

**Greater Cincinnati
BMW
Club,
Inc.**

Publication
date:
11/3/2011

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December 2011 Newsletter

BMW Motorcycle Club
Greater Cincinnati



Another long one from Glos....

Fall 2011 Western Trip, By the numbers..... 29 days, with about four hours of rain, (excluding the last hour drive from Sparta KY. to home). 7300 SLUM-DOG miles in 14 states, another 900 on the Yamaha WR250R (about 600 of those on dirt/gravel). Five National Parks including two new ones, Guadeloupe Mountain TX. and Carlsbad Caverns NM. Four Nat. Monuments: Tuzigoot in AZ, Bandelier in UT, Gila Cliff Dwellings and White Sands in MN.



(Crested Butte Colorado)

(Heading up to Engineers
Pass. Ron's 250 Honda)

Rode several mountain passes
in Colorado... Schofield, Cum-
berland, Engineer, Cinnamon
and the most challenging, Imo-
gene Pass at 13, 114 feet above



Ouray and Telluride. Two crashes resulting in bent clutch and brake levers each. (new clutch lever at a Yamaha dealer in Durango for \$13.) Found out the bent levers made for nice helmet holders. Rode with Ron Monnig on the Schofield, Cumberland, Engineers and Cinnamon passes and up to Alpine Tunnel off the Cumberland route. (Ron gets a condo in Crested Butte each August and knows all the trails.)



The trail up to the Alpine Tunnel (<http://www.legendsofamerica.com/co-alpinetunnel.html>) is an abandoned railroad line used to haul minerals from the mines... the line connected Denver to Gunnison and was the first railroad tunnel to cross the Continental Divide (1881). The tunnel itself is at 11,523 feet. It's been 'blocked' off by man and nature to keep folks out because of cave-ins. Some of the track, switch house and turntable have been restored by volunteer groups. It's hard for me to comprehend that rail could be laid up to that elevation, over that terrain. Lots of blasting, lots of cold winters. It was abandoned after only 20 years use because of diminishing mining and accelerating upkeep costs.

(Engineer Pass)

13,114 foot Imogene Pass is accessed from Ouray (7,792 ft.) via the Bird Camp paved road that turns to two track gravel at about 9,000 feet. There was a narrow steep section bounded by a sheer rock wall on the right and a drop-off to the left. The right half of the trail was rock, and the left half gravel.... I aimed for the right for better traction and to stay away from the drop-off. After committing to the solid rock side, I saw a 12 inch 'step' near the top and tried to switch over to the left.... too late and too much speed. When my front wheel hit the gravel, I lost it and fell to the downside. It was the first time I dropped a bike (and I've dropped every bike I've owned) and **NOT** worried if someone had seen me.... Actually, it would have been more comforting if someone, anyone, was around to see. Luckily, it was also the first time in a long time that I was riding a bike that I could pick up without help. (It's a sad combination when one's bike gets heavier and one's condition gets weaker.) I hurt my right shin but there were no cuts in my riding pants. And even though I could feel a 'trickle', I decided not to look.



The Pass is marked with a sign, but no one there to take my picture. At least I have proof that my bike was there. It was beautiful; way above timberline and very cool. I met three young guys from Washington State on the descent, on a Honda, KTM and a 450 Yamaha. The trail stays gravel then dirt/gravel all the way down to Telluride. Finally, mission accomplished. Weather was threatening so I had lunch in Telluride before returning in the rain to Ouray via the long paved route.

By the way, the idea for this whole trip was hatched way back in 1985 while Diane and I were visiting Telluride for the first time. (it was a lot cheaper then.) I was walking town and three guys on Suzuki MX'ers

pulled up. Knowing that Telluride was sited at the end of a box canyon, and noting their direction, I asked where they had come from. They pointed to the mountains to the east and said, "from Ouray". That moment sowed the seed for this trip, twenty six years and 50 pounds later. This ride was the reason for my WR250R ownership. I felt good.

(back in '85, no one cared about noisy 2-stroke dirt bikes cruising downtown Telluride, now there are signs posted about a 1/2 mile up the trail, stating that bikes have to be street legal to proceed beyond that point (heading toward town). Also, no ATV's allowed.)



We loaded the WR in the back of the Tacoma and headed south through Silverton, Durango and up to Moab. (Owl Creek Pass, Colorado)

We had a room in town reserved for three nights with plans to ride the White Rim Trail. A Park Ranger informed me that the Trail was closed the last mile on the west side, due to flooding and wash-outs of the Green River that spring... Not to worry, we had Jeeped the Trail two years ago; this time I would enter on the Shafer Trail, ride half way, turn around and ride back; instead of ascending the Shafer Trail, I would return to Moab via the scenic Potash Road.

(Shafer Trail, accessing the White Rim from "Island in the Sky", or top level of Canyonlands N. P.)



(Looking South toward the Colorado River, about 45 miles into the White Rim Trail.)





(Dropping down to Colorado River level on return to Moab via scenic Potash Road.)



(My Yamaha **ON THE** White Rim.)

The day after my Rim ride, Diane and I hiked the beautiful Dead Horse Point State Park, which overlooks the White Rim plateau, Colorado and Green River gorges and Potash basin. It was a beautiful day. DHP State Park is much more scenic than Canyonlands Nat. Park and the Rim itself. Don't miss it.



(Standing on Dead Horse Point, looking south at Colorado River. (Sad how it got it's name...)



Our friends, Ahmet and Emel had left Ohio a week after us, but were hot on our trail. Emails confirmed that our paths would cross in Moab on our 3rd and last night. At dusk, Ahmet guided his big GS Adventure in the motel lot. They had left Ouray that morning and took a quick tour of Telluride on the way to Moab. We all went to Miguel's Baja Grill for a delicious Mexican dinner. It's always a special treat to meet good friends so far from home.

The next morning, I helped my Turkish friends arrange a Jeep rental so they could experience the White Rim. The weather for their day on the Rim was a welcome blue sky clear day. They had more than their share of rain getting from Ohio and later conversations confirmed that their Jeep day was the highlight of their trip.... Good.



