Cleveland Club News

BMW MOTORCYCLE OWNERS OF CLEVELAND

The Official Publication of the BMW Motorcycle Owners of Cleveland, Inc. Winter, 1995

...the Prez Sez ...

I never knew there were
corners in time.
Till I was told
to stand in one.

-Slick/Kantner

The Christmas Prez.

I would like to say a few words about what a privilege and honor it has been to be President of our club. Sure I've made some jokes about it. And I've endured some flack at home...and from the board. Occasionally I felt overwhelmed, but I have deeply appreciated the timely pats on the back and the generous compliments that have seen me through.

I am pleased that the riding season has gone as well as it has and produced so many great memories. The Yahoo Deluge at the Micro Rally, Dinners on Jerry's Patio, Police Surveillance at the Prez's Palace, a Soggy Fall Campfire with the tribe slugging it out in the background, the Quagmire Swap Meet and those Fireworks!

However, there is one question I'd like to ask...Is it over yet?

For me it just about is. I've made a commitment to direct a new play called WATABANALAND at Cleveland Public Theatre this Winter and all my free time and energy from now until the end of February will be squandered on that "hopefully" artistic endeavor. If any of you have enjoyed my bizarre sense of humor and slightly twisted mind you might enjoy this show. If not, I suggest you maintain a safe distance.

I'll be seeing you down the road at the March meeting, at Daytona, the Western Reserve Sidecar Rally, the Micro-Rally, the RA National in Quebec, the Buckeye State Rally, the Fall Foliage Folly and any other event or meeting I can sneak away for. Never fear, the new slate of members running for office are all quality people who will do a great job for our club. You can't go wrong voting for any of them!

The only advice I can give to them is this: Being a wise, responsible, organized, dedicated, fair, and impartial club officer for a whole year is much like hitting yourself repeatedly on the head with a baseball bat. It really feels good when you stop!

VAROOM BROTHERS & SISTERS

Craig

...Winter Meetings' Schedule...

(Mark your new calendar)

January 4 * February 1 * March 7

1996

Winter meetings are held on the first Thursday of each month, at 7:30 PM. The January meeting is the Annual Election Meeting. Come cast your vote for your favorite nominees, at the Czech Inn, 9729 Granger Road. **This is a *new* location.** We will also decide if our February and March meetings will be held there. We have the upstairs banquet room. Dinner and adult beverages are available. The food is Old World European and delicious. The room is being supplied free so please calculate your gratuities generously. Restaurant phone is 587-1158 or 800-587-1158.

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Bits & Pieces

A free POWERSPORTS Video can be yours for the asking at the February 2-4, 1996, Motorcycle Show at the IX Center with a special coupon. If you are planning to attend and want this video call Road Captain, Bob Wood at 216/ 252-7933 or send him a self addressed, stamped envelope so he can send you one. There is a limited supply so request yours early.

Missing your seat ? One of our members took a seat to the Burbank Swap Meet to sell and it ended up going home with Director, Bob Zronek. To claim your seat call him at 216/ 656-2440.

Thank you, Vince Razete of the Razete Agency for providing coffee and donuts at our Fall Foliage Folly this year. Vince came out both Saturday and Sunday during our annual rainy event helping to make it a great success. Several members have gotten very good bike insurance quotes through his new agency. The call is toll free only costing you some time to go over your particular situation for a competitive quote. Remember, Ohio now mandates you have coverage or face stiff penalties.

DON'T PAY MORE THAN YOU HAVE TO FOR:

MOTORCYCLE INSURANCE

CALL 1-800-5-CYCLE-4 NOW
29253

for a FREE QUOTE or PRICE COMPARISON

THE RAZETE AGENCY
MOTORCYCLE INSURANCE SPECIALISTS

Elsewhere in this issue find an interesting accounting of a members encounter with a deer after leaving the Fall Foliage Folly. Remnants of hide and a broken collar-bone are a reminder to all of this yearly hazard in this part of the country.

It's not too early to begin planning to attend the upcoming Cleveland Club Spring Tune-Up Clinic. Kirt Zautner of Biker Buddy Products will again host the event at his facility in Geneva, Ohio. They can do anything from a light tune-up to major disassembly if you need, giving advise and help. This year there will be a K-bike session covering valve shim replacement and details of a proper Inspection II.

Newsletter reporters wanted. If you would like to help your club and don't know what you could possibly do call the editor and become a CCN reporter. We need staff to compile local motorcycling news articles, write short articles on legal, technical, and historical topics, arrange the classified section, and provide photos for the quarterly publication.

How do our local dealers rate ? The data is not all in yet but preliminary findings are not good. What can we (120 members) do about it. We don't know yet, but we have definitely got their attention during our research. We are tracking BMW dealers both in and out of Ohio and the findings are very interesting. Look for a summary article coming soon.

Brake a leg Craig ! This is the *good luck wishes* thespians usually get before their first stage show. Yes, past BMW MOC Prez, Craig Webb, has taken on a new adventure as the director of a Cleveland Public Theater production this spring. (See cover page for details.) We all wish Craig well and extend a, *from the heart,* THANKS and appreciation, for a great year at the helm of the club.

Christmas party surprise ? Some 68 members attended the annual Cleveland Club Holiday Bash which is about twice the attendance of last year. Santa and his elf-is presented each member with a holiday gift. Door prizes from Biker Buddy, California Casuals Sportswear, MC Sporting Goods, and Sill's Motor Sales were given away. A special raffle of a motorcycle lift sold out and a winner (Dave Kean) was drawn during the party. Although a bit crowded, everyone enjoy themselves and thought the food and facility were adequate. Thanks to all our sponsors who donated door prizes, committee persons, and the members (more than half the club) who turned out to make this event a success.

New members enjoying our annual Holiday Bash at Gretchen's Kitchen.

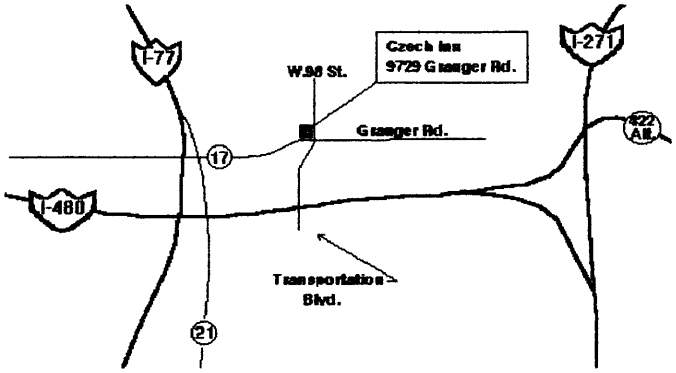
Gretchen's Kitchen
380 Bagley Road
Berea, Ohio
234-3287

Ohio Calendar of Events '96

December 28 BMW MOC Board meeting, 7:00 PM at member Bob Wood's house.

