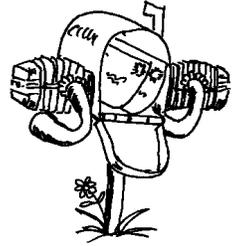


The Mail Boxer

BMW MOA #7

BMW RA #5



No matter what/where/how often/far/fast you ride, we welcome you to join us in motorcycling fellowship.

Madison BMW Club
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Meetings (usually) on first Sundays
of the month at 9AM

Next meeting at club
banquet:
Saturday November 3,
6:00 PM at American
Table, Monona.

The Prez Sez:

By Steve Huber

I haven't yet gotten out the can of Stabil to toss in the fuel tank; however, things are getting close. For those of us who don't subject our bikes to the rigors of riding year-round, and the attendant abuse that Wisconsin snow, salt and sand subjects the bike to, your thoughts might be focusing on winter preparations. I encourage you all to hold off the storage for just a bit longer.

The weather might not be as glorious as on a May, June, or September day but there are still destinations for a day ride. Bikes (and their riders) are still meeting on Sunday mornings down at the Highland House Restaurant in Highland Park, IL. Folks are wearing a bit more leather and insulated clothing than in July but the dedicated will continue to meet until the snow is flying.

Take a ride out to Gays Mills and the apple orchards. Highway 171 is a hoot to ride, just watch out for the horse apples left by the Amish buggies. Don't forget to bring along the hard bags so you can haul home a supply of fresh-picked apples (no, not the road apples) for later munching.

One other item: remember to remove your full-face helmet before trying to eat a taffy apple (you can thank me later for the advice).

The latest round of wind and rain has stripped most of the trees of leaves, but Devil's Lake is still a pretty ride. Take Hwy 113 out of Lodi and cross the Wisconsin River via the ferry. This time of year you won't have to compete with all the tourists and leaf-peepers out clogging the roads. On the way back swing by Wollersheim Winery for a nice bottle (or two) of local fermented grape product.

November means it's the annual club banquet and business meeting. Get those banquet reservations in to John Ong! Not to forget: send your "Cherished But Totally Insignificant Awards" form to TVH and don't forget to include your nomination for Shafty Character. So far none of the current officer junta has notified me of retirement plans; it looks very much like the club will be burdened yet another year with the current officers. Oh wait, that includes me. I meant the current dedicated, hardworking, self-sacrificing band of saints are honored to serve you, the membership, for yet another

Prez Sez continued:

year. Good thing my boots are Gore-Tex lined; it's getting a bit deep here.

While we're on the subject of the banquet: Don't forget to bring your food donations to the banquet! Bring non-perishable items (i.e. canned or boxed) and I'll collect them. Suggestions are rice, pasta, canned vegetables, dried beans, peanut butter, or canned tuna. Be reasonable here, folks. Don't throw in that can of lima beans that's been sitting in the back of the pantry for the last five years.

Looks like that's it for this month. I think I hear a bowl of chili calling my name down in Monroe; it's time for a ride. See y'all at the banquet!

Prez Steve

VP's Report

By Tom Van Horn

Well, as I write this, it's barely 40 degrees, and the chill factor from the 30-50mph winds make it feel like single digits - if one's feeling at all after being out in it . . . in a couple months, will we be nostalgic for a day like this? ("It was above freezing in the afternoon!!") Sorry, but the season IS winding down.

So, it's coming on time to store the steeds, for most of us - so let's do it right. Proper storage makes a BIG difference in how your bike runs next year, and

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can affect how long it lasts overall. Fuel tank, fuel system, cylinders, crankcase, tires, and battery all benefit from things done now - and make the difference next March between a few minutes of prepping and up she fires, or an afternoon of muttered cursing and no go . . . If you have questions about storage, call your shop or me.

I'm receiving club and 'MOA mileage forms - I'll (as usual) have a club mileage report at the banquet, and you have until about mid-month to get your 'MOA forms off to Karol Patzer. Remember Wisconsin was #1 with BMW miles the last two years - let's keep this streak up!!

We'll have some door prizes at the banquet, from Madison Motorsports and Mischlers, as well as some from members. Must be present to win, so see you at the banquet on the 3rd!!

