



Motor City Beemers

Newsletter



BMW MOA Club #231

BMW RA Club #209

August 2019

Volume 28, Number 8

All meetings are held the **SECOND** Saturday of the month at 10:30AM at
BMW Motorcycles of Detroit
1301 S Rochester Rd, Suite B
Rochester Hills, MI 48307
Phone: (248) 402-4013

Many of our “major” club events are on the **THIRD** Saturday of the month

We welcome owners and fans of all bikes
“An eating club with a motorcycle problem!”

Our next meeting is: August 10,2019

Following Meeting: September 14, 2019

Web site: <https://MCBeemers.org>

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Membership info: <https://mcbeemers.org/howdoijoin.html>

Activities: <https://mcbeemers.org/activities/>

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Hello fellow MC Beemers. It's August!

If you missed the July meeting:

- I recommended carrying a small first aid kit on board, with trauma pads. Keith suggested having a kit custom made to your own specifications at a Binson's Medical Equipment and Supplies.

July events:

- See Josh's ride report of our great "Canada Eh!" trip in this newsletter. We had a blast!

August events:

- On Saturday, August 17, we have the Waldo Bologna ride to G&R Tavern. Rhys has been gracious enough to lead this ride again. We will rendezvous at 9:00 a.m. at the BP truck stop at exit 15 on southbound I-75. At 9:30 a.m. kickstands up and we will head to Waldo. In the event you have never made this trip we will travel south on I-75 across the Ohio State line to I-280 south to Ohio 420. Ohio 420 turns into U.S. 20 east. We go south on U.S. 23 which is a two lane for 30-35 miles and then turns into a four lane divided highway the rest of the way to Waldo. Waldo is about 10 miles south of Marion.

- Our August meeting lunch ride will be to Zukey Lake Tavern, with an ice cream run to Hell following. Keep in mind, there are Poker Run pictures available in the vicinity, such as the Dress Up Chicken in Pinckney, as well as the Big House in Ann Arbor and the Cabela Bears in Dundee. All are possible.

Our annual Frankenmuth Chicken Dinner Run is on September 21. For the optional Port Austin overnight, we're staying at the Blue Spruce Motel. If you'd like to join us and have not made reservations, please contact them at 989-738-8650 for a booking. •If you haven't paid for the Frankenmuth dinner, its \$5 for members and full price for guests.

Until next month, get out there and ride!



A few weeks ago at the dinner at La Saj, the topic of Ninjas came up. Ninja Blenders. Guess that means it's official, we are an eating club with a motorcycle problem.

Paula has made arrangements at Frankenmuth for our Chicken Dinner run. If you want to go, get your money into Jim ASAP. If you aren't sure, let me tell you, it's a lot of fun and a lot of good food. Ride with a group, ride alone, drive in your cage, whatever you wish to do. They do NOT let you leave hungry! The club subsidized meal is world-famous. Once again, they are going to block off a chunk of space for our bikes in their main lot – this is very kind of them, and can save a bit of walking.

For the past several years, what started (as I recall) an impromptu ride from Frankenmuth to Port Austin at the tip of the thumb has become something of a planned event. However, you have to arrange your own lodging. The Blue Spruce Inn is a nice, very friendly little place most of us who have gone on this ride have stayed at, but people have also camped, and no reason you can't make other arrangements. **HOWEVER, MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS SOON** if you intend to go with us. Cathy provided the number of the Blue Spruce above.

We got a couple contributed articles here this month – one from Josh, about his “Canada, Eh?” ride, and another from Jim regarding his quest for more Off the Beaten Path points(?). Tell us about your rides, where you have gone, what you have done and what we should see.

I'm still looking for someone to give us an article about rallies. I'm not a Big Crowd person, so pretty much by definition, it's out of my comfort zone, but I'd love to hear more about what goes on and what fun you have at the various motorcycle rallies. And maybe you can change my mind!

A reminder – when you meet fun people that happen to be bikers, invite them to join us for a meeting or a dinner. Remind them there are no obligations, just an opportunity to meet similar fun people. Absolutely no need to be a BMW rider!

