

2001-02

# BMWRSM

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likes to eat breakfast as he rode to Fredericton NB and to the MOV Rally in time to eat and then ride home. These are just some of the things that happened this season.

November is a good time to think about making your bike ready for the winter. There is a lay-up process on line in the November 2000 issue of the Newz that has many good ideas to consider. Check it out if you have any concerns on how to store your bike for the off season.

There is a wrap up of the 2001 lobster rally in this issue. Take a look at it and if there are any suggestions for next year, contact Bob Collins. Meetings have already been started for 2002. The rally will be on the weekend before Memorial Day.

The November meeting was well attended by over 35 people and 25 bikes were ridden to it. 10+ riders took a short trip to Hermit Island. The place reminded me of the rally weather, cool and windy.

The holiday party is set for December 15 at 7 PM (time to be verified and posted on line) at the Downeast Restaurant. Dinner is a buffet with selections of haddock, chicken, and vegetarian lasagna. The cost is \$17.99. We will have a Yankee Swap with gifts to be exchanged in the \$10 range. (I know Steve said \$5). The election of new officers and board of directors will be held also. Don't forget, the way to become a club officer is to not show up at this event.

Dues for 2002 are being accepted at this time. The cost is \$15 per family.

Till next time when the president will be back.

Eric

## EDITORS CORNER

Our presidents computer has been on the frizz for a while and he is just now getting things back together, therefore, there isn't anything he has ready for printing at this time. This issue will have the editors' corner instead.

The Newz has been in short supply this year as the people that have been out and about riding have not had the time to put their thoughts on paper and send the results to me so we all can share the good times with them. Hopefully, now that the riding season is drawing to an end for most of us, that can happen.

Some of our club members have accomplished some rather extraordinary feats this year. Shaun Blair organized and led a New England 1000 ride prior to the summer traffic rush. He assures me that he will let us know all the details of it in a future Newz issue. Bob Collins won the BMW MOA North American Tour at the Redmond Rally with 18,136 miles. Dave Stone has ended the mileage season with over 38,000 miles. He says there was a lot of down time due to mechanical glitches and running into cars in NJ that kept him from really putting in the miles. Mike Kearney

## Rally Wrap up 2001

### We did it again!!!!

We put on one of our finest rallies. Our food and the rally site are among the best in the country and I believe the major draw to the rally.

I still am waiting for a final financial statement, but it appears that we broke even or picked up a few dollars. Much of this is the result of very careful purchasing by Sandy and Sharon. Registration was wild. We have open registration for club members during January and February. Howard was the first to get his check in. On March first we had about 25 club members registered. By March 7<sup>th</sup> we had 155 people registered and we closed registration on the next day. There were some cancellations; so about a dozen people were able to get in off the "waiting list". I saw some rally regulars not get in because of time and space. This is our largest registration ever. The increase to 175 was an experiment that worked, but I don't believe we can increase the rally beyond that point. We have maxed out.

I have a lot of workers to acknowledge, but I have been talking to them individually. We are very fortunate to have such an established cadre of experienced rally workers. Individual experienced members such as Paul, Jim, Jeff and Eric were augmented by newer enthusiastic members such as Clarence, Howard, John, Dave and Don etc. The success of this rally depends on everyone pitching in – no complaints on this – super job!

The weather threatened rain all weekend, but the only riders who got wet were in the guided ride up to Camden. (Thanks Buck) The other two rides, which went south, were clear and dry. Both nights were cool, but we had a very clear and starry sky. Without the distraction of city lights the multitude of visible stars was magnificent.

The rally site was in excellent condition. We can all remember prior years when there was a lot of standing water on the shoreline roads. Usually most of the lower campsites are mushy, but this year every thing looked pretty dry and usable. I think the New Sweden club set up in an area that was underwater last year. Even the sand around the front of the kelp shed was pretty solid.

The usual folks showed up on Thursday to start the chowders and chili. Joe Saunders opened up our first rally swap meet and it was a great

success. This is something that we should continue. Bill Parker made the first purchase.

Jimmy was there with his trailer full of our supplies and cooking equipment. On a personal note, I think it's outstanding that Jim Salisbury comes up with his jeep and trailer, because we need his equipment. I know that he would rather be riding.

Fred, and his team of coffee brewers and sausage flippers extraordinaire, did a great job of feeding the hungry campers on Saturday morning.

