



# GREATER CINCINNATI BMW CLUB

## October 2002 Newsletter

### Club Officers

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### September 1 Breakfast Ride

Our September breakfast ride took 15 of us along the upper ridges of the Ohio River along Route 10 in Kentucky. Steve Thoerner led a great ride winding our way to Augusta where some of us crossed the river with the ferry. Others stayed and ate at the Beehive Tavern. Some even were refreshed with rain showers along the way home.

### September 14<sup>th</sup> Meeting



Held at the Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally in Frankfort, KY. What a turnout we had. I counted at least 25 members. With our club banner proudly displayed, we held our meeting under a rain fly, all huddled together. The meeting was short and sweet and only lasted about 20 minutes.

### Fudge Run 2

By: Jerry Cummins

Lynn had been thinking of trying a Saddle Sore 1000 on her 2001 F650GS for quite some time. My first Saddle Sore involved riding to Mackinaw City, Michigan, and back. The round trip is 1034 miles. I did it on my 1997 R1100RT. I left home one morning, drove up to Mackinaw City, bought some of their famous fudge, and returned, all in 16 hours. I dubbed this ride as the "Fudge Run."

Lynn thought it was time for "Fudge Run 2." She wanted to test her ability to handle such a ride and she wanted to become a member of the Iron Butt Association.

Motorcycling is our passion and in the course of a year, she has become rather committed to it. She really loves her F650GS and wanted to try the ride on it, rather than on a larger bike.

Getting ready for this ride involved some planning. We have three dogs at home. All three are adopted and from what we can tell, they came from abusive situations. They were all very leery of human contact when we first met them. Our oldest dog, Stumpy, saved my life back in 1993. That's another story for another time. The thing is, I made it a point to never expose him to a kennel situation. He always travels with us, and so do the younger ones who have come into our lives in the past couple of years.

In order to make this trip, we had to leave the dogs behind. To do this, we had to arrange for someone to care for them. Now this involved some risk. All three are rather protective of our house—or should I just say, their house. We hired a girl from the vet clinic and had her come out a couple of times to get used to dealing with the dogs. The first time was very stressful. Sam, the three legged dog, barked and snarled at her, until we took him outside. There he changed his tune and made friends with her. I guess he had nothing to defend.

On the next visit, everything was better. She showed less fear of the dogs, and they recognized her as a friend--one they could manipulate into giving them extra treats. Our dogs love their treats and they each have a unique way of manipulating us into giving them some. Stumpy won't just take any old treat. If he doesn't like what you give him, he'll spit it out. The other two will then follow his lead, and the next thing you know is that you will have three pairs of eyes staring at you, as if to say, "well, where's the real stuff?"

Having taken care of our number one problem, we prepared for the ride. The night before, we packed and printed up the forms we'd need to send to the IBA. A Paramedic friend had agreed to act as a witness. Packed and ready to go, we went to bed early. Before turning in, I

checked the weather radar and forecast for the region included on our trek, and all looked too good to be true! We, indeed, were in for a sunny, mild, beautiful day for "Fudge Run 2."

The next morning we woke, ate breakfast, took care of the dogs, and prepared to leave. I noticed that Lynn's bike had a full tank of gas. She had filled it to the brim a couple of days before. We needed some room in the tank to take some gas, so she could get her first gas receipt, for the start of the ride. So, being the smart person I think I am, I decided to siphon some gas out into our gas can for the lawn mower. Real smart! I ended up with about a half gallon of gas on my pants! Time to change. Then, Lynn, drops a big bowl in the kitchen and it shatters with a loud bang. I then noticed that the GPS had lost its route programming overnight. Things seemed to be starting out "not so smoothly" for this planned ride. Was it an omen?

Once on the bikes, we went to get our witness signatures and the first gas receipts. Then we were off. It was 7:30 a.m. Up to Dayton, the trip was rather nice. We spent a lot of time in the left lane, passing everything on the road. My 2002 R1150RT was humming along as I kept up with Lynn. North of Dayton, things changed. It became cloudier and the wind picked up. In some places the wind gusts were extremely strong, causing problems for trucks and other high profile vehicles. I noticed that the RT was fairly stable in the wind, and that Lynn on her F650GS didn't seem to be having too many problems. We did slow down some.

