



Motor City Beemers

Club Newsletter



BMW MOA Club #231

BMW RA Club #209

August 2004

Volume 12, Number 6

September meeting

Our next meeting will be held Saturday September 4th.

September 11th Picnic

MOTOR CITY BEEMERS ANNUAL PICNIC

WHEN & WHERE: SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 11TH. STONY CREEK METRO PARK AT THE LAKEVIEW PAVILION (SAME LOCATION AS IN PAST YEARS)

TIME: 11AM TO ABOUT 7PM.

STEAKS PROVIDED BY DR. PHIL "WHERE'S THE BEEF" MARTIN, AND GRILLED TO PERFECTION BY RHYS "THE MASTER CHEF" BLAIR. CONDIMENTS, BEVERAGES AND OTHER ESSENTIALS PROVIDED BY ABLE ASSISTANTS MATT MCGUIRE AND FRANK EMMERICH.

MINIMAL RULES:

1. NO GLASS CONTAINERS ALLOWED.
2. LUNCH WILL BE SERVED AT 1:30PM SHARP!!!
3. WE NEED A FIRM HEAD COUNT BY SEPTEMBER 4TH. IF YOU DON'T LET ME KNOW YOUR COMING, WE WON'T HAVE A STEAK FOR YOU. PRETTY SIMPLE EH?

THIS IS GENERALLY AN ADULT PICNIC. IF YOU BRING ANY CHILDREN, WE WILL PROVIDE HOT DOGS. STEAKS ARE FOR THE ADULTS.

THIS IS A MEMBERS ONLY FUNCTION. IF YOUR SPOUSE OR SIGNIFICANT OTHER ISN'T A MEMBER, GET WITH OUR TRESURER DIANE OWEN AND SIGN THEM UP AS AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER (\$5) ASAP.

PLEASE STICK AROUND TO ASSIST WITH THE CLEAN UP AROUND 6:00PM.

IF YOU HAVE A COOLER OR OTHER ITEMS THAT DON'T FIT WELL ON YOUR MOTORCYCLE, BRING THEM TO MY HOUSE FRIDAY EVENING 9/10 AND I WILL TRANSPORT THEM TO THE PICNIC IN MY 4 WHEELER FOR YOU.

REMEMBER TO CONFIRM YOUR ATTENDANCE BY 9/4 TO ME AT ANY OF THE FOLLOWING:

586-612-3131 OR JETHIER@COMCAST.NET

JOHN

Monthly Club rides

Ride schedule for the remainder of the 2004 riding season:

Saturday, September 4 - Rhys Blair to the Pickle Barrel, Rawsonville

Saturday, October 2 - Diane Owen , TBD

Saturday, November 6 - Frank Emmerich to Lafayette Coney Island, Detroit
(probably by automobile)

Saturday, December 4 (wishful thinking)

Chris Messenger's account of his trip to the rally in Spokane

I left here around 3am on the 8th. I wanted to try and get a jump on traffic. It sucks going around the south end of the lake over by Chicago. They'll never get that area straightened out. That first day I made it as far as Omaha before I stopped for the night. Not much to say about the ride that day, or the next for that matter. Just hours of staring at corn and farm fields. It wasn't until I got to Colorado that things started to get interesting. I was coming into Colorado Springs around 5 or 6pm and had my eye on the sky 'cause it was getting black real quick. And as I was going thru the city it began to rain. Then it began to pour and then the sky opened up and down it came. I had to take shelter under an old gas station canopy with four or five cars because it was hailing golf-ball sized chunks of ice! And it did that for about an hour. We sat and watched as the cars in the parking lot next door were dented from the impact of all the hail. The water was 6 inches deep in the gutters and running like a snarling river. It looked like a snowstorm and the ice was piling up in the parking lot. I had to remind myself that this was July... Then, slowly, it began to let up and just as quickly as the

storm came, it was gone. Another 15 minutes and the sun came back out and everything melted and the streets started to dry. It's a good thing because I was wondering how I would ride through all of it. As it was getting late in the day I decided to find a room for the night, so I stayed in Garden of the Gods. (weird name for a city, eh?)

The next morning I was up and out early and heading west on hi-way 50 towards Gunnison, CO. An old familiar route... Up and over Monarch Pass and down the other side. I was cruising along thinking how nice it was to get up and go for a ride in the mountains in the morning. Bright sun, crisp air... what more could you ask for? I was about 20 miles from Gunnison when I happened to look down and see that my low fuel light was on. And it shouldn't be. Then I glanced at my gas gauge and was surprised to see that it was falling at an alarming rate. What the hell??!!.... Since I was out in the middle of nowhere by now I decided to keep going and try to make it to town. It wasn't that far. But no such luck. At around 15 miles out the bike ran out of fuel and I coasted to a stop on the side of the road near an old (unused) post office/store/gas station. It was then that I saw what the problem was. A stream of fuel was shooting out about 6 feet from the right side of the bike. Not good. I uttered a few choice words and set about trying to find out what happened and if I could fix it. What I discovered was that a plastic part in the middle of the fuel line had broken in two and there was no way I could put it back together. So I unloaded the bike, got out my tool kit and cut the offending piece out. Now I just had to figure out a way to get the ends back together. Looking around I could find nothing that I could use and then I noticed three small rubber drain tubes poking out from under the bike. One of them looked to be just about the right size so I cut off a couple of inches and stuffed it into each end of the fuel line. Fortunately I had put some extra items in my kit before I left home, and one was a bag of plastic tie-wraps. (Now I understand why I had this strange sense of foreboding for a few days prior to leaving) I put a couple of 'em on and powered up the bike. But it leaked. So I put on a few more. This time it was enough. I fixed that, but now I didn't have any gas. What to do? Suddenly this guy walks up behind me (he must have been living(?) in the cluster of buildings) and asks what's going on. I tell him I need gas. He walks off and returns a few minutes later with a small amount from his lawnmower. I poured it in, turned the key, hit the starter and after a couple of tries the bike came to life. And it wasn't leaking! I thanked him many times and rode off slowly. I was feeling pretty good about having fixed that when the bike ran out of fuel....again. :(I determined that I was about 6 or 8 miles from town, so there was only one thing to do.... Push it. The only trouble was, I was at the bottom of a hill and it was a couple o' hundred yards to the top. Not a big hill, but still... You have no idea just how much that bike weighs until you have to muscle it along the shoulder. 30 feet....stop. 30 feet....stop. It's nearly 90 degrees. My throat is dry. My legs ache. I'm beginning to get dizzy. The sun is burning the tops of my ears. Finally I make it to the top and rest a bit before coasting down the other side. I rolled for about a mile. Then I pushed some more. Soon I hear a vehicle come up behind me and here's some guy in a jeep. He

