Cleveland Club News

The Official Publication of the BMW Motorcycle Owners of Cleveland Fall 2004

Rallies, Events Fill Out Fall Riding Schedule 2004

Motorcycle riders are a hardy lot, but even the most hardboiled sometimes flag when the thought of riding to a favorite destination in the rain clouds the issue. This year hasn't been the friendliest as regards precipitation, but the temperatures have been easy to take. If it does get drier for the balance of the season, the club has some choice activities to consider for participation.

Choices for September alone are: a membership meeting, Buckeye State Rally, BMWRA International Rally, Third Annual Pow Wow Rally, AMA Superbike Races (two race format) and Grand National Flat Track in Columbus and the Canton M/C Dam Run. Not bike related, but entertaining is the Cleveland National Air Show September 3rd through the 6th.

The Quaker Steak and Lube hosts bike night every Wednesday evening in Valley View starting at 6:30 p.m. You know, see and be seen.

Even October provides for some late season riding. First comes the MOC Poker Run on Oct. 2nd. This event is important because it shows our local dealers that we care. On the 8th and 9th there is the AMA Motorcycle Hall of Fame and Concours D'Elegance. Ohio flat track star Steve Morehead will be inducted and also on hand for autographs from 11:00 until noon. The Fall Foliage Festival comes mid-month and the RA Haloween Campout follows at the end of the month.

Of course, this list doesn't begin to cover the myriad of festivals and fairs that take place at the end of some interesting Ohio roads. Some would make for a turn-around destination for a Saturday or Sunday Breakfast Ride.

Schedules for the motorcycle events are found in this quarter's edition of the Cleveland Club News as well as the Breakfast Ride dates and three locations. Call a buddy to make sure you have a partner to ride with and get out there. Time's a wastin'. ■

At the MOCal Clubhouse Turn, It's Lopez by 124 Points

With the MOCal points-earning deadline coming up on November 24th, former club president George Lopez (573 pts.) is a furlong ahead of Mike Kiesel (449 pts.) as the year of the covered bridge comes to a close. Third spot is Darwin McClellan with 298 points.

Honorable mentions, all with more than two hundred points are in descending order: Colleen Edwards, Don Poremski, Dan Frederick and Carl Bork. The Gold, Silver and Bronze medals will be awarded at this year's Holiday Party (at our new location) and the DOER Prize drawing will also be held that afternoon. Those with at least ten MOCal points (one decal) have their name put in for the $100 gift certificate. Twenty points - the name goes in twice etc. All members are reminded that the **winner of the DOER prize must be present.**

Members are also asked to think about the targets to be used in 2005. The front runner for the moment is war memorials. That would be something prominently displayed in a community such as a town square for the purpose of remembering our fallen servicemen. If it also includes a major armament such as a cannon, tank, aircraft and the like, one bonus point will be awarded.

George and Colleen show off their points gathering prowess at the Parrish Bridge in Noble County.

In the 2005 season we will no longer be awarding an extra three points for displaying the banner or bandana. Group shots at motorcycle rallies and national events will still get those points, however.

Let's keep the fun going in the upcoming year. Your ideas for the 2005 targets should be made known before the Holiday Party. ■

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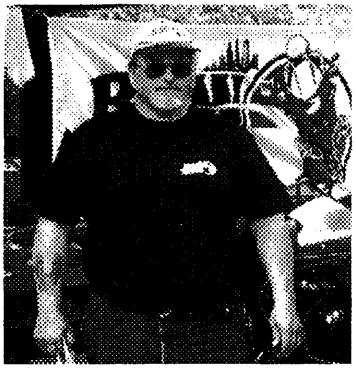
The Turp Report

By President Howard "Turp" Cobb



After Mid-Ohio, VP Dale Wright and I took a ride through Civil War battlefields and into North Carolina via the Skyline and BRP. We had a great time with no mechanical woes, returned to Amherst on state routes and backroads. I then rode to the Laid Back Affair in Buena Vista, VA. It, too, was trouble free with fairly good weather. Dale and I attended the Four Winds Rally near New Bethlehem and enjoyed kibitzing with the officers and members who were on hand for the good food.

Dale and I are planning to go to Fingerlakes again on Sept. 3-6. I talked my son into riding my R100S instead of his Buell. It will be his first rally on a BMW and I'll bet we have another convert. We also plan to make the BS Rally and RA.

It looks to continue to be a great summer, regardless of the occasional shower. Hope your getting in as much fun as you can. See you at the rallies and meetings! ■

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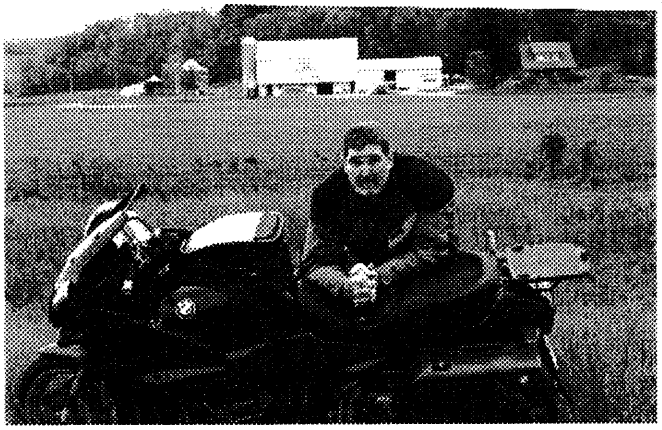
Capt. Darwin's REV-olutions



By Darwin McClelland

Well, it's already fall and I, for one, am wondering where the summer went! The temperatures were pretty close to ideal even though it was a bit wet. But, those of you who did the bridge ride from the MicroRally know that it takes more than rain, lightning and flooded roads to stop us from riding. The only thing that effectively curtails my saddle time is that dreaded four-letter word, WORK. The only events I made this year were the MicroRally and AMA Vintage Days (not arriving until 1:30 a.m. Saturday). I did manage to talk with many members Saturday and Sunday as I reviewed the exhibits and vendors, but I know I missed many of you.

Mobile Tradition was excellent as was the performances of Jean-Pierre Goy. Wow! Can that guy throw a bike around. I keep seeing Judy Gau doing stoppies on her F-650, and George Lopez, Carl Bork, Mike Kiesel and Rick Matisak taking pictures of each other, wheelie-ing their LTs past covered bridges. Yahh, man! But then I wake up with a smile on my face thanking my subconscious for keeping me entertained.

The Annual Dealer Poker Run will be held on October 2nd starting at Sill's Motor Sales on Brookpark Road and finishing at All Seasons in Wooster. See the Calendar of Events in this issue for more details.

We also have the RA International Rally in Canaan Valley, WV on Sept.16-19. This site is beautiful as are the surrounding areas. Great roads, hiking opportunities, white water rafting, radio telescopes...all sorts of things of interest and fun for boys and girls. If you are planning to attend, remember that the MOC's own Bob Wood is the RA Big Kahuna and volunteers are still needed. If you wish to donate time please contact Deb Harbour at dlhk@isp.com or call 937-339-5469. I know the help will be appreciated and what a great way to meet people and make new friends.

Staying closer to home, MOA Ambassador Stan Kain is conducting the 3rd Annual Pow Wow Rally at the Mohican Reservation Campground from Sept. 17th to the 19th. Folks attending the 1st and 2nd rallies report having a relaxing, enjoyable time there.

Also, the MOA Rally is being held in Lima, OH next year. Here's a great opportunity to show off our club colors and state by contributing time to help make this rally a success.

The Holiday Party has been booked at a new location this year. There was a lot of uncertainty with the Victorian Party Center caused by its pending sale. The date is the afternoon of December 5, 2004. The place is called the Catered Elegance Party Center and is located at 1160 Broadway at Forbes Road and Interstate 271. We moved the time up to make it easier for those who start the work week the next morning.

Hope to see you at some of these upcoming events. Keep that Poker Run date open too, okay.

