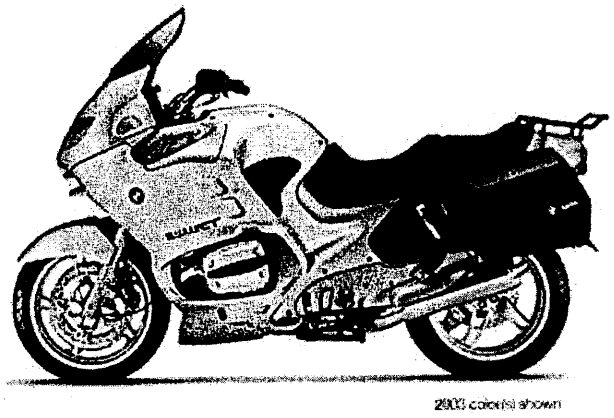
Cleveland Club News

The Official Publication of the BMW Motorcycle Owners of Cleveland Spring 2003

BMW Logs 6th Consecutive Year of Sales Growth



2003 color(s) shown

BMW's R1150RT comes in as top seller for 2002.

BMW of North America has posted their 6th straight year of increased sales. As reported in the Motorcycle Industry Magazine, BMW sold 13,507 units. December sales were 1,625 units, a monthly high with a 40% gain over the previous December.

The top selling model for 2002 was the R1150RT. Next was the K1200LT and the R1150GS. By state, the highest number of sales were reported by California, Colorado, Florida, New York and Texas.

Commenting on the 2002 sales, Thomas J. Plucinsky, General Manager for BMW of North America, Motorcycles said, "The United States continues to be the largest export market for BMW motorcycles." In 2002, BMW introduced four new models and was the first motorcycle manufacturer to offer a certified pre-owned motorcycle program.

BMW has enjoyed the overall strong market for motorcycles in 2002, the tenth consecutive year in which sales have increased over the previous year. Year end sales figures should show an approximate 11% increase over 2001. Total sales through October were 742,000.

The breakdown of the types of motorcycles in those figures are: On Highway - 62%, Off Highway - 31%. Cruisers were dominant with about 50% of the total market. In the US market, Harley Davidson still enjoys the majority share of motorcycles sold.

Florida Fire Rescue to Use BMW Motorcycles as First Responders

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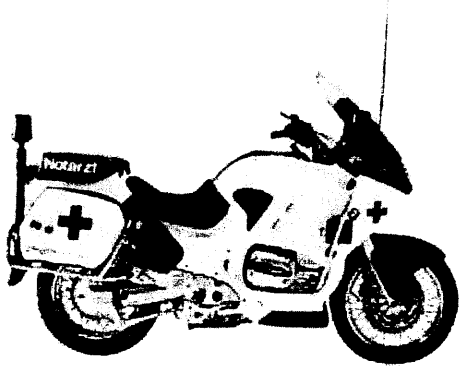
by Bill Andrews

Dec. 6 - Accident victims trapped in the traffic gridlock of South Florida will soon have emergency care at their side more quickly thanks to a new program that puts emergency medical technicians on motorcycles.

Rescue personnel in Florida's Miami-Dade County will have 10 new BMW emergency rescue motorcycles to aid accident victims by Fall of next year, according to fire dept. spokeswoman Shari Holbert Lipner. On November 19, the county commission unanimously approved the use of motorcycles as a means to get through the thick traffic currently oplaguing South Florida highways.

"Here in Miami-Dade County, traffic is a nightmare," Lipner said. "There's a lot of construction, which creates instances where there's an accident and it's difficult for emergency vehicles to get to the people. This is another way to get to citizens faster."



This is not the actual BMW motorcycle Miami-Dade County EMTs will be using. But they should look very much like this.

Frank Stevens, BMWs authority program manager, said BMW was more than happy to donate 10 R1100RT-Ps to the program. Lt. Roman Bass, with the Miami-Dade County Fire Department, and one of the two initial EMTs that will be trained, came to BMW at the biginning of this year to talk about its first responder program. (Continued page 6)

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Good Ideas Come from Good Rides

Editor
Donald Poremski

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The Ralph Report

By President Ralph Crider

Hello and welcome to the Spring issue of the 2003 Cleveland Club News. Another riding season is ready to bloom and the board has some nice events and plans for the upcoming riding season. I'm sure our new Road Captain, Darwin has all the details you need in his calendar of events.

First off, I would like to report that the board of directors has started to put in place a combination of old and new ideas to enhance your BMW MOC membership making it one of the best riding accessories you can buy. In no specific order these include:

A membership drive designed to increase membership by using posters at the local dealerships to let other BMW riders know who we are and what we do.

The MOCal program that recognizes member participation with point awards for meeting attendance, rides, cache hunts, rally attendance, holding club officer positions, and assisting to run the club. Points can be gained in groups or solo.

Speakers at monthly meetings should promote attendance and provide a forum for interchange of opinions and information. (In that regard, I would like to thank Bob and Carol Stanley of FASTTRAX Performance Street Riders School for speaking -loudly- at the February meeting about their riding school and what it will do for street riders such as we.)

Thanks, too, to Pam Humphries from Sill's Motor Sales, who presented an overview of BMW's new financing options and the availability of Pre-Certified used bikes. Pam very generously donated a BMW snow globe as a door prize won by Russ Davis. Nice to see someone from the only BMW dealership on Cleveland's West Side. Both Sill's and FASTTRAX advertise in the CCN so mention you saw their ads when patronizing their businesses.

Rallies and Campouts through the year as described elswhere in the newsletter, local and distant, give us an excuse to gather and share the motorcycling experience.

While as club president it's exciting to see fresh ideas bringing new life to our club, it's important that we have your feedback regarding club events and activities.

The Ralph Report (continued from P. 2)

It's important that all members have a voice, so join us at the monthly meetings and let us know how we can make the membership experience better for you.

One of my concerns is that, while we as a club have good ways to communicate--the newsletter, monthly meetings and the web site--there are members who are left out of spontaneous events or changes in the schedule beyond our control. I'd like to hear members' ideas on how best to pass along the word when doing so is of vital importance.

In closing, I would like to say thank you to all our members for belonging, participating and riding with us. Hope to see **YOU** down the road. ■

Capt. Darwin's REV-olutions

By DarwinMcClellan

Greetings'. My name is Darwin W. McClellan A.K.A. your new Road Captain (That's what happens when you miss a club meeting). I ride a 1993 K 1100 RS and log about 17,000 mi. a year. I've been riding for 31 years, but bought my first Beemer and joined the BMWMOC 4 years ago. It's been trouble ever since, all I want to do is ride. I will be 52 years old this March and my turn-ons are, my wife Margi, daughter Megan, son's Brian and Darwin, and my riding partner and granddaughter, Chloe, campfires, friends, and my bike. Not necessarily in that order.

I would like to thank and congratulate Paul "Squeak" Shaver on his successful 4-year run as Road Captain. My feet are considerably larger than his, but it will take a lot of work to fill his shoes. I would also like to thank Squeak for his past and "future" support.

There will be some changes in the Club calendar of events, but traditions such as the Micro Rally, Turp's tune up clinic, Dealer poker run, and Fall Foliage Rally will remain. There is the new MOCal program that will award points for participating in club events and meetings, with prizes for highest point total at the end of the year.

Also being introduced are the three corners weekend rides. These rides will have three different starting points every Saturday and Sunday, except for the 1st weekend of every month. There will be a rotation set up between the three points and a schedule made available. We are working on mapping and awarding MOCal points for Ohio barn rides, you know, the bicentennial barns, one in every county! We are implementing these programs in the hopes of meeting and seeing more of you on a regular basis. I'm getting tired of telling and hearing the same old stories, adventures, and lies from the same 30 people. Come on, I want to hear from the other 120 members. If you think you're too far out, set up a ride, contact me, I'd love to ride your way and meet new members. You can reach me at <darvroom@sbcglobal.net> or 216-631 0851.

