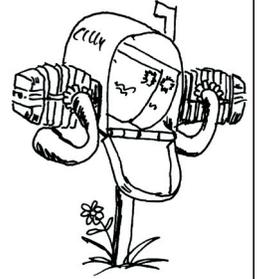


The Mail Boxer

November 2007

BMW MOA #7



The Prez Says

By Todd Herbst

Howdy all,

It sure doesn't see as if the riding season is coming to a close this Year. Yesterday, Oct. 21, there were bikes all over the road. Unfortunately we weren't on any of them. We were too busy cutting wood to heat our house, if that point ever comes along.

Please don't forget to send in your Banquet Menu form to John Ong and your Totally Insignificant Awards form to Tom Van Horn by Oct 31st. If there are any late ones, the water-boarding shall commence.

Thanks to all who cooked chili at this year's Chili-Cook Off. We had a good turn out this year, we could of had just a few more chili's though. There were six different kinds of chili, all of them good, but, once again we had a tie for first place with Boyd Weber and Jim Dickey taking home the fabulous prizes and praise from the critics.

Jim, that's two years in a row tied for first. One of these years maybe you'll be able to bask in the glory of being alone at the top, being carried on shoulders, ticker tape.....maybe next year.

Someone also told me about some weirdo with leaf blower, blowing fire through a hollowed out log. I wish I could have seen that.

Steve Lemke has offered to run for VP. Tom Schirz has offered to share the Activities Director position with someone else. He won't be able to be at a lot of our meetings, so we would need someone to do the monthly drawings and 50/50.

I had something else to write about but can't think about it right now. At least it'll give me something to write about in December.

P.S. We could really use some content for our new newsletter editor so he doesn't have to come up with stuff all winter.

Oh, by the way, Thanks Sam.

No Breakfast meeting in November!

Jim Dickey's annual Halloween party is Nov 3, costumes are optional

November 10th—BMW Club Banquet @ the Bourbon Street Grille. 6pm drinks; 7pm dinner. See menu inside...



Talitha and a very happy Dan
West Bend National Rally
Photo by an Anonymous Source

FROM AN ANONYMOUS SOURCE

Hello Beemers....

This marks the first issue of the Mail Boxer with myself as editor. First and foremost, a big thank you to Betty Herbst for her hard work as the past newsletter editor. I still hope to wri~~n~~g an article or two from you, Betty. As for the rest of you, this is your newsletter so please send me your articles. I don't need finished copy; just a rough outline or report and I will attempt to fill it out. E-mail, snail mail, telephone, text message, wadded up napkin or carrier pigeon are all acceptable methods of sending your soon to be famous words. Articles on rides can be as simple as where and when you went and who might have gone with you. Some technical tips that you might like to share would be great. Please remember that we are all at different levels of experience with our bikes so what seems like old news to you might be totally unknown to someone else. I also think that your reviews of the individual models of BMWs that you own or have owned could be fun. Whatever the topic you choose to write about, please send them in or else I will be forced to fill the pages with embarrassing photos procured from anonymous sources. Or stories about my dog. You have been warned!!!!

Sam G.

Madison BMW Club
P.O. Box 152
McFarland, WI 53558

President: Todd Herbst
(608)831-4439
president@madisonbmwclub.org

Secretary: Linda Low
lrloww@verizon.net

Membership: Derek Engelen

Treasurer: John Ong
(608) 222-6489

Newsletter Editor: Sam Garst
guanocave@earthlink.net
editor@madisonbmwclub.org

Rally Chair: Roland Thompson
(608) 222-3758

Activities Directors: Bert Hefty
(608) 862-3671



Rally Riff Raff
photo by an Anonymous Source

“Always Have A Plan ‘B’”.

by Tom Van Horn

Well, we did it again. We used to do a ‘boys-night-out’ short run every year, but life kept getting in the way of late. We decided on another of our runs instead of to the Falling Leaf affair - just run up to and around Door county and Washington island, shooting the small roads and pausing wherever. Not too far out in case the weather collapses, and it won’t be crowded, who the hell goes to Door/Wash this time of year??