Until then, Ride On! ■

BMWMOC BREAKFAST RIDES

BREAKFAST - EAST
Bob Evans Restaurant
6100 Som Center Rd.
Rts. 422 & 91
April 10, 2004
April 25, 2004
May 8, 2004
May 23, 2004
June 12, 2004
June 27, 2004
July 10, 2004
July 25, 2004
August 14, 2004
August 22, 2004
September 11, 2004
September 26, 2004
October 9, 2004
October 24, 2004

BREAKFAST - SOUTH
Farmer Boy Restaurant
1324 Canton Road
Rts. 224 & 91
April 11, 2004
April 17, 2004
May 9, 2004
May 15, 2004
June 13, 2004
June 19, 2004
July 11, 2004
July 17, 2004
August 8, 2004
August 21, 2004
September 12, 2004
September 18, 2004
October 10, 2004
October 16, 2004

BREAKFAST - WEST
Steak & Shake
5300 Abbe Road
Rts. 254 & 301
April 18, 2004
April 24, 2004
May 16, 2004
May 22, 2004
June 20, 2004
June 26, 2004
July 18, 2004
July 24, 2004
August 15, 2004
August 28, 2004
September 19, 2004
September 25, 2004
October 17, 2004
October 23, 2004

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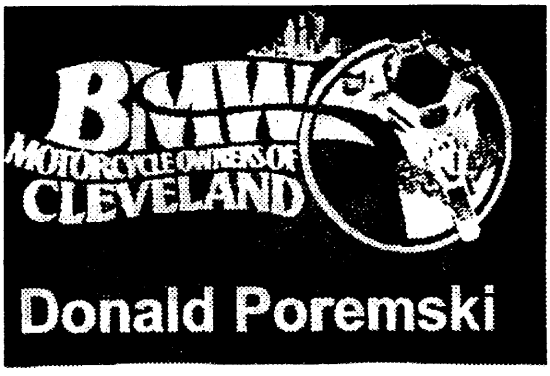

Ramblin' with Rose

by Rosemary Wood

The struggle between Mars and Venus crosses over in every aspect of our lives, including motorcycling. Regardless of your seat position, traveling with the 'other side' poses both challenging and humorous moments. BMWMOC has a large Venus contingent with many lady members riding their own machines. It is my hope to create a forum where the questions and queries of traveling couples can be addressed for both men and women. Questions or comments can be sent to ramblinrose@adelphia.net or mail to the CCN editor.

No questions for Rose this issue, so I thought I'd expand on where we left off last issue--Grumbling from Mars.

In our last issue, we discussed the inner workings of women's complaining. You guys now know that the 'complaints' you hear are merely innocent expressions of our feelings. Now ladies, it's your turn; here's the secret to why men grumble when we ask for a little bit of help.

Let's start with the fundamentals. Life on Mars is very basic, simple and efficient. Men express negative feelings with only one intent: to affect some kind of change. If life is good, you just shut up and enjoy it. If there's a problem you think you can solve, you snarl at it. If it's a problem that can't be solved, you forget it and move on. Ever hear the expression 'suck it up'?

Let's use an example: you've just arrived at a rally. One glance at your boyfriend and you notice that he and his buds are settling into a cold six-pack. Your tent looks like a giant stuffed cabbage lying in the middle of the field and dusk is quickly approaching. You want to get 'our' tent up and start relaxing yourself. How do you tear him away from the guys and get some help without all the resentment? Keep reading.

Just as men misinterpret woman's tendency to 'share feelings' as complaining, women misinterpret a man's grumbling as resentment. Grumblings have less to do with the request and more to do with what he was planning to do. Here is what I mean....Imagine that your boyfriend is driving a car south and suddenly, you ask him to turn around and go north. To do this, he has to slam on the brakes to consider the request. A woman can't relate, because she can think about the pros and cons of a request while she continues to drive. Remember, "One Thing At A Time" is the Mars motto. Grumblings are actually a good sign because it indicates that the man is considering your request. Otherwise, he would simply say 'NO'.

The best approach to getting assistance in any situation is to: First, make your request in as few words as possible. NEVER try to defend your request, as more words give him more to resist and it will take longer. Second, quietly ignore the grumblings, it's just a little noise. Don't be intimidated and back down from your request: "Never mind I think I can handle it alone". He'll be very frustrated that you forced him to brake for no reason. Third, and most importantly, show your appreciation for his 'changing direction'. He stopped and turned around just for you, let him know IT WAS WORTH IT. Oh, so you think you are going to insist? On Guard, get ready for battle!

What do you do if you've used all your charm and skill and he still won't help you set up the tent? Well, there's always a choice; either 'suck it up' and assemble it yourself or start looking for a new helper. All Martians are not created equal.

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Touring the Great Lakes

by Judy Gau

Who in their right mind would embark on a 3,000+ mile tour after only riding a motorcycle for a year and a half? Me, of course. This was a dream in the planning stages, riding around Lake Superior, Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay.

My friend, Roger Pivonka, was a little skeptical at first, but decided that if I was that hyped up to travel that far, we would do it while the weather was still nice in the upper parts of Canada and the states. I could imagine the wheels spinning in his head regarding whether I would be able to keep up, brave the elements, and tolerate the distance with less experience than many. We planned ten days of riding three hundred miles to complete the trip. A few extra days were thrown in for any set backs that may have arisen along the way.

Our trip started on August 4th leaving in the wee hours of the morning trying to outrun two weather fronts heading in our direction. We hit the first front in Ohio and the second one in Michigan while heading to Port Huron to ride the western part of Lake Huron and on up to the five mile long Mackinac Bridge. It was not what we had planned, but we went with the flow. The storms had their path, we had ours. We lost.

Once we hit the "thumb" of Michigan, the weather broke to clear, sunny skies. What I never factored into this tour were the winds coming off the lakes and the Canadian fronts which were non-forgiving. After a few days of struggling to keep the bike upright, we accepted our fate that it would simply be a windy tour, and Roger would just have to put up with my complaining. Crossing the tall (199 ft.) Mackinac Bridge was a challenge, so, of course, we had to ride it.

They do have service in the area to ride your vehicle across the suspension bridge, but I felt the previous days' winds prepared me for the crossing. White knuckled, we made it across just fine, although the winds pounded us. Construction on the bridge is ongoing, but I never thought in a million years they would close the one cement lane and only have the grated lane open for traffic. I'm sure you all know what we experienced. I'm not sure I would cross the bridge again on a 650cc motor-cycle, but most definitely would with a heavier bike.

We headed up to Sault Saint Marie, Michigan traveling the southern part of Lake Superior, then on to the peninsula of Cooper Harbor. The winds decided to pound me further. The Lake Superior tour was so well marked you could leave the maps behind. Entering Wisconsin we were hit with rains and they continued through Minnesota until we stopped in Beaver Bay.

Met some very nice people along the way and saw many touring Harley riders, which surprised us. One BMW rider from Minnesota followed us in his pickup truck until we stopped. He wanted to check out my 650CS and chat. He and his wife offered us a room for the night at their summer home on the lake, but we declined and traveled up further into Minnesota in heavy rains. We must have been delirious to pass up this offer, as we later found out that no rooms were available in the town of Two Harbors, MN. Onward we rode.

Once we hit Canada, the rains stopped. The Canadians at the border were complaining of too much dry weather, that their grass was all burned. They had not had rain in the last three weeks. We thought we were home free with the rain gear. The Canadian terrain was magnificent, much more so than the states. The trees are so green and the lakes bluer. When you thought the scenery couldn't get any more beautiful, it did--time after time. There was beauty everywhere you looked, but we were unable to stop for snap shots because the shoulders were gravel in most places.(Continued on Page Six)

Touring the Great Lakes Continued

We saw a young moose who ran into the road but did the "Uh-Oh Dance" when our motorcycles approached. It was a very funny sight seeing this little guy trying to work those extra long legs to get back into the forest. Bears were seen, mostly frightened when anyone approached. Moose, deer and bear signs were in abundance declaring "night dangers". In some places there were flashing signs warning of the moose. According to locals, the mosquitoes and black flies drive the wild life out of the forests and onto the roads. We were very fortunate in not having to make quick stops along the tour due to this looming danger. The road surfaces we traveled around Lake Superior we superb.

