Memorial Ride at noon, "bring a dish if you wish" potluck on Saturday evening and more. Ghouls and gobblins welcome. Contact the RA Ohio Region Rep for details. ■

Corner Market

Looking for something? Have something for sale? Post it here in our CORNER MARKET by emailing your information to Paul Mitchell at mitchellrrc@att.net and we will feature it in our next quarterly CCN.

For Sale:

1982 Honda CX500 Custom Classic, 11,400 miles, excellent original condition, grey on grey with chrome fenders. Water cooled with shaft drive. $1,850. Call **Don 330-877-0582** or **330-704-1680**.

Aerostich Darien pants, custom fit 38 waist by 32 length. Minor melt mark above left knee, does not affect function. Asking $100. Contact Robin at **zzum@aol.com** or **216-410-4640**. ■

It's time for...

2008 BMWMOC Fall Foliage Folly

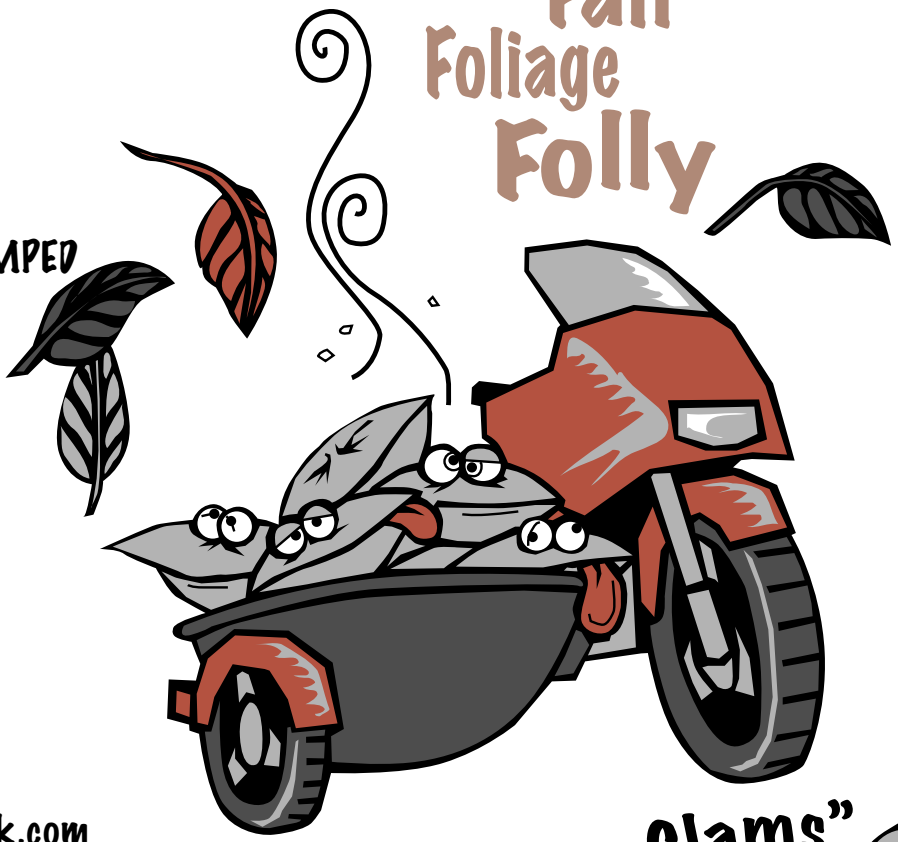
When:
Friday September 19 - Sunday September 21

Where:
Whispering Hills RV Park in Big Prairie, OH (near Shreve)
8248 State Route 514, Big Prairie, Holmes, Ohio 44611

DEADLINE FOR TICKETS is SEPTEMBER 13th!:
$19 Clambake
$15 Chicken only
$7 Extra dozen clams
$2 Bowl o' chowdah

Send SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE WITH PAYMENT (Payable to BMWMOC) to:
George Lopez
5962 Chestnut Hills Drive
Parma, OH 44129

CAMPING FEES:
Call the park for current camping rates:
800.992.2435
or visit:
www.whisperinghillsrvpark.com



"Gathering of the Clams"

Visit to Aerostitch Headquarters

by Wally Gingerich

On a recent driving trip (in the car, alas) Elaine and I found ourselves in Duluth, Minnesota. And like any BMW rider, when I'm in Duluth I'm thinking Aerostitch/RiderWearHouse, home of the world famous Roadcrafter and Darien suits. I had some time to myself on Saturday so I located the store on the map, expecting to drive right to it. Wrong! Too difficult for me, so I asked my GPS for help and even she had difficulty, but we eventually found it. You see, Aerostitch/ RiderWearHouse is located in a nondescript three-story warehouse in an old part of town, and if you don't have a sharp eye out for Beemers you may never notice the unpretentious gray side entrance door with an Aerostitch sign painted above it.

Stepping inside the door I proceeded up a half flight of stairs in what looked like a back stairwell, and would have wondered if I had the right place were it not for the quaint painted sign that said the office, and shipping and receiving are on 1st floor, sewing on 2nd floor, and cutting on 3rd. Entering 1st floor I found a large open area full of desks, shelves, workstations, a rack of used Roadcrafters in for repair, and to my left the opening to the quaint "showroom."

