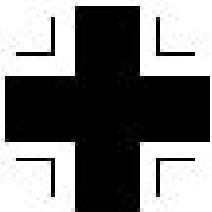


New The Gateway Gazette

Vol. 2003 Number 2

Spring 2003



Gateway Riders BMW Club
www.gatewayriders.com
Legendary Riders of the Midwest



The Editor Speaks!



Spring...

Spring is here with all its thunderstorms, wind, sunshine, and temperature extremes. Hopefully, everyone is taking the time to check tires, oil, and the rest of your bike before tearing out of the garage. I know that this time of the year, I tend to get in a hurry to hit the road and forget the safety checks. So don't be like me, and if you see me on a ride ask me if I checked my tires today.

I would like to thank everyone who sent stories and photos for this issue of YOUR Gazette. If you are reading this it is nothing short of a Miracle. Do to working 60hr's the first week of April and traveling for work the second week April, I had to put the news letter together in one day. So if you find some mistakes or find things a little lacking, I apologize. Please continue to send your stories, letters, book reviews, ride reports or anything else. Send it via e-mail, snail mail, on a disk, a typed paper, or hand scrawled in crayon on the back of a restaurant place mat. I don't care how or on what, just send it to me.

On a more serious note...

This spring when you are roaming this vast great land of ours, remember the young men and women who have put their lives in harms way in order to insure our freedom. (I'm not a religious person per say and the words sound a little strange when I say them, but I can't come up with anything better) I pray for a speedy and safe return of our servicemen and for the safety of all those caught in the middle. Shortly after composing this column I was informed that my cousin's guard unit was being called up. He was in the regular Army in 1991 in Desert Storm and spent the better part of a year in Iraq. Hopefully he won't see that part of the world this time. *AW*

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On the Cover: Scenes from the Land O Loon Rally, in Trenton, ON canada July 2002.

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Submission's

Please send all submission's to the Editor's email address at left. For snail mail please call for instructions. MS Word, Apple Works, & text files are the best. Photos, send the originals and I will scan it, or .jpg, .gif, or .tiff. If you are unsure about file type or photos give the Editor a call or email first. **You can't blame me for any mistakes, if I have to type it.** **Deadlines** are Feb 1st, Apr 1st, Jun 1st, Aug 1st, and Oct 1st.

Events Calendar:

Events Director: Jeff Ackerman
Phone: (314) 838-2161

email: Mary.Ackerman@worldnet.att.net

Note: For those rides starting there, in place of the "Bird", meet in the parking lot for Edward Jones, on the north side of Manchester, which is across the street from the old Manchester entrance to West County Center.

