

Linda's Alaskan Adventure

by Linda Mooney, #1294

This begins a series on Linda's ride to the MOA rally, via Alaska!

Introduction - In early February, I received a beautiful award for 2nd place female sidecar driver from last year's MOA Rally. This unique award reminded me of my fantastic summer vacation. It meant a lot to receive this award because I had a REALLY memorable trip to and from the rally. Two of my long-time bike riding friends and I left June 18th for Spokane via Alaska. A synopsis of our journey begins as follows:

Day One - The trip to Alaska began inauspiciously with clear skies as we left from the rest stop on I-70 west bound. I had just outfitted the sidecar with new rubber and everything else I could think of because she already was showing over 100,000 miles. We proceeded on up Rt. 68 to the toll roads across Ohio and Indiana. Got to South Bend Indiana and called it quits for day one. Noticed a few other BMWs in the HoJo's parking lot and discovered that, like us, they were traveling throughout the US before heading to Spokane for the National.

Day Two - The friend I was traveling with from Maryland had relatives in Chicago, so we left South Bend the next morning and arrived in Chicago land in time for a great breakfast of fresh fruit and bagels. Because it was early Sunday morning, there were no traffic issues entering or leaving Chicago. By noon we gassed up and were headed on our way to pick up the third member of our Alaska 'team' in Wisconsin. The three of us spent the evening getting reacquainted with each other, packing odds and ends, and eating and drinking until bed time.

Day Three - At sunup the next day, we departed and set our sites on the northwest. I'm sure our party of three raised a few eyebrows, two R bikes: an 1150RS and a Cruiser, and "EYORE," my blue K1100RS with EML sidecar. We left Mazomanie (to the west of Madison) and took back roads to

HyderSeek Ride Report

by Robert McCarthy, #1866

This continues a series on Robert's attempt at an Iron Butt challenge.

Tues. 28 May 2002, Day 7, 676 mi - 15 hrs + 3 hr pit stop,
7:30AM CDT to 00:22AM MDT

I was on the road by 7 AM local time, but there was lots of fog. I found Nichols Honda in Wichita and arrived around 9 AM as planned. They were very gracious and agreed to service my bike on short notice. I picked up some perforated gloves on an impulse that were quite welcome later on during the hot desert afternoons. I had a nice pork chop breakfast nearby and was back on the road headed for Oklahoma by early afternoon. A guy at the shop had said that Route 54 southwest had a lot of trucks and was his least favorite road. I found it OK.

Passing through a small town with a lot of sand on the road, I saw a young motorcyclist down next to his twisted machine. No helmet or jacket was evident. He was prone and motionless on the pavement. There were a half dozen people near him and a woman was cradling his face in her lap. I slowed but did not dismount. I could think of no way to contribute and at that moment those folks did not look real fond of motorcycles.

At Dalhart, Texas I stopped for gas and a McDonald's break. I had an interesting conversation with a young woman and her daughter. She was a wholesale tree farmer and did some riding with her husband on dirt bikes. They also flew small planes. I never would have thought of Texas as tree farm country. In any event, this was a very different life style than my high-pressure suburban scramble back home. At this point, I decided to cut across the northern portion of New Mexico instead of taking the interstate highway to Gallup. I glanced at a map and entertained the wishful notion that this would save some miles and time.

I then proceeded to have an awe-inspiring and entertaining ride through the mountains going west on Route 64. This may have saved some miles, but it certainly did not save any time. When it got dark, the lack of driving lights became a serious

(LDR Journal, continued on page 6)



Photo courtesy of Nancy Stutsman

Linda entering the 49th state. *(Adventure, continued on page 5)*

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Between the Spokes

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RIDES REPORT

by Ed Phelps

Poker Runs - Poker runs will start at 9AM to eat and then 10AM to ride. They are always on the same Sunday as our monthly breakfast rides in Maryland and Virginia. You will be given a route sheet to follow that will take you through some very scenic areas. Along the way you will have to answer a couple of questions on things you observe as you ride. We will finish at an eatery where you will draw cards, the best poker hand wins. The results will be counted towards the awards handed out at the Holiday Party. Poker runs are a lot of fun and there is always the possibility that you will go to areas and roads that you have never traveled on before.

The first of the Spring poker runs will be in Maryland. The date will be Sunday **April 17th** and will start at the Cozy Restaurant in Thurmont, Maryland.

The first Virginia poker run will be on Sunday **May 22nd** starting at the Town N' Country Restaurant near Warrenton, Virginia.

Scavenger Hunt Tour - Here is the opportunity to go all out and have some real fun. Looking for over 100 silly, odd ball items as well as meetings, National sites etc. You can stay close to home or travel all across the states, the choice is yours. Unlike last year where you were restricted to the five surrounding states, this year any where you travel you can be getting pictures. Once again you are required to have a number to identify yourself and your bike. The ID numbers are now available so contact Ed Phelps at: **rides@BMWBmw.org** or call (410) 781-7521. They will be available at club meetings and as many official BMWBMW events as possible. The tour just recently started and runs until November 10th, 2005.

TransAmerica Great States Tour - Back by popular demand, the TransAmerica Great States Tour is here. This tour is for club members that want to get some travel time in visiting as many states as possible. This year you will be required to have an ID number to include in your pictures. The same number will work for both tours. All that is required is a picture of your ID number, your motorcycle and a state's identification sign that is at its border. Again, contact Ed Phelps for your ID number.

For both tours you can use more than one motorcycle and they all don't have to be BMWs.

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President's Corner

Daytona Bikeweek. Daytona was blessed with great weather this year – a little cooler than some would have preferred but it was wonderful riding, racing and having a great time. I was disappointed that the Mayor of Daytona was running a campaign to ride quietly. She had designated “no wake” zones where they wanted you to ride quietly to avoid waking the sleeping residents. I personally hate loud pipes and think there should be a law that limits the noise level for all motorized vehicles – but as Bob Higdon pointed out a few months ago – the Harley people will prevail and loud pipes will probably be around as long as there are Harleys. The Mayor kept saying “We are glad you are here and come again.” I was really offended since there is no place within miles that you cannot see and hear lots of motorcycles during Bikeweek. Over 500,000 people pour into the town and ride up and down the streets. Bike week provides a tremendous amount of money to the local economy as does auto racing, spring break, and other events. You can't have it both ways – you have Bikeweek – you get 85% Harleys and most have loud pipes and they fill up the hotels, bars and restaurants and other shops for ten days. It was interesting that a local policeman at the track told me that the bikers were the best behaved group that comes to town – and they all spend a lot of money.

Chad Reed won the Supercross Friday evening. He got off to a great start and led all the way. Ricky Carmichael, my favorite, came in second even after he went head over heels in the whoops. Really super racing.

The AMA rearranged the classes of road racing and track configuration for the 200 which is now the Daytona 200 by Honda instead of the Arai 200. Miguel Duhamel led from start to finish for his fifth Daytona victory.

The BMW camping area stayed dry and all looked in good order. I parked my trailer there for \$20.00 per night. That has to be the best deal during bike week. It is far enough from the downtown area to have a little peace and quiet, but close enough to get there in 20 minutes.

BMW at Bikeweek. Bikeweek is very unique and one of the world's largest motorcycle events. Every motorcycle manufacturer and many other vendors attend and put out their latest products and provide mementos, autograph sessions with the world's best racers and make it a first class event. I was hoping that BMW would be there with some of the new models. BMW had two new bikes on display. I think they were the K1200S. I asked where is the R1200RT? The BMW representative said the dealers would have them at the end of the month; they did not have any at the show. Where are all the

bikes? Oh, they are out on the test rides. I assume that BMW sees how the other companies go all out to have great displays with many models on display. Honda's generator display was larger than the BMW area. It is unfortunate that BMW does not do a better job in this area. It was embarrassing!

Crash Course for Motorcyclists. Pam Fisher, Safety Chair, did a great job of scheduling this course. We had almost 40 people attend including members from other local clubs such as the Potomac Area Road Riders (PARR) and Harley Owner Groups (HOG). The Accident Scene Management Corporation had two of their instructors cover the basics of how to manage a crash scene and provide bystander first aid care to injured people until the emergency responders arrive. I encourage everyone to attend these types of courses and further their knowledge of first aid by attending other courses.