I entered the showroom, adrenaline pumping. I was about to see every neat piece of gear a Beemer rider could ever want, all within easy reach for hands-on inspection. The showroom was cramped with a glass-topped showcase along one wall, several shelves of discontinued items in one corner, several floor racks and miscellaneous items lying on the floor, and immediately to my left the piece de resistance, racks containing every size of Roadcrafter made! Being cheap, I headed for the sale corner first, but had to wait a bit since several young riders from Minneapolis, one of them wearing a red Roadcrafter with black ballistics, were trying on some of the Aerostitch combat boots. The "shoe department," when occupied, kind of fills up that end of the showroom. No problem – I made my way along the showcase checking out the samples of what looked like every item included in the RiderWearHouse catalog, piled on top of each other in no particular order. This showroom made no pretense of eye-catching displays or chic marketing – it was just a place for customers to come to find their correct size for a Roadcrafter or Darien, or to peruse the growing number of other biking gear items included in the catalog. In-store purchases receive a 10% discount. I noticed a book that I've always wanted, Motorcycle Suspension Technology in Detail by Werner Koch and Benny Wilburs, so bargain-hunter that I am I decided to buy it. The sales person got the item number from the catalog, retrieved it from warehouse, and charged my Visa card at one of the workstations they use to handle online purchases. Great book, by the way – I'm still trying to optimize the set-up of the Wilburs I have on my R11RS and K12LT.

But the main business of Aerostitch/RiderWearHouse is their suits and jackets. Aerostitch pioneered the development and use of textile-based protective gear for riders and has been producing their storied Roadcrafter for 25 years. When I first entered the showroom a young woman wearing one of the suits from the sizing rack was sitting on a "fitting bike" while an Aerostitch employee checked the overall fit and took measurements for alterations the woman was having made. As I learned later on my tour, although Aerostitch does not make custom fit suits they do make selected alterations to their standard suits to improve the fit for folks with unique body types. The fitting bike

consists of a seat, tank, foot pegs and handlebars attached to a frame mounted on side rockers. Neat idea! I had thought I would try on suits during this visit just so I would have my correct size in case something comes up on eBay, but decided it wasn't a high priority since my gear closet at home already contained four jackets and three pair of pants. Plus, it was nearing 4 p.m. – closing time on Saturdays.

I managed to get in on the last tour of the day. My tour guide made sure I knew not to take photos of anything I saw on the tour – they didn't want any of their business secrets to make their way out of the store. We started on the third floor – the cutting floor – where large tables were laid out with five layers of fabric and patterns on top. Workers use electric scissors to cut out pieces for five suits at a time. Racks contained rolls of the all the fabrics used in every color, the ballistics, and the padding, which is cut to fit for the suits. When all the pieces for a suit are cut out, including the zippers and pads, they are rolled together to be sent to the sewing floor for assembly. It was warm up on the non-air conditioned 3rd floor that day – Aerostitch employees break a sweat while making the Roadcrafters. Aerostitch employs about 100 people who work in two shifts from early morning until late at night. A smaller crew was on hand this Saturday to staff the showroom and put in some overtime.

Second floor is the sewing floor. There were 30 or more sewing machines set up. Each worker assembles a significant portion of an entire suit rather than doing one small operation over and over, assembly line fashion. The waterproof suits go to one of the taping stations where a worker meticulously tapes each seam using a machine that applies heat as the tape is applied. That was not a cool job – I could feel the heat standing a few feet away! My tour guide explained that all of the fabric suits are still made right there in the three- story warehouse. Only the leather suits which they are just beginning to carry in their catalog are made overseas.

First floor contains the ordering, receiving and shipping departments. Several workers were sitting at computers taking off Internet orders that were coming in. We walked by several large rooms filled with hanging suits. The tour guide explained they try to keep some suits in stock, but it is pretty much impossible to do. She said it would take 4-6 weeks to get a suit if you ordered one today. Another area of 1st floor was devoted to assembling and boxing up orders, and there was still another section where shipments of materials and supplies came in. Walking up the ramp from receiving back into the main area I noticed several large bookshelves filled with magazines. My guide explained this was Andy Goldfine's (owner of Aerostitch) personal collection of BMW Owners News, which he made available to interested customers.

At the end of the tour my guide happened to notice a snap missing from the cuff of the Roadcrafter being worn by a young man on the tour and offered to fix it on the spot. She stepped away and came back with a big tool that she used to replace both parts of the snap, right there while the young man was standing with the suit on! I was witnessing the legendary Aerostitch customer service for which they have become so famous and appreciated!

With the tour completed and closing time approaching I took the exit, but found myself partway up to the sewing floor before realizing I needed to go down a half flight to get back out on the street. Call it an old guy not paying attention, or chalk it up to an operation that cares more about the quality and competitiveness of their product than the glitz and comfort of their facilities. I guess they figure discriminating riders care more about the quality of their gear and the service they get than state-of-the-art showrooms. Judging from the success of Aerostitch/RiderWearHouse, I think they are right.

This year, to mark their 25th year in business, Aerostitch is holding the Very Boring Rally II on August 22-24, right there in Duluth at the top of the Spirit Mountain ski run overlooking the city and harbor below. In fact, this looks like it will be the opposite of a boring rally featuring seminars, BBQ dinner, and live entertainment Friday and Saturday nights. The Rally also coincides with the NATC Trials Competition being held that weekend at the same location. Camping is available within walking distance in the adjoining state campground. If you missed the RA rally here is your chance in fabulous Northern Wisconsin and Michigan's UP. Here is your chance to visit the home of Aerostitch/RiderWearHouse, take in a fun rally in a great location, and meet some great people in the process. For more information on Aerostitch/RiderWearHouse or the Very Boring Rally II visit their website: www.aerostitch.com.■

Father's Day Florida Trip

by Rick Gzesh

The following is my trip report from my recent road trip to Boca Raton, Florida to visit my father for Father's Day and who also recently celebrated his 85th Birthday. Dad moved with his wife to Boca Raton 20 years ago to retire and to escape the harsh Pittsburgh winters. I actually think that it is a Jewish law that one must make the pilgrimage to Southern Florida at age 65 and to buy a condo and white Cadillac with matching white shoes. Since his move, he has expected all of his children to spend our hard earned money and vacation time to come down to Florida for a visit. The trouble is, I HATE Florida. Too hot, too many old people, too flat and too many tourists. Other than the beach, I can't think of a single reason to ever visit there, except to see Dad. And I hadn't done that in over 3 years. What a bad son I am!

