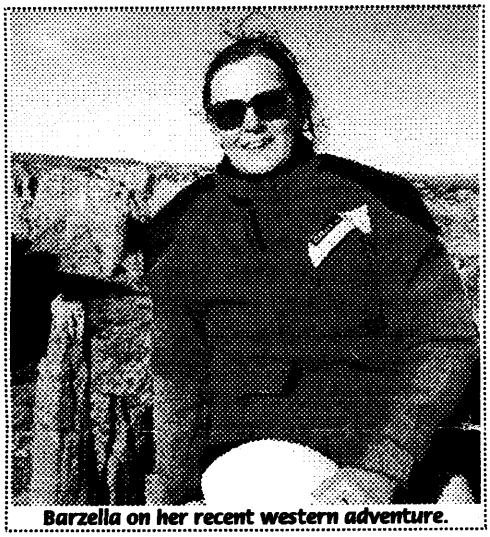
Cleveland Club News

BMW MOTORCYCLE OWNERS OF CLEVELAND

The Official Publication of the BMW Motorcycle Owners of Cleveland, Inc. Summer, 1997

BABBLINGS FROM BARZELLA...



Barzella on her recent western adventure.

As many of you already know, the Micro-Rally was a huge success. Thank you Mother Nature and a BIG thank you to all the people who made it happen. Russ and Sue Davis have a beautiful spot out there in Bainbridge and their hospitality was very much appreciated as well as all their hard work.

The roast beast was terrific Jerry and his helpers, John Gerow, Rick and Kathy Manett. The turkey was also very good. Jerry gives the credit to the mesquite wood and Jack Daniel's oak barrel chips, but we all know it's the cook who works his magic that really makes it happen.

Thanks to those who gave support with tents and canopies, tables and chairs, and physical labor. Those people included Greg Antolik, Craig Webb, Amy Nichols, Zircon, and others. The poker run had 13 participants for the 50 mile loop and the winners each received $32.50. Penny Hissom won best hand and Kathy Manett won worst hand. Thank you to all the people who manned the check points. We even had a poker run person who drove, or should I say attempted to drive, the run in his car. He didn't finish because his transmission broke. Roger Schoenberger also had a bad run of luck when he had a battery problem and was stranded for 3 hours. Better luck next year Greg and Roger.

The bon fire to Uranus was very good and there was a lot of conversation and camaraderie around the fire. There was also marshmallow roasting on 8 ft. sticks.

I apologize if I left anyone out because I was only there on Friday night for a couple hours and I didn't arrive until after 6 on Saturday. I had the unfortunate obligation to sit for a professional exam on Saturday. I did verify that there actually was an unusual meat in the road kill chili. I ate some and it was delicious.

We had about 75 people in attendance and some others who dropped by to say hello. A few people renewed their memberships and we met new members, David and Doug. Doug signed his wife Hedy up as an associate. Welcome to the group folks!! Good to see you Squeak!

A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL!!!!

Our next exciting, entertaining, and educational event will be in August when Ted Simon, author of Jupiter's Travels, will be coming to tell us about his trip around the world on a motorcycle. Craig Webb is finalizing the details and you will be receiving a flyer. We will have a brunch presentation at a restaurant on Sunday. So, stay tuned.

Marcy and George Lopez and Penny and Gary Hissom are preparing to mail the flyers to 11 BMW clubs in Ohio announcing our "Gathering of the Clubs" campout/dinner in October at Shreve. More on that will be coming.

The Hissom family is offering their home and property for the July meeting/campout. Details in *Calendar*.

We are having another dynamite year for club events. All of these things are being made possible by the hard work and dedication of our members. THANK YOU ALL VERY MUCH!!!!!!!!!

See you at the July meeting. - *Barzella*

...Summer '97 Activities...

Please mark your calendar for:

July 3 - Cookout-Campout Meeting , Grafton
August 7 - Ride-In-Cookout Meeting, Chardon
September 4 - Ride-In-Cookout Meeting, Location to be Announced

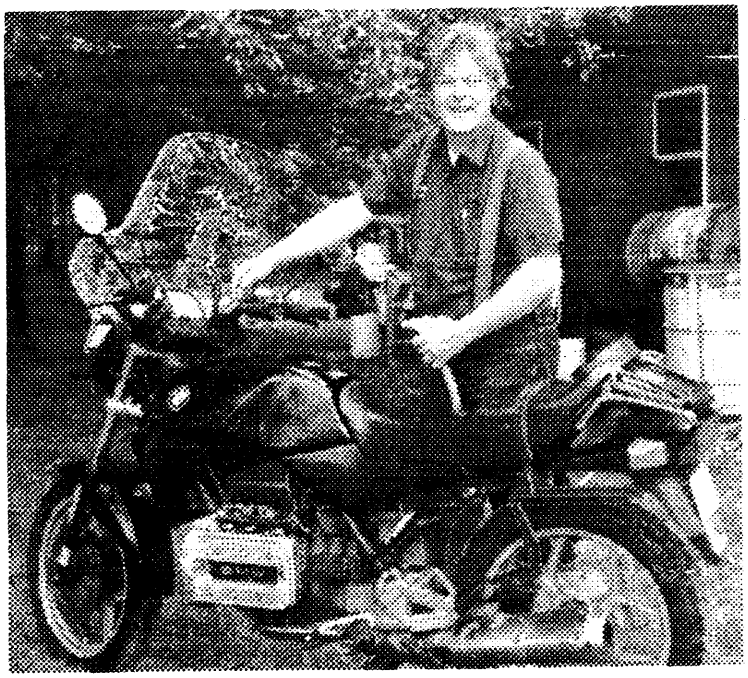
(see Ohio Calendar *page 4* for details)

Bits & Pieces

It's a BOY. Congrats to Carl and Jenny Thompson, of Stealth Beemer fame, on the birth of their first Stealth Baby boy born June 5, 1997. (I knew it was his first...the cigars were great Carl.) I want to know if he is a little air head or an oil head? Best wishes to the new arrival and mom.

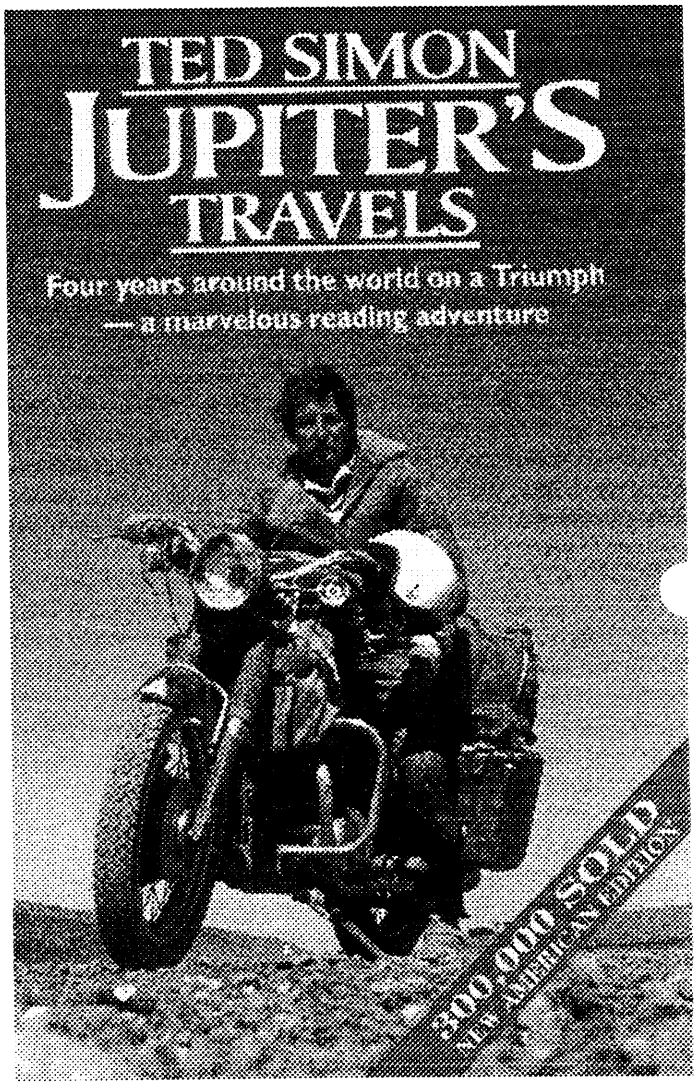
The Club will have a space at the AMA Vintage Days swap meet July 11-13, 1997 at Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course in Lexington, Ohio. If you have a bike, parts, or any motorcycle related item(s) you would like to sell contact Russ Davis at 543-1457 to make arrangements to display these items in our booth. If you have a vintage or classic BMW you would like to exhibit please let Russ know. We would like to use this event to expose our club BMW owners/potential members and will need volunteers to help man the booth. Please donate an hour or two if you plan to attend.