Secretary's Report

By JT Wagner

I didn't make the October breakfast as my wife and I were celebrating our wedding anniversary. But my spies told me that there were 40 people there, with 4 guests. Approximately 30 rode. Steve

Schlough won the Dec. breakfast.

As of the breakfast, 22 have paid for the banquet and 13 have re-newed for next year. Any other club business reports should be elsewhere in the newsletter. See you all at the banquet on the 3rd.

Tale of Two Cities: Paonia and Redmond

California to Redmond

By Roger Klopp

Heading towards Lake Tahoe, US 50 is a completely different road. Multilane traffic swirled around us as we climbed a mountain, then descended to glimpse one brief Kodak moment from the saddle. What little I saw of the lake was breathtaking. Shortly we found ourselves in a congealing stream of tourist traffic as the road narrowed into a non-stop Door County-like strip of cafes, artsy galleries, gift shops, resorts, and the like. Any plans to tour the lakeshore circuit were quickly abandoned.

We bailed out on CA 89 and headed southeast over Monitor Pass. Once we broke free of a string of rubberneckers in cars and RVs, there was some fun to be had on mountain twisties. At one point on the downslope, the view opened up to an enormous green plateau nestled like Shangri-La among the peaks. Once at the bottom, we took US 395 southward. About

Two Cities continued:

30 miles later we turned west onto CA 108 to Sonora Pass.

This was a heavily forested 82 mile twisty road with steep grades. Many hairpins seemed so tight that you could almost see the rear wheel alongside. The grade was about 24% and vehicles with trailers were warned to stay away. Mary noticed signs indicating about 1000 foot rises every mile or so. The R1100RT was in its element as it ran the road like a carnival ride. However, Mary's carbureted F650 gasped for air and struggled. She was forced to shuttle between first and second gear on the tightest uphill curves and was not having fun until past the steepest upgrades.

Traffic was fairly light, although we were plagued by slow drivers who speed up in the rare passing zones. This was a road you wanted to ride briskly – it was like a Deals Gap that kept repeating itself over and over. I was swept away by an intoxicating rush of intensely focused moments: brake, lean, accelerate, straighten out, zoom, brake, lean, accelerate, repeat, repeat, repeat. There was barely enough room inside my helmet for a huge grin.

I lost my sense of the passage of time – for miles there was only awareness of the moment. Approaching Sonora, tourist traffic and hunger reminded me we were back to reality. We ate lunch at midafternoon and too many miles south of where our day began. We lost ground, but it was worth it. Evaluation of

our maps produced a plan to follow state highways skirting east of Stockton and Sacramento, then heading west to US 101 along the coast.

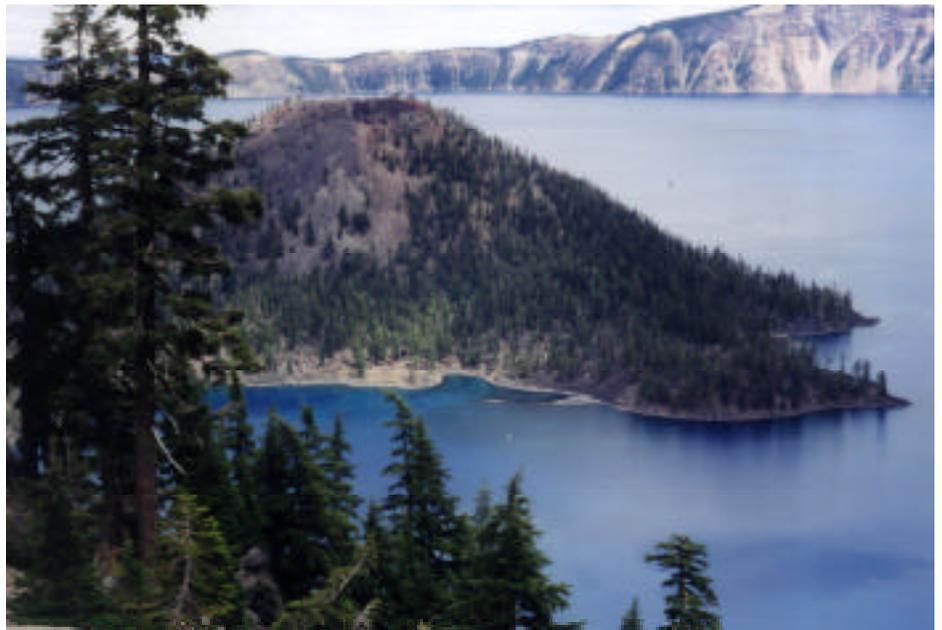
Taking CA 49 north, we found ourselves on low speed traffic-clogged hilly roads interrupted by small towns. This was gold rush era Mark Twain country, Calaveras County. The going was slow and I was roasting in an Aerostich deprived of airflow. A traffic backup for road construction in Angels Camp was the last straw. A quick scan of the map produced yet another change of plans. We followed others bailing out on CA 4 heading west to Stockton.