January 1 Polar Bear Run, Dayton, OH. Sponsored by the GWRRA Chapter F. Meet at Perkins Pancake House, I-75 and Edwin Moses Boulevard.

January 4 BMW MOC Dinner/Meeting, 7:30 PM at the Czech Inn. Annual Election to be held. New location. (Map below)



January 7 RA Marietta Brunch 10:30 AM at the Lafayette Hotel downtown on the river. Call 800/331-9337 and mention the RA for special rates.

January 25 BMW MOC board meeting, 7:00 PM. Call our voicemail for location.

February 1 BMW MOC Dinner/Meeting, 7:30 PM location to be announced. (Probably the Czech's Inn)

February 2-4 Cycle World 1996 Motorcycle Show at the Cleveland IX Center. Info 800/ 331-5706.

February 11 RA Zanesville Brunch 10:30 AM at Jake's Stakes and Cakes. Airport Exit 160 off I-70.

February 29 BMW MOC board meeting, 7:00 PM. Call our voicemail for location.

March 7 BMW MOC Dinner/Meeting, 7:00 PM at the Dolphin Restaurant. Guest speaker or video.

March 2-10 Daytona Bike Week Campout, Bulow, FL. Rally Info: 407/ 724-4939 or 72040.2156@compuserve.com

March 17 Navarre RA Brunch 10:30 AM at Alice's Restaurant, SR 21 and US 62.

March 28 BMW MOC board meeting, 7:00 PM. Call our voicemail for location.

CALL the Cleveland BMW HOT LINE at 216/ 556-0196 24 hours a day for the latest in local activities. Members are urged to access the Level II messages for detailed information regarding the club. Directions are on the back of your membership card and in your handbook.

...THANK YOU

I got up bright and early on a recent Sunday. I decided to be the nice guy that I am and fetch some pastry for the family. I figured that if I went to the bakery two exists up the highway, It would justify taking the K bike. Everyone's happy, the family gets fresh pastry for breakfast and I get a few miles on the bike.

The entrance to the highway is one of those that turns you 180 degrees as you enter traffic. I remember the advise that the bike will handle and negotiate better with more R's than less and down shift into second gear. I raise the R's at a constant roll until the entrance merges with the highway, then snap the throttle full, shifting as needed. Within moments the bike is traveling at 90 mph and I laugh in a demoniac sense because I have just realized three things at that moment....

1. I still have another gear.
2. I OWN THIS HIGHWAY.
3. My family is going to have pastry for dinner instead of breakfast today.

The above anecdote might indicate that the purchase of this "new to me bike" might be more trouble than fun at times. But the little jaunt did not produce any tickets and my wife was glad to see me come home with a smile on my face even if it was hours after my ETA. This made me reflect on the past summer and all the people and places that made it possible for me to enjoy life. I would like to thank the following for making my summer possible:

My wife, who understood that I reallllly needed to buy this bike.

Vince Grippe (member), who introduced me to the bike.

Bill Ely (member), who let me borrow his bike trailer.

Vince Grippe (member), who went to Harrisburg, PA and back in one day to purchase the bike with me.

Kirt Zautner (member) a.k.a. Biker Buddy, for fair prices and good advice.

Roy Malkin (member), who has shared many a Sunday ride with me.

Bob Wood (member), who has answered a question or two about K bikes when I have called.

Cleveland Club members, who have hosted monthly events that I have attended.

Cleveland Club members, who have always made this new member feel like an old member.

Any group who has hosted a rally that I have attended.

My wife, who understood that I reallllly needed to buy this bike.

I hope to see everyone I have mentioned above next year as well as meet those who I haven't gotten to know at future meetings and rallies.

Michael L. Sexton

BMWMOC ELECTION POSITION STATEMENTS

In accordance with the election procedure, the following position statements have been received from the nominated candidates listed below for these offices.

NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT

Barb Cowan -

I have served this club in the capacity of Secretary/Treasurer for two years. This year I have also helped with membership duties. I have watched this club grow from 45 members to 116.

It appears that there is a core group of 30 to 40 people who are really active and help with club functions and events. It is always fun to see lots of people at meetings and events and I know that many of you live far away and/or have busy lives.

This is a good club and I would like to see another GOOD year like last year. In order to make this happen, it will be necessary to get more people involved in planning, helping, etc. My goal for the year will be to get more people actively involved if it only means helping to get membership handbooks and cards ready, or manning a table at the Micro Rally for signing people in and collecting money.

If a lot of people do a little, it will keep some who do a lot from burning out.

Here's to a Great 1996 riding season.

NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

John Gerow-

NOMINEES FOR SECRETARY/TREASURER

Michele Stone -

Since my other half is pursuing the little green thing ($) 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, I have found myself with LOTS of free time. I feel I can give this position the commitment that it needs.

Bob Wood -

This will be my last year running for an office on the Executive Board and I think it is time for us to get our books in order. Although I have no intention of leaving our fine club, I feel my *spare* time is more valuable to the club as newsletter editor and will pursue staffing that project. With that in mind I urge you to vote to split the secretary and treasurer responsibilities to help ease the work load and cast you're vote for my last tour of office. My goal (as treasurer) for the '96 riding season will be to provide the club with a strong financial plan with clear and concise financial records of both the present and the past. Michele will make a wonderful secretary and we both will be able to do our jobs better than ever before.

NOMINEE FOR ROAD CAPTAIN

Pam Yek-Kean -

NOMINEES FOR DIRECTOR

Phil Danzey-
Russ Davis-
Donna Schettine-
Don Walker-
Kirt Zautner-

Position--feet on the pegs. The Cleveland Club has a lot going for it. Talented, fun-loving people who enjoy great two wheeled camaraderie. I would like to see the Cleveland Club continue to grow and refine our activities for the enjoyment of all.

Bob Zronek-

Dear Scum-Sucking-Yuppie-Pig-Dogs,

It is time again to think about the direction our club will take for "96". Did you have a good time last year? Do you want a change? I hope not. I had a good time. I have some plans for "96" to make it a standard to compare all years by, but simpler. We seem to have the people to make it go.

