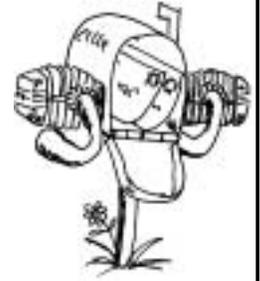


The Mail Boxer

August 2003

BMW MOA #7



The Prez says...

by Steve Huber

Out Riding! (along with a few other club officers, so this will be a short edition...)



Find out what lucky (or not so lucky) club member won the motorcycle at the Top O' the Rockies Rally at the August breakfast.

Upcoming Events

8/4: 9:00am Club breakfast at The Maple Tree in McFarland. (don't miss this one...)

8/8-10: New Vienna, IA ride
Leaving 4:30 pm Friday from Speedway on corner of Hwy 151 and Raymond Rd for steak dinner, camping and Perseides meteor shower. Field of Dreams or Amana Colonies possible on Saturday. Brunch at Timmerman's overlooking the Mississippi and return home on Sunday. Contact Ed Burington for more information.

8/17: the 36th or so Hillsboro Ride
Leaving 9:15ish from the gas station at the corner of Mineral Point and D'Onofrio Dr. (Stop-&-Go). This is on Mineral Pt. road, between West Towne and Hwy 12/Beltline. Call Tom Van Horn at 238-5181.

8/23: Tire tech day at the Erickson's in Janesville.

8/22-24: Galena Campout. Palace Campground, Galena, IL. Make reservations with the campground, (815)777-2466.

8/22-25: Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario
Friday ride through Upper Peninsula Michigan to Canada. Saturday take the Agawa Canyon train tour. Sunday visit Mackinac Island and stop in Manistique, MI for the evening. Monday return to Madison. Contact Ed Burington for more information.

9/5–7: 33rd Annual Wisconsin Dells Rally at Chula Vista Resort. Contact Sue Rihn-Manke at (262)495-4163.

9/7: Ironman Wisconsin needs 60 motorcycles for support. Staging at Monona Terrace in downtown Madison. Contact Tom Wiesen for more info.

9/27: Dual-sport Ride in Wabeno, WI. For more information contact the Madison Motorcycle Club.

9/28: Dyersville, IA. A Sunday morning ride to Timmerman's, East Dubuque, IL for brunch. Continue to Dyersville for a Field of Dreams visit. Back home the same day. Contact Ed Burington for more information.

11/8: Club banquet at JT Whitney's. More information to come...

Every Tuesday is Two Wheel Tuesday @ the Sandlot in Madison!

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V.P.'s Report by Tom Van Horn

...A Point In Search Of a Counterpoint?

Counterpoint?? Well, I'll say this out front: I had a good time at the Charleston 'MOA Rally. I'm sure that diverging opinions will come thick and fast, but what I ended up doing worked out well, a few snags notwithstanding.

Myself, J.T., Dave J. and Norm B. pulled out Monday (7/7) morning. It was tapering off rain (a computer radar check revealed roiling masses over this area and central Ohio); by McFarland it had stopped, with wet roads only. I finally peeled out of rain gear south of Rockford...

...Oh, our plan? We were slabbing it to Columbus (I-39/74/70, via Bloomington and Indy) to visit the AMA museum Tuesday morning, and then backroad it south and east to WV.

The Snag Of The Trip occurred south of Rockford: J.T. (aboard his new-to-him '92 R100RS) lost fifth gear. Shortly after, he lost about everything, accompanied by scorching sulfur odors and dripping gear oil.

We limped in to the north side of Normal, and an Anonymous Book check showed two numbers. The second answered, and said he'd be up. A vaguely familiar guy showed up with a trailer, and I asked if he could store the bike until we could get Savoy or Kegel (the 2 "nearest" shops) to get it. He chuckled, and said he'd look at it, handing me his card: "RON MARCUS - R & K Bike Repairs" Ron used to do maintenance at national rallies (remember a red-&-black trailer?), does transmission work, and had a shop a half mile from where we were. THAT could have worked out worse...

So, divvy up his gear, J.T. on the back of my 'RS and press on. Around Indy (you can't go through on I-70 anymore), and on to Columbus, arriving 2–3 hours later than planned. Scott W. met up with us there.

The heavens opened during the night—Norm said it hailed—but blue sky in the morning. After experiencing the culinary elegance of a Waffle House, we took in the museum (not just Harleys, surprisingly for '03), then off in search of pikes to shun...

...One of my Oilhead sources extolled OH Hwy 555—the "Triple Nickel"—as did a chap at the museum, and so we picked it up south of Zanesville. Reports don't lie—this is some road, people! The whooping elevation changes left me queasy at times, plus a bit of gravel in the apexes, and being two-up, but it didn't matter—WHOOOooo!!!

A more sedate but nice run on 124 along the river got us across the Ohio at Ravenswood. We could have slabbed down to Charleston, but the map showed a Rte. 21, meandering hither and yon before going into town. This provided a neat ride into the capitol.

