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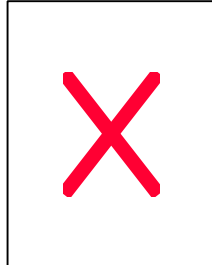
# BMW RSM

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## FROM THE PREZ

WOW! What a summer, where do I start?

September 9th club

breakfast was well attended again with 30+/- attendees;

plus, guest who just happened to be at the Downeast Village Restaurant on rides of Maine. Especially, the folks from Motorcyclertours.com who interviewed a number of the members during our meeting. I'm looking forward to seeing if any of us make the cut from the editor.

Our August meeting was well attended and included a great ride lead by Jim Salisbury and Don Lockhart to Dave Percival's BMW collection in Andover.

The ride was very well planned and enjoyable for all. Dave's collection was just unbelievable. My favorite was his sidecar racing bikes. I thought some bikers I know were crazy!

The Yankees Beemers have the annual Lars Andersen weekend event coming up the first weekend in October. A couple years ago we went as a club ride and I believe that would be a great event to support.

However, next weekend, Sept 23, Saturday, with Sept 24, Sunday as a rain date, is our next scheduled club ride. Our destination is to Machias and Helen's for lunch. Ride to eat sounds good to me.

Lastly, I will present a day by day journal on our Gaspé ride next month. Thanks Larry Foley and Don Lippoth for a well-planned ride. I'd like to thank my comrades: Pete Beliveau for showing me the line through the twisties and Joe Saunders for showing me the line through the French Restaurant etiquette.

Don't forget that our next Breakfast Meeting is the first Saturday in October, the 7<sup>th</sup>, with the ride to the Larz Andersen Museum the next day.

## FROM THE NEWSLETTER EDITOR

This newsletter belongs to you, the members. **Have you read that before????** I need your help in having enough information to even try to fill up both sides of a sheet of paper. My friend, The Redneck is not able to do it all each and every month. He doesn't even know anything about bikes (why do you think the topic is barely touched on). I know that some of you have been places and had a good time doing it. Why not put a few words together and let the rest of hear about it. (Joe. Dave)

WOW!! It looks like my asking for some articles is starting to take some effect. Thank you one and all for your help, Ted and Howard. I am not sure how classy we will become, but I think that the next is issue has a first for us, a book review.

## HOWARD and BOB RIDE AGAIN

So I'm minding my own business Saturday July 22nd when Bob Collin called and asked if I'd like to go for a ride on Sunday. I thought about it for a few nanoseconds and agreed. Sharon was working Sunday and Jodi decided she'd rather weed the garden

or something like that, so it looked like a guy thing was in the works. Bob decided to meet me in North Yarmouth, which made some sense except for the Yarmouth Clam Festival Bicycle Race, which sort of got in the way. I'm not sure whether he tried to enter on his R bike or whether the streets were blocked off, but he made it to my house eventually.

We first thought of heading west but the forecast was better for the coast. Bob said he had never been to the Owl's Head Transportation Museum and would like to see it. I'd been several times but not this year, so what the heck. We headed up Route 1 and stopped at Moody's for lunch. Point of information. It's cute and all that, but not much of a vegetarian hang out. The pancakes worked out all right for me and it was on to Rockland.

When we got to the museum entrance road, it was lined with cars parked on the right side and a guy was sending traffic somewhere else to park. He said something to Bob, who was in the lead and we were cleared to drive in. Room for bikes I figured. I was half-right. There was room for my bike in the parking lot and room for Bob's souped up 1974 R90/6 in the display area since it was deemed an antique. And, he got in for free too. Seems if you show up with almost anything older than 1980 you get in for FREE. This has all the makings of the ultimate cheapskate club ride.

We checked out the neat cars, vintage air planes, a few antique Harley's and an Indian. Couldn't help but notice the pans under them to collect the oil drippings. We then decided to meet in the parking lot and head back by Route 17 to avoid the traffic on Route 1. Bob got a bit delayed by people who wanted to talk about his bike. I knew he finally was on his way when I heard the guy with the microphone say, "There goes the BMW." Sure enough, it was him.

