



Motor City Beemers



Club Newsletter

BMW MOA Club #231

BMW RA Club #209

September 2005

Volume 13, Number 9

OCTOBER MEETING

Our next meeting will be held Saturday October 1st at 10:30am.

RIDE AND EVENT SCHEDULE FOR 2005

October 1st - Resturant TBD & Cabela's, Dundee - Ives Potrafka & Frank Emmerich

October 15th & 16th - Annual Blair color tour - Rhys and Ryan Blair

November 5th - Lunch at Lafayette Coney Island in Detroit - Frank Emmerich

December 3rd - No ride scheduled - Lunch somewhere

Rhys sends along the following account of his trip to the 31st Annual Finger Lakes Rally at Watkins Glen in New York.

On Friday morning, September 2, 2005 Steve Penczak, John Either, Ives Potrafka and Rhys Blair, all Motor City Beemer Club members started out from Clinton Township to attend the 31st Annual Finger Lakes Rally at Watkins Glen, New York. We were bid farewell by members of the Blair family who couldn't attend. Photos were taken, hugs and kisses exchanged and after a tearful plea from Duncan that he wouldn't take up very much room and he could be ready in 5 minutes, the group was off and riding by 7:07 a.m.

Our first stop was the Algonac ferry where we crossed into Canada and planned on taking the short route. Supposedly it was 391 miles from my place to the camp ground, forget that. Our next stop was Rachel's Diner in downtown McKay's Corners. There we all ate the morning special, drank lots of coffee and posed for photos again. Rachel and her husband take photos of all their guests. Rachel's husband wanted to get his "hog" into the photo too! He come around the corner with a stationary exercise bike, an old 50's style motorcycle hat like pilots used to where and a leather jacket I think, what a hoot. We took pictures too and one will show up eventually in Betty's club album. We rode route 3 all the way to Fort Erie stopping for gas only once in a town called Cayuga where gas was \$1.38 a liter or \$5.52 a gallon. Needless to say we couldn't wait to get out of the 51st state as quickly as possible.

At the border all went well except that they kept John a little longer than they kept the rest of us. I don't know if he was making time with the Customs agent or they were giving him a hard time.

Next we traveled U. S. 20 once we found it and headed for somewhere to eat. Apparently once you retire, some folks do two things relatively often. They have to pee and they like to eat more than not...preferably more. We finally stopped at a place called Lincoln New York where we had lunch. I learned that in upstate New York the locals like to eat macaroni salad with their Friday fish, not macaroni and cheese like we do here in Michigan. Now back on the bikes we made one more stop to pee and get a drink and then off to the rally. We rolled into Hidden Valley very close to 6:00 p.m. after being on the rode for 11 hours.

We checked in, found ourselves a couple of campsites and commenced to set up "camp." Now this was a site to see. Steve and I have been riding together for 21 years and camping for the same length of time. We have progressed from sleeping on the ground to living in pop up campers with many luxuries of home. Now our two other riding companions have not been camping since their mothers had them in short pants and they were wearing Cub Scout neckerchiefs. Ives pulled a new trailer behind his Lt and had a lot of stuff in it. The thing that amazed me was an air mattress that was at least 2 feet high, I kid you not...2 feet high when fully blown up. In fact once he managed to get on top of it, he only had about 10 inches from the end of his nose to the top of the tent for clearance. I think next trip he will be getting a larger sleeping bag too! This one only come up to the middle of his chest when it or he was fully deployed. John on the other hand was a real trooper. At age 57 he went out and borrowed a whole bunch of camping gear and managed to bungee, tie and tape it to his motorcycle. The only thing he didn't bring was his bike cover and he moaned about that every morning when he saw how drenched his bike was from the heavy dew. Now John's air mattress was no where near as big as Ives. In fact I don't think we ever saw it totally inflated. We did however at different times during he night hear John swearing at the instructions as he was attempting to reinflate it again at 2:00 a.m. by the light of a flashlight.