I would like to touch on the reasons why I ride:

SMELLS - It starts in the garage, the tires, oils, and lingering exhaust. The lilac bushes in small towns, the rhododendrons of the south, pine forests, sagebrush, the rain, crisp cool mornings and the occasional whiff of decaying animals. These are things you miss while riding in the cage.

SIGHTS - The first time you break through the clouds and enter the bright sunshine at 9000ft., the long slow decent of night, and the energizing sight of a misty sunrise after 14 hours and 1000 miles in the saddle (only 500 more to go).

TOUCH - It begins when I thumb the starter and the engine comes to life, working the clutch, throttle, shifter, in perfect synchronization as you experience the G forces, accelerating and decelerating while negotiating the twisties.

PEOPLE – I like to socialize with motorcycle people around the campfire, throw down a few beers and listen to a few stories. You meet some really colorful people who are riders.

And last, a thought about some guys and girls of the Shuttle Columbia, who had the brains, bravery, and opportunity to take the ultimate ride of the senses. A ride a few of us wish we could experience. May God bless them, and may their ride never end.

Ride on,
Darwin

New Hurt Study in Works..... Your Voice Counts

The American Motorcyclist Association is asking that all motorcyclists contact their U.S. representatives to ask them to support the House funding for HR 5559, that includes funding for motor vehicle safety research. If it passes we'll be able to get a new Hurt Report.

It was 23 years ago that the first study was published and in the process helped dispel many erroneous notions about motorcycle accidents and who causes them. The new study will also include finding ways to reduce accidents.

To contact your local official, go to AMA's Rapid Response center at http://www.ama-cycle.org/index.asp.

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.

Dear Ramblin' Rose,

I'm a rider of 29 years and for 20 of them, my wife rode with me. Three years ago she decided to try it on her own. She took the MSF Basic Rider Course and we've gone to numerous rallies in and out or state. I was very patient with her in the beginning as she improved her new skills, but, many times we get to the "best" part of the road and she's nowhere in sight! How do I light a fire under her seat?

Smokin'

Dear Smokin',

How long did you say you've been riding? 29 years? Let's see, 29 yrs. - 3 yrs. You know, riders like Reg Pridmore weren't built in a day. .or 3 years. Let's take a look at the components of riding from a woman's perspective. There's the clutch thing going on, the wind, two brake choices, the scenery, the lean, the exhilaration of the twist of the wrist just to name a few. Scientific studies have confirmed that women are pretty good at multi-tasking. Consequently, we can get the basics down in a short time, especially with proper instruction from a *neutral*, certified MSF Rider Coach. But once we get on the road, baby, we're travelin'.

As extraordinary as it may sound, our primary focus is not how fast, how hard, and how far can we go on a tank of gas. Our typical end-of-day conversation doesn't include a score. Go figure. We're talking about the scenery, the smell of the lilacs, and that cute little restaurant with the antiques next door. You each have different expectations and different perspectives. Both are valid.

Haven't you ever noticed the astonished look on your spouse's face as you excitedly recount one of your favorite two-wheel adventures, only to hear her snap, "We never did that!" It's as if you were each traveling in a different universe. That's the joy of 'riding your own ride'.

But, getting back to your question, I don't know if the issue is a rider who travels so (Continued on P. 5)

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Ramblin (Continued)

slowly that she is a danger to herself and others, or a rider who is pushing beyond a safe speed. If you trulybelieve she is too slow for her own safety, get her a seat in another rider course. Girls love classes and books. Your might try FASTTRAX <www.fastone.com>, CLASS <www.classrides.com>, or the Experienced Rider Course <www.msf-usa.org>. Different schools offer different perspectives and experiences. Take one together! It's fun, it's safe, and it'll provide a discount on your motorcycle insurance.

On the other hand, if your ambitions are causing her to ride out of her comfort zone, ask yourself this. "which takes more time? Riding a little slower, or pulling her out of a ditch? Adjust your style when touring with her and then call one of your buddies when you're ready for a sprited ride.

Meanwhile, keep encouraging her to relax and enjoy. When you look at the big picture, there is no better experience than touring the country with two of your favorite things: your partner and your Beemer. ■

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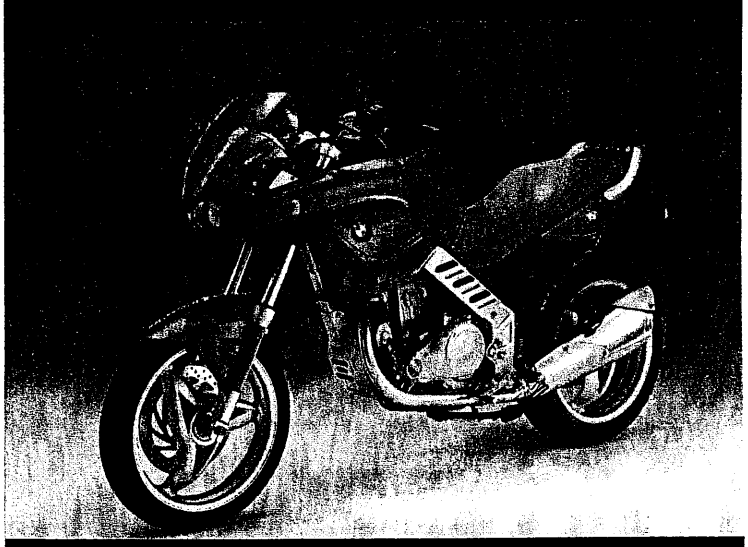

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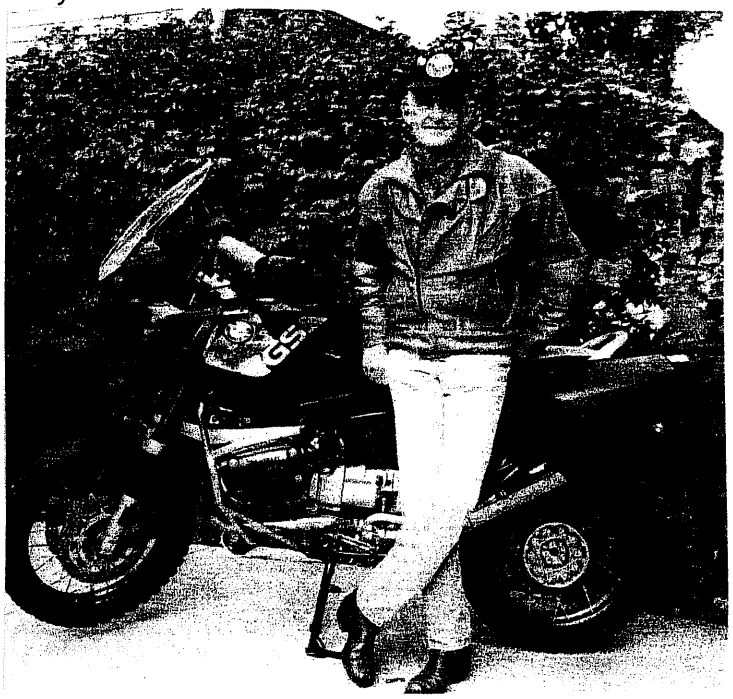
Ed's Big Adventure-Part Two

by Ed Fitzwater #111



The new R1150GS Adventure now has a little over 2,000 miles on the odometer. I'm happier with the bike now than when I first picked it up at the "All Seasons" dealership in Wooster back in late August, 2002. The Adventure seemed to be a good choice for a "retirement bike; time and a few miles have so far proven me right. I realize the GS series of bikes from BMW is not for everyone. For the way I ride, they are the *ultimate* machines.