From Moab, we headed Southwest, crossed Lake Powell on the ferry from Hall's Crossing to Bullfrog and then drove up the very scenic Burr Trail through the lower reaches of Capitol Reef Nat. Park. About 80 miles of dusty gravel and I'm glad I wasn't following anyone. We visited Pat; a Quilt Guild friend of Diane's who has a house in Prescott Arizona. She took us to the hysterical Palace Bar <http://www.historicpalace.com/> in downtown for lunch. It is rumored that when the bar caught fire in 1900, the patrons lifted the 'bar' to safety outside and continued drinking while watching the fire... also, the Prescott county delegates who were to go to Phoenix to partition for Prescott as the state capitol, got drunk in that bar and missed the stagecoach the next morning and never voted.... The chair that Wyatt Earp sat in is still there.



I Attended the AMA/Yamaha Super Tenere Adventure Ride out of Taos Ski Valley. Taos Ski Valley sits at 9,400 feet so mornings were brisk, having to scrap ice off the Yamaha's seat on Sunday morning. Two days covering 441 miles according to my trip meter. There was one new Super Tenere with the 19 other bikes, a guy from Clovis NM. He was a great dirt rider and whenever we hit pavement would do a 50 foot wheelie. (It's possible to turn the 'traction control' off while moving.)

On the second day of the ride, I made an effort to stay up with the "Big Dogs", and was successful. I didn't wake up thinking this was possible, but everything felt "good" that morning and I found myself challenging my good sense. The pace was about 40-50 mph over some rough rocky trails. Several times my front wheel would hit an unseen rock that would jam the handlebars back into my palms. That these dirt bikes, especially the front wheel, can take that kind of punishment amazes me... "Yeah" for spoked wheels. Etiquette has it that at a



change of course, (turn) each rider waits for the rider behind him to verify the course change..... Since I was the last of the fast guys, I had to wait for the slower pack to catch up before proceeding.

A veteran rider from Salida CO. on a KTM noted my predicament and fell back to cover me at each turn, allowing me to follow the leaders. As soon as the KTM guy made contact with the slow pack, he raced past me like I was standing still.... no matter what the terrain. He was on the pegs and saluted me as he passed. (There I am, thrashing away, holding on for dear life and riding way beyond my skill level and this guy passes me effortlessly. I'll never get there.... and am ok with that.)

(I recently read an article in the AMA rag, where someone stated: "you should never ride dirt faster than you want to crash...", man, I was way beyond that point.)

(First day of AMA/Tenere Adventure Ride, start of a 70 mile gravel run. Northeast of Taos.)

(Papa Bear (1200cc) and Baby Bear (250cc).)



On Sunday, we crossed the Rio Grande (**THE** Rio Grande River) on an historic bridge at the bottom of a deep gorge. (The new highway bridge twenty miles south spans the entire gorge). After climbing switchbacks up the west cliff, we rode an 80 mile stretch of rough gravel. We hit two spring fed mud holes which gave the heavier GSer's fits. About half the riders fell. I rode out into the sage and found a less rutted crossing and made it without falling. When we finally made it to pavement, most of the slow pack had had enough and returned to Taos via paved roads. After another long off-road stretch that circumnavigated San Antonio Mountain on the west, we had a great outdoor lunch and break at a small cafe in Ojo Caliente, an historic hot springs resort area, with emphasis on historic. We returned to Taos via another historic steel girder Rio Grande Bridge.

(The 'new' Rio Grande bridge; looking east with Taos Ski Valley in center distance. The narrow gorge begins below the concrete piers.)



(Desert meets mud, a perpetual spring fed mud hole, about a half mile across. Scouting routes.)

The surfacing spring created an entirely different eco system. I'm sure the local critters appreciated it more than we did. Yellow rider is on silver 950 KTM Adventure, just like Todd's. The tour guide rode an F800 GS, there were several DR 650's, 1150 and 1200 GS's, KTM's, and one other 250 bike, a Honda.

(Ojo Caliente Mineral Hot Springs. (is that redundant?) If you're into Spas, this is your place.)



We had a Taos Ski Valley condo for five nights and used the extra days to explore the Carson National Forest area.

While I was riding, Diane had the Tacoma and used it to find hiking trails, hysterical sites and shops. It was our first excursion with dual transportation and it worked well. My 5 liter red plastic tank gave the WR the range to stay with the pack and do extended riding on the White Rim.

One liners: After Taos, we had a nice half day in Santa Fe, and then headed south to Silver City. Hiked into the remote Gila Cliff Dwelling Nat. Monument (Geronimo's homeland and refuge). We visited Guadalupe Mountain National Park in Texas, and White Sands Nat. Monument in NM. We spent a half day at Carlsbad Caverns. We hiked down the natural entrance to the "Big Room" and around then took the elevator up.

The descent into the cave is almost vertical and the trail switchbacks are steep. It gave us a real appreciation for the early explorers and tourists who had to scabble over rocks and who used rope ladders to descend into the unknown. The scale is most impressive.

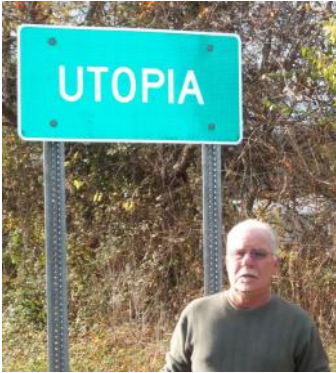
On our return we visited the National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum in Oklahoma City, found Billy the Kid's grave, and Will Rogers home, Memorial and grave in Claremore OK. The Cowboy Museum is world class, our second visit in three years and the inspiration for my "cowboy collection". We both enjoy watching **American Pickers** on the History Channel and stopped in Nashville to visit Mike's new "Antique Archeology" shop that he just opened in the old Marathon Automobile Factory. I was fortunate to meet Barry Walker, the owner and developer of the old Marathon Factory complex, now called Marathon Village. <http://marathonvillage.com/about.htm> the "Village" is now the home of several design firms, photo studios and Mike's shop. Marathon was the southernmost auto manufacturing plant in the US. The old brick buildings with original signage are models of good renovation. My kind of place. Barry is having a slow recovery of a near fatal motorcycle accident several years ago.... It was a real pleasure meeting him. Diane was disappointed that Mike wasn't in the shop that day.