Mornings were exciting as it was always a race to get to the showers early enough to beat the rush. We were usually drapsing off in the dark to ensure our spot in line or get there first. It wasn't unusual to be up between 5-5:30 a.m. to get that shower. Once the sun come up and the dew was dried and the nip in the air was gone we started breakfast. The first morning out we had a western scramble with cheese, sausage gravy with fresh orange juice and camp fire coffee. You just can't beat eating outside in the early morning, barely before it's light and you can make out what it is you're eating. The smell of coffee and taste of diet Coke just makes your mouth water.

By 8:30 we were ready to ride. We left camp and rode up the east side of Lake Seneca via 414 and 96A then crossed over on 5 to Lake Cayuga and followed 89 down to the college town of Ithaca. (Where by the way there is NO STARBUCKS COFFEE to the dismay of one of our esteemed riders.) We had to settle for a Jimmy Johns sandwich and a soda as they call it in New York. Then we headed up the east side of Lake Cayuga via 34B and 90 until we reached U.S. 20. We then head west to 14 and back down to the camp grounds for dinner. It was a great ride and we covered about 250 miles or so on this ride.

Saturday night after dinner we checked out the vendors and bought a few "must haves, once in a life time deals" and then mingled with the crowd before heading back to our little community to have a "few" and talk about the day's ride. After a "few" we turned in and dreamed of riding more on Sunday.

Sunday morning come along just like Saturday morning did, but this time John was the first one up. Apparently he spent most of the night wrestling with his air mattress and as I see it, the mattress won out. John looked and sounded like he had been beaten severely from head to foot with a wet noodle. After a breakfast of pancakes, real maple syrup, sausage, bacon, fried spam, juice and more camp fire coffee, John decided it was in the best interest of safety and ours that he remain in camp and rest a little. He wasn't feeling all that fine and thought that a little quiet time would make a big difference. We tried to talk him out of it, but to no avail. So we three mounted up and headed south to Pennsylvania to see the Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania which is located just off U.S. 6 near a town called Ansonia in Colton Point State Park. From there we headed east on 660 to Wellsboro then south on 287 to Morris and east on 414 to Canton. From Canton south on 154 to Estella. From Estella I wanted to get to 220 north via Overton and New Albany. My map showed two roads that were supposed to be paved. Apparently I took a wrong turn somewhere and finally had to turn the lead over to Ives and his trusty GPS unit. We managed to get to New Albany alright...via two dirt roads of which one didn't look much more than a hunting trail. It had big rocks protruding from places in the road as well as a deer we surprised as it was grazing in the middle of this "road." When we pulled into New Albany we needed gas and lunch. We pulled into the only open gas station and had to wait behind a guy filling up his Craftsman riding mower. We didn't stay around after that for lunch. Up the road we stopped and grabbed a bite to eat before heading north to the camp for dinner. We pulled into the camp ground with 30 minutes to spare before our evening meal was served. Again we checked out the vendors, picked up 3 bags of ice and headed back to the camp site for a "few." Sunday night was awards night and we headed back to the main center to hear everything and pick up our prizes.

We learned that there were over 1200 attendees and how many bikes there were and how old and far folks rode in from. We didn't win any door

prizes or the 50-50 raffles either. Again we checked out the crowd and then headed back to the camp ground for a "few." I went to bed early so I could get a jump on the showers.

Most of us were up very early and we started breaking camp as soon as we could see what the blazes we were doing. We had agreed we wanted to be on the road by 7:00 a.m. since Steve had to ride the 700 mile trip back to Addison Illinois in one day. The rest of us only had about 540 miles or so to ride. The ride started out pretty exciting as there was a lot of fog in the low lying areas and we had about 50-60 miles to ride before the fog burned off. The night before a local told us to watch our speeds and be real careful of the deer, they were moving early this year for some reason. Needless to say, I was a little bit nervous as I coaxed the LT through the shroud of white mist that looked like what a pilot must see when he is flying through a cloud. By 9:00 a.m. we finally found a little town called Cuba for breakfast and there we ate and peed again. By now I figured out that if I even thought I had to go, then John's eyeballs were floating and I better pull over or he'd wet himself. I heard later he never wanted to ask me to stop cause I only stop for gas. When I stop for gas I get gas, empty my bladder and eat all in one stop and get back on the bike and head for the next gas station down the road some 240 miles. Isn't that what riding is all about?

