Cleveland Club News

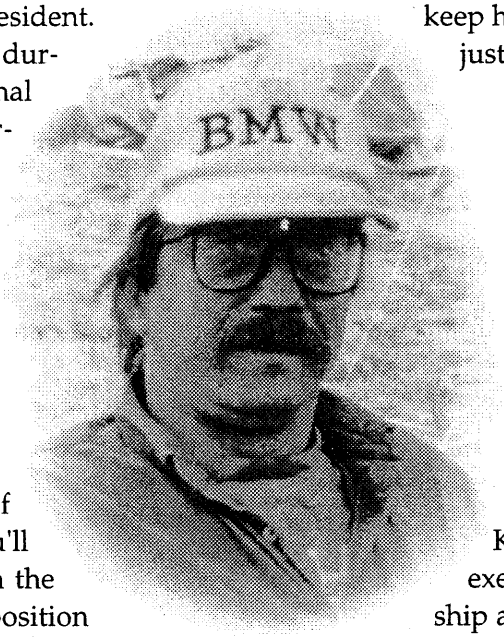
BMW Motorcycle Owners of Cleveland

WINTER 2002

www.bmwmoc.org □ voice mail 216-556-0196

RETURN OF THE KING

No this is not a review of the upcoming Tolkienesque movie epic but a club election overview beginning with the overwhelming re-election of Ralph Crider as Club President. Know affectionately as King Ralph during his numerous years as original President in the dawn of our venerable organization.



Will Ralph return us to the "good old days" of yore when club meetings were "FUN", or does he have a new agenda designed specifically for our larger, more diverse and less involved present incarnation? Who knows? He missed the deadline for submissions to this issue of the Cleveland Club News. So...you'll just have to attend meetings, catch the Spring issue or fall back on his position statement from your election packet. You did read that didn't you? Humm.

Dan Frederick was re-elected handily as Vice President over his gen-X challenger John Kean. John received a respectable number of votes but might find that being "popular" and "anti-social" is a difficult act to pull off.

Howard Loewenthal received virtually unanimous support as Treasurer although his carefully crafted rewrite of the club's financial bylaws lost by a razor thin margin. Still, as long as his numbers add up, I suppose he can run the office as he sees fit.

Marcy Lopez graciously agreed to step in as Secretary although the write in votes for this office were scattered all over the roster. I'm sure she'll do a much better job than Webb has since he can't keep his mouth shut during meetings and just take notes!

Paul "Squeak" Shaver received by far the most write in votes for Road Captain and he reluctantly has agreed to continue in that office. However he has warned everyone that he will not be as hands on as in the past and will delegate responsibility of most events to others.

We have a strong and capable group of directors in Roger Pivonka, Howard Cobb, Stanley Kain, Bob Shelton and George Lopez exercising his option to take a directorship as former President. It will be mildly amusing to see how Ralph and George will interact on the board, as their leadership styles are dissimilar to say the least. As fate would have it I have just received two more membership renewals as this issue goes to print which brings membership totals to 150 automatically requiring the new president to appoint another director. So the fun begins!

There was a very close vote on the E-groups issue with the outcome being that only current members in good standing, (paid dues basically), will be admitted. Bob Wood is being a damn good sport about agreeing to administer this decision even though he championed the opposite opinion in

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the election.

A change in membership meeting times and days was soundly defeated. This indicates either that the club is satisfied with the current arrangement or that those members already attending meetings are the same members who bother to vote.

The bylaw Quorum issue passed by a large margin. This means that even the fewer members now attending membership and board meetings will continue to be able to decide issues for the silent majority who are also increasingly invisible.

The somewhat opaque if controversial bylaw financial change issue failed by a very close vote. This means the current and seemingly perpetual debate about what to do with club funds will continue. Not that the proposed change had much chance of actually silencing this convoluted discussion anyway.

Finally the total number of members voting was 48 out of a possible 148, (at the time of election). Although nearly one-third participation is not great it is better than in some previous years. Still the level of club involvement is far from ideal in matters of elections, attendance, event participation, newsletter submissions etc. etc. The reason for this fractional involvement remains the ultimate question challenging our club and its leadership for the foreseeable future. - CCN

BY GEORGE

Musings from our former Presidente

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have supported me for the past two years. There have been highs and lows and I've enjoyed serving you as president. I want to thank everyone who held an office or served on the board for the past two years. We set out to change a few things, and to varying degrees, we accomplished that goal.

Ralph Crider will now take over the office of President of the BMWMOC for 2002. I think Ralph will bring new ideas to our club and I look forward to working with him in my position as a director.

The full election results are as follows; Ralph Crider President, Dan Frederick Vice President, Marcy Lopez Secretary, Howard Loewenthal

Treasurer, Roger Pivonka, Howard "Turp" Cobb, Stanley Kain, Bob Shelton and George Lopez Directors. Craig A Webb will continue as Newsletter Editor, Terry Taggart will continue to Design the Newsletter and Dan Frederick will continue to handle Advertising Sales for the Newsletter. Karl Hoffman remains our faithful Mr. Sunshine and Bob Shelton continues as our Quartermaster although some of his duties will be taken over by Paul Shaver who has been self-designated as Club Teamster. Dan Frederick and Roger Warren will also continue with their vital volunteer duties in Membership and assisting with club mailings and Bob Wood will graciously continue minding club business on the Web and in E-groups.

We will not have a Road Captain this year. That is a first in my 7-8 years with this club. Since no one wanted to be Road Captain, it was decided to turn this function over to everyone in the club. If you want the club to participate in an event it is up to you to plan it.

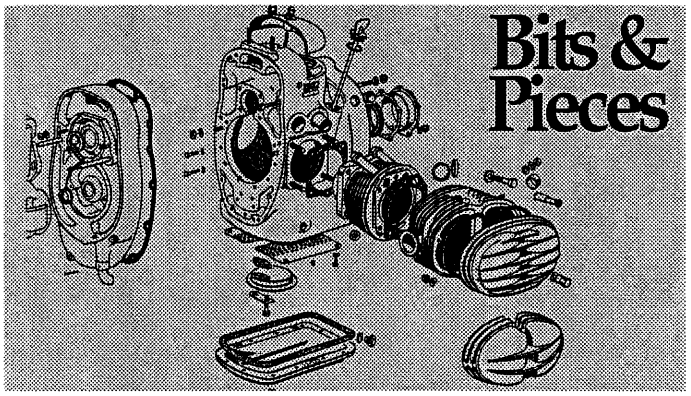
(Correction; as of last contact with Paul "Squeak" Shaver this has been modified. Paul will serve as Road Captain but he will greatly curtail his hands on approach of last year and delegate most duties to others that will be primarily responsible for specific events.)