Super-Cycle Weekend, will follow Vintage Days this year, July 18-20, 1997. We are planning a Ride-to-the-Races, corral parking, and a track parade lap for club members. Contact Greg Antolik at 235-1272 if you are interested.



Karl, with a K, on a K, was caught wet handed at this years' Micro-Rally as dirt actually disimparted from the Black, Blue-Ridge Slider. If you haven't seen Karl lately you might not recognize him. Mr. Sunshine now sports a shiny new blue helmet, a clean new AeroStitch suit, and yes, (it hasn't rained) a clean K75.

Sunday morning breakfast rides have started. Call the club voicemail and access the level II messages to find ou where we will be meeting. Greg Antolik, director, has taken this project and will be working with Donna to get some of the rides on the Level I area in the future. If there is no posting call Greg for details at (216) 235-1272. Come on out and eat breakfast with other riders and log a few miles on a Sunday morning.

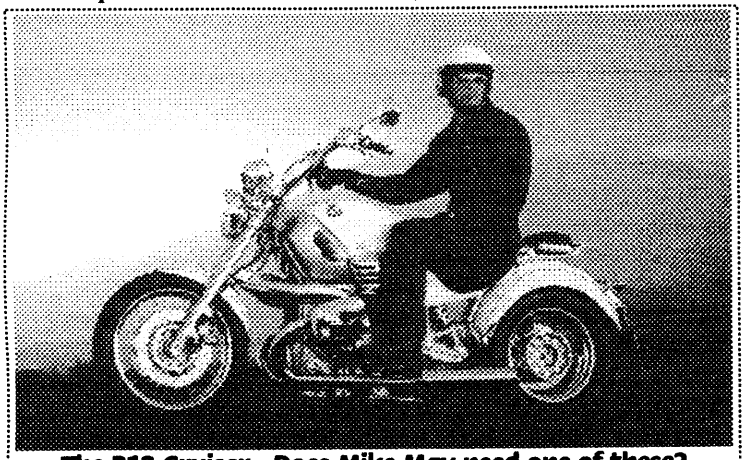


In 1973 Ted Simon left London, England on his Triumph Tiger to tour the world. Four years, 45 countries and 78,302 miles later, he captured his adventures in the book, Jupiter's Travels, which has been described as "probably the best motorcycle travel book ever written"- Motorsport Sport.

Now YOU can meet Ted Simon and enjoy a presentation of his epic journey, courtesy of BMW MOC. "Jupiter's Travels Ride-to-Brunch" is planned for Sunday, August 10, 1997. We will be inviting all of northern Ohio's BM motorcycle clubs to the Pheasant Run Inn for an AM buffe brunch followed by a narrative slide presentation by author, Ted Simon.

A flyer will be sent to members in July with details, directions and a map. Please call Craig Webb to confirm attending or if you need further details now.

Cruiser unveiling invitations are beginning to roll in. Local dealers will be inviting their customers to come in and see this new Beemer mid-July. (See Mathias ad this issue.) The BMW Boxer cruiser will be 1200cc, 75 HP, and a low end torque monster. No oil leaks, no vibration, and no excessive noise is promised. Who will buy this machine? BMW hopes a whole new target group of riders. The riding position is upright and lean back with drawback handle bars and a specially lowered frame housing the isomounted powerplant. The Nazi-style rear fender even sports a pussy pad in the true cruiser tradition. Will your mother-in-law ask for a ride? I think not. Well, at least not twice. Lookout for the stereotype cruiser rider to be joining our ranks next season. We may have to promote tattoos and hair in the wind with this new model intro. *Das es gut.* This will add only more spice to an already hot club.



The R12 Cruiser. Does Mike May need one of these?

Akron BMW Motorcycle Club reported a very successful May 18th poker run. They drew 432 participants riding almost 300 motorcycles. The weather cooperated most of the day as best as it could for Ohio in May. By the end of the day the skies opened up and washed last years' bugs off the bikes.

Women & Motorcycling National Conference will be held July 13-15, 1997 at Otterbein College in Westerville, OH. This first ever event is being sponsored by the AMA. There are several ladies in our club who will be attending including our president. A variety of topics and workshops will range from maintenance, safety, racing, physical fitness, dealing with those who don't take you seriously, to discrimination issues, and riding apparel. The registration fee of $95 will cover a reception at the AMA Museum, five meals, ten workshops and presentations, and the closing banquet. The conference is limited to the first 500 registered participants. For more information call the AMA at (614) 891-2425 or talk to our club president, Barb Cowan.

75th Anniversary of the first BMW motorcycle is gearing up for a celebration stateside in '98. There will be a ride through the Bradenburg Gate in May of 1998. The MOA, RA, and several vintage clubs are attempting to synchronize US participation and schedule some sort of event recognizing this landmark. The first boxer is said to have been recently retired from service as a manure pump somewhere in Germany. There will be more on this in future issues.

Zircon was called on the carpet after his "High Fat Donuts" article last issue. Seems a number crunching friend of the club, Jim Milicia, ran the numbers after reading his article and was astounded by the results. $800 billion when divided by the 250 million population of the U.S. came out to $3,200 per person in America. Did you pay your fair share of that? An even more ridiculous amount of $150 million was allegedly collected by a single C.H.I.P.s cop in one year. If you do the math and divide this number by 365 days in a year this cop would have collected $410,958.90 per day. He can work for me any time. The source of these numbers was Motorcycle Consumer News and they are still scraping egg off their face shields. A formal retraction was run the following issue as is ours.

Barzella should be happy. Between her controversy with the Canadians and the triple mention in the June OTL the eye is on Cleveland. Is she really courting Irv's attention. Stay tuned. As El Presidente Contraversio herself would say, "Any press is good press." And what's up with Irv and his K75 Weinermobile. Shouldn't he be doing the rearending, not getting rearended.

Do you know what constitutes proper eye protection in Ohio? Recently one of our members received a ticket for running a red light and the officer threw in a citation for no eye protection, just for good measure. The rider explained he had both a wind screen and a full face helmet with face shield. The cop insisted this was inadequate eye protection because the faceshield was in the up position as he rode by. Turns out the Ohio Revised Code clearly states the wind screen alone is sufficient protection. This one is going to court and I will let you know what happens next issue.

Don't miss the conclusion of Iron Butt-er, Charles Elberfeld in this issue. Also, continuing the series on Ride Smart - Ride Safe is a new contributor Bob "Left Lane" Burley, and a well written piece from our new MOA Vice-President-Elect, Jim Shaw, on rally success. Hope you enjoy this issue as Rose and I slip off to Texas.

Do you really want to miss an issue of the Cleveland Club News?

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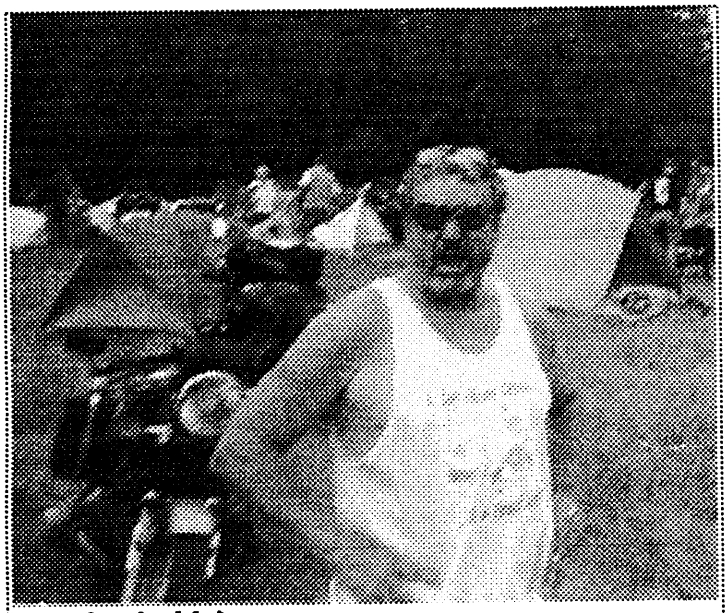


Russ is glad it`s over-

A BIG THANKS TO RUSS AND SUE DAVIS- HOSTS OF OUR 1997 MICRO-RALLY. THE EVENT OUTGREW IT`S NAME THIS YEAR.