We left Cuba and our next stop was west of Cleveland for another "rest" stop and lunch, no gas. Our last stop was on the I-80/90 turnpike where we stopped the last time for gas and to say our goodbyes. Steve would continue on to Addison, Illinois, Ives would drop off and take U.S. 23 from Toledo out to South Lyons and only John and I would head for Clinton Township. All in all it was a great riding weekend and a wonderful time with club members. My helmet is off to Ives and John for their valiant attempt at camping for the first time in in some 50 years. Here's to next year when we head out to the Hard to Be Humble Rally in August in Pontiac Illinois.

Rhys

From the Prez...

From the Prez... has been my byline for most of the past 13 years. Two years ago Matt McGuire was the Prez. He served his term and retired. Last year John Ethier accepted the position as club president. He served his term and retired. Thanks to both of these guys for giving me a break, but in some cases I still ran the club. So here we are again and after the better part of 13 years I am still the Motor City Beemers Club President. I have few regrets. But it's time for me to retire from running the club. I DO NOT want to leave the club without someone keeping the club alive.

So here's the good news, Ives Potrafka has accepted the position of President. That's really good news because Ives will be an active President. I will stick around as Vice President and assist Ives throughout the next year. We think our activities will continue to be the annual Frankenmuth luncheon in June, the annual picnic in September, and the monthly meetings and lunch ride. What will be discontinued is the annual dinner. There will be an Officer meeting within the next few weeks to work out the transition and details.

Changes. Jim Musgrave and I have been buddies for most of the last 18 or so years. We met when I got my first BMW back in 1984 and he got a BMW dealership shortly afterwards. Just a short time later, the Motor City Beemers was formed. Jim and I worked out a way to help each other out. I kept the club involved with his dealership, and Jim supported this club like no other dealer I've ever heard of. We have been a good team. The Motor City Beemers can do without me, but it is with a sad heart that I have to tell all of you that Jim Musgrave is moving on. He came very close to closing down the Beemership. In fact last Friday he was closing the doors.

More changes. Cliff Trudeau has been a partner of Jim's for many years. I don't know if the final papers have been approved by BMW as yet, but the plans are in place for Cliff to take over the ownership of BMW Motorcycle of Detroit. Cliff is a great guy and will need all of your support to keep the doors open.

Take a moment and absorb that sentence "In fact last Friday he was closing the doors".

Let me just say this, and if I upset any of you, maybe you should consider what we have lost with the departure of Jim Musgrave and the almost closing of the Beemership. For those of you that purchased your tires at Blue Water Tire for a \$10 savings and then had them put on your bike at the Beemership, for those of you that went into the Beemership and tried on clothing / helmets / boots / etc. and then purchased them over the Internet, for those of you that purchased your accessories at a discount source and had the Beemership install them, this is all part of what caused Jim's departure. Yes the economy and other factors play into this, but the aforementioned certainly is a major contributor. You can't have it both ways. If you don't support your local dealer, you won't have one.

If we can't help Cliff keep the doors open, what have you lost? Buy your tires somewhere else and put them on yourself. Can't do that, try riding to Erhardt BMW and leave your bike there for several days, or ride all the way to Grand Rapids BMW. How much did you save on those tires??? Think what you could be losing without a BMW dealership close by. Sometimes it isn't just the obvious. The Beemership was closed for the Labor Day weekend. Jim drove all the way in from downriver to open just for our club meeting, and

had coffee ready when we arrived. He went back home after we left. I mentioned this in the club meeting. I hope you all remembered to thank Jim before you left. Again, what could you be losing? Think about it.

Frank the Prez...