So far our 2002 Event Schedule is very light as it consists of the 2nd annual road trip to the Toronto bike show in April 12-14 which I will plan. Turp will host the annual Tune-up clinic at his bike repair shop in Lorain. Hopefully some of you will come up with some new and interesting events and will be willing to take charge of the planning of that event.

The Heart of Ohio Ride will no longer be a club event due to lack of participation. I don't know if this approach to collective road captaining will work but since no one was willing to take the office of Road Captain, we didn't have any other choice.

I have stepped down from the March of Dimes board and Eric Simon who continues to serve with the March of Dimes is hoping that someone from BMWMOC will want to help him with the Ride in 2002. The only thing the job entails is coming up with an interesting and safe 60-mile ride. Please give Eric a call at (440) 708 - 1053 if you have any questions regarding this event.

Our holiday party is fast approaching and I look forward to seeing many of you there. This party continues to be an evening filled with fun, food and friends - what could be better?!



The most important club news is that Troy, Troy Racer Boy Stone has been involved in yet another and even more serious motorcycle accident while taking a demo ride at the recent North Carolina National Rally. It seems an elderly gentleman in a car just couldn't wait to cross the intersection, T-boned Troy who swerved off into a Gas station, hit a metal sign, totaled the bike and severed his liver. He was up and around and looking on the mend at the Fall Foliage gathering of the clams but will not be riding on two wheels for some time. This may signal the end of his racing days if Michele has anything to say about it. Not that He will not be up for it physically - but his luck might be stretched a bit too thin for comfort.

Those who are in the know on the vintage bike auction scene say that the highest prices are being paid for motorcycles that are in original unrestored condition - even though restorations generally look nicer and are usually in better mechanical condition. Why? The thinking is that a bike is only in original condition ounce, but it can be restored many times.

While sales have leveled off from the record "Panic Buying" of the 90's, there are still extraordinary prices being paid for machines that are rare or have historic significance. For example an unrestored 1914 Sears Dreadnought which looks like a bicycle with a V-twin engine fitted inside the frame went for $126,750 because only 10 machines are believed to remain in existence. Likewise a 1972 Ducati 750SS was sold for $121,250 dollars because it was ridden to a second place finish at the Imola 200 by Bruno Spaggiari behind Paul Smart on another 750 SS. The I-2 finish put Ducati on the map and planted the seeds for the Super bike racing of today.

If Super bowl winners go to Disney World, what do Nobel Prize winners do? They buy motorcycles. At least that's what Paul Nurse who shared this years

Nobel Prize for medicine did. "I know it's the male menopause, but I do have my eye on a motorbike," said Mr. Nurse.

Recession? What recession? Harley Davidson has set another sales record with third quarter sales up 19.1 per cent despite a slower economy and a temporary drop after the terrorist attacks. H-D has increased sales every year since it went public in 1986 selling a record 204,592 bikes in 2000.

The Third AMA Women & Motorcycling National Conference has been scheduled for June 29- July 3 2002 at West Virginia Wesleyan College in Buckhanon, West Virginia. Besides all the usual good stuff provided at these events there should be an abundance of great roads for the girls to enjoy. Go to www.amadirectlink.com for more info or contact www.wvwc.edu for more info on the location.

Harried motorcycle commuters with a persecution complex may yearn for the latest Russian Ural tank killer motorcycle sidecar rig. The IMZ-8 may be armed with a large caliber machine gun, automatic grenade launcher or anti-tank Konkurs-7 missile system proven to destroy armored targets as much as 2.5 miles away. Just the thing to counter those pushy soccer moms on their cell phones driving SUVs.

Why are we so unimportant to the powers that be? Maybe it's because yearly Harris polls ask people to list their favorite leisure time activities. The list was topped this year by the 28% who said reading and the 20% who mentioned watching Television. Sewing got less than 3% and motorcycling came in at 1% - about the same as those who prefer working on their suntans. The only logical explanation for this is that sex, drinking and getting high must be considered religious obligations.

Legal News

A troubling recent trend has emerged that seems to indicate that auto drivers who cause the death of motorcycle riders are being given incredibly light punishments as if killing bikers were a misdemeanor at best.

In Pennsylvania on July 2nd at 2:45 in the afternoon a 17 year old driver in a ford escort suddenly veers out of his own northbound traffic lane, crosses over a middle turning lane and enters the southbound lane hitting Jerry and Sheila Dodsons' motorcycle head on killing them instantly in what local papers called "one of the most horrifying accidents in borough history."
The escort driver's penalty was a fine of $225.

In Michigan last summer a 39-year-old driver pulls out to pass a truck on a two-lane road directly into the path of Andrew Ross who cannot avoid the car on his motorcycle and dies in the ensuing crash. The car driver is charged with negligent homicide, pleads no contest and is sentenced to two years probation and 60 hours of community service.

In Illinois a driver pulls his car into an intersection directly in front of an oncoming motorcyclist who dies on impact. In Connecticut a beer delivery truck driver turns his truck unexpectedly into the path of an oncoming motorcyclist who dies on the scene. Neither accident has yet to yield any penalties for the surviving drivers.

These and many other incidents nationwide have caused the AMA to launch the Motorcyclists Matter Campaign - an effort to ensure that motorists who hurt or kill motorcyclists face appropriate penalties. Research shows that more than half of all multi-vehicle motorcycle crashes are caused by the other vehicles violating the right of way of a motorcyclist. By increasing penalties and aggressively promoting motorcycle awareness, the AMA hopes to cut the number of these crashes dramatically.

If you want to see our state on the list of those that take killing a motorcyclist seriously contact Sean Maher, AMA director of State affairs at (614) 856-1900 ext. 1265 or at smaher@amacycle.org and ask for a Motorcyclists Matter information kit.