The five steps for Bystander Care are:

1. Stop to help,
2. Call for help,
3. Assess the victim,
4. Start the breathing,
5. Stop the bleeding.

There are some first aid items that each of us should carry on our bikes. We will cover the contents of the first aid kit in a future article. I told a story at the course about my wife stopping at a crash scene where no one was seriously injured but several people were “shaken up.” She walked over to an older gentleman who was sitting on the curb and said “Can I help you?” He replied, “Can you hold my hand?” so she sat with him on the curb holding his hand until the emergency responders arrived and checked him and then arranged for transportation. No first aid required but a little companionship certainly helped steady him and allow him to regain his composure.

It would be a terrible feeling to watch someone die at a crash scene when a simple first aid procedure could have saved their life. This is particularly true in rural areas where there may not be good telephone communications and not much vehicle traffic to flag down for help. Take this seriously and maybe you can save a life.

Pam is coordinating with some of the other clubs to schedule additional courses.

Spring, my favorite time of the year. Battley Cycles, Bob's BMW, and Morton's BMW are all having their open houses in April. *Please attend these events and support the dealers who support our club.*

Ride Safely! Billy




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MEMBERSHIP REPORT

by Elsie Smith

March '05 BMWBMW Membership statistics (as of February 28, 2005)

Membership statistics:

Full members: 443 Associate members: 46 Total members: 500

Number / percent of members electing to download newsletter rather than receiving a printed copy: 88/ ~19%

New Members, 8 Full and 0 Associates:

Duane Brant is from Poolesville, MD, astride a 1999 R1100S. His form came from the web. ([look below for his initial feedback](#))

John Paparazzo also came to us from the web. He's in Sykesville, MD and rides a 2002 K1200LT. ([please see his profile on page 16](#))

Michael Pumphrey hails from Westminster, MD. His ride is a 2003 K1200GT and he was referred by Bob's BMW & Mike Hamady.

Robert Stasko lives in the District and is enjoying a 2004 Rockster. Bob's BMW referred him.

Donald Ivers of Alexandria, VA was referred by Bob's BMW and is riding a 2004 R1150RT.

Kemper Weaver from down south in Bumpass, VA, has a new 2005 K1200LT and was referred to us by Jeff Dunkle at Morton's BMW. ([look below for his profile](#))

Todd Suda is riding a 2002 R1150RS and hails from Silver Spring, MD.

Lucy Wesson from Woodbridge, VA, is starting out on a 2005 F650GS. She found us through the web.

Renewing Members:

17 full members and 0 associates.



Nancy, Thanks for the note. I will try to give some answers.

I am a 60 year young person who lives at Lake Anna in Virginia. I water ski, and have a good time with life. I owned a BSA back in my youth and I guess I am looking for some of that youth. I hope to get to ride often, just for the enjoyment. I do work, however, so long trips may not work out. This is my second BMW. I had an R1150 RT, liked it, but rode a LT and just had to have it.

I like to ride the "back roads" and in this part of the world we are blessed with lots of great roads. In my neck of the woods there is a very active Harley group and I ride with them on occasion. I even date a girl who is active in the HOGs group, but I am glad to see that BMW has an active group too.

I still have a few of my high school friends who ride now, mostly Harley's, although my friend in San Diego is riding a BMW for the highway patrol and says it is the best bike he has ridden. He has been on them (all bikes) from high school and is the oldest officer on a bike in San Diego.

I hope to meet some of the group soon; hope you don't mind my friend on her Harley coming along.

Kemper (Butch) Weaver



Nancy,

In a nutshell, I recently (last fall) upgraded to an '99 R1100S after riding an '82 GPz550 pretty much right into the ground. Lil' Red still runs after 100K miles and my oldest son & wife are both signed up for the MSF/BRC.

I needed a reliable "scoot to commute" that would also provide a giggle now and then, the BMW was just the ticket.

*Thanks & hope to meet you soon,
Duane Brant*





BERT SPITTEL, CLU, ChFC

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New Member Profiles

Hello Nancy. Thanks for your email.

I'm 33 years old; originally from Philadelphia. Yes, I am an Eagles fan, and have been living in Northern Virginia for six years. I work for a company that does consulting and research on the aircraft finance side of the airline industry.

I have been riding for four years, since February 2001. I had wanted a bike since the early 1990s but I had no idea as to how to get started. I didn't know the MSF existed. When I moved to Northern Virginia, a friend I knew through an ex-girlfriend was a Harley rider who told me about the MSF Basic Rider Course. I signed up for the course and completed it in November 2000 and received my "M" classification in January 2001.

My first bike was a Harley Davidson Sportster which I sold after a year and bought a Road King. In June 2003, a friend and I took a trip down the Blue Ridge Parkway, he on his 2002 RT and me on the Road King. Needless to say, he enjoyed the ride trip more than I did - four days of pushing that heavy bike was too much for me. Upon our return I cleaned up the Harley and put it up for sale. I bought my RT from Bob's in July 2003 (it is the 2004 model with the twin spark engine). I have not regretted my decision to invest in German engineering.

I prefer rides that get outside of the congestion of Northern Virginia. Typically I head west to the Front Royal area and do a big loop back to my home in Vienna. I usually don't do around town rides - dealing with heavy traffic is not fun especially with a bike as top heavy as the RT. This may change if I purchase a Triumph Bonneville (which my fiancée loves because it's a "bike that Steve McQueen would ride"), but for the most part I try to ride in 4-5 hour chunks in more open areas. I'm hoping to meet some like-minded RT riders to ride with through BMWBMW.

Sorry if that's more than what you're looking for in the interview. As an aside, this inquiry is exactly the opposite of what I experienced with the Harley Owners Group. There was never any attempt to get to know new members- in fact the only time I got an email from the local HOG chapter was when I didn't renew my membership and they wanted to know why. There was never any interest in getting to know me.

*Best Regards,
Stuart Rubin*



(Adventure, continued from page 1)

I-94. We had great clear weather through Minneapolis/St. Paul and northwest to Alexandria for the night. Stopped at a small Mom/Pop inn called the Skyline Motel - very clean. Walked to dinner at the China buffet. Downright chilly that evening!

Day Four - Ate breakfast at a Perkins Pancake House and got served just before a busload of Native American high school students arrived. Continued on I-94 into North Dakota to Jamestown, where we ignored the World's Biggest Buffalo this trip (we took lots of pictures when we stopped on our way to the Missoula rally several years ago) and got on Rt. 52/281. Once we arrived in Minot, we found a motel with a steakhouse next door and were done for the night.

Day Five - Since Madison, we were traveling with electric vests and heavy gloves on and today we needed them again, due to fierce crosswinds. Rt. 52 was a wonderful little road that wound its way northward to the US-Canadian border. We arrived early at the crossing at Portal, ND assuming we would be waved quickly into Canada. No such luck! We were told to go inside and wait for an official. Then the three of us were asked to wait in a room where we were questioned about our birthplace, employment, and current address among other things. Then we were told to wait again until another official could examine the bikes! Eventually an officer wearing a bulletproof vest and leading a dog went out to our bikes. This good-hearted fellow explained he was a Harley rider, and was sorry for the delay, but would have us on our way after he and the dog thoroughly inspected our belongings. True to his word, he told us to have a good day and waved us on.

At this point, we were not too enamored with Saskatchewan or Canada, either one. But we craved food and coffee, so we ate as soon as we could. We then remounted and rode Rt. 39 to Moosejaw where we picked up the Trans-Canadian Highway (Rt 1). We stopped at Swift Current, SK for the night. The three of us decided we liked the sparse traffic in Saskatchewan, but not much else. The landscape is flat to rolling, covered with grass and sagebrush and very few trees. We saw more cows than people.

Day Six - Frost on the bikes in the morning! But we turned up the electric settings, and continued our northwestern trek into Alberta on Highway One. We kept moving and only stopped to eat and gas up in towns I'd read about called Medicine Hat, Redcliff, Brooks, Strathmore, Calgary, and Canmore. The Wild Rose Province is much more beautiful than Saskatchewan and we experienced firsthand, the beef cattle and agricultural basis for their economy. We ended another gorgeous riding day at Sunwapti Falls Lodge in Canmore, Alberta, which is the beginning of our adventure into the Canadian Rockies. To celebrate the spectacular scenery, we splurged at the Lodge with a sumptuous dinner and dessert that our waistlines definitely didn't need.