In Michigan, the sky turned darker. The traffic became heavier. For some reason, it seemed like the Michigan and Northern Ohio drivers liked to follow each other, or tailgate each other, in the left lane, driving below the posted speed limit of 70 mph. No one seemed interested in letting the faster car behind him pass. We found ourselves having to pass left-lane holders with fast sprints in the right lane, as gaps appeared with the traffic in the right lane.

As we went through Bay City, the rain started. At first, we thought it was going to be a short shower. The weather reports mentioned that the day was to be cloudy, but dry. The local stations that I pulled in on the RT's radio didn't mention any forecast of rain. Again, the day was supposed to be cloudy but dry. We kept on riding. The rain kept coming. Pretty soon we had to stop to put on our rainsuits. I then noticed that I didn't have my waterproof gloves with me.

As we traveled north, the rain became harder. We stopped in Gaylord, and I suggested to Lynn that we could turn around, head for clearer skies and still do the Iron Butt ride. Like a trooper that she is, she said "No." She wanted to do this ride, and nothing, including rain, would stop her. She reminded me that we had done many practice rides in the rain and that she was comfortable with the conditions. Boy, was I proud of her!

Up until now, we noticed numerous Harley Davidson riders, Gold Wing riders, and a few BMW riders going south. Now with the rain, all we saw on the other side was one lone rider on a R1100RT, in the passing lane, seemingly oblivious of the weather, heading south. We would later see four Gold Wings, two with trailers in tow, but no Harley Davidson's. I guess the rain would hurt the shine they put on them. I'll have to ask Danny about that.

We arrived in Mackinaw City at 4:30 p.m. We promptly drove to the spot where I took a picture of the old R1100RT when I did my first ride. There, in the pouring rain, we took a few pictures and then we headed to a gas station that was next to a gift shop where we bought the fudge. While there, we took the time to have a warm hot dog and to briefly rest for the return trip. I also took the opportunity to squeeze the water that my leather gloves had soaked up out of them. They had soaked up enough water to fill a cup.



We were on the road by 5:30 p.m. The rain was coming down a little harder. Visibility was going down. My gloves were soaking up the rain, again, and my hands were feeling terrible. Traffic was light. It looked like we were going to be in rain the rest of the way home and we weren't too happy about that.

As we made our way south, we could soon see that the sky was a little bit lighter up ahead. As we got closer to Saginaw, we could see hints of blue sky. South of Saginaw, the sky turned blue and the rain ended. What a relief!

We stopped for a rest at a gas station just 15 miles north of the Ohio state line. We pulled up to a grassy spot, got off of the bikes, and broke out our snacks. We sat in the grass, eating potato chips, beef jerky, nuts, apples and drank Gatorade. What a meal! Sort of like eating steak and potatoes. Anyway, we looked up in the sky and saw the moon and one solitary star.

Having dined on this fine cuisine, we headed south. In Dayton, we ran into more rain, but it was light compared to the previous miles and hours on the road. We rolled into Cincinnati at about 3:30 a.m. on Sunday, gassed up and got our witness signatures. They had been concerned

because we had anticipated being back in Cincinnati by around midnight or 1 a.m. and were happy to hear that the delay was only due to bad weather. Fudge Run 2 was now history, except for the documentation prep we had ahead of us...but now all we wanted was dry clothes and a warm bed, a couple hours of sleep...and to get back on the bikes later that morning and go out for a big, celebration breakfast.

### The Prez Sez...

Club turnout for our meeting at the Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally was incredible! As I approached the rally site I thought the lousy weather would mean a lot of folks would blow off the rally. Boy was I wrong. By my unofficial count there were 22 members at the meeting plus the Cummins, who came down long enough to eat and show off Lynn's new bike before heading back, and Jim Leister who pulled in just as we were adjourning, got off his bike for a couple minutes, then got right back on to accompany Greg Cullers and Jeff Lemkuhl back to Cincinnati (it seems Greg and Jeff had their fill of sleeping on the ground after two nights at the Deals Gap Campground). Although it rained throughout the meeting, it wasn't too long afterwards that the rain stopped for the evening, leaving us with skies clear enough to see the moon and stars. We had a good campfire going and a large gathering around it with a number of things being passed around to share. They included a bottle of Makers Mark and a couple of bags of White Castle burgers! Unfortunately the rain started up again early Sunday morning and continued until I got to Cincinnati.