In a related incident Tennessee Police Sgt. James Ray Johnson has been charged with killing a motorcyclist by running him off the road with his patrol car. On March 10 Johnson got a report that a speeding motorcyclist was coming up behind him. Johnson reported that he turned his emergency lights on when he saw the cycle approaching hoping to slow him down. Instead Johnson claimed that the

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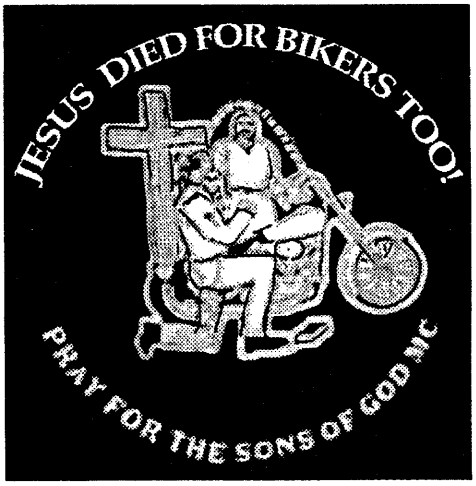
motorcyclist lost control of his machine, hit a guardrail and slid into the police car - dying instantly. Later a witness came forward claiming that Johnson had swerved into the path of the approaching motorcycle causing the rider's death. An official review of the videotape from a camera mounted on Johnson's patrol car confirmed the witnesses account. Johnson has been on paid administrative leave since the crash. It is unknown when the trial will be held.



Sure. . . blame us for everything!

The insurance industry is at it again. This time they are blackballing certain types of motorcycles that they claim have "excessive horsepower". In reality the bikes are primarily sport bikes like the ones that they tried to outlaw in the late 80's based on flawed data collected fifteen years ago by a study funded by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. The AMA turned that attack back years ago by going to the congress with proof that the study has major flaws and completely failed to factor in rider experience, safety record, or driver education.

Now the Insurance industries are at it again bypassing congress and simply refusing to insure a large list of "targeted" bikes. Nationwide and Allstate are the prime movers behind this scheme but some smaller providers are being muscled into playing along. Prior coverage and multiple policies like home and auto with the same insurer have no effect on the ban. However insurance customers have some leverage with independent agents if they threaten to cancel other policies if the new ban is enforced. Money talks, and the squeaky wheel may still get greased so you can write to Nationwide at One Nationwide Plaza, Columbus, Ohio 43215-2220 or @ www.nationwide.com, Allstate's address is Northbrook, IL, 60062 or @ www.allstate.com

It is a lousy situation when Government demands that you have insurance yet allows the insurance industry to refuse to provide it. If you haven't realized it by now the various forms of the insurance industry and their paid lackeys in government are the greatest enemies that motorcyclists in this country face.

ACHTUNG! (ATTENTION)
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PUBLICATION DATE - MARCH 1ST

NEW NEWSLETTER ADDRESS
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ATTENTION CLUB MEMBERS

TWO NEWSLETTER ADVERTISERS, *RE-PSYCLE* & *ROMAN CYCLE SHOP* HAVED CANCELLED THEIR ADS THIS YEAR BECAUSE THEY CLAIM THAT THEY DO NOT GET ENOUGH BUSINESS FROM OUR CLUB TO COVER THE COST OF THE ADS.

I find this hard to believe because I know that I bought enough stuff personally from Re-Psycle this year during the RA Rally to cover the ad for at least one season. But perhaps what I failed to do was to make sure the Vendor knew I was from the BMW-MOC and that I knew of his business from the newsletter.

It is vitally important to let the vendors know what club you are from when you make a purchase. Even if they are not offering a club discount, at least mention that you saw their ad in our newsletter. The newsletter needs this source of revenue and the club needs to stay connected to local dealers. - ccn

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Gathering of the Clams
Swap meet
B S Rally
FLAMES OF FIRE
CHURCH

AUTUMN WANDERINGS IN OHIO

By Craig A. Webb

I had a rough year motorcycle-wise. Did very little most of the year except make an appearance for the club meeting at the micro rally, which was very wet and very micro indeed. Spent one day at the AMA heritage days where I received little more than my mandatory summer sunburn. I did complete the Dealer ride achieving a poker hand of something like a pair of twos. Of course I attended most Club membership meetings to discharge my secretarial duties. Other than that it was a bust of a Spring and Summer.

But this fall I turned it up a notch and went south for the BS rally, the Fall Foliage Gathering of the Clams and Will Stoner's November Swap Meet. Fall is my favorite time to ride anyway with the trifecta of more color, less heat and fewer raindrops - usually.

My favorite road south is S.R. 83. I catch it off of I-71 at the Lodi - Burbank exit where the Will Stoner Swap Meets used to be located. I love the way this road twists its way along atop serpentine ridges and through small valleys, towns and open fields. I suppose that farming is harder on rolling hillsides, but it is much more picturesque than the flat field farmscape in Western Ohio.

I left 83 in the small town of Bristol to follow S.R.78, which is a designated scenic highway, which really lives up to its name except where it momentarily disappears in McConnelsville. I believe a single missing sign was the culprit here but it doesn't take much to lose these back roads during their infrequent cross-village forays. If you get caught in this one, just turn right on the main drag, follow the Muskingham River for about a mile and you'll find the signs again just before you cross the bridge.

Mile after beautiful twisting mile later you get to S.R. 216, U.S. 33 and Nelsonville which has the Rocky Boot outlet store, Hocking College Pioneer Festival and a Scenic railroad. All of which I'd already seen so I was on to S.R. 278 toward my final destination at Sweet and Easy Campground on U.S. 50 near McArthur.

S.R. 278 should have been a twisting blast of a ride through the Zaleski State Forest. However a disturbing amount of loose gravel strategically located in virtually every turn and intersection kept my speed and my spirits well below the two-lane ecstasy level for its entire length. What's up with that? There were virtually no gravel problems until I hit this particular road, then it was almost like someone was deliberately planting it to booby trap bikers.

Was there a gravel pit with leaking dump trucks nearby? Did the local geology abruptly change, or did the state road crews miss cleaning this section of road all year long? I don't know but it turned a potentially heavenly scoot into a white-knuckle, live-ammo training exercise.

The Sweet and Easy Campground was easy to find and had all the necessities but very little else including shade and it was already getting hot before noon. The early arrivers had taken all the available shady spots, there was no apparent BMW-MOC contingent so I plopped my tent down in the best partial shade I could find near the campground entrance.

If you know anything about my rally adventures you know that choosing a campsite is not my strong point and this choice was no exception. The wet heat of the Southern Ohio Valley was getting to me so I hit the convenient bar across the street, which proved to be a virtual country western song in 3-D.

There was no air conditioning, less sanitation and only a single fan for the use of the toothless bar maid. But the beer was cold and came in any variety Budwiser makes. The food was nearly edible so after a standard burger and a few very domestic brews I returned to my tent for a sweaty nap.

By mid-afternoon the only escape from the heat and humidity was velocity, so I crisscrossed the area back roads vigorously until dinnertime. There was very little palatable fare in the McArthur area and I didn't really want to head back all the way to Athens. I lucked out and found a little Ma & Pa restaurant called the Dinner Table on S.R. 93 south of McArthur in the little town of Hamden. This was a great find with good food, low prices and friendly helpful service. Their specialty seemed to be Italian but I had a bountiful beef stew, which was probably the best I ever tasted. When you get the bay leaf in your bowl you know you've got real home cooking.