Ohio Calendar of Events

Jun 13-15 Airheads Gathering of the Clans V, High Country Cycle Camp, Ferguson, NC. Charlie Smith. (540) 628-3251

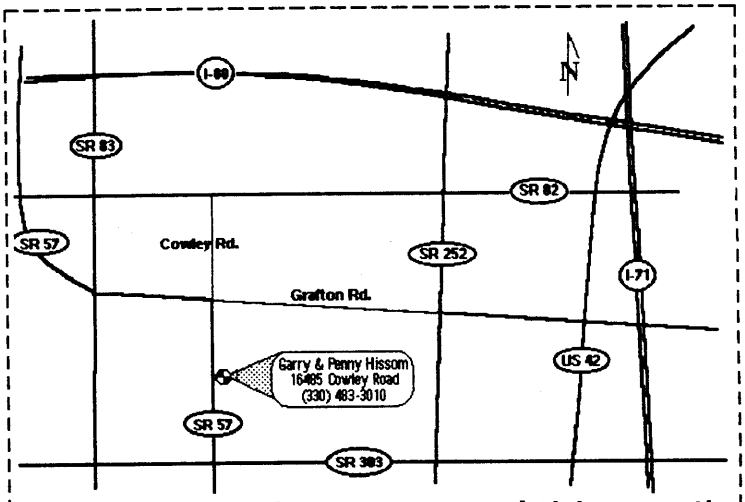
Jun 24 BMW MOC Board Meeting at Craig Webb's

Jun 24-27 25th Anniversary BMWMOA National Rally, Fredericksburg, TX. (512) 303-6716

Jun 28 Logan, Ohio, Poker Run. (614) 380-3050

Jun 28 Lima, Ohio 1/2 mile Allen County Fairgrounds. (419) 478-1836

Jul 3 BMW MOC Cookout/Campout Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 PM, at members', Garry and Penny Hissom's house, 16485 Cowley Road, in Grafton, Ohio. Start your holiday right. Grill provided to char your beast. Bring a dish to share and your favorite beverages. Picnic style dinner followed by a business meeting at **7:30 PM**. Rustic overnight camping OK. See map below. If lost call Garry or Penny at (330) 483-3010. Guests and interested parties are always welcome.



Map to the July Meeting. From SR 303, ninth house on the right. From Grafton Road exactly 1-mile on the left.

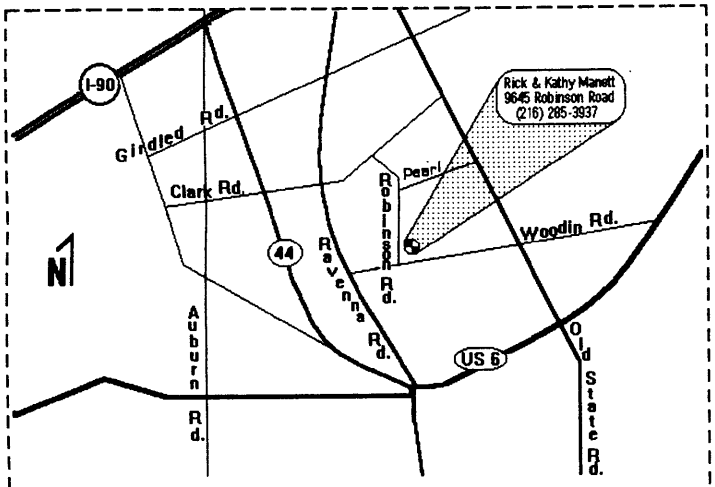
July 10 BMW MOC presents **Jupiter's Travels**, Ride-to-Brunch (Sunday) at the Pheasant Run Inn near LaGrange, OH. All NE Ohio BMW clubs are invited for an AM buffet brunch followed by a narrative slide presentation by author Ted Simon who will be available for book signing afterwards. If you are planning to attend call Craig Webb at (216) 949-5071 so we can estimate the number of people.

July 19 MOW MOC Ride-to-the-Races at Mid-Ohio. Call Greg Antolik at 235-1272 for details and the Saturday morning rendezvous time and location.

Jul 29 BMW MOC Board Meeting at Bob Wood's House

Aug 1-4 Great Rolling Broccoli Methane Blowout, International Order of the Rolling Broccoli Riders #248, Wiarton, Ontario, Canada. (519) 534-2498

Aug 7 BMW MOC Ride-in-Cookout Meeting, 7:30 PM at Rick & Kathy Manett's House, 9645 Robinson Road, Chardon, OH. Bring your picnic goodies to share and to throw on the grill. Business meeting and 50/50. Adult beverages are O.K. As always, an open invitation stands for all riders. See map below.



Map to the August meeting at Rick & Kathy Manett's.

Aug 22-24 31st Annual Four Winds BMW Riders Rally, Buttercup Campground in Renfrew, PA.(412) 367-0801

Aug 26 BMW MOC Board Meeting at Greg Antolik's House

Aug 28-30 23rd Annual Sherando Lake Rally, Sherando Lake National Recreation area, Virginia. Call Charlie at (804) 384-2770.

Aug 30-Sep 1 Springfield Mile BMW Campout, Springfield IL. Call Rick Womack at (217) 546-3732

Aug 31 Steel City Raceway, Delmont PA National Championship Motocross. (304) 284-0084

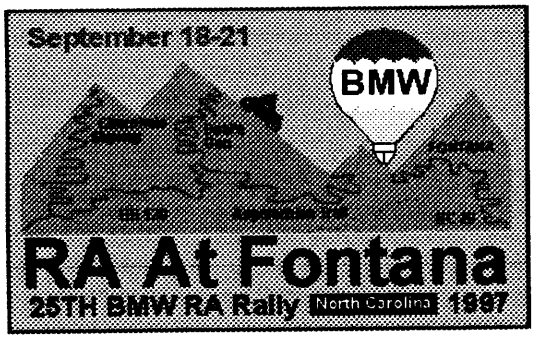
Sep 4 BMW MOC Ride-in-Cookout Membership Meeting Location & details to be announced.

Sep 5-7 27th Annual Wisconsin Dells Rally at Crockettis Resort & Camping. Call Bill Stephan at (414) 377-9178

Sep 12 Kenton, OH District 12 Tour Scioto Valley M/C Club. (419) 673-1098

Sep 12-14 15th Annual Green Mountain Rally at Camp Silver Towers, Ripton, VT. Pre-reg only. At (802) 422-3391

Sep 18-21 RA at Fontana 25th BMW RA International Rally Fontana Village Resort, NC. (407) 984-7800 http://www.bmwra.org



Sep 19-21 Maggie Valley BMW Rally at Hot Springs NC. Call Paula Bryson at (704) 645-3123

Sep 23 BMW MOC Board Meeting at Bob Zronek's House

ON THE LEGAL FRONT

by Eric Simon, V.P.

Vice-President, Eric Simon.

The Gang is Back in Town... House Bill 2, which includes proposed Section 2923.42, Ohio Revised Code, is a return to our government's efforts to enact an "anti-gang" bill. This Bill is presently pending before the Ohio House of Representatives Criminal Justice Committee. While we would all likely concur with the merit of the stated objectives of the proposed law, which is to make membership in juvenile gangs that engage in criminal activities an illegal activity (a 4th degree felony), some concern is warranted in that law enforcement officials may be provided with additional justifications for "inconveniencing" members of motorcycle clubs that utilize distinctive patches or other identifying materials. Please feel free to call me if you would like any additional information on this pending Bill, or if you need the names of the State Representatives that sit on the Criminal Justice Committee, so that you can directly provide them with your suggestions for this new legislation.

We have available copies of a useful one-page summary

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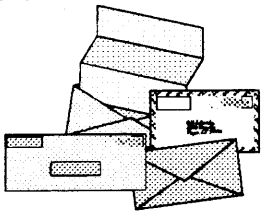
of things that you should know in the event that you are involved in an accident, such as what information you should gather, what you should, and should not say, medical issues, and when you should seek an attorney. This information was prepared by Attorney Ralph C. Buss, who actively markets his services to motorcyclists. This summary was handed out at our Micro-Rally, but call me if you were not there, and I'll be glad to send or fax you a copy.

Miscellaneous news....

The Knoxville News-Sentinel reported that State Sen. Carl Koella pleaded no contest to charges of leaving the scene of a fatal accident because he wanted to spare the victim's family and his own family the rigors of a trial. Koella, a Republican Senator for 24 years, was charged Oct. 24, two days after he made a left turn from U.S. 321 near his home in Townsend into the path of a motorcycle ridden by Terry Barnard of Huron, Ohio. Barnard was killed instantly when his motorcycle struck Koella's van a glancing blow and skidded into a car. Koella fled the scene, as was picked up for questioning by State Troopers several hours following the incident. Special Judge Steve Bevil of Chattanooga ordered Koella to pay a $2,500 fine and perform 30 days of community service. His license to drive was suspended for 11 months and 29 days, but his attorney, Jerry Cunningham, said Koella has no intention of driving again.