Wednesday, September 18, was a bad day for Cincinnati area BMW riders. Club member Jerry Cummins was deliberately cut off by an angry driver that morning, causing Jerry to crash into the back of the driver's car. Jerry was banged up a bit, but his helmet and riding suit kept him from being seriously hurt. Stephanie Buelsing wasn't so lucky. She was rear ended on her F650 as she and her husband Ed turned onto their street that evening. The driver in that accident claimed he didn't see her. And then word that Helen 2 Wheels was involved in an accident Monday, September 23, in Missouri surfaced on our e-group. She was hit by a turning car. Injuries include a severely broken leg, ribs, and some extensive hand damage. Bottom line folks – be careful out there and protect yourself as best you can.

It's time once again for club elections. Every year we elect a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. Nominations for these offices will be open at our October and November meetings. Our bylaws state that we will hold elections at our December meeting. But since we are looking at alternatives to having a December meeting we need to determine how we will conduct our elections. I hope to have suggestions to present at the October meeting. Meanwhile, if any of you are considering running for an office (a great way to contribute to the well-being of the club), check out the description of duties in our bylaws or give one of the

current officers a call. If you don't have a copy of the bylaws, let Mike LaBar know, he can get one to you.

Bob

### K 1200GT (Gran Turismo)



At first blush, it looks just like a K1200RS, but look closer and the subtle differences lean more towards the touring side rather than the sport side. With more upright ergonomics, and a larger windscreen, this is just what many R-RT and K-RS owners are looking for.

...Wondering why they just didn't call it a K1200RT... maybe because there's no electronic windshield.

For more info:

<http://bmwmotorcycle.home.att.net/k1200gt.htm>

### Motorcycle Safety Tidbits

**This ain't no game... We mean you no harm. Stop harming us!**

Some motorists need to be removed from our streets. Any driver that intentionally tries to do harm to a motorcyclist is a coward and a terrorist of sorts and should be locked up. Some people get behind the wheel and it's as if they were playing a racing video game, and their regard to safety reflects it. You crash and the game resets. It's no game out there for us on bikes, and we have to employ every bit of attention and concentration to riding our bikes safely. We crash and our game doesn't reset, our bones must reset. Why can't drivers concentrate on driving safely and politely? Instead, we have roadrage. A phenomenon that turns our vehicles into deadly weapons.

Motorcyclist always loose in the roadrage game, so be aware of that and ride as if everyone out there is out to get you. Anticipate poor driving around you and always have a way out. SUV Drivers seem to be the worst. They have all this armor and feel invincible. They could care less about you on your bike, and that's why they don't see us... they don't need to. Until drivers are held accountable and personally responsible for their actions behind the wheel, I see no relief in sight. I sure hope they throw the book at Randy Moss. But, I know they won't.

Do whatever you can to make yourself visible and don't piss off the 4 wheelers – they drive weapons.

## Accident Reports

September 18<sup>th</sup> was not a good day for a few Cincinnati motorcyclists.

Jerry Cummins was a victim of roadrage when a driver of a car that was behind him, sped up, cut over into his lane and slammed on his brakes. His full faced helmet and gear saved him as his chin struck the rear of this gold Altima. The driver sped off leaving Jerry and Lynn's brand new K1200RS in the street. Jerry escaped with only bruises and soreness thank God. Be on the lookout and steer clear from this gold Nissan Altima GLE, license plate CEZ-2462. The car does not have a front plate on it. It has damage on the front and the front passenger door. There is a dent on the left rear, where my front tire hit the bumper. The man is a male, black, 35-40 years old, with facial hair around the mouth and under the nose. He drives rather aggressively, cutting cars off when changing lanes. Jerry's hit and run occurred around the Cross County I71 interchange.