In the short time I've had to ride it, I have only reinforced my conviction as to the all-around usefullness of this bike. Even with the block tread on the tires I can lean into corner more than I care to. And, by the way these tires are wearing, I would guess I'm more than half way through their useful life. I will be going to a slightly less radical tire before Spring riding season is upon us.

I also went to an after market windshield. I bought a Cee Bailey "Adventure" windshield five inches taller and two inches wider than stock. The quality is top-notch, with a five minute exchange. In really hot weather I can put the stock shield back on in minutes. I now have the airflow going over my head. Even so, I look over the windshield as I ride.

I have added a Givi forty five liter top trunk with backrest for Gayle and her gear. This unit pops on and off with the push of a button. I just leave the top trunk at home except when we go (Continued on P. 6)

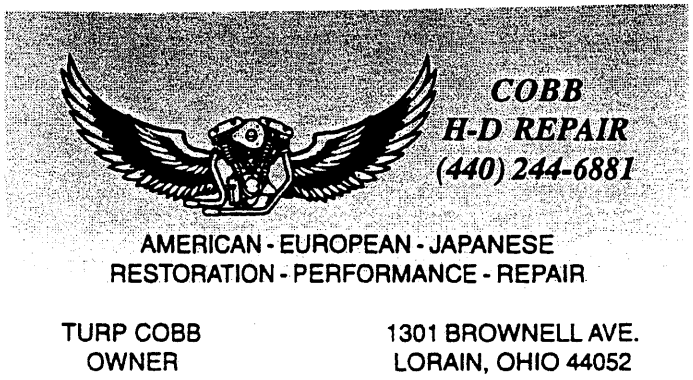
Ed's Big Adventure - Part 2 Continued

two-up. The biggest add-on was the Corbin seat. The rider's position is 1 1/2" lower and the pillion is more comfortable for my passenger. In keeping with the heated grips, the seat is also heated so we can keep our buns warm.

The other addition is the Garmin GPS. I bought the less expensive one as I like a good map best, but I know the GPS can save a lot of time when it's required. The adapter plug from Bob's hooks up to the bike, saving batteries. The bracket was manufactured in my basement workshop,

I think I've just about finished the bike to where I want it. I anticipate no changes to any other parts of the machine. The engine has excellent power for the way I ride. The suspension I have set fairly hard with rebound damping to match. I find fairly bad roads and even nasty railroad crossings a breeze. I find myself speeding up crossings and only rising slightly on the pegs to fly across them. The machine does handle like a sports bike for the most part. the riding position is very comfortable and there is a lot of room to move around on the seat. I have also been getting around 42 to 45 m.p.g. fuel economy. This equates to about 325 to 340 miles per tank (or about 3-4x the range of my bladder). If I skip the extra cup of coffee, I only have to stop once. Gayle hardly ever needs an extra stop (must be a Mars thing).

As I said, I'm getting close to wrapping up the preparations for serious traveling. The only thing I must add is some type of throttle lock. (Try the Wrist Rest designed by my fellow Four Winds member Al Vangura and available from Bob's - ed.) Then later I'll see if I have enough candlepower for serious night riding, and some kind of headlight guard to protect my headlights. I don't like trying to make time at night, but sometimes it is a requirement. I should be ready for some of those West Virgina roads next July. (Wouldn't it be great if MOC could take the club attendance award? - ed.) Actually, I'm ready right now. I just need some DECENT WEATHER.■



FL Fire Rescue

Continued from P. 1

"I thought it was a great fit for Miami, from a traffic congestion standpoint," Stevens said. "California has 13 first responders already."

The motorcycle currently used by the California Highway Patrol is the same basic machine that'll be used by the Emergency Medical Technicians. In fact the bikes being shipped to Miami are refurbished patrol motorcycles, with sirens, lights and a loudspeaker.

Though final details of what will be included n the Miami-bound units haven't been set, Lipner was certain the bikes would at least carry defibrillators, oxygen and first responder medical bags, which include first aid supplies, blood pressure cuffs and other equipment to check vital signs.

"These bikes will represent a basic life-support unit, but the big selling point is the bike's size," she said. "The motorcycle EMTs will be able to get to the scene quicker than our big emergency trucks. Then they'll be able to do a scene assessment and patient assessment or triage."

"The first phase of this new program will involve training the trainer. The two people that are right now starting the program, Lt. Bass and Firefighter Rafael Pozo, are doing research for the program and they are already motorcycle enthusiasts. They've already had some training through the police program already available. Ultimately, what we are hoping to do is improve delivery time and efficiency of our performance," she said. ■

Allen V. Hurt, not funnyman Don Rickles, but twice as insulting

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Political Guts

by Don Poremski

Every once in a while there appears a person of influence in our representative democratic system who completely miscontrues the notion of community benefit. We have suffered through the Danforth and Joan Claybrook problems in the past, (yes, she of the NTHSA and safety bike with seat pressure switches, seat belts, training wheels and 85 m.p.h. speedometers, not to mention the child-killer air bags for cars, which even Volvo maintained were dangerous) but now a new idiot has popped up in the Southwest. This article was supposed to be a rant on just how someone, anyone, could think that involuntary organ donation was to be given serious enough consideration to be written into law. The bill was withdrawn on Jan. 30th mainly due to pressure applied by the American Motorcyclist Association, so I'll now continue with it as an endorsement of the AMA's quick action and why any serious (but mainly frivolous) rider should consider becoming a member.

Allen V. Hurt, Republican, Waterflow, New Mexico, had proposed Senate Bill 239, an act relating to New Mexico drivers' licenses. It created a "mandatory donor status for a person operating a motorcycle without a helmet who, as a result of an accident, is pronounced brain dead." The enormity of that proposal was striking in that it did not take into consideration any involuntary organ donation by automobile drivers pronounced brain dead, a ghoulish oversight in light of the fact that most car accident deaths occur as a result of head injury. Go on from there to any degree of expansion into "risky" activities: water skiing, swimming, bungee jumping, skydiving, boxing, creating footage for "Jackass"...,you take my meaning, and why is it that motorcyclists are singled out for legislation? Curiosity set in and demanded research on the man to see what lay behind his attempting this outrage.

Turns out that Senator Hurt is also Doctor Hurt and affiliated with the New Mexico Hospitals & Health Systems Assoc. (NMHHSA). He also belongs to the New Mexico Assoc. of Education Retirees and sits on the panel for Legislative Health & Human Services Medicaid Reform. That would tell you that he has probably seen first hand the shortage of donated organs, but once again, it was motorcyclists that he presumed would be the best group for exploitation.

Don't get me wrong. I agree with Sean Maher, AMA (not the doctors' group) Director of State Affairs when he says, "Organ donation is a noble cause that truly can represent the gift of life for people faced with some terminal illnesses...but making the commitment to become an organ donor must remain a private decision left to each person. Classifying an entire group of citizens as nothing more than organs to be harvested isn't just demeaning to motorcyclists, it's offensive to all humans." But, let's look more closely at how Dr./Sen. Hurt was going to create an organ supply.

Already stricken from the bill before the AMA intervened, was the assumption "that an applicant applying for a license to operate a motorcycle is an organ donor unless the applicant affirmatively rejects donor status." (Cont. P. 8)

Political Guts (continued from P. 7)

Snooze while completing your application and you could be subject to the same circumstances in which a California rider found himself. "They had me on life support, but I had died three times during surgery and each time the doctor came out to my wife asking to harvest. My wife's answer each time was, 'No. You fix him.'" If the doctor had access to a legal loophole for harvesting, that dude would be dead, well most of him.