Several weeks ago, my lovely S/O Cheri, canceled out of a 2 week bike trip to the RA National Rally in the UP of Michigan due to some work issues that prevented her from taking time away from her store. So, I decided at the last minute that I should fight my Florida Demons and travel to Florida to visit my father for Father's Day. And what better way to travel, especially in light of our increased fuel costs than by motorcycle. My logic seemed most appropriate as my father to this day hates motorcycles even more than I hate going to Florida. The fact that my Father always considered me his "difficult son" made my choice of transportation even more perfect.

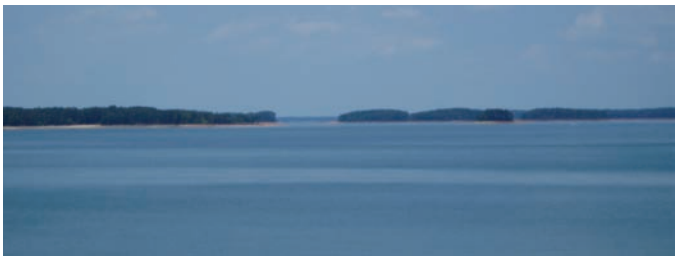
I quickly planned a route and left early on Thursday June 12th, hitting the interstate for a quick blast through Ohio and West Virginia. From that point on, I kept mostly on the scenic 2 lane roads all the way to Boca Raton.

My destination for the first night was a stop at a friend's home near Hickory, NC; or rather I should say his log home which he built himself! I traveled just over 500 miles on my first day. Don, whom I met through ADVrider.com, had graciously invited me to spend a night in his home, even though we only knew each other from spending too much time on line. He suggested that I run Route 16 south from Tazewell that is if I like twisty roads. Well, I do and so I did and I had a blast finally getting off the slab and having some 2 lane fun. Route 16 eventually took me to within a couple of miles from his log home. Looks kind of rustic from the outside, but inside is a beautiful and cozy modern log home.

That evening, I treated Don to dinner at his favorite local Bar-B-Q joint and then we mingled with some of his friends and other bikers at a local Bike Night. Don, who owns several bikes, was riding an R 90/6 Café Racer. Cool bike! I should have taken a picture.

The next morning Don, being a most excellent host cooked me up a nice county breakfast to send me on my way.

I left Hickory NC and headed south keeping to the 2 lane roads that were now mostly straight with occasional sweepers. Before I knew it I was through both North and South Carolina and into Georgia. I was making good time and the weather wasn't too hot...yet. It was early afternoon when I stopped to take a break at this state park overlooking a reservoir to munch on some goodies I had packed.



Not long afterwards, I crossed over into Florida, with a goal of getting as far south as I could. Rather than follow either the east or west coast of Florida and the accompanying traffic and congestion, I kept to the interior of the state, easily slipping past the congestion of Jacksonville and other population centers. I was letting Mr. Garmin lead the way which sometimes took me down some rather remote roads including this one somewhere in North Central Florida.

Don't worry; I kept a watchful eye out for gators and other swamp creatures. I stopped for dinner eats at a little diner that I forgot to take a picture of called Grandma's Home Cookin'. To be blunt, Granny needs some culinary lessons! I finally stopped for the night just south of Ocala in a perfectly average Ho Jo's having put just over 600 miles on the odometer.

The next morning I slept in a little longer knowing that I only had about another 200 miles to go. I got on the road about 9:00 am figuring I would get to Dad's around 12:30 just in time for lunch. What I did not take into consideration was the increasing tourist traffic and road construction as I tried to sneak past the Orlando area about 10-20 miles to the west.

And then the sky opened up and the rain fell for the first time, but not the last, on my trip. At first I thought I could ride it out without my rain suit, but the deluge increased in intensity as did the wind. I ducked under an underpass that magically appeared just as I was getting concerned about continuing in that mess. Low and behold, there was already another biker seeking shelter, your typical Harley Davidson biker type who gave me a friendly, "Hey there, some rain storm, wouldn't you say?" There we were a study in contrasts. He with his old school American cruiser, the only protective gear he had were jeans, t-shirt and boots. Me, on the other hand had my high tech German Wonder Bike, wearing the latest in high tech warm weather protective riding gear with full face helmet. But there we were 2 motorcyclists both seeking the same thing, a little shelter from a nasty storm. We chatted away while I did the rain suit dance, and when the rain let up a bit, I was gone. My new friend with out any rain gear would wait a while longer for the rain to completely cease before moving on.

I finally arrived at Dad's around 2:00 about 2 hours behind schedule. Dad was doing his Jewish worry dance pacing around his condo waiting for me to arrive. After a quick hug they had a much needed lunch all ready for me. Corn Beef on Rye with a big pickle! My folks would not have it any other way. By the way, they looked great!

For the next 3 days I did not touch my bike and basically just hung with my folks, enjoying their company. On Sunday, Father's Day, I took them to see "Don't Mess With The Zohan", Adam Sandler's new movie about an Israeli James Bond type who fakes his death to run away to New York to be a hairdresser. Walking up to the ticket counter at the Boca Raton matinee was quite surreal. It seemed that the entire line waiting to buy tickets was hunched over in walkers or in wheel chairs carrying mini oxygen tanks like you and I carry water bottles. They were wearing some of the most outlandish brightly colored clothes I had ever seen in truly weird combinations. The women had their faces all painted up like clowns and sporting hair colors that do not naturally exist in nature. To top it off, their sense of smell has diminished to the point that they wear enough perfume to require a Haz-Mat team to clean up. I could hear several complaining loudly about the heat and humidity. I thought I had stepped into a Seinfeld horror episode. I turned to Diane, my father's wonderful wife of 30 years and

Continued on page 18

kissed her gently on her cheek and whispered a big Thank You into her ear for not become one of THEM and for not allowing my father to as well!! Yes people, I was in South Florida where all of the Jews escaped the North East cold winters to dress poorly and to complain about how hot and humid it is in Florida.The movie however, was actually quite hilarious and I even saw my Dad break a smile and laugh out loud a couple of times even though he will never admit to liking the movie, calling it way too raunchy for his tastes. My Father the prude!