In a relatively short distance we rode from a near alpine environment to hot, dry hills parched golden in the sun. The hills gave way to livestock grazing on a rolling terrain which in turn flattened out to orchards. Everywhere we passed, the grass was scorched dry.

Emerging onto I-5 at Stockton,

we started hammering our way northward. We hoped to finish the day at least as far north as we started. At a gas and food stop in Sacramento, we reviewed our maps again and planned on staying flexible. If we made Red Bluff for the night, CA 36 would take us to the coast. If we lasted to Redding, CA 299 would be our next choice. Rejoining I-5, we moved through Sacramento rush hour traffic without difficulty.

North of the city, agricultural California reemerged. Rice paddies and orchards were bisected by the interstate, now bearing large open cargo trucks heaped with mounds of tomatoes. Mountain ranges stretched north-south in the distance to our right and left. Other than some groove tracking in the all-too-deep rain grooves and jarring thumps crossing lanes over the biggest Bott's dots anywhere, we made it uneventfully to Red Bluff before running out of steam for the day. It was only a 439 mile day, but a third of them were



Two Cities continued:

spectacular. We were also about 75 miles closer to Redmond.

After freshening up and gorging on pizza, we went over our plans to head to the coast. We had just spent a terrific day that gained us little progress toward the rally. Going to the coast would again take us farther from Redmond and require making up time and distance. The next day being Wednesday, we made another adjustment and decided upon Crater Lake as our new sightseeing objective and Redmond as our destination.

California became more mountainous and less arid the farther north we rode. Around the bend after crossing Lake Shasta, a snow-capped peak suddenly appeared in the distance, its top wrapped in clouds. This was our first view of Mt. Shasta and it was quite striking – like an artist's rendering of what an idealized mountain should look like. We were intersecting the Cascade Range and I-5 was twisting around a bit as we pressed on to Oregon.

We turned onto OR 62 at Medford and began the last leg to Redmond. In city traffic I waved at an oncoming black and white RT only to find it was ridden by a local motorcycle cop. I was even more surprised when he actually waved back! We followed Hwy 62 past rivers and lakes until it burrowed like a tunnel through an overhanging forest canopy of huge conifers. Crater Lake, a monument to volcanism, was just ahead.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

November 3, Sat: Club banquet 6.30 PM at the Prime Table, Monona.

December 9, Sun: Club breakfast 9am at the Maple Tree Restaurant in McFarland.

January 11-13: Cycleworld Motorcycle Show at the Minneapolis Convention Center.

February 8-10: Cycleworld Motorcycle Show at the Rosemont Convention Center in Chicago.

Paying the entrance fee, we received a price break for arriving on motorcycles, a nice surprise. A stop at the park visitors' center provided geologic and historical background about the crater.

Approaching Crater Lake must be difficult for acrophobics. Standing at the trail's edge looking out over the rim, the earth steeply dropped away more than 1000 feet below to the most beautiful blue lake. Trails allowed visitors to ramble around the rim on dangerously crumbly terrain without the restraint of guard rails. In places sheer vertical rocky cliffs towered far above the water. A good sized wooded island and one or two tiny ones rose out of the extremely deep waters. So far, this was the most amazing place we had seen on this trip.

Now about 100 miles from Redmond, we were eager to finally leave the road and stay in one place for a few days. Some uninspiring straight roads, OR 138 and US 97, brought us past

increasingly arid sandy country shaded by low growing conifers. Snow capped mountain peaks were visible in almost any direction. Along the road outside of Bend was a huge jumble of brown lava boulders, heaped up like a small hill. Being tangled up in traffic as we negotiated the confusing street plan of Bend was just a minor annoyance. Less than half an hour later, we pulled into Redmond.