I'm smart enough to know that riding solo in remote off-road areas is not wise, but I'm not strong enough to resist the basic 'urge' that drives me to do it. I've been as lucky at not falling as Fischer has been unlucky. John and the others I ride with are more skilled than I. I've been lucky. I'm grateful for being able to explore the great outdoors, whether in Logan Ohio, New Mexico, old Mexico, Alaska or South America. I've never regretted a good ride. It was a great trip. merrill



Gail and Larry Travels 2011

33 days on the road



On August 5th we left Warsaw KY for a week-end stop in Indianapolis with Gail's aunt and uncle before starting out for our 2011 Curve Cowboy Reunion in Boise Idaho. As I started planning this trip back in late 2010, I knew we would have to go to California, Oregon and Washington since they are my rather short list of lower 48 states that the bike has not been in yet. Usually in years past I just map out the planned trip on paper, explore some stops as far as eateries, and motels, without making reservations, as one never knows what may happen while you are out there on a motorcycle, like bad weather may arise, or you might drink too many the night before, and get off to a late start.



Well, this year I mapped out the trip day by day as far as towns and miles per day, and actually made some motel reservations along the way, we like the Drury Inn chain, as they have Happy Hour, and a good hot breakfast. Unfortunately, they go no further west than Colorado, so we had three Drury's the first week, then it was whatever. I knew since August of 2010 that we were making this trip and that we would stop in Couer d'Alene ID to visit Gail's new found half brother, so I did make reservations for two nights there, other than that we were just hitting the road.

One day back in July while getting a brake line replaced (figured might be important to avoid brake failure in the mountains) on the trike at Cadre Cycle I was perusing some of Enzo's 4-5 year old Cycle World magazines, and found some articles covering the area and roads we planned to travel, I'll give the pages back if Enzo asks me to. Now equipped with these pages, and our trusty American Highways and Byways book, we were ready to head west.

We left Indy on Tuesday August 9th and headed for Springfield IL on US 36, Drury Inn #1. Next day St Joesph MO, Drury #2. Thursday the 11th we headed to Colby KS via US 36 then dropped down 83 to 24 which runs along I-70 and into a Comfort Inn, that just happened to have a bar restaurant named City Limits attached. I have had steaks at Ruby's, Morton's and other fine places, but I think the Kansas Strip I ordered was one of the best. While relaxing I did have to text our friend Terri Todd to inform her where we were, since Terri, Ralph and I traveled this I-70 way back in 2005 on way to Breckenridge CO, just to remind her and Ralph what they were missing, I like to rib those who still have to work.

Now we head for Drury #3 in Colorado Springs, just 233 miles away, but temperatures in the 90's and riding I-70 made it a little boring. We pulled into the Drury around 1:30 or so, got our room, unpacked the bike and shed the road gear. Since Pikes Peak is there and the Gardens of the Gods, we decided to head out just helmets and jeans since the temps were in upper 80's. As we pulled out of the motel I saw something move by my lap and then heard a clunking sound in the right wheel well, and said to Gail, "what the hell was that/" she said "I don't know". Oh well, off to the Garden of Gods, which was really worth the visit (pic),. then over to Pikes Peak. Since visiting the Grand Canyon back in 2008, I have had a National Parks Card that gets us into any National Park free and we made a trip back in 2009 to Florida and the Carolinas which I forgot the card, well needless to say, I don't leave home without it now. Well as we approached the Pikes {Peak Highway, I noticed that my temperature gauge continued to rise then fall as the fans would kick on, up and down like a yoyo. Nine years and two trips out west before, I did not remember her heating up like this before, so I called the BMW dealer in Denver to inquirer, and he informed me that all was ok, everything runs hotter at these higher elevations then back in Kentucky, not to worry as long as

fans are kicking on. Alright, lets get to Pikes Peak. As we pull up to the gate and proudly produce our Senior National Park card, the guy in the smokie hat informs us that the card is no good there, and the cost would be \$24.00. I'm thinking, the bike is overheating now, we are going to go higher, the trip is going to take us an hour plus due to construction, and I quickly realize that this will cut into our Happy Hour back at the Drury Inn, so we elected to forego the Pikes Peak highway. So we head to the gift shop at the Garden of the Gods. I had told Gail earlier that we did not have time for her to stop and shop.

Saturday's route was going to take us down to US 50 at Canon City, then to Royal Gorge (a page I took from Enzo's 5 year old magazine), then head for Grand Junction Co. So as we are loading up the bike, I went to install the XM radio to its adaptor, which was missing. My first thought which I verbalized to Gail was, "some SOB stole the adaptor". Then as I thought about it, who the hell would steal that???, then it hit me, that must have been what went by my lap and up into the wheel well yesterday, well I'll be a #%%#@&^.. Well, off we go for a day of hot weather—95 and above, and some nice scenery. As we stopped in traffic, I realized that my headlight was burned out, so on to one of our pit stops. I Googled up BMW dealers and found one in Grand Junction, so I called and informed them that I should arrive there around 4:30, enough time to replace the headlight, since they were closing at five. As we pulled in, I noticed that this dealer was a Harley Davidson and recently took on BMW as evidenced by the BMW banner sign hanging on the Harley sign. Well they replaced the bulb and tried to trade me onto a new trike on the showroom, I figured that my Hannigan holds more of Gail's luggage then their Harley trike could carry, no deal. That evening we walked across the street to a fine little Italian restaurant with outdoor seating. There were some young entertainers setting up to perform as we took our outdoor table.. I must say we were pleasantly entertained by one young man named Shay Braemer, who placed high, if not at the top for the American Idol audition for the state of Colorado. We enjoyed the entertainment and had nice conversations with the young men, so much so that we purchased there CD's. Shay told us that he performs in Orlando, FL during the month of February, so we gathered e-mail information, and told him we may see him in Florida, since we will be in Fort Myers during Jan-Feb., just a few hours of drive time away.,



Sunday morning we head for The Arch's Nat'l Park in Utah, which we toured for a couple of hours (free admittance with our card), then head on down the road for Salina UT. Route 50 runs together with I 70, so 168 miles of expressway with temps in the upper 80's. Somehow, I missed the turn off for Salina and wound up in Richfield UT at a Best Western. The next morning as I was fueling up, I noticed a GMC pick up truck with Utah government license plates fueling up at a natural gas pump, right there next to the regular gas pumps, so I had to investigate. The man told me that the sucker runs on both, just switch to the gas tank when the natural gas tank runs out, and keep going. The price was like a \$1.45 a gallon compared to \$3.50 for gasoline.