What trip to Florida would not be complete without a trip to the Flea Market, or the Flea's as they call it down there. So on Monday we went to the Fela's Florida Flea Markets. They are like no other. They have pretty much replaced traditional independent retail in South Florida. They inhabit abandoned malls and warehouses with rows upon rows of clothing, jewelry, perfume and watch booths. These mini retail stores (no traditional flea market used goodies here) originally run by retired guys named Morty and Saul who used to be in the business in the Big Apple, are now run by Martinez and Jin Ling who either snuck across the boarder or came over in a boat with a 100 of the their closest friends and family and now all work and live together in a mobile home down the road. I bought Cheri a nice pearl necklace that I am sure I could have found cheaper at Macy's or TJ Max. (Probably a higher quality too.) But, this is all part of the South Florida experience. That night we had a nice dinner at P.F. Chang's and had a lovely stroll along the beach in Deerfield, the first time I had scene the Ocean during this trip.

Tuesday was departure day, but I needed to get a new rear tire installed, as the one I had was looking pretty thin. I had made the mistake of casually mentioning to my Father soon after my arrival that my rear tire might not make it home. The result was that for the next 2 days he hounded me about that damn dangerous tire. To put his mind at ease, I arranged to get a new tire installed early Tuesday morning at a local shop recommended by another ADVrider where I had posted a request for tire help, using my parent's computer and dial up connection (Dial up, OMG, how quaint but SLOW!). I was able to get that done fairly easily and was back at Dad's by noon for one last corn beef sandwich and to finish packing the bike for my trip back north.

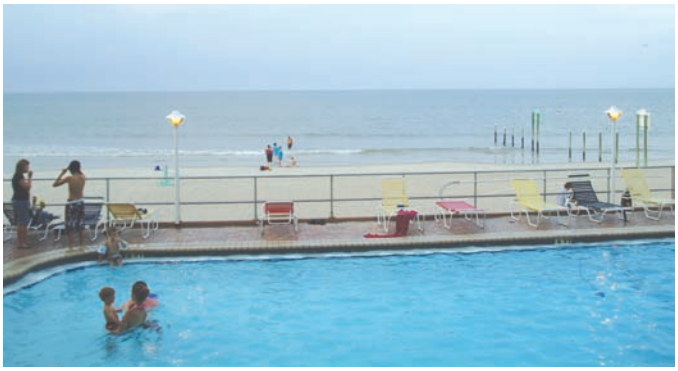
I finally got on the road around 2:00 and had Daytona as my night's destination as I have never been there. I elected to take the interstate to make some time due to my late departure. Just south of Daytona, I decided to swing by the Kennedy Space Center, but got there too late to go in. But I did take this pic from the distance where you can see the launch towers.

Then I experienced had my 2nd Florida Storm. These are very common late afternoon 15 minute storms with a heavy

down pour followed by the sun as if it had never rained. What I did not expect to see was this....

A full horizon to horizon rainbow! Probably the most beautiful that I have ever seen!

I finally pulled into Daytona around 7:00 PM and stopped by this Motel to see about a room:



It was right on the beach for $69.00. Not too shabby!

I had a nice seafood dinner at a restaurant next door and then a stroll down the beach to the Boardwalk for an ice cream cone. I briefly entertained the thought of staying an extra night but after walking around a bit doing my people watching thing, I realized that in Daytona there are only two types of people. There are the really good looking young MTV co-ed types and then there are the ugly rednecks wearing wife beaters and chewing tobacco dragging their unruly offspring from one

souvenir t-shirt shop to the next. Somehow I thought I did not quite fit in so I packed the bike and was gone in the morning, but not before riding down to the beach for one last pic of Daytona.

I followed the old Route A1A up the coast into St. Augustine where there is a 15th Century Spanish Fort that is now a National Monument. One of the few times I allowed myself to be a tourist during this trip.

I continued on north hoping to break into the Carolina's for the night. I almost made it but got a much needed room in Augusta GA for the night. The next day I rode through the Carolina's just fine except for near Boone, NC where I encountered a delay due to road construction and too many tourists.

Using good ole Mr. Garmin as my guide, I followed a suggested detour that took me on this road.

The trusty Global Positioning System eventually returned me right back to where I had attempted to avoid the construction. Rather than go another 20-30 miles out of my way, I bit the bullet and snailed my way through the construction zone and points north, to Damascus to ride Route 58, aka The Crooked Road and then over to Route 16 eventually stopping for the night in Tazewell, VA. By the way, both of these roads are highly recommended, but only if you like extremely narrow and twisty mountain roads with blind curves, elevation changes and very little margin for error. Yes, this road requires your attention, but the rewards and exhilaration are worth it!

Coming down the mountain on Route 16 into Tazewell, I snapped this pic:

Friday was to be my last day on the road and I made the most of it riding north through the back roads of West Virginia. Sometimes passing towns where I once had customers when I was a sales rep in the clothing industry calling on Mom & Pop clothing, department and sporting goods stores. Now those towns are mostly empty. Virtually all of my old customers are out of business. The quaint and traditional small town business districts mostly boarded up. What a sad commentary on our economy. But occasionally, I would ride past something that would remind me of the good old days and brighten my spirits. Do you remember seeing these?

Continued on page 20

I also thought this barn was pretty cool.

And this old church that I found on yet another back, back, back road courtesy of Mr. Garmin.

I quickly saddled up and left when I started hearing the banjo music!

