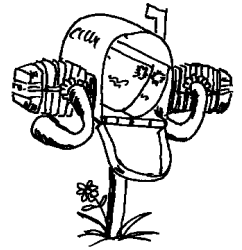


The Mail Boxer

BMW MOA #7

BMW RA #5



No matter what/where/how often/far/fast you ride, we welcome you to join us in motorcycling fellowship.

Madison BMW Club
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Madison, WI 53707

www.madisonbmwclub.org

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Meetings (usually) on first Sundays
of the month at 9AM

Next meeting:
Sunday October 7,
9:00 AM at Maple Tree
Restaurant, McFarland.

The Prez Sez:

By Steve Huber

It was a bleak September, the events of the past weeks have rattled everyone. There's little I can add to the outpourings of grief, shock, anger, analysis, and outpourings of help that followed in the wake of the WTC attack that would contribute to anyone's understanding.

In the rush to contribute to the attack relief funds, it's all too easy to forget that local agencies still have needs. In particular local food pantries are experiencing above-average demands for their services, with donations running below average even before the attacks and the downturn in the national economy.

On a local note, you're likely aware that in Dane County (and elsewhere) food pantries are running on empty and are begging for donations in kind and dollars. As a club we've contributed to the designated MOA rally charity; however, we've been a bit lax at contributing to local charities. One idea is to run a food drive over a couple of club meetings (hmmmm, I can picture my RT piled high with canned goods

and boxes bungeed on everywhere). Another thought is donate a dollar amount, say \$100, to the Community Action Coalition (the local coordinating agency). Let's discuss what we can do at our next meeting or two.

We're very lucky here in the Madison BMW Club. We live in an area that (so far) has experienced relatively low unemployment. We're privileged to pursue our passion for our favorite form of transportation and recreation. We can travel across a continent with relative ease and freedom via those same motorcycles.

Please take some time this fall to reflect back on your opportunities. Give something back to your community so that others might have the same opportunity as you.

OK, enough lecturing for this month. On to club stuff.

It's officially fall now, however that doesn't mean the riding season is quite over. A couple rallies are still pending; my favorite is the Falling Leaf, AKA "Frozen Leaf", held in Potosi, MO. If you've never been there I highly recommend it. Great roads and scenery make for a

Prez Sez continued:

wonderful fall weekend. Ahem, assuming the weather holds...

The MOA Mileage contest forms should be in the mail. Those of you participating don't forget to send in your finishing form. Forms can be witnessed/signed by a club officer or two club members. Wisconsin has traditionally been *the* leader in participation and miles recorded. Let's keep that lead.

Speaking of mileage forms, the club mileage form and banquet sign-up should be somewhere in this newsletter. Don't forget to complete the form and return it to TVH at least five days prior to the banquet. Get that banquet sign-up in to John Ong ASAP so we can get a head count.

Enough, I'm heading out for a ride to clear my head. I suggest you do too. See ya at the October breakfast.

Prez Steve

VP's Report

By Tom Van Horn

At 9:00 am on the 9th, Prez Steve called the club meeting to order at the club table at the Dells Rally. I opened my notebook. It started(resumed?) raining. Steve adjourned the meeting. We left.

Can I go now?

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Secretary's Report

By J.T. Wagner

The September meeting was held at the Dells Rally on Sunday the 9th. Subjects touched upon were the search for a new rally site for GR3. Some club members went to check out Wisconsin Badger Camp. Price negotiations are under way. Bert said he had a couple of other places he was checking into.

Mary Klopp suggested checking into using bandanas instead of pins for next year's rally. We will go over the price differences at the next meeting. She brought samples of the one from the Top of the Rockies Rally and has a price list that we can go over.

The rain precluded any other business, so any thing else will be taken up at the next breakfast on October 7th.

New members:

Troy Kratz
1821 K Paramount Dr.
Waukesha, WI 53186

(H)261-970-0866
(W)414-557-5852
(Honda CBR 1100)

The Ride for Kids: Not a Bad Deal for the Rest of Us, Either

By Meredith Hassall

What could be better than this: a brilliantly sunny, "sinus blue"-skied Sunday morning, hundreds of your closest motorcycle buddies, free coffee and doughnuts, running red lights with impunity, and having people cheer you on throughout your ride? How about raising money for a worthy cause and lifting the dampened spirits of the local citizens?