He said he gets the same kind of mileage on either fuel, and I'm thinking why aren't we hearing more about this means of fuel. They want to push the electric cars with there hefty price tags, when they could produce vehicles that can run on natural gas.

Today's plan was to get on US 50 and travel 346 miles to Eureka NV. For those who have not been on this stretch of highway, I will tell you that you can go for miles and miles, and never see another vehicle.



Occasionally we would see a house, I guess you would say a ranch, way back off the highway, we would laughingly say, "I guess they did not want to be too close to the highway", Where they shopped, we had no idea, because towns were miles and miles apart. Around 3:30 or so we pull into Eureka, looking for a motel, we spot a Best Western which I pull into, walk into the office ring the bell for help. I see a lady come out from her office to inform me that they are booked up. I'm thinking you got to be kidding me, the parking lot was empty I said, she said construction workers have motels in town booked up. She informs

me that the nearest town of Austin was about 90 miles on down the road. So we filled up, when you see signs that read "No service for next 100 miles" believe me they are true. On down the road about 25 miles we found the construction workers blacktopping US 50. We had to sit for about 20-25 minutes while traffic came toward us, and guess what, there are no shade trees out there. As we pulled into Austin, we noticed a restaurant, a number of bars, and a couple of motels, the Canyon Pony Motel looked like the best bet, so in we go. As I booked the room the manager, whose living quarters were next to the office, told me that they do have wireless internet, he could not guarantee that it would work. Once in the room, I found that the electrical outlets were two pronged outlets, so back to the office to see if Nick had a three prong adaptor, which he did. Next as I looked for an ice machine, and saw none, I once again return to the office to ask Nick about ice, he says hold on, and returns with a bucket of ice from his refrigerator, I thought to myself, this town is in a time warp. We rode up the hill about a ¼ mile, (Gail did not want to walk) so we jump on the bike, without our helmets, and I jokingly comment "we'll probably get stopped by the sheriff". As we pull into the parking lot, there sit's the sheriffs car, he is dining at this establishment instead of the other restaurant in town, go figure. Well we had our meal and watched the sheriff leave, so we then headed back to the motel. As we pull in, we notice three gentlemen sitting outside their rooms each enjoying a beer. One of the guys quickly offers me a beer which I graciously accepted. Turns out these guys were brothers, one lives in Hawaii, one in San Francisco, and one in Bozeman MT. They get together for a week once a year. This year it was Austin, NV. They would make day long excursions in and around the area, just drive until they saw a road, then take it to see what was down that road. They told of the many abandoned ranches they had come across, one proudly showed us the different rocks he had collected. You might imagine 3 brothers in their mid 50 to 60's talking about each others excursions. One story was how they were exploring an old ranch and each went in his own direction looking for whatever in the way of interesting artifacts, when one of them looked up to see a bobcat staring him down. He had no weapon, no camera, and none of his brothers were near, to witness or to help. He stood motionless, other than his beating heart, that he thought might stir the cat. He glanced around at his surroundings to make sure that he was not standing near a litter of bobcats, or maybe the bobcats dinner. As time passed, the bobcat slowly walked on. Now the two brothers after a few beers, were not so sure about his story since they did not witness the event, nor was there concrete evidence of the sighting, Gail and I were cracking up at these guys as this story unfolded.



Next stop would be Lake Tahoe where we spent an enjoyable afternoon at a local brew house sampling a few local drafts and appetizers and a nice dinner at the Best Western we were staying at right on the lake.

Now we were off for San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge. Both Gail and I have been there once before while on business trips, and seen this beautiful bridge but I wanted to ride over it. As we meandered down US 50 thru some beautiful scenery and a great road under sunny skies, I was thinking how smooth the first week the first week had gone, other than losing the XM radio adaptor, no problems. As we entered San Francisco I 80, then traveled thru downtown I began to notice a noise when ever I hit a bump or pot hole, that I had not heard since being on the east coast last year. I knew that my front fenders repair job that I had done back in July of 09, then again in New Jersey, by our friends neighbor last September, had failed again.. As we approached the bridge I had to look twice to make sure that we were at the correct bridge as it was so foggy that you could only see the roadway of the bridge, the top of the structure mired in fog, go figure. As we parked on the other side to get a few pictures, I examined the fender and confirmed my suspicions about the fender, the bracket had broke.

Now our next stop was Napa, where we planned to spend two nights and tour the wine country. While parking at the Wine Valley Lodge , a couple pull in on a Honda sport bike. We exchange hellos and proceed to check in. While checking in, the gal at the desk told me that she and her husband ride a Harley. So I asked about any shops in town that might be able to repair my fender, and she told me of two places. Meanwhile, Gail is checking out the brochure rack and talking to the desk gal about wine tours. Gail has the couple to talk to, and a tour to decide on, so I figure I'll go find a cycle shop. The first one was an unauthorized HD guy, and when I informed him of my needed repair, he said, "I don't have any metric tools buddy", so now off to dealer number 2. As I go down the wrong street I notice a shop named Bug and Buggies, and see a bunch of VW bugs out front. I walk in to ask where the cycle shop is and the owner tells me I missed the turn by one block, and I thank him, and he asks what the problem is. As he follows me out, I tell him he can solve ½ my problem because he has metric tools, and as I show him the needed repair, he says, "Pull it inside the shop." He proceeds to remove the fender at my direction and tells me to call him tomorrow afternoon. Since we were going to be touring the wine country on a bus the next day, this was going to work out just fine. As I return to the motel on my now fender-less trike, I notice Gail sitting with the Honda couple in front of their room, making new friends. We enjoyed nice conversation with the couple who were from southern CA and just visiting the wine country. Their plan was to ride to different wineries while ours was to get on a bus, go to wineries and drink some wine. That evening we had dinner at the



Bounty Hunter in downtown Napa. Had some great BBQ with a sampler plate. On Thursday we did our tour which was pricey, informative and enjoyable. I did call Bob from Bugs and Buggies who informed me that he had the fender repaired. Since he would be closed by the time we returned, I told him I would be in early Friday.