says he'll go to town and see if he can get some gas. I push some more. Then the travel fairies looked down upon me and sent some help. Another jeep pulls up and two old guys from Kansas get out. One says they have gas on the back in a can, so I pour in a couple of litres and after thanking them over and over, I take off for town. I was only a mile away... I rode straight to a station and filled the tank to the brim. Then I filled my tank with a couple of beers (and alot of water) and took off.

Now I know that there's a rally about 50 miles from here in Paonia and so I went up around the north side of the Black Canyon and made my way towards it. I was hoping that I could get some mechanical help there, and as luck would have it, there was a BMW guru there who was able to help me out. I'll spare you the details, but we ended up cutting a piece of an aluminum tent pole and putting it in place of the rubber hose I installed. He gave me a couple of good clamps and I was back in business. This is when he told me how lucky I really was. The fuel system has about 80 pounds of pressure in it. The rubber tubing is not designed for that. Factor in the heat and a hot motor and he said that it could very well have ruptured and I would've been a fireball going down the road! The travel fairies were really looking out for me that day. With that out of the way, I set up my tent, got some dinner, had a few beers, listened to the band, and hung out with some guys from New Zealand until I got tired and wandered back to my tent. I slept like a rock.

Day three. I woke to the sound of a noisy old BMW twin as it left the area. This rally is over, and everyone is leaving. Most of 'em are probably heading for the MOA rally. I broke camp and packed the bike. It was now that I made the decision to head northwest (to Spokane) instead of southwest (to California). I figured that if anything else was gonna go wrong at least there would be other riders on the route that might be able to help if I should have more trouble. I'm somewhat confident that the bike will be alright, but.....just in case.....

I headed for Grand Junction, CO and then took a dip into Utah before crossing into Wyoming. It was hot as I made my way along the hi-way and I kept checking for leaks every now and then, but after a while I began to trust that the repair was going to hold and I stopped worrying about it. If it breaks, it breaks...

The road I chose took me up into Grand Mesa Forest and I welcomed the cooler air as I climbed up to Douglass Pass. It was still hot but not as bad as it was in the lower elevations. The switchbacks provided some some good riding and I was enjoying the views from the Pass as I shot over the top and made my way down the other side. The trees are behind me now and I'm back out in the desert-like landscape heading for Dinosaur, a small village near the border of Colorado and Utah. I took a few minutes rest in the shade of a billboard and wondered just what kind of creatures roamed here so many millions of years ago. I've been seeing signs pointing out fossil remains for the last couple of hours. I wish I had the time to go hunting for some of 'em, but I feel the need to press on. I turned north on 191 and began heading for Flaming Gorge and the resevoir that's held back by the dam. The road twisted and turned, and I was having a

ball. I admit I didn't really see much along here 'cause I had my eyes on the road. And then, all of a sudden, there I was, at the dam. I pulled into the parking lot and took a couple of minutes to check out the views. Having seen all I needed to see I jumped on the bike, waved to all three state troopers, and crossed the dam. It's a good thing they were parked here instead of out on the road somewhere. (I was speeding) :-)

Once across, the road switchbacked up and up until I could see where I had just been. (the troopers were still parked, thank goodness) I rolled on the throttle and put some distance between me and them. I had about 50 miles to go to reach Rock Springs, WY, and I didn't waste any time. The sun was starting to go down and I was feeling rather drained from the heat, so when I got into town I found a Super 8 and checked in. It was the pool that made up my mind to stay there for the night. I walked across the street, got some pizza and cooled off.

Monday morning... More sunshine. More blue skies. As I was getting the bike ready to go I saw a couple of other riders trying to push-start a bike in the parking lot and I lent a hand. They were a couple of weird goobers. I excused myself and went back to what I was doing. They finally got it running and took off. (I would run into one of 'em later on at the rally, but we didn't talk much)