On September 16th, I participated in the Ride for Kids of the Pediatric Brain Tumor Foundation of the United States, held in Columbia, MD. I also donated my (admittedly ample) time to help with rider registration. This was an impressively well-run event that almost did not occur due to the historic incidents of Tuesday, September 11th. However, organizers rightly decided not to allow destructive acts to prevent over 750 motorcyclists from raising over \$175,000 to fund cancer research.

The ride turned out to be 'worth' even more than that. People we encountered were enthusiastic about our procession, stopping cars along the road, coming out onto porches, and waving and smiling at us. One last-minute addition

Ride for Kids continued:

to the Rider Kit had been a cable tie and a small US flag for our bikes. It is true that the ride had not been planned as a 'say no to terrorism' rally, but our audience along the way interpreted it as such, and all of us who were involved shared their sentiments.

At the end of the ride, lunch awaited (also free), followed by a ceremony to honor the kids and the top-fundraisers. This particular day also included a remembrance of the many who were affected by Tuesday's violence. Toward the end of the remarks, Mike Traynor (PBTFUS Founder and President) actually listed all organizations on whose behalf donations had been made. I credited my offering to the Madison BMW Club, as its sole representative, and proudly wore my club shirt throughout the day.

For everyone who ever has the opportunity to do so, I highly recommend participating in the Ride for Kids. It adds a wonderful dimension to the pleasure and satisfaction we derive from a great ride.

On the Road with Ben

By Ben Cimino

On Sunday of the Hillsboro Ride I met everybody at Hardee's, but wasn't able to go that distance because of my accident. I saw everybody off and I went to Brodhead for their Civil War Days and parade. For this festival

Federal and Confederate troops camped out with equipment authentic to the Civil War era. There was a small parade about 12:30 and later the Blue and Gray skirmished with the Confederates winning. A covered bridge was also set up on display for this event.

During Labor Day weekend, Dave Laufenberg and I went to the old Studebaker plant in South Bend Indiana. We then visited Greenfield Village, the Ford Museum, and the Henry Ford home in Dearborn Michigan. Greenfield Village is an outdoor display of buildings that once belonged to Thomas Edison and other friends of Henry Ford's.

The Ford Museum displayed antiques and collectibles of the time. It was well organized and worth the trip. The Henry Ford home was very large and carefully maintained. The estate was even supported by its own power plant. All of this is worth a ride to Dearborn. It took about 8 hours to get there and the traffic wasn't bad.

Tale of Two Cities: Paonia and Redmond

Part One

By Roger Klopp

To paraphrase Charles Dickens, it was the best of trips, it was the worst of trips. Like most of our cross-country motorcycle vacations, this one began with excitement and eager anticipation. We were outfitted with a new tent, weather fly, air mattress, and two thicknesses

UPCOMING EVENTS:

October 5-7, Fri-Sun:
Oktoberfest in Peoria, IL.

October 7, Sun: Club
breakfast 9am at the Maple
Tree Restaurant in McFarland.

October 12-14, Fri-Sun:
Falling Leaf Rally in Potosi MO.

November 3, Sat: Club
banquet 6.30 PM at the Prime
Table, Monona.

December 9, Sun: Club
breakfast 9am at the Maple
Tree Restaurant in McFarland.

of compact Woods brand thinsulate bags to prepare for a range of conditions. Mary and I had our BMWs serviced and tires freshened for an estimated 5500 to 6000 mile trip. The steadfast reliability of the marque and the quality of our camping system assured a memorable journey.

Paonia

The road to Paonia was the usual boring slog across the plains. After an overnight in Lexington NE, we expected to make Paonia by late afternoon. We overtook Bert and Ernie west of Gypsum CO and slowed down to ride with them. It was obvious they didn't want to keep up with us, so we pushed on ahead. After blowing past some RV and car traffic below McClure Pass and clearing the pea gravel road construction on 133, Mary took the lead with me and a K75 from New York following in close pursuit. Blessed with nicely paved 35-45 mph curves and no traffic, she

Tale of Two Cities continued:

kept a smooth and steady brisk pace down to Somerset. Pulling into Paonia at the rally site, the New York rider made Mary's day when he told her she really cooked through the curves (and so she did).