While this news is too late for Fredricksberg, Texas' new helmet law is scheduled to become effective in September, 1997. Basically, if you are 21 or older, and have taken an approved safety course or have health insurance, a helmet is not required. For the internet inclined, check out http://usff.com/hlstatutes/50stethls.html which has the helmet laws for all 50 states.



letters...

The Safety Minded Cows

On one of our trips in the western states, I saw a sign that said "Caution Open Range Area". The sign made me become more aware of the cows in the fields along the road. As I came upon a herd of cows on my right, I noticed that they were walking towards the road. I watched the cows so I could slow down or stop if they started across the highway. To my surprise, as the lead cow came to the berm, it stopped, looked right, left, and right again. It saw us coming and waited. After we went by the cows crossed the road. I'd call this the safest cow leader I have ever come across. You had to be there to believe it!

- Dan & Nancy Frederick

KUDOS to Russ and Sue Davis for hosting a really wonderful club event.

Of equal personal importance: To Russ Davis, for haulin, all the cooking apparatus, and John Gerow and Rick Manett for helping me roast and carve the beef, a very sincere 'THANK YOU'. *- Jerry Bruce*

THANK YOU-THANK YOU-THANK YOU

To all members who have recently joined and/or renewed their memberships with the BMW MOC your support is greatly appreciated. To those members who have yet to renew this will be your last notice and club newsletter. Below is a list of names who have yet to renew. If you have renewed accept our thanks-your membership packages should be arriving shortly. If you have not yet renewed, please do so. If you name appears on here in error, please contact Bob Wood or myself.

- Michele Haxinski-Stone, Membership Chair

Paul Atkinson	David Bruce
Skip Borlund	Gary Barnard
Rex Cooley	Larry Collins
Craig Cooley	Tim Cropley
Buzz Colburn	Ron Claus
Chandler Converse	Bruce Enterline
Ed Daugherty	Vince Grippe
Mike Gregory	Bill Hanna
Reid Inghram	Ron Jech
Sammy Kay	Bill Kleppel
David Kubacki	Chris Lance
Byron Limber	Bruce Lowe
Ralph Maarsen	Brent Miller
David Miller	David Osterhouse
George Paine	Marla Redfern
John Roman	Mike Rowell
Mark Rodman	Bob Scarola
Jim Shaw	Steve Talbert
Bob & Linda Prusak	Paul Wheeland
Gerry Zautner	Lisa Zautner

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TECH TIPS

Z-Man with his own fry bread.

Well, the season is finally upon us! We are preparing for that trip to the MOA National or that long weekend to somewhere.

I hope we have already checked the tires. How about the battery and fluids? I like to do my service, even if it is early, before a big trip. I like to wash it carefully first to visually inspect for that little problem that may haunt me later down the road.

As my bike has been broken in for years, I use Golden Spectro oil. It is a petroleum based synthetic oil that can take more heat than straight petroleum. I can go a little farther, if I need to, without too much worry on an oil change.

Check those valves. As you know, the only time they get to cool is when they sit in the valve seat. If your valves are set too tight, they don't sit as long. Not good.

Check your carburetor synchronization and timing. Make sure that the spark advance is working properly.

Throw in a new set of plugs and if you have breaker points, put in a new set.

That old, dirty air cleaner can cost you a lot of miles and extra gas stops. If you hit the mountains where the air is thinner, that dirty air cleaner will starve your engine even more.

Check the clutch adjustment and change that brake fluid. How are your brake shoes and pads?

Don't for any reason forget your Anonymous Book and a Club Roster. It could come in handy.

Have a SAFE and FUN summer. - *Zircon*

1995 Iron Butt Experience

by Charles Elberfeld

Part 2-

Continued from the Spring issue...we pick up where BMW MOC member Charles Elberfeld was in dire need of ReZeroing (which is a 10 to 15 minute cat nap) and had missed a turnoff to stay on I-5. Something in the road during the turnoff sent him airborne coming down heading westbound on I-10. He gets off at the next exit which said, Alameda. Fortunately, he was only attempting to go back to where he had come from-

At the bottom of the exit it looked like a war zone, abandoned buildings and "refugees" with no place to go. Even the pavement appeared to have been shelled. At the intersection, a car was parked about four feet from the curb with its lights off. As I coasted past the car, the driver gave me "one of those looks" that unequivocally convinced me that I did not belong there. Traffic laws no longer applied and I was soon back on I-5 headed south. Although the shots of adrenaline helped me through the period, it did not alleviate the fact that my brain was temporarily running past empty. I no longer had anything that resembled judgment, and the bike was running on auto-pilot.

Although I didn't need gas, I pulled into another gas station, where I could see the attendant behind a window from where he did business. I pulled under a light away from the pumps where I could assess how much damage my "flying" had caused. I had been hearing voices for some time but now they seemed to be speaking Spanish. I looked up to see some young males running towards me from about a half block away. I no longer have adrenal glands. I got on the bike and didn't look back. To say my paranoia was off-scale is an understatement. I got off the Interstate briefly in San Clemente, but found nowhere that appeared suitable to rest.

Friday, September 1, at about 0300, I found a roadside rest area about 35 miles north of San Diego which I pulled into. Although there was a lot of activity, no one had a gun pointed directly at me so here I would "crash and burn". I found a clear spot on the ground beside a picnic table where I could still see my bike, and went to use the bathroom. As I came out I noticed a rat (about the size of my fist) jumping

out of a trash can. As my eyes adjusted to the light I saw he had company to the tune of at least another ten. None of them appeared to be bashful. So much for my spot. I set my bike up on the center stand and such was my first night in the "Iron Butt Motel". I slept in spurts of about ten minutes with my face on my arms and tank bag. I woke up once with my left eye blurring. My face had slid on my left arm to the point where my eyeball was partially open and in direct contact with my jacket sleeve. I was uncertain of two things, how long my eye had been in direct contact with my jacket sleeve, and how many bug carcasses had been washed away from the spot on my sleeve. I didn't want to speculate on the health effects of that stunt. By about 0430, I was refreshed enough to devise my next hair-brained scheme. I would go to the BMW dealership in San Diego, the next checkpoint, park my bike in the parking lot, and sleep beside the building until they opened for business.

Around 0500, I entered San Diego and took the exit to get to the dealership. I stopped to buy gas a few blocks from my destination and slid my credit card under the protective window. This neighborhood was also not too friendly. It was metropolitan area with people standing around on the sidewalks with apparently nothing better to do. Parking at the dealership was curbside and the lighting was not very good. So much for that scheme. I cruised down about five or six blocks where I found a McDonald's. Although it wasn't open yet, the lot was well lit, so I parked the bike by a light post and leaned against it to catch some Z's. There was still too much activity to get any real rest, and at 0600, when the McDonald's opened, I went inside and had breakfast.

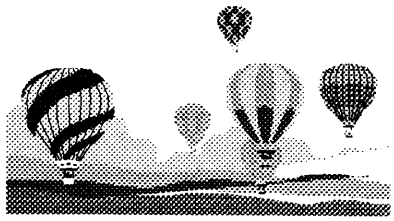
I was soon joined by another participant who said the group was starting to arrive. When we finished breakfast, we went to the dealer's and checked in. I then slept for about a half hour by the side of the building, and about an hour and half on the floor inside the building. The folks at the dealership again treated us royally, and at 1200, we received our rally packs for Leg 3 to Ft. Lauderdale. I decided that with this being the longest leg through the hottest part of the country, I would take the most direct route and ignore any bonuses. I had not taken very good care of my mind or body and I felt that I was behind on the power curve. This was the leg where I would try to recover and get my strength back. I logged my route on my charts and map and was on my way shortly before 1300.

Again, I drenched myself to counter the heat, but shortly out of San Diego on I-8, I encountered rain. It actually felt good and the sky remained overcast as I made my way through the mountains. I started to cheer up and was, for a short period, under the illusion that I was going to make it through the southwest in bearable fashion. However; as I came out of the mountains, all clouds disappeared as I crashed through a wall of heat on the floor of the desert.

The small thermometer on my bike registered over 110 degrees F, and my drenched, rainsoaked clothes were dried in short order. I stopped at the first rest area and along with other participants, sat under a spicket and totally drenched myself. The water was warm but I forced fluids relieved myself, filled my helmet with water, donned it, and left. The evaporating water cooled me surprisingly well, but I could tell that I was not going to last long. My helmet was extremely hot to the touch, and so were my brake and clutch levers. I knew that I had to get out of the heat soon or my rally was going to be over.

I stopped in Yuma, Arizona at Motel 6 that advertised rooms for under $40. When I pulled in, I noticed that the NO VACANCY sign was activated. Slowing down in the heat was causing me potential loss-of-consciousness problems and I knew that I soon would be in distress. They had a "special" of $114 a night. I took it showered, slept until 1930, and was back on the road by 2000 hours. It was still over 100 degrees F, but at least the sun was no longer a factor.