We had lots of fun on the way back passing cars on two lane roads and a gaggle of Gold Wing riders who insisted on staying in staggered formation rather than let us pass in the right lane. Call me unenlightened, but don't understand why anyone puts a teddy bear on the back of a motorcycle.

So what, if anything, have I learned lately? Two things. First, since I've read that my speedometer indicates about 10% slow I'm cranking up the speed a bit and passing

more vehicles. This can be fun. Second, even though I'm a sensitive caring sort of guy, and I don't discriminate against the owner of any brand of cycle, sometimes I can't help making fun of them either. Maybe I need to stay away from the Redneck.

Howard J. Feller

### LUDLOW-RADISSON-LUDLOW

The Bikes: ST1100 Honda~ John Lucas  
R80ST~ Ted Hall  
R1100RT~ Gerry Dockum  
R1100RT~ Jack Sabey  
K1200LT~ Rob Mitchell  
K100RT~ Roger Reckis

The Plan: To stick our fingers in the James Bay and taste the salt water. And to tour the Hydro-Quebec dam. 1130 miles, straight north to the end of the road. Gerry showed us this article from the AMA Motorcycle magazine to Roger (R2) during the winter.

R2 took a day on the computer and making some calls to Radisson to set up a tour. No small task, they don't conduct tours this time of year, it's too early in the season. R2 made it happen. But I'm ahead of the story, so let's start from 0700, Thursday morning, when 5 of us met at the NAPA store in Ludlow, Vermont. All gassed and bladders empty, we headed for the border. Our first stop was to clear customs and dash for Val d'Or (Valdor), 539 miles. R2 was to join us later, resumably around midnight because of work commitments. Once you clear Montreal and get into the park, Reserve Faunique La Verendrye, you can step up the speed to 85mph and won't be bothered by the provincial police. And we did! I had a bit of trouble however. My bike has a mini fairing and I got soaked before leaving Vermont in a steady rain. Change of clothes and all was fine, for awhile. My electrics couldn't keep me warm at the speeds we were traveling. John loaned me a pair of dry gloves, mine were soaked, but I was still miserable. Rain, ugh. Somewhere along the trail, Rob was asked if we could test ride the K1200LT. Sure, no problem, I'll be happy to loan it to you. Ha, says I, jump on this old boxer for a 100 miles in this

crappy weather and I'll lose a friend. More on this later!

We arrived in Val d'Or and searched out the motel, a Comfort Inn. Presenting ourselves, the clerk knew nothing of our arrival. And you guessed it, there was a book reading convention in town and nothing available. Sound like a fun trip so far? So the clerk gets on the phone and makes contact with a small motel/hotel down the street and we are golden. More than comfortable for 5 tired guys. We parked the bikes near the reservation desk side of the motel for security and in hopes of R2 seeing the bikes there when he pulled into town at midnight.

Off to score a meal and coffee. The temps were down to 36 degrees, raining lightly, overcast and blowing. Found a great restaurant in town, all within walking distance. Pacini Italian. Features a bread bar. A hot griddle. You select your sliced bread (7 different kinds), toast it, then when it's done, there are 5 different spreads. Garlic, tarragon, onion, butter, pesto. I had 6 slices before I was done. Hey, you gotta keep up the body/core temperature! They food was excellent and the gourmet desserts were to die for. What a treat in a small town out on the frontier. I left the party and headed back to the motel to explore the town a little and who should be walking on the otherside of the street, yepper, it was R2. He blasted up from Springfield, Vermont. So now we were the team North.

The next day it was raining, blustery, 44 degrees at departure time and the weather station showed rain and the temperatures falling. What are we nutz? The next stop was Matagami, the last gas before the Stopping Point 237 miles up the road. Serious business here. 237 miles, no gas or help at all. Nothing! And it's raining and I am already cold and damp. We fueled up at Matagami, slammed down some food in a small eatery and headed to the Ranger Station to check in. You don't go on this road without letting some authority know you are out there. Its raining, I am now wet at the hands and stomach plus my feet feel wet (though they are not). R2 is the only one carrying spare gas. I have a PD tank, so I have the range of 350 miles, the rest of the bikes will make it if we travel about 75mph. No more and fuel suffers. It's raining, and the group splits off, three and three. Rob,