After spending Thursday unwinding at the campground and watching out for arriving club members, we did some exploring on Friday. Although Mary was not convinced of the soundness of our plan, she and I rode with brother Stuart up and over Kebler Pass. It turned out to be a long scenic gravel road winding through ranch country, aspen forests and abandoned mining areas.

Below Crested Butte at Almont, we turned east to follow the Taylor River on Forest Rd. 742. This was a curvy paved road that ascended through a scenic river canyon. At the Taylor Park Reservoir we cut off on FR 765, a dirt road that took us to Tin Cup (12,000 ft. elev.). This tiny village of old mining shacks appeared to be enjoying a Renaissance as most of the properties looked to be in good repair. There even was a one-room store/post office with one gas pump. We recharged ourselves with a hearty lunch of burgers at Frenchy's Café, the main attraction, and headed back down to Almont in intermittent drizzle.

Taking CO 135 to Gunnison, we picked up US 50 westward with ominous-looking clouds darkening the sky ahead. It looked like this could turn out to be a race against the weather as

flashes of lightning became more frequent. All hell broke loose as we turned onto CO 92 crossing the Gunnison River.

The 40-some miles along the north rim of the Black Canyon were punctuated by lightning strikes along the bluffs of the Blue Mesa above us. Streams of heavy rainfall swept across the road intermittently, concealing potential washouts. Blasted by gusts of wind and torrents of rain, I followed Mary's tail-light as we lost sight of Stuart. It was impossible to stop thinking about the lo-o-o-ong way down if anyone slid out on a curve along here. Finally the road turned northward away from the canyon just as the weather slackened.

After catching up with Stuart, we took a rest break in Crawford at the Mad Dog Café to dry out and recover from the harrowing ride. Almost immediately I found Mary deeply in conversation with the brother of Pam Cocker, the café proprietor. He is a photographer who travels extensively on a Valkyrie and had many tales to tell. After an ice cream cone and a visit to the gift shop for our complementary bandanas, we were on the road again.

Back in Paonia, we joined others sheltered under the weather fly. Visiting with Kermit (of the legendary camp chairs) and his son Curtis, we learned about the evolution of the construction of these chairs. Several hours of labor plus quality materials go into each chair, making them a bargain. We also learned that Shamu was ill and would not be attending these rallies. There

would be no personalized embroidery of the chairs we brought along on this trip.

During the next 36 hours there was a lot of discussion about possible routes to Redmond. Among all our club members present, it seemed everyone had a different plan. Mary and I originally intended to go west by way of New Mexico and/or Arizona, then meander to Redmond through Utah and California. How we were getting home was still unclear. But you know what they say about the best laid plans of mice and men.

Sunday morning dawned to the gentle tapping of sporadic raindrops on the tent. We quickly abandoned our warm cocoon and hastily packed up under threatening grey skies. Breakfasting in the pavillion with Lee Freedman, a relatively new CO resident, we were advised that these weather patterns can last all day as they sweep up from the southwest. We got going only a short distance down the road when the skies opened up and decided our course of action for us.

Colorado to Nevada

Brother Stuart had already taken off for US 50 through Nevada, so we now headed that way ourselves. Turning west from Grand Junction, the weather had cleared up even though stormy clouds were visible to the south for some time. As we passed through Utah, the red rocks scenery became increasingly arid. A growing BMW motorcycle presence also zoomed around us as we continued westward.



US Hwy 50. If you feel crowded and need elbow room, this is what you want. It feels like you have the whole place to yourself.

At Salina UT, US 50 veered off from the interstate. Gusting winds strengthened in the 40 mile stretch from Holden to Delta and continued to plague us the next two days. After fueling up in Delta we faced the uncertainty of further gas stops. Due to strong head winds the gas mileage plummeted to 35 mpg and, combined with a smallish tank, fuel management for Mary's F650 became a big concern. We would stop for gas wherever it could be found, whether we needed it or not.