As Charleston isn't huge or sprawling, finding the Marriott wasn't hard—right across from the Civic Center (rally central). Dinner at a nearby steak joint ran us into Oilhead founder Steve Coburn, who mentioned that the '04 rally is at Spokane, WA - Remember when next years site was a huge secret..? (and on that note, I just had a phone chat wherein the 2005 site is rumored to be in southeast Georgia. In July. Uh, right...).

Okay, so why would there be diverging opinions about this rally? Well, it was, shall we say, decentralized. If you were at the nearest camping, you were a good mile from central. The main tent-and-beer-garden site was much farther, across the river and east. Shuttle busses were run, but only in the evenings from what I saw. One WI member said, "...like a @\$% Gold Wing convention!!"

This was an inconvenience, but the weather turned it into a trial—the waves of T-storms that washed over Indiana and Ohio that week also got Charleston. My visits to the tent area led me to dub it Woodstock Nation—"a sea of mud". Further thrills were provided when one of the cloudbursts destroyed the beer tent (among others) and blew several tents into the Kanawha River. A good rally not to have camped, more's my luck...

But besides that? Lots of vendors, I (again) helped Dave Hough with sidecar and proficient riding seminars, sat in on a couple others. Betty and Tanya (and Bert, Ernie and Peggy) were piled into a suite at another hotel that had a FREE happy hour (-!), ran into a lot of members, ex-members, GR3-goers, Dells-goers, and friends old and new.

The awards were held in a basketball-type auditorium, with the acoustics of an old clothes dryer—I couldn't make out a word said. They WERE mercifully short, and they gave away a flawless R75/5, an R1150 Rockster, and—last minute surprise—an R11RT Police bike. Yerz Truly DID break a precedent—I actually won something, a Bobs T-shirt.

Speaking of T-shirts, I saw a few that stuck in mind: "If God rides a Harley, why is the sky blue and white?" And, "What if the Hokey Pokey really IS what it's all about?"

Our Friday meeting at the Marriott eatery was attended by moi, Dave M., Dave J., Jim and Linda Low, Bert, Russ C., Steve Schlough, and guests Tom and Rita Hassall. Bert advised that we made around 2K at GR/3, I advised that the Nat'l Rally charity was a childrens care operation called Damark, and that the Ironman is the Sunday of the Dells Rally...

...Dave J., Norm and Scott hit the road midday Saturday; Bert, Ernie, J.T. and moi and the Lows motored out Sunday a.m. Up Rte. 35 in fog—cross into Ohio, and stop for b'fast in Rio Grande, at what happened to be the original Bob Evans restaurant, right on the huge farm.

We ran into Skip and Judy (WI Club members and GR/3ers)southeast of Dayton (Judy is no longer on a /2, having graduated to an R1200CL), who joined us up to US 40 and west thereon. We stopped in Urbana (had to retrieve J.T.s RS in the morning), had a lively push-more-tables-together dinner, and scattered in the morning...

...J.T.s transmission was fragged for keeps - Ron got a used '91 box from Bobs. Everything was together and working fine upon our arrival. A run up I-39 and I-90 (incl a dodge on county roads near Beloit to avoid stopped traffic on the "I"), and home we were.

This fall, 'RA nat'l in Alabama—next year, 'MOA in WA. Whaddya think?

2 Wheel Tuesday

by Todd Herbst

I am organizing two wheel Tuesday at the Sandpit (formerly Stevens) at the corner of North St. and Johnson Ave. in Madison.

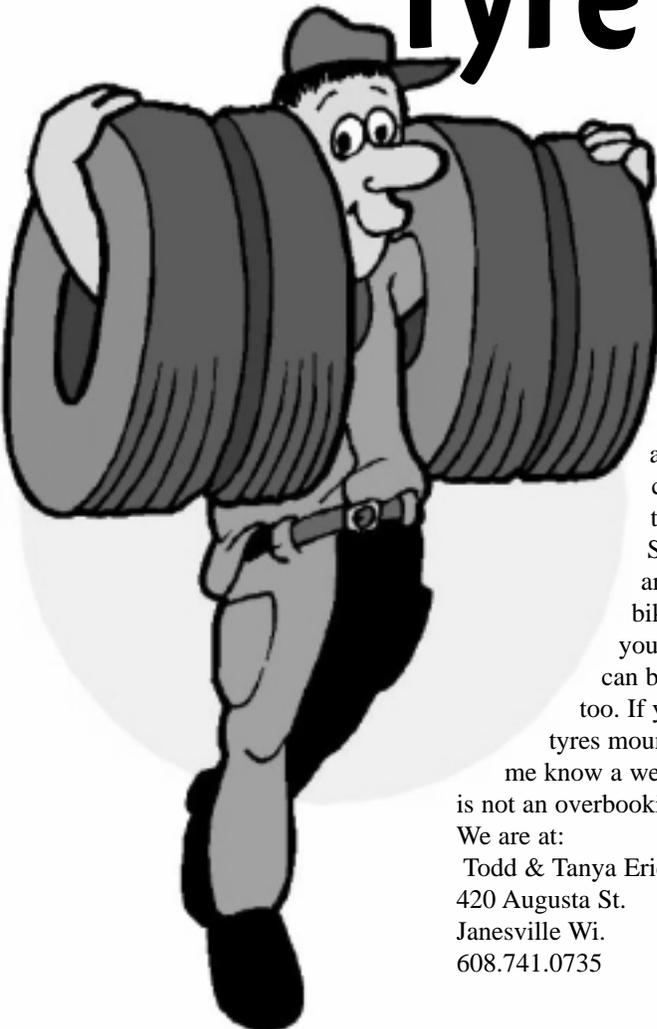
Two Wheel Tuesday is Speed TV's 12 hour motorcycle programming on Tuesdays with road racing, flat tracking, motocrossing, etc. from noon until midnight.