The rest of my trip was quite uneventful (a good thing) as I finished working my way north in WV to Parkersburg where I crossed over the river into my new home state of Ohio and then on to our little lake front home in Euclid just east of Cleveland. I traveled 2900 miles over 7 days of riding and 3

days of relaxation in Florida, my longest bike trip to date. Next year I hope to take an even further journey. I want to do a cross country bike trip with my eventual destination to be Seattle and the home of my baby brother. So Steve, you had better make some room in your garage for my Beemer when I come! ■

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Our First Year

by Arp and Sharon Viiberg

Her story …

As the Christmas season approached, my company holiday party was upon us. Arp and I attended, and he met some people he didn't know. Well, one couple in particular, stood out. Their names shall remain nameless, for now. As the conversation "rolled" towards motorcycles, the smiles widened. Then, to my dismay, the letters BMW were uttered. Arp, who by now was on his second bike, or was it his third, since I've known him, was to say quite intrigued. I, on the other hand, saw more money being spent. The zeal that this other couple spoke with for the love of the ride and the friendship of "the club" became intoxicating. I remember their faces were glowing with excitement as they lured Arp in.

Within two months time, Arp had read most of the cycle magazines and researched every internet site, about BMW's. I knew from his actions that another bike was going to be bought. After it's arrival came ALL the accessories. There were new jackets, pants, gloves, boots, helmets, bike cover, an autocom, and GPS. And, of course, a new tent, sleeping bags, towels, and chairs. These chairs then became Kermit chairs for a few dollars more. Yes, ALL this times two, for me! As I said before, I saw more money being spent.

Then we became members of "the club". We've met the most wonderful people and have had the most wonderful times with them.

That couple from the party just happened to be Judy Gau and Roger Pivonka. And this past year for Arp and I have been priceless.

His story …

Bought a bike … joined a club … having a blast … the end. ■

My first year on a BMW actually started about forty some years ago with go-carts, mini-bikes, dirt bikes and a Honda 350 in the early seventies.

My long sabbatical from motorcycles came to an end in 2000, just a few months after Sharon and I got married. We were driving past Sill's, I looked at Sharon and said "I think it's time I get back into motorcycling". She said, "Oh, no you're not!" So, the following week I bought a Honda 750 cruiser. After a few weeks of "getting back into it" I took Sharon for her first ride and she loved it! We used to truck the bike to the Smoky Mountains and ride around for the week … great fun. But, two up on a 750 was uncomfortable so we bought a Kaw 1500 cruiser … much better. We took our first tour on the Kaw, with jean jackets on and a tour pack strapped to the backrest we hit PA for a nine day, butt burning, ride through the countryside … there's got to be a better way.

The riding season's over, I'm reading quite a few motorcycle magazines, and I start looking at sport/tour bikes… FJR, ST1300 and you can get a brand new Connie for 8K… WOW, that's cool.

So, then we go to the UH Bedford's Holiday party and Sharon introduces me to Judy who in turn introduces us to Roger. (From this point on nothing is my fault because as one can clearly see Sharon introduced me to Judy and indirectly to Roger so any money spent is all her doing) It didn't take but a minute and a half for the conversation to turn to motorcycles. I told Judy and Roger, and probably just informed Sharon, I was looking at some sport/tour bikes so we could properly pack and be more comfortable on longer rides. Judy immediately says "you must buy a BMW and join our club", Roger nods in agreement, I smile, Sharon goes pale. And the rest as they say is history.

Last March we bought the R1200RT and joined BMWMOC and the adventure began. But wait, now we needed the proper riding gear, camping equipment and then came all the farkles/gadgets. Those two Kermit chairs cost more than my first living room set … lol.

Sharon's my riding buddy, and all around good sport, and we went to six BMW rallies together and I went to another three on my own. We also did a 2300 mile tour through OH, WV, VA, NC, GA, TN and KY. And along the way we met many wonderful people from all over the country.

BMW motorcycles sure do have soul, but not near the soul BMWMOC has. The Club is like no other group of people we have ever met and we will always cherish the people we have met and the special friendships we have made. Membership is truly priceless. It is a privilege to serve as your V.P.

P.S. Judy and Roger, we're still working on your portion of the bill.■

To Arizona in the Spring!

by Michael Nahas

Day One- Friday (May 23rd)

It was sunny in Cleveland when we left. I should have known something was wrong.

It started to cloud up by the time we passed through Columbus and soon we were in several rains until the last hour of our first day of the trip. I gave in about halfway through the day and we stopped to put the rain gear on. It wasn't too bad really- the LT protected us fairly well.

Day Two- Saturday

Departed St Louis and headed south. We looked at the weather and decided to take a more southerly route to avoid the tornado warnings in Kansas City and Wichita. We dawned the rain gear at daybreak and headed to Henryetta. I knew we had to get south fast but going southwest we didn't get us as far as I had hoped or the bad weather was moving faster than I realized. It really got dark along I-44 in Missouri as it started to rain hard. We passed a number of other bikes seeking shelter by under passes. (I think they are still waiting there). We pushed through as it was darker behind us and to the other sides of the storm. Luckily continuing on, we enjoyed just grey a sky, but no rain.

Providence may have been a factor with the relatively uneventful 2nd half of the trip. My original route had avoided toll roads. The previous owner of my GPS had the preferences set to not avoid toll roads. This was one of five potential routes. All the others I had recalculated to newer maps but somehow I missed this one. The GPS rerouted us to it's preference due to my oversight and we ended up on the Will Rogers Turnpike. This nice road was not my plan but then again there was no rain. Approaching the hotel in Henryetta, my son called and was frantic about the tornado warnings in Oklahoma that he saw on TV. I told him we were south of it and not in a storm. I assured him that we'd make it OK. We did make it in the dry, but we had to take a smoking room, as it was the only room left being a holiday weekend.