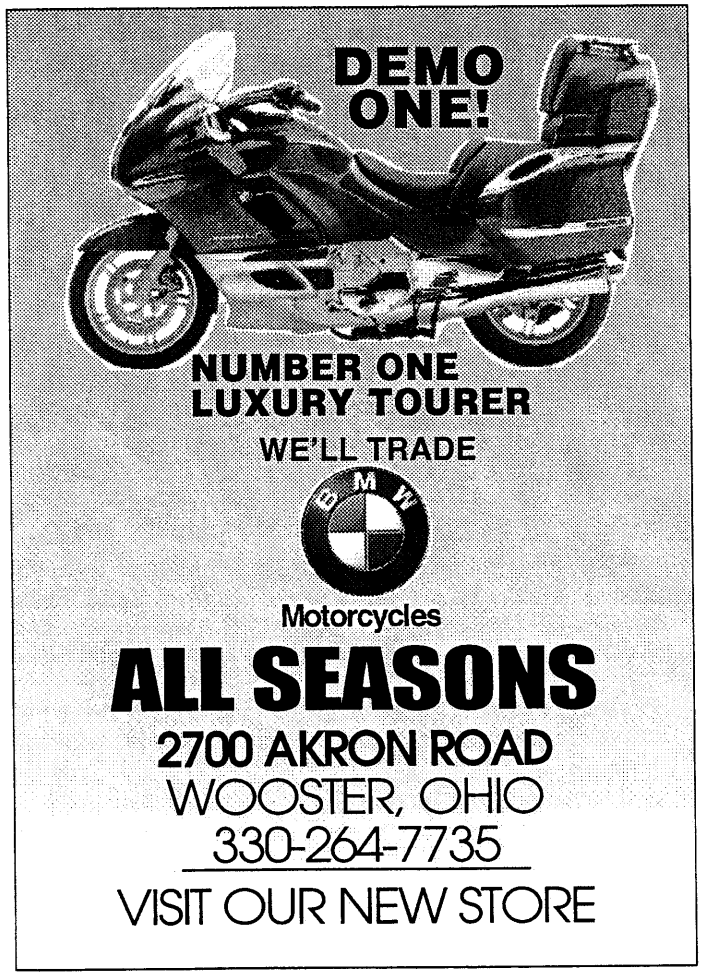
Back at the rally that evening I found that "Turp" Cobb and his friend Dale and I were the only attendees from the Cleveland Club. This was actually fortunate for me because I got to know Turp & Dale much better and enjoyed many stories about their travels, racing adventures, motorcycling youth and bike repair expertise. I also jawboned Turp into accepting a nomination for Club Director, which was an unexpected plus for our club and me.

We attended the door prize giveaway, which because of low turn out and numerous door prizes was more like a Christmas gift exchange. Almost everybody there got something useful and if you didn't like what you got you could swap with someone else. This led to a great deal of amusing horse-trading.

Later on there was a folk group and a campfire, which was nice but really didn't grab me. I struck up a lengthy conversation about numerous club and newsletter issues with the Buckeye Beemers Eric Nyrop and his wife. This proved very informative and amusing as we got to swapping Bob Wood stories, which were doubly interesting for me, because I have recently heard numerous Eric Nyrop stories from Bob.

I guess this club participation drought is a common dilemma with few clear answers from anybody. The consensus was that you run the club for the benefit of the members who show up and hope the rest of the membership is OK with that.

By ten thirty I was ready to bed down but my evening was actually just beginning. Just about the time I got comfortable the Country Western Karaoke night fired up in the bar across the street. Wow could some of those locals croak out a tune. Between the amazingly loud sets of plaintive odes to divorce, adultery, hard times and truck driving the local humorists driving by on the highway would add their high volume punch lines like "Get A Harley" or "German Bikes Suck!"



It was quite an evening. When the Karaoke assault finally ended, three Rally goers stumbled back across the street and a lively well-lubricated discussion ensued in the campsite closest to mine. Drunks can be such amazing conversationalists. They can debate endlessly on largely circular topics using surpassingly limited vocabularies consisting primarily of four letter words. It is a real tribute to our nation's educational system.

Trying desperately not to follow this conversation, I was none the less drawn to their wee hours decision to ride their motorcycles up and down a precipitous rocky trail to a mountain top campsite where local O.U. students were partying their parents tuition money away. Now I had a moral dilemma. Do I attempt to short-circuit this inebriated suicide pact, or do I permit the forces of nature to thin the heard by eliminating the terminally stupid? I rolled over and gave fate the green light - ostensibly because I was far to sober to speak their language.

After their roaring departure, I awaited the inevitable sound of emergency vehicles, fell blissfully asleep until awakened much later by their improbable uninjured return. New discussions began until I mercifully lost consciousness amid arguments about how many beers and doobies were consumed and who showed whom their tits.

The next morning I packed up early and made my escape amid as much throttle twisting as I dared for the edification of my nocturnal neighbors. Instead of returning on the gravel slides of 278, I followed S.R. 93 all the way north to Canal Fulton before jumping on the super slab back to C-town.

S.R. 93 is an entirely different type of road as it follows the twisting river valleys and crisscrosses numerous railroad tracks. Here the principal attractions are the river vistas and the many small towns and villages along the way. The passage through Zanesville is a bit tricky, but I was ready for it having heard Turp & Dale's stories of getting lost on the way down. Basically you just have to remember that the city fathers want you to board the local freeway for a short jaunt out of town before you can rejoin your two-lane tranquillity.

The church plays a big part in people's lives down here. Some towns consist entirely of homes and churches. With names like Eight Mile Curve Holiness Camp, Flames of Fire Church, (What other

kind are there?) and Harsh Bible Temple you've got to wonder what these folks are into. Add to this the numerous anthrax hoaxes perpetrated on Ohio Planned Parenthood clinics by right to lifers and you have to wonder if we will eventually be sending in the B-52s to put down a Baptist Jihad in Southern Ohio.

There were also a lot of abandoned stores and dwellings in this area. I stopped at one old farmhouse thinking that I could get some interesting photos. After nearly disemboweling myself on the crumbling front porch, I found the interior showed signs of occasional habitation. Probably just local kids getting high and making out, but it had a certain "Blair Witch" feel to it. I bugged out and resolved not to investigate any other "spooky" sites without adequate back up.