Well, uh, lots of people, as it happens. Leaf lookers. Fall festival-goers. Golfers. (??) Et cetera.
Hmm.

Finding accommodations turned into a bit of a battle: “Nope, full.” “Two-day minimum.” “Three-day minimum, sorry.” Finally found a cabin on Washington island for Friday, and probably the last damn room on the peninsula for Saturday, in Ephraim. Hadda be at work Sunday night, so...

...assorted double-shift silliness Wednesday and Thursday AM led to a packing scramble midday Thursday. I should have the hang of this by now, but...

...met up with J.T., and off north and east. The plan is to shunpike, avoid towns, hit the lakeshore somewhere around Manitowoc, head up nort’ dere, and call it a night where ever. Algoma, maybe? Through Horicon, Theresa, Kettle Moraine, past Road America (one of our June destinations before falling into the Beemer rally habit) and Elkhart Lake (they’re tearing down Seibkens for condos!?!?!). Cloudy,

upper 40s - my heaviest leathers plus electric vest & grips make things comfy. Consistently cloudy, I wore the Schuberth lid (we don’t need no steenkin dark shield!). Make the lakeshore. Running out of daylight, temp droppeth, duck through Manitowoc, and pack it in at Two Rivers (or T’Rivers, dere??).

Barb and I went on a fishing junket here with friends years back - they took us to dinner at the Lighthouse Inn on the lake. Still there, bar and restaurant right on site, why not?

The eatery’s still good - J.T. celebrated diversity with the cajun whitefish (- is this kinda like tandoori bratwurst or something?), and I had the pasta. Both were grand, IMHO...

...The late date made us modify part of our usual routine: Instead of heading out at oh-dark-thirty, we dawdled until the temp was enough above freezing to keep bridges and shore side roads from offering any slick surprises. Bikes needed defrosting, anyway...

...In keeping with the Shunpiking Theme, we headed lake ward as soon as we crossed both rivers. County ‘O’ runs through Point Beach Forest, and using town roads north of ‘V’ kept us near the shore. Very scenic, with rayed sun through the clouds - a lake freighter was way out in one of said rays...

...Breakfast in Algoma (another diner said, “You guys ridin’ snowmobiles or what?” Haha.), cross the Ahnapee River, and up the shore on ‘S’ and ‘U’. Once again, scenic, empty, some twisty areas. Finally used ‘U’ to jump on 42/57

just short of the Sturgeon Bay bridge. Cross same, and (shunpiking, remember?) immediately turned lake ward (again) on Utah street. Thence to county ‘TT’ and ‘T’.

I’m bemused by all the folks who say how much they looove Door county, but seem oblivious to any road on it other than highway 42. Okay, a few daring navigators are aware of 57 up the lake side - but look at the traffic: Most turistas act like going a block off of 42 would get them devoured by orcs (“Go, orcs!!”). Oh well - keeps my beloved back doubles emptier...

...’TT’ and ‘T’ up the east side are marvelous - not fast, but, hey, are you in a hurry?? In the woods, color still mostly green, some yellowing. To and around Whitefish Point, to town roads by Cave Point and Clark Lake, then on to 57 just shy of Jacksonport. Nipped up past Kangaroo Lake to Baileys Harbor (wow, it is still touristy) and off on ‘Q’. Past Moonlight Bay (w-we w-were s-s-sailing aalong...), Cana Island, and North Bay...

...Enough peninsula poking for today - might be a line at the island ferry. Up to Gills Rock and down the 42 chicanes to the Northport ferry dock. There was a short line, but the ticket commissar came back and said, “We can get you bikes right on.” Right on.

The direct route from Northport to the island runs west of Plum Island, but the Port des Morts was acting up a bit, so the ferry went around the east, lee side of Plum. Thank you. We stayed at the bikes anyway, as things still pitched around until our arrival at Detriot Harbor.

Aside: Washington Island is a small community, with few gathering spots. One of these is Nelsens Hall, known for its 'Bitters Club'.