Day Three-Sunday

Our planned destination to Santa Rosa NM changed yesterday to Moriarty when I called to make reservations. Our hotel was filled so we had to take a longer ride. Today had to be better than previous two days, right? We start out with the rain gear again, and sprint to west of Oklahoma City and break into the clear. Gretchen has to stop, so we take off the rain gear and take a break as well. May as well get breakfast too since the skies were clear for 3600. However, as we ate, the sky grew dark, but no rain as we slipped into 1st gear. Just as I told Gretchen if we get wet, it's her fault for wanting to stop. Just as I finished that comment, it really started coming down. We were at a traffic light so the LT offered us no protection. Once on I-40 again heading west, we left the rain behind us in five minutes. As we headed towards the light again, the sky behind started to clear.

Now I now it's not nice to mess with Mother Nature, but she started to blow like a hurricane! Remember the new tires? I'm wearing out the left sides. I've been in cross winds before, but these were so bad and got much worse as the day wore on. Soon I couldn't even go the speed limit. Tried different windshield and deflector positions, but nothing made much difference. I made the bike as clean aerodynamically as possible with the deflectors and put the shield all the way down. The wind was still pushing us around. Then my worst fear! M.N. threw us gusty winds and another down pour. I was waiting for hail to follow, but we lucked out on that experience.

There was no shelter or exits for miles. We slowed way down and put the flashers on. One sympathetic trucker took pity on us and paced us for a mile or two to put the bike in his wind shadow. While I welcomed the brief break, it made me nervous being so close to a truck, so I fell behind and let him go on into the apparent darkness. Later that day, I learned that a truck flipped over in the wind near Amarillo. I thanked God for the earlier adventure and mishap in the rain a couple weeks ago that prompted me to get new tires for this trip. This was our longest day . . . almost 600 miles.

Day Four-Monday

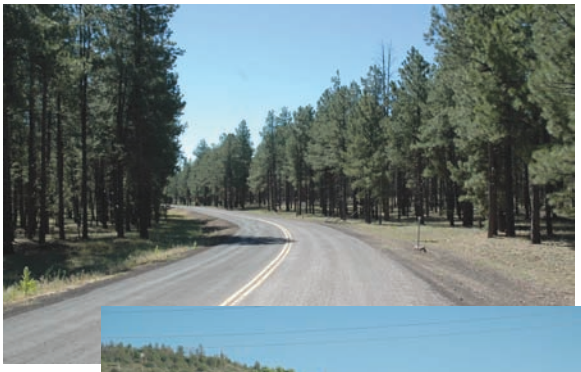
We were clear of storms at last. Gallup NM was our destination to meet Judy and Roger for brunch. They had started their trip before us and were supposed to be on their way back, but had been stranded there for two days due to SNOW! Global warming, ya right! Where was that Gore guy? We had all our gear on, three layers worth, but still froze.

Judy and Roger made their escape from Gallup on Sunday when the weather broke, and as Judy put it, got the heck out of Dodge. Flagstaff still had snow in the forecast as we got off of I-40 at Holbrook and headed south. Routes 377, 277, and 260 were amazing, and it finally started to warm up. We were able to take some gear off in Heber, and had a great hamburger at the Red Onion, then headed to Payson and route 87 south. Route 87 or the Bee Line highway was a fun road, though Gretchen didn't care too much for the curves. But finally, we were starting to enjoy the ride. We were challenged by the weather gods, but after three and a half days of work we got to have some fun.

The bike and the gear worked great. Had new throttle cable that fixed the cruise control issues and the new tires installed before we left. The new (to me) used Garmin 2720 led us thru St. Louis perfectly where my old Quest had taken us off course before. The new Nolan 102 helmets with the J&M headsets and the Baehr intercom worked perfect, but the new helmets do have more wind noise than the old Shoei units. Gretchen really liked her new floor boards compared to the foot pegs being able to shift her feet around a little.

I tried to prepare for all weather, except for the hottest days. We left the seat beads behind for space and they would have been too cold in New Mexico if we did have them. The weather in Phoenix was perfect. Even when we went north to Williams a few days later, it had warmed up to more than comfortable. After some exploration, we headed back to the Phoenix to prepare for our Journey home.

We left Phoenix early on a day were the forecast was for over 100 degrees. Amarillo and Shamrock Texas hit 105 degrees on our way east. We stopped often for water and air conditioning. On June 5th we pulled back into our driveway. Unlike the adventure west, we and did not need any rain gear. However we did take an extra rain day and rested in Collinsville due to really bad storms along our route through Indianapolis and Columbus.



We brought some warm weather back with us. Oh yes, we have a new trip ritual now. We watch the weather channel every night on a trip. Happy trails from Mike and Gretchen. ■

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Sistersville 2008

By Don Poremski

Who could turn down a request from Darwin "Road Captain" McClellan? What say you organize a run to Sistersville for a Saturday overnight, and make the route fun--or something to that effect. The last time we made a similar trip it turned out to be a real party. Duplication wouldn't hurt a bit. But, the route must change.

Gazetteers are perfect for such a chore, even if the one consulted was printed in 1995. The good stuff changes very little in Southeastern Ohio. The Ohio River and the Fly/Sistersville Ferry was the target, so the squiggly lines were the ones we'd use.

First up, a rendezvous point! The eastern breakfast ride location would do since we were headed that way. The Farmer Boy Restaurant gets a lot of bikers, so our reception was once again warm. Bladders empty, bellies and tanks full, we headed east on Waterloo Road to route 44 where we swung south. Sure, we wanted to get to the river, but there were courthouses to photograph, too.

Paris Ohio was the first village we'd espy. Paris Avenue was our route to 183 west, then 43 south to Carrollton and the first stop. The group now had an idea as to what sort of country roads the rest of the afternoon held in store for them and all seemed to enjoy the challenges. The "all" consisted of the Borks, the Viibergs, Turp & Cheryl, the Sikoras, the McClellans, Roger and Judy, the Stroups, Mike Kiesel, the Picones, the Rihas, Larry Cardo, Ron Zackowski and friend Liz and the author—24 persons, 18 machines. John and Debbie Gerow, Bob and Nancy Simpson met up with us at the Wells Inn. Herding cats? Not really. Everyone rode their own pace.