The Fall Foliage Gathering of the Clams was basically a weather dodging exercise this year. On the way down Friday things looked clear in Cleveland but got progressively grayer and more threatening as I headed south. By the time I got to Wooster it looked like a deluge was inevitable but it had blown over by the time I reached the Whispering Hills.

We had a great turn out for this event. Friday fish dinner at the old smokehouse restaurant was great with their famous apple dumplings crowning the evening. The campfire was large and inviting that evening but as I hit the sleeping bag by about 11pm the skies opened up and the rains came down. I congratulated myself for outsmarting the weather for day one.

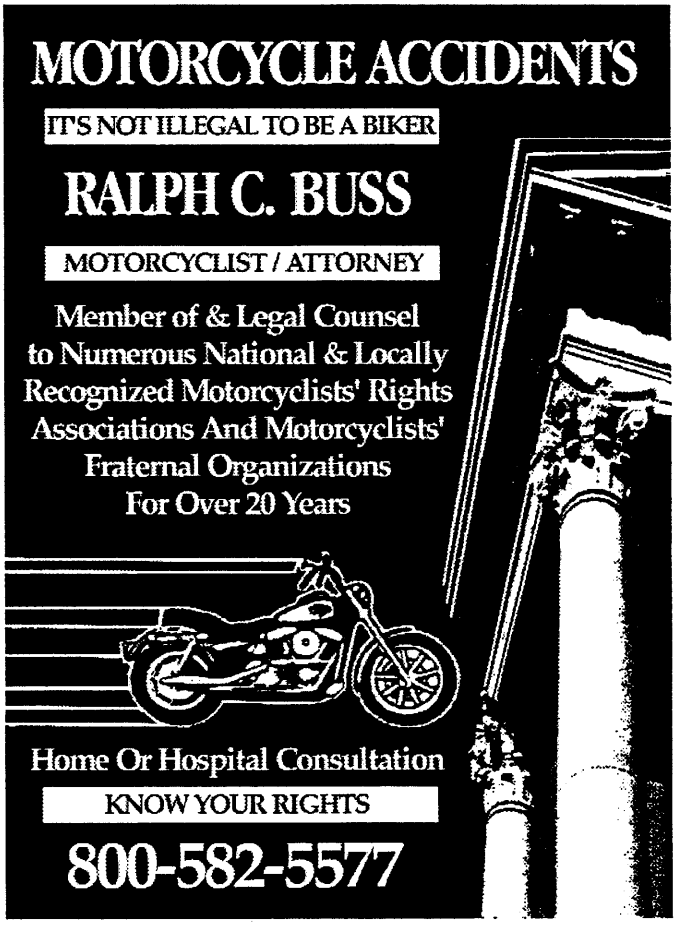
Saturday morning was gray and cold. Not at all the day the weathermen in Cleveland had promised. I still took a long ride on area back roads. This time I deliberately stayed off the numbered routes as much as I could, keeping to the local roads that don't show up on statewide maps. Because of the gray conditions I did not bring along my camera - which turned out to be a mistake as the sun finally came out around noon. I could have taken some great shots for the newsletter.

I particularly regret missing a shot of an abandoned little red schoolhouse which was just dilapidated enough to be charming. I doubt that I will ever be able to track down that location again as I was wandering aimlessly on back roads and have no idea where I was.

Back at the camp the clambake was about to be served which gave me just enough time to take a walk in the woods. If you have never taken a walk on the trails at Whispering Hills you really should try it. There are some truly beautiful spots especially when draped in the colors of fall. My favorite spot is where the trail crawls along the moss-covered top of a razor-backed ridge. Big pine trees and lush ferns fall rapidly away on each side toward a crystal clear stream flowing over rocks and logs carrying the tiny colorful leaf ships of Autumn on their final voyages. It is an enchanted place - don't miss it.

The clambake was delicious and fun as usual - all praise to Bob Wood and his many helpers. That night the campfire was spectacular and I had a great evening, even if John Kean and the late night brigade stayed up a bit too long and a lot too loud afterward.

Sunday morning was wet, cold and windy as usual. There was lots of hanging around the coffeepot and the donuts under the pavilion contemplating the long wet ride home. Luckily there was a break in the rain and I decided to jump on it. I tore down my tent, packed up the bike and hit the road in record time. I didn't even stop for breakfast until I reached I-71 and S.R. 83 which was a good move because it rained again while I was in the restaurant. The rain stopped again just in time for the super slab dash back to C-town. It was a great outing after all and a complete victory over the wily weather gods.



The Will Stoner Swap Meet on November 11 is a must for me. That is my birthday and I can justify any guilty purchase I might make as a birthday present to myself.

There were many used Beemers for sale this year, although I am currently not in the market. Beemer parts were few and far between but that is usually the case unless you go to the vintage days meet or to a BMW specific event like the Black Hawk meet in Illinois or the yearly event at Blue Moon in Atlanta. Let's face it, beemers make up less than 12% of all bikes sold and they last longer than most so spares will be accordingly rare.

Pit bikes have become the real rage at these events. There are probably more scooters and minibikes for sale at these events than there are full size machines. I'm not sure why. Maybe us old guys are getting a little to stiff to be walking around at rallies. Or maybe it is a childhood nostalgia thing. Personally I never had a go-cart or a minibike as a kid. I never rode a dirt bike although I tried trail-riding ounce on my Yamaha street bike and ended up with the damn thing on top of me.

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I'm not going to let that stop me. Maybe I'll have one in time for my second childhood. There were alot of odd models available this year, which should fit my persona to a tee. Well maybe next year. As for the go-carts there was one available this year that sported a 650 Yamaha engine mounted with prime Appalachian engineering. The sign on it stated, "Balls not big enough - $500." Enough said.

The craziest thing I found this year was an alternative to the snowmobile. It was basically a motorized bicycle on two skis. It was a very odd design with the fuel stored in the frame, the engine mounted behind the solo seat, and the means of locomotion a weird tank tread - ski hybrid. Hard to describe and reportedly somewhat slower than your normal snowmobile. Still it looked like a fun machine if you didn't mind falling over a lot. Strangest of all it was built by the Chrysler Corporation! Lee Iacoca must have slept through the meeting on this one.

November 29th BMWMOC Lame Duck Board Meeting for the education and amusement of new and old board members. Come and pass the baton to the next generation 7:00pm at George Lopez's house 5962 Chestnut Hills, Parma Ohio Call George or Marcy at (440) 884-4832 for more info.