Stuff on the website

Main website: <https://mcbeemers.org>

Activities page: <https://mcbeemers.org/activities>

Newsletters, current and past: <https://mcbeemers.org/mcb-nl/>

Club pictures: <https://mcbeemers.org/pictures/index.html>

Club invite cards: <https://mcbeemers.org/mcb-nl/MCB-invites.pdf>

Membership info: <https://mcbeemers.org/howdoijoin.html>

Cathy and Dennis joined me for the “Canada Eh!” ride to the Ontario Highlands. My GPS tells me we traveled 1,245 miles, covering an area of 7,127 square miles. Over 5 days, we rode for 27 hours and 15 minutes. We experienced 35,636 feet of elevation changes. The Ontario Highlands contains fabulous roads. Awe-inspiring scenery. And during our trip, wonderful weather every day.

Day 1:

We decided to skip the ferry to Walpole Island. The apron in front of the ramp was deeply flooded by the St. Clair’s high water. As we turned around by the US Customs office to head to the Blue Water Bridge, a CBP agent clearing the offloading cars shouted at us “You should have brought your GS!”

We crossed the bridge and headed north towards Grand Bend and the Lake Huron coast, then turned east towards our first night in Orillia, passing by many Old Order Mennonite homesteads and farms, and also passing by many modern wind farms. The closer we got to any of the windmills, the more disconcertingly large they appeared to be.

We stayed downtown in Orillia, and enjoyed that our hotel’s location was within a block’s walk of Lake Simcoe.

Day 2:

Riding north of Barrie, we turned east to enter the Highlands proper and the landscape changed at once. It immediately became hilly. Large glacial rocks had been blasted apart to make room for a road that hugged the rolling landscape. We passed by many forested lakes. Crossed many bridges with lakes on both sides. We were stunned by the beauty we saw in every direction. The views were so frequent, so picture-perfect, and so awesome, that sometimes we felt like they couldn’t possibly be real. And this feeling of wonder continued through our entire time in the Highlands.

We took a break mid-day to walk through the Haliburton Sculpture Park.

It was hot, so later in the day we stopped at Kawartha Dairy for a little ice cream. They had three sizes: Baby, Small, and Huge. Cathy and I split a Baby. A Small was 5 scoops, so we don’t know how Dennis was able to consume his Huge.

We spent the night at a little motel on the shore of Stoco Lake, across from Tweed Memorial Park.

Day 3:

One memorable hill started with a straight, 12% uphill grade. Through the intercom, I heard Dennis up ahead, laugh and shout, “Look at this hill!” He was laughing because it was so long, so high, and so far to the top. We followed behind, and gasped with the beauty of the vista once we reached the summit. Then, in the midst of the winding, descending twisties on the far side, Cathy said, “I feel like I’m in the middle of a motorcycling adventure documentary!”

We rode into Needham’s Market Garden just outside of Arnprior mainly because we’d already passed it once already, having tried dueling GPS route recommendations. The large friendly sign reading

“Strawberries – Ice Cream – Wine” urged me to lead the group in. Once parked and dismounted, we discovered a woman who introduced herself as Leslie, sitting on her porch, hulling strawberries by hand into a 5-gallon pail. Another pail filled with rhubarb stalks was nearby.

Leslie showed us around her small storefront. She is Needham’s ice cream maker, all of which are made in small batches. Cathy and I split a small tub of her strawberry ice cream, Dennis asked for a tub of her strawberry-rhubarb, which she explained was actually “rhubarb – strawberry.” We all agreed the flavors were bright, strong, and very fresh.

Then Dennis asked her if he could try another flavor. Leslie recommended her haskberry. None of us knew what that was. She told us it is sometimes called honeyberry, which I later found on Google as the edible fruit of the blue honeysuckle, sometimes marketed in North America under the Japanese name, “haskap.” Dennis let us have a taste, so I can at least tell you that no matter what the fruit actually was, its flavor was magnificent. Intense. Powerful. Vivid.

This unplanned stop where we met Leslie, the one-time English teacher who became an ice cream maker, was one of the highlights of our tour.

Day 4:

We traveled west, stopping for lunch at a brilliant little restaurant overlooking the straight between Rapid and Galeairy Lakes, near the east entrance to Algonquin Provincial Park.

We traversed Algonquin to stop for the final night in Barrie. It is a beautiful park, and I want to return to spend more time there.

Day 5:

We crossed western Ontario and returned via the ferry we’d skipped on Day 1. While there was flooding at Walpole Island, it wasn’t as deep as it had been at Algonac.