Dust devils played across the hot sagebrush plains which were occasionally interrupted by low craggy ranges passing north and south. This was desolate country with great vistas where the road stretched on until it vanished from view. Road signs were scarce and, other than the road itself, there were few signs of human activity. Occasionally a gravel road ventured off to some unseen destination,

possibly a recreational site, ranch, or old mining town. Even However, there was mostly uninterrupted barbed wire fence stretching along the roadside.

This was the kind of country where you could get in trouble all too easily. US 50 is billed as the Loneliest Road in America and we were finding out why. Mary and I were carrying drinking water and an extra gallon can of gas just in case. Just in case of what, we didn't want to find out. It was about 160 miles to the next town and we figured the extra gas might be needed.

Half expecting to see vultures or cattle skulls, we passed a large dry lake crusted white with salt deposits. Although sounding like a "keep out" warning, the rocky outcroppings of Skull Rock Pass were more scenic than scary. Like a classical desert oasis, a gas station/store/restaurant appeared in the middle of nowhere to provide urgent relief

for one traveller desperately in need of a bathroom and Immodium AD. We refreshed ourselves and our bikes amidst an ever-changing swarm of BMW riders and then resumed our own migration westward having just crossed into NV.

ELY NV

After about 520 miles of fighting heat, wind, and a touchy tummy, Ely NV seemed a good place to spend the night. The next likely lodging was probably over 300 miles further, so we looked for a sign. This appeared in the form of a huge billboard advertising the Nevada Hotel. It sounded great, so we figured "how bad could it be?". Were we in for a surprise!

The Nevada Hotel is a multistory red brick building emblazoned with tacky western-themed casino billboards promoting gambling. It was surrounded by other seemingly historical sites also offering games of chance. We dragged ourselves through a full parking lot to the desk and were relieved to find an air-conditioned room available. Our relief turned to joy when we were charged about \$33. Then it just kept getting better.

The desk clerk told us to move our bikes around in front to the main street yellow curb zone so they would be safely in view of the desk. We hauled our gear by elevator to an upper story room that was recently refurbished in very comfortable turn of the century furnishings. The bed was of perfect firmness and about 3 feet off the floor. There was free HBO!

Tale of Two Cities continued:

Then, 15 minutes after our arrival, the phone rang. It was the desk asking if everything was okay and could room service bring up two complimentary drinks. The guest services brochure listed 24 hour restaurant, bar, and casino availability. Margaritas were \$.99 and steak and eggs were \$3.99. We were giddy with excitement to be living like trailer park royalty in this remote place.

After showering away the wind buffeting, noise, dust, and sweat of US 50, we explored the hotel. Following a good steak dinner, we picked out postcards, called our house-sitter, and settled in. Mary found some friendly slot machines and I found a friendly bartender. A couple margaritas later, I returned to the room for some HBO. We really didn't want to give up all these comforts and considered staying an extra night here. However, the most interesting attraction for us, the steam train tour of the back country, was only available on the weekends and Redmond beckoned us on .

We had a great breakfast the next morning and sadly bade the Nevada Hotel farewell. Gassing up for the next stretch, we spotted Steve Huber zooming past out of town and never saw him again until Redmond.

Nevada To California

So began another day pummeled from all directions by the wind. At times it felt like a malicious presence was toying with us. Instead of whitetail deer, out

here it was windborne tumbleweeds darting across the road that demanded our vigilance.



Despite the desolate loneliness of this region, the countryside of Nevada was more interesting than western Utah. There were more rocky ranges with low elevation passes and an occasional bend in the road to break up the tedium. At the roadside there were a few signs indicating that we were following traces of the Pony Express Route. Including danger from indigenous guerilla forces, their route must have been like a Paris-Dakkar rally every day. How many ended up in the occasional rockpile grave cairn seen dotting the hillsides?

We were relieved to find Austin and Eureka NV at comfortable intervals along US 50. Although once bustling boom towns from one mineral rush or another,

their economies now appeared to depend on travelers passing through. It was in these outposts that we justifiably paid the highest price for fuel. As the rolling rally continued westward, we were always in the company of other BMW riders at every gas stop or café.

In this strange place a number of oddities were seen along the way:

A 10 minute road construction delay causing a traffic backup in a remote area where there is no traffic.