December 1st BMWMOC Holiday Bash at Victorian Party Center 373 E. 200th Street Euclid, Ohio Contact Dan Frederick at 216-731-7047 for more info There will be an all-club mailing for Invitations & RSVPs.

December 9th Ohio RA Southwest Regional Meeting and Brunch 10 am near Dayton, Ohio at the old Country Buffet SR 725 and Lyons Rd. Call Bob Wood at 216-252-7933 for more info.

January 3rd BMWMOC Membership meeting at 7:30pm at Gepetto's Restaurant on Warren Road south of I-90 in Lakewood. Located in the Warren Village Shopping Center.

January 4-6th North America International Motorcycle Super Show Toronto International Centre, Toronto Canada See the newest in the Great White North where your U.S. Dollars buy more (and they have taxes you haven't ever heard of). Call (9050 655-5403 for more info or log onto www.supershowevents.com

January 12-13th Ohio RA Winter Hotel Camp

Out, Southeast Regional Meeting and Brunch in the beautiful and historic Lafayette hotel on the river front in historic Marietta Ohio. Lots to see and do with a get together Saturday night, a 10am brunch for $9 Sunday morning and a meeting at 11am Sunday. Call Sheila at 1-800-331-9337 to reserve your room.

January 20th BMWMOC breakfast at the Hard Rock CafÉ 230 W. Huron Road, Cleveland Ohio in the tower City Complex. From 9-10:30am featuring the "Wake Rattle & Roll" buffet. Cost is $12 per person and we need to have a minimum of 30 people. Please call Paul Shaver @(330) 657-2502 to make a reservation.

January 31st BMWMOC board meeting at 7:00pm at George Lopez's house 5962 Chestnut hills Parma Ohio call George and Marcy at (440) 884-4832 for more info.

February 1-3rd International Motorcycle Show. IX Center Cleveland Ohio next to Hopkins International Airport. All the newest models, customized bikes, show bikes and loads of aftermarket goodies. Carpool in groups because it's more fun to see the show with friends and it costs almost as much to park as it does to get into the show. Call 1-800-331-5706 for more info or log on to www.motorcycleshows.com

February 3rd AMA Will Stoner Swap Meet in the Fairhaven building at the Richland County Fairgrounds in Mansfield Ohio. Follow U.S. 30 west through town to the Trimble Rd exit and follow the signs. Racer Chris Carr will be the guest of honor for this meet. Doors open 8am - 3pm, admission is $6 with $1 off for AMA, AHRMA & AMCA members. Call (614) 856-1900 EXT 1336 for more info.

February 7th BMWMOC Membership meeting at Gepetto's Restaurant on Warren Rd south of I-90 in Lakewood. 7:30 pm

February 15th Deadline for submissions to the Spring Cleveland Club News. Send all submissions c/o Craig A. Webb 1601 Cook Ave. Cleveland Ohio 44109

March 3-10th Daytona Bike Week with all that traditionally entails. races, swap meets and all the V-twin G-string madness of the strip.

March 7th BMWMOC Membership Meeting at Gepetto's Restaurant on Warren Rd in Lakewood.

BMWMOC Board Meetings yet to be announced by the new board. But if they run true to tradition they will be on the last Thursday of each month at 7:00pm at a board member's home. That would be February 28th and March 28th. Club members are always welcome to attend so check with your new club officers for times dates and locations.

If the Club Calendar seems a little skimpy and vague this issue - I suggest trying the club voice mail number (216) 556 - 0196 or visiting the club web site at www.bmwmoc.org to see if anyone is picking up the slack.

COMING ATTRACTIONS - (still none that I know of, but I live in hope.)

The Cleveland Club News is always looking for material from its readers. Stories, letters, travelogues, reviews, tech tips, classified ads, legal updates, news flashes, article ideas, photos, artwork, cartoons or even material from other sources that you enjoyed and want to pass along to our readership. This is your Club newsletter - participate in the fun!

Okay, here is where I beg the members of the club to participate in their newsletter by sending in a story or photo. In the past I have tried sincere appeals, comedy, sarcasm and outright threats. None of this has worked very well. The inevitable outcome of those heartfelt appeals is here graphically displayed in this anemic issue of the winter newsletter. I just

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cannot continue to attempt to fill up the usual eight pages with my own pathetic BLAH - BLAH. Even I'm bored of it.

Of those usual contributors who were specially called in warning of the approaching deadline, only George Lopez & Paul Shaver responded. Perhaps anthrax scares and my resent change in address might have something to do with this but I just can't wait by the mailbox any longer. I'm putting this baby to bed. - CCN

NEXT NEWSLETTER DEADLINES - (as if you cared)
THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE NEWSLETTER WILL BE PUBLISHED ON March 1st 2002. THE DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO THAT WINTER NEWSLETTER WILL BE FEBRUARY 15th 2002.

Send all submissions and correspondence to*** MY NEW ADDRESS**** CRAIG A. WEBB, 1601 Cook Ave. Cleveland Ohio 44109 or call (216) 398 - 8431. AND no I still don't have a damned computer - but that fateful day is approaching!

MEDITATIONS

America is a land where a citizen
Will cross the ocean to fight for
Democracy - and won't cross the
Street to vote in an election.

BILL VAUGHAN

MOTOSAPIEN MOMMENTS WINTER 2002

Equality? We don't need no stinking equality!

By Craig A. Webb

As advancing age steadily erodes the very fabric of my being I find that I am increasingly losing my death grip on knee-jerk liberalism. I am becoming a curmudgeon. I was shooting for lovable eccentric, but my psychic attachment to the warm and fuzzy "lovable" part of that persona is drowning under the rising tide of "I don't give a damn anymore".

I still don't believe that becoming a Republican is the inevitable companion to arthritis. I used to hang out with decrepit old Communists and toothless labor Wobblies when I attended Kent State during the Nixon dictatorship and felt that they demonstrated that it was perfectly possible to reach gentile senility without being sucked to the far right.

Alas I can feel myself sliding. I have just come to the point where I absolutely cannot care about Osama's inalienable rights or the urban renewal of Kabul. I just want his head on a stick! French-fried if possible.

Whatever we do, please - PLEEASSE - do not allow us to bring him back alive for an interminable all-channels all-the-time media trial costing us billions upon billions of our taxpayer dollars and staring the return of O.J. Simson's legal team. Affording him oceans of free prime air time to spew forth his righteous bizzaro-world ethnocentric cross-cultural horseshit while enjoying 20 years of mandatory ACLU arranged appeals and conjugal visits by as many wives as he can afford. Before being genteelly extinguished by ultra sanitary and painless lethal injection under expert medical oversight while right-to-lifers and the green- peacenicks demonstrate lovingly outside the Today show studios. SHOVE A CRUISE MISSLE UP HIS ENORMOUS HOLY ASSHOLE AND LIGHT IT UP!

