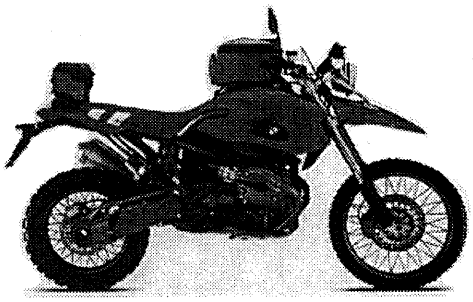
Cleveland Club News

The Official Publication of the BMW Motorcycle Owners of Cleveland Fall 2005

HP2, "Hummer" of Motorcycles?

BMW wouldn't be the first manufacturer of motorcycles to offer a limited production run of high performance machines for public consumption. In this case it would be a combination of the GS model modified using input from such rallyes as Paris-Dakar. And when low numbers of production units are involved, the price to the consumer must necessarily be higher than the standard version of that machine.

Informal polls of riders will indicate that many street riders got their start on dirt bikes. Most of them seem to be better riders on pavement for having had the loose-surface experience. But, one wonders how many current or past dirt bike riders will support the idea of buying a $20K enduro machine.



The company has been on a tear of late introducing one machine after the other that shocks the world as having come from the stodgy old Bavarian Werks. Our membership doesn't need a review of those machines, many of which were tested at various venues, some already in our hands, but whatever is causing the release of so many ideas-made-real, it is both gratifying and much needed in an industry that has generated such a "Golden Age" for our sport.

The HP2 is sure to attract sales to privateers (Continued on P. 15)

Two Members Complete BBG* or He Said / He Said

By Larry Cardo & Wayne Slepecky

When two accomplished riders join forces to complete a grueling Iron Butt qualification ride, chances for success improve. The following is a combined effort to report on that ride which took place on September 13, 2005. Wayne said:

This is the story of my Iron Butt BBG attempt. I had already done a pair of Saddle Sore Rides (1000 miles in 24 hours), one of them was with my wife on the back , so Butt Burner Gold (*BBG) seemed line a good next step. The BBG requires you to complete 1500 miles in 24 hours. You pick the route and time. Start and finish witnesses are required and gas station receipts must document gas stops along the way to prove you actually traveled the claimed route.

Planning was improved greatly by persuading fellow Iron Butt rider Larry Cardo into coming along.His experience and ability to use the GPS would prove invaluable. We discussed a number of routes which would head west in the morning and east at sunset to avoid the sun. Instead of 1500 miles we decided to plan for 1530/1540 miles in order to account for any calculation differences the Iron Butt Association might have versus ours. We wanted to avoid major cities, or at least avoid rush hours. We needed to maximize the distance we would travel on high speed limit routes, but assume no more than 8 MPH over posted speed limits.

Larry, the master planner put together the following route: Middleburg Hts, start 3:30 a.m. - South on I-71 to Columbus - West on I-70 to Indianapolis - North on I-69 through Ft. Wayne, Angola, In, Lansing, MI - 127 North to I-75 - I-75 to Macinaw City. Then we'd retrace the route home. We had a total of 5 gas stops including the start and finish stops. Larry would be starting in Mentor, Oh at 3:00 AM and meeting me at the intersection of I71/83.

The final bit of planning was when to take the trip. August was too hot. September 13 was picked as the date that fit both of our schedules. Getting the bike ready involved the usual maintenance activities plus a few more. These are some of the more important preparations and purchases: a) 100 oz bladder for a CamelBack hiker backpack. It came equipped with a hose and bite valve. I put this in my tank bag's lower section with the hose protruding between the closure zippers. The hose was simply wrapped around the bag and I put Velcro on the hose and the tank bag. It worked great the whole trip.

For food I had 10 power bars with precut ends stored in the side pickets of my tank bag. I also had three turkey/cheese sandwiches, halved and stored in individual sandwich bags carried in the ST1300's dash compartments.

For communications I had previously installed a Chatterbox FRS unit mounted on a RAM ball (Cont. p.8)

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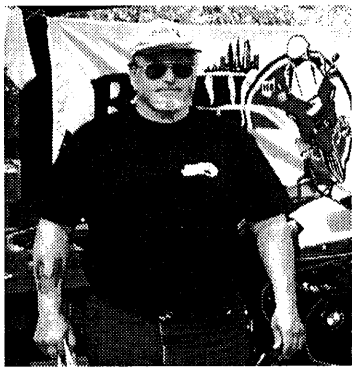
The Turp Report

By President Howard "Turp" Cobb



Hi! Hope everyone is havimg an equally event-filled summer and fall as Cheryl and I have had. We went to Mid-Ohio Vintage Days as vendors, and to Beemerville in Lima as attendees. I went with Dale Wright, Mike Potisuk, and Roger Pivonka on a 12 day, 3800 mi. adventure to the Cabot Trail in Nova Scotia, then with Cheryl to the Laurel Highlands, 4 Winds, and Fingerlakes rallies and the Don Poremski-led adventure to Sistersville, WV. We had a great time at all of them, enjoying the scenery and spending time with friends.

I'm glad I took early retirement, as now I'm only working 1/2 days; (12 hours)!! With keeping my motorcycles, cars, and RVs repaired and maintained and running my motorcyle repair business, I often wonder how I also worked a 40 hour a week job and still had time for all of the above.

I hope to see a lot of you at the upcoming FFF, Fall Foliage Folly (a.k.a. Gathering of the Clams), the meetings, and the Holiday Party.

You didn't forget to vote on the club constitution changes did you? Vote later for the officers and board members of your choice.

Hoping for an extended riding season this year so we can all enjoy our bikes a little longer! ■

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Capt. Darwin's REV-olutions

By Darwin McClellan

Hi everyone! It's your absentee road captain Darwin. I want to apologize for what seems to be the lack of interest in performing my duties, but it mostly relates to that work thing again. If I had known that the wheels of industry turned so slowly, and that I would be on second shift and out of contact all summer, I would not have run for the position.

Chloe and I did manage to get to the MOA International Rally in Lima and had a great time. We spent most of our time trying to stay cool and visiting with club members and friends. Chloe had fun riding the horses that were liveried at the fairgrounds. I was most entertained at the George Thorogood Concert, he put on a good show but not half as good as the show some of our club members put on in the audience. I didn't know we had such great dancers in the club! There were lots of photos being taken, and even Voni Glaves got in on the action. I hope some of the photos show up on the web site. It was a record-breaking rally, 8000 in attendance and temps in the 90s but all seemed to enjoy themselves. I can't wait for Shelbyville!

The R.A. International Rally is in Shelbyville TN October 6-9. Sounds like it is going to be a good time in a great riding area. It looks like one of the highlights will be the excursion to the Jack Daniels distillery for a tour, dinner, and sampling of their products. All participants will be shuttled to and from the distillery so the samples can flow freely. I hope everyone got tickets.

I'm glad that the FFF, the Fall Foliage Folly (a.k.a. Gathering of the Clams), at Whispering Hills Campground went on as scheduled. Woody was all wrapped up in the R.A. International, so George Lopez filled in with tickets and reservations. Woody carried on the tradition as the Bakemeister (with a small army of volunteers) an treated us to another fine feast. If you haven't attended this event, believe me, it's not one to miss.