I hate to admit it, but I got myself going the wrong way as soon as I left the motel. I missed the sign for 191 and turned onto I-80 East. I had to go 20 miles before I found an exit where I could turn around. Soooo, 40 minutes later I was right back where I started. This time I got myself going the right direction. 191 would take me north towards Jackson on a route that I had taken on an earlier trip. Some things looked familiar, but it was all still nice to look at. Just before Jackson I turned west on 89/26 and made my way to Idaho Falls. This was another fine ride through a canyon along the Snake River. And to my surprise, I rode right past the restaurant that I ate at a few years ago at the Nordic Inn. I had one of the best meals EVER at that place, served up by a big, friendly Mormon waitress. (but that's in another story) After I got through Idaho Falls I was westbound on 20 going towards Arco, ID. This is the area where the government energy labs are. Ryan and I came this way once and stopped at the entrance to the world's first nuclear plant. There's absolutely nothing out here. I guess they figured that if there was a disaster no one would be here to be affected by it. As I roll along I see the non-descript buses with the blacked-out windows taking the employees back to the city. It makes you wonder what really goes on out here. Soon I turn north again on 93 and begin to head for Missoula. This turned out to be a beautiful hi-way through another canyon. There are mountains, the Salmon River, trees... something new around every corner. I'm all by myself out here and it's a long time before I even see another car. And the road goes on, closely following the path of the river. Left, right, left... the bike handles it with ease. It's a hundred or so miles from where I turned off of 20 to the little town of Salmon, and it ends up taking longer to get there than I thought it would because I keep stopping to see stuff and take pictures. It's nearly 7pm when I pull into the only gas station. I spent a few minutes talking to the old guy that

runs it and he tells me that Hamilton (the next town) is about 100 miles away. I'm thinking 2 hours. He says it'll be more like 3. And that I should be on the lookout for animals. (there's Bighorn sheep out here..... among other critters) Off I go... The old guy should've warned me about the insects instead. As it got darker and cooler, they came out in the MILLIONS! It wasn't long before the entire front of the bike was covered with their little dead bodies. Twice I had to stop and clean the visor on my helmet. I didn't see a single animal. I wish I had entered this canyon earlier because it would've been alot more fun. This second hundred miles was better than the first. At this time of day the lengthening shadows and the angle of the sun were making it difficult to see the road in some places and I had to keep my speed down. But I press on and soon I arrived in Hamilton. It's about 9:45 and they're rolling up the sidewalks and most everything is closed, except for a Super 8. So I got a room. Dinner was a bag of goldfish and an iced tea. Yum...

Morning came up bright and sunny. (I don't know how much more of this I can take.) :-> I snicked the bike into gear and left for Missoula. I'll have breakfast there. There was some construction for a few miles that slowed my progress, but soon I was motoring along nicely with the morning rush hour traffic. If you can call it a 'rush'. Things are so different out west...

I found a place that I had eaten at the last time I was here and went inside. The hostess sat me near a couple of other BMW riders (Bill and Rich) and we sparked up a conversation. They were debating which way to go and I suggested that they take the Lewis and Clark Trail. (hi-way 12) This is perhaps the best 200 miles of canyon road I have found. (Tom and I rode this when we came out to the rally in Oregon) Rich had a problem with his bike and he went off to find the BMW dealership, while Bill and I hooked up and after a quick gas stop, launched ourselves into the canyon. He has a bike like mine and I was sure he could keep up with me so I jumped out in front and set a quick pace. This hi-way cuts through the bottom of a deep canyon and like the others, follows the path of the Lachsa River as it flows west. We were having a ball chewin' up the road! Leaning hard around the corners and passing cars at every chance. About 70 or 80 miles in is the gas stop at Lowell, (Cougar Canyon) and while we're here we meet a couple o' more riders. (Greg and Dave) We swap stories while taking a break from the hot sun under a large pine tree. Twenty minutes later Rich rides up. They couldn't do anything for him at the shop, so he left. Being as hot as it was, I told the guys about Frank's method of cooling off. Find a stream or river and go stick your feet in it. (it cools the blood) They all agreed this was a good idea, and so, with me in the lead, we take off to find a place to do just that. A few miles down river I spied the perfect spot. A beach. A white sandy beach about a hundred feet long where the river wasn't too deep. Now picture this... five bikers standing in the water with their pantlegs rolled up to the knees. We must've been a sight from the road! :) A half hour later we're all feeling better. But we feel the need to get moving, so with our boots back on we head out. I decide to ride anchor and let those guys have some fun on the twisties. We only get a

couple of miles before getting hung up behind a semi. Everyone passes in turn and shoots away. Except me. I can't get around because of the blind curves and on-coming traffic. So I waited for a safer spot to go around him. By then they had all gained quite a bit of ground on me, so I settled into a pace of my own and figured I'd just meet up with them later. I was wrong. They were flyin' and soon I knew that I was by myself. No matter.... I'll see 'em at the rally. So I made my way into Lewiston and took a break in a little sandwich shop where I had a big juicy burger and a beer.

Feeling refreshed, I stepped back outside into the heat and motored off through town. A few blocks away I turned north on 95 and headed up towards Coeur D'Alene, ID. A few miles north of Moscow, I spotted the junction for highway 6 and made the turn. On the map this was marked as the White Pine Scenic Byway, so I decided to check it out. It was a good (and bad) decision. Good because the scenery was great. The road was narrow in spots and the tall green pines grew close to the road. Their scent was heavy in the warm air. Bad because the road itself was in a state of dis-repair. It was difficult to tell whether it was just neglected, or if they were getting ready to repave it. Either way, I had to watch out for loose gravel and potholes. (just like Michigan roads). I'd gone about 30 miles when I reached the junction of 6 and 3. Turning left onto 3 I was heading north again. Farms dotted the landscape and the road weaved it's way along through the countryside. I slowed a bit and drank it all in.