I rode through the night on I-8 and then I-10 through Arizona. At some time in the early morning of Saturday, September 2, I stopped at a rest area to get "rezeroed". I had pulled in the dark and parked close to a picnic table. I locked my helmet on the bike and laid down on the picnic table. I was soon deeply immersed in the rezeroing process and woke up about 20 minutes later. Upon awakening, I went to the rest room and upon my return, I noticed that I had been sleeping near some boulders that were stacked upon each other in an awesome display. It made me wonder what I had missed by traversing Arizona in the darkness. As I entered "the land of enchantment", New Mexico, it was still dark. Shortly after sun up, I rezeroed again at a roadside rest just west of El Paso, Texas. I remember seeing a number of hot air balloons hovering above the rugged but beautiful terrain of New Mexico, just before entering Texas.



Motorcycling through west Texas was a unique experience for this Ohioan. There were stretches of land where the only thing I could think of was, "Come on bike, don't fail me now," I guess I just wasn't used to that much desolation. I saw two dust devils which broke up the monotony. The first one was to my left, across the westbound lanes. Because of the wide open spaces, I couldn't judge the size or strength of the twister, but it appeared to be no threat. The second one was to my right and was heading for the road ahead of me. I wasn't sure what to do. If I stopped the thing might just throw me and my bike around like the other debris that made the devil visible. I took my chances with momentum, the gyroscopic forces of my wheels spinning 75 to 80 mph and tried to make myself as aerodynamic as possible by ducking below the windscreen. As the road, my bike, and the edge of the dust devil intersected, I didn't feel much turbulence as the bike slipped by. I spent the night around comfort, north west of San Antonio, in a real motel.

Sunday, September 3, I was up before sunrise, ready for a hot but more humid day, as I would go through the gulf coast states on my way to Florida. I passed through San Antonio before traffic got really heavy, and tried my best to "hang in there" as the temperature started increasing. Travel along I-10 and I-12 was congested with Labor Day traffic, but this mix made it easier for me to stay alert and keep a moderately fast pace, by choosing my spots to pass, and in general, riding just faster than the flow of traffic. During the day, a couple of participants passed me, which helped remind me that this trip was not just one big hallucination. In the afternoon, I took off my jacket and chaps, and felt as if I were entering a "zone". My body and neck felt relaxed, as after consecutive days in the saddle, my body started to repair itself and be in condition. As the temperature started to decrease with the sunlight, riding felt like a natural state of being.

At dusk, after entering Alabama, Kevin passed me and waved. After paying some heavy motel bills, I thought it would be nice to split a bill if possible. I also hadn't talked to anyone I knew since a rest area in western Arizona, days ago. I followed Kevin down I-10, but lost sight of him as we went through some construction areas. I had just bought gas, so I knew he would have to stop before I did because my bike had more range. As I caught sight again, of some Goldwing tail lights, they were exiting the highway. I followed but the bike was not stopping for gas and was heading north on I-65. I accelerated to catch up with the Goldwing and guess who it wasn't. That was an extra 10-15 miles out of my way, but I learned an important lesson. Don't intentionally get involved with other riders. Ride your own rally.

The sun went down, the temperature decreased, and I put my jacket and chaps back on. I spent the night in a motel in Bonifay, FL for under $30, so I felt that things were looking up some. I felt more rested and that I would make it to Ft. Lauderdale on time. Tomorrow I would take I-75 south to the Florida Turnpike, to I-95 to Ft. Lauderdale and the next checkpoint.

Monday, September 4, I was again up before the sun and I stopped around Madison, Florida for gas and breakfast. After breakfast, just before dawn, I saw a participant's bike outside of a gas station near where I had eaten. I walked over. He suggested that we could ride to Ft. Lauderdale together. I pointed to where my bike was parked and said that I still needed to buy gas. He nodded and I went to get my bike. I saw him later in Ft. Lauderdale.

Contrary to popular belief, rest areas in Florida are great. Due to the bad publicity, they are staffed with security. This makes rezeroing much easier. The trip through the middle of Florida was sunny, warm, and uneventful. Drenching and forcing fluids was the ticket of the day and it was getting old. I arrived at the "Burger King" checkpoint a few hours early, and was happy to see some now familiar faces. Although this checkpoint was not set up at a dealer's like the others, the support of the spectators was much appreciated, and you could tell by the attendance that motorcycling in southern Florida is alive and well.

When we received our rally packs from the Ft. Lauderdale checkpoint with the bonus destinations for Leg 4, there were some bonus destinations that would lead up I-77 through West Virginia on the way to Gorham, Maine, our next checkpoint. I checked with my maps and logs and it appeared to be doable, but very tight timewise. I felt rested and thought I would go for it when mother nature changed my mind. Less than one hour from Ft. Lauderdale, up I-95, the bottom fell out of the sky. **I don't mind riding in driving rain, but this was so heavy that there were inches of standing water** and I could not see any lane or shoulder markers in the darkness. I spent the next hour and a half under a bridge with 3 motorcycles and 5 cars waiting for the rain to slow down. During that time, even under the bridge, the water was so deep that there was no place to sit down. When it finally slacked off, I donned my rainsuit and headed north up I-95. I knew I needed to hit the I-26 cutoff in South Carolina within a certain period or it was no deal. By 0200 on Tuesday, September 5, I made it as far as St. Augustine, Florida, where driving rain and a near empty gas tank made it worthwhile to stop for the night.

Again, I was up before sunup, and I remember the entertainment I provided the gas station attendants as I filled up my tank in rain driving so hard that I was still being hit while under the protective roof built over the pumps. Bypass I-295 was effective in getting around Jacksonville at sunrise. After breakfast in Georgia, the rainsuit would come off. I would not make the I-26 cutoff on time, so my new plan was to take I-95 through North Carolina, Virginia, and Washington DC, catch I-270 to I-70 through Maryland and Pennsylvania, and catch I-81 to I-84 to I-90 to I-495 to I-95 to Gorham, Maine by way of New York, Connecticut,

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Massachusetts and New Hampshire. After some navigational difficulties around the beltway in Washington DC, I spent the night in a motel in Hagerstown, Maryland.

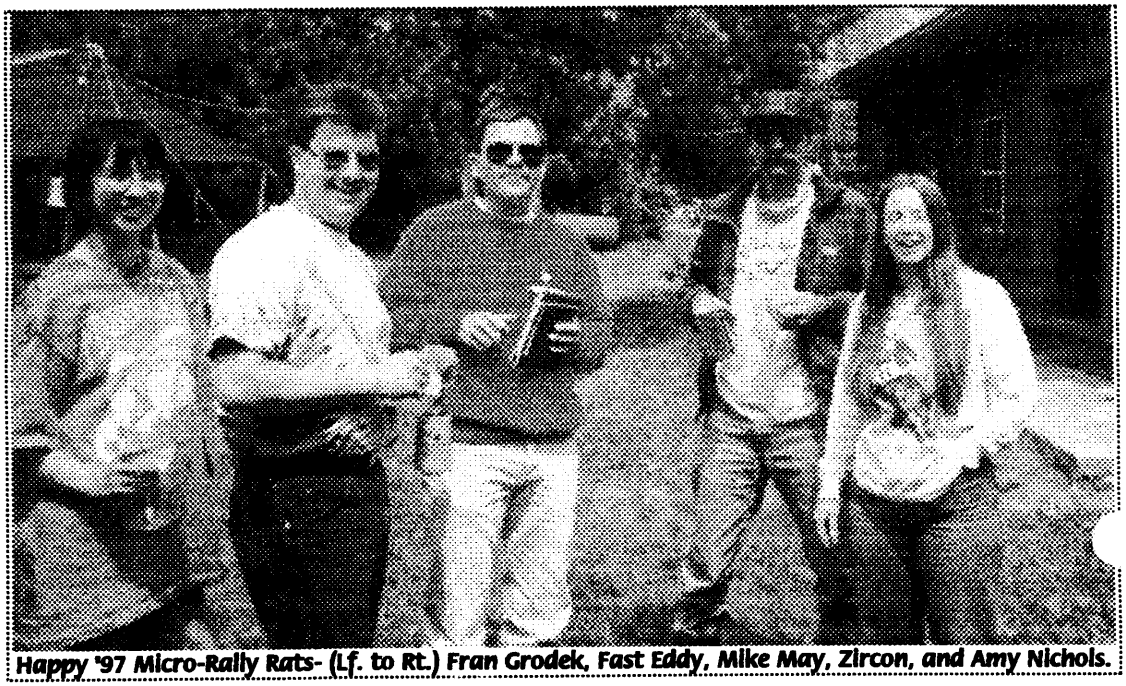
Wednesday, September 6, I was on the road before sunrise. That got me past Harrisburg and much road construction with minimal problems. It was a day characterized by cooler weather, heavy traffic, and many tolls. The northeast I really constipated traffic wise. I rolled into the checkpoint at Gorham a few hours early and tried to get some rest. I'm sure I looked like the rest of the participants, high mileage. The facilities and people were again very supportive. When talking to the locals I felt very lucky to be doing this. You could see the wheels turning in their heads trying to figure out how to justify their own involvement in a future chapter of this "insanity". I already knew that there is no justification; I just got off my ass and did it. Although I enjoyed my time there, it wasn't very restful. Just after sundown, we were given our final rally packs for Leg 5. I decided to take I-95 to I-495 to I-90 to Cleveland and I-80 the rest of the way to Salt Lake City. Traveling was cold that night and I soon pulled off the highway to spend the night at a motel around I-495. As I pulled up to the motel, a participant offered to share his room. We split the cost and slept away the next few hours.