The coffee mug and shirt sale went well. Paul, Clarence and Steve were able to reduce the number of coffee mugs, sold all of the remaining 2000 shirts and a lot of 2001 shirts. Additionally we sold some left over rally pins from previous years. This should be called the "**1 for \$2 or 2 for \$5 sale**". We had a good variety of door prizes. Dave Bliss took home the Bottle of BMW Moodus wine and Mike Andrews took home the heated vest. As usual I won nothing.

### The Numbers:

- 176 people were registered (170 adults and 6 children [it just seemed like more]) with only four no-shows. I believe that is the DownEast Rally record.
- We served Saturday evening dinner to 163 people including 275 lobsters. Another rally record.
- We had no injuries, one hospital call (one of our Canadian friends had a painful kidney stone flare-up), and just two bikes that went over. One of those two bikes fell three times.
- 165 people camped.
- 15 States and 3 Canadian Provinces were represented.
- Other than Maine, the largest state represented was New Jersey with 20 and the largest province was Nova Scotia with 10 participants.
- BMWRSM was the largest club and the Yankee Beemers was largest visiting club.
- K1100LT's and Oil head GS's were the most popular bike - tied at 16 each in attendance.

### Awards:

- Oldest two up; Jim & Janice Gorman of New Jersey, 120 Years
- Oldest Rider; Gene Walker of Virginia age 79.
- Youngest Rider; Jeanna Jenson, Age 19.
- Youngest Passenger; Mindy Finn of Charleston, Maine, Age 4
- BMW Riders of Southern Maine 2000 High Mileage Award; Dave Stone.
- Long Distance Rider; David Fellmet of Cedar Rapids Iowa 1395 miles.
- People's Choice Award; Jeff Finn and the Finn Family sidecar chariot.
- Rally Chair Award to past Rally Chair and Rally Dude Ed Perry.

### Lessons Learned:

- Please forward thoughts and observations. Think about what worked and what we can do better.
- Do we need to revise our policy on vendors? At present there is a no vendor rule. Is this something we should change? How strictly should this be enforced? This year, I turned down two vendors.
- Signage? Anyone miss it?

Thank you

Bob Collin

Rally Chair

## **Hermit Island Rally, May 2001 Diary of a RallyVirgin**

It's been a long time since I've thought of myself as a "virgin." My children are grown, you see, and I even have grandchildren. However, it didn't take me long after my arrival at Hermit Island for the 2001 BMWWSM Rally to understand that I was a "rally virgin."

That was not a bad thing to be. Being a rally virgin got me a bit of special treatment, I expect. I'm not the seasoned rider one might presume from my membership in the Boomer generation and I am new to Beemers as well, having logged fewer than 1000 miles on my F650. From the moment I checked in at the Rally on Friday afternoon and Captain Clarence so gallantly kissed my hand, through Buck Avant's patient map study when I managed to lose the pack on our ride through Appleton, to all the excellent advice I received from experienced riders, especially F650 riders, everyone seemed to go out of their way to make the Rally a special event to remember. I am grateful to all!

My brothers, Dan and Don Lockhart, made it possible by convincing me to sign up, hauling my stuff, providing introductions, a tent, campfires, a tarp for my bike, Band-Aids, help with my center stand, encouragement, and the best company a sister could ever hope for. The volunteers who coordinated the Rally, and cooked and served the food were awesome. John Reimann worked tirelessly in and around the kitchen and lodge and did wonders for my ego with a couple of slightly suggestive comments.

I had camped at Hermit Island as a child (hey, I really was a virgin in every sense, then) and as an adult as well, but nothing prepared me for the hilltop view of the ocean and the campsites set up with little tents and beautiful BMW motorcycles, not a car in sight. That was a thrill in itself. Given that it was May in Maine, the weather was relatively cooperative, but Friday night was a bit cold for my taste. Brother Dan's nylon tent flapped and slapped so in the ocean breeze and the breeze delivered so much cold air that sleeping without some form of anesthesia was pretty much out of the question. A medicinal ration of wine the second night and double long johns cured that problem, however.

This was my first ride on dirt, if you can call it dirt. It was really more like talcum powder, punctuated with rocks and roots. However, I figured that even if I didn't know how to ride on dirt, my F650 certainly did! Trusting the F650's skills proved the right thing to do and we suffered no skids, dumps, or drops.