On Friday, I ride to the Bug & Buggie shop and Bob installs the repaired fender. I get a few pictures and head back to pick up Gail and the luggage. Off we go up route 128 thru the wine country of Napa Valley, heading for the coast and route 101 and the Redwood Forest area.

Ten days on the road, a lost radio adaptor, a repaired fender fix, nice weather, fine food and drink, and now we were going to ride the famous roads of the California coast line, what could be better? It was during this stretch that I remembered the GCBMW club contest of alphabet cities, so we decided to play the game. During breakfast, we looked at the map to see what cities we would pass through and began our strategy to play to this contest. Here we are in California some 2000 miles from home and looking for city signs to capture with our camera.

Fridays ride took us up rt 128 to route 101 Then over to route 1 via Rt 20. Some pretty scenery, great twisty roads, and weather ranging from sunny skies and mid 80's to cloudy skies and temps in the mid 60's we continue north thru the Redwood Forest just marveling at the scenery, Pacific Ocean to our left, the forest to our right. The couple back in Napa had told us about Chandelier Tree (big tree to ride thru so we headed off 101 for that park. As we approached the giant redwood there were three gold wings in front of us, two



of them with sidecars from Hannigan Motor Sports, the company that triked my LT. One of the guys took my camera so he could take some pictures of Gail and I riding thru the tree. We kibitzed with the "Boyz from Illinois", trading road stories and talking about Dave and Ruthann Hannigan. Off we go to the Best Western at Humboldt Bay in Eureka, where I had just made a reservation while at the park. Another wonderful 307 mile day up the coast line. A stretch of road that surpasses Deals Gap, with 718 curves in a 23 mile stretch (I found out the numbers from a fellow reunion rider who counted them one day.)

Saturday our destination is Coos Bay, OR up route 101 just 249 miles away under cloudy skies. As one of the locals told us, the sunshine is rare in this part of the country, and we did not see too much of it that day, but still a great day in the upper 50's to mid 60's. That evening, we checked into the Bay Bridge Motel which overlooks Coos Bay. We had a wonderful early bird dinner at the Hilltop Restaurant overlooking the bay. Upon returning to the motel and preparing to fire up the net book to check on tomorrow nights motel stop, I realize that I left my phone charger back at the Best Western at Humboldt Bay. Now I'm begin looking on line for a Verizon store so I could buy a new charger. Unable to contact Verizon on a Saturday evening, and growing more and more agitated, I discover that the local Wal-Mart store handled Verizon.

After numerous attempts to reach someone in that department, I succeed. So now I'm off to the store at a time that I should be enjoying the sunset over Coos Bay from our motel room as advertised on their web site, oh well screw up number 3?? Upon returning from Wal-Mart in the dark, I map out tomorrow's route that was going to be a 387 mile day that would leave us a short ride on Monday to Couer d'Alene, ID, and booked a room in Kennewick, WA at a Days Inn,

On Sunday we head north on RT101 in temps of mid 50's and cloudy. Up the Oregon coast line, capturing city signs up to Newport, then cut over RT 20 to I 5 then up to Portland and ride along the Columbia River on I 84. We went from a low of 54 along the coast to a high of 101 that afternoon. We pull into the Days Inn in Kennewick WA around 5:30 and after 469 miles to be told by the desk clerk that we were suppose to be there last night on the 20th. I said well sorry, for your mix up, but here we are tonight, I was in Oregon 469 miles away, so we need the room tonight and he proceeds to ask me if I want to use the same card I used for last night's stay. I said "stay!", we were not here. And he said I was charged for a stay, since I booked the room on line. There was nothing he could do about it. I almost went postal on the young man, so he gives me the phone number to corporate customer care, well after 20 minutes I reach some gal that wonders why I am calling her, there is nothing she could do to solve my problem, but she would pass my complaint along to an investigative team. The young man at the desk offers me a reduced rate for that night (I really was P/O and wanted to get back on the bike and search out another motel) and since we were tired and there, I took him up on his offer. I did look at the e-mail confirmation that I had received the night before, and saw that the date for the room was the 20th^t not the 21. Upon a complete reading I see that if I wanted to cancel the room, I had to do it on the 19th by 4 :00pm, which would have been about 29 hours before I received their confirmation e-mail, my bad for not reading, but I was still close to postal. Screw up number 5 ???

The next day took us to Couer d'Alene, ID where we checked into the City Resort Motel right in downtown, just a few blocks from Gail's new half brother. Wayne came into our lives after Gail's adoptive father passed away back in Sept of 2009, with a letter she received in November of that year. She was reluctant to answer his letter since Vic Hitz was her father, and she had no desire to know anything about her biological father or siblings, if there were any. But Gail decided to answer his letter. After a year of e-mails between them, we met Wayne back in June as he came thru our area. We had dinner at our local Sunset Grill on the river and spent an evening learning about his growing up and their father. Since we headed for Boise ID, it was decided that we would stop for a brief visit, well here we were. We spent two days, had a wonderful dinner at their house with his lovely wife, did a boat cruise of the beautiful Couer d' Alene lake and had a nice dinner at the floating restaurant. Wayne had purchased a new camera for their planned cruise of Europe, so he was like a kid with a new toy, taking picture after picture. We hugged and said our good byes.

On Wednesday we planned to ride to Kalispell, MT where we were to meet some friends from Marietta, GA. Ray was riding his LT and had left Marietta the previous Saturday, while Delta was flying in to Kalispell. We had plans to ride the Highway to the Sun in Glacier National Park, where Delta had made reservations for them for three nights, then they would head for Boise, for our Curve Cowboy Reunion. We arrived in Kalispell around 3 pm or so, and I talked to Ray to find out that he was a few hours away, and that Delta's flight did not arrive until 11:30 pm that night. Gail decided that we should spend Thursday night with them at the St Mary's Lodge in Glacier, so I call to make reservations only to be quoted a rate of \$279 plus taxes. The clerk says he has one room left, I said thanks, I'll get back to you. I'm thinking there must be somewhere cheaper so I Google up the area and make some calls to discover that some hunting type cabins were all booked up. So I call the lodge back and bite the bullet and book a room, where our friends Delta and Ray were staying. They were there for three nights, just a brief stay, out of her 10 day trip, but Gail and I had been on the road and stayed in motels 17 (+1 night I paid for and was not there), so \$300

bucks seemed a bit pricey, but we had not seen them since last year in Vermont. While I'm making these calls for a room, Gail is carrying on conversation with local guys at the little bar /casino that was attached to our motel. They tell her where the best steak house in town is located, but upon informing her about our \$300 room for tomorrow night, she thinks we need to get a hamburger instead, but I figure a good steak and beer was deserved after the work I did to secure the \$300 room. So, a little later we ride to the Spencer & Co Steak House and had a nice dinner and spirits while sitting at the bar, enjoying the gal bartender with conversation.