I want us to start a relationship with one or more of our dealers we can all live with as in parts and service. So far, most of you are letting me down. Where are the questionnaires I sent you in the last newsletter? I need that information to present to the dealers. As of November 25th, I have received only 17 responses from over 100 members. Thank you to those who did respond. It was anonymous so I don't know who you are. You didn't even have to sign your name!

Why did you join this club? Help me out with this. I'm not asking to see your tax return or anything incriminating. So enough said. If you guys want me to drop this project, I will, due to lack of interest. I could waste my time on something else.

It would be nice if our members would call the directors and share your ideas for events, activities and such so we can make you a part of the grand year we could have.

I don't want to do any aggressive recruiting for new member, but if they do come, we won't turn them away. I think membership in this club is something to be proud of, to serve office an honor. This year let's all think '<u>share our ideas</u>' with the Board. Good or bad, we want to know what's going on in your head, it's your club.

The Board meetings are open to ALL club members, so come share your dreams. Think about having a meeting at your house, or providing a place for a party. You don't have to spend a small fortune because everyone can bring their own food, beverages, etc. As you know, we never get all 100 plus members at a meeting, or event. So when the weather gets better again, volunteer and have everyone bring their chair to your backyard.

In closing, if you vote for me, talk to me. I'm here as your voice at the Board Meetings. - ZIRCON

On the Off Ramp

by Ralph Crider, VP

Hello again my fellow Beemernauts, if you're like me you just can't get enough of your BMWs even though it's cold and snowy out. In this installment we'll talk about the various ways to converse about our beloved steeds, even though Karl and Zircon are the only ones out there every day. As you know from the previous installment of my article, there are at least two mailing groups dedicated to our black forest wonders , one is a general list for BMWs and the other is dedicated to the politics of the MOA. Also, there are smaller groups, ie., GS owners, /2. Even R1100 owners but I will talk about the two larger ones. Even though both discuss the everyday problems we run across as owners, (When do you lube your splines? Are older boxer electric's as lame as you've heard?) one is supposed to be for general world-wide BMW info and the other for the inner workings of the largest BMW motorcycle club in the world. Joe Senner , the person most responsible for these mailing lists has taken a lot of his own personal time to try and make them run smoothly, even though they aren't perfect, it is still one of the best ways to get feedback on your questions and problems with your bike. One of the better aspects of these mailing lists is the opportunity to get first crack at parts. Some members advertise extra stuff and you can get an answer by the next day in most cases on availability. Conversely, you can also ask about parts and see if anyone subscribing to the list has that part for sale. Very nice if you're used to the trial and error method in the MOA news.

As I explained in an earlier article, I get my mail from a local news feed. For some of us it is a good way to go. You check in every couple of days and all of your Internet mail is downloaded, you read it off-line and reply at your leisure. Other members prefer a true Internet connection. If you need a presence on the Internet and can use this in your business, figuring out how to navigate your way through the ever changing net might be preferable. One of the other and probably most popular alternatives is to choose one of the growing on-line services: CompuServe, America On Line, Prodigy, etc. The advantages to this type of connection is the ease of use. The downside is the cost. Most of these services charge you by the hour after a certain amount of time spent on-line. (Ventures music please) And if you like to surf the Web, it is very easy to run your bill up

I know that some of you are asking, "Well what does this have to do with me?" I don't need no *steenking* Internet news. Well, I've used this medium of communication to find out the latest news affecting us as motorcyclists. Did you know that BMW is considering changing their warranty to a 3 year, 35,000 warranty instead of an unlimited mileage warranty? I found out through the net. Before the newspapers had printed the fact that congress had repealed the speed limit law and let the states decide their own speed limits it was on the net. There is also a good chance that the '97 MOA National will be in Texas. You want a chance to vote on the name for the next MOA National? Well you have an opportunity to express your opinion. This and more is going on every day on the BMW lists.

Even though most of our club members don't have and really don't need a presence on the Internet, the members that do will be happy to help you out if you have any questions or problems getting started.. just ask Dave Keen or Kurt Zautner...sometimes the net is useful.

By the way, to all of the computer owners in the club, make sure that you have a reliable method to back up your hard drive, otherwise you might not get your next article published in the newsletter...like what happened to me last issue.

Any questions or comments... Ralph@avalon.gomi.net or RKCrider@AOL.com.

K-bike Maintenance ALERT!!!

Attention to all of you K-bike owners, especially K75. This has happened to me and other people I know. The cooling fan on your bike should be checked regularly as part of your maintenance schedule, it appears that if your fan isn't coming on enough that eventually the bronze bushings can seize resulting in the brush holders inside the fan melting. Since this circuit is the same one the horn uses a lower rated fuse is not an option. The best way to do this is to reach in there every now and then and make sure it spins freely. Another alternative is to disconnect the fan and apply current to it and let it run awhile to keep it loose. The only fix for this is a new fan.. parts are not available, but I did have some success with making new brush holders out of a good epoxy.

The reason K75 owners are at higher risk is because the 3-cylinder doesn't generate the same amount of heat that the 4-cylinder does, so the fan doesn't come on as often. As always, if you have any questions I'll be glad to help.

BMW MOTORCYCLE OWNERS OF CLEVELAND

Club Officers and Officials

Craig Webb, President.	(216) 949-5071
Ralph Crider, Vice-President.	671-1847
Barbara Cowan, Secretary/Treasurer	656-2440
Bob Wood, Road Captain	252-7933
Phil Danzey, Director	234-8008
Ed Gumuscian, Director	651-4825
Kirt Zautner, Director	(216) 466-0435
Bob Zronek, Director	656-2440

American Hero or Mr. Lucky?

by Bob Zronek

Tech Tips this issue is taking time out to recognize a pillar in the motorcycling community -

In 1921 a nine year old boy came to America from Czechoslovakia. Like a lot of immigrants, he couldn't speak the language. He was placed in the first grade, learned quickly, (as most Czechs do), and skipped the third grade. In high school, he was old enough to vote and to date some of his teachers; but I have no proof he did. He got a job in a gas station which probably sparked his interest in engines.

He got his first bike when he was 14, a Cleveland single in a basket for $30. He put it together and started a love affair that has lasted nearly 70 years and is still continuing.

Later on he had scores of bikes including an Indian Prince, and a 1929 Harley-Davidson twin cam that he purchased for $25.

Johnny graduated from high school during the Great Depression. During W.W.II he joined the Air Force transporting paratroopers. After the war he married and worked at a Harley-Davidson Dealer. He earned 50¢ an hour from the dealer plus 50¢ and hour from the GI Bill subsidy program. He saved his money and in 2½ years he quit his job and started a business of his own. He sold Arial, Mustang, Triumph, and BSA. That was in June of 1948. I was two years old.