Day Seven - The Canadian Rockies are spectacular! We had the best possible weather, clear skies, cool and just the right number of clouds. Banff is an upscale tourist town where we had breakfast in a 50's style diner. We continued through the park and stopped occasionally at pullouts for photo ops and to relieve our sensory overload! Instead of fighting lines for a ride on the gondola, we opted for a gift-shopping spree. At Lake Louise we walked through the famous Hotel/Chalet and were struck with how the "other half" live. Our pictures did not do

justice to the expansive lake and mountain views. We knew photographers the world over travel here and wait for the perfect light in which to capture this alpine panorama. Perhaps the best part of the park occurred on the Columbia Ice Fields where we bundled up in our motorcycle jackets and boarded a huge snow coach for an actual ride onto the Athabasca glacier. The water was so cold it was actually blue.



Photo courtesy of Nancy Stutsman

Linda, Jeff Bibler, and Nancy Stutsman at the snow coach.

We made gas stops along the way in Hinton, Grand Cache and Grand Prairie, AB. It was getting downright hot! We were riding through some magnificent forests and it seems Grand Prairie must be the lumber capital of Alberta from all the logging trucks we passed. We saw a lot of wildlife including golden and bald eagles and we constantly looked for bears. Finally, after a week on the road, we made it to Dawson Creek, BC, the start of the Alaskan Highway. Of course, we had to pose for the obligatory pictures with our bikes under the Mile One Signpost. We met a couple from Texas on a pristine yellow Gold Wing, who had ridden into town just to get photos at Mile Zero and were departing for home the next day. They recommended a steakhouse in town, which we tried and found to be excellent. At this latitude we really began to notice the increased daylight hours. However, we needed some rest, so we didn't stay up very long after dinner.



Photo courtesy of Nancy Stutsman

Linda's friend, Jeff Bibler, Wisconsin BMW M/C Club, in AK.

Days Eight and Nine - The day dawned bright and cloud free and we all looked forward to another great day in the saddle. But, the odds were against the oldest bike in the group that day.

(Adventure, continued on page 9)

(LDR Journal, continued from page 1)

handicap. There were lots of ghostly shadows to the side of the road which were usually deer. After what seemed like an interminable, twisting, dark ride in the cold, I made it to Taos, New Mexico totally exhausted. Taos struck me as some kind of artistic hippie refuge and I followed the main road to a rather snooty hotel. The clerk said he had no available rooms, but I should try a Holiday Inn across from the K-Mart that would be more to my liking. What would have been more to my liking would have been to tweak his snooty beak, but I left quietly.

Fortune smiled and around the corner, I found an absolutely charming motel called the Indian Inn. The night clerk checked me in and directed me to park the bike on the grass outside my very nice room. Then she came out in her nightgown and bare feet to make sure I got settled. She wanted to assure me that her establishment was motorcycle friendly. This, after checking me in behind bulletproof glass. Her conversation had an 80 proof quality that caused me to hastily retreat inside my room. I was too tired to fully appreciate the excellent furnishings and was asleep in 60 seconds.

Wed. 29May02, Day Eight 651 miles – 16 hrs, 7:38AM to 11:38PM MDT

Leaving Taos, I got lost while half-awake and resorted to the GPS. I got gas at the edge of town. One of my main riding rules out west is never leave town without filling up the tank. I knocked off 189 miles before stopping to eat. The scenery was great and the riding fun, but I was not making good time with the twisty roads, hot days, frigid nights and no running lights.

I finally intersected Route 666 and headed west for Arizona on Route 64 out into the barren desert. It was nerve-racking since I had not researched this route and did not know how far into the void I needed to ride to get an Arizona receipt. I noticed power lines off to the right and took this as a good sign. Also, there was enough traffic back and forth to convince me there would be some manifestation of civilization before I ran out of gas.

After about 35 miles, there was a most welcome sight, the Teec Nos Pos Trading Post, with a working ATM. After securing the prized receipt and eating a refreshing cold pickle, I immediately doubled back to Route 666 and headed north to Colorado. It was very hot, dry and dusty so I enjoyed a Klondike bar at Dove Creek that gave me a boost. I entered Moab, Utah around dinnertime and took a meal break. I talked with a colorful character who was pedaling a trailer-towing bicycle accompanied by two large dogs. That was more exercise than I could have handled in the relentless 100-degree heat.

After dark, the lack of running lights became particularly

painful because the painted lines on the Utah highways were badly faded. I almost experienced a mishap when I saw a sign for a rest stop, went around a curve, and discovered the rest stop required a sharp exit to the left, across oncoming traffic. The rest area was very poorly lit, but fortunately no one was coming towards me as I made a sloppy turn into the parking area, still in third gear when I came to a stop. The blazing days, chilly nights and the stress of straining to see the road in the dark were particularly tiring and I stopped short of Salt Lake at Orem, Utah.

Thur. 30May02, Day Nine 687 mi – 17 hrs, 7:15AM to 12:15AM MDT

The next morning, I hit heavy traffic near Salt Lake City but found a bypass around town. Once past Salt Lake, I eventually noticed that there was no longer a beehive on the highway signs. I mistook this to mean that I must be in Wyoming and wound up wasting a gas stop in Coalville, Utah. It was not a total waste, as a very attractive young lady who was also passing through, complimented my bike. The rock formations approaching Wyoming were awesome!

Evanston, Wyoming struck me as a stereotypical wild west town. I pulled into a convenience store near the border on a steep hill and a sedan whisked into the handicapped parking spot on my right. The sedan had no handicapped tag or placard and I seriously considered chewing out the driver. Silence was the better part of wisdom, since the driver turned out to be some sort of plain clothes officer with a pistol and handcuffs on his belt. He had the weathered face and swaggering walk of a genuine cowboy, all that was missing was a ten gallon hat.

On the way out the door, I noticed a sport bike zooming circles around the gas pumps. The rider had no jacket and instead of a helmet he was wearing a soft cap. He then proceeded to zoom into the parking spot on my left. I blithely assumed he wanted to chat. He did, but not to me, and he made a beeline for the pay phone. Then he zoomed off, totally oblivious.

I headed back the way I came, crossing Utah into Idaho. I still had unrealistic visions of doing 48 states in ten days and decided to make a go/no-go decision at the Montana border. My original route planning had targeted Monida, Montana as a receipt prospect. The reality was that from a distance, Monida appeared to be a ghostly cluster of weathered wooden buildings with no signs of life, so I rode on past continuing north on Interstate 15. **An inviting panorama along I-15 in Idaho!**



At this point, I reluctantly decided to punt the 48 Plus competition. I would skip Nevada, California and Oregon and head straight for Hyder. I was very down about this and the weather got worse with lots of dark clouds and showers to match my mood. In order to put on my rain gear, I pulled off at an exit that said "Gas." This turned out to be a single unat-

(LDR Journal, continued on page 7)

Yes, Virginia, there is BMW motorcycle service in Charlottesville.

Classic Twins (1970 and later)

K bikes and Oilheads

Repairs and maintenance

Tire installation

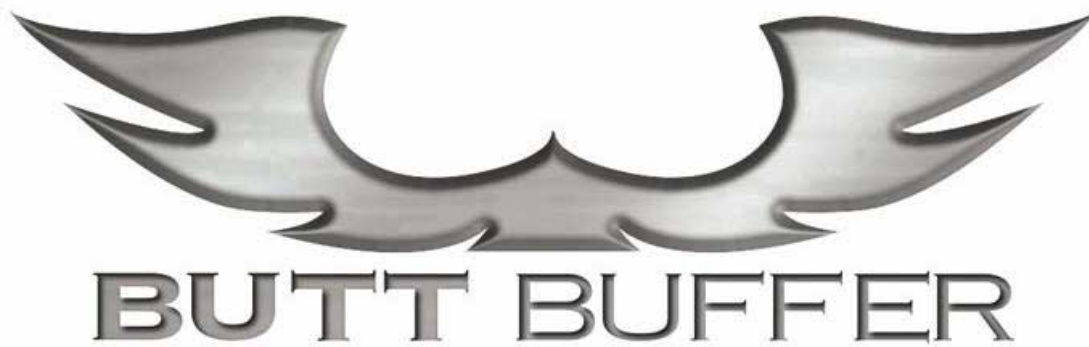
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(LDR Journal, continued from page 6)

tended pump and an outhouse. The pump did have an overhead structure offering shelter from the rain. I parked the bike beside the pump and walked to the outhouse which, under the circumstances, became a cozy dressing room.