Whatever happened to ideology in moderation? Why must the right turn every modest concern for tradition or possible national threat into a non-stop Hog Trough Festival for the enrichment of the unimaginably wealth and the aggrandizement of the corporately all-powerful? Why must the left turn the most unquestionable humane concern or minute societal inequity into an iron-clad, politically incorrectable, all-inclusive blank check for the eternal overfunding of the unendurable stupidity of the hopelessly unworthy?

I know this is America and big is better. But that which is obscenely humongous and intolerably pernicious is just plain wrong - at any time or in any culture. Isn't there any possible way to write common sense and reasonable restraint into actual law?

FOR EXAMPLE; I have recently heard on the local media that many motorcyclists have become upset that some restaurants, hotels and other establishments discriminate against them. (Like this was news.) They are calling on the ACLU to reverse this intolerable injustice.

OK. This seems reasonable - right? You and I don't want to be kicked out of Denny's just because we arrived there on our scoot.

But wait a minute. This is not about us. This is not

about your garden variety, longtime motorcyclist who has been studiously ignored by the media establishment since God made microphones. We basically know where we are welcome and where we are not. And frankly we don't give a rat's ass if some pimply-faced, assistant manager smuck approves of us or not - am I right?

This is not about us. This is about the New Rich Urban Biker. This is about the not-so-young-and-starting-to-show-it Lawyer, Doctor, Banker, StockBroker, Engineer who just decided - to become - a biker. The Mansion-owning, Lexus-driving, Sushi-eating, Super Model-dating cultural/political/financial elite who just thought how cool and cute it would be to LOOK LIKE A BIKER.

The ultra privileged, largely white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant guys and gals who bought the new twenty-plus grand Harley/Indian/Excelsior/Victory Big Dogs along with several thousand dollars worth of appropriately black & studly leather designer attire to complete their chic outlaw biker milieu. This is whom they were talking about.

To their complete surprise and unimaginable horror, when so costumed, they are unforgivably shunned by the very country clubs, gourmet restaurants and five star resort spas that they formerly frequented. The were actually - GASP - being treated like outlaw bikers!

HELLO! What did they think the word "outlaw" means? Someone "outside" the current protective laws? Someone "different" from and therefore "treated" differently from the average solid citizens that they are pretending not to be. OF COURSE they are being discriminated against. That is THE FRIGGING POINT of being an out law biker!

If you want to be seen as an upstanding citizen - ride a damn Goldwing! Or better yet - buy a motor home.

This is the same backasswards thinking that will get us training wheels, rev limiters and air bags on motorcycles. Yes, motorcycling is more dangerous than channel surfing on the Lazy Boy. It's supposed to be. That's why we like it! If you can't understand and appreciate that a certain amount of social stigma is part of the rush - then you shouldn't be allowed on less than four wheels! If you have to ask what we are rebelling against - the only possible answer is... "What have you got?"

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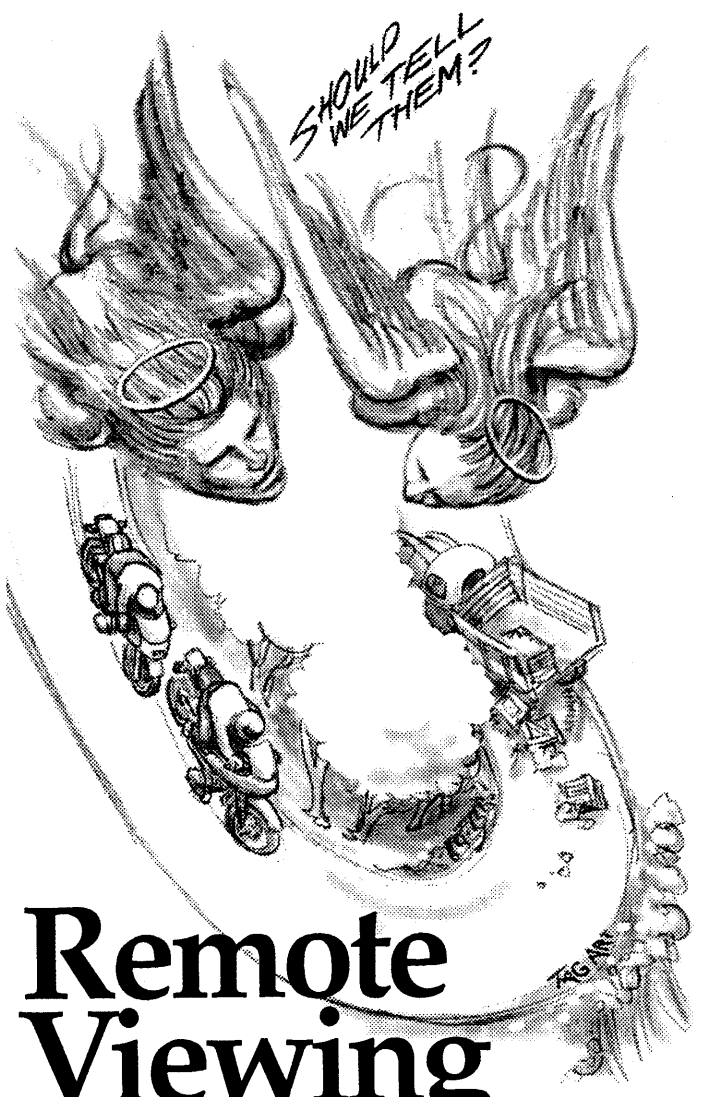

Remote Viewing

Late one night I was listening to Art Bell's radio show "Coast to Coast AM." He was interviewing two founders of the Army's "Remote Viewing" program that Ted Koppel recently uncovered on NightLine. To everyone's astonishment the Army had been using this secret program for 20 years. As the physicist interviewee stated, if it didn't work, supported by hard evidence, it would have been dumped years ago. After all, this is pretty cutting edge X File stuff for top brass to risk their careers on. So, it works. And is based on collective consciousness ideas, that one can tune in, like a radio station, some present (and possibly past and future) event, person, location or building describing it in infinite detail. Although never having seen it.

Reveries of Stephen Spielberg's 1989 movie, "Always" where a tattered savant who lives in a deserted airplane hanger "tunes in" to act as the voice of "Pete," a forest fire fighter pilot, killed in his own plane's explosion after he saved another pilots life. A touching story of love and loss and pain. Arguably Speilberg's best work released twenty years too soon.