The next morning we meet up with Ray & Delta and discuss our plans for the day and the subject of having to pay to enter the park comes up during our discussions, and I proudly inform them of our Nation Park Senior Pass that we enjoy as seniors. So we saddle up and head for the Highway to the Sun and the Lodge at St Mary's. Our ride would take us some 80-90 miles west to east thru the park, under sunny skies. As we pull up to the gate, I mention to Gail that watch our pass not work here like it did not work back at Pikes Peak, and sure as shooting the lady under the smokie hat tells us "that the card is no good here", and as I'm reaching for the credit card, she said, "just joking, that guy in front of you told me to say that,". funny, Ray, funny. I have ridden the Skyline Drive and Blue Ridge Parkway, been to the top of Bear Tooth Pass along with the Rockies, and just came up the CA & OR coast line, ridden along the Columbia River, but I have to put this stretch of road at the top of my list. While you can't go fast, maybe you get up to 35 in a few spots, you are following traffic, or stopped for construction, the scenery is just breath taking. Just a marvel that they could build a highway thru the mountains. Construction of the highway was done between 1921 to 1932, Delta is adventurous to the point that she standing up on the bike, turning around filming us, leaning around Ray to get pictures, obviously Ray is used to it as he just plods along.

We arrived at the Lodge at ST Mary's around 2:00 to find our rooms not ready yet, so we had lunch and caught up on the year. Once we got to our room, Gail would not stop marveling at the room and its furnishing as well as the view, she got the camera out and started clicking, boy I was glad we spent the \$297.39 for the room, just to see her so excited. We later had dinner with Ray & Delta right there at the lodge and watched the sun fall behind the mountains, good food & drink \$\$\$\$, good friends priceless.

The next morning we say good bye for a few days and tell them we'll see them in Boise. We planned to head down to Yellowstone NP where I did have a reservation at the Canyon Lodge since last April. We would make it to Bozeman Friday, then off to Yellowstone via Bear Tooth Pass on Saturday stay one night, see Old Faithful (first time for Gail, my third) then off to Jackson Hole for a stay on Sunday. While our reunion begins on the Tuesday before Labor Day, for the past couple of years we have been arriving on the Monday before, just to avoid the rush on Tuesday, when most of the riders arrive. Sunday afternoon when we had about 30 miles to go to Jackson Hole we were hit by some rain, just a steady rain, but we could see the real storm hitting over on the splendid Teton Mountains, with lightning strikes.

Once we made it to Boise, we could unpack for a week and forget the loading and unloading of the bike. Our reunion was held at the Double Tree on the River, which we had a ground floor room, non pool side, but close to all the venues that were planned for the week.

I used to work for Lincoln Mercury back in the 70's, with a guy who left the company in 1974 to move to Idaho, with the rights to 10 Wendy's franchises. Since I left the company in 1975 I have only recently had contact with a co worker that Gail & I enjoy meeting with over dinner a couple of times a year. We both knew he had headquarters in Boise, but no one had ever had contact or heard a thing about him. I googled up Wendy's and found the number and called to be greeted by a gal that I told that I use to work with Dale and had not seen since the early 70's. She informed me that he was on the phone, and had just returned from an Alaskan cruise and was due to leave town in a day or so, "so just hold on" she says to me. Long story short, Dale stopped by the Doubletree, met Gail and we covered 40 years of time over a drink or two. Dale has

done rather well with Wendy's, and at one time had the entire state, but has sold off all of them except those within an hour or so of Boise. He is retired and only stops in the office to pay some bills etc. He has homes scattered around the state and winters in Palm Springs, so I was lucky to hit Boise when he was there.

Our reunion was attended by 238 people, some from Canada, and as far away as Finland. For those unfamiliar with this group, it is a completely volunteer group of people who come together for this reunion. Each town we visit, and this was number 10, we pick out a charitable organization that deals with children, this years group was Ride for Joy, They deal with autistic children by introducing them to horse back riding. On Tuesday night at our opening reception we met some of the adult workers and some of the children along with their parents. The main lady invited anyone who wanted to, to come out to the ranch for a first hand look, which Gail, Delta, Ray and I accepted and made plans for a visit the next morning. What these horses and group of dedicated workers and volunteers provide these children is amazing.



Our means of fund raising consist of our unspent registration fees, a silent auction held on Thursday night, and a split the pot ticket sales. At the Friday night banquet we announce the amount of money that we raised and present a check to the organization. The amount this year was \$37,000 dollars, and once the winners of the split the pot gave their share back, we raised another \$5,100 dollars, all this from 238 people. What a great feeling it is to be apart of this group of Curve Cowboys and Gals. The evening ends with good byes and see you next year in Duluth, MN

The next morning we begin our trip home, as we had a wedding to attend the following Saturday in Madison IN. Our objective was to get home safely and timely, the only thing we had to do was get some more pictures of cities for the contest.



Click on the image to view my Alphabet Towns.

2011 Year End Progress Report

If you subscribe to the club Yahoo group email messages, you likely saw my announcement about me deciding not to run for club president in 2012. As I indicated in that announcement, with a highly capable and highly motivated replacement like Bill Wright being willing to serve, I feel that now is the right time for me to step aside. Doing so will make it easier for me to focus my energy and time on my work as well as a few other personal goals.

For those who may not be aware, or may not recall, I served as club treasurer in 2007 & 2008. In 2009, while not serving in an officer position, I contributed to the discussion and helped to research whether other clubs' by-laws required owning a BMW motorcycle as a condition of membership. That discussion led to our members voting to remove the requirement of BMW ownership from the GCBMWC by-laws as well as a few other minor changes.