While in Marathon, Ontario heavy thunderstorms descended and the Canadians were pleased. We, of course, were not, but we had finally figured out the right mix of clothing and covers to protect ourselves and our gear. I did happen to think of Don Walker and his experience with being struck by lightning while riding, and though concerned, kept on riding. The rains continued for the next four days. While in Marathon we learned that this area is the capital of gold mining for Canada, but we didn't stick around in the rains to try our hand at panning for gold. Maybe next time.

We traveled on, competing the Lake Superior circuit by returning to Sault Ste. Marie while the storms continued. We started the Lake Huron Circle Tour...and the rain still continued. One night in Blind River, Ontario the storms were so severe that the power kept going out. There was my bike rocking and rolling in the parking lot and I was sure it was going down, but it survived the ordeal.

The Lake Huron Circle Tour was poorly marked and a map was indeed needed to stay on course. The tour took you far away from the lake and the roads were in need of repair. Once we arrived in Tobomory, a peninsula between Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, the rains stopped for a short time. The sun popped out and our clothing dried...the first time in days. What a relief! The peninsula was very beautiful. Roger and I were a tad worn down from the rains and decided to take a little R&R this day and enjoy the small fishing village and do some shopping. What a difference it made in our attitudes to take a day off from riding to enjoy the scenery. The next long trip wil be three days to ride and one day off for an attitude adjustment period.

It was most interesting to learn the Canadians were very interested in our views on the upcoming presidential elections, especially John Kerry, the power outage last year and terrorism. Most thought that Canada is not

Membership chairwoman Judy and Director Roger.

well prepared for terrorism attacks and feel their government should be doing more. We had many interesting discussions along the tour.

Crossing the border back in the states was also very challenging. We sat on our bikes in the middle of the Canadian/US bridge in Sarnia, Ontario for almost an hour while the bridge swayed freely beneath us.

In summary, I encourage everyone to ride Lake Superior at least once in their cycling adventures. The beauty will speak for itself. Lake Huron is only "great" along the western coastal edge and the remainder is not worth the trip in my opinion.

My recommendation would be to tour with a bike larger than 650cc equipped with fairing protection. Make reservations for your overnight stays if possible. Roger and I decided to go as gypsies because we were not sure where we'd end up each evening. We were lucky several times to get the last room available in town due to triathalons or kayaking events being held.

Take business cards so you can hand them out to those interesting persons you meet along the way and with whom you'd like to stay in contact. Pack your cell phone if you like, but most times we were unable to get a signal. We found our telephone calling cards to be most useful.

If your tank is half full, fill it every chance you get. Towns can be far apart and some don't have working pumps. Most of the stations were full-serve and gas ran about $2.50 a gallon. My electric vest wan my most important piece of clothing. I needed it daily due to the Canadian fronts. The most important thing of all is to have full rain gear.

This trip was a dream come true for me. I was able to keep up, brave the elements, and tolerate the long rides with little or no complaining. On the third day of our tour, we stopped at a Dollar Store in Newberry, MI so I could purchase a small pillow. Some parts of my anatomy were feeling the effects of riding and I wouldn't have lasted much longer. What a difference it made. We traveled 3,133 miles and still had time to visit in Michigan with my family. I still have the pillow, and, yes, Roger and I are still friends. ■

Candi & Larry's Excellent Spokane Rally Trip

By Larry Cardo

As soon as the Charleston, WV rally was over in July 2003, I made hotel reservations in Spokane. I figured for three days I can splurge, thus I booked at the Red Lion on the river, a four star hotel in a great area of downtown about four miles from the rally site. The plan was for Candi, my fiancee, to fly out to Spokane (I have more time off than she), spend a few days at the rally, then ride the Pacific Coast Highway to San Francisco where we would visit with my daughters. She would then fly home and I would continue my ride.

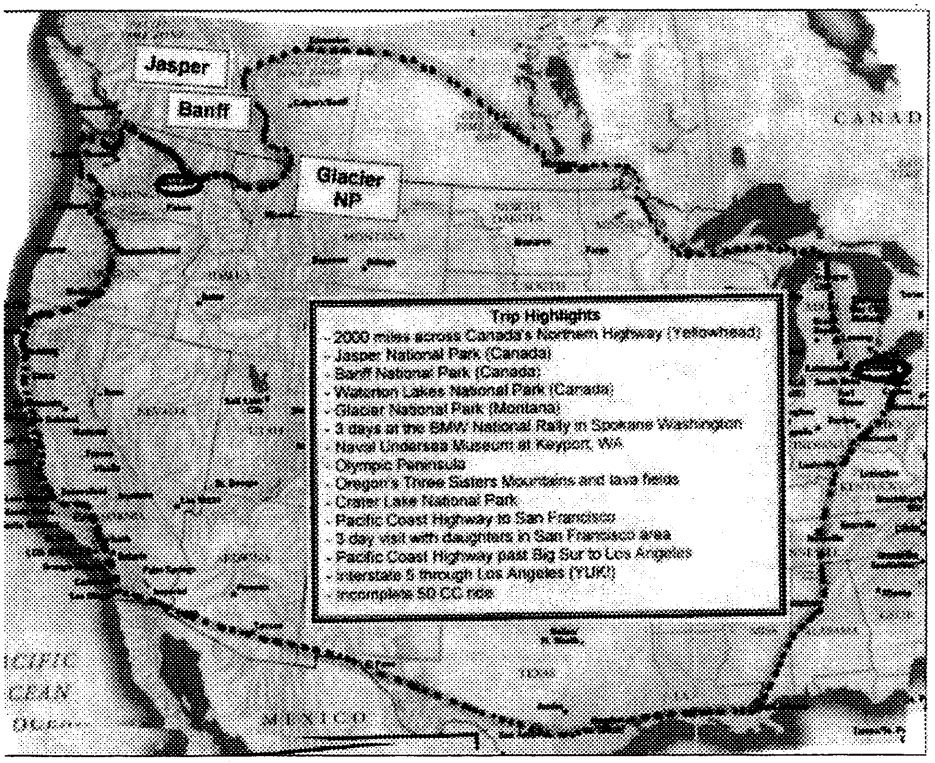
Then I learned about the Four Corners Tour--ride to the four corners of the US (Blaine, WA / San Ysidro, CA / Key West, FL / Madawaska, ME) in twenty one days or fewer. That looked like a good way to get back to Cleveland. And, since I would be riding from the West Coast to the East Coast anyway, why not try a 50CC (50 hours coast-to-coast). I could also try for a BBG ride (1,500 miles in 24 hours) along the way. So, the trip expanded slightly. Then I wanted a different route to Spokane.

The very northern Yellowhead Highway across Canada looked like the perfect ride; different from Kansas and Nebraska. I planned the ride for about 35 days riding 450-mile days solo and 300-mile days with Candi. The exception would be the 50CC. I left on July 7th, a day earlier than planned-- to leave time to either smell the roses or hole up during a heavy rain. It had been a long time since I had ridden long distances, but everything came back to me nicely without major pains.

The ride to Spokane was perfect. Spent the first night in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan after riding the Mackinac Bridge in very high winds over the steel grated section due to the non-grated side being closed! (Sound familiar Judy? ed) This bridge scares me every time I cross it.The UP is very nice and deserted. Ran into very cool temps (mid 40s), rain and heavy fog. Don't these people know it's July?

By the second day I'm past Duluth heading north into Ontario. Duluth appears to trying to imitate Chicago-poor road markings and many detours on major routes. On a two-lane road while passing a car, an oncoming pickup truck lost a three-foot roll of insulation. Fortunately, it did not roll across the road. I like to pass *fast* and was going about 90 m.p.h. and would never have had time to stop. This would be the first of three unsecured loads that would hit the ground in front of me. A television also fell out of a trunk, and an 8-foot tractor tire bounced out of a huge dump truck. I can't report what I called that truck driver!