The last riding event for the club will be the R.A. Halloween Campout at the Trail Riders Camp near Cadiz OH. Weatherwise anything can happen, but the food and company are exceptional and the daytime temps are fairly decent.

The annual Club Holiday party will be held at the same location as last year, Catered Elegance Party Center on Broadway Ave. in Bedford Oh. The date will be Sat. Dec. 3rd. There will be dinner, dancing, awards presentation and the December club meeting. Please contact me (Darwin W. McClellan), at 216-631-0851 for ticket information and details. This is a B.Y.O.B. event. That's it for now. Hope to see you all at one of the remaining events. ■

Plan It & We Will Come

By Don Poremski

True to their word, Carl and Rosemary Bork were in attendance when the group left the Farmer Boy Restaurant for Sistersville. Let this be a warning to you not to rhapsodize about good riding roads and fun around these two.

The premise was that we'd gather at the South Breakfast Ride location and work our way over secondary roads with the culmination being the Wells Inn across the Ohio River from Fly by ferry. The Inn is an historic place left over from the heyday of Sistersville as an oil boomtown of the late 19th Century. September is a good time of the year to use up the last of your tires before putting the bike away for winter, especially those untouched "chicken strips" on the sides. With that in mind the group used only as much slab as absolutely necessary to get to the good stuff.

Many of us know these roads from riding in SE Ohio. Saturday's route included the towns of Zoar, Zoarville, past Atwood Lake to Sherrodsville, Connoton, Scio, brushing the eastern tip of Tappan Lake on the way to Cadiz, then on to St. Clairsville. (Continued page 16)

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Meanderin' with Mike "The Bike" Kiesel

With the club showing more and more interest in long distance riding, we turn to an avid rider to collect and pass on tips for the road.

I have agreed to start a new regular feature in the newsletter. It will be based on different riding tips that I have heard along the way. I will tell of my personal experience in applying those tips - the good, the bad, and the ugly. I'll probably eventually run out of ideas if you, the readers, do not help. I invite you to keep giving me a steady supply of tips, especially ones that have not worked out for you. I (at my discretion) will try them out and report my findings.

Here are three tips I applied in my recent Iron Butt ride. I did a lot of research on how to stay comfortable and asked a lot of questions of members of our club who are experienced long-distance riders. I also read much of what the Iron Butt Association (IBA) had to say on the subject.

Tip # 1 -The best tip I received was from our own Road Captain, Darwin McClellen. He advised me, "Don't wait until you start to hurt, to change your riding positions. By then it's already too late.". He explained that you should ride for a while in your normal position, then vary it; like put your feet up on highway pegs for a while, or back on the pillion pegs, slide forward on the seat, slide backward on the seat. He even suggested standing up on the normal pegs while slowing down driving through construction zones.

I varied Darwin's suggestion since I don't have highway pegs on my LT. I decided to try to continuously vary my position. I put on some good tunes and kinda danced in place while riding. I switched my weight from one butt cheek to the other in time with the music. On long boring super slabs I let the whole bike get into the groove by weaving back and forth a couple of feet in the lane in time to the music. If the music really egged me on, and traffic seemed light enough, I got into some more violent weaves, like the swerves they teach you for avoiding a road hazard. It kept me nimble, alert, and I think it's good practice then and now. The swerving practice is not new to me and has really helped save me from a couple of accidents that I don't think I could have avoided if it didn't come so naturally to me.

How well did all this work? Well, I must admit that about 4 hours into the ride my back and butt started to hurt. I thought that there was no way that I was going to make almost 1100 miles that first day. However, I discovered that in keeping up with my plan, the hurt never got to the unbearable stage I've always experienced before.

Tip # 2-This tip made the implementation of tip #1 possible. I gleaned it from the IBA web site. It was to wear bicycling shorts (inside out so the seams were away from me), which helped immensely. The shorts allowed me to slide around on the seat a little more than regular underwear, not too much though. My posterior didn't get as warm from the normal friction of riding and the underwear seams didn't dig into my flesh. Without this tip, I might have had terminal "monkey butt" from all the dancing in place.

Tip #3 - This was the UGLY tip that I implemented on my ride. Again it was from the IBA website. It involved over-hydration. The tipster touted that by stocking up on water before and during the ride, he had eliminated his back pains. This was a major concern of mine. So I tried it. It did not work for me. I still suffered from the same back pains that I normally experience on long-distance rides. I really think that it was Tip # 1 that made my back pains bearable.

The only thing that over -hydration did for me was to waste a lot of time having to make nature stops. I normally can last between fuel stops but this tip caused me to add an additional stop in between. There is no way that I could ever do a Butt Burner Gold (1500 in 24 hours) using this strategy. Of course as the saying goes, "your mileage may vary".

I have two medical problems that effect me in this area: diabetes and an enlarged prostate. About mid-morning into my trip I decided to abandon the over-hydration technique. If I had not, I would never have made my night's lodging (Tibbett's Point NY) on time.

I hope you've gained some helpful information. In the next addition of the CCN I plan to relate a tip given to me by Larry Cardo. This one I attribute to saving me from one monstrous hassle and maybe even JAIL. If you have any tips that you'd like to pass on to me, be they good, bad, or ugly, please do so. My e-mail address is: bzoinky@bigfoot.com or call me at (330) 723-6479.■

Michigan, Oh Michigan

By Judy Gau

If you haven't realized it by now, I love riding in Michigan. The forests, lakes, sand dunes, back roads and wildlife are all worth a trip up north. For those of you wanting to venture up for a few days or a week, you won't be disappointed.

Roger Pivonka and I recently returned from our journey up north, conquering the dreaded Mackinac Bridge once again, only this time I was prepared. I had in my pocket the phone number to the St. Ignace Port Authority. They have a wonderful service of riding your vehicle, whether 4 wheels or 2 across the great Straits of Mackinac for those of us a little uneasy with the high winds. Only this time, after surveying the trees and flags, I put the number back in my pocket and proceeded onward with a smile on my face. It seems in the early hours of the morning, the winds have mercy on all travelers, as was such on our crossing. Knowing that I could have bailed at any time gave me the courage to conquer and put another crossing under my belt.

After the much relieved crossing, Roger and I were riding along enjoying the forest view when we saw what looked like pieces of straw flying in the air. It was a little strange as there was no hay on the sides of the freshly asphalted road, and we soon found out that we were riding into a swarm of what looked like moths. They were orange in color and had hard core bodies, so with each hit you heard the pings and splatters. With Michigan being a non helmet state, I wouldn't have wanted to not have a helmet on. We were covered in splatters to the point of not being able to see out of our shields. Clothing, bikes, and bags all took on the color of orange. This went on for many miles and we couldn't wait to find a place to stop and clear the shields. Once we arrived at our destination, cars everywhere were the same color as us.