A while later I was coming up on I-90 and I hopped on that for a short 18 miles and soon found myself coming into Coeur D'Alene from the east. My brother had been here years ago and told me that if I ever got up this way that I should take a look around. So I did. And he was right.....it's a nice little city. The downtown area is full of small stores and if you're the type who likes to browse you could spend a while walking the streets and checking out what they have to offer. Or you could walk down to the lake and go for a swim. I noticed quite a few people either going to, or coming from there. Moving up through town now, I encountered a moose at one of the intersections. No, not a real moose, but one of the fiberglass variety. As they have done here at home in some cities (with sheep, etc.) there are painted moose on the street corners all over town. Two of my favorites were the 'Moon' moose, painted to look like the lunar surface, and one that reminded me of a '60's acid trip with swirling yellow, blue and purple designs all over it. I would find out later that the local kids had been 'moose-tipping' late at night so they had to bolt them all to the ground in an effort to stop them. (Some things are the same wherever you go) :>)

Since the rally wouldn't start for two more days, and I needed a break from the heat, I checked into a motel and stayed for a couple of nights. There were quite a few riders in the area and I had plenty of interesting conversations with some of the other guests. Including one couple from Ontario who made the trip west on a converted Volkswagen Karmen Ghia trike. It was nicely done, but it wouldn't be my choice of transportation.

I slept in really late on Wednesday morning and by the time I got up and out it was nearing lunchtime, so I rode back downtown in search of someplace to eat. What I found

was the Coeur D'Alene Brewing Company. Started in 1908 and brewing ever since, they have perfected the art of creating that golden elixer that we all enjoy so much. If you should ever find yourself in that neck of the woods, be sure to stop and try out what they have to offer. I'm sure you won't be disappointed. Now, I don't advocate drinking and riding, for obvious reasons, so I paced myself carefully and then headed back to the motel for a swim in the hot afternoon sun. Unfortunately the pool was overcrowded with kids and I didn't get to do much more than hang out in one corner for a while, but it cooled me off. Afterwards, I spent a little time in the parking lot chatting with some of the other riders before heading back to my room. I can't believe how quickly the day flew by. Before I knew it, the sun was going down. I turned in early...

Thursday morning... The weather channel says another hot day is in store for the northwest. Highs are predicted to be in the 90's. I packed up and got on my way around 8:30. I had my choice of blasting into Spokane on I-90 or taking a more leisurely ride. So I opted for the latter of the two, and went north out of town on 95. A few miles up I turned west on 53 and followed that over to 290, which would take me into Spokane. It's only 30 or so miles so I just took my time. The fairgrounds weren't hard to find and when I arrived, I saw that the place was already beginning to fill up. It's only 11:30 in the morning! I was going to ride west for another hundred miles or so and see what was out there, but I changed my mind and went in to register. I know from previous experience that if you get to one of these rallies late, you'll have a hard time finding a spot to put up your tent. Those folks that get there early snag the best places. So I registered and went in to scope things out. I was surprised to see so many people there so soon. There were but a few trees on the site and very little shade to put a tent under, so I found a grassy spot and set up camp. While I was getting everything put together a guy from Mississippi came up and began setting up his stuff next to me. His name is Ian, and we got to talking about this and that. Nice guy... a map maker. Ex-service man. He's been all over the world and had plenty of stories to tell. We spent the rest of the afternoon checking out the vendors and then wandered over to the beer garden. There were plenty of people there escaping the hot sun... Later, the band came on and I stuck around to listen. They were fairly good.

I woke up this morning (Friday) in what felt like a sauna! The sun was heating up the inside of my tent and I wasted no time in getting out of it. Ian and I walked over to one of the food concessions and got some breakfast. Rally life is so laid-back. There's no need to hurry or rush, and there's no shortage of conversation. I must've talked to two dozen people about their experiences. It was going on noon before I realized it. So, around one o'clock I decided to go out for a little ride and see what's here. A riverfront park with some waterfalls is the main attraction downtown, but beyond that I didn't see anything special. It's just another city. I can hear my stomach growling over the exhaust note of my bike so I know it must be lunchtime. I spotted a little corner bar called the Red Lion a couple of blocks away and went inside. The second I sat down a local couple having lunch next to me started a conversation and offered up some

information about Spokane. I was surprised to find out that the median income there is very low and there's quite a bit of poverty. That explains all the people standing on street corners with signs begging for money or food. I guess I just didn't expect that. It was just about this time that I noticed, through the window, a group of street urchins milling around outside by my bike. I asked the waitress if my stuff would be ok out there, and she said I should probably keep an eye on it. These ratty-looking people live in the apartments above the bar in this old four-story building and she says that sometimes you have to keep a watchful eye out. I finished my lunch, had a quick chat with the owner of the bar and split.

Once outside, I looked at the map and saw that Mt. Spokane wasn't far from here, so I went north to find it. Fighting traffic in the heat wasn't much fun and I was glad when I reached the turnoff for the State park about 15 miles away. The road was under construction and I had to go slow because of the gravel, but soon it ended and the surface got better. The road began to climb. Up and up I went on this narrow two-lane. It was kinda spooky. No guard-rails, very steep dropoffs... Where was I going? It turns out that it took me right to the very tip-top of the mountain. A skiers paradise in the winter with verticle runs that disapeared over the edge of the road. Finally I made it to a parking lot. I got off and walked a couple o' hundred feet to an old stone building called the Vista House that was built in 1934 as a place for the skiers to get in out of the cold. I talked to some other riders who were up here trying to escape the heat down below, got some photos, and then headed back down. An hour later I was back at the rally where I changed into my shorts and headed for the beer garden. For the shade, of course. :>)

Sometime during the late afternoon or early evening I ran into Greg and Dave, two of the guys I met at Cougar Canyon, and Gregs friend Todd. We were laughin' it up when this guy named Dutch joined our little group. He's quite a character with a great sense of humor, and it wasn't long before we were all carryin' on like we were old friends. I laughed so hard for so long that my face hurt! I can't even begin to write about all the stuff we talked about, so you'll just have to use your imagination. Hours later I wandered back to my tent and fell asleep to the sound of the trains that rumbled by just outside of the fairgrounds.