In the winter of 1962, he took on BMW (a good move), and is now the oldest BMW Dealer in Ohio, and one of the oldest in the USA.

Johnny's favorite bike of all was his R69S. He has ridden all over the country, well over 300,000 miles, and at age 83½, he still loves the sport.

He has been married to his wife for 53 years and has no plans for a change. They have 3 children, 2 daughters and a son. I'm sure he is proud of Richard as he is following in his Dad's footsteps with BMW only. All of the others have fallen by the wayside. Quality lasts!

I asked Johnny Roman if he would change anything if he could? He said "no", he would do it all over again. Thanks to pioneers like the Romans, our sport will go on long after we are all gone.

So, in conclusion, Cleveland Club members, do yourself a favor and stop in at Roman's. Ask *fellow member* Johnny Roman to take you on a tour. He'll talk your leg off, but you will leave with a history lesson if you are interested. He has an awesome sense of humor. His store is located in Youngstown, Ohio.

And now you know the rest of the story.....Good Day,

Zircon

Oh, DEER!

by Jerry Bruce

October 17th, 1995, bright and clear, not yet dusk. New office supplies are in my touring bags as I come home from errands. As usual, although too short, the ride is great. Since the leaves have turned, my appreciation for nice days increases in direct proportion to the declining number of rideable days that remain.

Going west on Jackson Road, a half mile from home, I glance at a deer on the right, next to the pavement. A yearling, motionless. Deer are nice to see. There are so many in Moreland Hills that a civic movement began here two years ago to have them taken away by some proper bureaucracy. The idea was controversial and ultimately failed. I was glad. We see deer often here, they eat our fallen apples. To date, I have personally suffered no problem by their presence. Naive?

A microsecond before I pass it at 35 mph, the damn thing leaps directly for my windshield--and makes a perfect landing. Bull's Eye! So, here is a deer out of Bambi spots but not yet full grown, with really bad judgment. Legs flailing on the right, legs flailing on the left, and my vision is blocked. What the hell do I do now? Here starts a big blank.

The next thing I know, I am parking my battered bike in its usual place on the patio. I begin to comprehend the damage...but can't connect it to a deer. I wonder what th hell is the matter with me? Can't I ride any better than to screw up my bike like this? Incredible! Look at this thing. What do I do now? More: My right shoulder hurts and my arm hangs limp. In the kitchen, I accede to a ride to the local E.R. Being driven back up Jackson Road, I dimly recall a deer. Vaguely, I begin to sense some connection between my bike damage, my pain, and a deer flailing wildly on my windshield.

"Broken right collarbone," I am advised. Then, "What happened?" I am confused. Instinctively, I reply to protect my driving record: "Fell off a ladder"... "Wear this harness, take some pain pills, and see an orthopedic surgeon, soon..."

How did this happen? In fact, what did happen? How could things have gotten this screwed up? Here I am, albeit intermittently, with some 38 years of riding experience. I can remember my rubber band 125 pea-shooters, and a suicide-shift hog, a slick-shift Triumph and a bargain BSA. I have a high level of awareness about defensive driving, safety practices and proper riding gear. Recently, I took the motorcycle safety course--Scan, Interpret, Predict, Decide, Execute. Am I not better prepared? Now this . . .

I can remember several years ago, when riding West on Rt. 87 in nearby South Russell: a picture perfect doe was bounding alongside. She was keeping pace, next to me, in the clearing to the right, I though, this animal could l stupid. I rolled it on, blew her off and accelerated out oi danger.

Now what? Where is the value of wisdom? Experience? What the hell went wrong? Here I was, in this stupidly

destructive predicament, bike and ego bruised and broken--me too, literally--and simply stupefied by this unexplainable experience.

So, how do I explain this to anyone, particularly me? Why is my memory blank from the flailing legs to the patio? A friend in the medical field conjectured "concussion." Others explained it as *shock*. Judging by my helmet damage, this could make sense, except that the missing memory doesn't begin with the blow to the head. My memory is entirely blank from my image of the flailing deer until I was parked on the patio. I don't remember losing control. I don't remember hitting the pavement. Considering the damage, should I not have had even a moment of fear or terror to recall? If the deer hit me from the right, how did I land on the right side? My helmet and leather jacket were damaged on the back. How did I hit the pavement on my back, with a deer on the front of the bike? With a broken collarbone and useless right arm, how did I pick up the motorcycle and ride home? Did the poor deer get hurt? (A very concerned young lady actually asked me that). Later, when we found tufts of fur wedged in my mangled fairing and between my front tire and wheel, I felt somewhat relieved that my hazy recollections had some validity. Evidence.

Still, there are more questions than answers. Earlier, I had installed those special deer warning whistle devices. Don't they work? Maybe this deer had a hearing loss. Or, perhaps the tone was off and this young and ready creature heard a mating call from my bike? It was that time of year. Should I reinstall these deer warning things after my bike is repaired? What did I learn?

Actually, from this experience, two conclusions stand out:

1. Whenever I see deer within striking distance, I will STOP. After the deer decides what to do, THEN I will decide. In fact, I'll resume forward motion only after I see a white tail bobbing away in the distance.

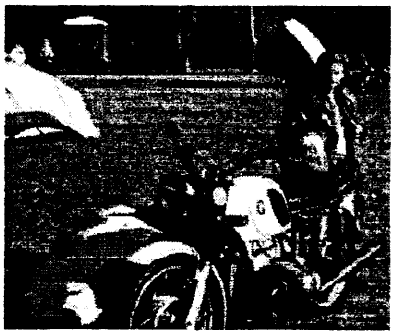
2. On the other hand, never having been an animal rights advocate, I nevertheless see at this time, a very practical and compassionate value in thinning the herd. In this regard, please understand, if you see me riding quite aggressively, with a very large razor blade firmly affixed to the front of my newly rehab'd Beemer....

I don't know, Doc. I was pranc'in through the woods one minute, and the next thing I remember... I'm home with a lot of pain. Can't we just say I fell off a ladder?

Modern Day Cowgirls

"The Pony Express Tour '96 Ride for Breast Cancer"

by Amy Jean Nichols



In 1994, 46,240 lives were lost to breast cancer (240 men and 46,000 women). It is estimated that over 47,000 lives will again be lost in '95. Every three minutes a new victim is introduced to this insidious disease. Every eleven minutes someone dies. Please support me in this research ride.