After spending a few days in Sault Ste Marie with family and friends, we ventured over to Canada to ride to the Agawa Canyon by rail. The train goes 114 miles into the deepest parts of the Agawa Canyon forest, with no way in or out except for some old logging roads here and there and the train. Campers, fishermen and hunters ride the train and get off at their destinations, with instructions to the conductor of when to pick them up.

We arrived at the canyon floor and enjoyed the scenery and still of the forest. Upon leaving the canyon, we were told there would be a change of plans getting back to the train station. A freight train using the same track had one of their cars derail, and our train would be unable to continue. The first thought was that we were going to have to spend the night in the canyon, with bugs that were unidentifiable, or on the train further down the line. With the preparedness of the rail line, they called in school buses for all 200 people to travel one of the washboard logging roads ten miles thru the forest and over a dam that no vehicle should have to travel, to the main road heading back 130 miles to the train station. I have learned that school buses are not made for adults and forest miles and road miles differ greatly. We were only 3 hours delayed and met so many people on our adventure. We even had time to have dinner and leave a donation at the Canadian casino before the fireworks on the 4th of July started.

Back on our bikes the next day, we rode the northern part of Lake Michigan, a good ride with a continuous view of the lake heading towards Wisconsin. The weather was great, the roads were not congested and the day couldn't have been more perfect until we came to the Green Bay Wisconsin Bridge. For those of you that have ridden across it, need I say more? Now this bridge is only a mile long and non-threatening (Cont. on p.6)

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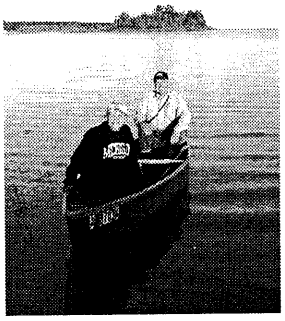
Oh, Michigan Continued

in viewing it, and I was excited we were making good time towards our destination of heading up the Door County Peninsula to Washington Island. Once committed on the Green Bay Bridge, there is no going back, and I do say, I was looking for a way back. The huge "gusty wind" sign should have been my first red flag that this wasn't going to be an easy crossing on my F650. The signs were an understatement of what we experienced. Roger was hunkered down on his tank bag fighting the winds, and I had the death grip on my handle bars waiting to hear the scrape of my foot pegs, bags and me! After we were off the bridge, I vowed to purchase a heavier bike and to cross this place off my list of 'travel to again'. The windy Mackinac Bridge was a street crossing compared to the Green Bay experience. I think we also changed our underwear at the first motel we came to.



The next day we headed to Washington Island which is at the tip of the Door County peninsula, which sits in the middle of upper Lake Michigan. Travel to the island is four miles by ferry, and the ride is so smooth you don't need tie downs. Similar to Kelley's Island, but larger, 6 x 5 miles long. Very relaxing island, nice roads and many sights to see and visit. To travel to the beach area, you ride thru the only cemetery on the island. Very interesting. Roger and I kept seeing signs saying 'Fish Boil' at every eatery on the island. Not knowing what this was, we were educated quickly by the locals, who come out in force just to see the pot boil over with the fish, potatoes, onions and carrots stewing in large kettles in the parking lots. This is a delicacy for the locals and a big deal each evening.

The next day we headed to the town of Manitowac for the car ferry SS Badger. This ship travels from Wisconsin to Ludington, Michigan. The crossing was four hours long with lots of fun things to do on the ship. Two movie rooms, two eateries, large screen TV's with theatre style seating, full service bar, gift shop, game rooms, day care and great state rooms. We did have to tie down our bikes and several HDers were aboard. If you have time to spare in Ludington, visit the massive sand dunes, which you can see when arriving in port. Another ferry service is available in Milwaukee if you miss the Manitowac ferry, which is two and a half hours in crossing and arrives in Muskegon Michigan. Fun time was had by all.

We rode on another four hours to Fowlerville, Michigan to stay with my folks. The roads were great with little construction and the weather was perfect for night riding. We hit another bug storm, this time with fire flies, and had to do the cleaning of the face shields again, but the little critters didn't leave much of a mess on our clothing.

Our trip was winding down and time to head home. We were out ten days, but this trip could have been completed in six. We played along the way enjoying every day to the fullest, traveling a little over 1,500 miles. Maybe the next time you see me, I'll have a larger bike and hopefully no more wind stories. The washing of the bikes took place once we got home and with a little scraping, all the orange matter was removed.
I think I've earned my "wings". ■

The Long Way

By Mike Kiesel

With 2 weeks of preparation, a GPS programmed for the spots where I thought might get lost, a computer-printed map of the entire route that fit into my tank bag's map case, and about 3 hours sleep, I started out at 2AM on Friday July 23, with my sights set on Tibbett's Point Light House Hostel at the eastern end of Lake Ontario. I had to be there before they closed the office at 10PM. The only thing is that I started out going in the wrong direction (on purpose). I was finally on my first Iron Butt ride that wouldtake me through Toledo, Sault Ste. Marie, Ottawa, Tibbett's Point, and back home to Medina, Ohio.

My initial fuel fill up in Medina at 2:35 AM was my official start. I had togo 1000 miles in 24 hours for the Saddle Sore 1000, and 1500 miles in 36hours for a Bun Burner 1500. That meant that I needed to be back in Medina by Sunday at 2:35 PM. But my most immediate goal was Tibbett's, a mere 1098 miles away. It was a perfect night for riding the super slab; the moon was almost full and so bright that I could see for miles down the Ohio Turnpike.

I went up RT- 23 through Michigan. After I hit I-75 near Flint the lack of sleep started to catch up with me. I had a list of different places and times that I had to be there, I was already about 45 minutes ahead of schedule so I figured it was time for one of my famous 10 minute power naps.

I pulled into a rest area around 8 AM. I spent the next 20 minutes on a picnic table bench checking my eyelids for holes. Back on the road I felt a little better for the rest, but really wished it had been (Cont. page 7)

The Long Way (continued)

sleep. I was soon feeling the early Michigan morning chill, but wasn't about to stop to add another layer. That was a huge mistake, but I'll elaborate on that in another newsletter. I'm still kicking myself for not remembering to just reach down and turn on my newly-acquired heated seat.

I was soon on the Mackinac Bridge with its steel-grated lane. My LT handled it really well. Crossing the border into Canada was a cinch. The guard didn't even ask me to remove my helmet. Once in Canada everything seemed to change. I was following right behind a Harley rider as we crossed the border. We both happened to be going east on the Trans-Canada Highway. We were wondering how fast we could go, but there were no speed limit signs. We rode for about 15 minutes keeping our speed under 55 MPH. Then a guy on a R1150 RT with British Columbia plates passed us like we were standing still and the chase was on. I followed that RT for the next 200 miles, leaving the Harley rider in the dust. The RT guy and I stopped for gas together and exchanged information. He wanted to eat. I checked my schedule. I didn't have the time.

The Trans-Canada Highway is only 2 lanes with a passing lane about every 10 miles. I got stuck behind many a slower vehicle, both cages and motorcycles, but it was never for very long. I was surprised at how many motorcycles were going the other direction. I must have passed about 1200 of them on the way to Ottawa. There were also a lot of long-distance bicycle riders on both sides.