Finally, at Dillon, Montana the weather cleared and I took a combined meal and phone home break. I called it a day at Missoula since I wanted to give myself some time to check maps and make the necessary route modifications to reach Hyder. After all I had been through, I did not want to miss the party.

Fri. 31May02, Day Ten 713 mi. – 18 hrs, 7:30AM MDT to 12:30AM PDT

Having abandoned my 48 Plus quest, I consoled myself with a poached egg and trout breakfast at Jasper's restaurant in St Regis, Montana after riding about 70 miles on Interstate 90. It would have been fun to hang around the adjacent casino, but I needed to get going to Spokane, Washington where I planned to enter Canada on Route 395. There was a lot of congested traffic when I exited the interstate to head north on Route 395 in Spokane.

The car clot eventually cleared up and my border crossing at Cascade, British Columbia was pretty painless. This station is open from 8 AM until midnight and I was asked a few simple questions. I answered "no" to possessing guns or drugs, and my array of official documents never left their waterproof bags, e.g., Canadian insurance certificate, certified copy of bike title, etc. *Helpful hint: remove earplugs before approaching border stations and it is much easier to communicate with the guard.*

I headed for Grand Forks on Canadian Route 3 and was concerned that I had no Canadian currency. My plan was to use an ATM to get currency but Discover had cut off my card because of frequent small charges across multiple states and my credit union ATM card was no good in Canada. Grand Forks



Photo by Robert McCarthy

The uncrowded border crossing into Canada.

was hot and crowded, so I continued on to Greenwood where I found a gas station willing to take US currency for gas and give me my change in Canadian.

I used this ploy whenever I could not use a credit card to pay and soon accumulated enough Canadian money to get by. When I saw a sign for Revelstoke, I knew I was lost and wasted about an hour doubling back. I was trying to reach Prince George but when asking the local folks for directions, they invariably replied in terms of hours instead of miles, which muddled my tired little mind.

As it got late and dark, I needed a rest room, gas and at some point a motel room. However, exiting from the highway was problematical. The exits were all on the left and not well

(LDR Journal, continued on page 8)

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(LDR Journal, continued from page 7)

marked. Traffic behind me glared their headlights into my mirrors and I could not tell how far back they were. After a precarious exit, I found myself on a service road that was dark and broken into confusing segments. The only gas station I found was closed and the poorly lit motels did not look inviting. Some clown was roaring up and down the service road in a pickup truck and he passed me on the double line.

I felt defeated but refused to settle for second-rate accommodations and got back on the main highway even though I was low on gas and full on bladder. At long last, I found a well-lit exit leading to a very modern Chevron station with a heavenly rest room.

A little way down the road, at Cache Creek, there was a motel called the Tumbleweed. My room was very large and comfortable and cost less than \$50 Canadian. I was not sure when the festivities in Hyder were to begin on Saturday, so I planned to head out early in the morning. I was also not sure how many miles it was from Cache Creek to Hyder. At 9:38 AM local time on Saturday, June 1, 2002, my ten 24 hour periods were over and I was still very depressed about missing Nevada, California and Oregon.

Sat. 1Jun02, D-Day 723 mi. – 12 hrs, 7:00AM to 7:00PM PDT

It turned out that it was over 700 miles from Cache Creek to Hyder and I made it in about 12 hours. The festivities had actually started in the early afternoon and about 100 riders participated. Fifteen riders successfully qualified as “forty-niners,” documenting 48 state travel plus Hyder in 10 days.

I was very glad to get checked in by the extremely

gracious owner of the Grand View Inn and then introduced myself to Ron Ayres at the Sealaska Inn. Ron took the time to see that I got served a belated dinner and gave me the last remaining HyderSeek 2002 shirt. I wolfed down the deep fried halibut and chips and gave the waitress \$20 US for a beer. To my surprise, she gave me my change in Canadian. (It turns out there is no bank in Hyder.)

There were lots of stories and relaxed conversation from the assembled riders that continued on the balcony of the Grand View Inn until around midnight. I met some very fascinating gentlemen and ladies from all points of the compass. I then sat on the deserted balcony of the Grand View Inn and polished off a cigar and my last four Yukon Jack miniatures, resolving to sleep in on Sunday.

(LDR Journal, continues in May)



Photo by Robert McCarthy

Grand View Inn, a refuge at the end of a long ride.

(Adventure, continued from page 5)

Problems began 100 miles outside of Dawson Creek. The dashboard temperature gauge red lined on the side hack rig. Pull over, investigate, check coolant in the K-bike, check for a blocked radiator, etc. but, nothing obvious was discovered. Well, the long and short of it was a very long day spent going until just before the bike redlined, pulling over onto the non-existent shoulder and letting the bike cool enough to start over and do it again. An excruciating day, made all the more unbearable with the tension that arose from not knowing exactly what the problem was with the bike. Finally, about 50 miles outside of Fort Nelson, BC a guy on a K1200 LT stopped to help. After more fruitless manipulation he suggested he'd ride ahead to town and when we arrived we could examine the problem in a better area than the side of the road. What a relief to actually get to town, get a motel, an adult beverage, and a shower, in that order!

The extra daylight provided ample opportunity to diagnose a cooling fan failure and possibly a relay malfunction. However, having the sidecar attached proved too much for our limited tools, and we knew a fully equipped bike shop was our next order of business. At this point the bike refused to start. Believing it was a clogged fuel filter, that was easy, the spare was put on. Humph! That didn't solve the problem, and now in addition to the cooling problem, the bike refused to start! This simply multiplied the day's frustrations and assuming the worst - a computer problem - we hung it up for the day. Tomorrow, we hoped, would be a better day.

On the morrow, we discovered the situation hadn't changed; the bike still wouldn't start. The closest dealers were Anchorage, Fairbanks, or Edmonton. Edmonton was by far the closest at 600 miles; the others were twice that distance. Unfortunately, due to the fires in the Province, there weren't many vehicles around to rent to haul this rig anywhere. After contacting the dealer in Edmonton and being told they would look at the rig once it arrived, we rented a Ford 3-ton flatbed. Some discussion with fellows at the truck place ensued about loading the rig and we managed to push it on a lowboy trailer, backed the rental truck up to the trailer and then pushed the rig on the flatbed. Someone loaned us tie-downs to secure bike and sidecar snugly, so it was now time to leave for Edmonton, Alberta. Back the way we just came.



Photo courtesy of Nancy Statsman

Sadly, Eyore, the K1100 hack is loaded onto the tow truck

The drive commenced at 3 PM, we arrived in Edmonton at 4 AM. We had quite a welcoming committee due to the fact that the police pulled us over asking nicely why a sidecar rig

with Maryland license plates was in the back of a truck with British Columbia tags, in Alberta Province, at 2:30 AM. After explanations and a thorough review of passports, licenses and registrations of bike and truck, we were free to proceed. The police even directed us to Argyll Motor Sports where we waited (slept) for them to open at 9 AM.

The shop manager immediately took the rig in and had a mechanic troubleshoot the problem. They reset a relay, fixed a computer glitch and got the bike started and running however, the fan was toast and no replacement fans were readily available from BMW of Canada. They suggested as a quick fix, going to an auto parts store for a car fan that would fit in front of the radiator. So, the search began. Armed with the yellow pages and an Edmonton street map, we looked in several places before finding a 9 inch NAPA fan that we knew would fit between bike down tubes and sidecar brackets. However, getting the fan meant driving clean across town to the warehouse to look at the fan then taking it to the bike shop so the mechanic could install it and wire it into the bike's ignition. That way, this new fan would operate when necessary. Once money changed hands we flew back to the bike shop just to be told the mechanic had gone on an hour lunch break. Not to worry, the mechanic did a super job attaching the unit securely to the bike, wired everything up and got us out of the shop by 4:30 PM. By this time, we had only had about five hours sleep, but we jumped on the freeway that took us out of town back to Fort Nelson.

Day Ten - Although it seemed like days, we accomplished taking the sidecar rig to Edmonton for service and came back to Ft. Nelson, BC in 36 short hours. We got some shuteye until 9 AM when we returned the truck to the rental place then, we reversed our loading procedures and off-loaded the rig. After settling the charges we returned to the motel and loaded the gear and got on the road again. Boy, did it feel good to ride the bike instead of ferrying it around on the back of a flatbed!