If you've checked out the pictures Brother Don put on the Club website, you know that our Saturday ride to Lincolnville turned out to be a major bike wash. Another new experience for me: I had never ridden in the rain before! It wasn't all that bad though, and now I won't be afraid of

getting caught in the rain on my bike. Well, come to think of it, I might. Somewhere along the way, we pulled over to discuss whether to continue or to abbreviate the ride, and my bike just plain gave up. It would not start and I still don't know for sure whether it was because of the weather or for no other reason than to embarrass me as I stood there in my blue plastic rain suit feeling like an idiot. Fortunately, the guys on the ride came to the rescue. They fiddled with the electrical system, bypassed the kick stand shut-off thing, and the bike was restored to life. I will never forget the sight of the handsome Manhattan stockbroker in his snazzy black riding suit lying in the puddle along side my bike, tracing the wires. The picture resides in my memory right along side the sight of the guys huddled around the bike with coiled electrical connectors hanging from their jackets like umbilical cords. I too, wished for a heated vest so that I could be "one" with my bike's electrical system.

When we walked into the restaurant that was our ride destination, the steam rose from our cold, wet gear but as we warmed our feet and stomachs, the weather improved considerably. We met up with another Rally group, who offered an excellent detour through some back roads. The remainder of the ride featured beautiful countryside and hill top views. Unfortunately, I am a slowpoke on two wheels, and lost the pack on some twistys. Fortunately, Buck followed patiently behind me (what tolerance!) and when the situation seemed hopeless, he took the lead. When we emerged onto Route 17 and stopped for gas, who should enter from the opposite side of Route 17 but the rest of the pack! How did they get over there?

Probably the best thing I learned during that marvelous weekend is that BMW riders are terrific people. I also learned a ton about BMW motorcycles, must-have accessories, riding gear, ride experiences, and life experiences. I thank all of you for sharing yourselves and the 2001 BMWRSM rally with me. Next year, I intend to be among the first to sign up, rather than the last!

Lin Lockhart

Hello everybody. Sending along a little story you might enjoy.  
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### **No Floorboards Allowed The Denver Museum**

Arriving late at night, beat and whipped, we sorted out where to sleep for the night at Greg's house. It was real hot, so Bill, being the gentleman that he is, had me sleep in the top bunk of the bunk room. He strategically positioned a small fan at his head on the bottom bunk and I inwardly laughed. I had my head right next to the window and the breeze from the fan drifted up to me all night. I fell asleep face down in the pillow, and snored loudly just to annoy Bill. It did!

The next morning we did laundry and Bill decided to tear down the front of his PD and put in a new fork seal. It was then that Greg showed up. He was in Germany at a conference and giving a slide show. He moved a few of his motorcycles out of the way so Bill could get to work and gave me the tour. He has a small museum of motorcycles. Mostly BMW's, but there was a rare Honda, a Harley and an even rarer Indian Scout. He calls it his retirement investments. If you ever get a chance to peek over his front yard wall, you'll get to see a very rare motorcycle. Yard Art at its finest!

When he was younger, he raced successfully and has trophies and ribbons all throughout his home. A true bikers house.

I helped Bill the best that I could, offering a clean rag once in a while and holding slippery stuff when needed. Little did I know that we done good. The hammering the bikes were gonna take in the next 3 days would surely display any weak places on a bike. Bill left before Barry and I for Leadville on his bike. We took the Suburban and trailer and left right behind him, hauling 4 of the bikes to the Silver King Motel in Leadville. Barry booked us into the motel for an extra night before the Big Dog Ride was to begin. These two guys are veterans of the ride, and they wanted to do some leisure rides and take in some sights before the real ride began.

After checking in and finding a suitable Mexican restaurant (stuffed soupapillas, number 8 on the menu thank you), we bedded down for the night. Next morning, I suggested we go over to Alma, elevation 11,532 feet, highest town in the state, to see my brother and sister-in-law. Taylor and Cathy have a very successful real estate business and I hadn't seen them in a few years. Now, these two guys are poking around in the foothills of Leadville, taking pictures of the old mines in the area, and slowly working up the hill to the only road that seems to go up to the top of Mosquito Pass, 13,186 feet above sea level. Now I was thinking that we would go a little of the way up the hill, these two liars, I did mention that didn't I? and turn around and go around the mountain and see my family. They had other thoughts. Yep, you guessed it. Oh shit, says I about half way up the mountain, just stand on the pegs and pick a line and go. The throttle is your friend. Wait until I get to the top, I'm gonna kill these guys. Well, you know what, it wasn't all that bad. Hey, I can do this, I am doing this! I mellowed out by the time I got to the top and it was so beautiful up there. Besides, my two great buddies were praising me for doing the one of the toughest passes on the first day. Ya, that's me, what a great rider I am. Shoot, lets hammer down the other side and see family. Arrrrrgh!.... About a third of the way down on the east side, the road?? turned into a goat path and the boulders were as big as a motorcycle, and the holes were just as big. The drop-off is a wholesome 45 degrees. Now I'm considering death to my friends. This was hell coming down the other side. It was work, not fun. Here I am with my prize BMWST/GS, slamming and hammering and goosing and hurting my beloved bike and well, beginning to like it. Well, no, loving it. Ya, this is a gas. Alma, here I come!!!! We visited Taylor and Cathy, stop in and say howdy if you're in the neighborhood, JTR Real Estate, and be careful of the cop in town, he means business and it is a business to speeders in that burg! We then rode up to Bristlecone Park. These are some of the oldest trees in the world, like 2,500 years old. They look pretty chipper to me for being that old:-)