But, reading section C of the proposed bill as submitted is still chilling and is included here to raise the awareness of anyone, in any state, who applies for a driver's license. I know I'll read my renewal.

SB0239, Section C. Within the forms prescribed by the department for applications and licenses of drivers of motor vehicles, a space shall .be provided for the following statement, which the department shall, as soon as practicable, include on the application form: "As a condition of being issued a license to operate motor vehicles in New Mexico, a person operating a motorcycle without a helmet and who, as a result of an accident, is pronounced brain dead pursuant to Section 12-2-4 NMSA 1978 by a licensed physician shall become an organ donor regardless of whether the person made an anatomical gift by completing the organ donor statement provided on this application or pursuant to Section 24-6A-2 NMSA 1978 of the Uniform Anatomical Gift Act."

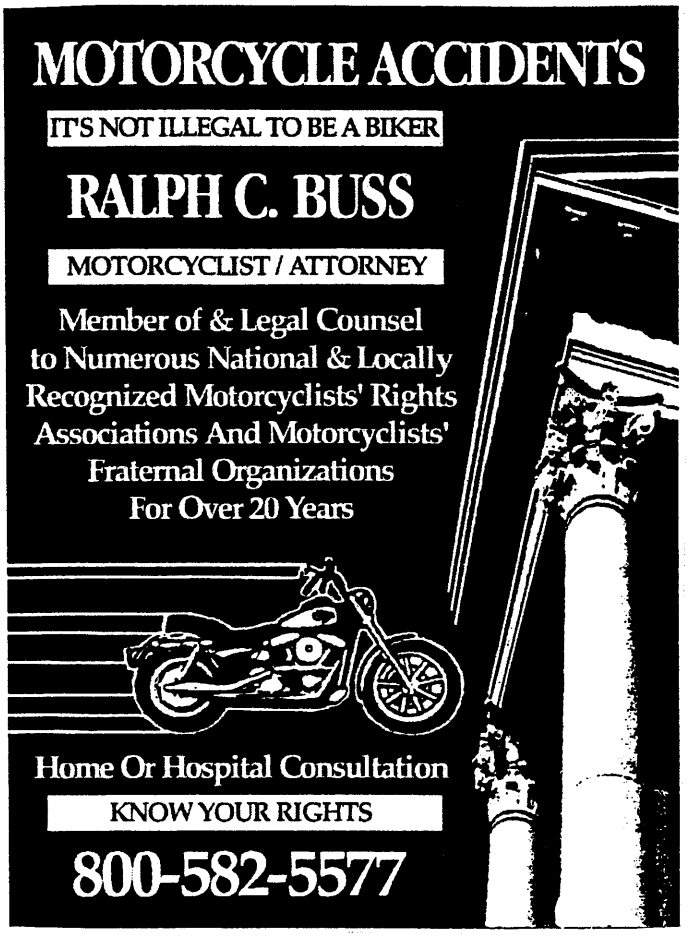
So, the lessons are: know for whom you are voting, but VOTE; take careful consideration when deciding about organ donation; and join the AMA to fight off these medical and political vultures. ■

AMA Announces 2003 Vintage Motorcycle Days

The AMA has announced that Vintage Motorcycle Days 2003 will be held July 18 - 20 at Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course in Lexington, Ohio.

Harley-Davidson, also celebrating their 100th year in business, will be the featured marque. As always there will be an exhibit of classic motorcycles and memorabilia.

As in previous years, the AMA VMD will feature vintage road racing, motocross, dirt track and trials competition presented by the American Historic Racing Motorcycle Assoc. (AHRMA), auction and swap meet. Tickets: 1-800-MID-OHIO. Info: 1-800-AMA-JOIN. ■



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The Alaska Journey

By Susan Schoenberger

Land Of The Midnight Sun Roger and I have been traveling together for over 20 years by motorcycle. We have been to 47 of the lower 48 states, so of course our big dream was to go to Alaska by motorcycles. We knew this would take 5-6 weeks and didn't know when we could get that amount of vacation time. Well it came; I lost my job of 31 years due to NAFTA. My Personnel Mgr. told me on Tuesday, May 21, 02 that my machines (CNC lathes) would be leaving in the next week to Mexico where there would be about 10 workers doing what I did. OK, great! I went home and told Roger I was done. He went to work the next day (Wed.) and was told if he wanted to take a 5 week voluntary layoff he could. He came home so excited and said: "Honey, start packing, we're leaving for Alaska in the morning".

Luckily both of our bikes were ready to go for the new riding season. Of course some people wouldn't think of taking a 1988 R100RT and a 1994 R11RS on such a trip, but you ride what you've got when you have the opportunity to go. We camp all of the time usually cooking our meals too, so we knew what we were taking for such a trip. The first question was which way to go?

We have friends in Bemidji, MN, Keith and Mary Davidson and their children, Daniel and Theresa. They own the Bemidji KOA and we decided to visit them on our way. We visited with them for 2 days and then decided to take the route across the bottom of Canada because we have taken the northern US route a couple of times before. Now, I'm not going to put in all of the route numbers in this report, every meal or camp spot. That would be too extensive. I kept a journal and knew where we started from each morning and where we camped each night.

We crossed into Canada below Winnipeg at a fairly new border crossing, (the first of seven) all I can say about this is, if you're riding together but separate, have your stories straight. We then took smaller roads across the bottom of Canada stopping at small town campgrounds, many of which were free and usually their city park. We love to stop at these village camp spots. There is always one or more of the citizens that come to talk to us or check us out. You get all kinds of stories and tales of the past and present.

We started heading North at Calgary, where Roger had his fork seals replaced and bought a rear tire for the RS (he strapped it on the back of his bike) at Blackfoot BMW. We rode from Banff to Lake Louise, which was still frozen and then on to Jasper. If you've never ridden through the Canadian Rockies they are beautiful. We think more so than the States Rockies, watch out for the wildlife from here on. We saw big horn sheep, buffalo, moose, elk and bear the rest of the trip. We then stopped at the Wal-Mart in Grand Prairie. When we buy the oil there they always let us change it in their parking lot and use their pan. We were told that was the last one for a ways. (Continued on P. 10)

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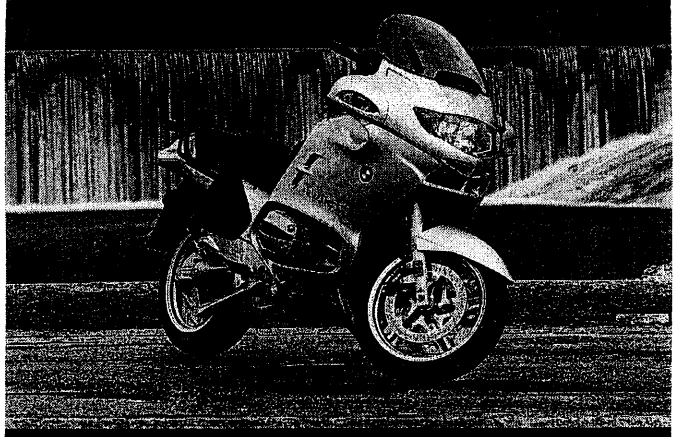

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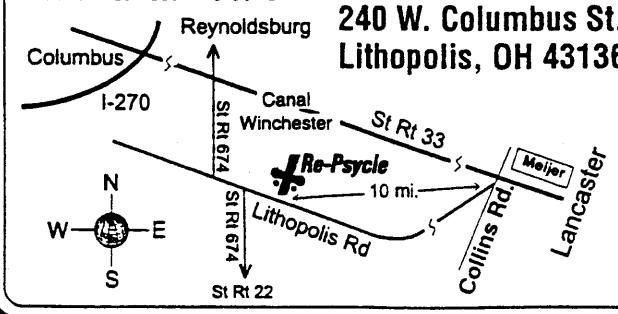


The Alaska Journey by Susan Schoenberger

Continued from page 9

There are hot springs along the way to Alaska and we stopped at Laird Hot Springs which is still a natural setting. You walk a boardwalk back to the springs and the story of the boy being taken by a grizzly was here. It is sooo relaxing, the springs ranged from cool to scalding. We swam with many of the people who were traveling the Rockies and we heard a lot of life stories.