We continued on the Alaskan Highway through beautiful country marred by smoke and haze from wildfires that were consuming the Province. We saw Stone Sheep along side the road licking minerals off the rocks. We got gas in places named Toad River and Coal River and made it as far as Fireside (ha, ha), before the road was closed due to impending fire danger. Fortunately for us, there was a not too crowded pull out by a stream that was perfect for camping. A couple on a Harley had set up a camp trailer and several motor homes and pickups quickly filled up the little area. Due to lack of sleep from the Edmonton run, we took advantage of the break and rested for what we hoped would prove to be a better 'tomorrow.'

(Linda's Adventure, continues in May)



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China Trip Report, May - June 2004

by Norm Smith, #1064

This continues a series of emails sent during Norm's trans-Asia ride.

SIBERIA Report #6, June 5, 2004

Evening number 40 of this adventure and we have had days of unending drama. Let's consider tires. We all left Shanghai with new "shoes" and things started to happen very quickly. Warren Broomfield, (Albany, NY on a new R1150 Adventure) started the flat parade in Jinan, China. Then Hans Muellers' (Saddle River, NJ on an R1150GS) picked up a small bolt, (no sharp point) that drove its way through the tread. Not to be outdone, our co-leader Mike Paull, (Seattle, WA and riding an R1150GS) flattened out and picked up a used tire in Krasnoyarsk. Bob Love, (San Francisco on a 1992 R100GS) had one fixed with a plug and then our fearless leader Helge Pedersen, (Seattle, WA on an R1150GS Adventure) rounded out the flats, up until today. Incidentally, all flats have been on the rear. When we started the tire change exercise, all of the new rear tires were tubeless but a nasty glitch supplied some of us with tube fronts. I did not change mine but looking at it today, (6/8/04) I must cave in and mount a new front tube tire.

We are all now with 6,000 miles behind us and this two-day stop in Ekaterinburg is our tire change weekend. New "skins" were sent here by prearrangement from Moscow. We are in one of the nicest hotels of the trip, - The Transhotel and it backs up to the British and American Consulate. Our machines are safely in the Consulate garage and well guarded. Tomorrow we change many tires!

Tires have not been the only thorns of the trip. We have spent hours on roads that are badly pot-holed or gravel/dirt/mud or under construction/repair or all of the aforementioned. Shock absorbers, saddlebags and anything else that is attached to the motorcycle wants to shake loose and fall off. Rear shocks have been the worst problem and the strange part is that it has not been the OEM shocks, (original equipment manufacturers) components that have given us all fits.

Pavel Chrobok, (F650 BMW TourATech) had the first aftermarket shock go when a Works Performance shock setup for his machine ate the O rings and ceased to function. His machine spent almost a week in the van moving along with us waiting for a Fed-Ex'd shock from the USA. It arrived two days ago and Pavel, (Canadian but living in the USA) is now back in the saddle. Hans Muellers' rear Ohlins next destroyed itself and he replaced it with his old standard BMW unit that he had the good sense to bring along. Bob Love then had his rear Ohlins try to disassemble itself but he has made some temporary silicone repairs to keep going. Finally our co-organizer, Mike Paull lost all of the damping function of his Ohlins and is pogosticking down the road waiting for a replacement part. This is the third loss of an Ohlins for Mike and he is not a happy Cossack. In all fairness we have subjected our equipment to some extremely severe road miles but these aftermarket parts are advertised to perform in the very severe situations that we have encountered and they are not holding up.

Saddlebag or box mounts are also coming loose. Both the TourATech and Jesse mounts have failed with broken attachment cams and attachments. My right Jesse top attachment failed about four weeks ago and today, 6/7/04 the left side fractured. Both are now securely bolted into place. The TourATech and other aluminum bag models are not doing well as it does not

take much of a drop to dislodge a bag and as it bounces around, it does not keep its beautiful form. A few of the group are becoming aluminum blacksmiths. A lost cover on Bud Lahitte's aluminum bag was a real challenge and at the Irkutsk oil change garage one of the mechanics fabricated a new cover from a sheet of steel, latches and all. It won't win any beauty contests but it works!

Our worst day from a mechanical failure standpoint was going from Tulunn to Krasnoyarsk. The road was a long series of potholes, mud, loose sand, broken pavement where the road was paved and the worst - DUST, to the point where you could not see 20 feet in front of you if there were trucks, busses or cars. We Cossacks made our own clouds so it was best to stay away from each other. My riding buddy Hans met a miserable deep hole of loose sand while in one of the dust storms and dropped his mount. No pain but a need to repair the bag mounts.

Everybody had something shake loose but the greatest toll was with the aftermarket shocks, the damage was probably a total of \$4,000.00 and the worst part of the whole thing is limping along and waiting for FedEx'd parts to catch up. Now I hear you muttering, "Why don't you go slower?" and it goes to show that you just don't understand. In truth, we all loved it! It's part of the challenge.

Krasnoyarsk was an enjoyable town populated by handsome people, fair skinned, blonde and tall. The same can be said for Novosibirsk (New Siberia) and it must have something to do with the genes of all the people who were forced to move east to occupy and settle the territory, (in 1900, 23% of the population were exiled convicts and politicians).



Photo courtesy of Norm Smith

The intrepid BMW group killing some time on foot.

The city is located on the mighty Yenesei River which marks the boundary between east and west Siberia. There are two massive hydroelectric power stations there and some of the power is used to produce aluminum, of interest to me as you might imagine. Anton Chekhov was an admirer of the Yenesei and in 1890 stated "without wishing to offend the jealous admirers of the Volga, I have not seen in my life a river more beautiful than the Yenisei. The Yenisei is a powerful thundering Hercules."

Slowly but absolutely, as we travel west, we see many changes. There is more evidence of prosperity (albeit on a very basic level) in Novosibirsk and Krasnoyarsk than in Irkutsk and Ulan Ude. In almost every large and small town there are empty

(China Trip, continued on page 12)

(China Trip, continued from page 11)

concrete shells, once apartment houses or factories that were supported by Moscow during the CCCP years that are now empty. The people that once lived in government housing and worked in an industry or agriculture or mining have since moved back into small houses and have reverted to subsistence farming. There are relics of failed central planning everywhere if you observe carefully. Beautiful eighteenth and nineteenth century buildings abound in the Irkutsk and other similar cities but most are in need of repair and maintenance and are not getting it.

There are more new cars, (Russian and European) in Western Russia. Old Ladas and many Japanese cars keep the Eastern section moving and the thousands of Japanese vehicles present a real hazard on the roads. They are right hand drive cars in a country where one drives on the right. That means that in order to pass, the driver must pull out to where he can see and that puts him 80% into the left lane before he gets a good view. These cars are brought in used from Japan and legally are not allowed to be sold, - but officials look the other way. The basic prime people mover is the bus system, busses everywhere. There are also rail streetcar systems in some cities. And a superb rail system still moves people and goods all over the country. Gasoline prices are also dropping as we go west. 92 octane is now \$1.57 US, cheaper than the USA or China.

And, have I mentioned that 50% of all Russia consists of permafrost earth?

Enough for now... Norm

SIBERIA INTO RUSSIA Report #7, June 12, 2004

At the China/Russia border we no longer had to convoy. China is strict about groups and escorted tours are a must. We had a great Chinese tour guide, Yu Xinmin (Sim) that kept us reasonably under control. Once we got into Siberia things started to take on a more natural order as we no longer needed to move along as a group. Friendships put two or three riders in a group, the need to ride with someone as conservative as you (that means slow most of the time) or as aggressive as you are (means faster most of the time) dictates with whom you might choose to ride. We have two members that ride alone most of the time, one is the most adventurous of the lot and the other the most conservative. There is one other factor and that is your choice of a route and the level of risk with which you are comfortable.

We are all using GPS, (Global Positioning System technology) and properly set up and understood it makes a rider more adventurous in this land of incredible width and breadth. However, *do not*, do not believe all of the world maps are available from Garmin, the GPS manufacturer. There are roads in Russia that are not on their disk and there are roads on their disk that do not exist. It makes for some interesting side trips, some not on purpose.

Hans Muellers and I team up most of the time and we think it is because we think and ride a great deal alike. We tend to move like fish in a school wherein any movement by the lead bike is repeated in fractions of a second by number two and neither of us is ever concerned about the space between us. However thinking alike and depending on the GPS can lead to some interesting situations. Traveling from Kemerovo to Novosibirsk we chose the road less traveled, probably secretly feeling we would be one beer up in N'birsk before the rest arrived. It went from regularly bad and broken pavement to gravel and potholes to mud and navel-orange sized rocks and mud. We stopped to reconsider once and Hans pointed out that

Photo courtesy of Norm Smith



Norm's partner, Hans, after his pothole encounter.
the potholes had weeds growing in them, bad sign.