Saturday.... I wasn't nearly as quick getting up this morning as I was yesterday even though the heat was on again. When I finally did emerge the sun was peeking over the grandstands from the east and all around us was a sea of multi-colored tents and motorcycles. At least half of the people attending this rally (3,000?) must be camped here. Ian and I sat outside for a little while and had coffee before going to get breakfast. I hadn't planned on going anywhere today, so I just hung out at the site. I visited the vendors and bought a couple of things and washed my bike and spent the day talking to all sorts of people about all sorts of things. Lunchtime came and went, the afternoon slipped by... Around 4 or 5pm everyone began heading for the grandstands for the closing ceremonies and the awards. We all wanted to know who would win the

bikes and the trips overseas. Once everyone was seated, a group of local girls on horseback rode out into the stadium and put on a show for us, carrying the flags of all the nations. Everything was going along just fine until one girls' horse got spooked and threw her to the ground. But she didn't let that stop her and she got up and continued on. The crowd applauded her. After they finished, a couple of Indian dancers dressed in full costume came out and performed some of their native dances. Then it was time for the awards. Oldest rider... Oldest passenger... Most miles ridden to the rally... Etc., etc.,.... typically not very exciting stuff, but we all sat and listened anyway. Then they announced who won the trips and the bikes and we all got up and left. Shows' over folks! Time to go back to the beer garden.

I was gonna change my oil (having brought everything with me to do so) but I wimped out and had one of the vendors do it. (It was just too blinkin' hot to do it myself) So I left my bike with them and went to the beer garden. The place was in full swing and soon the music began. A blues band from the area called Paul Reddick and the Sidemen came on and the party heated up. I met up with the guys (Dutch, Greg, Todd and Dave) and soon we were laughin' it up again. We took over a spot outside of the beer garden and partied 'til they closed the doors. Literally! Shortly after that we all drifted back to our tents and passed out... What a night!

Sunday morning came all too soon for me. I could've used a couple o' more hours of sleep, but I knew I had to get up and get going. I had made plans to meet everyone for breakfast at 8:30, so at 6:00 I dragged myself out and started breaking camp. I thought for sure it would be raining this morning because I woke up once in the middle of the night and it was sprinkling, but it's just a little overcast. With the bike all packed, I said my goodbyes to Ian and took off to meet the guys at the main gate. Dutch was there, but no one else. We waited for an hour before the rest of 'em showed up. :(

Once we were all together, Todd led us to a restaurant on the other side of town where we had a great breakfast. Afterwards, we got the waitress to come outside and take a group picture of us before we said our goodbyes to each other. Greg and Dave would leave together and head for Minneapolis, Todd took off by himself for somewhere, and Dutch and I would head back to Coeur D'Alene. He hadn't been there and wanted to see it. And wouldn't ya know it, just as we were starting out, it rained. Fortunately though, it didn't last very long.

So, with Dutch following, I retraced my route and headed back to Coeur D'Alene. I guess it was just after lunchtime when we got there and since Dutch had heard me talk about the Brewery, that's where we went. While we were there Dutch was working on our waitress, and it wasn't long before he convinced her to show us around. So after she got off work we first went across the street to a Mexican restaurant and had an early dinner, and then, with me in-tow, she took us on a walking tour of the downtown area. (I felt like a third leg) Now, I don't know who's idea it was, (I wasn't paying much attention to what they were doing) but we ended up back at her house where she offered to let us both stay the night. What was I gonna say.....no? I knew what was going on.

So I end up being banished to the basement in some ghastly little bedroom full of spider webs, and who knows what else, while the two of them danced the horizontal tango upstairs. I slept in my clothes on top of the bed... :(

The next morning I just wanted to get the hell out of there, and I waited outside on the patio while they.....well.....

So after thanking her for her hospitality(?) we left and headed for the scenic drive that goes around the east side of Lake Coeur D'Alene. It was a nice ride, but would've been much better had the road not been under construction. Twenty or so miles later we stopped in a small town on the southern end of the lake for breakfast where we got the worst service I had on the entire trip. The waitress left us sitting out on the deck for nearly 25 minutes and we finally got fed up and went inside. Even then it took another 20 minutes to get our food. (This morning is starting out bad in my opinion)

Back on the road now with me leading, I try to get all of this negative shit out of my head and get back into vacation mode. We headed south on 3 which would become the Chief Joseph Scenic Byway and soon I'd forgotten about the events that took place this morning. The scenery was fantastic! We followed this for about 75 miles until we came to the junction of hi-way 12 (the Lewis and Clark Trail) where we turned and headed east. Traffic was very light, and once we got into the canyon I rolled the throttle back hard and set a blistering pace. I needed to. Dutch was close behind on his old K100RS (named Klink) and we were having a blast. I really like this road... A hundred or so miles later I pull into the gas stop at Cougar Canyon for some fuel and a rest and we spend some time talking to the proprietors. It turns out that they gave up their city lives in Texas to come and live here. As it's beginning to get late in the day we inquire about lodging and they tell us that the place across the river is pretty good, so we go across and check it out. Sure enough they have a vacancy and a restaurant and a pool and a jacuzzi (2 actually) so we make the decision to stay here for the night. After we got settled into our little A-frame cabin it's off to get some dinner. I'm surprised to see that the menu has more than just burgers and fries and I order the trout with baked potato and veggies. It was very good. We had only been inside for about 15 minutes when I looked outside and noticed that a storm was coming in over the mountain top, and in a matter of minutes it was raining so hard I could barely see the parking lot. The trees were bending at a 30 degree angle! I mentioned to Dutch that if we had kept on going we'd have been caught in it. And this road is no place to be in a storm. Later, after dinner, some Harley riders rolled in, soaking wet, and said that farther up on the road lightning had struck a tree and it fell in the road and was burning! I'm glad we stayed here.