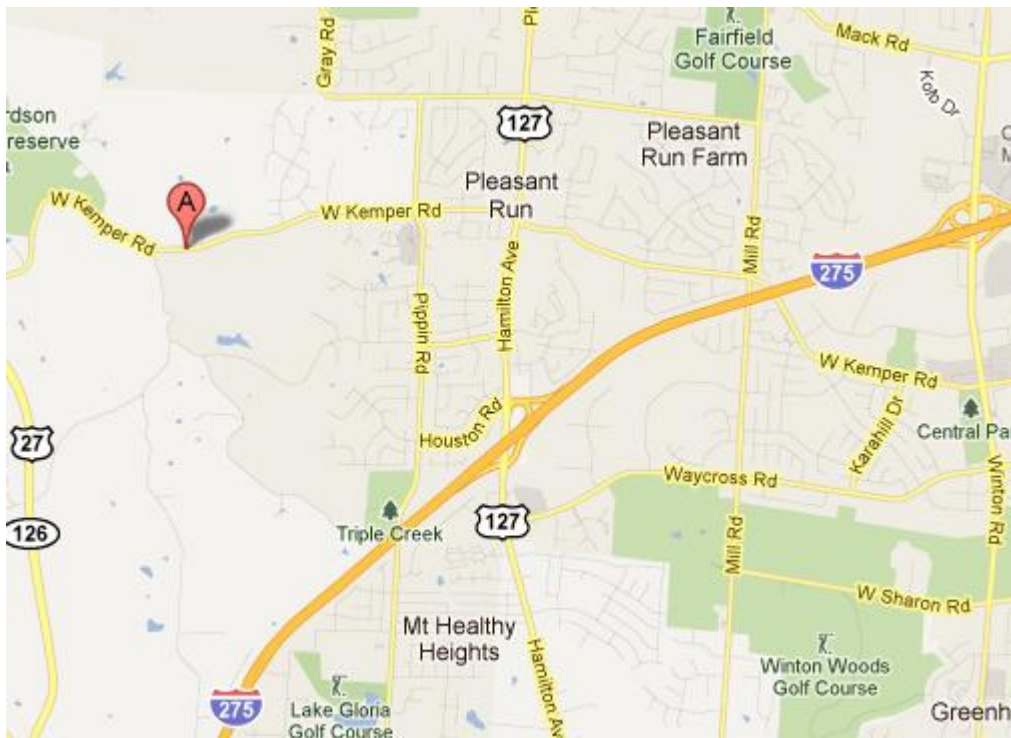
Sometime during that stretch of years, the infamous logo issue was born. And, to make a very long story very short, during my first year as president in 2010, we managed to decide on a new club logo, the first one in the country submitted to the MOA under the new, BMW mandated guidelines. We could not have accomplished that without a lot of help and patience from many.

Many thanks to all of you who supported (or at least quietly tolerated) my efforts as president. And, special thanks to my current fellow board members; Debbie Smith, Mike LaBar, and Tom Raybuck as well as Bob Ulrich, George Nyktas, Neil Jones, Larry Lovejoy, and John Fischer for your friendship and support.

In spite of my rather challenging work-related travel schedule, I haven't missed too many meetings in the last five years. And, you will likely see me around quite a bit in 2012. Perhaps, if I can keep my mouth shut, maybe I can avoid taking on other club related projects and find more time for riding!

Ride safe and take care,

Tom Ritter



December 3rd 6:00 pm Christmas Party at Germania Park

3529 West Kemper Road Cincinnati, OH - [map](#)

Don't forget to bring a gift and a six pack for the exchange games.

GCBMWC Dues

\$15.00 for a single membership or \$18.00 for both single & associate

Send your dues to:

Debbie Smith
3646 Longhorn Dr.
Hamilton, Ohio 45013

Your 2011 Officers

President **Tom Ritter**
tritter5@cinci.rr.com

Vice President **Tom Raybuck**
bucksinohio@aol.com

Secretary/
 Webmaster **Mike LaBar**
labrew@gmail.com

Treasurer **Debbie Smith**
dasbmw@zoomtown.com

I would like to personally thank Tom Ritter and Tom Raybuck for their years of service and dedication to our club. Both of you have been great leaders and have taken the club to new ground and great roads.

Thanks again,
 Mike LaBar



Meeting Schedule for 2011

- January..... Jim & Rosemary Osburn
- February 12th..... Tom & Joni Raybuck
- March 12th..... Mike Meister
- April 9th..... John & Barb Fischer
- May 14th..... Debbie & Allen Smith
- June 11th..... Scot & Lisa Friedman
- July 9th..... Joe & Chris Berry (BBQ Contest)
- August 20th..... Jesse & Eric
- September 10th..... George Nyktas & Mary Tholking
- October 8th..... Merrill & Diane Glos
- November 12th..... Tom & Joni Raybuck
- December 3rd..... Holiday Party Germania

Sunday Ride
December 11th 10:00 am
 Breakfast at
 ?
Stay tuned

Minutes of the GCBMWC Meeting

November 12, 2011

Meeting held at the home of Tom & Joni Raybuck in West Chester, Ohio - called to order at approximately 8:00 PM by President Tom Ritter.

Board Members Present: Tom Ritter, Debbie Smith, and Tom Raybuck. **Absent:** Mike LaBar. **Guest(s) Present:** none.

As is typical for meetings at the Raybuck's, this meeting was very well attended.

Minutes of the prior meeting were read by the President and accepted as presented.

Treasurer's Report: Debbie Smith reported that the club treasury held \$1,379.58 at the beginning of the period (October 9, 2011). Income was received from; A) the 50-50 (Split-the-Pot)(STP) drawing - \$28, B) membership dues - \$51, and C) Christmas Party payments - \$280. No expenses paid this month. The treasury had a balance of \$1,738.58 at the end of the period (Nov. 12, 2011 prior to the time of the meeting). Debbie reported that the club now has 66 members. Debbie's report was accepted by voice vote.

George Nyktas asked how close the balance in the club account was to being able to cover the cost of this year's party. President Ritter stated that, for the most recent party at Germania, which was in 2009, the club paid approximately \$2,200.00 (for 64 attendees). The club account now has \$1,700.00+.

Important Note: At about this point in time, Tom Raybuck asked whether anyone knew the whereabouts of his beer, "a bottle in a Rabbit Hash "coozee". Fortunately, said beer was promptly found in the dining room and the meeting resumed.