- * **April 27:** Progressive Dinner: See Map in the last newsletter. This year should set a mileage record for recent dinners: Donuts – Clark's; Soup – KJ (Kate Johnson); Salad – Harvey & Ava Small; Main Dish – Jan B. and Steve G.; Dessert – Floyd's
- * **April 25-27:** Trail of Tears - Castor River Park Campground. 15 miles west of Marble Hill, MO then 1/2 mile south of 34 on Route Y. Again back in Missouri with great roads, a lot of gravel for GS riders. For the best roads in the Midwest come to this rally! Info: Jeff 800-333-0438 or John 573-334-6862
- * **May 3-4:** Another Bed and Breakfast Ride. Art Mester is checking for places in Missouri/Illinois. Let him know if you are interested by April 15th so he can make arrangements. 515-830-1544 Art Mester
- * **May 10-11:** Mother's Day Ride to the Doug Out in Clarksville (take Highway W). Good pork tenderloin and no long lines, OR "Rider's Choice". Meet in the Ed Jones lot at 9:00/Leave 9:30 Ride Leader Needed
- * **May 18:** Strawberry and Chicken Festival in Ruma IL. Meet in the Ed Jones lot at 9:00/Leave 9:30 – We may split into two groups with the GS group taking the lesser traveled "levee" roads (with gravel in varying amounts). The road group (Thumpie, Valkyries and LT's) can take the Bluff Road. Jeff Ackerman (the good Lord willing, I can ride this year instead of having to be hauled like last year) 314-838-2161
- * **May 21:** Wednesday General Meeting at Culpeppers, located at 312 S. Kirkwood (Lindbergh) in Kirkwood. Arrive no later than 6:30 if you plan on eating. Meeting starts at 7:30 sharp. 821-7322
- * **May 24:** Old Timer's Day in Altenburg. A quick stop at the fair then ride to Braussard's Cajun Resturant in Cape. Meet at the McStop at Peveley (I55 and Z) at 8:30/leave 9:00 Phil Sulfstede 314-838-9179
- * **May 22-25:** Rocket City Rally Located on Ditto Landing, Huntsville, AL on Hobbs Island Rd. 1/4 mile North of Tennessee River off U.S. 231. Tour Barber's Vintage Motor Sport Museum (Fri only), Additional info at www.merrill.org/bmwmoa. Contact: Vernon Headrick, 104 Stoneway Trail, Madison, AL 35758; 256-837-5820; yheadric@bellsouth.net
- * **May 30-June 1:** Land of OZ Rally - LaCynge KS, Linn County Park - US69 and KS152 (South of KC) Info: www.kcbmwmc.com, Karen Burdette, 33200 E 219th St, Pleasant Hill, MO 64080, 816-540-3854, nerakr@kcweb.net.
- * **June 1:** Rider's Choice – Pick out a nice destination or festival to celebrate the first day of June. Meet in the Ed Jones lot at 9:00/Leave 9:30 Ride Leader Needed
- * **June 8:** GS Ride - Meet at the Dierburg's Mall on Hwy 21, just south of I270 (on the L/H side at the first light) at 8:30/leave 9:00. We will wander down through Mark Twain Forest. Jeff Ackerman 314-838-2161
- * **June 12-15:** Iowa Rally - The Pure Stodge Touring Association would like you to join us at our new location: Windmill Ridge Campground located just south of Kalona, Iowa. Ray Elthon, Interim Rally Chair. For more information contact r.elthon@att.net or 319-354-2027.
- * **June 21:** Summer Solstice Swim Party/Barbecue/June General Meeting at the Ackerman's. See the map on the next page. Bring a covered dish, swim trunks, and a towel (plus a chair if you can). Meet at the Ackerman's at 1 PM. Please RSVP by June 18 so we can get drinks, steaks, bratwurst, or sazziza's for everyone – The Club IS BUYING! No hotdogs unless you want them. Jeff/Mary 314-838-2161. **Map on page 19**
- * **June 20-22:** Missouri State Rally -Located in Crane City Park in Crane, Mo (approx. 30 mi SW of Springfield, MO on ST13/ST265). Contact Connie Myers 417-883-1853 or redrider02@msn.com

* Events that are starred are point events. Motorrad rides have been included in support of our local dealership. The BIRD refers to the giant dove located in the West County shopping center parking lot located at I-270 and Manchester. BMW rallies greater than 500 miles away are point rides, even if not listed. Note: See the MOA magazine or website: www.bmwmoa.org for more Rally information.

Presidential View...



Getting Ready For the Riding Season

by Richard Smith

The riding season is fast approaching, and the weather is starting to warm. For those who don't ride all year long, it is time to get the bike in shape. Myself, I ride all year long, but I am glad that the warm weather is getting here. Especially as it has been an unusual, rather harsh winter.

I am looking forward to the rallies that I am going to attend this year. I guess the first one will be the Iowa Rally, then the National in Charleston, West Virginia, and a few others also plus our own rally in Potosi. This year I will be riding a new bike as you all may know, the K1200GT. I will be pulling my camp trailer with it and know that it will be a lot easier pulling with the extra horsepower.

I hope that we will have a good turn out on the Sunday club rides; as it is always a big enjoyment for me to get together with the members.