The roads up until now were all right. The Alaska Hwy. has some gravel spots that would last from a 1/4mile to 10 miles. This was because they only have the summer to work on them and they lay gravel down in the fall and then drive on it to pack it down for the next spring when they pave it. This paving really eats up tires too, it's almost like packed gravel with a little bit of tar mixed in. Nothing I want to slide on. These spots aren't always marked either so you really have to have eagle eyes to be looking ahead. It's a good thing we have more modern Beemers with the better braking systems.

When we got to Whitehorse it was time for a decision. Do we want to take the Top of the World Highway from Dawson City to Tok or go to Tok from Whitehorse, a much easier route? We opted going to Dawson City which is a very interesting town, a bit touristy. An old mining town with saloons and can can girls.

The Top of the World Highway starts out of here and is one of the prettiest spots we have ever seen. Of course wouldn't you know this was one of those times I screwed up the camera. You truly feel like you're on the top of the world and it is dirt and gravel with rain, sleet, hail and snow added in just to make you feel like you could slide off the top. The mountains are awesome. It took us over 6 hours to travel about 138 miles. But I would do it again, even though I bounced off my saddle bag and got some nasty grooves in it. There is another border crossing up there, very solitary. We passed some gold fields and went through the famous town of Chicken.

For any of you that have followed Roger very much. You would appreciate all those times he has taken us down dirt roads. They were excellent practice for this trip. Roger is and old moto cross racer so that is how he taught me to ride, in the dirt. I needed these skills for this trip.

After 11 days on the road (2 spent with friends) we made it to Alaska and yes it is (Continued on P. 11)

The Alaska Journey by Susan Schoenberger

Continued from page 10

light most of the time. It didn't seem to bother us too much though, I guess because we were tired enough to sleep. The locals said most of the accidents are caused from people thinking they can keep driving because it is still light out. It's actually pretty cool, better than in the winter when it's dark all of the time.

When we got to Fairbanks, of course we had to look up the infamous Trails End BMW plus Roger had lost four screws from his fairing from all that jarring. It's a real treat to find, and George is something else, but he did help us, after some cantankerous remarks. We then rode on to Denali Natl. Park and took a bus tour. It was a cold and rainy day and Mt. McKinley was clouded in, but was well worth the tour. The weather up until now was cold. Remember it is early June and the warmest day was around 60 with the coldest being 44, when the sun was shining. Thank God for electrics.

We then rode to Anchorage to the BMW dealer. Very nice people, Roger got a free oil change there (campfire story). The Seward Hwy. outside Anchorage is fantastic and the road to Homer on the Kenai Peninsula is filled with mountains, glaciers and so many eagles I lost count. The Homer Spit is home to the Salty Dog Saloon. One of our friends that used to work the oil rigs told us to stop there. When we saw it we thought it was abandoned, upon opening the door it's like a hullabaloo. Many interesting people and a must see while you're in Homer. We ran into the Guy on the HD we had been leap froggin with on the Alaska Hwy. He opted not to take the Top of the World Hwy. Homer is the end of the road. You have to turn around and go back the way you came, but seeing it going the other way is a real pleasure too, I counted over 17 eagles in less than 20 miles.

Following is an excerpt from my journal:

400 miles – Day 17-6/9- Sat. Homer to Glenallen, beautiful roads, twists, turns and cold, big winds outside Homer. On Cooper River a mama moose and her calf drinking. A big moose along the road grazing. Terrible straight line winds, the worst we've ever been in and cold, 50 degrees. A lot of glaciers-Matanuska and Chickaloo, home of the Ahtna Athabascan people, Alaskan natives. Nenlu=How are you? Tsin'aer=Thank-You.

We then traveled to Tok and out of Alaska to travel through the Yukon to British Colombia where we took a road from Haines Jct. to Haines that went through a mountain pass. The road was built by America and Canada in 1942 to get heavy arms to the Aleutian Islands, very barren with high snow capped peaks. This took us to Haines, Alaska, where we took a ferry to Skagway, home of the cruise ships. This 1 hour trip was $74.00 for the four of us (2 bikes, 2 people). Very beautiful and if you take a longer cruise you can camp right on the ship.

We then took the Tagish Rd over to Rt. 1 to catch the Cassiar-Stewart Hwy., Rt. 37. We had been told to try to go to Hyder, AK. This is across from Stewart B.C.

Here is another journal entry:

Day 22/6-13/Th-A beautiful day, rough roads, 38 miles unpaved in one spot. Saw 5 black bears. Hyder has dirt streets and 80 citizens, were 20,000 during the gold rush and then when the mine was open about 1000. We got hyderized-a shot of pure grain alcohol, she lit it. Her father started that when a miner was going up in the hills and said "Give me the strongest you got". He only had $2 and the barkeep said "I'll hang it up here and when you get back-you can drink some more". There's over $50,000 stapled to the wall-we're there. The movie, Insomnia was shot there at Bear Glacier. We followed a moose that was just walking down the center line of the road.

From there we traveled down through British Colombia to Burns Lake and Prince George where something took place that is another whole story, not for this one. British Colombia is beautiful. The roads are good and the people nice. The scenery is extraordinary with ranches, mountains, gorges and rivers. We camped at Skihist Provincial Park where a man from Germany came over to talk with us. He thought we might be from Germany because we were on BMW's. We have found many people think this. The next day we rode through Hell Gate Canyon, named appropriately for the earlier travels, I would say.

We then headed for Seattle, WA. Roger needed a set of tires; I had already used 2 rears. We got our first motel in Redmond, WA. There were no campgrounds, so of course we got to eat in a restaurant too. This is where we decided we needed to be, to get home and Roger back to work within the 5 weeks.

It was day 25 we had traveled 7590 miles. This is such a short version of our trip, there was so much more to say about the way we travel, the people we met, the animals, scenery and roads. It would take a novel and much more time than I have right now.