This is how it's done. The main ride will take place the summer of '96, beginning in St. Joseph, Missouri and then dropping down to Dallas, Texas. It will then involve a relay route that will circumnavigate the United States. All moneys are needed to be raised before the tour begins. Since I've been assigned as a principal rider I need to raise a minimum of $1,000. There are also associate riders which raise a minimum of $250 that goes towards the $1,000 goal. I'm looking for associate riders to help me out. The rule is that both principal and associate riders be female in order to retain focus on a problem which affects vast numbers of women. However, male breast cancer survivors are also welcome to serve as principal riders. Co-riders (passengers) are also considered equal and therefore may serve as principal riders as well.

Riders are encouraged to seek sponsors to support the "Pony Express Tour" as well as collecting money before the tour. All checks should be made payable to: "The Komen Foundation", with the memo line to read: "Women for Riding Research".

Sure could use your help, plus all of the people with this disease. Look at it this way; you who can't be riders - you can help save women's breasts by donating to a good cause. Come to the next meeting or mail checks to: Amy Jean Nichols, 1588 N. Hametown Rd., Akron, OH., 44333.

Biker Buddy Products
PO Box 321
Madison, OH 44057
Call Kirt at Phone/Fax 216-466-0435
and receive your
10% Cleveland Club Member Discount

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.

CAGED IN THE CYCLE CITY -

With my 60's buddies contemplating migration back to Cleveburg from the Golden State, it was definitely time for a return pilgrimage to the Pacific rim; revel in my illusions one more time while I still had places to crash.

Ten hours out on Southwest Sardinelines were an odyssey of weirdness- but not cycle related- so catch me around the campfire for that monologue.

It's Saturday afternoon, mid-January, 58 degrees and cloudy in L.A. as Tony picks me up. "A bit nippy", he calls it. I remind him that "nippy" in C-town is when you pick the ice off the inside of your nose.

That's the curse of L.A. It's so f___ing perfect! You lose perspective. You become a weather wimp. Cancel a hike in the spectacular mountains of the National forest 2 miles from your house on account of haze!

Consequently L.A. bikers suffer from opportunity fatigue. I'm in town four days and see maybe five guys riding. Tony explains, "Well, it might rain." Really? Bummer, wouldn't want to risk that!

Meanwhile, I'm so hot to ride I'm buying the Beverly Hills Trade "n" Times just to cruise the bike ads. But Tony is ecstatic! With me in the car he can finally use the "carpool only" lanes on the freeways. That's another common affliction in LaLa Land - Traffic Paranoia. With earthquakes, race riots, and forest fires to worry about the ultimate California nightmare is rush hour on the Pasadena Expressway.

By Wednesday I'm outa there in a rental cage up 101 to Santa Cruz where I'll ride Highway 1 along the Pacific edge to Half Moon Bay, catch a sunset, then hop the coastal mountains east to Berkeley. Serious scenery all the way. My buddies are aghast! "It's so far! What if it rains?" Don't come back to C-town guys- the reality shock will kill you.

In Santa Cruz I spot my first Beemers carrying 60's refugee types along the boardwalk and out onto the big blue along the fisherman's pier. Things are looking up.

By Berkeley I know I'm approaching the promised land. Besides the feminine scenery, (Latino and Asian populations make California the Mecca of Small, Dark and Vivacious), Bee-Zerk-Lee is scooter city! Beemers and other large bikes are in evidence, but Lambrettas, Vespas, and Honda Elites rule the East Bay.

Now it's my last day on the coast and I'm nostalgia tripping old hippie haunts in San Francisco with Greg, who used to ride Harleys in C-town with D.A. Levy and race Beemers out on the coast. Only now he doesn't even own a bike. Instead I'm caged in a 3/4 ton Chevy pickup with a floor shifter from Hell.

Across the Bay Bridge the superbike squids are screaming down the white lines between traffic lanes and it's legal! Coming down into the Mission district I can't believe my eyes. Motorcycles are everywhere! I'm not talking sunny Sunday in Cleveburg everywhere. I'm talking off the Richter scale! There are motorcycles in every parking lot. Bikes are parked along the streets up and down every city block.

There are gray-taped rat bikes in every industrial zone, fancy cafe racers at the tourist traps, hogs by the herd parked along the Esplanade at sunset, Beemer squadrons grooving in Golden Gate Park and classics of all persuasions chained to front stair rails like lawn ornaments. Since this is Friday, most of these people are at work using their bikes as everyday transportation not just weekend hobbies.

That night the sounds of cycles echoed down the canyons of the city and young Asian sport bikers shot the breeze on the corners in North Beach in languages only they could identify. If you ever wondered what it would be like to be in a place where 25% of all drivers were on two wheels - you've got to see Frisco!

I was enchanted, enraptured and encaged in my rattling sheet metal coffin with chrome as the wondrous cycle city of my dreams passed by untouchable on the other side of the glass.

"Chunx" Award

by Bob Wood, Road Captain

In keeping with the traditions of our club's founding fathers (and mothers), and as a past recipient of the esteemed "Chunx Award", I must watch, with much dismay, the esteemed, coveted plaque, be passed along to yet another Club #196 member. (Was it the Jager Meister? Was it the chili? Was it the shear excitement of our Fall Foliage Folly?) I hereby bequeath, to Troy Stone, said dishonorable trophy with hopes you will keep the spirit alive and help perpetuate this award. Congratulations on your overindulgence and fine multiple *protein heaves.*

Too Late for Layout...

On the eve of getting this issue of the CCN out I've been told, club director and Biker Buddy aficionado, Kirt Zautner has been hospitalized in ICU for a serious viral infection. I spoke with Kirt two days ago and he thought he just had some serious strain of the flu. As we go to press the *latest* word is his condition has been upgraded to "Fair" and he will be resting over Christmas in the hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery and hope he can find some joy in the holiday season.

PS. We are all looking forward to seeing Kirt at the Spring Tune-Up Clinic on April 20, 1996.

Steve & Betty's Alaska Tour - Part One

Ed. note- Member Steve Dumek is new to the Cleveland Club but has ridden BMW's and been in the Western Reserve Club for years. He and wife, Betty, have submitted a short novel on their recent adventure and would like to share it with us. We have never published a story of this detail or length. Please let the editor know your thoughts regarding this type of story.

Author on a GS. What short legs?

Betty and I have just returned from the Adventure of a lifetime. We spent 2 weeks traveling around the great land of Alaska. We saw Mt. McKinley and the Arctic Circle. We saw the Alaska Pipeline and biked onto the Alaska Railroad. We stopped at the end of the Alaska Highway. We even attended a motorcycle rally.