So now that I'm well-fed and showered I put on my suit and went for a soak in the jacuzzi out under the stars. (Too bad the grumpy old caretaker had to come by and kick us out at ten o'clock) I slept good that night.

The next morning, Tuesday, we got up early, packed, and set off for Lolo Pass and the area where the hot springs are. It's about a hundred miles away from where we are.

The weather is nice. Low clouds obscure the tops of the mountains but I know it'll burn off soon. And it does. And soon the sun is out and things are looking good. I could wake up to this every day!

A couple of hours later we pulled into the visitors center at Lolo Pass for a short break, and talked to some bicyclists who had been riding across the country. They had been on the road for three months! Hardy sons o' bitches! And I thought I was tough doing it on a motorcycle. I hit the starter button and rolled out of the parking lot. In no time we were stopping again at Lolo Hot Springs. A small resort just over the border into Montana. This is where Dutch said we should've stayed. There's a big hot mineral pool outside, and inside a 'bath' that reminded me of a roman bath house. Oh well, maybe next time.

Walking back to the bikes Dutch says 'lets go into this little general store for a minute'. It wasn't much to speak of, but he did find something to buy. He purchased a mounted pair of antlers for 20 bucks, and being the character he is, lashed them onto the front of his bike! (He rode all the way back to Hollywood, CA with 'em on there) :-> I got a picture and then this was where we said our goodbyes. It was a moment neither of us will forget. He was all choked up. We both know that we made a good friend on this trip. So with that behind us, I went east and he went west. (He'll be coming here for the Dream Cruise next month and staying with his cousin in Grand Blanc, so I'm sure we'll tip a few coldies and have some laughs)

I know I'm heading home now, and I've got a lot of ground to cover, so I pointed myself east and took off for Missoula. It felt odd to be riding alone again and I caught myself looking in my mirrors as I do when another rider is following behind me. It didn't take very long to get there from Lolo and I gassed up and jumped on I-90 for a little while until hi-way12 split off from it and went towards Helena, MT. This was another nice ride that went alongside the Blackfoot River and then up and over McDonald Pass. More spectacular scenery... I slipped through town and was back out in the open country in no time, heading for the junction with 89. This would take me south and in about an hour I was coming into Livingston, MT. Talk about being alone! This hi-way was almost devoid of traffic, and it was quite a while before I saw another vehicle. There weren't even any houses out here. All I could see ahead of me was this big, black cloud. And lightning. I was preparing for rain. But I never ran into it. Those little travel fairies blew and blew and the storm missed me. So by the time I rolled into Livingston the streets were drying up. I was welcomed into town by the local police force, who followed me twice while I was looking for a motel. But I was cool and didn't do anything to give them a reason to stop me. I got a nice clean room at the Country Motor Inn and settled in for the night.

Wednesday dawned bright and beautiful. I got myself ready and was on the road before the tourist traffic got going. (Yellowstone is only about 50 miles south) There's only one way out of town to the east, and that's on I-90, so that's where I was. On the big superslab with the trucks and motorhomes. Not much fun, but it gets you where you need to go. Now, I could've kept going east, but when I got to the junction for 78, I left

the interstate and headed south towards Absarokee and then on to Red Lodge. I've been to Red Lodge before on a previous trip and I knew what to expect when I got here. It's a pretty cool little town. I parked on the main street for a bit and got myself a cup o' coffee and a blueberry bearclaw at the bakery and sat on a bench outside. This older guy walked up to me and said, 'Michigan, huh?'. Yes, I replied. 'I used to live in Michigan' he said. 'I was one of the engineers who designed the People Mover'. Small world.... We talked for a few minutes until his wife dragged him away. She needed more money to buy something. Then, a couple on a BMW stopped and asked me if I was going up to Beartooth Pass. I said I hadn't made plans to because I'd been there before, and they both said I should go back up since I was here. I thought about that for a minute and decided that they were right. I should go. The road leading up to the pass is incredible. Once you make it up to the top you really feel as though you're on top of the world. The parking area at the west summit is at a staggering ten thousand nine hundred and forty-seven feet! It's cold up there even in the middle of July. I had to stop once to put my jacket on, and then again to put the liner in it. Pictures do not do justice to the views and it's almost not worth taking any because you can't show 'em to anyone and get the same feeling. But I took some anyway. There had been a landslide earlier that day and the East entrance to Yellowstone was closed, so they were re-routing traffic back to the junction at 296. I heard that it might be busy, but it wasn't. I motored along most of the time by myself, only passing another car occasionally. Once I was over Dead Indian Pass, at a mere eight thousand forty-eight feet, the road began to drop and soon I was nearing the junction for 120. This would take me into Cody, WY. I stopped long enough to get some gas and check the maps before heading east on 14 towards Greybull. Another rider had suggested that I take this route and connect up with alternate 14. And I'm glad I did. It took me up into the Bighorn Mountains over another lofty pass and then snaked it's way down to I-90 again near Sheridan. I didn't get very far east today because I spent most of the day going up and down and back and forth. So when I did make it to Sheridan, I stopped for the night.