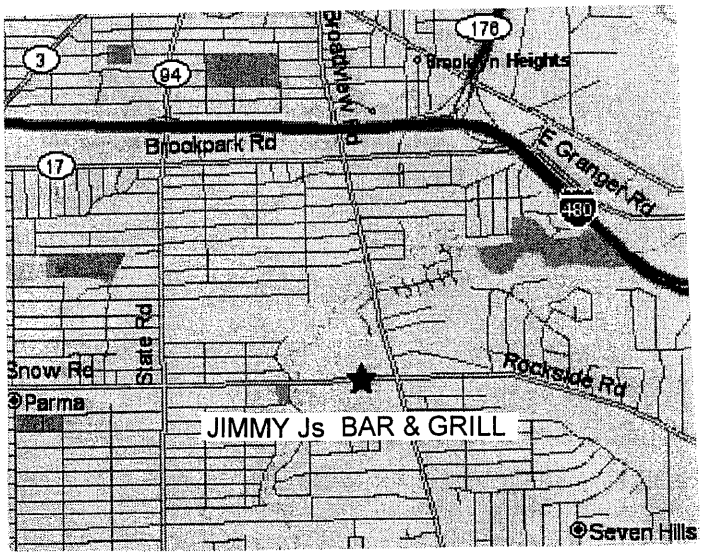
We'll have pictures at the Micro Rally. See you at the Pit in New Haven, Ohio! ■

Calendar of Events

March 6

Membership Meeting

7:00 p. m. at Jimmy J's Bar & Grill, 1854 Snow Road, Cleveland, OH Tel. No. 216-351-9798



March 16

Ohio R.A. Central State Meeting and Brunch

10:00 a.m., Pioneer Restaurant, intersection of SRs 62 and 13. Last indoor meeting of the offseason to firm up calendar and April Camp Out. Restaurant: 741-892-2087

March 27

BMW MOC Board Meeting

7:00 p. m. at Bob and Rose Wood's house, 4257 W. 130th Street, Cleveland, 44135
Ph. 216-252-7933

April 3

Membership Meeting

7:00 p. m. at Jimmy J's Bar & Grill, 1854 Snow Road, Cleveland, OH Tel. No. 216-351-9798 (See map above)

Now Through April 19

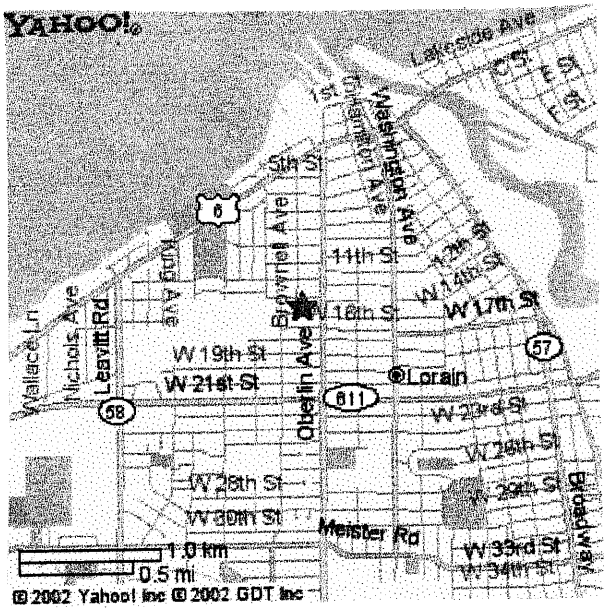
National Packard Museum 3rd Annual Motorcycle Exhibit

The exhibit opened on Jan. 10 and helps commemorate Ohio's Bicentennial with men and machines from Ohio's past. Entitled "Motorcycles: Ohio Built, Raced and Ridden" on display are 30 bikes dating back to 1910 including: Pope, Yale and Militaire. Information available at www.packardmuseum.org or call 330-394-1899. Looks like a Saturday breakfast ride opportunity.

April 19

Annual Kirt Zautner Memorial Spring Tune-up Clinic

Hosted by V-P Howard "Turp" Cobb at his bike shop- Cobb BMW and H-D repair, 1301 Brownell Ave., Lorain, OH, 9:00 a. m. untill -?? "Same setup as last year,"says "Turp". "We will have coffee, soft drinks & a grill available. We have Spectro oil, transmission and final drive fluids, Fram and K&N filters. We can mount and spin balance tires. We will help with tune ups including carb balancing. We have tools and lifts." For those who want to order tires or parts for the tune up session you are advised to get your orders in with at least 2 weeks notice. Members may bring their own tires, parts and supplies. There are restaurants nearby. Turp adds, "Kibitzers, helpers and advisers are welcome." Tel. No. 440-244-6881.



May 1

Membership Meeting

Metro Parks, Chagrin Preservation, Strawberry Lane, 7:00 p. m.

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Calendar of Events

May 15
CCN Summer Edition Deadline
Send your copy to Don Poremski, 1290 Desert St. NE, Uniontown, OH 44685 or via e-mail to <strutguy@yahoo.com>

May 29
MBMWMOC Board Meeting
7:00 p. m. at Don Poremski's residence, 1290 Desert St., Uniontown (actually nearer to Hartville) OH, 44685/ Tel. No. 330-877-0582 E-mail <strutguy@yahoo.com>

June 1
Buckeye Beemers M/C Poker Run
This is an all-brands event with with proceeds going to the AMA Motorcycle Hall of Fame Museum. Registration begins at the Hall of Fame Museum in Pickerington, OH (SR 204 east of SR256, Exit 112 off I-70, east of Columbus) at Noon with the first bike out at 1:00 p. m. Door prizes and awards. Contact Dick Reichen bach at 937-349-2401 or visit the Buckeye Beemer web site at http://home.columbus.rr.com/buckeyebeemers/

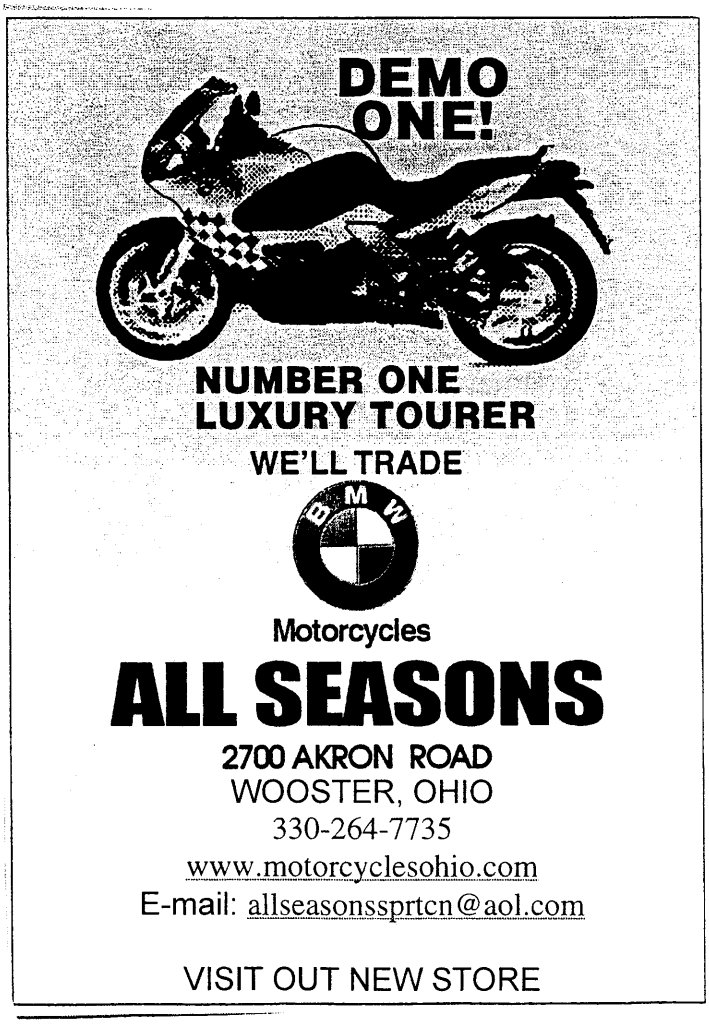
June 6-8
BMW MOC Micro Rally & Meeting
Held at "The Pit", a private motorcycle campground just south of New Haven, OH. Camping is $6 per night. Friday-Bean Pot, continuous coffee, tea, pop and hot chocolate.