When I sought lodging, I called Nelsens, and the barmaid handed the phone to Russ, who happened to be sitting at the bar. Russ runs Cedar Lodge on West Harbor, and he fixed us up for Friday on the spot. I love it when a plan comes together...

...So, around meandering Lobdell Point Road, left on meandering Old West Harbor Road, past Sunset Resort (spent Barbs birthday here - lovely, we'll be back -), and to Cedar Lodge. Russ issued us a cabin - three bedrooms, big kitchen and living room, small deck facing the bay - \$75. We'll take it.

Off-loaded our stuff, picked up a couple things at the local grocery, and hunted up lunch: burgers at Nelsens, and also inducted J.T. into the Bitters Club.

Aside: During Prohibition, Nelsen turned his saloon into a 'pharmacy', dispensing alcoholic bitters 'for medicinal purposes'. They're a bar again, but the tradition remains, with a little ceremony involving a ledger, a membership card, and - natch - a shot of bitters...

...while at Nelsens, a couple of do-ragged Harleyistas showed up - staying on Door, just visiting the island. They immediately start putting away the Coronas - were still at it when we left. We ran up to Washington Harbor (the island is named for the first US ship which put in here) and Schoolhouse Beach, with its polished dolomite rocks. A run east put us at Jack-

son Harbor. The little Karfi ferry looked down for the season, so we just looked over at Rock Island and its imposing stone Thordarson boathouse. The great hall therein is really something - carved norse chairs, antler chandeliers, and a fireplace that takes eight foot logs...

...South from there, again seeking the windey shore roads, and finding same. Again through the woods, with a bit more color up here. Back around the south side and past the Washington Island Hotel and Culinary School (Barb and I agreed that the food was grand, but wouldn't lodge there again.

Aside: Leah Caplan runs the Hotel & School, and when she wanted local ingredients for her baking classes, got the island wheat industry going again -- so successfully that the excess wheat goes into Capitol Brewery's Island Wheat brew and the making of Deaths Door gin and vodka...

...a coffee stop at the 'KK' offered sipping and listening to locals hashing out their winter plans. A run up the road showed that the two Harleys weren't at Nelsens - they were now in front of the Uptown Pub a couple doors up. Hmm.

Back to the Lodge to lounge around, adjust layers and just stare out at West Harbor and ruminate (heh) about dinner. While the Hotel & School has lovely dining, as far as I'm concerned the place to eat on the island is Kaylees on Main Road. It looks like an unprepossessing bar from the outside, but the basement is for dining - and their chef is a gem beyond price. Local fish, chicken marsala, steaks, pasta, etc. - Barb and I and now

J.T. have yet to have a bad meal there. Up through the bar after dinner, and here are our two Harleyistas, now parked here, still going at the Coronas. "Hey, where you guys been? We're beating you!" Yeah, you sure are. "I guess we're taking a later ferry!" Yeah, you sure are. Oh, well...

...one of the features of most north woods/seaside cabins is the quaint collection of dated reading material left over the years by prior occupants, and our digs at the Cedar were no exception - Readers Digest Condensed Books of 1960, a supermarket tabloid or two, and a few crumbling paperbacks. Never mind. One downside to the Cedar Lodge digs was, being mainly a summer operation, the heating was just two little baseboard units, one in my bedroom, one in the kitchen. None in J.T.'s room. No blankets either. My room was a steam bath. J.T. apparently had a long brisk night...

...Saturday am, another short tool around, had coffee at the Sunset Resort, and got in line for the boat. While there, I had a talk with Dick, a ferry line employee: "Had a guy on a BMW from down your way a few years back - came on one boat and left on the next one - said he'd found out what he needed..." John Schroeder led a ride up to Nelsens back when - whazzat you reconning, John?

Back on the Door, breakfast in Ellison Bay, and back to stalking the Wily Back Road. Sister Bay's having a festival/parade, need the back way anyhow. South of Fish Creek, we turned west to Juddville Bay, thence ran a snaky little half-width-lane down to Egg Harbor.

Hanging still another right ran us down 'G' to 'B', my favorite way between Sturgeon Bay and Egg Harbor. Meandering, wooded, past Horseshoe Bay, Little Harbor and along Sturgeon Bay (the bay). Only two businesses along the way: Duncans Bar and Birmingham's eatery. Will have to check them out one of these years...