Thursday, September 7, I was out before sunrise, but not before the other participant. The weather was cool and overcast and I was soon paying tolls to get across New York state. I would pass by the Cleveland area, my current home, during rush hour. The interstates were under construction there so I decided to take a chance and stop at home for a few hours. I arrived home at 1500, much to the surprise of my wife and youngest son. I ate, took a bath, napped, went over my bike in my garage, and was on the road again by 1800. It did my heart good to see the family again, and I felt recharged. It was getting dark on the Ohio Turnpike when I pulled into a service area to make some clothing adjustments. A couple of participants were also making adjustments, and one said that he had called ahead and reserved a motel room near the Indiana border. He gave me a detailed description of the motel's whereabouts and said I was welcome to share the room when I got there. I agreed and promptly headed that direction. Shortly after I re-entered the turnpike, I found why he gave me the details. I followed the participant from about 1/2 to 3/4 of a mile back, and never got much below 85 mph for the next 90 miles. About the last 8 miles were in driving rain. I caught up while he was still in the parking lot, and he seemed surprised to see me. A few hours sleep and I would be on the road again.

Friday, September 8, pre-dawn was filled with rain. It dried out by mid morning, and the rest of the day could be characterized as uneventful. I passed, was passed by, and talked to a few participants. We were all having the times of our lives but were ready to wrap things up. I spent the night in North Platte, Nebraska, and was thankful for the moderate weather. I was filled with anticipation of what the final day would hold and with determination to finish.

Saturday, September 9, pre-dawn was cold as elevation was increasing. I found myself extremely fatigued and had to rezero at a roadside rest just before dawn. This was unusual for me but I had learned the hard way to pay attention to what my body and mind were telling me. A vacant picnic table was my choice for a bed and it was cold enough that I kept my helmet on while I recharged. When I "woke up" I felt sort of sluggish as I stumbled toward my bike. Suddenly my eyes opened and I was staring at the morning sky, still lying on the picnic table. This could be trouble. I did the same trick two more times before really getting up. Good thing was my last day. I refueled the bike and myself in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

This was an easy bonus destination right on I-80 between Cheyenne and Laramie that Kevin and I had passed on the way out. Not realizing what an impaired state of mind I was in, I didn't pull out the instructions for obtaining the bonus. Instead, I took a picture of the Point of Interest sign with m special identifier (pink towel with No. 22 on it) at exit 333, and continued on toward Salt Lake City. About 120 miles later, I realized that I had not logged my odometer reading at exit 333. Not to worry, back calculation from my present mile marker would get it back. Wrong. When I stopped for gas, I whipped out my instructions and realized that I had taken a picture of the wrong sign. I was supposed to take a picture of the Sherman Mountains sign at the point of



Happy '97 Micro-Rally Rats- (Lf. to Rt.) Fran Grodek, Fast Eddy, Mike May, Zircon, and Amy Nichols.

interest. No back calculations needed. I threw the documented proof of my stupidity in the trash can at the gas station and felt totally humiliated. I was not going back to do it right. Let me see if I could just follow this one interstate into Salt Lake City without screwing anything else up.

I made my last gas stop in Rawlins, Wyoming, which would give me enough gas to make it to the final checkpoint. Kevin pulled in just as I was about to leave. We exchanged greetings and I left. I was getting too close to the finish to get distracted. The rest of the way into Salt Lake City was like a dream. I rode slightly faster than traffic and was extremely cautious. The feeling of accomplishment that I had pulling into the checkpoint is shared with only a select group of people. Although I arrived a couple of hours early, it seemed that most participants already checked in. I had survived.

Final Results: Out of 54 entries, 37 successfully completed the rally. I finished 29th and had ridden my motorcycle approximately 9300 miles through 30 states in 11 days.

Meeting everyone again and the banquet really capped off the day. On Sunday, September 10, we said our final thank you's and good bye's and Kevin and I were on the road back to Cleveland by 1000. The day was fairly uneventful, although I did "flip off" the point of interest at exit 333 between Laramie and Cheyenne, and then laughed at myself. The scenery is tremendous out there. We spent the night in North Platte, Nebraska and were on the road again on Monday, September 11, right at sunup.

I was tired of public toilets, motels and restaurant food. The last 1100 plus miles back home were going to be digested in one gulp. In western Illinois, we passed a Cadillac, made into a pick-up truck with a Kawasaki ZX11 in the back and two participants in the front. We all honked and waved. Shortly thereafter we stopped for gas and the Cadillac pulled in behind us. One of the participants told me "I'm the rally master for the '97 Iron Butt and wait 'til you see what I have in store for you guys." End of Story?

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...Ride Smart - Ride Safe...

GROUP RIDING

by Bob Burley

The following was taken from a booklet published by the "Ohio Department of Public Safety". The words in italics are my comments. -Bob Burley, BMW R100RS

KEEP THE GROUP SMALL

Small groups make it easier and safer for car drivers who need to get around them. A small number isn't separated as easily by traffic or red lights. Riders won't always be hurrying to catch up if your group is larger than four or five, divide it up into two or more smaller groups.

KEEP THE GROUP TOGETHER

PLAN- The leader should look ahead for changes and signal early so "the word gets back" in plenty of time. Start lane changes early to permit everyone to complete the change. *(I don't think that this is always possible. Some times, passing a vehicle needs to be done, one bike at a time. The first bike will pass when there is clearance, then the next and so on.)*

PUT BEGINNERS UP FRONT - Place the inexperienced riders behind the leader, where more experienced riders can watch them. *(I don't agree with this. I think that they should be in the back, so that they can observe the other more experienced riders).*

FOLLOW THOSE BEHIND - Let the tailender set the pace. Use your mirrors to keep on eye on the person behind. If a rider falls behind, everyone should slow down a little to stay with the tailender.

KNOW THE ROUTE - Make sure everyone knows the route. Then if someone is separated they won't have to hurry to keep from getting lost or taking a wrong turn.

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

Maintain close ranks at a safe distance. A close group takes up less space on the highway, is easier to see and is less likely to be separated. However, it must be done properly.

DON'T PAIR UP - Never operate directly alongside another rider. There is no place to go if you have to avoid a car or something on the road. To talk, wait until you both have stopped.

STAGGERED FORMATION - This is the best way to keep rank close yet maintain an adequate space cushion. The lead rider stays in the left side of the lane, while the second rider stay one second behind in the right side of the lane. A third rider maintains the left position two seconds behind the first rider. The fourth rider would keep a two second distance behind the second rider. This formation keeps the group close and permits each rider a safe distance from others ahead, behind and to the sides. *(I don't agree with the two second distance. The distance should increase with speed and the ability of the rider.)*

PASSING INFORMATION

Riders in a staggered formation should pass one at a time.

FIRST, the lead rider should pull out and pass when it is safe. After passing, the leader should return to the left position and continue riding at a passing speed to open room for the next rider.

NEXT- When the first rider passes safely, the second rider should move up to the left position and watch for a safe chance to pass. After passing, this rider should return to the right position and open up room for the next rider. *(This is what I was talking about in the note under "KEEPING THE GROUP SMALL". When two are riding together, I think it is possible, if there is enough clearance, that both can pass at the same time.)*

Some people suggest that the leader should move to the right side after passing a vehicle. This is not a good idea. It encourages the second rider to pass and cut back in before there is a large enough space cushion in front of the passed vehicle. It's simpler and safer to wait until there is enough room ahead of the passed vehicle to allow each rider to move into the position held before the pass.

SINGLE FILE FORMATION- It is best to move into a single-file formation when riding curves, turning, entering or leaving a highway.

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...feature...

Motosapien Moments

by Craig A. Webb

In an effort to provide Bob with more frivolous filler for the newsletter, I present this column dedicated to our motorized mounts and the time we spend upon them.