It was too late to turn around so we continued until a power line crossed our "path." At that point we turned left into a 10,000 acre potato field (no exaggeration) with dirt, mud and water filled depressions heading for wherever. Hans squirted the 85 HP throttle of his GS a little hard and changed direction and attitude. A TourATech bag popped off and Hans did a somersault. He was on his feet in seconds suffering lacerations of the cheek from jammed sunglasses and a bloody nose. *The guy is indestructible.* We ended up at a rail line, but in some farmer's barnyard with a very large unhappy dog. After some more muddy searching we found a place to cross the rail line and rejoin Siberia. Hans heals quickly.

Nine hundred miles later we settled into the best hotel in Irbit (oh boy) for a short town visit, a tour of the Ural Motorcycle Factory. Also a visit to the Irbit Motorcycle Museum and an evening of good food, good dancing, neat people with motorcycle and partying interests and probably more but some of the memories are hazy. I lost my "BackRoads Motorcycling" tee shirt but I now have an "Irbit - Ural 2002 Rally" shirt that will be everybody's envy if they can read Russian. Brian and Shira, (Backroads) any chance for a replacement?

The history of Ural goes way back. I have heard and passed on many versions of when URAL began to build the BMW look-alike and how eventually China got the tooling that is still used today. Here is the story from the plant manager.

Photo courtesy of Norm Smith



Ural plant manager (3rd from left) and some workers.

(China Trip, continued on page 13)

(China Trip, continued from page 12)

Just before WWII became very, very serious, Ural bought a complete production line (from BMW) for the horizontally opposed twin. It was of 750cc capacity, produced 45 HP (?) and was probably circa 1935 or so. The original Ural factory was inadequate and they annexed a brewery expanding their production to handle military orders to fight the very country that sold them the production line. During the following 65 years they produced 3.5 million motorcycles with a high percentage of them being sidecar assemblies. Today they are producing about 2,000 per year and trying to get their sales up to 2,800 units. 95% are sidecar assemblies with 70% having a driven sidecar wheel as an option. Their transmission, now four-speeds, will soon go to a five-speed box.



Brand spanking new Ural 4-speed transmissions.

They produce a 650cc and a 750cc engine presently but there are 900 and 1,000cc engines under development. The 750cc unit also has a three wheeled truck version that is rated at 500 and 600 kilogram capacity and we saw quite a few of them in service in the area. In fact there are more sidecar motorcycles being used in Irbit than there are cars.

The present factory manager, Mr. Sergey Ziryanov stated that the original tooling (and that had to be for the 750cc flathead engine) was sold to China in 1959. I think that's accurate as when I first went into China in 1989 I saw what appeared to be newly produced motorcycles with the same flat head design. We also saw many of them at the beginning of this trip, Shanghai to Manzhouli.



Mr. Boolander and Mr. Ziryanov both raced Urals.



They opened their Historic Motorcycle Museum for our benefit and an ex-Ural motorcross racer gave us the tour. The factory manager, Mr. Sergey Ziryanov and the Museum Director Mr. Alexander Boolander had both been very successful racers and their pictures and medals are displayed. I sat on an experimental Ural model and was told that President Vladimir Putin had also tried it, but I don't think it changed my mind about citizenship.

In Ekaterinburg we had a good city tour and a visit to the church built to commemorate the murder of Tsar Romanov and his entire family - do you remember Dr. Zhivago? Technically we leave Siberia and enter the European part of Russia as we continue on towards The Ukraine. We visited the designated spot where we could stand with one foot in Siberia and the other in Europe (Russia). Sort of like the USA Four Corners area but with two less corners.

On to Ufa and Samara, oil derricks pumping on both sides of the road and then refineries to produce gasoline, diesel fuel, heating oil and asphalt paving material to fill potholes. They are way behind on filling pot holes. The route intersects the Volga at Balakova and we followed the river into Saratov. Sand beaches on the West bank are covered with white bodies trying to bronze after the long winter. In the evening the river bank and its cafes are an attraction for everyone to stroll, listen to music, and enjoy food and drink.

Into Volgograd, formerly Stalingrad, we stayed two days and absorbed the history of their siege and the final Russian victory. It was 1942 and Hitler's theory held that a victory over the Volga River city of Stalingrad would bring Russia to her knees and end the Eastern campaign. Aircraft and artillery leveled the city except for one multi-story flour mill, but the Russians continued to pour in supplies from the East bank. One small commercial fishing craft that had crossed hundreds of times under fire is now on display and has more than 3,000 bullet holes through its superstructure. The river is wide and deep at this point and carries big freighters.

There were 1,200,000 Germans and Russians involved and most of them died in their causes. At one point the German general in charge recognized that he was doomed to defeat because of the length of his supply lines and he petitioned Hitler to surrender and save thousands of German lives. Hitler refused and they went on to have massive losses and surrender none the less. Out of over 100,000 Germans captured, only 6,000 finally reached home and not until the mid-1950s.

Considering that the city was totally destroyed, restoration has been remarkable. A battlefield memorial has been constructed on a hill north of town with a 1,500 foot tall statue of Mother Russia and their Tomb of the Unknown Soldier with an eternal flame. It is very impressive. Back at the Hotel Volgograd that evening we celebrated Dennis Bishop's 44th birthday with a cake and a song. The next day (6/14) we were off for our second to last destination in Russia, Rostov-on-Don.

Regards, Norm

(China trip, continued in May)

Photo courtesy of Norm Smith

Photo courtesy of Norm Smith

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DIRECTIONS: From U.S. Rt. 15, north of Frederick, MD, take exit at Thurmont, MD marked Rt. 77 West. Continue through parks and make left turn on Brown Road. Go about 3/4 mile and make left into Camp West Mar.

OTHER: Gate registration opens 12 noon, Friday, June 3. Beer is available on site. Pins and mugs to first 400 registrants. Registration awards are based on information from this form and will be awarded to BMW motorcycles and their riders/passengers.
NO PETS, NO PETS, NO PETS, sorry.

Thank you for your continued support.

----- **2005 SQUARE ROUTE RALLY REGISTRATION FORM** -----

- ☐ **Pre-Registration** \$30/Adult Children: \$1 per year up to age 15
- ☐ **At Gate** \$35/Adult Children: \$1 per year up to age 15

RIDER _____

PASSENGER(S) _____

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This rally is open to BMW motorcycle riders and their guests.

I/We hereby waive, release, and hold harmless the BMW Bikers of Metropolitan Washington, Camp West Mar, caterers and entertainers, for any liability resulting from damages, loss or personal injury while attending the 2005 Square Route Rally, or for any cause of action I now have, or in the future may have against them. This waiver extends to my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns.

Rider Signature _____

Passenger(s) Signature _____

___ Adults x \$30 = _____

___ Adults x \$35 = _____

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Cash Check # _____

Rider: Sex M F Age _____

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Direct Mileage to Rally from your home _____

Local Club (one only, please spell out name) _____

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(i.e., BMWBMW is MOA Club #40)

Motorcycle Information:

Make _____

Model _____

Year _____

Sidecar, Information: Year _____

Make/Model _____

SECRETARY'S REPORTS

BMWBMW Board of Directors Meeting, March 5, 2005

Board members present: B. Rutherford, P. Ager, J. Bade, M. Dysart, M. Enloe, P. Fisher, M. Hassall, A. Largiadèr, and L. Rookard.

Board members absent: B. Spittel, F. Parisi, E. Smith, and T. Verrill.

Call to Order—President Rutherford called the meeting to order at 8:21am at the Hunter Motel in Newington, VA.

Note: Because Billy and other board members were going to be in Daytona on the day of the General Membership meeting, this board meeting was hastily planned for the Saturday of the Crash Scene Management Course.

Mike Enloe discussed the rally budget and the rally plan's progress:

Projected attendees: 350. There may not be a rally-specific t-shirt; there may or may not be field events depending on space, interest, and weather. A low-key and relatively quiet option is being sought in lieu of a DJ or band. Possible attractions/speakers/seminars include (*nothing is definite*): a short version of the crash course, a vintage speaker, Bob Higdon, Lee Parks, how to plan and run a rally (such as the Capital 1000 or the Iron Butt), a group riding video, a seminar for 'mature' riders, a Saturday night movie or The Long Way Round, a dirt-riding seminar, etc. The fee will not be increased this year. A big effort will be made with WestMar to ensure responsive management of site issues (toilet function, mice, electricity, etc.)