Secured the courthouse in Carrollton in digital format and continued on routes 332 south and 151 east to Cadiz for another. Got a little off the printed route after Cadiz. Oops, went straight when we should have turned right for SR 9. But, hey, that section of 250 through Georgetown was nice and we recovered by taking 519 west to get back on flight plan in New Athens. Then it was 149 south through Flushing and under Interstate, I-70 to Belmont. It was there we found SR 147 west to Barnesville and the road we'd use all the way to the river, 800 south.

We surprised a family restaurant in Woodsfield for lunch. They recovered nicely and we got a third courthouse shot with satisfied appetites. We went on our way, skirting the Wayne National Forest. Route 800 replaced 26 from the previous trip two years earlier. The report was that the pavement thereon wasn't in the best of shape. No complaints about the replacement except at the very end when misfortune jumped up and

grabbed Mike Stroup's machine. Too bad. {After a quick settlement with Progressive, Mike has a new set of wheels!} There were only a half dozen or so more turns to be negotiated before reaching the ferry. One misfortune of grand scale led to two more minor ones. Judy Stroup lost her footing for a broken shift lever and Darwin had a similar 0 m.p.h. drop with his new-to-him K-GT machine. The forward contingent of riders crossed to the West Virginia side while the rescue effort was completed on the Ohio side.

All were present for dinner at Clark's Supper Club, which we had to ourselves. We made the outdoor signboard, too. Colleen and her crew did an excellent job and the restaurant became the venue for recognizing the prizes awarded by the Wells Inn staff. The Borks took first prize, but Carl refused to pick up the drinks tab, as is customary.

The local VFW and the Wells Inn front porch were the locations for merrymakers. The former wasn't really up to the spaciousness of the Eagles we used before, but the dance floor was soon populated and the juke box delivered suitable tunes for rug cutting, even a bit of pole manipulation. No, that's true and the web site has photographic evidence to prove it—as does a pair of pants owned by the Borkster. Temperance, Carl, Temperance!

The continental breakfast got us started on Sunday. We crossed the mighty Ohio once more and turned left on SR7 south to pick up route 260 west. It and SR 145 would bring us back to 800 going north this time. That dropped us off on 250 and the group then used the best individual way home for each.

The Eagles should be our choice for the Saturday soirée when this trip is done once more. My thought was bi-annual frequency, but when Darwin asks, who can refuse him? He's bigger than I am! ■

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– 105 hp
– Lighter
– R1100GS
– Hubert Auriol
– R80ST
– Larger gas tank
– The Swiss Army Knife of Motorcycles
– 1979
– Isetta
– Giacomo Agostini aka AGO
– ABS
– Gelande/Strasse Terrain/Road

March in Northern Ohio
(a.k.a. Head'n South)

by Roger Pivonka

The weather can be brutal in March in Northern Ohio. That's why I left at my first opportunity. It was 43 degrees the morning of March 3 with no rain in the daily forecast.

I had already packed the bike for this "escape" so I just suited up and headed out of town.

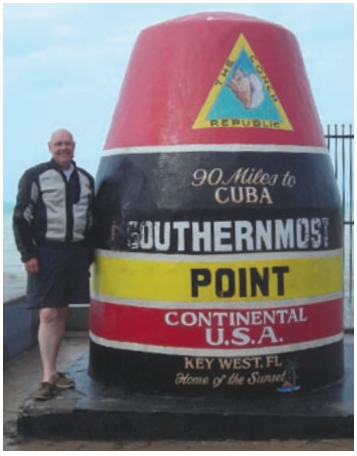
When I crossed the Ohio River from Cincinnati to Kentucky, the temperature was in the low 60's. WooHoo, I made it out!!!

I got to Georgia that Monday and Tuesday evening I arrived at my sister's rental in Tarpon Springs in time to join them for dinner. The weather wasn't "hot" for Florida but it was a darn sight better than Cleveland.

Spent that first week just chillin' out and listening to the horrible weather reports from Ohio. Over the next two weeks I visited my brother in Mount Dora for two weekends, one of which included crewing on his sailboat for a few races in Jacksonville.

Another day I ran up to Bike Week in Daytona Beach just long enough to get the "flavor" of the event and, of course, a commemorative T-Shirt.

Then I set my GPS for Key West and Sunset Celebration On the way down I spent one evening in Key Largo where I even got in a little swim at the hotel pool. (THIS is life as it should be lived.) I was lucky enough to get two nights lodging on the Navy Base in Key West for less than one night in civilian lodgings in town.



On the way back to Mt. Dora I stopped for one day in Sebring and visited the famous track one week after their big race of the year. Getting in was easy (and free) because the only thing happening was a 'track day' by a local sports car club. I watched that for an hour and also observed that a lot of the previous week's race goers had brought in carpeting and couches like the Airheads do at our bigger rallies. The spectator areas looked like the aftermath of Katrina with all the left behind furniture and carpeting.

I then headed up to Mt Dora to meet with the entire

Florida family on Easter Sunday.

Monday after Easter I pointed myself north for Savannah, Georgia and pizza at Vinnie Van GoGo's in the evening.

Garden Parties Savannah has a rowdy side—if you know where to go

"Despite the rococo fame Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil brought to this southern gem, Savannah's sexy side remains elusive to casual visitors. Beneath those airs of antebellum gentility, the city is a kitschy party central, but where to find the fun? Good-time junketeers who want a taste of both sides of the town's split personality should check into the classy Gastonian Hotel, and head immediately to Vinnie Van Go Go's, the pizza joint-cum-social hub of the City Market district. From there, locals migrate to the live music at Velvet Elvis or Jim Collins's, where the beer is cheap enough to keep you out all night. Jump-start the next morning at Gallery Espresso before walking through every leafy square from River Street to Forsythe Park Even without a hangover, your eyes will ache to see such beautiful architecture and gardens. As for day two? Rinse, then repeat. ANN MARIE GARDNER"

When I made it back home on Wednesday the temperature was again 43 degrees.