Stephanie Buelsing, (LocalRiders.com adopted Den Mother) was struck by a car from behind/right side as she followed her husband who was leading the way. Shephanie's turn signal was flashing and Ed's Hyper-Lites were flashing; yet the driver didn't see them. "Stephanie is home now with two screws in her hip and a fractured pelvis. She's doing as well as can be expected. She's already in good spirits and complains about not being able to go to work.", Ed reports.

On Monday the 25<sup>th</sup> Helen 2 Wheels was hit by a turning car, injuries include a severely broken leg, ribs and some extensive hand damage. Those of you that have used her bags or have met her know that she is a class act, and that she makes the best bags for motorcycles on the planet. Christmas is coming. Visit her site and buy some bags and straps.

<http://www.helen2wheels.com/>

Her quote was "You Betcha I'm getting better! You aren't getting rid of this bag lady that easy!"

Our thoughts and prayers go out to everyone. This, I hope, is the last article I have to write about the given subject.

## Product Review

### Hyper Lites

I recently purchased a pair of Hyper-lites to go on the RS. I had BMW Tri-State install them outside of the existing brake lens. I want as much visibility as I can get. When I apply the brakes, the Hyper-lites flash quickly for 5 seconds, and then stay on until I release the brake. It has to help, but I still look at my mirrors just in case I see a vehicle barreling down on me. Always have a way out.



<http://www.hyperlites.com/>

## GCBMW Meeting Minutes 9-14-2002

Called to order at 6:00 pm at the Beemers in the Bluegrass Rally, under a rain fly, with 25+ in attendance.

Mike LaBar read the minutes.  
Treasurer's report: Not given  
(from last month) Ending balance \$1376.60

### Business

- The October 12<sup>th</sup> meeting will be held at Oscar & Morgan de Jongh's.
- Tom Raybuck spoke of his meeting/gathering for the Battle Creek Club 14 members showed up from Michigan none from GCBMW
- Tom also spoke of next year's Mini Rally. It will be the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary and big things are planned.
- November meeting was discussed. Tom Collins and Curt Nichols tentatively offered.
- Chris Long and Steve Thoerner were thanked for putting together the Deal's Gap ride prior to the Bluegrass Rally.
- The next MOA National will be held in Charleston, WV on July 10 – 13 and the MOA wants us back as volunteers for the registration booth.

Meeting adjourned at 6:22 pm  
No 50/50

**Nominations for Club Officers  
are now being accepted at the  
October and November meetings**

## Club Calendar of Events

**October 5<sup>th</sup>** – BMW Tristate Open House

**October 6<sup>th</sup>** 9:00 am Breakfast ride at Pearl's

**October 12<sup>th</sup>** Club Meeting at Oscar & Morgan deJongh's  
7505 Shawnee Run Rd  
Cincinnati (Madeira), Ohio, 45243

From 71

Exit 12, Montgomery Rd. North  
Right @ traffic light (Hosbrook)  
Left @ traffic light (Euclid)  
Right @ traffic light (Miami)  
Right @ 3<sup>rd</sup> traffic light (Shawnee Run Rd)

Proceed about 100 yards past Dot Rd. on left; house is on the left and is the first diagonal driveway (all others before are perpendicular to the road) as you just start to go down the hill.



Map to deJong's

## BMW Rallys

TN October 4-6, 2002  
28<sup>th</sup> Return to Shiloh Rally – Savanna, TN

MO October 11-13, 2002  
27<sup>th</sup> Falling Leaf Rally – Petosie, MO

VA October 11-13, 2002  
Colonial Virginia Motorcycle Rally

NC October 25-27, 2002  
16<sup>th</sup> Halloween Rally  
Zooland Campground – Ashboro, NC

LA November 8-10, 2002  
3rd Cajun Guzzi/Beemer Rally

FL November 15-17, 2002  
11th "Sun Your Buns" Rally

FL January 17-19, 2003  
20th Winter Rally

## Other Events

Oct 1 – 6 Myrtle Beach Fall Rally  
Oct 17-20 Biketoberfest – Daytona Beach, FL