Redmond

As we finished registration and entered the rally site, Steve Huber appeared on his RT almost immediately. Great timing. He led us to an area near the Swine Barn where a group from our club had already encamped – we were among the last to arrive. As we were setting up, my brother Stuart also pulled into the rally.

Sitting around the campsite that night, we compared travel stories. Not surprisingly, everyone found their own way to get here. Some even had adventures en route. Special mention goes to Lloyd McCabe who arrived by way of Alaska despite a transmission failure and crashing on a rain-slicked road. At least he didn't hit a moose.

The new Exposition Center was an excellent choice for a rally of this size. The grounds were nicely accented with newly planted saplings and ponds surrounded by gardens. The site location was easy to find, facilities for workshops and meetings were abundant, there was a good variety and number

Two Cities continued:

of vendors, level camping spots were everywhere (sorry, no shade), and there were enough showers.

Even a day early, we noticed a sizeable attendance. Already by Thursday morning on-site food vendors were kept quite busy as slow moving lines formed at meal times. Way too early every morning a long line formed at the BMW demo rides – by the time I straggled over there, it was a line for standby slots only. The signs were there that this rally attendance was better than average.

We spent Thursday vendorizing, looking for food, volunteering, and visiting the beer garden. By Friday, it was time to change oil and filters on both bikes after about 3000 miles of travel. Good thing I brought my own BMW filters because not one vendor had any for sale. The same thing was true for BMW oil. A trip to a Honda shop in Bend produced enough 4 cycle motorcycle oil for us. I heard a rumor that some enterprising person pounced on this opportunity and brought a supply of Fram filters that quickly sold out.

The rally oil change recycling station was well run, with tools and expertise available. I breezed through the RT, then took on the oil-in-frame F650. Being a newby with this model, I looked it over carefully and followed the directions given by our dealer. Except for oil all over the place and a stuck inner O-ring, it went smoothly enough. Maybe some of the oil pooled on



Lava field west of Redmond with one of the Three Sisters in the hazy distance.

the engine spoiler would blow back and lubricate the chain rather than the rear tire.

Saturday we took a day ride west to explore more volcanism. OR 126 took us to OR 242, a scenic twisty byway. Huge lava beds stretched into the distance along this road. At times we zoomed between walls of lava bracketing the road. A ruggedly picturesque observation tower built of lava gave an excuse to pull over and stretch our legs. This hilltop lookout was surrounded by miles of lava fields on all sides with views of the Three Sisters mountain peaks and Belknap Crater. Except for isolated islands of trees, this could have been another planet (or another volcanic planet with trees).

We noodled along this moonscape until joining Hwy 126 which took us to Sisters for lunch, then back to Redmond. I noticed that along most of the way jumbles of lava rock poked

out occasionally from the forest floor or highway cuts. This whole region must have been covered in volcanic flows at various periods until time and nature established a foothold for trees and other vegetation. Later that day, we bought gifts at a local rock shop and were told that earth uplifts of 1" per year were observed near Bend. It seems only a matter of time before fresh lava fields appear.

Saturday night's closing ceremonies were conducted inside the cavernous expo building. The usual speechifying was punctuated by antics of the BMW cowgirls accompanied way too much by the "Rawhide" theme song. We learned that attendance was respectable, over 6500. Similar to the hyperbole of last year's national where we heard about the "BMW lifestyle", this year a speaker carried away by his rhetoric actually suggested the BMW experience was like a religion. Gotta wonder what it

Two Cities continued:

will be next year – a transcendent state of existence, a parallel universe, a culture inspired by aliens?

This year nobody from our club won a motorcycle door prize. However, that didn't stop Jim Dickey from running wildly through the crowd toward the stage, holding his ticket high as if he'd won. Maybe next time.

As usual on the last night of a rally, the need to awaken with a clear head conflicted with the need to empty coolers and use up beer tokens. With a big travel day coming in the morning, it was a short night checking out the beer garden and socializing around the campsite. Our conversations revealed a diversity of opinions about the preferred way home. Good thing Lewis and Clark didn't have any BMW riders with them or they could still be looking for the Pacific. Of course somebody would have brought a GPS and, voila, mystery solved. After a spirited discussion about possible routes, Mary won the debate and we went to bed.