Every fueling stop had long lines of both cars and bikes. On one lonely stretch a bear crossed the road a couple of cars ahead of me. All the cars started pulling over. I was tempted to pull over also. I did a quick fast forward in my mind of what a stop would have been like. Let's see: I pull over, remove my helmet and gloves, get out my camera, and take pictures from the safety of a stranger's car as the bear tears my LT apart looking for the fruit in my tank bag and top case. I decided to forgo any picture-taking and continue riding.

My GPS was telling me that I would get to Tibbett's Point about 9:05 PM, plenty of time to make one more fuel stop to verify that I'd gone at least 1000 miles in 24 hours. At the border back into the US my plans kinda fell apart. The guard asked me to remove my helmet and give him my ID. Then he said, "Congratulations, the computer has randomly selected you for a complete search. Go park your vehicle in one of the bays on the right, go into the office and surrender your keys to an inspector." I thought, "OH,S**T! Just what I didn't want to hear." I parked and went in. I saw nobody inside - after a few "HELLO's" from me, an officer showed his face. I explained to him my haste to get to the hostel on time. He gave me a 2-page form to fill out and took my keys. He assured me that I'd get to my lodging on time. Before I finished the form he was back telling me that everything was OK.

I made it to the hostel at 9:45 PM. The proprietor was happy to see me and fill out the witness form for the SS1000. I spent the night in the old Lightkeeper's house, and was on the road again before 5AM. I saw as much of that picturesque place as one can see by moon light, but I'd like to go back when I'm not so rushed. The rest of the ride home was almost uneventful and boring on the turnpikes. I did mange to get into the EasyPass lane on the exit of the New York turnpike. (Cont. p. 8)

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The Long Way (Cont.)

Once in, there's no way out. I was locked and committed. I tried to go back to one of the booths and pay, but they said that my picture was already taken and they would be sending me a violation notice.

On I-90 near Mentor it started to rain and the traffic was intense. Construction had ground off the top layer of all 3 lanes and left the deepest, widest grooves I've ever seen on a interstate! My LT usually has no problems with grooved surfaces; however I almost lost it a couple of times and had to slow to about 40. The cages didn't seem to like me much.

It was interesting to see all the BMW's heading the other direction on the highways. They were all going home after the Beemerville Rally. As luck would have it, when I made my final fuel stop at SR-3 and I-76, there was another LT just like mine parked at the Hardee's next door. I went over and asked the bike's owner and wife to be my ending witnesses for the BB1500.

They were soon verifying that I'd gone 1545miles in 33 hours and 25 minutes. Who would have guessed that less than one month later, and 3 days after participating in an ERC (Experienced Rider Course), I'd be in the hospital awaiting quadruple bypass surgery? ■

BBG Continued from Page 1

on my handle bars. It is wired with convenient PPT switches and extender cables and worked well for rider/passenger communications. This would be its first long-term test on bike to bike communications.

Auxiliary lights consisted of a pair of 55W lights to augment my normal pair of 65W low beams. I pointed the right aux light toward the right side of the road, looking for deer. The left one I positioned looking straight ahead. I positioned the height of both to be in between my low beam and high beams. The night illumination was great, well worth the several angry truckers who showed me their high beams.

A radar detector mounted on the front dash looking through the windscreen plugs into the Chatterbox and gives a warning tone into my headset. Worked great the whole way.

I installed a pair of Stebel horns rated at 106db each. They operate in conjunction with my stock horn. Even trucks can hear me now!

My stock ST1300 windscreen was fine for me, but it buffeted my wife pretty badly. My new screen is much larger and eliminates most of the passenger buffeting. As it turns out, the large screen worked great, but because there was very little air on me, it got warm during the day.

Get a one gallon extra gas container – just in case. Now on to the ride itself.

I went to bed at 7:00 p.m. and slept very little because of the excitement. I arose early, at 1:30 a.m., had breakfast and got dressed. The weather forecast said 90 degree highs and 50 degree lows with no rain. I had chosen to wear: First Gear over pants over bicycle riding shorts, Oxtar boots, Teknic mesh jacket with the waterproof jacket liner.

I arrived early at the gas station and had to wait for my start time. Finally I couldn't wait any longer and I gassed up, marked up my log book and hit the road. It was 3:28 AM. It was 59 degrees, no traffic and the ST was running like a turbine. I headed for my rendezvous point with Larry. The first good omen was when I saw a pair of headlights in my mirror gaining on me. It was Larry's BMW. We didn't have to stop at the rendezvous point. Time saved – good thing.

We decided that I would lead during the night and Larry would lead during the day. We figured this would break the monotony. It ended up working well. We settled into a good rhythm, passing the few trucks on the road. Columbus came and went. Already my butt was a little sore.

Rush hour in Indianapolis was not bad. We looked for our first gas stop, found it and pulled in. I had already worked out my gas stop ritual: 1. Dismount 2. Remove tank bag safety strip (Cont. next page)

BBG (Continued)

(loops around the steering stem) 3. Move tank bag back to expose gas cap 4. Swipe card 5. Open cap and fuel 6. Check gas receipt for time, date, and location 7. Record in BBG log time, date, and location 8. Close gas tank 9. Reposition tank bag 10. Reconnect safety strap.

At this first gas stop I already had a problem. My receipt did not have the gas station location. I went inside and had the attendant write in the address and phone number and sign it. Time Lost!!

The sun was up and it was heating up so I removed my liner and we took off. The ride was uneventful, a good thing. Indiana has a 70 MPH speed limit so we tried to run at 78.

Construction zones (Ohio is by far the worst) were 45/55. Often there were police at these points so we ran at the posted limit. The landscape in Northern Indiana looks like a picture postcard: beautiful farms, fields and silos. "America The Beautiful" is real. Our next gas stop in Potterville, MI started smoothly.

When I tried to plug the Chatterbox back into my helmet I discovered two bent pins. I straightened one and the other broke. Now only one of my ear phones worked. Other than that, everything was going as planned. We were now in Michigan, heading through Lansing. We departed I-69 and pick up route 127. The road was great. Very little traffic.

We met up with I-75 for the final push to Mackinaw City, slightly ahead of schedule. And, suddenly we were in Mackinaw City, the turnaround point. We stopped for gas. There were no credit card readers, only old style pumps. It was, pump gas, then take credit card inside. The receipt had all the proper information though. I tried to call my wife but my cell phone had no service. We were halfway done and a half hour ahead of schedule. It was 3:00PM.

We were pumped up for the return trip. Rest room stops cut into our time cushion, but we made it back up by the time we hit Indianapolis. It was 10:00 PM. I gassed up but received no receipt. I went inside and asked for a receipt but the one they gave me did not have the location. The attendant refused to add the location and sign the receipt. So, I went back outside and used the same pump Larry used, as his receipt was fine. I put a dash more of gas in but apparently did not press the "Receipt Yes" button in time. No receipt and absolutely no room left in the tank for another splash. We opened the 1 gallon container I had strapped to the passenger seat (just in case!) and put in a dash of gas. This time Larry pushed the "Receipt Yes" button and I had my receipt. I bought more Gatorade and refilled the Camelback bladder. I put on my liner for the final push home. Now there was no time to spare.