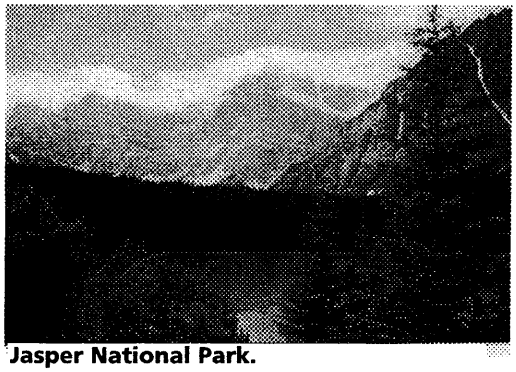
I enjoy riding (Continued on Page 8)



Spokane Rally Trip (continued from page 7)
in Canada. The roads have light traffic, are in near perfect condition, very few trucks and law enforcement is few and far between. I can't recall seeing any "parasite police" for stretches as long as 1,000 miles. The majority of the cross country road was two-lane with great looking grain fields. I met a young fellow near Edmonton who was also riding the perimeter of the US, but on a bicycle. We spent quite a few hours chatting. Rode in a huge storm that flooded Edmonton just before Jasper. The rain was so intense that I found a room at 1:30 in the afternoon.

The next day, day 6, was a ride through Jasper and Banff National Parks. The Canadian Rockies are as good as scenery found anywhere in the world: rugged, snow-capped mountain, blue/green streams, blue lakes, pine forests and glaciers. And this is not just a scenic overlook. These vistas continue for hundreds of miles (350 to be exact). Traffic was very light. One could speed, but the scenery was worth concentration. I saw moose with antlers the size of my bike and lots of bicyclers.

The towns of Jasper, Banff and Lake Louise are extremely nice (expensive), but worth it if you are staying a few days. Since I was just moving on the next day, I chose towns nearby at half the price. I could have reached Spokane early, but who wants to be at a rally early? I plotted a course back east and south to Montana to visit Glacier National Park. Crossing the continental divide in Canada there were about five hundred wind mills--BIG ONES, as far as the eye could see. Started seeing a lot of BMW riders heading west as I went east.


Jasper National Park.

I visited the Canadian side of Glacier Nat. Pk. called Waterton Nat. Pk, very nice, then crossed the border easily. Missed a turn to Glacier Nat. Pk. and found some curvy roads. Just before the park entrance a women made a left turn directly in front of me--full brakes! I behaved stupidly, stopped the bike and swore at her. Glacier Nat. Pk. had more of that magnificent scenery, but there is much more traffic, lower speed limits and it's only one fifth the size of Jasper/Banff.

Day 9, the Spokane Rally

Arrived in Spokane Thursday. I had planned on 2,800 mile trip, but the GPS indicated 3,400 miles traveled. At this rate I may need new tires. I couln't check into the hotel so I visited the rally, saw and chatted with fellow MOC member Bill Klima.

I noticed that my rear brakes had been very weak through most of the trip and there was an accumulation of dirt on the rim. It appeared that oil may have been leaking from the rear end. When checked, the oil level was okay. The closest dealer was in Idaho about forty miles from the rally site. Even with an early start, there were already a lot of bikes there when I arrived. The dealer found a leaking rear seal, but didn't have a replacement and could not get one for a few days. (I always thought BMW would ship overnight if a rider was stranded.) Well, if I could ride it all the way from Cleveland, it could wait another two thousand miles. I made an appointment near San Francisco and prepared for Candi's arrival.

We had a wonderful evening at the hotel, met and dined with some other BMW riding guests. Attended the rally on Saturday, but only found boring seminars and no way to locate friends. Camping was CROWDED. Candi and I left before the equally boring rally closing. I usually attend these, but I'm finally getting smart. We opted for a dinner at a highly recommended restaurant instead.

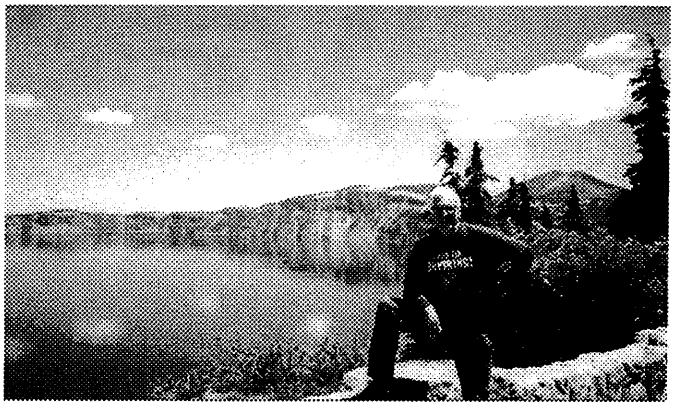
Coast Ride to San Francisco-Days 12-19

I had planned 300-mile days while riding with Candi, but must have miscalculated. Day 12 was 515 miles. We took SR20 across northern Washington through the Northern Cascades to Blaine, WA (one corner) then a ferry to Port Townsend. During the 80's and 90's Candi and I worked for Westinghouse which designed and manufactured torpedoes, all of which were tested at a naval base at Keyport, WA.(Continued on the next page)

They now have a naval undersea museum there which we visited. We then traveled around the Olympic Peninsula and had rain about 50% of the time.

We then rode inland to Bend, OR on some of the roads I found a few years ago and near the snowcap-ped Three Sisters Mountains (McKenzie Pass) and across the lava fields. The next day was a perfect "10".

We stopped at Crater Lake south of Bend. The lake



Lucky Larry Cardo at Crater Lake. Candi as photog?

is at 6,000 feet altitude and is a magnificent shade of blue. We ate lunch at an expensive lodge with a view overlooking the lake, which was the most attractive sight of the entire trip. We then rode through the Red-Wood National Park to the Pacific Coast Highway (PCH). The Redwoods scored a ten, and the PCH a nine. One point deduction for RV's. We spent the night in a small cabin among the towering Redwoods.

Candi with big wood.

Day 16 found us riding down the coast toward San Francisco. The scenery on the coast was stupendous, but the temperature was 50 degrees with a stiff wind. We headed inland and withing ten miles were now experiencing 95 degrees. Some people are never happy.

Spent time with my daughters in Petaluma on the 16th through the 18th. The BMW dealer replaced my rear seal and my oil-soaked rear brake pads. On day 19, Sunday, Candi caught a 6:00 a.m. bus for the San Francico airport and I pointed the bike south on the PCH. Ate lunch in Big Sur with coastal temperatures in the sixties. The coastal road south of San Francisco is better than in Northern California, Oregon or Washington, but as nice as it is, it's still slow. I wanted to make San Diego by that evening so, after Hearst Castle I cut over to Interstate 5. Once again, within fifteen miles the temps had soared, now to 105. Put on my new Joe Rocket mesh jacket and water cooling vest. I had never ridden in temperatures like that. For the rest of the day the temperature ranged from 105 to 110, but I was okay.

Rest stops were widely scattered, crowded and dirty! Heavy traffic started forty miles before LA and continued all the way to San Diego (on Saturday night). Exhausted, I finally found a motel at 10:30 p.m. So much for plenty of rest before the big push.

I had planned to stay in San Diego and get plenty of rest before starting the trip to Jacksonville, FL, but I was concerned about burning time on the Four Corners effort. The forecast was for rain and it seemed to get worse as the week progressed, so I decided to start a day early. An Iron Butt old-timer, Dave Mishalof (IBA#44), who has completed a 100CC (coast to coast in less than 100 hours and visited all 48 states in less than 9 days) graciously drove down from Escondido for my starting witness. We had a nice hour-long chat and I learned a few more tips on long distance riding.