Some things just don't change. It was GREAT while it lasted!! ■

A "Pick-Up Ride"
a.k.a. Taming the Triple Nickel

by Paul Mitchell

Some time ago I came across the Motorcycle Roads.US website which is now linked to the BMWMOC homepage. I started searching for rides that were relatively close-by for weekend jaunts. My plan was to ride SR 555 from Zanesville to Little Hocking on the Ohio River last autumn when the trees would be in full foliage. Unfortunately for various reasons, that never happened. My second chance was to do the Triple Nickel and then meet the group for the "Return to Sistersville" adventure earlier this spring, but another conflict nixed that date.

Based on an e-mail chat with one of our new members, Wally Gingerich (check out his website folks at http://www.gingerich.net/motorcycles/default.htm), we decided to make a run on Saturday the 5th of July. I wondered if any of the hundreds of BMWMOC members could break away on a holiday weekend and to my surprise a post on the Yahoo Group thread yielded 11 eager participants!

"This is a technical challenge as some previous riders have lamented on the Roads website; "By far the best road in Ohio! Decreasing radius turns, switchbacks, blind turns, very dangerous if you are not paying attention at all times." . . . "Very demanding road. No time for relaxation, great for the curve lovers." . . . "The comment 'a real workout on the arms' is an understatement. The arms will be sore if ridden as aggressive as the skill level allows from end to end. It will almost take 90 minutes to ride the entire length." (http://www.motorcycleroads.us/)

On Saturday morning at the Bob Evans in Macedonia, the Nickel tamers included:

Yours Truly (That's me, not the restaurant), Pat Corrigan, Wally Gingerich, John Gerow, Howard Heischler (my guest from Columbus who met us in Zanesville), Wally Gingerich,

Photo from Wally Gingerich's prior solo ride

Darwin McClennan, Michael Nahas, Jerry Riha, Michael Stroop, Karl Mews (Michael's guest) and Arp Viiberg.

Based on my need for more "Mocals", I convinced Darwin that I should lead the group but offered him the "sweep" position.

We took the I-77 slab after SR 8 and found Howard waiting along the banks of the Muskingum River at the start of the Triple Nickel in Zanesville. Howard led us a half mile to fuel up for the 63 mile ride south. His first comment to me was, "That the view of our BMW convey coming across the bridge was a sight to see!"

The first few miles meandered along the river but then the excitement began with switchbacks, decreasing radius turns, hills & dales and even a horse grazing along side the road. I was on the LT and even though it's 850+ pounds it handles well on this type of course. Everyone rode at their own level within the speed limit. (Admitting neither guilt nor that even a crime was committed on that Saturday) We reached Little Hocking with no mishaps even though there was a significant stretch of new tarmac with some loose gravel on some of the tight curves.

At the river, some of the riders had to get back to the Forest City for other week end commitments and followed SR7 NE to I-77 home, but Arp insisted that the rest of the group ride it again going north. Tough decision, eh?

So the question arises, is the Triple Nickel worth 15 cents? In my book, it was what the MasterCard ads tell us . . . Priceless! ■

Annual Elections of Officers & Directors

BMWMOC By-Laws

Well, BMWMOC members, It's that time of year again! Think about your involvement in the club as well as those currently serving as Officers and Directors. As you read the Annual Election requirements from the By-Laws consider whether you want to make an active commitment to our organization. In September, our current President, Judy Gau will appoint the Election committee to start the process for 2009.

From the By-Laws:

5. ELECTIONS

a. A summary of the election process will be published in the Club's newsletter serving as notice to the membership prior to opening the annual officers election nomination window. During the September meeting, the President will appoint a three member Election Committee from the general membership and declare the nomination window open.

b. An individual must meet all applicable membership requirements, must have attended at least three monthly meetings during the current year, and must expect to be able to attend all Board and monthly meetings during the coming year to be eligible for nomination.

c. Nominations must be seconded by another member.

d. Individuals may be nominated for more than one position, but can only accept one nomination.

e. The Election Committee will confirm that each nominee is willing to serve. Nominations of unwilling nominees will be withdrawn.

f. At the end of the October meeting, the President will make a final request for nominations and then declare the nomination window closed. Additional nominations are prohibited prior to and on the Election Day unless there are no nominees for a particular position; then nominations will be accepted only for that position. The President shall appoint any additional directors as needed to address the growing membership per Section IV, Part 2.

g. The Election Committee will compile an Annual Election Ballot and a document containing nominee position statements. The Election Committee must receive all nominee position statements no later than thirty days following the October membership meeting. The Election Committee will mail or distribute with the club newsletter one ballot per member and the nominee position statements at least thirty days prior to the January membership meeting. The ballot will provide: a list of nominees, a space for write-in votes, an address where the completed ballot must be mailed, and a deadline date after which ballots received will not be counted.

h. Members who cannot attend the January membership meeting to vote in person must return the completed ballot in an envelope with the member's membership number on it per the included instructions for such vote to be counted.

i. The actual election will be held at the January membership meeting with both the mail-in ballots and the in-person votes being counted.

j. Determinations:

(1) Except for directors, the nominee with the greatest number of votes for a particular position will assume the duties of that position at the February meeting. Nominees determined to have won the election for their respective positions shall endeavor to attend the January Board meeting along with the current office holders for that term.

(2) For directors, members vote for the mandated number of the director nominees as stated on the Official Ballot: -if the out-going president is re-elected, elected to another position, or declines to become a director for the year following presidency, the highest tally of votes cast for director nominees shall determine the director electors. -if the out-going president exercises his right to become a director for the year following his presidency; the past president and the highest tally of votes cast for director nominees shall determine the director electors.

k. If a member is elected to a position by write-in votes, the Election Committee will confirm that that member is willing to serve in that position before finalizing the results for that position.

Please Welcome Our New Members!

Mike Johnson

Steve Burger