As we headed East on 70 I realized that in my haste I had forgotten to buckle my helmet chin strap. I debated whether to push on but decided that would be stupid. We stopped at a rest area and buckled it. Simple tasks were becoming more demanding. We pushed on through endless construction areas and finally arrived in Columbus to make the turn northward for home. Larry had 50 miles left to 1500 and I had 80.

Now there are decisions to be made. Should we scrap our plan of running an extra 30 or 40 miles as a safety margin, and try to find a gas station just after 1500 miles. Or, should we try to go the extra distance and hope we are on time? We have gained a little bit of breathing room since Dayton and we decide to push on for the full safety margin distance. Then we hit the fog. It was very thick. We pulled into the low speed lane and hoped the trucks could see us. After 2 minutes the fog cleared and we rolled on. Now we can smell it!! We can do this thing!!

At Mansfield Larry had run 1530 miles and pulled off for his finish gas stop. I gave him a celebratory blast from the twin Slebels and kept going. Thirty more miles. I decided to stop at Medina which would give me 1524 miles and get a gas receipt then continue on to Middleburg Hts. , and get another gas receipt. That way I would be sure to document at least 1524 rather than lose it all if I was late to Middleburgh Hts.

Just before Medina I hit a construction area where they were night paving. (Continued on page 10)

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BBG (Continued)

The asphalt fumes made my eyes burn really bad. My nose was running and I had tears rolling down my cheeks. It was a construction zone so I could not stop. Finally I was able to get a finger under my glasses and wipe my eyes, which seemed to help. Now I was at the Medina gas stop. It was 2:55 AM. I decided to go for Middleburg Hts., and took off. Sixteen minutes later I was there to gas up for the final time. It is 3:15 a.m. No sweat. I was done with 13 minutes to spare. Now some words from Larry.

Wayne and I had been good friends since the early 70's. We worked together at Westinghouse and raced enduro's in the 70' and 80's. When Wayne first mentioned trying for a BBG, I rejected the idea as too difficult in the eastern US. Hell, I failed one in the western US. But he continued to lobby, "We can do it". All we have to do is average 63 m.p.h.. Finally, I said OK. I actually thought I would not be able to complete the ride but I would give it my best effort.

Wayne has already given you the basics of our plan regarding road and state choices. Wayne felt bike to bike communications were important so I wound up spending four days interfacing an FRS radio to my Chatterbox. Because of the ride difficulty, I felt there would not be time to stop for meals or drinks. Thus I mounted two coolers and a large water bottle accessable while riding. In the coolers I had 4 cans of Coke, 4 cans of Red Bull, 10 energy bars and 2 Subway sandwiches cut into forths and indivually wrapped.

On previous long distance rides, my major nemises were becoming too tired to continue riding safely and the inability to see well during night riding. I planned on taking two or three short (30 minute) naps during the ride. Additionally, I planned to get at least seven hours of sleep before starting the ride. For night vision, I have 330 watts of lighting.

As Wayne and I live about 50 miles apart, we chose different starting times and locations. I left Mentor at 3:00 AM and he left Berea at 3:30. We were to meet at 4:00 AM at a location on I-71. As luck would have it, we met en route and eliminated one stop. Indy 341 miles, arrival time 7:51 a.m. with 69.6 m.p.h. average.

At our first required stop, Indianapolis, we had averaged 69.6 m.p.h. It was still warm when I left at 3:00 a.m. and I didn't put on my jacket liner. As the night wore on I was getting quite cold, actually shaking a few times, and I was becoming very sleepy. Great! Barely four hours into a 24-hour ride and I was ready to quit. Just before Indy, the sun came up and brought with it heat and, somehow, energy? I was no longer sleepy.

We pushed as hard as safety and fear of tickets would allow, and we arrived in Indy with little time to spare. That told me that any additional rest time would result in a DNF. I told my self that I would continue, but knowing full well that I could not ride the required twenty more hours. East Lansing, MI 228 miles, arrival time 11:09 a.m. with 61.6 m.p.h. average.

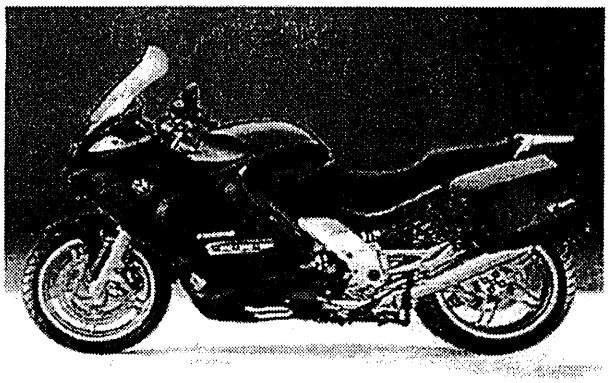
I-69 North from Indy was a great road. Only one city (Fort Wayne) and a wonderful view of midwest farming. East Lansing was our next gas. This stop was slow, as a Harley rider wanted to chat, and Wayne bent pins on his radio connector. Repairs made and we were off, only to have me miss a route change and add ten unwanted miles to our trip.

Riding through Michigan is a pleasure! Everyone is doing 80 m.p.h. and there are few troopers. This state must get its tax revenue from other sources? The roads were in better repair and they had less construction. How can that be? Maybe their government is less corrupt than Ohio's? Traffic was light the whole way and best of all, I never saw a live deer. Mackinaw City 253 miles, arrival time 2:58 p.m. with 66.2 m.p.h. average.

We are now at our turnaround or halfway point. And it took 12 hours to get here! We have riden mostly in daylight and were reasonably fresh. How could we repeat this ride back more tired and facing seven hours of night riding?

We could see the mighty Mac Bridge, but there was no time to smell the roses. Wind gusts were heavy beginning mid-Michigan. I could only imagine what it would be like on the bridge! I've crossed this bridge four times, mainly because I didn't have any (Cont. on page 11)

Available for test rides. Are You?



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BBG Continued ■

other option.

I was pleasently surprised with my stamina! Hard riding for twelve hours and I am 100% alert. This high degree of alertness was to continue throughout the remainder of the trip. I somehow never became tired? Maybe it was the Coke or Red Bull, maybe the Alleve, maybe the mints, or maybe just trying not to let Wayne down? I have never experienced this degree of sharpness over this length of ride. East Lansing 246 miles, arrival time 6:42 p.m. with 65.9 m.p.h. average.

It seems like we were just here a few hours ago. Unfortunately, sunset is just an hour away. Although heavy traffic was never an issue, a lot of trucks were on the road. And the trucks as usual were trying to pass each other with their one mile speed differential. Jerks! Indy 227 miles, arrival time 10:04 p.m. with 67.5 m.p.h. average.