Guess who submitted this?



**He wears his passion on his sleeve...
...but you notice what is closest to his heart !**

...from the BeemerShip by Pink Linguini

Usually Labor Day weekend sends us out of town visiting, traveling or getting that one last vacation in with the kids. However, about 20 members gathered on a gorgeous Saturday morning for our September club meeting. After Mr. Emmerich reviewed a brief agenda, I counted 12 bikes in the parking lot poised to follow Betty for our lunch ride to the Port Huron area. Knowing the roads and the route, I stayed mid-pack to ensure no one got lost.

The few twisty roads that Michigan offers between here and our destination were part of Betty's route so hopefully most of us enjoyed the ride and scenery. As oft times happens, our group became separated about half way through the voyage so Patricia, our fearless newsletter editor Mike "Big Dog - Rocket RAT" Picraux, and I were left to our ourselves to snake our way to lunch. No problem, despite the fact Patricia thought Betty's directions were "WAY OFF", unquote!

Abbotsford Road is a smooth stretch of asphalt with some very nice high-speed sweepers (theoretically, of course...although Valerie did seem to hold on just a wee bit tighter than usual!) taking you north from Lapeer Rd. to route 136. Continue east and you will eventually reach the northern end of Port Huron. Getting off the main drag and cruising through the neighborhoods, we headed south toward "The Bridge". The Bistro restaurant is a quaint little spot located in the shadow of the Blue Water Bridge and a stone's throw north of the Thomas Edison Hotel complex.



The 12 of us had the place to ourselves and were seated along one long table. I thought my lunch was very good, the prices reasonable, and the distinguished gentleman to my left, Mr. Ryan Blair, agreed - the chowder was absolutely divine! The manager assisted with our post lunch photo session and we were off to take a short break under the bridge.



Some folks elected to head immediately home, others lingered for a bit, so finally 4 bikes were left to head south and follow the water as closely as possible. With little holiday traffic to spoil the ride, an effortless cruise was the call for the balance of the afternoon.

Thanks to Glenn & Michelle Hibbert for the photos here and on the club website.

REMINDER: The semi-annual British, European, Japanese and Vintage Motorcycle Rally is Sunday, Oct. 2 in downtown Holly. It's a good time with some cool bikes. Maybe even an organized club ride ?!?!?

A little humor to brighten your day

THE DAILY ROUTINE

An Indian walks into a local café with a shotgun in one hand and pulling a male buffalo on a rope with the other hand. He tells the waiter, "Want Coffee."

The waiter replies, "Sure, Chief. Coming right up." He gets the Indian a tall mug of coffee. The Indian drinks the coffee down in one long gulp, turns abruptly, and blasts the buffalo with the shotgun, causing parts of the animal to splatter everywhere. Then he turns around and calmly walks out the door.

The next morning the Indian returns to the café. He has his shotgun in one hand and is pulling the buffalo with the other. He walks up to the counter and says to the waiter, "Want coffee."

The waiter says, "Whoa there, Tonto! We're still cleaning up your mess from yesterday. What was that all about anyway?"

[Hang on, I think you're going to like this one.]

The Indian smiles and proudly announces, "In training for upper management position: Come in... drink coffee... shoot the bull... leave mess for others to clean up... disappear for the rest of the day."

Motor City Beemer Name Tags

Our Motor City Beemers name tags are available for purchase at Highest Honor, Inc. Highest Honor, Inc is located at 34777 Dequindre Road, Troy, Michigan 48083. Their shop is located on the west side of Dequindre Road, just south of 15 Mile Road. Herb and Jeff have a die set up already with our club logo on it. The cost of one name tag is just \$8.00. The Motor City Beemers picked up the cost of the die set back in August 2003.

The easiest way to get your name tag is send an email to Jeff at www.jeff@highesthonor.biz and spell out exactly what you want on the name tag and when you would like to pick it up.

You can also call the guys at the shop at 248-588-7845 ask for Jeff and give him what you want on the name tag and they'll take care of it for you and let you know when you can pick it up.