We saw grizzly bears, caribou, moose, beaver, eagles, sea lions, otters and doll sheep. We experienced beautiful mountain views, spectacular water falls, glaciers and snow by the side of the road. Our travels were mostly over paved highway, but we did encounter some unexpected dirt bike riding. Betty and I spent our nights in Bed & Breakfasts and Roadhouses.

We visited or stayed in a total of 21 cities. Our R100GS recorded just under 2,000 miles. We traveled another 600 miles by tour bus, 125 miles by ferry and 40 miles by train.

Keith and Nancy Hull of Alaska Motorcycle Adventures made this all possible for us to see this great land. The Hull's have BMW Motorcycles for rent on a daily, weekly or monthly basis. Their bikes include these models R1100GS, R100GSPD and R100GS. All of the motorcycles are well kept and include hard luggage, tank bag, passenger back rest, and rack platform. My wife and I found more than enough room for our gear on our R100GS.

The rental fee is very reasonable with a minimal deposit required. I charged it all on plastic, another convenience the Hull's offer. A rental offers many advantages for the vacation tourer. First, by flying to our vacation location, we saved over two weeks travel time that would have consumed my limited vacation time. Next, the Hull's took every effort to make our adventure in Alaska enjoyable. Keith offered assistance in reviewing my itinerary and made suggestions that saved us time. Keith offers pick up and drop off service from the Anchorage Airport. Both of the Hull's are experienced motorcyclists so they are familiar with our needs. Keith and Nancy traveled to Alaska 10 years ago to visit and have been their ever since.

Our plans to visit Alaska started over three years ago with reservations on a 7-day Goldwing Tour, which was canceled two months prior to our planned departure. Last year we planned to do Alaska by motorhome, but Betty's mom passed away two weeks prior to our planned departure, Betty spent five weeks in the Philippines. The third time was a charm.

Packing for a trip of this type (fly and ride) requires plans to pack for the flight and plans to pack for the ride. We brought enough clothes for one week (well, I packed enough for one week, later I found out Betty actually packed enough for herself for two weeks. I wondered why her bag was so much larger)! Packing included helmets, wool sweaters, rain gear, two types of gloves, boots, riding jackets, cameras and tripod, tie-downs (for the train), maps, Milepost, bungee nets, trash bags, and more.

Betty and I traveled to Alaska on July 1, 1995, departing Cleveland that Saturday morning at 9:30 and arriving in Anchorage at 2:00 in the afternoon. There is a 5-hour time difference. The Glacier Bear B&B in Anchorage picked us up at the airport. We rested a little and rearranged our gear to pack on the bike. Keith brought the bike to the B&B around 5:00, talk about service! I took the bike for a test ride, I'm a little short for a GS, but it worked out OK, Betty was always around to deploy the sidestand. Keith took our little luggage dolly and our excess bags with him to save us some packing space.

That night we took a short ride around Anchorage and had a salmon dinner. Anchorage is a major city, but as we noticed over our 15-day stay in Alaska, it's really hard to differentiate where a city really is other than it is an area that is more concentrated with population in comparison to the open country side.

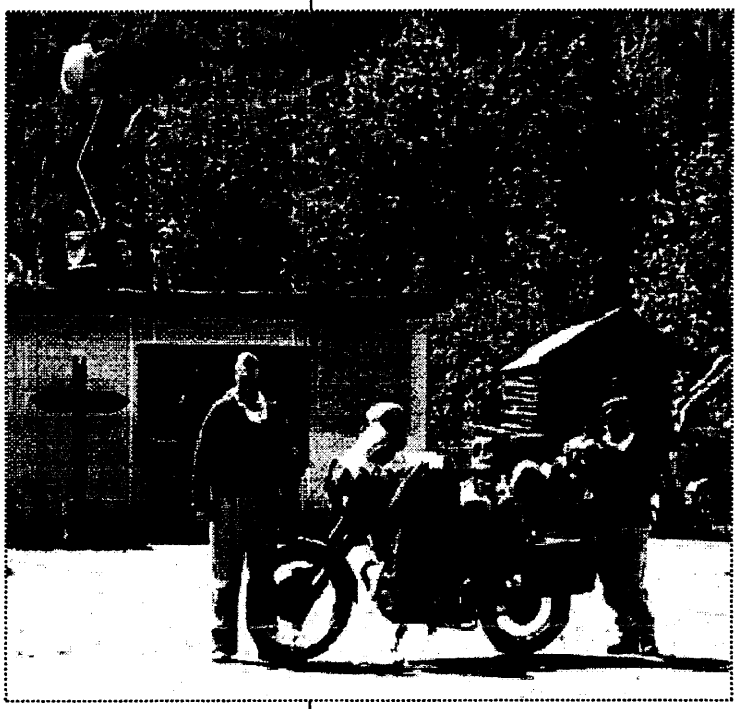
A short additional note, when we arrived at the B&B, a red R100GS was in the driveway. It turned out that a couple attempted to rent the bike, but decided that they weren't that much of bikers for the "techno monster" and returned the bike in lieu of a rental car.

The first day on the road started with an egg soufflé for breakfast at the B&B. Our hosts came outside to wave good-bye and wish us a safe trip, which was very friendly. We were headed for Copper Center with stop-offs at the Matanuska Glacier and the Eureka Roadhouse. The visit to the Matanuska Glacier was our first glacier and involved a 2-mile dirt road with a river crossing over a wooden bridge with planks spaced for car tires. We make it across the bridge with no problem, I kind of expected a field event trophy at the end for my skillful labors. The GS was earning its keep. We walked down a trail to as near the glacier as Betty wanted to go (the trail was muddy and challenging).

Back on the Glenn Highway, we ran into our first road repair work. This was about a 20 mile strip of dirt and gravel. Repairs were underway, the road felt mushy in areas, so I presume this was permafrost heaving repairs. Halfway thru the repair work, we stopped at the Eureka Roadhouse for

a pie and coffee, and to dust off. A couple pulled in on BMW's, a R100RT and a R100GS, they were from Alaska and stopped for lunch. We would see many more Beemers throughout our trip.

As our trusty GS made the transition from gravel back to real paved highway, it began to rain. We donned rainpants, gloves and boots. This was a test of the waterproof integrity of our new Motosport Canyon jackets - excellent, because we road the rest of the day in the rain without any apparent leaks.



Copper Center was the destination this first day, as is tradition with the Western Reserve Club, I got lost and didn't realize there was a turn off to the town until I looked in the mirror and saw a sign revealing that I missed the town. We turned around and proceeded back down the turnoff to discover that we didn't miss much because Copper Center "is" the Roadhouse where we were to stay that night. This very old Roadhouse is basically the whole town, it was the only place to stay and the only place to eat.