Gerry and I stick it out as the slow group, the others get out in front and disappear in 5 minutes. At 17 miles I'm asking whether this is all worth it or not. I didn't come all this way to blow it off--I want to continue but I am struggling. The rain is steady and the wind is howling at 75 miles an hour. We are bucking head winds, mostly coming at us from the northwest, my left side is noticeably colder than my right. At 37 miles, I am pissed that I didn't bring a Winnebago. I start to form little fragmented songs in my head. I don't know a song from beginning to end, so I take parts that I know and stick them together to make nonsensical songs with different tunes and melodies. Great entertainment for those that should be confined. Rob led the way. I thought about his offer to ride the LT, many times, but I at this point would have to pry his hot skinny hands off the bars and bury him in the bush to just ride on. At 137 miles, I had to stop and see what else I had for clothes in the saddlebags that wasn't wet. Gerry offered an unused rain jacket to put under my Motoport Rainproof Jacket. I was wet. A few more long sleeve shirts and yet another pair of dry gloves and we were on the way. My First Gear pants worked perfectly. Only 100 miles to go. The rest of the way was singing and figuring a way to kill Rob for the bike. At 225 miles we caught up the other group, John and Roger down to 60 to 65 mph, almost out of gas. At one point they stopped and waited for us, then kept going. Clearly these guys were ready to jettison me for a warm shower and food, but they stuck it out and stayed with me.

Radission, at last! Tears welled up in my eyes, then promptly froze. It was a steady 35 degrees. We checked in and got permission to park the bikes right in front of the motel entrance. After getting registered, we all parked out front like we owned the joint. We... except me. The bike was dead. Hit the starter button--click, click--then no lights or dash cluster activity. Ok, push to jump. Nope, nobody home. Now I get to warm up a little, I get to push that cute little boxer back up the hill and park it next to those other pretty bikes. I wonder if they will miss Rob back down in New Jersey Tuesday morning?

There were power lines and power grids in every direction you looked. The motel was new looking and very modern. Its was the

cultural center of town, with bar, swimming pool, spa, rooms, full grocery, post office, interpretive center for the dam, information center, and much more. Two restaurants in town, one a snack bar, and one a full serve. After dinner, I am going to trouble shoot and see what is going on with the bike. Hot tubby, core heat returned, off to a delightful dinner with the boys. Dinner was substantial and offers of advice crept into the conversations as to what could be the problem. I figured with all this muscle power around me, we could at least push the bike back down to Montreal and have it serviced there. After dinner, I scooted up to the bike and quickly found a loose negative battery terminal connection. Ah, life is good! The only other bike problem we had was Jons ST1100 was down on power and gas consumption. The next morning before we went on the dam tour, we changed out his plugs and all was well.

We were to meet up with our tour guides at 0800, an office or two from the main entrance to the hotel. The Interpretive Center is interesting, a stuffed caribou and an attacking wolf full size, are the main features in the center of the display area. Also Indian lore and artifacts, and a fish tank with a white fish in it, about 18 inches long. If you have the time and can read, it would take about 1/2 an hour to go through there. We can't read, so we blew thru there and took a few pics of the attacking wolf and shot glances at the pics on the wall and were outta there in 4 minutes flat. We met our tour guide, a full blown marketing professional and all around great guy, Pierre. Pierre was with us sods for 5 hours, enduring loads of questions and reeling off the answers. What he didn't know for sure, he answered with authority, plausible lies and we all got along quite well. This guy should be a motorcyclist. The introduction took about an 1-1/2 hours in an amphitheater that can seat 120. It was all ours, plus the beautiful Marie Pierre, a young lady in training. She can do the tour as a French-speaking guide, but was learning the ropes in English by tagging along. We also had another pretty lady with us, our own Nancy the bus driver, the private 12 seater that took us out to the dam. I can't begin to tell you about how this dam works, it would take too long and I can see some of you beginning to nod off at

your monitors already. So, off to the dam. Hop on the bus, Gus, (I had to say that, part of a song) and a drive around tour that ate up the rest of the 5 hours. We drove down into the center of the dam, 550 feet below ground. The turbines are huge. The chamber is 1/2 mile long inside, all open, and several stories high below that. A walk-about in this impressive site. Hundreds of things to see and experience. Its somewhat overwhelming to envision the size and magnitude of this whole concept, but you know what? It works. This is where almost all the electricity comes from for huge cities like Quebec City and Montreal. 40% of Vermont gets their electricity from this facility, and its 1000 miles from Radisson. And it's renewable!