At Indy, we have been on the road for 19 hours , completed nearly 1300 miles, and they were beginning to take their toll. Additionally, we had not built up any time reserve, thus if any problems arose, we could DNF the BBG attempt. Time was very critical, and Indy was to turn out to be our longest stop. We used a different gas stop from the one we used on our ride up. This one turned out to be in a very poor section of town. Wayne's gas pump would not give him a receipt and he could not obtain one from inside the station. Very angry, he asked me to move my bike and he would use my pump. As he was obtaining his gas receipt, I was interfacing with beggars. We finally got back on the road. Ashland, OH 259 Miles, arrival time 2:22 a.m. with 60.2 m.p.h. average.

We chatted for nearly 3 hours on the radio, trying to determine how much time we had left and how far we needed to go and the speed average we would need to maintain. We could not agree on required speed because of different calculation methodologies, different starting times and locations, complicated by the fact that both of us were becoming more tired.

How fast we traveled became a moot point as construction, trucks, night riding and our fatigue became the major considerations. I had originally planned on riding 1560 miles. To assure I could finish within the 24 hour window, I shortened my end target to 1520 miles. Heading north from Columbus heavy fog became an issue further slowing our progress. As soon as I hit 1530 miles I spotted an open gas station at Ashland, OH. Wayne still had another 30 miles to go for his 1530. I said goodbye and good luck to Wayne and obtained my final gas receipt at 2:22 a.m.

I was 85 miles from Mentor, and a motel was 500 feet. Upon obtaining the ending receipt, I suddenly became very tired. I was sorry for (Cont. on p. 13)

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Calendar of Events

October 28-30
Ohio RA Halloween Campout
Trail Riders Campground, four miles north of Cadiz on SR9. Primitive camping, pit toilets and a paved road into the campsite. Look for a Harrison State Forest sign marked **Trail Riders Campground.** All interested BMW riders are invited to this end-of-the-season campout. Cindy Hoskey will be our food coordinator so keep a handle on the weekend feasting. E-Mail her after October 10th for potluck suggestions. Friday night chili pot. Sam Hill memorial ride at noon. Pie Iron Cook Off dinner competition and more. For more information, call Bill Johnson RA Ohio Region Coordinator at 614-855-3148.

November 3
BMW MOC Regular Meeting
Held at Panini's at 7:00 p.m. Located at 480 West Aurora Road, Sagamore Hills (Northfield) OH 44607-2199. Tel 330-468-6200.

November 29
BMW MOC Board Meeting
Held at Bob Wood's residence, 4257 W. 130th St. Cleveland OH, tel. 216-252-7933. Moved to Tuesday after Thanksgiving. 7:00 p.m.

December 3
BMWMOC Holiday Party & Reg. Mtg.
6:00 p. m. until 11:00 at the Catered Elegance Party Center, 1160 Broadway Ave., Bedford, OH, 44146. Phone 440-232-5039. Dinner and revelry. MOCal awards and **Doer** prize drawing. **Winner must be present**.. Darwin is handling ticket sales- 216-631-0851.

January 27-29
Cycle World Int'l. M/C Showcase
Once again the popular showcase for new motorcycles and accessories will return to Cleveland's IX Center. Look for plans from MOC to attend as in years past.

February 17-19
Easy Riders V-Twin Bike Show
Held at the Veterans Memorial, 300 W. Broad St. in Columbus. This invitational bike show will feature V-twin motorcycles vying for top honors and will feature Easy Rider master builders plus live music and a roadware fashion show with the Purrfect Angelz. Food and drink available. 800-962-9857.

July 21-22
Thunder at the Crossroads
9750 Clark Drive, Rossford (Toledo) OH. Two day event features custom cars and cycles. Live bands all weekend. Beer, food, raffles, bikini contest bike shows and vendors. Call Rita Buck at 419-873-4636.

Congress Approves Funds for Crash Study

The United States Congress has funded the first nationwide study of motorcycle crashes since the '70's. House and Senate conferees agreed to a compromise version of the $286.4 billion transportation bill, which was passed by both chambers in early August, re-authorizing transportation spending through September, 2009.

The bill includes nearly $3 million for a study of motorcycle crashes and specifies that the research grants be provided to the Oklahoma Transportation Center, located at Oklahoma State University. ■

Katrina Impacts Powersports Industry

What is the fate of motorcycle riders in the wake of Katrina and Rita? Even weeks after the actual events, information is still sketchy. Some manufacturers came to the assistance of rescuers. For example, Honda pledged $5 million in aid and also provided watercraft for use by rescue personnel.

Manufacturers are reporting that the impact was spotty, some dealers being totally uneffected, others devastated. Honda had about 65 dealerships of which about 15% were unable to open for business. Those that were damaged are to be helped by extensions granted by the IRS and many financial institutions and losses are going to be allowed for the 2005 tax filings or adjustments to those filed in 2004, whichever the filing entity prefers. At least that much of the "muck" has been disposed of. ■

Your vote for the 2006 officers and board members is important. Vote early and often!

Vintage Days Moves in 2006

AMA Vintage Motorcycle Days moves to a new spot on the calendar for 2006, so be sure to plan your summer accordingly. For 2006, VMD will be held July 28-30, and will return as usual to the Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course near Lexington, Ohio.

The change was made to keep VMD in line with the AMA Honda Super Cycle Weekend presented by Dunlop Tire the following weekend, August 4-6, when the full schedule of AMA Superbike Championship races comes to Mid-Ohio. VMD, which attracts an estimated 40,000 enthusiasts each year, has typically been scheduled for the middle of July, but scheduling of other sporting events during the summer of 2006 prompted what is expected to be a one-year departure from the traditional dates.

VMD 2006, which will benefit the Motorcycle Hall of Fame Museum, will include exhibits of classic motorcycles and memorabilia, the all-brands AMA Swapmeet, bike shows, a full slate of American Historic Racing Motorcycle Association (AHRMA) racing, and other features to be announced in the coming months. Watch www.AMADirectlink.com for more details as they are finalized. ■

Customizing as art: "Wheelz" exhibit puts two-wheeled style in the gallery

Is any form of art more quintessentially American than customizing our rides? And if not, don't those uniquely customized motorcycles and cars belong on display at an art school?

As a vehicle of self-expression, it was only natural that the motorcycle would attract creative individuals who would modify their rides to become different, unique, faster, and more conspicuous.

Among the customizers of today whose work is part of the exhibit are: Chris Cruz, Arlen Ness, Jeff Decker, Tank Ewsichek, Troy Lee, Indian Larry, Jesse James, Paul Yaffe, Boyd Coddington and Bruce Mullins,

The curators of the exhibit are Ed Youngblood, former president of the AMA, curator of multiple exhibits at the Motorcycle Hall of Fame Museum, and author of several books on motorcycle history and personalities; and DeWitt, professor of liberal arts at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia and author of "Cool Cars, High Art: The Rise of Kustom Kulture."

The exhibit is free to the public. The gallery is open Monday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Thursday 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., and Sunday 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.In conjunction with the exhibit, special screenings of iconic motorcycle and car movies are scheduled.

For more about the exhibit, visit www.ccad.edu. The exhibit will remain in place through December 11th. ■

Noonan sets top speed record at Bonneville for non-streamliner

John Noonan became the fastest man on a two-wheeled, conventional motorcycle Wednesday at the AMA Sports International Motorcycle Speed Trials by BUB on the historic Bonneville Salt Flats.