TALKING TO IT

The immortal silent comedian Buster Keaton was described as "a man at war with inanimate objects". His classic slapstick battles with technology symbolized America's uneasy transition from the rural past into the mechanized 20th century. His predicaments are funny because they are familiar. We have all fought with the occasional obstinate appliance - and lost!

Now with the 21st century almost upon us, machinery has definitely taken its place beside man at the top of the food chain. However, not everyone is comfortable with their company. Machines have amplified and surpassed every human ability without suffering a single human vice or frailty. They feed us, carry us, comfort us and even beat us at chess. We need them, but do they need us? Like Dr. Frankenstein's monster, we created them - but we are not all that sure they are grateful.

So how do we build an emotional bridge between man and machine? Because we are stuck with each other - like it or not. The left-brained among us may scoff at the idea of cross-animal bonding, maintaining that a complete understanding of construction and function is all that is necessary to insure ultimate mastery over the mechanical. But what does man <u>really</u> understand about electricity, gravity, magnetism, entropy and etcetera? Aren't the <u>fundamental</u> mysteries of matter and energy just as dark and impenetrable as the <u>fundamental</u> questions of flesh and spirit? Perhaps they are even ultimately identical.

For those of us who are not devotees of the poetry of schematic diagrams, the answer to this philosophical dilemma is as simple as it is illogical. Treat objects as entities and possessions as playmates. Most of us do this instinctively by giving pet names to the family car and alternately imploring or threatening the corner traffic light to obey our wishes. You might feel that personalizing such obviously lifeless objects does not really constitute an attempt to interact as one would with the living. But when you kick that **&!!,.@ lawnmower isn't there an implied act of faith that something is experiencing at least as much pain as your own foot?

Who's to say this is pathological behavior? Ancient peoples unanimously attributed individual identity to objects of all descriptions from the Sun and Moon down to rocks, bodies of water and even the air itself. Buddhists maintain that we are all part and parcel of <u>everything</u> that is around us, while Hindus consider all of existence to be a passing dream anyway!

Luckily we motorcyclists possess the ideal objects upon which to exercise this higher consciousness. Riding a motorcycle focuses the rider on the true Zen of survival, (Be here now - or you may not be here at all), so pampering your favorite mount is a sure path to spiritual - industrial enlightenment. It's pure Karma.

The proper amounts of love, devotion and surrender applied to any worthy motorcycle will always be returned in equal measure.

Don't just name your bike, adopt it! Talk to it. Tell it all your hopes and dreams and then listen very carefully to it's inner musings. Most bikes will tell you very clearly whether or not they are feeling up to that day's ride. Watch the omens, (more than two dead cats within the first mile of any trip is a clear warning to turn around and go home), and perform the rituals, (a thorough washing is a good as a tune-up if done properly). Practice the JuJu of carrying those spare inner tubes and control cables even if you haven't the foggiest idea how to install them. Wounded bikes usually attract the needed mechanical healers. Their Karma is just that good.

As Rev. E. Z. Cash, the pastor of the Cathedral of the Day After Tomorrow and founder of Spiritual Industrialism wisely said; "You are what you ride - so learn to change your own oil.

Va - room, Brothers & Sisters

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Travel Tid Bits for the Southwest:

1. Do not leave frozen pork chops to thaw on the table at your camp site while you take an hour snooze. The ravens will have a better dinner than you will and they will also enjoy your big red apples.
2. If you go to the Flagstaff, AR. rally, get in line for the chili 15 minutes before it is scheduled to be served. If it is 15 minutes after it is scheduled, you may go hungry.
3. Do not pay a dollar for a shower at Monument Valley because the water is COLD and the pressure is so strong it will cause you pain.
4. Do not leave your socks outside at Canyon De Chelly, AR.. The campground dogs like smelly socks.
5. If you have taken something on your trip that you do not use, don't take it next year.
6. If you buy anything at Black Mesa Trading Post near The Navajo National Monument, AR., it takes three days for UPS to come and pick it up to be sent home. (GREAT PLACE)
7. It is not a good idea to move a picnic table with your jug and saddlebag while riding the bike.
8. Diaper wipes are an excellent substitution for a shower if you haven't had one in three days.
9. Sun screen does not last all day with one application.
10. Small, smooth, colorful bear fetishes may have been made in China. Turtles too!
11. Avoid Kansas if you can.
12. Go to the top of Mt. Lemon outside of Tuscon, AR. and eat pie. Don't go over the speed limit or you will receive an unwanted time/distance award.
13. Carry an extra pair of your old glasses and a glasses repair kit. You will need the extra pair to see those tiny screws to fix your good pair.
14. Don't order a Kansas City Sirloin Steak. You won't recognize the cut and you will need help chewing it.
15. Don't take any rocks into petrified forest. They will want to keep them when you leave.

Member Orval Conley honors Memorial Day when not riding his R-bike.

16. Check the smaller motel rates. You may get a room with a shower, TV, and air conditioning for about a dollar more than the KOA.
17. Get up early and watch the sunrise. The sun sets at about 8 PM.
18. Tar patches that snake along the pavement get REALLY slippery when the sun beats down on it. Be careful.
19. Take an extra plate, cup, and utensils. There are lots of solo travelers out there that you can share your bread and time with that will really enrich your traveling experience if you cook out.

Have a GREAT trip!! -Barzella

Rally Success Ramblings

by Jim Shaw

I was forced to write this at knifepoint, by my friend Pat Roddy (one of the powers behind the Georgia Mountain Rally). He MADE me write it. It comes from my limited experience of having attended about fifty rallies all over the country in the last five years or so. Maybe somebody in the MOC would benefit by an idea or two. Otherwise, flush it.

In response to Pat Roddy's inquiry (and because my driveway is blocked by township workers cultivating a length of drain tile in front of Shaw Towers), I thought I'd draft a few notes on what makes a BMW rally a success, in my mind. Perhaps your opinion will vary, and I encourage additions, expansions, and (am slightly tolerant of) refutations. Be gentle; I am sensitive.

PEOPLE - People, not things, features, or events make for a successful rally. I have been to a rally with over five thousand riders that I considered a marginal failure, and a micro-rally with less than a dozen riders huddles in the rain, that I would consider a success. The difference lies in the people who come, and their attitude.

TARGETING THE RIGHT GROUP - Rally planners should first target the right group. If you invite entirely old fuddies, who complain endlessly about their lumbago, it will cast a pall over your event. If you target youthful enthusiasm (regardless of rider age), you will have fun. No amount of fussing over prizes, awards, vendors, or test rides will overcome the right choice of audience for your rally. Providing the venue attractive to Airheads, Internetters, veterans, etc. will help assure a good time. Riders are not homogeneous. Be tolerant of 3 am campfires and a few loud pipes. If you select a venue which prohibits alcohol or other substances, you will set the stage for a prayer meeting, not a rally. It is very easy for most of us to find a prayer meeting in our home town. We will be reluctant to ride three states away for yours.

WELCOMING ATTITUDE - Be upbeat and welcoming in your treatment of arriving riders. I remember well the surly treatment I had at the hands of one Ohio club (at what is now an extinct rally, I think) during the registration and setting up camp process. A glad hand and a happy smile to a tired rider dragging in after a hard day's ride, is a sure way to get things started right. The attitude of the rally workers is infectious - both ways.

Make sure your host club tries to be helpful. Visiting riders will have problems - everything from broken bikes to accidents, to boisterous drunks. Try to have helpful, diplomatic host folks available to help. Make sure you have enough volunteer workers to never be too busy to be helpful to the rider with a problem.

Have a supply of maps marked with suggested rides in the area - and good places to eat and shop. Don't just expect riders to find this out the hard way. Riders who have a good time at their favorite rally activities will return next year. Be prepared to show them the best features of your area.

RALLY DATE/ CONFLICTS - There are presently enough rallies to keep the dedicated rally-rat busy every weekend of the season. Your rally will be competing for these riders. If the scope of your plans is to be a regional bonanza, like Georgia Mountain or the 49er, dates and conflicts will be important. Make sure you do enough research before you commit. Consider your targeted riders in choosing a date. MOA's experiment" with a mid-week rally this year is chancy. Right from the start, MOA is parsing their prospective attendees into those that can get a week's vacation, and divorcing those who can't. I hope they knew what they were letting themselves in for.

RIDING LOCATION - If you want a really successful rally - regardless of whether it is big or small - pick a good location to ride. If you can find hills, go there. If you can't then look for twisties and sweepers. Lacking any of the above, the local attractions and food better be really attractive, or you're asking for a bust. There are exceptions, but there is a magnetic attraction between hills, twisties, scenery, and riders. It has been shown that a rally can succeed in Dismal Seepage, Kansas, but it better have something else going for it, or I won't go there.