Sunday morning dawned with a heavy dew that required some drying out before we could pack up. At departure, our rally companions took off solo or in pairs following different itineraries rather than riding back as a group. We saddled up and turned north to go east.

Next month: Homeward bound.



Meredith finds a quiet place to read. BMW riders behind her check the GPS (Graveyard Positioning System) to figure out their location.

Fall and the 3 Rs: Readin', Ridin', and Relaxation

By Meredith Hassall

Labor Day weekend is traditionally called the unofficial end of summer; in Watkins Glen, NY, the Finger Lakes Rally ushered in the fall rally season. On at least two of the nights, the lows were in the very low 40s. By about 7:30 am on Sunday, the mercury had climbed to a balmy 43!

The rally certainly fulfilled expectations for a relaxing few days living in and among tents, and spending a weekend named for work doing anything but. However, that was not true for all at the rally. As in previous years, the Finger Lakes BMW Club deserves appreciative commendation for staging a clean and nearly luxurious rally.

No trash can overflowed (nor did any of the portopots), and the bathrooms were always well-stocked with the necessary supplies. Coffee was always ready, the food was served efficiently, and the awards did not drag on and on. Other hard workers at the site were the vendors, which included the usual suspects (once again, minus Shamu) selling all manner of gear and accessories and other things we hadn't known we needed. Doug "the mobile mechanic" was also working his magic on an endless parade of beemers. I took the opportunity to express my gratitude for his having returned my GS to its expertly tuned glory (the best \$20 I ever spent), and he thanked me for the feedback.

With all of those people diligently laboring, we rallygoers diligently enjoyed ourselves. Weather.com had promised

Finger Lakes Rally continued:

three days of partly sunny, low 70s conditions. Once the internet prophesy finally came true and chased away the remnants of Friday's rather heavy rain, my parents and I experienced the hidden wonders of the gorge in Watkins Glen State Park. We enjoyed several ooh-aah moments, and found nature's carving and sculpting skills to be quite impressive. It would have been well worth the \$6 admission/parking fee that the park attendants waived for us: witness the awesome powers of a rally wristband.

Sunday featured a ride to nearby Hammondsport for breakfast. The fog had crept in on little cat feet the night before, and was clinging in the hills and valleys around the lakes with powerful cat claws in the morning. We hazard-flashed our way past scenery that we later, on our return trip, found to be worth a look. We met several fellow motorcycle riding tent-dwellers throughout the trip, many of whom were en route to Hammondsport's Curtiss Museum, which features a wide variety of historical engines for all kinds of vehicles.

I spent the afternoon enjoying the sunshine while not being too

hot, reading a book, and in conversation with passersby and neighbors. The latter included a friendly bunch from Pennsylvania, who all lived in close proximity to toxic waste dumps. They called themselves the Toxic Waste Riders. I congratulated them on their neat hats, and wound up being recruited to take the club photo.

Bob of Bob's BMW prevented the awards ceremony from being the same old 'same old' by reporting on his successful fundraising efforts for the Pediatric Brain Tumor Foundation's Ride for Kids. A combination of generous vendor donations and rallyers' eagerness to purchase these items further augmented the substantial sums. What better justification could there be for acquiring expensive riding gear?

As I write this (Saturday, September 8), the Dells rally is in full swing, and this thought brings me to my one complaint about the Finger Lakes Rally: I was the only Madison club member present, and I missed everyone. While I will certainly meet new friends at rallies in the future, I will never find replacements for the great people that make up the club. I will continue to send in my dues, and establish yet another

Madison 'colony' wherever my GS and I ultimately land.

Do Our Dollars Pay For Rider Education?

Not Any More!

Until now, our license fees subsidized basic and refresher training for riders in Wisconsin.

The governor has just pirated that money for other uses. This, ironically, after he leads a ride around the state.

If you received rider training, and think others should too, we need to make our voices heard!!

Contact your state legislators and governor McCallum, and tell them what you think of this high-handed but under-the-table shuffle with your money.

Be civil, but let them know!!

Thank you.

A FEW CONCERNED BMW RIDERS