I had prepared very well for the 50CC ride. I installed an extra five gallon tank which would permit just seven gas stops across the country. IBA rules indicate that you must obtain gas receipts at least every 350 miles, thus my stops were planned between 300 and 330 miles. I have easy access to a bottle in front of my tank bag in which I carry either coffee or Coke. I installed a large cooler that holds food and drinks, plus a large cooled water jug with an easy reach to the bite valve. Thus I was able to eat and drink without stopping. I have a lip ice holder and a GPS plus the tank bag has a map light. I have a Tourmaster riding outfit that doesn't care if it's raining, but the jacket and gloves would be too uncomfortable in the 100 degree plus heat. I purchased a mesh jacket that has good armor and mesh gloves.

Another reason for the careful planning was that this may well be my one-and-only attempt for a 50CC. I'm 64 and not growing any younger. Also, how often would I be in the area to make such a ride? The cost is not inconsequential and how often in the future will I have a bike in such good condition and set up for long distance challenges? I was slowly acquiring CTS (carpal tunnel syndrome) that I knew I'd feel for months to come in my fingers. I had completed seven or eight Iron Butt rides over the past five years including: many 1,000 miles in 24 hours, 1,500 miles in 36 hours and two 2,400 mile trips around the Great Lakes in 66 and 59 hours. By planning to accomplish a 1,500 mile day in 24 hours, my first rest stop would come just after Houston.

I wanted to start at about 3:00 a.m. mainly to maximize my daylight riding and cross Houston in the wee hours of the night. I got to bed about 9:00 p.m. and could not sleep past 1:30 a.m. It took a while to pack up the bike and my starting gas receipt indicated 3:09 a.m. The starting gas station did not have coffee. I was bummed. I filled my bottle with Coke and was off.

I love traveling before dawn as I know I have the whole day ahead of me. The weather was just as Dave Mishalof predicted: very cool in the mountains east of San Diego and warm as I hit the desert. Everything was proceeding to plan. I was getting comfortable riding in the dark at 80 m.p.h. Being from the Midwest, the desert looked interesting as the sun rose--as well as the temperature.

There were many signs warning of wind gusts for the next 65 miles or so. These used to concern me in the past, but in my talk with Dave the night before the attempt he advised the bike would be stable at 80, and to just sit there and lean.(please go to page 10)

Spokane Rally Trip (Continued from page 9)

Thanks, Dave. I used that approach and it worked very well. I needed to average better than 65 m.p.h. to accomplish the 1,500 miles in 24 hours. But one third of the way across Arizona began a chain of events that ultimately result in a DNF,

My low fuel warning light typically comes on around 165 miles. When it came on earlier in the morning I just had the auxiliary fuel tank refill my main tank. I don't know when the main tank is actually full, and I don't want to overfill it, so I usually shut the fuel pump off at the 3/4 mark. Then, when the low fuel light comes on again, I repeat the process. My typical gas mileage is 40 m.p.g. thus I know my range is always safely greater than 350 miles. My first scheduled gas stop was Gila Bend, AZ, at 292 miles.

The low fuel light came on again at around 230 miles. I turned on the electric fuel pump, but nothing seemed to be happening. I also have a manual fuel shutoff, which I rechecked. It didn't look like my gas gauge was moving up! I knew that yesterday afternoon I filled the auxiliary fuel cell. I saw a sign that said fuel at the next exit. I started down the exit ramp and saw the gas gauge start to rise. Okay! Everything was working my optimist side rationalized. I didn't stop and re-entered I-8. Then I realized the gas gauge rose because I was braking, but I was too stubborn (next page please) to turn and go back. I continued to play with the switches as I rode to no avail. Another 30 miles and I was really worried. The low fuel light had been on for some time now, how long I wasn't sure. I knew I must be nearly out of gas and couldn't understand how this could be happening. I started out with enough gas. I was traveling at faster speeds over a longer distance than I had before, but I knew my mileage couldn't be that poor.

I started to slow down to conserve gas. When a gas sign re-appeared, life was good, but I entered the station only to find it deserted and the pump handles locked with a cable. When stopped I checked the electric pump and shutoff valve. From all appearances they were working. I disconnected the line from the bottom of the aux fuel tank planning to manually transfer fuel using a bottle--but the tank was empty! How could this be? To this day the only explanation is that someone siphoned most of the gas from the tank while I slept. Dave informed me that the motel i used was not in the best of areas.

There was not a soul around so I headed back to the interstate. Shortly thereafter the bike started to stall. I kept it going by rocking it from side to side, but that was temporary and nothing was in sight. I had traveled about 270 miles and was averaging 73 m.p.h.-better than my plan. ((**Editor's Note: Due to space restrictions, major editing has been performed on Larry's story from this point forward. The complete story can be read at: http://hometown.aol.com/lcardo3/myhome-page/motorcycle.html**))

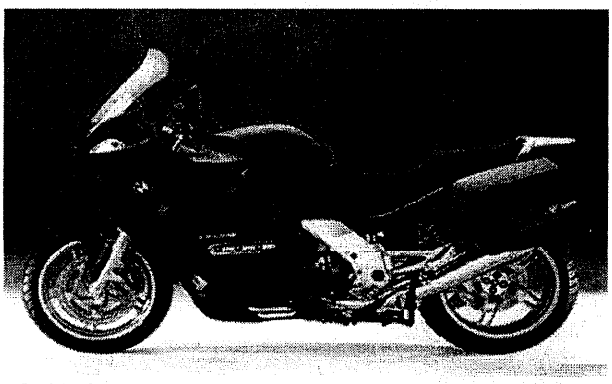
What to do? I started to make a sign saying "GAS", but then I realized that I had thrown away my siphon hose in Canada a few weeks ago after carrying it for ten years. Stopping a car for gas was not a practical option. AAA to the rescue. I used my cell phone to call, fudged on the vehicle type not being sure if my bike was covered (BMW ma'am, model K11) and was told a priority response would mean a thirty minute wait. In forty minutes I called back to learn the truck had gone the wrong direction. Now there would be another forty five minute wait. It was interesting that for two hours while disabled on the side of the road-no one stopped.

I had never ridden before in 100+ temperatures, however, the mesh jacket and gloves help. Crossing New Mexico I started to see a lot of very dark clouds with embedded lightning. I skirted many of these localized storms, but there were too many. My progress slowed as you might expect due to constantly changing gear and poor visibility. My average m.p.h. continued to slide downward as I approached El Paso in the gathering dark. The joy of reaching Texas was balanced by depressing thoughts about my fuel mis-adventure. I'd completed 720 miles but had to go on for at least another 600...and the rain continued.

I could pierce the Texas night with my 300 watts of lighting, but hazards were everywhere in the form of tire carcasses and deer. Judicious tailgating of large, fast trucks helped a bit, but rain visibility was so poor as to cause me to stop in the dark with flashers on waiting for it to abate. The rest of the night was a blur with me talking to myself to keep going.

San Antonio loomed, but a room was hard to find. When I did check in at 4:30 a.m. local time I got a discount due to the lateness. (Please go to next page)

Available for test rides. Are You?



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Results for the day: 1,309 miles in 23.5 hours at an average 55 m.p.h. Needed to go 1,100 more miles in 20 hours. I slept 2.5 hours and departed for Houston, but it was very difficult to stay awake.

Grabbed a nap at a rest stop and that didn't bode well for completion. The weather channel said rain for the rest of the way, I was tired, not having fun and I missed my fiancee. It was decision time. The 50CC and Four Corners were just not going to happen. Mental and physical exhaustion were the culprits. Maybe I could have made it. I rode another 250 miles and felt quite good even with rain and traffic in Houston. It would be an early stop in Louisianna and a good meal. Two more rainless days would find me back in Cleveland.

I love my bike. Other than when running on low octane fuel the engine just purred. With the odometer at 80K, I salute Mathias BMW in New Philadelphia for their fine care of my machine.