As we were coming out of the dam, Pierre asked if we would like to take our motorcycles down into the dam for pics. Yo!, did we hear right? You bet we do! We had some hard miles to put on that afternoon to get within our destination for that night, but made time for the photo opportunity. Hey, you can always make it up on the road, right? We went back to the motel, suited up, and Marie Pierre jumped on Rob's bike, the lucky rascal, and down into the hole we went. We lined the bikes up on the main floor and burned 10 kilowatts of flashbulbs worth getting some great pics. Then up to top and some sunshine. Last year, during the summer from June to September 4th, they had 14 hours of sunshine, total! We brought them a little squirt.

Gassed and ready to roll, we blasted to the first waypoint, 150 miles to the south. We rolled most of the way between 85 to 95 mph. Ain't no stinking boxer gonna get left behind on this trip! The name of the place where you have to get fuel is called the Stopping Place on the maps. It's north of Eastmain near the Eastmain River. You have to stop here for gas. This next stretch is 237 miles long to Matagami. It has fuel pumps, a cafeteria, repair facilities and a few rooms in bungalows. I was going to bail out here going north because I was pretty well knackered and wanted to stay the night and join the boys the next day, but with Jacks caution and sympathy, Robs stares of "you wimp, I don't even have a heated seat" look, Johns warm gloves, Gerry's concern for ALL of us making it together, and R2's

sharp pointed tongue and long stout stick that waves back and forth "scum wimp," I made the only choice, continue on. The fuel is priced at 98 cents per liter. You pay it and hold your tongue.

We tempered our riding habits for the next stint. Holding for 75 to 80 mph to Matagami. We pulled into Matagami late afternoon. Tired but feeling pretty giddy. It was a great evening around the dinner table. Locker room type of goosing went on. We were a happy group. Jokes and laughter and good food and beer. Man, it doesn't get any better than this. We were having the time of our lives. Six happy guys. We have seen the most incredible sights, ridden an awesome road and nobody has falling down. What else can you ask for? And we are almost home.

The next morning, we have about 500 miles to go to get to Montreal. So up and early we rise, eat, and dress for the highway. The weather is going to be pleasant enough. We are all electrified, but toward the end of the day I think most of electric clothing is turned off or is down. For the meek and mild, you may skip over the next paragraph.

Our next jaunt is through the parc, Reserve Faunique La Verendrye, 160 miles of 100 mph sweepers. We averaged 95mph for 150 miles. We passed everything in sight. And that was about 30 vehicles the whole way. We had a Lexus join us for about 50 miles, but he couldn't keep the pace and backed off. What slowed us down was a provincial cop running radar on the southern end of the parc. Gerry leading the whole way and keeping the blistering pace, he saw a cop pull over coming at us down at the bottom of the hill and toned it down to 85 mph. They don't bother you at that speed up there. That was the 4<sup>th</sup> time in the trip that we went by cops at 85 mph and they just waved. Great country, Canada, eh?

We got south of Montreal in no time and most of us wanted to sleep in our own beds that night. We hit the Duty Free at the border, remember to remember your license plate number if you go through any border dealings, and shot for home. We all got home just after nightfall to warm beds and happy spouses.

We all highly recommend this trip to any adventurer out there, its a wonderful

experience, great destination and loads of fun.

Oh by the way, we never did get to stick our fingers in the James Bay, thats for another day!

Cheers,  
ted hall

### LUNCH AT HELENS

The plan is, Saturday the 23 leave Street Cycles at 6:30 a.m. A short hop to Moody's for breakfast. Hope to leave Moody's around 8 a.m. depending on how busy they are. Rt. 235 to Union and 131 to Belmont Connors on Rt.3. Rt. 3 to Ellsworth and stop for gas. Rt 1 East to 182 which connect Rt. 1 again in Harrington. On to Machias and stop at Helens for lunch. Next 192 North to Rt.9 and west on 9 to Bangor for fuel. Then down 95 to Brunswick and Portland. Rain date is the 24. This is a 400 mile plus run and your bike should be in tip top shape. If there are any questions members can E-mail or call in the evening at 883-3773. The club has done this ride before with great success. The plan is ride safe and sane! We are out to have a great ride with good food and good friends, not to set a land speed record.