A fossil U-dig-it business many miles from anywhere.

Harley Davidson riders waving at riders of other brands.

At a wayside, a large tree festooned by hundreds of pairs of shoes with their laces tied together.

Dry salt lake flats along the roadside dotted with graffiti messages arranged from contrasting colored stones.

A naval air base hundreds of miles from the ocean.

A miracle of irrigation, an oasis of vivid green hayfields and fruit orchards surrounded by arid sagebrush country.

By day's end, we reached Carson City NV and found lodging. It was a short 325 mile day, but seemed longer. That evening we looked over the

Tale of Two Cities continued:

maps and decided to explore Lake Tahoe, then noodle northward. Before leaving the next morning we sent emails from the motel lobby computer to parents and friends. As was becoming a pattern, this day's plan didn't make it through the morning.

Next month: On to Redmond

Lighten Up

By P.J. Francis

Folks do not take life too seriously. We are just passing through.

The September Mail Boxer was a credit to the editors and to the contributors. Having said that I felt there was something missing. Humor. BMW riders take themselves very seriously. It must be the German influence. Since I am unable to take anything too seriously (life, myself, etc.) I intend to submit an occasional light-hearted view of BMWs, motorcycling, the price of eggs and life in general.

The individual who threw the object at Stuart Klopp did not perform "a deliberate premeditated attempt to injure or kill a biker". He just did something stupid. Just like the teenagers who caught me in the chest with a rather hard object as I rode my Honda CG125 commuter bike home from work in Limerick six or seven years

ago. I was angry but there was nothing I could do. Those things will happen.

"Bert and Ernie's Big Adventure" by Bert Hefty made excellent reading. Much better than some of the touring articles we get in the "professional" magazines. ("Rider" is deteriorating rapidly). Bert gave us useful and interesting information. I have been wondering where all those aging hippies moved to. I saw a few of them at the Willow Folk Festival on August 12.

I'm glad Mary enjoyed her first trials. Yes, observed trials are great to watch. Held in May (foot and mouth permitting) in the beautiful countryside around Fort William, the Scottish Six Day Trial is the most famous. I'm going to attend some day. I'm particularly in the pre'65 event. Sammy Miller and his Ariel won several times. He still competes as he approaches 70 and runs a motorcycle museum in England. Mick Andrews was another Scottish great, as were the famous Lampkin brothers. A son of one of them currently leads the world championship, I believe. Those guys are artists on two wheels.

I was considering visiting Paonia sometime in the future. Now, I'm not sure. No hippies after all. Lots of respectable, church-going people. Hey, those guys are not to be trusted. Next thing I will be told there are no bars. I would not feel safe.

Well, that was not so light-hearted after all. It may be a gradual process.

BMW Pledges Aid For New York City Relief Efforts

From the BMW NA Website

September 14, 2001 -- The BMW Group is committing cash and products to the American Red Cross Disaster Relief Fund and the City of New York to assist in relief efforts following Tuesday's attack on the United States.

BMW will donate \$1 million in cash and ten new BMW X5 Sports Activity Vehicles to the Red Cross for its national relief efforts. One hundred police motorcycles will be given to the City of New York to help replace equipment lost in the New York Police Department motor pool. The total donation is valued at \$2.4 million.

In a joint statement, the chief executives of BMW's manufacturing, sales and marketing, financial services, technology and design companies said "on behalf of our employees, dealers, and customers, we hope this donation will assist the relief effort, honor the memory of those who lost their lives, and show our appreciation for the freedom and opportunity this country offers."

The BMW companies in the United States are located in Spartanburg, SC; Woodcliff Lake, NJ, Dublin, OH, and Newbury Park, CA.

A Few Things Seen in the News

By Roger Klopp

The October issue of the MOA News arrived in the mail today and I noticed something to bring to our readers' attention. There is a feature story on page 28 submitted by our club's own Meredith Hassall. While studying in Germany and serving as the Mail Boxer's foreign correspondent, she attended the Year 2000 Chamonix Top of Europe BMW Rally. This is her report.

The article is a typically well written report on her experiences and observations. Meredith noted several major differences between this rally and the type we attend in the US:

This rally combined BMW cars and motorcycles.