...gassing up in Sturgeon Bay (the town), a be-colored Righteous Bro type came up to J.T. and talked up a riders memorial north of town. Back northbound, we saw signs for it, what the hell. It's on Mathey Road, north of 'P'. Nice little park, big granite memorial, paving bricks you can buy inscriptions for, a panhead motor welded into a donation box, benches - interesting little spot. J.T. and I were on the only bikes there - everyone else (in their do-rags and vests) rumbled in in minivans or little pickups. Hm.

Okay, back to our regular programming. Found North Bay Road and Rowley's Bay - dead end, but neat-looking little spot. Ducked back to Ephraim to check in. That last damn room turned out to be a two-bedroom suite ("...nothing else available..."): Living room / fireplace / jacuzzi yadda yadda. Huh.

After some Obligatory Lounging Around, we reaffirmed a Door County tradition - dinner at Greenwoods. This old-school supper club has been at an intersection east of Fish Creek since the '20s. Another spot where Barb/I/J.T./Barbs in-laws/etc have never had a bad meal. The old northwoods decor is neat too...

...Sunday am, the Weather Channel is showing a maelstrom (no, that's not a Suzuki) headed our way. Gotta work tonight anyway.

J.T. and I agree that we'd rather have beri-beri than go down Hwy 41 through the Fox cities, so we stayed east of Lake Winnebago on county roads...

...stopped for a map check in the tiny crossroad of Eurine (pronounced? urine??), where I got caught out by iffy sid-estanding - messing with a saddlebag, down the 'RS went. Cosmetic scuffs on the right fairing. What a pisser...

...Rain gear on in Luxemburg, breakfast in Brillion, rain in earnest at Fond du Lac. 'Nuff a'this, there's a place for shunpiking, and this ain't it. Hammered (sloshed?) down 151, in my driveway by 2:30. I'd guess around 450+ miles all told - like the t-shirt says, 'the shortest distance between two points is Boring! Amen.

Membership News

by Derek Engelen

Please welcome the following new member:

Jim Riederer
1750 Dickson Drive
Sun Prairie, WI 53590-3504

Phone: 608.837.4136 home; 608.217.9564 cell

Bikes: BMW K1200LT

Dougie Fleming
1530 W. Lacreata Drive
Freeport, IL 61032

Phone: 608.235.4476
Bikes: 1988 BMW RT



Todd keeping it Light
photo by an Anonymous Source

SECRETARY'S REPORT

LINDA LOW

October Club Minutes

34 people in attendance

Guests

There were 5 guests at the meeting, two of whom had just gotten their license this summer and were riding a brand new K1200 LT and a new Ural with a sidecar. Also Russ, one of the guests was at the national rally in July in West Bend and won 1st place in the bike show with his 85 K100.

New Bikes

Tom Schirz has a new K1200 GT

New Stuff

Steve Lemke is running for VP. Elections to be held Nov 10 at the annual banquet
Bert Hefty's position of Activities Director is up for grabs

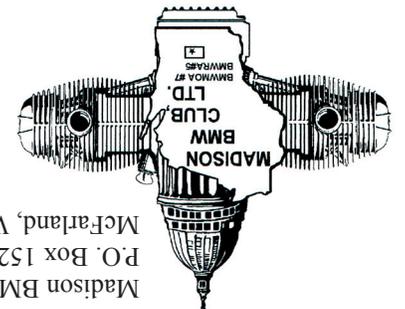
Chili cookoff will be at Todd and Betty's on the 13th of Oct

Madison AMA fall color ride is Sunday Oct 14 to start at the old Mexicali Rose on Cottage Grove Rd.
Registration starts at 9am

Jim Dickey's annual Halloween party is Nov 3, costumes are optional

NO CLUB MEETING IN NOVEMBER

CLUB BANQUET SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10
AT BOURBON STREET GRILLE



Madison BMW Club, Ltd.
P.O. Box 152
McFarland, WI 53558-0152