This technique they discovered, has also been used in the area of healing, by channeling healing white light to build up another's immune system to overcome such things as, even cancer. "Heal thyself..." may be more reality based than we realize. Athletes call it "imaging." Visions of Kenny Roberts imaging a race course in his head before races. Or the company point man in Vietnam whose clairvoyant abilities permit continual avoidance of enemy ambushes. The radar trap or patrol car you can "feel" just out of sight, so you slow down and boom there he is. Twin brothers living in different cities, who can sense when the other suffers trouble.

It's not a stretch to apply this to motorcycling and see the usefulness of a *sixth sense* that some people seem to have when it comes to self preservation. And maybe why, they crash less or have better luck than others while they're "in the zone" or focused.

We've all heard stories how someone, while riding fast, had an intuition something lay askew just around the corner in a blind turn. They hit the brakes hard "at the last instant..." sure enough, ahead a truck was broken down. There exists a plethora of evidence and examples of one's bacon being saved in similar circumstances. Guardian Angels at work?
Perhaps.

In the book, The Day Lincoln Was Shot, long before all this parapsychological hobgoblinese, it was documented how in towns out West, thousands of miles away, church bells inexplicably started ringing, a day before John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln. A Kansas newspaper reported, before the shooting, people's unsettling nightmares about it. Rod Sirling, "Twilight Zone" scripture? Perhaps.

Lately, Clem voices of a large freighter or ship at sea. He hears its fog horn at some distance like along Lake Erie or the coast of Maine. It's a comforting sound, except he realizes it's in his head. Gordon Lightfoot's "Edmond Fitzgerald" premonition melody of something to come, or just a foggy head? Time will tell. After September Eleventh an uneasy calm has gripped us all.

Mental connectedness with events, or two riders who innately discern each others moves as they dance in harmony down a new road, can happen if you're tuned in. Maybe there is Zen in motorcycling, and Remote Viewing may be, just a shift away.

A "Mel" Dunne 2001

THE GOLDEN DECADE?

BY Don Poremski

There is a very good possibility that when future motorcycling historians regard the 20th Century, the 90's may be referred to as a golden time. That's quite a statement when they are compared with the 70's and 80's which saw such advancements in technology, or even the 60's that witnessed the arrival and domination, at least sales-wise, by the Japanese.

Many would concur and offer that thrill seeking baby boomers are responsible for the continued resurgence of motorcycle sales and the emergence of truly top-class motorcycle dealerships that rival any automobile marque. The basis for that contention is that boomers in their middle and late forties need the thrill and status of motorcycling to keep them vital, at least in their own minds, by providing an offsetting image to the presence of gray hair and spreading middles. This group's access to disposable funds has done more than any other factor to revive the "Motor Company" that we know as Harley-Davivson. In the process, the USA is moving toward a more continental acceptance of persons dressed for riding, whether they actually own a motorcycle or not.

Image is big business. Taking a cue from Harley-Davidson, many motorcycle distributors rely on the merchandising of related apparel and accessories for the profit once delivered by the service bay. The use of defunct logos like BSA and Royal Enfield carries style points for new riders who wouldn't know one from a Velocette if challenged. Looking like you come from a more romantic era implies that a person possesses qualities like honor, loyalty and manliness that seem to have slipped from our common experience.

Cruiser Mania is good for: persons who like cruisers, dealers who need to remain profitable, clothing manufacturers in all countries, charities and especially, chromium mines. The introduction of "power cruisers" like Honda's VTX and Harley's V-Rod, with the other Japanese makers following suit, will further broaden the demographics of cruiser riders since performance was one of the stoppers to cruiser purchases. What is pleasing about the good health that selling cruisers brings to the motorcycle manufacturers is that they can also cater to all the other factions that exist in the sport: touring riders, standard riders, those who like exotics and the performance enthusiasts for whom appearance is secondary to function. Dirt riders of all ilk's also benefit from technology improvements made on race circuits and visa versa. The fact that more persons even recognize the term "trials riding" is evidence of the spread of general motorcycle acceptance.

The introduction of machines like the V-twins from Honda, Suzuki and Aprillia and lightweight powerhouses like the R-1 by Yamaha, the ZX-9R from Kawasaki and further improvements to the CBR-900RR and more have placed more performance per pound into our hands at affordable prices than even the early 90's. Normally staid manufacturers like BMW have joined both groups by unveiling a cruiser and a sport bike. Similar performance from a car would see outlays of $70-100,000 at least.

A look at any recent buyers guide is indicative that today's motorcycle buyer has more choices for any type of machine than at any other time. The industry's success keeps attracting new competitors too. A Benelli or a Voxan may soon pull up next to you at a light. What looks like a 1953 Indian is probably the Kawasaki made to resemble it, but you are just as likely to see the "new" Indian too. Moto Guzzi offers at least one of most styles of machine and could witness the same kind of rejuvenation seen at Ducati when ownership changed hands.

With great strides being made in the industry, and the numbers of motorcycle owners still growing, it is still difficult to dispel stereotypes amidst the non-riding population. Look no further than Spartanburg, Moodus and Fontana for excesses that prove my point. Police forces at each of those locations prepared for troubles that might have been part of an earlier day gathering of cyclists. With our numbers growing there could be suspicion that a "flash point" might be reached at these large venues, and no examples come to mind from the previous 30 years or so.

The "bad boy" image is still a part of motorcycling's excitement and honest riders will admit they like being considered a risk taker. Black Leather still speaks (?squeaks?) to us and still has that negative karma difficult to dispel, but it does such a great job for its intended purpose! It's part of the fun factor that also worries non-cyclists. Riders have a hard time growing up.

The fact that they cling to a less-safe, less-sensible, less-comfortable form of transportation is all some folks need to make the assumption that we are also less responsible. Should that matter to us, the infected? Yes, because efforts by governmental groups still unwarrantedly portray us as costly burdens to society. Without vigilance we could lose our favorite past time of have it curtailed to the point where the ultimate irony could take place. The RUBS who have revitalized the industry might be the only ones able to afford continuance. Support AMA!

Should we be glad that we have experienced the Golden Decade? You betcha! Are we are now living in a decade that will eclipse even the 90's in the development of sophisticated, reliable, powerful two-wheeled conveyances? Probably. If the resources were available, we could sample from every offering at the motorcycle buffet. Remember, the correct number of motorcycles to own is <u>one more</u> than you currently possess. Decisions. Decisions.

The Nomination Process

BMW Motorcycle Owners of Cleveland

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