### *The Night Before the Big Dog Ride*

We rode around the mountains for the first few days, taking it easy and I'm coming up to speed with Bill and Barry. We did a few passes, ate good food in the local eateries, and generally had a relaxing time before the actual ride began. We were out most of the afternoon, and when we came back to the motel for the evening, Leadville was transformed into a dirt bike haven. Oh no, look at these guys. Body armor, gladiator shin guards, gauntlet type gloves with steel spikes, wild tricked-out R bikes with some real nasty looking tires and shocks and god knows what else. I began to feel sorta small. I was all puffy from the last two days of riding, butt after seeing these guys roll in, fear crept into. These fellers looked pretty serious. Introductions were made, a few names fell into place, like the famous Ron Spicer, test rider and crasher that was featured in Greg Frazier's book, BMW GSing Around The World, Arrowstar Publishing \$24.95. Paul Taylor, Iron Butt crazy, famed Gordy Pairman (AZ), 65 year old quadruple by-pass survivor, Jim Griffiths from Idaho that can drink a beer, smoke a cigarette and ride over Taylor Pass with no hands standing on the pegs, guys that cut their teeth riding dirt bikes when they were three, world traveler Bradford Duval and friend Scott Cocking that ride so fast they get there before they have left, then they leave for the Burning Man Hoedown and party for a week. You get the picture, I am among some of the toughest riders in the country. And I'm scared shitless!

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Continued in the next issue.

## REDNECK RAMBLIN'S

Ramblin's is just a mixture of unrelated ideas and thoughts that might be of interest or not. Doesn't really matter if it is real, but just think about it, or not.

Redneck is not able to pass along any words of wisdom this issue, as he is indisposed. I am not even sure where disposed is located, but I expect him back for the next issue. As his brother, I will attempt to fill in for him. My name is Long and Red and I have the same last name. That is what makes us brothers. At least I know what a motorcycle is. The farmer up the road has one and it saves him a lot of time when he cuts hay every spring and summer compared to using a handsycle. A few words of wisdom I would like to pass on to everyone in this time of trouble and anxiety. Learn the rule so you know how to break them properly. Be gentle with the earth. Once a year, go someplace you've never been before. Approach love and cooking with reckless abandon. These are some of the things I learned from the Dalai Lama. My brother taught me that married men live longer than single men, but they are more willing to die and they should also forget their mistakes as there's no use in two people remembering the same thing. He must also remember that the woman has the last say in any argument. Anything he says after that is the start of a new argument. As for me, let me tell you a few of my affirmations. Today I will not sit in my living room all day watching TV. I will move it into the bedroom. I will also share my experience and advice, for there are no sweeter words than "I told you so". I also believe that people that want to share their religious views with you almost never want you to share yours with them. This thought brings me to the reason I have had to spend a lot of money the past month on doctor bills on face reconstruction. It all started at church one day. I got down on my knees and prayed. When I got up to sing the hymns, there was the biggest woman I had ever seen in front of me. You know the kind that provided shade in the summer and warmth in the winter. Her dress was stuck in her butt-crack, so being the gentleman I am, I reached over and pulled it out. She didn't like that one bit and really pasted me a good one. The next week at church, I got beat up real bad again. I got on my knees to

do my praying and when I got up to sing, there was the same woman in front of me again and her dress was stuck up her butt-crack again. The guy beside me reached up and pulled it out, but knowing she didn't like that, I shoved it back in again. Maybe I need to change my seat in church. I think this is the same woman that asked the doctor how she could enlarge the size of her breasts. He told her to rub toilet tissue real hard between them. Guess he figured that if it worked one place, it would work on another.

Till next time, keep the rubber side down, unless you want to slide real fast on the snow and ice by turning the tray over.  
Longneck.