FEED ME - Food is a factor. It doesn't have to be four star, but riders appreciate the comfort of not necessarily having to leave the rally grounds to kill hunger pangs. A Friday night stew, soup, or chili will be a big success. Breakfast is a big seller. Saturday night dinner is also a feature for tired, hungry riders. For those who choose not to join in, try to offer a discount at registration time.

COSTS - This brings up the issue of costs. When I was earning (mumble) figures, I never could understand why riders cared whether the fee was $20 or $30. When I was on sabbatical last year, I decided cost was important. The important factor is the value you offer (or, more correctly, the riders' sense of the value). It doesn't bother me to pay $40 for four nights camping, etc., at Finger Lakes, yet I have gone there for one night (due to other commitments) and railed at having no option but to pay $40 for one day's benefit. Consider cheap day passes, if it feels right. I remember working "security" for the RA in Bonjour, last year. The official policy was: no day passes. A couple of locals rolled up on BMW's wondering what a rally was about. No camping gear, no bulging saddle bags, they just wanted to see an international rally. I told them to leave their bikes up at the gate, and they could walk in and knock themselves out. It was the right thing to do. I would have hated to (effectively) turn them away by requiring the full fee for a couple of hour's visit. And they would have been turned off.

So make sure the riders' perception of cost versus value is there, and build some flexibility into your fees, if possible. Inflexibility shrieks inhospitality.

RALLY GROUND - a huge factor, especially in repeat attendance, is the camping environment. If your rally is intended to attract only a handful of hardened, wizened, torture-lovers, even the baked dust of Rocky Flats Moon Crater National Monument campground will do. But rally aficionados will prefer hilly, shaded, sheltered, well-drained camping grounds that are not overcrowded. For the big rally, one or more large pavilions are probably necessary. Flat ground is untrustworthy in the rain, as RA in Bonjour campers found last year. Even though my fancy Kelty will float in the resulting four inch deep lake, it will sink when I step into it. Only the incredible high spirits of last year's RA campers and rally masters overcame the adversity of unprecedented rainfall upon flat ground.

AWARDS - Every rally seems compelled to have some sort of awards assembly, usually where the sponsoring club's most long winded loudmouth talks endlessly about nothing.

Shorten it up, guys.

In presenting door prizes, be sure to mention the donor! Have THEM write a one sentence description of themselves - and a one sentence description of the prize - which you promise to read properly. Read it with enthusiasm, and they will be glad to donate again next year. Draw the numbers in advance, if it speeds things up. I will trust you! Then, can the crap, and get on with it. There seems to be an indefatigable mentality that awards emcees should be able to stretch a fifteen minute affair into an evening. Nonsense. They should be chosen for their ability to pull it off in ten minutes.

There has been a lot of discussion of mileage and attendance awards recently. I have a suggestion. Post the awards and rules thereof publicly at the registration booth. Consider providing separate awards for local-type clubs versus non-local clubs (i.e.: IBMWR or Airheads vs. The Beemer Riders of Greater Metropolitan Podunk). In most cases, the non-local clubs will be delighted at the mere mention of their attendance - they never know what to do with a plaque, anyway. Make sure the right data is on the registration form - like the starting point for travel directly to this rally - as opposed to just home town. Why not give a separate award for "furthest from home," in addition to miles traveled direct.

A corollary to this is - (within limits) there is a direct relation between how many awards were announced and the smiles on the faces of attendees leaving he ceremony.

Remember, the purpose of mileage and attendance awards is to encourage these clubs to band together and attend your rally. Use the awards for that purpose, and don't start a bunch of squabbles. Recognition of club attendance costs nothing, and makes their members feel proud.

A MOST IMPORTANT POINT - Unless your rally is a one time event, your success will be very dependent upon repeat attendance. Remind every member of your sponsoring club that the most important factor in everything they do is getting the rider to return next year. Consider this factor in everything they do, and decide, and say.

...this news just in...

BMW... BS RALLY

(Formerly known as Buckeye State Rally)
Sept 5-7, 1997
Sweet & Easy Campgrounds
on US 50 approximately 10 miles west of Athens
for more information call Eric Nyrop (614) 444-9409
Sponsored by the Buckeye Beemers
$20 Rally Fee - $10 day Pass
Friday soup until gone, pins to first 250, field events, door prizes, awards, coffee, hot showers & flush toilets.
General store next to camp site. No pets.

RETRACTION

I feel obligated to clear up some incorrect facts that I stated in the last newsletter in my message to Irv Warden. I received a letter from my friend, Susan O'Brien, Secretary of Forest City Beemers of Southwestern Ontario, regarding this article. These are the corrections:

1. The award equivalent to our CHUNX AWARD is called THE KRUSTY AWARD and not the KRISPY AWARD.
2. This award is the product of the Forest City Beemers of Southwestern Ontario and not the Royal Order of the Broccoli Riders.
3. It is presented in a pizza box and it is a T-shirt, but it does not contain actual proof. It does have the autographs of previous recipients and a picture of some unidentified object laying in some dirt on the side of the road.
4. The actual club name of the Broccoli Riders is The International Order of the Rolling Broccoli Riders.
5. Both Clubs are Chartered BMW MOA and RA clubs.

Thanks for setting the record straight Sue. Again, I apologize. See you some time this summer. XOXO, Barzella

The editor disavows any knowelge of this. -Ed.

Congradulations to club director, Amy Nichols for earning her 100,000 mile award. Amy can be seen at many long distance rallys on her white sidehack.

Also, congratulations go out to Ron Claus who had a good excuse why he was not at the Micro-Rally. He was tieing the knot. **Best Wishes** to you and your new bride.

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BMW **THE ULTIMATE RIDING MACHINE.**

Directions: Take the Ohio Turnpike to Exit 6 (Fremont). Take SR 53 south, just past the traffic light at Wal-Mart and Loew's (on your right) take US 20 west and get off at the very next exit (Stone Street./Oak Harbor Road), at the K-Mart sign. Go left (so.) at the traffic light off ramp. Take a right at the next light and another quick right. We are on your right, just past the car wash.

Seen patiently waiting on the side of the road at the '97 Micro-Rally Poker Run. She said, "I told you to buy a Beemer." He said nothing (that could be repeated).

classified section

'95 R100R 14K miles LN grey w/black seat, non-ABS dealer-maintained, warranty 'til 8/98, matte black bags, color-matched Parabellum Scout fairing, Wudo luggage rack, Run'N'Lites front & rear, cylinder guards, dual Fiamms, bar backs. $8500 US. Located west of Cleveland. Reason for selling: he wants another bike! Ray Grodek (216) 926-2994.

'81 Yamaha Special II, 400cc, 3K, blue, stored in garage, very good condition. $550 Call Rose 252-7933 or Dana 383-8349.

'85-91 K-bike Progressive fork springs-brand new, never opened package. $45 or OBO. Call Bob at 252-7933.

K-bike hard bag, LF side with key #042. $100 Call Karl at 651-9099.

Homemade motorcycle trailer- the original "John Soltis Barrel" trailer. $350 Call Gabe at 899-6780.

H-D Chaps size large $50. Call Donna 671-1847.

Corbin Dual Canyon Sport seat, black, lowered 1/2", EC, fits '86-'91 K-bike and K75S. Mike May at 884-6918.

BMW battery charger, never used, new in-the-box $50. Call Mike May at 884-6918 days or 475-0400 after 4 PM.

Men's BMW leather boots navy blue size 9-1/2-10. Women's BMW leather boots navy blue size 7-1/2. $30 per pair. Call Rick & Kathy Manett at 216/285-3937 home.

Heine Gerke 2-piece leather riding suit. Red/black size 40. $500 OBO. Call Rose 252-7933.

Wanted: K75 T, left front turn signal, shift lever, and saddle. Call Karl at 651-9099.

Wanted: '79-'80 Points can (assy.) for R-bike. (new style) call Phil Danzey 234-8008

Wanted: /7 electronic tach., long mirrors, head light with trim ring, and final drive 33/11 ratio. Also need, /5 wheels, head light assy., and misc. /5 parts. Call Greg Antolik at 216- 235-1272

Wanted: Motobecane Mopeds. Call Alex at 671-7625.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS LISTED ABOVE ARE LOCAL CLEVELAND CALLS UNLESS AN AREA CODE IS INCLUDED. CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING IS FREE TO CLEVELAND CLUB MEMBERS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO PLACE AN AD CALL 216-556-0196 AND LEAVE YOUR INFORMATION IN THE "BULLETIN BOARD" SECTION OF THE CLUB VOICE MAIL SYSTEM, OR MAIL YOUR AD TO: CCN CLASSIFIEDS, 4257 WEST 130th STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO, 44135-4869.

Call the BMW MOC Hot Line at (216) 556-0196