Come when you want but the best racing starts around 7pm.

Owners have agreed to feature Two Wheel Tuesday on at least one of the 15 TV's and more as needed. Anyone is welcome, contact me or just show up.

The Sandpit serves excellent burgers, pizzas, and appetizers and will be offering two for one rail mixers every Tuesday.

Tyre Tech Day



Is anyone up for a tyre changing/balancing tech day? August 23rd, the weekend after the Peoria TT, we'll change and balance tyres here in Janesville. Sat. morning starting around 10am bring your bike, wheels/tyres, or just your self to see how this can be done in your garage too. If you would like a set of tyres mounted and balanced let me know a week in advance so there is not an overbooking of time available.

We are at:
Todd & Tanya Erickson
420 Augusta St.
Janesville Wi.
608.741.0735

Killarney

By P.J. Francis

In Ireland is a beautiful place called Killarney. Its lakes, glens and mountains are famous throughout the world. (There may, admittedly, be a handful of people in Tristand Da Cunha who never heard of them). Songs and poems have been written in their honor.

Each year thousands of tourists flock to the area. One hears more German, Japanese and American accents in the craft shops, restaurants and hotels than local ones. Tour buses choke up traffic.

The sound of foreign currency flowing into the Irish economy can be deafening. (Or is it the sound of that woman ordering her harassed husband to move it or he will miss the bus?)

I visited Killarney with my family last August. The tour buses were conspicuous by their absence. So were the tourists. There were a handful of Americans. The other visitors were natives. Peace and tranquility prevailed. There were lakes but no mountains. This was not Killarney, Ireland but Killarney, Ontario, Canada.

The small picturesque community is located on the northwest shore of Lake Huron. It is reached by way of the 67 kilometer Highway 637 off King's Highway 69. (Sudbury—Parry Sound.)

There are a few small stores and restaurants in that wonderful lakeside place. Boats are everywhere both in the water and out. A few seaplanes take people for rides. We visited one hotel that has an awesome view from the bar. We did not see other hotels but there may be some hidden discreetly away.

Killarney is a popular spot with authors and artists. I can understand why. It is getting away from it all in the best possible way. Away from noise, rushing, traffic and daily responsibilities. Yet within reach of stores, roads, and people.

Ten kilometers from the village is the entrance to Killarney Provincial Park. This is a vast (48,000 hectare) and beautiful tract of wilderness sometimes called the "crown jewel" of Ontario's park system. It boasts clear lakes, rugged white quartzite ridges and a wealth of plant and animal life.

It was this animal life that caused us to forego staying at the park campground. In the interpretive center are several warnings of the incompatibility of campers and bears. Yes, there are bears. A smashed and broken food

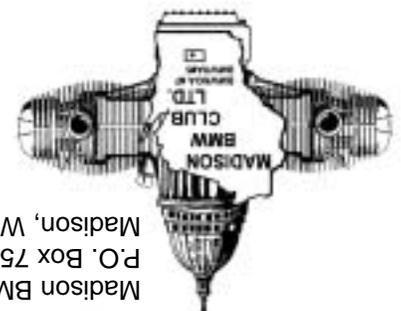
cooler demonstrated just how destructive those large creatures can be when gaining access to food is an issue.

It took the best efforts of daughter, Sasha, and I to restrain Helena from running from the place with an undignified urgency that would have caused her much embarrassment later when recounted at social functions and family gatherings.

An inquiry to the Park Rangers, who were engrossed in a discussion regarding the best method of rounding up an escaped moose, brought forth the following information: "Oh, there has been an adult female seen around the campsite for the past few days but she has not bothered anyone. How many nights would you be staying?" "None," I quickly answered noticing Helena's ashen expression. Of course, I would have stayed had I been on my own. No itty-bitty bear would scare me. No way.

We regretted not having had more time to stay in Killarney. So much to do and so little time to do it. Next time we are going to stay for an entire week.

Apparently moose are among the many creatures who believe the grass is greener on the other side. For me, it is definitely greener in Killarney.



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