While waiting on one of those roadside benches I decided to quit long distance riding for many good reasons. However, as I look back, I'm rethinking it. If I rode to Florida in the spring, had good weather, I think I'd have a reasonable chance for a 50CC. My daughters are in SF you know. ■

Toledo Campout by Rose Wood

The Toledo Campout at East Harbor State Park was very nice. Rain preceded our Friday evening arrival and occured all around us, but we arrived dry.The group camping area had plenty of space, flush toilets and showers within a short walk. The camp store is well-stocked and there were plenty of options on rt. 169 a few miles away. Had some sprinkles, but Chef Leo's cooking kept riders from venturing out too early. We feasted on all-you-can-eat bacon, amaretto french toast and pancakes.

Mike Potisuk was new to the area so we teamed with Bart Mather and toured to the beach and Marblehead's lighthouse, around the peninsula ending up at the Jolly Roger for a walleye lunch. Saw Roger and Susie Schoenberg in from The Pit, too.

Back at camp, Chef Leo was preparing our dinner of jumbalaya, taco salad, hamburgers, hot dogs, veggies and dip and a large bowl of fresh, sliced peaches. There was also a large sheet cake announcing the 35th anniversary of the club. Their meeting followed dinner.

We woke up Sunday morning to another hearty breakfast...and a healthy, steady rain. Members savored the sausage, pancakes, french toast, cake and good company. The Toledo club is so close-knit and caring, the gathering felt more like a family re-union drawing from Michigan, Indiana and Pennsylvania as well as Ohio.

The rains ended at just about the time of our departure and we enjoyed the short, dry ride home. ■

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Calendar of Events

September 2
BMW MOC
Membership Meeting
7:00 p.m. at Oak Grove Picnic Area in Brecksville Reservation of the Metro Parks off SR 82. Come early and cook out and be sure to bring something for the racoons.

September 10-12
BS (Buckeye State) Rally
Held once more at Lake Snowden Campgrounds on SR50 six miles west of Athens, OH. Catered dinner, Saturday night entertainment, field events, self-guided tours, awards and door prizes. Pets and early admission welcome. More information call 614-444-9409 or go to www.buckeyebeemers.org

September 16-19
BMW RA International Rally
RA in the Wild and Wonderful at Canaan Valley State Park, 10 miles south of Davis, WV. This is a fantastic site in the high country of WV with excellent riding in any direction. The RA has the entire 6,000 acre park for this event. The resort is Triple Diamond rated by the AAA with 250 rooms, 23 cabins and cottages, 34 RV sites. Resort No. 800-622-4121 to reserve all but camping. See the BMW RA web site at www.bmwra.org for additional information.

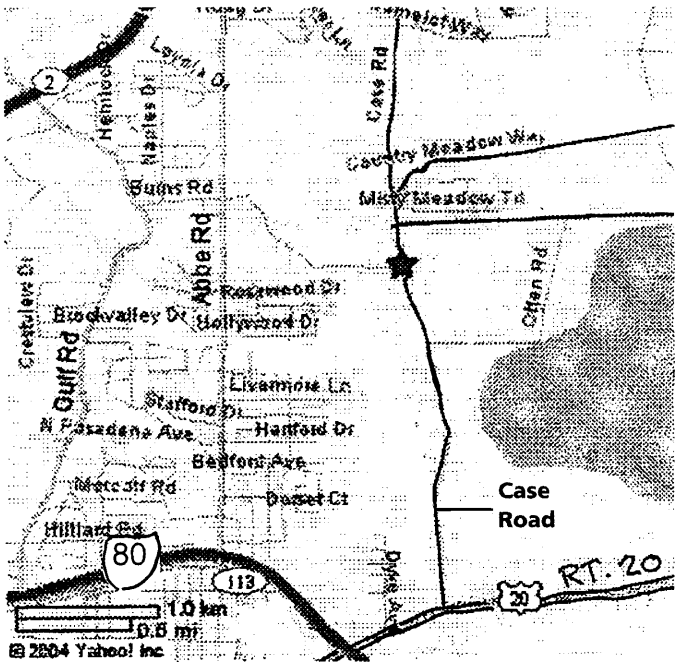
September 17-19
BMW MOC 3rd Annual Pow Wow Rally
At Mohican Reservation Campground in Loudonville, OH, about an hour and a half from Cleveland (about 7 miles down Wally Rd. off Rt. 3, just south of Loudonville). A spot has been secured by the riverbank for our group. The area is shady and has water & electricity available. It is in close proximity to the bathrooms and showers and is adjacent to the Pow Wow festivities taking place that weekend. Canoeing is offered, but the main attraction is the Pow Wow. It features Native American story telling, dancing, musid, traditional food, craftsmanship, trading and artistry. You can get your tickets for the Pow Wow at the campground. Their web site is **www.mohicanpowwow.com**. It would help if you let us know you are coming so we can make sure we reserved enough space. For more information, call Stan Kain at **216-410-1185** or email to **bmwstan1@aol.com**.

September 17-19
AMA Superbike Double Header Weekend
Virginia International Raceway presents the Suzuki Lightning Nationals. Double-header Superbike format plus all support races. Located at 1245 Pine Tree Road, Alton VA 24520. Info at 888-RACE099 or info@virclub.com.

September 19
AMA Grand National Flat Track Race
At Scioto Downs Race Track, 6000 S. High Street, Columbus, OH. Ticket information at 877-274-1184. Racing starts at 2:00 p.,m. Track is two miles south of belt road 270 on Route 23. Track information at 614-491-2515.

September 26
Canton Motorcycle Club Dam Run
Participation $5.00. Event is also a canned food drive for the needy. Meets at clubhouse 1/4 mile south of Brewster on SR 93. Registration 11:30 a.m. First bike out noon. Food available. Good fun and door prizes. www.cantonmotorcycleclub.org

September 30
BMW MOC Board Meeting
7:00 p.m. at Bob Shelton's new residence, 5885 Case Road, North Ridgeville OH. For more info call 440-327-9289.



October 2
Annual MOC Dealers Poker Run
Starts at Sill's Motor Sales, first bike out at 9:00 a.m. Finish at All Seasons in Wooster 4:00 p.m. Participation $5.00. Extra cards may be purchased for $1.00 each, maximum of 2. Guaranteed to be a sunny, dry day. Come on out and show our dealers how much we appreciate them. Info available at 216-631-0851

October 7
BMW MOC Membership Meeting
Held at 7:00 p.m. at the Melody Lane Party Center, 8820 Bender Road, North Ridgeville OH (West of SR83 and North of SR10). This is the nomination meeting for 2005 board. For information call Greg Antolik at 440-235-1272,

October 10
AMA Hillclimbs
Held in Oregonia, OH. Admission $15. Children under 12 free. Take Interstae 71 to exit #36 and follow signs 2.5 miles to site - OR - take SR 42 1 mile south of Waynesville and follow signs.

Calendar of Events

October 15-17
BMW MOC Fall Foliage Festival and a Gathering of the Clubs

at the Whispering Hill Campgrounds, Shreve, OH during peak autumn color in one of the best riding areas in Ohio. All Ohio BMW clubs are invited to join in for a "farewell to the 2004 riding season celebration" hosted by the BMW Motorcycle Owners of Cleveland. Camping fee is $8.00 per person per night. Cabins are available for $50 and up per night. For cabin and RV reservations and information, call 800-992-2435.

Saturday, October 16th, early evening, will be the 6th Annual "Gathering of the Clams". Clambake bouillon sampling begins around 5:00 p.m. Clambake dinners will be available with a pre-paid ticket only! (Bake pricing to be announced later) Clam Bake dinner includes: one dozen Cold Water Rhode Island Top Neck Clams, 1 1/2 pound seasoned barbecued half chicken, sweet potato, ear of sweet corn, roll, butter and cole slaw. Extra dozens of clams will be available at the time of your order. Woody's Wicked Chowdah is still a buck a bowl, $1.00.