Betty and I settled into what I felt were very quaint accommodations, maybe a little old, but fairly clean. Our private bath was down the hall from our room. The kitchen had a chef that prepared us a very good halibut dinner. We sat in the lobby to watch TV while our food digested, two channels, either PBS or one from Detroit. I struck up a conversation with a fellow on a R100RT from Clear, near Fairbanks, that was staying the night, we could meet him again a week later at the Rally. I reviewed our trip plans every night including reading about the road ahead in the Milepost. It was still raining and very peaceful, so we went back to the kitchen for desert, homemade pies. We had two single beds, I sunk into the softest (or maybe worn out) mattress I've ever slept in. I was having trouble sleeping at night because the sun really doesn't set, so I hung my rain jacket up over to window to darken the room.

After the big breakfast, we set off in the rain for Valdez. It was 48 degrees and a heavy fog resulted in visibility that was less than 100 feet. I wished the GS had Hazard Flashers (it didn't), so I alternated the turn signals. After a few hours on the Richardson Highway, we stopped at a pipeline pumping station. From here we could see the pipeline and the large pumping station. The pump stations are spaced along the 800 miles of pipeline to keep the oil flowing. In this area most of the pipeline is below ground. The oil leaves the ground up on the North slope at 190 degrees, it cools to about 140 degrees as it passes through the pipeline to Valdez.

The fog was subsiding and our view was becoming more spectacular as we approached the Worthington Glacier and Thompson Pass. This glacier is in full view from the road, but we traveled down a gravel turn off to get a closer view. Once again the GS was earning its keep. As we proceeded through the Pass, snow was still by the side of the highway. I pulled off the side of the road to view a number of waterfalls before we started a 6-mile descent down into Valdez.

Once in Valdez we went directly to the Comfort and Joy B&B. This was the lower floor of a bi-level home in a residential area. They weren't ready for us so we left our bags and drove around Valdez. My wonderful wife kept asking me "When are we going to go Downtown?", and I kept replying "We are Downtown."

We had an espresso that afternoon as we sat down in a greasy spoon to fill out post cards. It took an hour and a half to send a long list of cards to friends, doctors, relatives and workplaces.

After unpacking and dinner in town, Betty put the video camera over my shoulder and we drove around Valdez filming anything that moved and anything that stood still. We also visited the town museum in Valdez. The museum contained many historical items and pictures.

A fellow on a Goldwing stopped to talk to us in the middle of the road in Valdez, the traffic just drove around us. Andy was retired and from Chicago, riding the Wing all the way with his lady friend, a school teacher. They would be on the road a couple of months before heading back. It was his fourth trip to Alaska. We would be traveling with them on the ferry and train the next day.

The next morning, Tuesday, July 4, we boarded the ferry for the trip from Valdez to Whittier. Again, I expected applause for this field event, a slow race. The ferry had slippery steel planks, ramp and deck (it was raining). Our friend on the Goldwing was very nervous. Because it was an early morning departure, Andy noted that everyone pulled out a breakfast muffin from their B&B's as they sat down. The ferry trip was 7 hours, we viewed the Columbia Glacier and the Chugach Mountain Range. This was a large vessel with very comfortable seating and an adequate galley for lunch.

We go off the ferry, another field event and staged for the train. The train had about 20 flatcars and several passenger cars. The autos and motorhomes traveled with the passengers aboard, we would ride in the passenger cars. The bikes were the first on, I helped Andy back up his Goldwing, then we tied the bikes down. The train trip was about 45 minutes

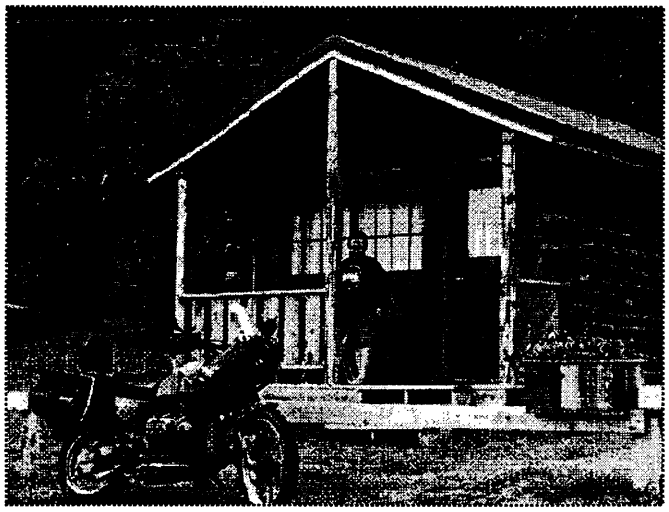
through several tunnels and exciting scenery. Remember we were first on, well, now we were last off, another field event as we crossed ramp to flat car to ramp to flat car for 20 rail cars, riding the entire length of the train.

Once off the train, Betty joined me and we bid adieu to Andy and his friend. Our next stop was at the Portage Glacier. We spent about 10 minutes here, too many tourists. Portage Glacier is the most visited spot in Alaska. From the glacier we proceeded to Seward and settled in at the Taroka Inn, older, but accommodating with a kitchen, bedroom and living room. That night we visited with Leslie Warren, Roger's daughter.

The next day, now Wednesday, our destination was Homer. The fog left us with about 250 feet of visibility for the first hour of riding. This event caused us to pass on the 9-mile dirt ride to Exit Glacier, maybe next time.

The Russian-Kenia River parallels the highway for a while. Here we saw what is referred to as "combat fishing". In one particular bend of the river we could see 50 fishermen, spaced maybe every 6 to 10 feet, they were very dense. The fish wouldn't have a chance.

We arrived at the Bayview Inn early, so once again we left our bags and headed into the city. The Homer Spit is a finger like peninsula that juts out into the Cook Inlet. There are shops, camping and the fishing industry. The Spit has a "Popeye movie like" atmosphere. Betty and I watched them unload halibut, boy were they huge.



After settling in at the Inn and a little nap for Betty, we traveled off into the country side to the Homestead Restaurant. The food was excellent, again we had halibut and salmon. After dinner we searched out a reported moose sighting just a few miles up the road. A large moose with two little moosettes (baby moose) was grazing at the side of the road. I wouldn't stop, fearing the mother may get upset with us because of her babies, so we viewed these animals on the run. Moose are part of the horse family, so when they want to run, watch out! We slept well that night, I got up at 2 a.m. to take a picture, there was still daylight.