June 13-15
Ohio RA Appalachian Foothills Adventure
Late Spring camp out near Peebles, OH. Your choice of open or wooded FREE camping, showers, Port-A-Potty, swimming pool, pinball, great riding roads near Serpent Mounds, Forth Hill, Temper Mound, Portsmouth's retaining wall murals and more. Friday night soup pot. Sat. evening feast, your choice of BBQ chicken, ribs or steak, baked potato, sweet -n-sour German style or creamy cole slow, roll and butter for $16 (prepaid only) catered by the Sciota Ribber of Portsmouth. Sat. night door prizes, membership giveaway, bonfire and great company. Continuous coffee, tea and cold refreshments. Please RSVP to Chris or Randy Phipps at randy_kris73@dragonbbs.com or call them at 937-587-3443 to reserve dinners BEFORE 6/2/03. No last minute orders, please.

July 10-13
2003 BMW MOA "Almost Heaven" Rally
Detailed information at MOA Rally web page.

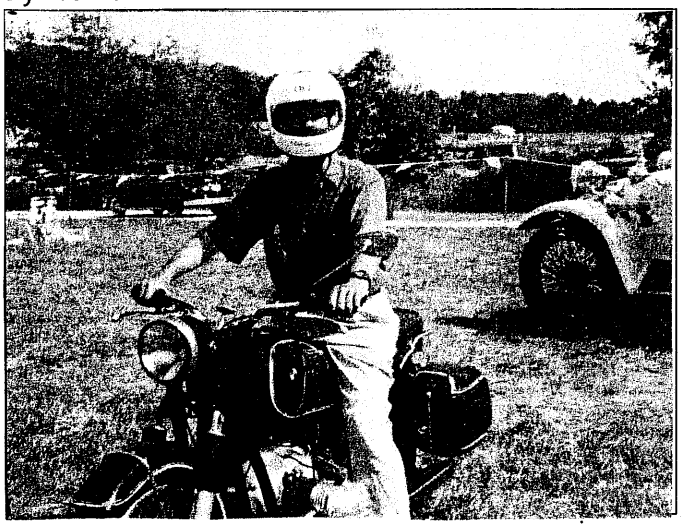
July 26 (tentative)
BMW MOC Dealer Ride & Poker Run
Starts at Sills Motor Sales in Cleveland and ends at All Seasons in Wooster. Suggested course, but you can set your own, too, as long as you hit BMW Motorcycles of Cleveland, Roman's and Mathias. Prizes 30 minutes after last rider in. Extra cards can be purchased at the end. Cost $5. More details in Summer CCN.

September 19-21
BMW MOC 2nd Annual Indian Pow-Wow
Held at the Mohican Reservation Campground on Wally Road in Loudonville, OH. Features Native American story telling, dancing, music, traditional food, craftsmanship, trading and artistry. For information and pictures of the festivities, go to their web site at www.mohicanpowwow.com. Contact co-chairs Stan Kain or Karen Majoros at 440-842-2960



Member Snapshot

By Howard Loewenthal



Many of you know me as the club's treasurer. For those that have not met me, my interest in motorcycles goes back to my childhood when my father built my brother's and me a mini bike. Not one to skimp on materials, it was built like a truck with a 4Hp engine and geared so low we could actually outrun it. Due to reliability problems of the mini bike, our bicycles got much more use.

The first taste of a real motorcycle was my brother Mike's purchase of a 1975 KZ400. Due to my father's trade as an autobody mechanic, it only seemed right that we purchase it wrecked out of the Strongsville Salvage Pool. I still remember the day I went with my brother to retrieve it. As we walked to the area where all the wrecked motorcycles were lying in disarray, Mike was telling me he had bid on four bikes but had only won the one bid and had no idea which one it was. Luckily for us it was a great bike for a novice rider (once we got its forks straight and on the road again).

In a family with four boys and me being the youngest, the lack of extra cars in the driveway seemed to justify me using the KZ for transportation. I was only 17 at the time and, as fate would have it, I dropped it on a tight gravel-covered corner. This little event put a damper on two-wheeled travel for many years even though we repaired the bike.

During the years that followed we were quite active with antique cars. This was my father's hobby that my brothers and I liked even more when we could drive them. In 1989 I bought a 1911 Maxwell. The deterrent to more cars was the lack of garage space, since my Maxwell was being stored at my oldest brother Bill's house. This is probably when Bill put the motorcycle desire in my head. The concept was simple. Fill the empty space in the garage with bikes. So the next step was also fairly easy, buy one of those really great motorcycle picture books that show great vintage bikes.

Being a Mechanical Engineer, I am always attracted to machines that are truly unique and challenging. So naturally, the description of an Ariel Square Four made the top ten list. I never expected to find one while at the Hershey Swap meet (primarily an antique auto event), but, as fate would have it, I had to buy the first one I saw, a 1953 Ariel MKII. Naturally it was a basket case and hasn't made its way off the workbench yet, but it is getting very close. As time passed and I was working on the Ariel, I really felt I needed a bike to perfect my riding skills before mounting the Ariel. I really hated the look of a BMW /2 the first time I saw one, however I found a really clean R60 to buy. It was really fun to be on two wheels again after 16 years.

As time has passed I have collected several more vintage bikes. I have a co-worker who has gotten me interested in dirt bike riding. I also have a Cushman Highlander that is really an improved version of my father's attempt at a mini bike. I am still amazed at how fast time flies, getting married, moving and having a child have a way of setting priorities.

Things are starting to settle down and I have plans to ride more with the club this year. For those who remember, I was riding a CB350 last year because the /2 is undergoing a major restoration. The plan is to have it completed by Spring. ■

Weekend Breakfast Rides

Starting in April 2003, the club has identified 3 restaurants which will serve as meeting points for impromptu rides.The first weekend of the month will always be skipped, but the 2nd, 3rd and 4th weekends have both a Saturday and Sunday spot, but different for each day. For example the 2nd Sat. is Bob Evans, the 2nd Sun. is Farmer Boy Restaurant.

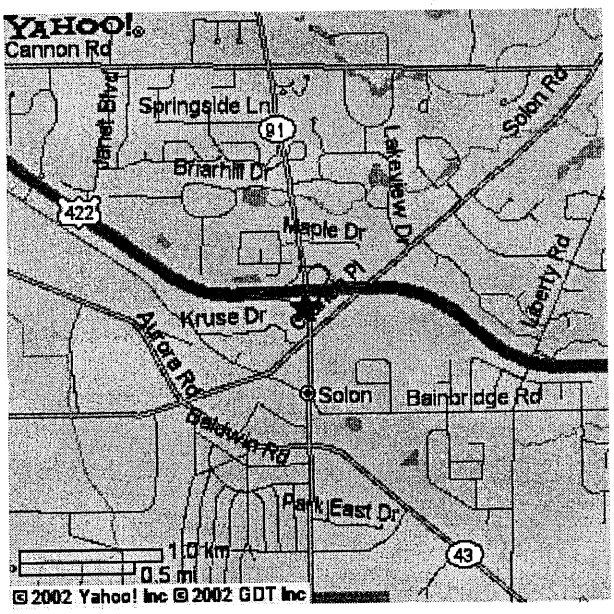
Merely showing up to have a bite is worth 1 MOCal point. If a ride takes place, the person who leads the ride gets 3 MOCal points and everyone else gets one. There is a catch. Someone has to tell Don Poremski who was present so he can tally the points.

Look at the possibilities. Meet, eat = 1 pt. Lead the ride, 3 pts. Take a picture of the group at an Ohio "capital"road sign, places with names like Berlin, everyone in the photos gets 3. (Continued on P. 15)

Breakfast Rides continued

Go past one of the Bicentennial Barns, take a photo and all in that shot get 3 more points. So here are the 3 meeting places.