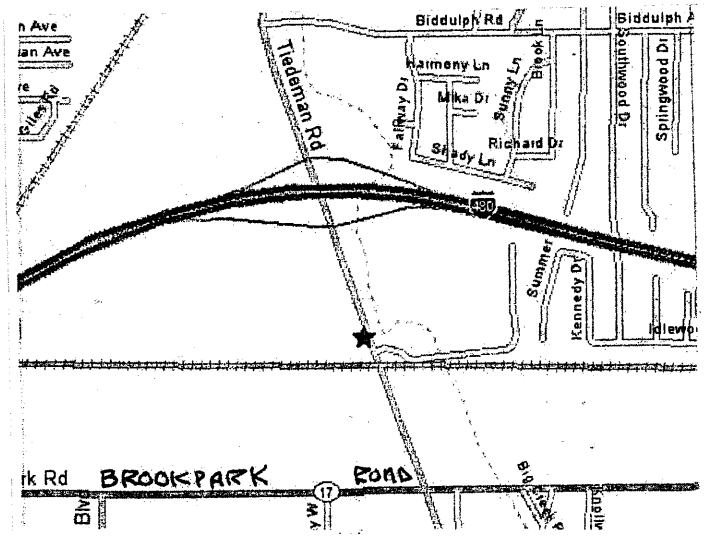
To buy tickets e-mail Bob Wood at **bmw01bob@adelphia.net** or call **216-252-7933** after September 1st. Other food; breakfast, lunch and dinners will be available on site at the Ol' Smokehouse Restaurant. Continuous coffee and, of course, nightly bonfire and BS. Check the BMW MOC web site www.bmwmoc.ort for additional details as this date draws closer.

October 29-31
2004 Ohio RA Haloween Camp Out

At the Trail Riders Campground, 4 miles north of Cadiz on SR 9. Primitive camping, pit toilets and paved road to campsite. Look for a Harrison State Forest sign marked Trail Riders Campground. All interested BMW riders invited. Debbi Harbour will be food coordinator. E-mail her after October 11th at dlhk75@isp.com for pot luck suggestions. Friday chili. Info at 216-252-7933.

November 4
BMW MOC Membership Meeting

7:00 p.m. at Panera Bread, 5090 Tiedeman Road,Brooklyn OH. Tel. 216-362-813



November 23
BMW MOC Board Meeting

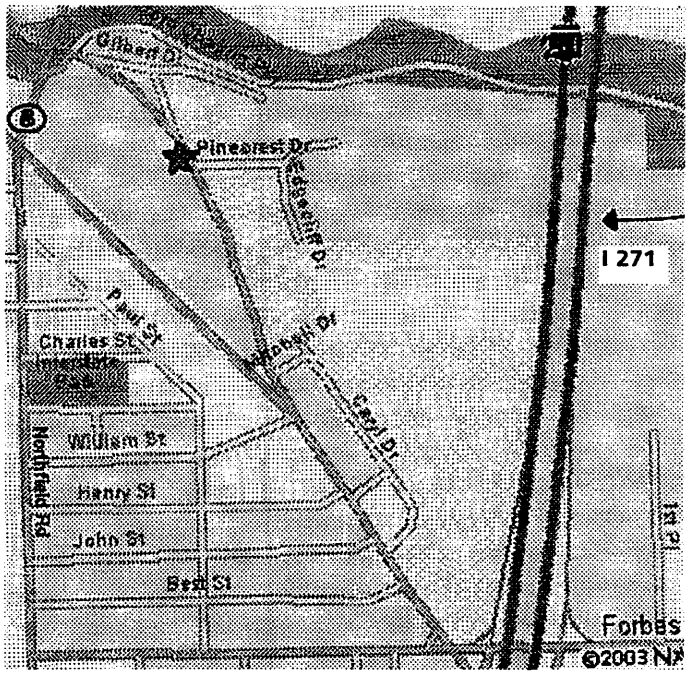
7:00 p.m. at Howard "Turp" Cobb's residence, 6271 Russia Rd., Amherst OH 44001, Tel. 440-986-5691.

November 24
Deadline for Winter CCN Submittals

The membership has been doing a great job of supplying the newsletter editor with stories of travel and adventure. Thanks for the participation and support. All submittals should be sent to: Don Poremski, 1290 Desert Street NE, Uniontown OH 44685. Some digital submittals can be made to strutguy@yahoo.com.

December 5
Annual Holiday Party/Meeting

This year we move to an new location, the Catered Elegance Party Center at 1160 Broadway Avenue, Cleveland OH 44146. We're also moving the opening time up to 3:00 to 8:00 p.m. That date is a Sunday and those who travel fairly long distances will want to arrive home earlier than usual because it's a "school" night. Cost will be $22.00 by check made out to BMW MOC and sent to Darwin McClellan, 5604 Franklin Ave., Cleveland OH 44102. Deadline is November 24th. There will be two entrees, BYOB, a smoking section indoors will be provided, DOER prize contestants must be present to win. 216-631-0851 for more information.



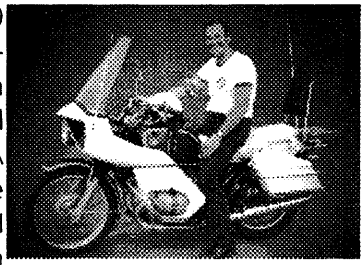
Member Snapshot

By Dan Frederick

It is a beautiful August afternoon as I sit here and write up my profile for the newsletter. If I kept to form, I'd be out riding.

Even though I didn't own one, I started riding motorcycles at the age of 15 using everybody else's. Then in 1959 I bought my first motorcycle, a BMW, from John Penton. I rode the Beemer for many long weekend trips until the summer of 1961 when my new wife, Nancy, convinced me to sell it.

In 1970 we started camping with the family and I got a Honda 90 to ride the trails with the other campers. That led me to buy a bigger Honda 175 to ride back and forth to work. I went back to BMW's in 1974 by buying a 1970 R75/5 with 20,000 miles and shortly afterwards joined the Western Reserve Club. I started going to the BMWMOA rallies in 1976. That one was at Osh Kosh, WI and I have only missed five in the last 28 years.



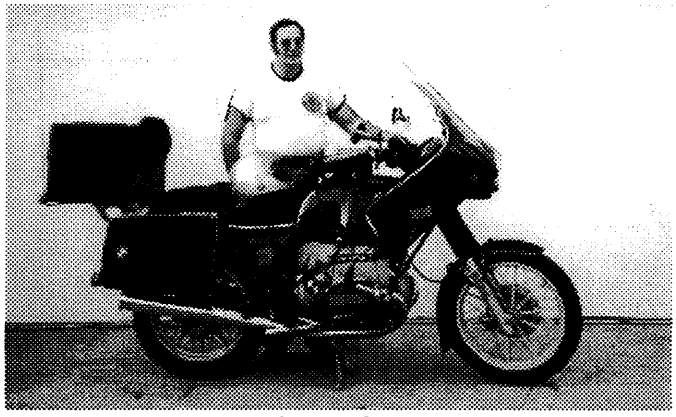
Love rekindled. Dan amount his 1970 R75/5.

After that rally I bought a new 1978 R100/7 which I rode for 120,000 miles before trading up to a my current 1993 K1100LT. I broke that one in doing 18,000 miles visiting all 48 state capitals in one seventy seven day trip. The 1994 MOA rally was in Moodus, CT which I attended after stopping at my last capital, Hartford. I signed up and was awarded the Grand TouringAward.

Dan gets a leg up at the MOA rally in Flagstaff. Nice assist!

In 1979 I took a Motorcycle Safety Course at Tri-C and then became an instructor in 1980. I taught there at Metro campus for two years and discovered there were no classes on East Side. Lou Novak and I started courses at 140th and Euclid Ave--on top of the building--for 3 years. I then started classes at Willowick Shopping Center for another two years.

I then called Lakeland Community College and convinced a director that their location was ideal for Lake community residents. We ran very successful classes there for three years until the State of Ohio Motorcycle Education took over my classes. In those three years we scheduled a new class every weekend from May to September. As my sons got old enough they helped me as range assistants while learning the safety program themselves. All three got their licenses and their own bikes. In fact, one of my best memories are of all of us riding together.