During the night I woke up for a brief moment and was aware that it was raining quite hard, but I didn't give it any further thought and drifted back to sleep.

That next morning, Thursday, I got up and looked out the window and it was still pouring. However, while I was in the shower it let up and by the time I was ready to pack the bike it had stopped. It was now just wet and sort of chilly out. In a strange way I sort of welcomed the rain because it meant that it wouldn't be so hot out. It was just barely spinkling when I left, and in no time things dried up and the sun came back out. I was on I-90 again and traffic was moving along nicely between 80 and 90mph, so I set a comfortable pace and let the pavement slip by underneath me. It was near mid-day when I began to see the signs for Sturgis and I decided to stop there and get a t-shirt from the BMW dealership. That only took a few minutes and I was back on the road. Heading towards Rapid City it looked like it would rain on me, but it never did, and I increased my speed a bit to put some distance between me and the gray cloudy sky. The

rest of the day was spent just droning along on the freeway. There's really not too much to see out here. No more mountains, no more canyons, just a lot of low rolling hills. I turned up the speed a bit more. For the next five or six hours I cruised along between 90 and 100 only slowing now and then for the state troopers, who were always on the westbound side. They didn't seem interested in me...

So at the end of this day I had made it as far as Souix Falls S.D. and I needed to get off the bike and find a place to crash for the night. There wasn't much there to choose from and The Best Western was too rich for my budget, so I checked into the Cloud 9 motel. Not the greatest place but it would do.

Friday morning, 7am. I'm packing the bike and getting ready to leave when I threw my back out. I don't know how I did it, but all of a sudden there was this sharp pain in my lower back and I couldn't stand up straight. Great! Just what I f---ing need. I already had that nasty hot spot in my shoulder nagging at me and now I had this to deal with. It was difficult getting on the bike, but once I did I found a somewhat comfortable spot and stayed there. I had already decided that I was going to ride all the way home today, and I didn't want to change that. Hopefully I'd be able to make it. Iowa was a bit slower than South Dakota because of the highway patrol, but I managed to make good time regardless. The only thing that slowed me up was getting on and off of the bike at gas stops. One time I fell backwards on my ass in a gas station trying to get back on and got a few strange looks from the other customers but I just ignored 'em and pushed the pain away. On my second attempt I made it. Back on the road, I only had one thought.....home. I could feel that nice warm waterbed. Iowa disappeared behind me and Illinois was ahead. I didn't enjoy the thought of coming back through the Chicago area, but I had no choice. Taking a detour to the south would just add more time to an already long day. I arrived in the Chicago area around 6:00 or 7:00 and found myself hopelessly stuck in the on-going construction that never seems to get finished. Will they ever get that section completed?! I think not. So I crawled along a few feet at a time until finally it began to lighten up a bit. Now we were up to 40mph, then 45, and after what seemed like an eternity traffic resumed a decent freeway speed. I was in so much pain by now that even the slightest move in the wrong direction would send me over the edge. My shoulders were on FIRE.

The sun began to go down just around the time I saw the welcome to Michigan sign and this perked me up a bit. I knew it wouldn't be long now. There would be no more stops now except for fuel. I was pushing the speed limit but I really didn't care. Home was drawing nearer... I flew along I-94 until I got to Jackson and then went north on 127 towards Lansing. Me and some guy in a BMW car played tag for thirty or forty miles and it made me forget about my back for a while, but he finally turned off and I was aware once again of the discomfort. Now I was on 96 and counting the miles to 23. Once I got there I knew it was only going to be 45 minutes to home. I twisted the throttle and blasted my way past everyone. I was just lucky that there were no radar traps out that night. Finally, the sign for my exit came into view. 15 minutes. I'll be home in 15

minutes. It was nearing midnight as I rolled into the driveway. I shut the engine off and coasted up to the garage. Home... at last. Now if I can just get my butt off of the bike.

I moved the truck and parked the bike and didn't even bother to unpack it. Just went inside and collapsed on the couch. I had ridden 930 miles in sixteen and a half hours. Add that to the rest and it comes out to 6,000 miles, round trip. Was I crazy? Yeah, prob'ly. But I was home. Safe and in one piece. And that's all that matters...

So that's my story. I hope you enjoyed it.

Chris

Thanks Chris for your contribution. I wish more members would do this. It's fun to read about these rides! A couple of comments about his article. We all know Chris is a tall good lookin' fellow. Somehow the other "gentleman" ended up with the waitress. Maybe some of the ladies in our club can provide Chris with some tips. I think he needs help. As for the male members of our club, well ask Chris what the little bell is attached to his rear brake pedal. Now I really think he needs a little help!"

Frank...

From the Prez

Howdy folks, hope everyone is enjoying the meat of the riding season. Sorry about missing the last meeting (I understand there was a pastry shortage), but I was on an honest-to-goodness motorcycle adventure. I took a solo ride up to the land of my heritage, Marquette County in the UP. I had a great time and not once, despite what you may have heard, did I whack a little white ball.

It's mid-August, so you know what that means; we're bearing down hard on the club picnic which is Saturday, Sept 11th at Stony Creek (See flyer in newsletter). This one is for members only and we need a head count so if you're planning on coming please let one of the officers know by the meeting on the 4th. This year we'll again have chef Rhys Blair on the barby cooking up the excellent steaks procured by Dr. Phil Martin. We had a great time last year so be there or be square!

I hesitate to point this out but when we start to talk about September it must mean we're heading for you-know-what. Which brings me to this; I was in the Beemership the other day and noticed that they have those great Cycloak jackets (the one I paid 400 bucks for when I bought my first bike) on closeout for 150 bucks! You'll NEVER find a better cold weather jacket so get 'em while they're there, there won't be any more.