Two wishes:

- I wish our trip was even longer, so we could have spent more time visiting the places we had to pass by due to time.
- I wish I had action camera stills and video to share with everyone. I’d left it home due to battery troubles.

[Editor’s note: Josh sent a bunch of great pictures, but for various reasons, they will be up on the website rather than in the newsletter]

When your round trip to one OTBP is nearly 400 miles, you may do what Jay did in this pic...



Jay and I tagged along with Brian on his plan to 'bag' the 4 pictures in the NE to swap for cards at the MWB for a poker hand. The forecast for Sat & Sun was 30-40% chance of rain depending on the forecast. Finding lodging was a challenge but we finally found a clean, place w/two queen beds, full kitchen and walk in closet for \$80 in West Branch. Tammy was a great host, provided a very wide selection of DVDs, and recommended the 'Topsy Bear' for supper. We chose 'Wild Hogs' and 'Overboard' but only got to watch Wild Hogs before going to bed. Her recommendation for supper was also very good. Did you see Jay's Topsy Bear Hamburger? It was a meal for at least two (maybe three)!

Sunday morning we rose early and were able to head out for breakfast about 6:30 to a restaurant that opened at 7AM. So far no rain, but there were a few small puddles at the Welcome Motel where we stayed. They had rain Saturday before we arrived, had a little rain while we were unpacking but it was dry for our short ride to supper. Sunday morning there was 'not a cloud in the sky' but there was considerable fog until after breakfast.

Just before breakfast Sunday, Jay was 'a rainbow in someone's cloudy day'. Brian and I didn't notice someone walking along the road with a gas can... Jay saw him and offered him a ride. The guy had run out of gas about 4-5 miles from town, had walked into town, got some gas and was on his way back with

about 3 miles to go. He very much appreciated a ride for the last 3 miles carrying gas. Do you take time out of your trips to offer help? What a nice thing to do!! I'm so proud of my son.

Breakfast was in Mio and our first picture was in nearby Fairview. Jay didn't sleep well so he went back home after bagging only one of the 4 OTBPs in the NE. So, riding almost 400 miles to get ONE was such a big deal he felt the need for a 'good hug'.

Jay got home about 1PM with temps almost 90 for the last few miles. Brian and I bagged Onaway, Rogers City and Alpena and didn't see temps above 80 until after 2PM. We arrived home about 5PM with temps under 80 since a short thunderstorm had just passed through. We had damp roads in places for the last 40 miles but never got more than a couple sprinkles.

Again, I will declare that Off The Beaten Path poker run stops are more fun and less frustrating when done with others. I went right past one without seeing it when Brian saw it immediately, so I made U-Turn. At another, Brian was getting us farther away from it when I figured out that he jogged left when we should have jogged right.

And when you are not alone, you can get someone to stage a pic like this:



Treasurer's Report

Jim Mick



Check book balance for the end of July	\$3060.37
Check book balance for the end of June	\$3021.37
Balance one year ago	\$1883.97
Balance end of January	\$3277.47
Balance end of April	\$2824.37
PayPal balance for the end of July	\$113.11
PayPal balance for the end of June	\$113.11

60 member renewals for 2019
16 members paid for Frankenmuth

- 7/13 Received \$10 from Rhys & Jill B for Frankenmuth. Also received \$29 when Cathy B won the 50/50.

MOTOR CITY BEEMERS NAME TAGS

Motor City Beemer name tags are available for purchase at Highest Honor, Inc. Highest Honor, Inc is located at **34711 Dequindre Road, Troy, Michigan 48083**. Their shop is just south of 15 Mile Road, on the west side of Dequindre. Herb and Jeff have a die set up with the club logo and can add your name and/or nickname for a cost of only \$9.00.

The easiest way to get your ID tag is to send Jeff an e-mail at: www.jeff@highesthonor.biz. Spell out exactly what you want on your tag and when you want to pick it up. You can also call Jeff at **248-588-7845**. Tell him what you want on your tag and when you want to pick it up. You can have two lines of text, the first your name, and you can add a nick name as the second.

Join the growing number of members who proudly wear their ID tags with their one of a kind moniker. It will help us to get to know each other and sure works a lot better than "Hey you!"

"A tip of the MCBEEMER helmet . . .

. . . goes to Viles & Associates, Inc., who have volunteered print the free copies of the newsletter available at the dealership. They are also BMW riders.



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