So hurry up and get your special name tag engraved with **YOUR** one of a kind moniker. There will be special attention paid to those members that show up to the club meetings with their new name tag displayed proudly on their chests.

FOR SALE:

2004 R1150RT - 4200 MILES. LEE & BAILEY WINDSCREEN. ENGINE GUARDS. TRUNK. TANK BAG. \$13,500 O.B.O.

CONTACT FRANK 586-997-6892 OR BMWFRANK@COMCAST.NET OR SEE JIM AT THE BEEMERSHIP.

K75RT 1993, new pearl yellow paint, bags, trunk, heated grips, electric windsheild, corbin seat, rack, w/p shock, new battery, new tires, fuel and temp gauges, all fluids and servicing done including spline lube, This bike needs nothing but an owner/rider. \$ 5200.00 Dale & Denise. 734-7898249

1995 K1100 LT , all stock (bags, trunk, radio with rear speakers, heated grips, elec. windsheild, gauges, touring seat,) heavy metallic gun metal gray paint, new battery, new tires and all servicing done , including spline lube. \$ 5900.00 Dale & Denise 734-7898249

1986 K100 RT, New Black paint, new seat, very good tires, new battery, all service done, bags, \$ 3500.00 Dale & Denise 734-7898249

1994 BMW K75 for sale, "naked bike" with BMW Windshield (upright police style), Integral Cases, Dowco cover, non-ABS, new Metzeler tires, oil & filter just changed. Second owner, only 1700 miles...not a typo...seventeen hundred miles. Dark gray-green metallic.

This is essentially a brand-new K75. I travel constantly and have other projects that need my attention...bike has never seen mud, snow, or salt. MOA member since 2003. Serious inquiries only, \$5000.

Call Chris, (248) 761-6563, Southfield. Pix available on request.

Close out special!

Battery Tender (Gel) new this year - \$35

Stock R1150RT windscreen - \$35

Cathy's blue saddle bags (fit most any R Beemer) - \$10 for both

EZ covers (large and small) - \$2 each

Olympia Wind Tex leather gloves XL - \$10

Triumph rain suit (when Jim sold Triumph's) red/black Large (never worn) - \$20

Standard medium size helmet, white (Kris's seldom worn) - \$20

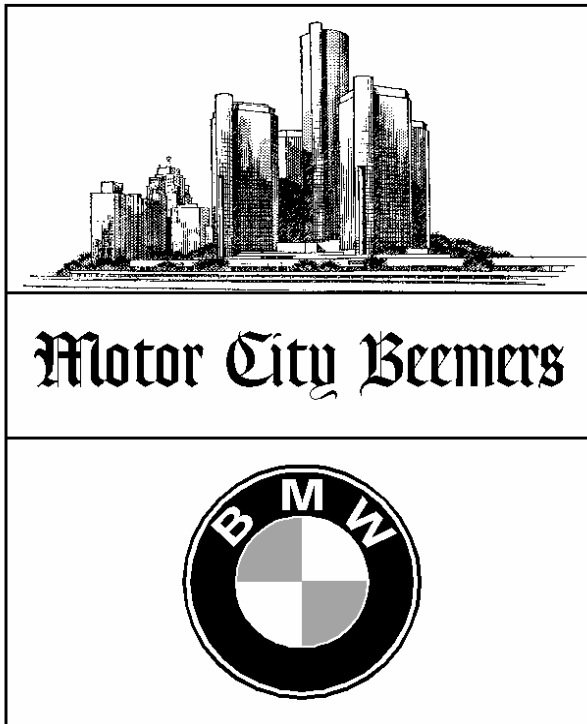
Rukka rain over gloves (never worn) - \$10

All items in great shape. Won't be used again.

Contact Frank 586-997-6892 or bmwfrank@comcast.net

WANTED

I would like to buy a used low drivers seat as I am too short for comfortable riding.
Bill Meier 810-987-4566 meierbj2@comcast.net



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