OK, I promise you won't hear anymore whining from me about the long-in-the-tooth riding season. There's loads of great riding weather in Sept/Oct and beyond, so anyone

with ideas, let's hear 'em. I've got a few myself (the RA rally in West Virginia) so let's talk about it soon. See you on the 4th!

Ride Safe, John Ethier

August Club Ride *by "Pink" Linguini*

Mother Nature cooperated with a very favorable weather forecast for the August 7th post-meeting ride. Jeanie Gramlich volunteered to lead us out to the South Lyon Hotel and it looked like a good size group was going to follow.

Valerie and I brought up the rear on my R1100S and counted 11 bikes with 12 people. Those familiar with the planned route were pleasantly surprised by the lack of traffic. Through careful pacing and maybe a bit of luck, Jeanie managed to shelter the group from delays by most all of the traffic lights too. 18 Mile Road or Long Lake Rd., showcased some beautiful homes once west of Woodward. After jogging onto Pontiac Trail Rd., we snaked our way west to Milford Rd., then south beneath I-96, and finally into the town of South Lyon.

If I remember reading the cover of the menu correctly, the hotel was actually built upon a former cemetery! Were these the folks who complained about the food? I didn't ask any questions. A couple of other bikes straggled in just after we were seated upping the total lunch group to about 16 people. I think most of the club members were satisfied with their meals provided by the hotel, which is actually a very quaint bar/restaurant.

Once back in the parking lot, the entire group splintered into a few small bunches and headed in different directions. Valerie and I went north into the Kensington Metro Park, cruised around the perimeter of the GM Proving Grounds at about twice the speed limit, (I'm still on medication to try to prevent this habit but I'm happy to report it hasn't taken effect yet!), then into beautiful downtown Milford for a beverage and a bit of relaxation and people watching.

Jeanie continued to lead a small group out of South Lyon down to North Territorial Rd., then toward M-52. After passing through Chelsea and Dexter, they ended up on scenic Huron River Dr. heading back toward Ann Arbor. Shortly thereafter, the group split off and everyone headed home.

I'm happy to say I met a few new faces on the ride that day but apologize for not remember your names. Please continue to attend the meetings when you can and participate in the club rides. You are always more than welcome and if you have a favorite destination and route in mind, contact one of the officers and we'd all be happy

to follow you! Someone else will even lead the ride if you don't care to. Thanks again to Jeanie for leading the pack!

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.

If you have any questions concerning any of this call me.

Rhys B. Blair

586-466-6303 - office

586-463-8117 - home

Annual Blair Color Tour

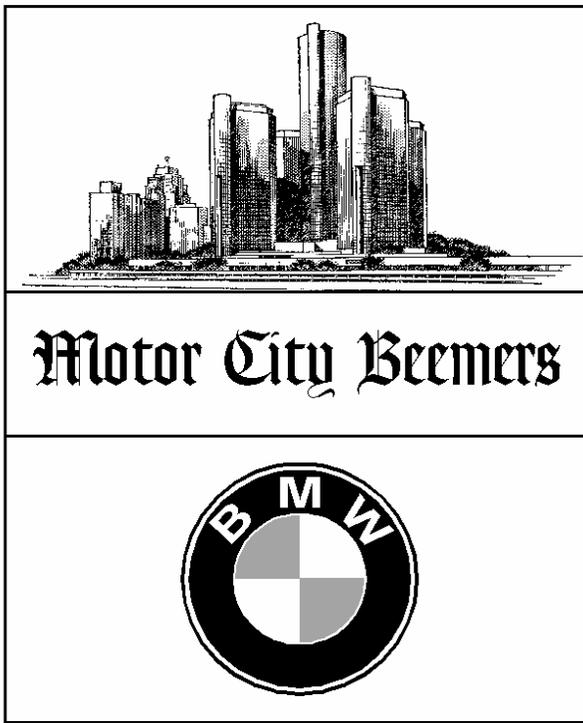
It's never too soon to mark your calendar for a bike ride. So mark your calendar for Saturday, October 16 and Sunday, October 17, 2004. Yes, you guessed it! It's the Blair's Annual Color Tour along M119 and Legs Inn at Cross Village, Michigan. We promise everyone that comes along, a lot of riding, great food, the best Michigan riding road in the entire state and good company.

It's a mere 240 miles from the dealership to the Blair's cottage. Then 50 miles to Legs Inn for dinner. A free nights lodging and some kind of entertainment at the cottage. Sunday it's anybody's guess, but we manage at least another 300 miles to get home so you are guaranteed at least 600 miles of great riding from one side of the state to the other and from the bottom to the top.

As usual we leave the dealership at 8:00 a.m. sharp and brunch in Standish. By 2:00 p.m. we have reached the cottage and settle in for a short while. Then by 6:00 p.m. we are usually up at Leggs for dinner. Sometime around 10:00 p.m. we are back at the cottage playing cards, watching a John Wayne movie or getting ready for bed. Sunday morning we're on the road by 10-11:00 a.m. making a breakfast stop somewhere on the road home. One year we had as many as 14 folks on the ride and other years as few as 5. So if you are inclined to join us mark your calendar and let Rhys or Ryan know your intent.

The ride is open to both singles and couples. Usually Jill rides along with me and it's not unusual to have one or two couples ride along too. So mark your calendars and plan on joining us this year in October. It may be your last big mileage ride before the end of the riding season!

See ya at the dealership.
Rhys and Ryan Blair



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