Noonan, from Huntington Beach, California, turned a top speed of an amazing 259.393 mph on a 2003 partially streamlined 1,350cc supercharged Suzuki Hayabusa. After several passes ranging from 240 mph to 246 mph, Noonan decided to challenge the FIM World and AMA National records in the measured mile.

His down-course pass was just above 246 mph, and his return pass at 259.393 mph gave him an average of 252.662 mph (406.621 kph, passing the current FIM World record of 337.884 kph set by N. Brisset in 2002). The 259.393 mph is the fasted speed for a sit-on motorcycle in the world.

Per FIM regulations, a return pass must occur within a two-hour time frame. Stopping to catch his breath after his first run, Noonan then proceeded to unleash his historic run. So far, due to moisture conditions, the streamliner motorcycles have been unable to attempt the crack ultimate top-speed records. ■

BBG Continued

Wayne who had to continue riding. As I was checking in to the motel, I noticed a very ugly smell. Upon further investigation, it was me! The temps during most of the day were in the high 80s to mid 90s.

During the ride, my body felt great. Upon riding to Mentor the next morning, I noticed one leg was chafed and my left wrist felt sprained. The bike during the ride performed flawlessly.

We would have not completed this ride if we had to stop for food or drink. The radios that Wayne insisted we have really proved their worth. They reduced our down time since we could chat about relevant things on route. They earned their keep as Wayne would shout, "Radar, Radar, Radar". And they improved our riding safety by communicating stuff like debris on the highway, lane closures, etc. Although grueling, I am proud to have completed the trip and I am hopeful the Iron Butt Association will approve our applications.

Thanks, Wayne, for keeping at me until I accepted the challenge. ■

Member Snapshot & Ride Report (Part 1)

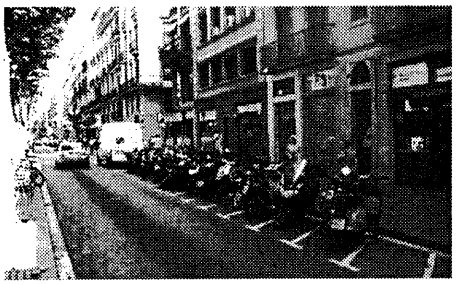
By Paul Mitchell

Thinking back on my first two-wheeled, motorized experience leads me to Southern California in the early 60's. As a transplant from Massachusetts with a wad of money ($500 from a summer job on a golf course), moving to Whittier was a teenager's dream. The vision included my first driver's license and thoughts of cruising Whittier Boulevard and the Sunset strip ("Kookie, Kookie, lend me your comb!"). I found a Vespa dealer in Pasadena within a week and my dad and I went to look at the latest models from Piaggio. I chose a Vespa 150 in a crate for $495. Dad paid the sales tax. The dealer was trusting enough to let us to borrow his pick up to make the 40 mile round trip to get the scooter back to Whittier. A recent Internet search found this model (non-restored) now selling for $4,000!

Fast forward to June of 2005. After a few years with an R-50 exploring Big Sur and the coastal ranges of Santa Barbara, in January I made a reservation with a travel agent to explore Spain and Southern France on a new R-1200 RT with eight other adventurers. I flew from Detroit to Amsterdam to Barcelona for a total of 8 hours flying time. I was able to use part of my 30 years accumulation of frequent flyer points for a business class ticket on Northwest and KLM.

All this time I wondered, with my recent purchase of a showroom K75 and only 3000 miles accumulated in the last year, would I be ready for the Pyrenees? Why not! They cancelled the tour of Southern Spain (The Don Quixote Tour) because of lack of interest but had convinced every one to go for the gusto and north to the mountains.

Since I was at the mercy of airline awards seat availability, I had two days before the tour members first get-together dinner and a day after the tour to rest and see the sights of Barcelona. My hotel, the NH Due de la Victoria, was only a block from the Las Rambles Boulevard, which was lined with Piaggio Vespas, Hondas, BMW's Kawasaki's, Bultaco's and every other make and form of two-wheeled motorized vehicles. Las Rambles is one of the city's main tourist attractions with many street vendors, mimes, clowns and comics plying their trade including numerous actors in costumes that appear to be statuary.



One of the nearby attractions was the Open Market of Barcelona which I estimated to be 4 times larger than Cleveland's West side market. There were vendors of fish, fowl, fruit, vegetables, candies, baked items, beef, ham, goat & lamb. A couple of small counter restaurants serve much of the fare available in the marketplace. For two mornings I had breakfast in the market place because the local Dunkin Donuts didn't open until 10 AM. (More on life style of the locals later).

Saturday evening finally came and all of the tour participants were introduced and were asked to talk about their riding experience and expectations. One of our guides was a former bodyguard of the King of Spain and rode a Harley in the royal processions. Chano Lorenzo was also a Licensed Vet and promised us good medical care if we needed it (???). Scott Marino is the President of Iberian Moto Tours and would be on the trip for the first 4 days. He got fed up with the "rat race" in Manhattan and returned to Spain where he had been an exchange student years before. Realizing that there were no organized bike tours, he and another partner formed the IMT in 1995 and has hosted hundreds of tours through out Spain, France, Turkey and North Africa since. Being an adventurer, he has run with the bulls in Pamplona four times.

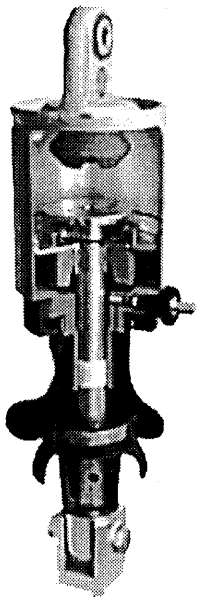
Our other adventurers included Dave, a Dallas native now living in Berlin and employed by an international oil exploration firm servicing the electronic instrumentation on the North Sea rigs. John & Terry, (St. Louis) were Harley riders and retired from Navy flight duty in SE Asia. Chris & Mary Jo a restoration dentist and office manager (Mary Jo) are from Jupiter Beach Fl and have twin R-1150 RT's at home. And finally, Bill & Brian who were being treated by their father, Arthur, for a family adventure. Arthur & Bill were both attorneys and the youngest son, Brian a college student. After our safety briefing and explanation of the Spanish "rules of the road", we headed to a local bistro for Sangria and dinner of delicious Mediterranean seafood and Spanish beef.

Sunday morning, with luggage in the chase van, we picked up our assigned bikes at Barcelona's newest BMW dealer and headed northwest to the foothills of the Pyrenees and the village of Seo de Urgel in the Principality of Andorra. Next chapter to include the Paradores of Spain and the Tour de France route. ■

HP2, Continued from Page 1

wanting to compete in long distance rallies here in North America (ie. Baja 500 & 1000) and there is now a German Cross Country Championship back in der Vaterland. The current plan is to manufacture 1,000 units for world-wide consumption.