Ride safe. Jim.

### FOR SALE

BMW tank bag for K 75 or 100. Like new. \$150. Also floor boards for passenger's pegs. Will also fit R bikes. \$50. Howard Feller Day 780-8835. Eve. 846-6514. Email hfeller@banet.net

1996 R1100RT, red, 18,186 miles, A.B.S., heated grips, scuff pads, engine guard, throttle lock, complete luggage, excellent condition. \$11,250. Also have trailer hitch and Garmin G.P.S. III plus for bike.  
1996 R850R, green, 14,339 miles, with matching bullet fairing, BMW hard luggage, excellent condition. \$6,900 Jim Hill for both 207-892-8912

## 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.

The latest thing to come out of the tourist trap near Acadia, from a person who shall remain nameless, but she really didn't need to bust the chops of the driver who claimed to be lost, is a set of rules that should make the world a better place to live in. M\*R\*H\* STE\*A\*T'S TIPS FOR REDNECKS

GENERAL: 1. Never take a beer to a job interview. 2. Always identify people in your yard before shooting at them. 3. It's considered tacky to take a cooler to church. 4. If you have to vacuum the bed, it is time to change the sheets. 5. Even if you're certain that you are included in the will, it is still rude to drive the U-Haul to the funeral home. DINING OUT: 1. When decanting wine from the box, make sure that you tilt the paper cup and pour slowly so as not to "bruise" the fruit of the vine. 2. If drinking directly from the bottle, always hold it with your hands. ENTERTAINING IN YOUR HOME: 1. A centerpiece for the table should never be anything prepared by a taxidermist. 2. Do not allow the dog to eat at the table, no matter how good his manners are. PERSONAL HYGIENE: 1. While ears need to be cleaned regularly, this is a job that should be done in private using one's OWN truck keys. 2. Even if you live alone, deodorant is not a waste of good money. 3. Use of proper toiletries can only delay bathing for a few days. 4. Dirt and grease under the fingernails is a social no-no, as they tend to detract from a woman's jewelry and alter the taste of finger foods. DATING (Outside the Family): 1. Always offer to bait your date's hook, especially on the first date. 2. Be assertive. Let her know you're interested: "I've been wanting to go out with you since I read that stuff on the bathroom wall two years ago." 3. Establish with her parents what time she is expected back. Some will say 10:00 PM. Others might say "Monday," If the latter is the answer, it is the man's responsibility to get her to school on time. THEATER ETIQUETTE: 1. Crying babies should be taken to the lobby and picked up immediately after the movie has

ended. 2. Refrain from talking to characters on the screen. Tests have proven they can't hear you. WEDDINGS: 1. Livestock, usually, is a poor choice for a wedding gift. 2. Kissing the bride for more than 5 seconds may get you shot. 3. For the groom, at least, rent a tux. A leisure suit with a cummerbund and a clean bowling shirt can create a tacky appearance. 4. Though uncomfortable, say "yes" to socks and shoes for this special occasion. DRIVING ETIQUETTE: 1. Dim your headlights for approaching vehicles, even if the gun is loaded and the deer is in sight. 2. When approaching a four-way stop, the vehicle with the largest tires does not always have the right of way. 3. Never tow another car using panty hose and duct tape. 4. When sending your wife down the road with a gas can, it is impolite to ask her to bring back beer too. 5. Do not lay rubber while traveling in a funeral procession. Wisdom of the month. Don't worry about bitiin' off more than you can chew. Your mouth is probably a whole lot bigger than you think. I'm still not sure if I understand ambiguity. The shortest distance between two points is how far apart they are. There are only three kinds of people, people who can count and people who can't. Men like4 BMW's because they can spell it. The difference between a man and ET is that ET phoned home. Prepositions are not words to end sentences with.

Till next time, keep the rubber side down.  
Redneck