2nd Saturday, 4th Sunday- Bob Evans Farm Restaurant, 6100 Som Center Road, Cleveland, 44139, Ph. 440-248-4045 ↓



3rd Saturday, 2nd Sunday- Farmer Boy Restaurant, 1324 Canton Road, Akron, 44312, Ph. 330-784-4052

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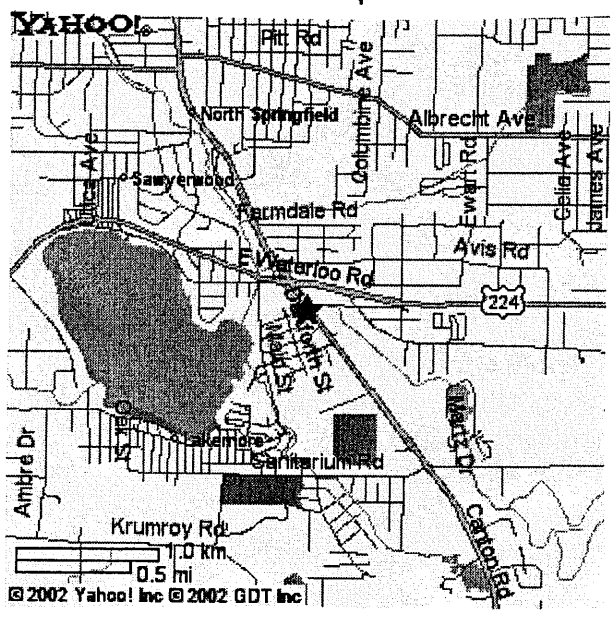

4th Saturday, 3rd Sunday- Steak N Shake, 5300 N. Abbe Road, Sheffield Village, 44035, Ph. 440-934-6680

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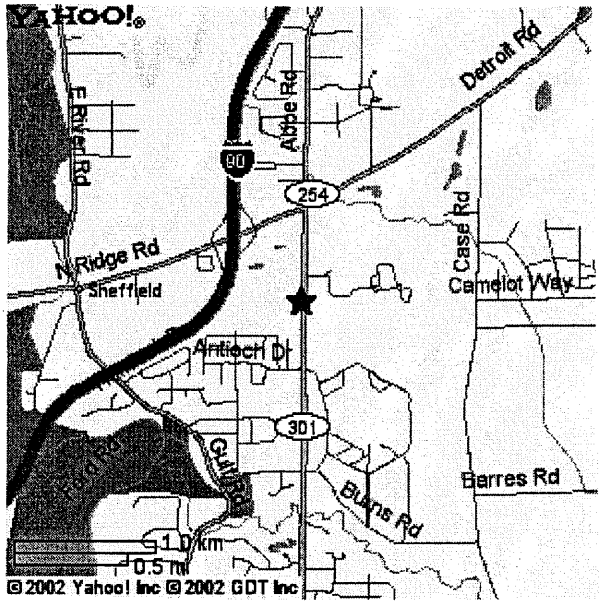

Remember, the rides are "free-style". Go for as long and far as you like, but remember to get your ride information to Don Poremski so you can secure those valuable MOCal points. He might even help out by being there to do his own record keeping. ■

Under the Influence

By Rand Rasmussen

I haven't done many things in my life that I consider genuine mistakes. That is not to say I haven't done a lot of things wrong; far from it. It's just that there aren't a lot of things which I would take back or do over if I could. But, moving from Fargo to Minneapolis to take a job in the summer of 1995 ranks first on my list of regrets. As usual, it was on a ride while "under the influence" of my bike that I was able to sort it all out.

It was April of '96. I was miserable and confused in Minneapolis without knowing why. Susan told me about a job fair in Fargo and I decided to for a couple of reasons: a chance to see Susan and a chance to duck a day at my crappy job. The main appeal of the trip was an early season 500 mile ride, so I thought, but perhaps other forces were moving me toward a big decision.

I rose early and left my cramped Uptown efficiency and carried my gear down the dark, steely back stairs. The lot was wet but the sky clear and blue as I loaded the Wixoms on the /7. (Continued on P. 16)

Under the Influence

By Rand Rasmussen

In large cities freeways provide a sense of freedom with no traffic lights and stop signs and I gunned onto the I-94 West ramp.

The rush hour had just begun, but I was moving away from the traffic flow. The line of cars backing up in the inbound lanes was more depressing than usual. As I guided the bike toward the entry to the interstate, my mind was still bound up with city thoughts, but I hoped they would leave as I got into more open country. How GOOD it felt to be away from work. How GOOD to be heading out of the city even though the temperature was only in the 40's. Good gear took care of that. Besides, the anticipation of the first Spring ride offset any discomfort.

Rogers. The freeway goes from three lanes to two. Monticello. Eastbound traffic begins to thin. Better. St. Cloud. I am totally free. This is the best. The towns are less frquent and they look older, more real, settled. These places are too far from the Twin Cities to require euphemistic rural names: Pheasant Glen, Fox Ridge, Pretend-We-Don't-Live-In-The-Suburbs-Meadows. I let my mind wander. Something seemed to be bubbling up, but wasn't ready for full consideration.

The fields were still a neutral brown, the trees bare. The sky had the most brilliant color, but the scene was anything but bland. The smell of the earth seemed redolent with anticipation. Spring was waiting, crouched in the starter's blocks, listening for the gun. Occasionally there would be a farmer turning the soil for planting to follow.

In a car I would have been bored without a radio or CD player, but on the cycle I don't miss the music. 500 miles would scarcely be enough time for all the thinking that had to be done. No distractions required.

I stopped at Alexandria 120 miles into my ride to buy gas and take a break. I thought about all the times on all the cycle trips I had stopped there, leaned against the building and turned my face to the warm Spring sun. The thought made me smile. Another thought giving me the sense that an epiphany was present.

In his book The Band Played On, Randy Shilts described how a notion could wash over a person like a wave, dragging more and more thoughts into its wake until what was hidden and confused made perfect sense. I felt an oncoming revelation, but the anticipation was not born of excitement, but rather came calmly and peacefully.

Break over, I restarted and headed back down the ramp with steady acceleration feeling the wind's increasing pressure. I steadied my speed at 75 and let my thoughts come at their own speed. In no time I flew past Fergus Falls and decided to quit the freeway for old route 52 which wends its way around the prairie rather than cutting through it, and bisects towns like Rothsay, Barnesville and Sabin. But as I was about to turn onto it and cross under the freeway, I looked to the West and saw one of the last hills before the land flattens into the Great Plains.

I gave in to the urge, parked the bike, and removed my helmet. The sound of silence. I gave in to a tug pulling me to the top of the steep hill where I sank gratefully into the soft, dry, brown grass. I laid back and gave myself over to relaxation and gazed upward into the achingly brilliant blue sky. The grass whispered secrets to me. I was content...and suddenly I knew.

It wan't a crash of thunder, but now I knew. It all made perfect sense. I knew, I did not think I knew, I KNEW what to do. I rose, more at peace than I had felt for months, and retraced my steps. I suited up, punched the starter and headed northwest on Old 52. No hurry now. I wanted time to enjoy the newly discovered decision...and revel in it.

I got to the North Dakota State University campus, parked the bike and marched resolutely up to Susan's office in the math department. By way of greeting, I said, "I'm moving home." I was rewarded with Susan's dazzling smile. "When?" "As soon as I can get out of my lease and find a place here." Her beaming smile indicated approval. And that was it. I had ridden 250 miles to engage in a brief conversation, one of the best I've ever had. Later that day after the fair, I flew back to the city knowing I would soon be free of it.

Would this have come to me anyway. Maybe. Probably. Eventually. But, my cycle, like alcohol, lowers my inhibitions. Unlike booze, I have never, ever regretted decisions made while under its influence. ■

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