Linda Rookard discussed Meetings and Events: the question of the club subsidy of the holiday party was raised, as was the issue of the expense of the holiday party in general. On other topics, Bob's BMW sponsored the Timonium show meeting, Morton's sponsored the Crash Course, and Battley's will be approached about sponsoring a club track day.

The meeting was motioned adjourned at 9:21 am.

General Membership Meeting, 13 Mar 05

Mike Enloe called the meeting to order at 11:03 am at Morton's BMW. About 45 members/guests were present. The meeting opened with a brief talk by local Ride for Kids volunteers (*from Richmond*) to encourage members to participate and raise funds for pediatric brain tumor research.

Pam Fisher (Safety) reported on the previous week's Crash Course. The course or something similar may be repeated in the fall (*or maybe autumn would be better*). She had compact first aid kits for sale for better preparedness.

Mike Enloe (Rally) reminded us that the rally is June 3 through June 5 at West-Mar; hoping that this is the last year for this location. Sign-up sheets will be available at subsequent meetings for people to volunteer to work.

Ed Phelps (Rides; en route from Daytona) said there would be a scavenger hunt similar to last year's ride and that numbers were available. The first Poker Run will be in April.

Linda Rookard (Meetings & Events) reminded us that next month's meeting is at Speed's Cycle. The location of May's meeting is to be decided; Lap would rather host a fall meeting.

Jeff Massey (Morton's) enthused about his trip to Germany to ride the new K1200S on the Nurburgring and told us about all the other exciting things in the pipeline. Morton's Open House is April 16.

New members introduced: Jan and Jim McGee of Warrenton (VA), riding an R1200CL and an R1150R, respectively; Sue Corcoran and Scott Dugall of Great Falls (VA), riding an F650CS and an R1150R, respectively.

The meeting ended at about noon.

In Memoriam

The Federation of European Motorcyclists' Associations (FEMA) regrets to announce that it's former General Secretary, Simon Milward, passed away following a road accident on March 4, 2005 near the city of Kayes in Mali (Africa). Simon was forty years old.

Simon Charles Milward was born on January 28, 1965 in Strete, South Devon, United Kingdom.

On January 1, 2000, Simon left Europe to fulfill a lifelong dream: to ride his handmade motorcycle around the world on a humanitarian mission. His journey was supposed to last for 18 months, but it turned into a five-year long odyssey. Simon was expected to arrive back in the UK around October 2005.

Simon was our featured speaker at the 2002 Square Route Rally. His passing is a genuine tragedy; BMWBMW offers its most sincere condolences to Simon's family and friends.

Sadly, the yellow sticker along the bottom of Simon's saddle bag says "Look Again!"



A Memorial Fund has been established in Simon's name. His family has asked that all donations go to the Flores Project. You may donate online at <http://www.millennium-ride.com>.

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04 R1150GS Adventure, Silver, Mint Condition, 2,250 mi, never off road and impeccably taken care of. Aluminum BMW GS cases convey w/bike (great looking and functional). Asking \$13,800 OBO. a.s.altman@att.net, Alexandria, VA (12/04)

04 R1100S, Mandarin/Grey Boxer Prep. 700 miles, brand new, Corbin seat and cylinder guards. US \$10,700. W: 202-623-1839, H: 301-963-2911, or GEORGEA@iadb.org. (11/04)

01 R1200C, Mint condition, 14K miles, new tires, saddle bags, windshield, running lights, rear passenger back rest, etc. Contact Abe Pearlman in Pomona, NY 845-362-7348 (deceased son was former BMWBMW member). \$8,900/OBO. (3/05)

99 R1200C, 13,350 mi, excellent condition, ivory w/blue seat, windshield, air horn, hyperlite brake lights, Bob's wrist rest. Always garaged. \$7,500 OBO. *Must sell because I can no longer ride.* Chip 703 237 9191 or chipcliff@cox.net (12/04)

98 R1100RT, 21K miles. Sinus Blue excellent condition-garage kept. Heated grips, cyl guards, BMW top case, Aero flow windshield, Air Rider gel seat insert. \$10,250. Jim Kent, 703-644-2465 or vze8msw7@verizon.net (10/04)

Advertising

Classified ads are free to BMWBMW members and will run for two months. Commercial vendors may contact the editor for rates. We request that display advertisements be submitted electronically no later than the 10th of the month preceding the month of publication.

Deadlines & Submissions

All submissions must be received by the editor no later than the 10th day of the month preceding the month of publication (e.g., May 10 is the deadline for June).

Please email all submissions to editor@bmwbmw.org

If sending articles on diskettes or CD-ROMs, mail to:
Philip Ager, Editor
Between the Spokes
P.O. Box 44735
Fort Washington, MD 20749-4735

94 K75RT, Silk Blue, 37K, one owner, never down, garage kept, ABS, electric windshield, BMW Comfort Seat, excellent rubber, all service recs, Show room condition, (no dings), European light switch assy, Many extras to go w/ sale. Asking \$5,195 or B/O, Franc Boulanger 804-741-9323 or FBoula6454@aol.com (09/04)

86 R80RT, 44k miles, Corbin seat w/ backrest, Koni shock, Luftmeister fork spring kit; K&N; new ME33 & ME55; new steering head bearings; tall National screen + stock; stock seat; reliable; runs great; handles great with suspension upgrades; garaged in Greene County N/of Charlottesville VA; \$2750; call Jay @ 434-985-6398 (10/04)

84 R80GS PD, Low miles, blue, w/ special Dakar large tank. \$4,000. Dennis Perzynski 410-875-4273, perzynski@starpower.net (11/04)

83 R80ST, Low miles, gray, bags, shields, heated grips; very clean. \$3,800. Dennis Perzynski, perzynski@starpower.net 410-875-4273 (11/04)

78 R100S, Motosport, a rare 'S' model w/extra complete 'RS' fairing kit, bags, orig-owner, low miles. \$4,400. Dennis Perzynski, perzynski@starpower.net 410-875-4273 (11/04)

Wanted: Airhead, from Earles to Mystic/R100R vintage, pref w/small or no fairing (may consider clean RS/RT), hard bags a plus. Trade for '98 Guzzi V11EV w/Givi, Corbin w/ backrest, windshield, plus orig eqpt, exc; and/or '92 Ducati 900SS "naked", minimal bodywork, 8k mi. May sell one or both outright. Peter VA 540/338-7925 eves. (03/05)

PARTS & GEAR FOR SALE

Women's mandarin/gray/black BMW Savannah pants, size 6R/EU36, like new-worn once, \$125. Please call 703-644-2465. (10/04)

FirstGear Flightline pants, waist 36, only worn once, list price \$399.95, offered at \$245.00. Multivario tank bag to fit K75/100/1100, no rain cover, \$125.00 or best offer. Call Bob @ W: 410 366-3323, H: 410 823-7458 or rewdmd@att.net (04/05)



Another New Member!

Hello Nancy,

Thank you for the e-mail.

I look forward to future rides and meeting other BMW riders. My name is John Paparazzo, and I am a transplanted New Yorker (Brooklyn, to be specific). I moved to Maryland in 1976. My current bike is a 2002 K1200LT, black in color. It is quite a departure from the cruisers I am used to riding. I have been riding motorcycles for almost 35 years. I like short rides and long tours, whatever presents itself. I mostly ride in Maryland, but I enjoy Pennsylvania and Virginia also. I am the current President of a group known as the Blue Knights Motorcycle Club, Maryland IX chapter. We are located in Sykesville, Maryland.

By the way, our chapter is sponsoring a ride for the wounded veterans who have returned from Iraq, and are being treated at Walter Reed and Bethesda Naval Hospitals. The date is April 17, 2005. If you, or anyone you can think of might be interested in joining us, check out our website: www.BKMDIX.org We would be glad to have you ride with us.

Thanks again for the welcome, I look forward to meeting you and other members of BMWBMW.

John



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BREAKFAST RIDES

BMWBMW breakfast rides are informal gatherings of members who meet for breakfast and ride afterward. Not all members participate in the after-breakfast rides, and many members like to show up solely for the breakfast. Interested? Show up early, look for tables with motorcycle helmets, and don't be shy about introducing yourself! If you'd like more information, or to volunteer to lead a ride one weekend, call the rides chairman.