The rally was scattered among hotel lodging and campgrounds in the Chamonix area, rather at a single site.

Closing ceremonies were multilingual, and just like in the US they still went on too long.

Most significantly, the rally meal was closer to a gourmet event than we experience at local rallies.

The buffet had a huge variety of meats, seafood, side dishes, desserts and other delicacies.

Although she enjoyed the riding and rallying in Europe, Meredith still missed the campground rallies back home, perhaps even the porta-potties and snoring.

You may also want to look closely at the October issue of Motorcycle Consumer News. On page 6 in the Letters section, writer Steve Knapp submitted a copy of his email to BMWNA Customer Service regarding his concerns as a prospective buyer about oilhead twin surging problems. He politely listed several information sources and asked what BMW was doing about the situation. Following is their reply:

Dear Mr. Knapp,
Your comments notwithstanding, BMW does not have a systemic problem with performance in any of our products. The information you have received from the retailers you have spoken with is correct. However, given your willingness to believe apocryphal information rather than the qualified response of independent retailers, we would recommend that you keep your

Triumph Trophy. It is a respectable product.

Kind regards,

MC Customer Service
BMWNA

Mischler's Winter Storage

MISCHLER'S BMW OF BEAVER DAM is once again offering winter storage for your motorcycle at \$25.00 per month to all BMW club members, with a pick up service available at \$40.00 within a 40 mile radius of Beaver Dam.

Have your service for spring done during winter storage and your bike will be ready for you by spring and avoid the spring rush and delayed riding time!

Remember to pick up your motorcycle at our NEW location just down County B from our current location @ N8131 Kellom Rd. We plan on moving in Mid-February.

MISCHLER'S BMW
BEAVER DAM, WI
920-887-8425

BANQUET! BANQUET! BANQUET! BANQUET! BANQUET!

WHEN: Saturday, November 3th, 2001 - Dinner 6:30pm
WHERE: Prime Table Family Restaurant in the Lake Edge Shopping Center, 4102 Monona Drive - corner of Monona Drive and Buckeye Rd.
WHAT: The annual M. B. M. W. C. Awards Banquet
WHO: You!!!
WHY: Why NOT???

The menu will be steak (medium), 7-8 oz and about 10 small shrimp. A cup of chicken-rice soup, mashed potatoes, garden salad with Italian dressing and mozzarella cheese. Bread, coffee and milk are also included.

If anyone requires a vegetarian meal, let John Ong know at the time of the reservation. Cost is \$10/person. The club will pick up the tip and tax. No last minute walk-ins.

PLEASE fill out and send this form and your check to John Ong @ 4725 Nora Lane, Madison WI 53711 by October 27. See you all there!

Names of those attending _____ / _____

Amount enclosed (\$10.00 @) _____

Are you renewing for 2002 at the banquet? Yes / No

M. B. M. W.C.

Cherished - But - Totally - Insignificant - Awards - Form

MEMBERS!!! Please fill out all the blanks below and send THIS form to Tom Van Horn at: 302 Glen Hwy., Madison, WI 53705. Please get them to me by October 31. THANKS!

Estimate your BMW miles ridden between January 1st and October 31st, 2000 (to the nearest 100 miles). You may use this form for more than one rider - - please separate with different ink colors or a slash (/) mark.

NAME _____ For 2001, Your TOTAL BMW miles Ridden _____

Divide your totals into: Commuting miles _____ Sport or day ride miles _____

Touring miles (more than 1 day) _____

My co-rider _____ was along for _____ miles.

My/Our longest trip was _____ miles over _____ days.

Most miles in one day was _____; two days _____.

Number of nights in tent _____; in motel _____.

Number of states/provinces ridden in _____. miles in rain _____.

Number of rallies (not club rides) attended _____. How many GR3s total? _____

Sidecar miles _____; Trailer miles _____.

Estimate your TOTAL overall mileage on every BMW motorcycle you have had _____.

How many years riding? _____.

Did you have any unusual or memorable incident or accident this year?

Tell us:

Who should be this years Shaftly Character? _____

Why?

Who should get Special Mention for service to the club? _____

Why? _____