Note Dan's custom made tour box on his '78 R100/7.

I've made three trips to Florida to witness Space Shuttle launches and one to qualify for my "1000 in One Club" membership. There were many trips to the West Coast when my daughter lived in San Diego. One such trip started out with Roger Warren. We went up to Maine, across part of Canada to Sault Ste. Marie where Roger headed for home and I continued to Vancouber and south to San Diego. Have to mention several trips on the Blue Ridge Parkway and Natchez Trace, too.

Dan made the "Bag Saver" and sold them by mail order between 1980 and 1982. Did he get the entrepeneurial spirit in Flagstaff?

Of course, I've enjoyed so many trips and activities with the Cleveland Club. Health issues have caused me to slow down a bit since the '90s, but that's not going to stop me. I enjoy going anywhere, anytime throughout this great country. ■

A Good Summer's Ride

by Dale Wright

Every summer for the last eight years or so, Turp and I head off for a week of riding or we go to the MOA National if it's close enough. This year, with two weeks off, we were planning to go to Spokane, but a schedule conflict with Vintage Days made us change our plans. So, after four days at Lexington, OH we were off early Monday morning...10:00 a.m. We were to ride east /southeast on as many back roads as we could.

We started for West Virginia on Rt. 250, then Rt. 7 to Interstate 68, but jumped off in Hagerstown, MD and took a great road to Gettysburg, PA. We got a room at the Colton Motel, right across the street from where Ol' Abe gave his famous address. End of Day 1-400 miles, in at 8:00 p.m.

Got up the next morning, gulped down a good breakfast and was off to York, PA for a side trip to the Harley-Davidson final assembly plant. Sat on all the cool Hogs. Thought about a Harley!! But, I think NOT. Back on the Beemers after the tour of the plant and ended up back in Gettysburg 80 miles later. End of Day 2-5:00 p.m.

Well, off we go! No breakfast. Stopped in MD on the Big Road, Rt. 15. Good chow and then into the "boonies" to Catoctin Mountain State Park. We took secondary, scenic roads to Antietam National Battlefield. A great ride and very interesting afternoon at Sharpsburg, MD. Then from there we were off to Harper's Ferry and old John Brown's stomping grounds. He was an abolitionist who gathered some slaves and attacked the army arsenal hoping to jump-start a slave rebellion. We got lost, followed Harper's Ferry Road and found John Brown's old farm--by accident. Best ride yet.

In Harper's Ferry people were very friendly. We stopped to eat at an old diner and the locals sat with us. They broke out maps and told us where we were and how we got there. We even got an invite to camp in a farmer's back yard. It wasn't time to call it a day so southward bound we went and ended up in Luray, VA. End of Day 3 - 300 plus miles, 7:00 p.m.

The next morning, Thursday, we were sitting at the entrance to The Skyline Drive in VA. It's a nice road that turns into the Blue Ridge Parkway. We just got on the BRP about ten miles and were trying to figure out what speed to travel when a BIG black bear (about 400 lbs.) walked out of the woods about forty yards in front of us! By the time I stopped I was pretty close to this guy. He stopped, turned and looked at as if to say, "What the heck are you guys doing in my backyard?" Thank god he decided to "keep on truckin'".

We rode until we were about out of gas and it didn't seem like we were close to anything. We got off the BRP and about one hundred yards around a curve was a diner--with gas! Not your everyday diner. It had about twenty remodeling jobs and additions and none of them matched. We met an MOA member from Raleigh, NC and BSed with him while we put on our rain gear. His wife won the Restored Beemer award at last year's Charlestown rally. Too cool. The rest of the day we spent in the rain going to Elkin, NC. End of Thursday and too many wet miles. It was a real trip going down to Fancy Gap on Interstate 77 at 60 m.p.h. in a downpour with trucks going by at least 10-15 m.p.h. faster!

Friday started off with a good breakfast and a short ride to Statesville, NC and J.R. Tobacco. Turp and I shopped for cigars for about an hour and got some good deals. Got back on 77 and headed north. We got off at Beckley, WV to find Rt. 16, a really nice ride. It takes you through Glen Ferris, WV where we ate at a 150-year-old inn with a beautiful view. We took 16 through West Virginia until it intersected with Rt. 47 West into Parkersburg. By now I quit keeping track of mileage.

Got a rude awakening on Saturday morning. The temperature was only about fifty degrees. That didn't stop us from getting in a hearty breakfast before continuing. We took Rt. 60 North to Rt. 83. Stopped at All Seasons to check on the K-Bike's 26,000 mile service. Ended up in Amherst at 4:30 p.m.

A ride like this really makes me want MORE. Maybe it will be two weeks next year! ■

First Annual Mosquito Rally

by Tim Bard

Possibly the newest BMW club in Ohio held the first annual Mosquito Rally July 30th to Aug 1st. The host club calls itself the newest, fastest growing MOA chapter on the planet and was formed early last year taking its name from the Mosquito Creek Reservoir in the area. For such a new club, the members put on an excellent, well organized event at the Trumbull Co. Fairgrounds.

The weather was very wet but still attracted riders from a wide area. I spotted riders from Canada, NY, MI, IL, and TN. The average distance (Continued on Page 16)

Mosquito (continued from Page 15)
traveled was 300 miles. Most campers chose the Oak Grove area which offered the most shade, but had some low spots which accumulated rain water. There were many seminars held in the fairground buildings. These offered some respite from the rain. Rally musts such as continuous coffee and tea were offered in a pavilion. The club lit a bonfire both nights, ladled out chili on Friday night, Sat. morning doughnuts, Sat. evening chicken dinner and live music on Sat. night.

Most of the eight MOC members received door prizes and we had a good laugh when Pam got a bottle of Anti Monkey Butt Powder. (It works. ed) Karen Majoros won and attractive engraved plaque as the oldest passenger. The largest club was the BMW Riders of Knoxville with three (do you detect the miscount?).

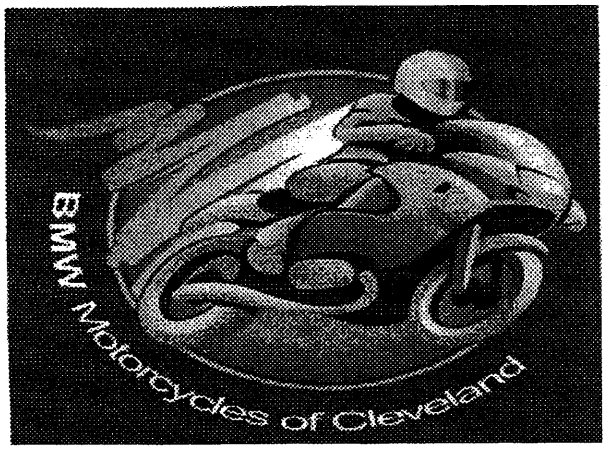
We awoke to mostly sunny skies on Sunday and had a good ride home. In spite of the rain we had a great time reuniting with friends and making some new ones. This should be a rally you mark on your calendar to attend in 2005. ■

MOC, MoC, MoC

by Don Poremski

We've all heard the expression "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery". If that's the case, our club is really getting its skirts blown up in 2004.

There's us the BMW **M**otorcycle **O**wners of **C**leveland and probably first claimants of those intials. Then there's the new BMW **M**otorcycles **o**f **C**olumbus scheduled to open this Fall at 3810 East Main Street in Columbus OH 43213. That should make the Buckeye Beemers happy. Tel. 614-239-1BMW. And finally emerging after much anguish and many false starts, BMW **M**otorcycles **o**f **C**leveland. Yep, spoke with Dale Kramer recently and he is opening soon, this fall. Below is his logo.



We've been watching Dale go through hoops and several sites to arrive at his present location. Well, they're moving the earth around and there is enough confidence in the construction schedule for Dales to have another sign made and place on the lot. It appears below in all of the graininess my old Hewlett Packard Lazer Jet 4MW could muster from the internet. Keep on truckin', Dale! ■