Note: Schedules for breakfast rides are not fixed in stone nor will a ride take place if there is a club meeting or other major event scheduled on that day. Consult the message boards for late breaking changes or announcements.
<http://www.bmwbmw.org/forum/>

Baltimore Breakfast Ride 1st Sunday, 8 a.m.

Old Country Buffet, 2033 E. Joppa Road, Parkville, MD 21234. 410-882-3155. **Directions:** Satyr Hill shopping center at Satyr Hill and Joppa roads, across from the Home Depot at I-695 & Perring Parkway. Jim Pellenbarg, 410-256-0970.

Maryland Breakfast Ride 3rd Sunday, 10 a.m.

The Cozy Restaurant, 103 Frederick Road, Thurmont, MD 21788. 301-271-7373. **Directions:** Take I-270 north to Frederick, MD and continue north on U.S. 15. Take the first Thurmont exit. Turn right at stop sign, then left at traffic light. The restaurant is 1/4 mile on your left.

Virginia Breakfast Ride 4th Sunday, 9 a.m.

Town 'N Country Restaurant, 5037 Lee Highway, Warrenton, VA 20187. 540-347-3614. **Directions:** Take I-66 west to exit 43A (U.S. 29 south) toward Gainesville/Warrenton. Follow U.S. 29 south for 6.5 miles. The restaurant is on the left.



CONTACTS & DIRECTIONS

Battley Cycles

7830 Airpark Park Road, Gaithersburg MD 20879. 301-948-4581. From I-270 take Shady Grove Road east. At Muncaster Mill Shady Grove becomes Airpark Road. Go straight another 2.1 miles. Battley's is on the left.

Bob's BMW

10720 Guilford Road, Jessup MD 20794. 301-497-8949. From I-95 take Exit 38-A east. Go about one mile and exit onto U.S. 1 north. Go to the first traffic light and turn right onto Guilford Road. Bob's is less than one mile on the right.

Lap's Quality Cycle

3021 Colvin Street, Alexandria VA 22314. 703-461-9404. From I-395, take Duke Street east to a right turn onto Roth Street. Make another right onto Colvin. Lap's is a few doors down. From Old Town Alexandria, take Duke Street west to a left on Roth, then same as above.

Morton's BMW

5099A Jefferson Davis Highway, Fredericksburg, Virginia 22408. 540-891-9844. From I-95 south, take exit 126 to a traffic light at U.S. 1. Turn left (north) on U.S. 1, go one mile to the light at Courthouse Road/Rt. 208. Make a left onto Courthouse Road, then right at the next light into the parking lot at Morton's BMW Motorcycles.

Speed's Cycle

5820 Washington Blvd, Elkridge MD 21075. 410-379-0106. Take 95 North to Route 100 East. Take first exit to Route 1 North. Go approximately 3 miles. We are located on the left just before Levering Avenue.



BMWBMW Ride-To-Eat's

Ride-To-Eat's (RTE) are informal gatherings of BMWBMW members who meet for dinner. These gatherings are regularly scheduled for the first and third week of each month and are always planned and announced on the club's web message board. Typically, the Virginia RTE is the first Wednesday and the Maryland RTE is the third Thursday. The restaurant is always different and the dates occasionally change. Additionally, impromptu ride to eats are always popping up. *Interested?* Check out the message boards Events section and look for "Ride-To-Eat" or "RTE".

Interested in Riding in Mexico/ Central America?

Check out the message boards at www.bmwbmw.org under Organize a Ride>Anyone interested in Central America 2006? This is **NOT** a club event.

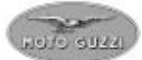


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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Apr 10, 2005

<http://www.speedscycle.com>

BMWBMW monthly General Membership Meeting at 11:00 at Speed's Cycle, Elkridge, MD.

Apr 17, 2005

initial BMWBMW Poker Run of the year, in Maryland; Eat at 9:00 and Ride at 10:00 from the Cozy in Thurmont, MD.

Apr 17, 2005

<http://www.bkmdix.org/Purple%20Heart.htm>

The First annual, police escorted, Purple Heart Ride; registration from 7-10 am. Goes from Freedom Park in Sykesville to WRAMC & NNMC rain or shine. If you plan to ride, please send a courtesy e-mail to: info@bkmdix.org

Apr 29 - 1 May 2005

<http://www.bmw-moga.org>

15th Georgia Mountain Rally at the Bald Mountain Campground (www.baldmountainpark.com) just outside Hiawassee, GA with shady campsites, hot showers & friendly folks. Deal's Gap (US 129) and other wonderful roads in all directions! Pre-registration \$30 per person (postmark by 4/8/05) or \$40 a person at the gate.

May 1, 2005

[First Sunday since Mother's Day is on the 8th!] <http://www.bmw-bmw.org>

BMWBMW monthly General Membership Meeting at 11:00 at a soon to be named location! Please check the website.

May 1, 2005

learn more about Kennedy-Kreiger: <http://www.kennedykrieger.org>

The first ever Kennedy Kreiger **Poker Run** (rain date 7May05) leaving from 9150 Bursa Rd (1 block off the 9600 blk of Washington Blvd, Route 1 in Laurel/Elkridge); Out by 10am, In by 3pm. All bikes/bikers welcome. Free Food and Drink at end of ride; No required bar stops. Call Wayne, 301-725-5590, or April, 410-477-2097, for further information.

May 14-15, 2005

<http://www.flyingwairport.com/>

Annual Northeast Presidents Breakfast (NEPB), Flying-W Airport Resort in Medford, NJ
Please send your RSVP to: mailto:hgantz@magpage.com

May 22, 2005

next BMWBMW Poker Run of the year, in Virginia! Eat at 9:00 and Ride at 10:00 from the Town N' Country, Warrenton, VA.

May 22, 2005

<http://www.classicmotorcycleday.org>

4th Annual British & European Classic Motorcycle Day at Buttler's Orchard, Germantown, MD. This year's featured marque is Ducati.

May 27-29, 2005

<http://www.masondixon20-20.org>

Mason-Dixon 20-20 Endurance Rally, York, PA

Jun 3-5, 2005

BMWBMW 31st Annual Square Route Rally at Camp West Mar, near Thurmont.
Please copy or tear out the registration form on page 14. *Hope to see you there!*

Jun 5, 2005

<http://www.rideforkids.org>

Annual Ride for Kids in Richmond, VA for all makes of motorcycles.

Jul 21-24, 2005

<http://www.bmw-moa.org/rally/rally05/index.htm>

2005 MOA International Rally, Allen County Fairgrounds, Lima, Ohio.

Jul 29-31, 2005

<http://www.wvmountainfest.com>

First annual Mountainfest M/C Rally for all makes of motorcycles. Call 1-866-WVA-BIKE

Sep 25, 2005

<http://www.ride4kids.org>

Annual Ride for Kids in Columbia, MD for all makes of motorcycles.

Oct 6-9, 2005

<http://www.bmwra.org/>

33rd BMW RA International Rally, Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Note: Official BMWBMW events are preceded by "BMWBMW." The events listed above can be either official BMWBMW events or events unrelated to BMWBMW which historically have been of interest to our membership. For a complete list of motorcycle-related events throughout the U.S. and Canada, please visit the club's web site at <http://www.bmw-bmw.org>.

April

May

June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2	1	2	3	4	5	6	7				1	2	3	4
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	8	8	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	29	30	31					26	27	28	29	30		

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(Year, Model, Mileage)

#1 _____

#2 _____

#3 _____

Total miles on BMWs _____

Age group:

☐ 16-25 ☐ 46-55

☐ 26-35 ☐ 56+

☐ 36-45

BMW MOA Mbr# : _____

BMW RA Mbr# : _____

AMA Mbr# : _____

Referred to BMWBMW by:

I'm willing to help with the following areas or committees:

☐ Government Affairs

☐ Membership

☐ Newsletter

☐ Sales

☐ Meetings & Events

☐ Rally

☐ Rides

☐ Safety

☐ Technical

☐ Internet

MEMBERSHIP DUES

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\$20.00/year

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\$7.50/year

Dues may be paid for 1, 2, or 3 years. Associate members must reside at the same address as the regular member. Associate members receive membership card, pin, and decal and have voting privileges if age 16 or over, but do not receive separate newsletters or other mailings.

Make check payable to **BMWBMW** and send it with this form to:

Elsie Smith, PO Box 77, Olney, MD 20830-0077

10/1/2004

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