Our longest ride was about to begin from Homer to Weasel, about 310 miles. It was a cool morning, so we put on our rain pants to help cut the wind, this was to change soon as the day warmed into the 70's. On our way North we stopped at the Dairy Queen in Soldotna. A sidecar friend of ours, Marilyn McManus, used to live on this spot, I promised to take a picture. We used the rest rooms in the Laundromat next door, they offered showers for $3.50, soap and towel included. In cooper Landing we had an espresso and soaked in the beautiful country side.

Traveling to 20 miles south of Anchorage, I pulled into the Birdhouse Bar. This spot was recommended to us on our first day in Alaska. It's a real hole in the ground, literally. The building used to be a miner's shack, after the '68 quake, one side of the building sunk into the ground. The owners filled the inside up to level again with gravel and opened a bar. the top layer of flooring is wood ships, these are changed annually. Visitors staple anything and everything to the walls and ceiling of this place similar to the Boothill Saloon in Daytona. What I noticed here though, is that the items are many layers thick. There are driver's licenses, business cards, family pictures, license plates and 'yes', women's underwear.

We motored through Anchorage and continued on to Wasilla. Our hosts at the Blodgett Lake B&B were overly friendly, we had a very good time here. Their grandson even came over to sit on my lap to tell me about what he had done that day. That night our hosts took us to the Wasilla Senior Center for dinner, a real treat.

A

Special *Thank You!*

to the following companies who generously contributed door prizes to *our* Holiday Bash.

We won't forget it was a great success **thanks to you**.

Biker Buddy Products
California Casuals Sportswear
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Call the BMW HOT LINE 216/ 556-0196 for up to the minute local events, information, and communications with other members.

classified section

'82 R100/RT. Inspection II at dealer, new Metzlers, Koni shocks, Progressive fork springs, 4,700 miles, smoke red. $5,000. Call Scott Yeager at 216-282-5902, Lorain.

'78 Harley XLCR Cafe' Racer, disassembled, but 90% there. $4,700. Call George Paine at 941-6565 days or 888-1627 evenings.

'74 R60/6. Hard bags, windjammer, 24K miles, blue. $1,900 OBO. Call Scott Yeager at 216-282-5902, Lorain

K-bike fuel pump, $100, plus shipping. Bob at 252-7933

Krauser bags, one pair, black, with chrome mounts, two sets of keys, and two red Kathy's liners. All in very good condition. $300 plus shipping. Call Ralph at 716-372-8350.

\6 carbs for a 600cc Boxer, Bing plunger type, in good condition. Call "Fast" Eddy and leave message 671-4825.

Reynolds passenger rest for a /6, chrome. VGC. Call Ralph Maarsen at 716-372-8350.

Camel "Genesis" 60-Second Tent. 7' x 8' floor, one door. Packs to 6" x 29", 7.5 lb. Sleeps two, better for one. $110. Call Mike May at 251-7623 days.

Diamond Dome Tent. 7'x 8' floor, two doors. Packs 7x22 in., 8.5#. $50. Call Mike May at 251-7623 days.

NOJ 3-season hood. Protects face and neck from rain and cold Gore-Tex like breathable material. Red. Mint condition, $15. Call Ralph Maarsen at 716-372-8350.

Wixom fairing, white with windshield and brackets, $100. Natural gas space heater, new, 9,000-18,000 BTU $250. Cutting torch, gas gauge, and hoses, $85. Call Amy Nichols at 216-665-5818.

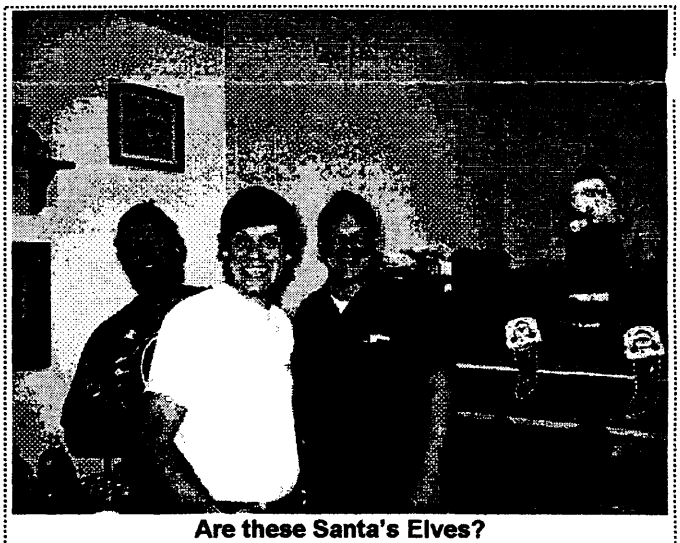
Wanted: Motobecane Mopeds. Call Alex at 671-7625.

Wanted: '82-'84 R100RS original sales literature, catalogs, brochures, etc. May have been published by Butler and Smith. Call Tony at 216-543-7022.

Clevelander Does Paris-Panama Rally

Jack FitzGerald, 46, a broadcast consultant and BMW enthusiast from Rocky River, rode his '94 K75S, 4,500 miles, from Denver to Panama joining in on "leg two" of the BMW Paris-Panama Canal International Rally. FitzGerald says he has a "fascination with Central America and wanted to ride with other people". He reports of rugged terrain and barely missed a pig at speed. Some 72 of 105 riders went down. When it rained (which was most of the time) the dirt roads turned to mud. Across eight countries he found foot deep pot holes and drop-offs of a quarter mile. Detours were the norm. Through it all, the "Chief Wahoo" on his helmet kept him safe and he never went down. Riders got to fly home while their bikes shipped. Wouldn't *real* BMW Riders ride home?

Rally riders were sanctioned as participants, by the United Nations, UNESCO, with an official endorsement as "messengers of tolerance" in the "Year of Tolerance" program. Riders got to meet with people of diverse cultures of the different countries, exchange dialog, share ideas and discuss common interests all with the idea of tolerance among people and countries. The rally was organized by Patrick Sance who is a sports expedition organizer and sponsored by BMW France and Rover France. ◔



Are these Santa's Elves?

Classified Information-

TELEPHONE NUMBERS ARE LOCAL CLEVELAND CALLS UNLESS AN AREA CODE IS INCLUDED. MEMBERS WHO WOULD LIKE TO PLACE AN AD CAN CALL 216/ 556-0196 AND LEAVE YOUR INFORMATION IN THE "NOTES" SECTION OF THE CLUB VOICE MAIL SYSTEM, OR MAIL YOUR AD TO : CCN CLASSIFIEDS, 4257 WEST 130th STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO, 44135-4869.