Old Business: President Ritter acknowledged or mentioned;

Bill & Sheila Wright's article about their trip to Virginia which Mike LaBar published in the November newsletter,

The November club ride beginning at Mima Mae's in Alexandria. Staff members at Mima Mae's had incorrectly made the "reservation" for Saturday instead of Sunday. Regardless, a good time was had by all. There were 17 motorcycles at breakfast. The ride went through Falmouth and included routes 27 & 22. It was determined that Steve Thoerner's knowledge of the roads in this area was more reliable than Tom Ray buck's GPS. Joe DeLuca reported traveling 260 miles.

Christmas Party – Dec 3rd, the weekend following Thanksgiving weekend - at Germania - \$35.00 per person. Deadline of Sunday evening, November 20th for RSVPs. We are collecting payment for the Christmas dinner in advance this year, please pay tonight or send to Debbie. Germania now has a large ceiling mounted video screen and projector. Please organize and bring any photos or videos you might care to share.

October Club Riding weekend to Hocking Hills – October 21-23 at HIE in Logan, Ohio – club likely to return to this area in 2012 but move the date up two to three weeks and possibly find a new facility.

Club officer nominations –

VP Tom Raybuck has reached the end of his three year Term Limit – Steve Thoerner and John Fischer had been nominated for VP at the October meeting. Scot Friedman was nominated this evening. President Ritter reminded the members and nominees that the VP was responsible for organizing the rides but could delegate the duty as deemed necessary. Tom Raybuck expressed his surprise! After much discussion, John Fischer agreed to accept the nomination with the knowledge and intent to delegate the duty occasionally/frequently.

Bill Berry nominated Bill Wright for President. Bill Wright graciously accepted and he and President Ritter agreed to a contested election.

New Business: President Ritter acknowledged or mentioned;

MOA mileage contest – forms must be postmarked by Monday, Nov 14th. Tom Ritter can sign.

MOA online Survey - \$50 BMW Gift Card – expires Friday, November 18th

2012 RA Rally will be held June 14-17th at Copper Mountain, Colorado

GCBMWC Mileage contest is ending November 14th

GCBMWC Alphabet contest is also ending November 14th

For the Christmas party, we would like to have some volunteers gather for an evening of phone calling to promote the event to former members and/or riders who are listed in the BMW MOA anonymous book – Tom Raybuck volunteered to host an evening of calling at his house on Wednesday, November 16th.

(A brief side discussion occurred - asking whether the members had heard anything more about Gail Deatherage's symptoms – it was reported that Larry's last email indicated Gail was at home and had been prescribed medication for dizziness.)

Possible monthly club meeting locations for 2012 were discussed – Steve & Karen Thoerner volunteered to host the March meeting. And, while announcing that Tom & Joni would host the February meeting, the members learned that Tom could not remember the exact date of Joni's birthday.

RA officer positions for 2012 were mentioned – George Nyktas and Bob Ulrich have accepted uncontested nominations for president and treasurer respectively. Elections to be held in February. Tom Raybuck asked whether, as President of the RA, George could require all members to attend the Mini-Rally. George responded that he may if all GCBMWC members joined the RA.

Tom Raybuck announced that, not only would attendees enjoy 70° and sunny skies, the Mini-Rally was celebrating its 40th anniversary and would have special food, t-shirts, etc. Jessie explained that the saying 70 & sunny resulted from the average age of attendees at this event being 70 and male attendees obviously under that age are referred to as Sonny. The Mini-Rally is held the first weekend in May each year in or near Sturgis, MI.

Charlie "Chuck" Muecke, formerly at Tri-State BMW, is now a sales consultant at Falcone Motorsports in Indianapolis.

Tom Raybuck made a motion to invite Lenny & Janet Kerkhoff (owner of Autobahn Craftwerks) to attend the 2011 GCBMWC Christmas Party at the club's expense. The motion was seconded and passed. Eric Ratermann will extend the invitation.

A motion was made, seconded, and passed to repeat the gift exchange and the beer exchange at the Christmas Party.

Allan Smith told the members that Honda of Fairfield will host an Open House on Black Friday (the day after Thanksgiving).

The date of the December club ride will be December 11th instead of its normally scheduled date of the 4th (which is the morning after the Christmas Party) and will be held at a surprise location.

Eric Ratermann announced that the East Coast Timing Association (ECTA) land speed event is relocating to the abandoned Wilmington airport with four as yet unannounced dates in 2012. A subsequent Google search found; "We have finalized the 2012 dates: April 28-29 Hot Rod Magazine Street Car Shootout, June 2-3, July 7-8, Sept 28-29, Setup day will be Friday before the Meet".

Motion to close was made by Joe Berry and seconded by Allan Smith.

Thanks were expressed to Tom & Joni for hosting and for the salads and three tasty soups. After adjournment around 9:15 PM, the STP drawing was held – Bill Berry won. Members enjoyed the fire pit and continued to enjoy the ample food.

Minutes recorded by Eric Ratermann.



A Snapshot Back

Who is this guy?

Last year he was a member.

Where was this taken?

What date was this photo taken?



December 2011

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Rallies & Events

Tuesdays—Bike night at the Comet

Wednesdays—Bike night at Quaker Steak & Lube Milford

To see a full listing from the MOA Calendar click [HERE](#)



Happy Holidays!

2012 MOA International Rally

Sedalia, Missouri
July 19 - 22, 2012.

January 2012

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

December 3rd 6:00 pm
Club Christmas Party at German Club

Website of the Month

<http://www.amazon.com>

February 2012

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

December 11th 10:00 am
Breakfast ride to be announced later

Who is this guy?
Charlie Carter

Last year he was a member.
2007

Where was this taken?
Miami Cycle Works no more

What date was this photo taken?
4/21/2006

A special Thank you the Mike and Ann Allen from Motohio for bringing your truck of goodies to our holiday party. Buy your next bike at Motohio.

STORE HOURS	
Monday	Out Riding
Tuesday	9:00AM - 6:00PM
Wednesday	9:00AM - 6:00PM
Thursday	9:00AM - 8:00PM
Friday	9:00AM - 5:00PM
Saturday	9:00AM - 4:00PM
Sunday	Out Riding

MOTOHIO
european motorbikes