The HP2 is a combination of elements from the R1200GS and the R900R, BMW's Dakar Rally bike. At 386 pounds dry it's much heavier than similar enduro machines, but with 1170 cc it is also twice the displacement. Big motors have always been an American fetish, so perhaps that will work in the bike's favor, but anyone making the switch would be advised to practice a bit before tackling any serious backwoods bonking. Saving weight meant that some features of the GS would have to come off, however.



New air-only shock.

The balance shaft is gone and the tank will hold only 3.4 gallons. No hard bags are offered either. Potential owners can order a tank bag and small duffel, nav system mounted above the headlight, heated handgrips and a lowered saddle. Now why do that unless you intend to draw in those who have both the fantasy of being a Dakar rider and the means to secure their very own HP2, but know that very little time will be spent in the desert. So, if you're planting those DOT knobbies on the interstate, it's important for you to be able to keep up with traffic.

Horsepower at the crankshaft is said to be 105 with 85 foot pounds of torque available at 5500 r.p.m. BMW says that will get you up to 125 m.p.h. That's a little brisk for brushing past immovable trees on the trail but handy for warping past a string of semis. Test riders report that the machine doesn't balk in delivering power no matter what gear you have chosen. Handling is also said to be great for frustrating rocket squids on those Sunday putts.

That demonstrated talent for apex strafing comes from some departurs from the GS standard. A steel tube space frame looks rather complex but stiff enough for the designed usage. There's almost ten inches of wheel travel in the rear that comes with the use of a new technology air shock which works with just air, no spring or oil. A level attached to the frame allows ride height checks and use of a hand pump will correct it if it's low. The swingarm is a little longer, too.

Visible here are the new fork and R900R type space frame. 21 inch front wheel is typical for off road use.

The front suspension has been changed from Telelever to conventional upside-down forks with 45mm tubes and provides nearly eleven inches of travel, damping and compression adjustable.

Testers have suggested that serious competitors might want to change the front rim from the tubeless spoke standard to the tubed spoke wheel available from the factory.

Will this machine engender the same kind of fan base that the original G/S did? Only time will tell, but for those who seek outsized performance and the cachet of having a limited production bike, this machine has plenty of appeal. The after-market will come into play if the bike sells well (bark busters, windshields, soft luggage) so it might turn out to be a "one upper" among GS riders. You'll know the motorcycling parallel to the Hummer has arrived if it sprouts a snorkel and grocery bag hooks. ■

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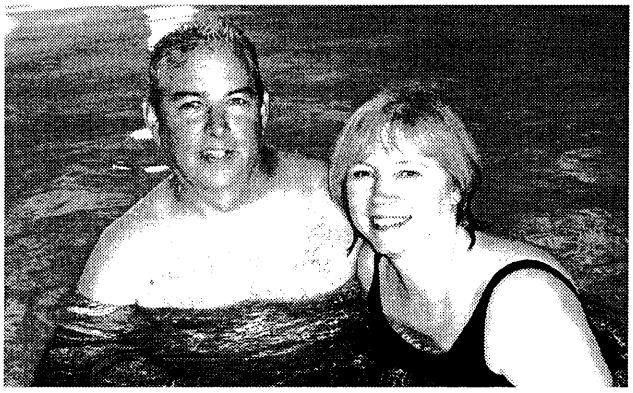
Plan It (Continued)

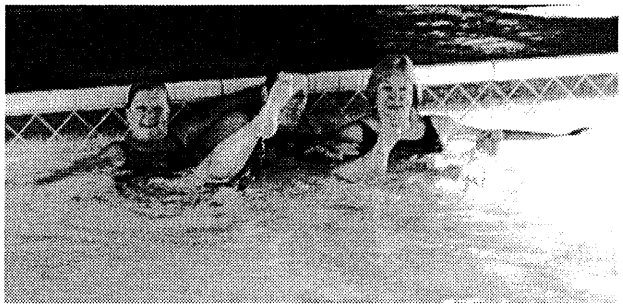
We jumped on 40/70W to get near Hopalong Cassidy's birthplace, Hendrysburg, and the intersection of 800S.

We took that to Woodsfield and got hollered at by a local for trying to park in the street, then took up space in the closed bank's lot (with nice, soft, bike-tipping asphalt) and broke for lunch. Route 800 had been surprisingly free of loose-surface debris, but 26S was going to test our mettle immediately with the first right-hander. From then on it was ride your own pace in light of the road conditions and we'll wait at major turns.



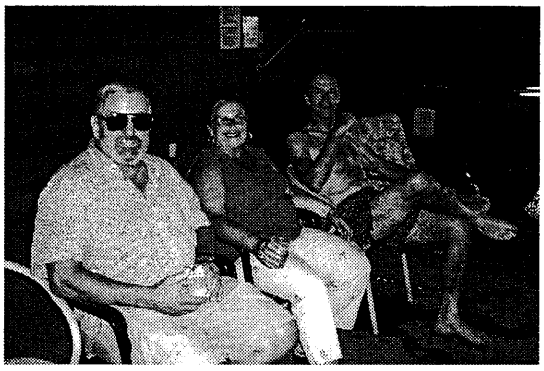
Carl and Rosemary Bork in the swim at the Wells Inn.

Route 26 continues to be a personal favorite even with slag in all the rights. It follows the Muskingam River Valley until just before it dumps into the Ohio. We lose sight of it at the last entrance to Wayne National Forest and prepare for some tight 270's as the road climbs in elevation. Nothing like looking UP to see where you're headed. We then used Rt.7 to take us past Newport, Beavertown, Grandview and New Matamoras to Fly, OH and the ferry to West Virginia, $2 per bike. Yeah, yeah, you can stay on Rt. 7 and cross the bridge to New Martinsville, but where's the romance in that? Besides, the overnight accommodations are very close to the ferry and offered both a hot tub and swimming pool.



The girls gave us a display of synchronized swimming.

The Wells Inn, being under new ownership, was still lining up their ducks, so dinner was out-sourced to



Others preferred unsynchronized sitting. Is OSU on yet?

Maggie's Riverside Restaurant where you could take your repast on a porch overlooking the "Great River" (in Iroquois). The lounge was no further along, so the Inn proprietor arranged for our choice of VFW or BPOE for the evening fun. We chose the latter because it had a very good jukebox, pool table, cheap drinks and there were only about four Elks there when we arrived. Far from being the "who are they" group, we ruled.

Not the usual suspects. Left to right: Don, Rick Gzesh, Nancy and O.J. Simpson, Anna Louise and Barry (who arrived on a Valkyrie trike with the Simpsons), Roger Pivonka, Judy Gau, Candi and Larry Cardo, Rosemary.

We modified the route for the return leg, and, you guessed it, doing so is always fraught with peril. The idea was to find a big bucket....strip mining bucket that is. We went to where it was supposed to be but didn't see it, then the ride organizer goofed on the route numbers and had us heading toward Zanesville. The correction was to take Rt. 93 which in itself isn't a bad bike road. Ask any Harley rider (wink, wink). That detour did show me how pleasant it was to ride Rt.78 west of Sharon, OH to its intersection with Rt. 83. So, exploring Rt. 285 will have to wait for a future ride. Don't know. The destination and crossing could become an annual or bi-annual event. All those in favor say "Aye, Aye'. ■