I am sitting at the computer trying to think of something to write and listening to Blue Grass music on the computer. My mind is a complete blank, and I can't seem to think of anything to put in words. Just got a call from BMW NA as to how I like the bike and the service that I received from the dealer. Something must have happened at the BMW NA for them to have any interest in their customers after the sale; you all know what I mean.

I want to thank the officers of the club for the great job they are doing and the interest they take in making the club better.

Well, enough of this, maybe I will have something to write about in the next issue. I'll just go back to listening to my Blue Grass music.

News,

A brand New R1150R for only \$5.00!!

The BMW Motorcycle Owners of Alabama will be giving away a brand new R1150R at the Rocket City Rally, May 22-25, 2003. The following information is from Jeanne Zibell Raffle Ticket Guru of BMW Motorcycle Owners of Alabama.

If any one is really interested, they can obtain tickets directly from me by mail. Only 3500 tickets will be printed. Your odds are good (much better than the lottery). \$5 per ticket, checks made out to BMW Motorcycle Owners of AL. Mail to Jeanne Zibell, 236 Riverside Drive, Huntsville, AL 35811. The necessary info: name, address, phone number, and Jeanne will send the stub to the buyer by return mail. Pre-printed address stickers are a good idea, but remember to supply a phone number. I am generally considered trustworthy; just ask Don Hamblin or Ray Zimmerman.

Winner need not be present to win, winner will be contacted ASAP by phone, or, failing that, by mail. Winner need not accept the R1150R, you can trade for any available model of choice but, you will be responsible for the difference in cost. The Bike can be picked up at the dealer of the winner's choice, although winner will be responsible for all travel expenses to that location.

Look forward to seeing some of you guys at the Rocket City Rally or the RA Rally in October.

Jeanne Zibell
jeanne.zibell@mchsi.com

Do You Need a Reason to go to the MOA National Rally this Year?

How about this: 1973-1/2 R75/5. Yep, this years grand prize is a 1973-1/2 Black Toaster tank R75/5. Sounds like a pretty good reason to me. For more information on the MOA National Rally in Charleston, WV check out the latest BMW Owners News or www.bmwmoa.org

Prestige Motor Sports Grand Opening Celebration

Prestige Motor Sports had there grand opening celebration on March 22nd, 2003. It was quite the Feed, as the incredible Liz Huff was there with a Grand spread of homemade desserts, including cookies, pie, and cakes of all kinds. That alone was worth the trip.

The sales staff was kept busy giving test rides, and trying to close the deal with possible buyers.

Lee and all the other parts staff were so busy they missed out on all but the crumbs of the desserts. With the 10% discount, they were selling helmets, jackets, and parts hand over fist.

The service bays were full of bikes getting ready for the new riding season.

Your editor even won a door prize! (I have probably used up all my luck for the rest of the year now). I took a R1150GS out for a

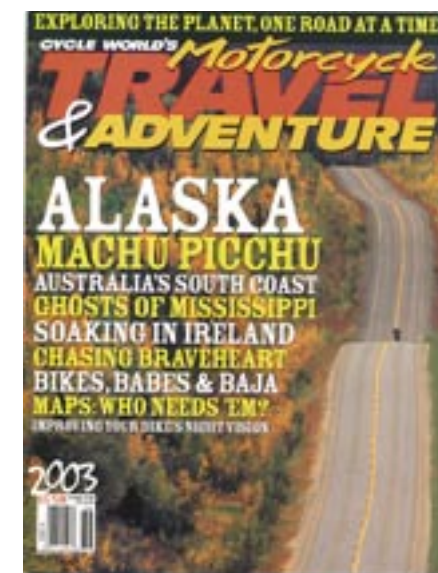
test ride. I was very surprised at how different it felt compared to my R850R. When I got back, Bob Honz said "Take this GS out now and let me know what you think of difference". It had a Z-technik exhaust. I'm not sure if I could feel the extra power or not, but I sure could hear it.

If you haven't been down to the dealership lately it sure has changed. AW

For Arm Chair Adventurer's

On News stands now:

Cycle World's *Motorcycle Travel & Adventure*. From Alaska to Machu Picchu, Australia to Ireland, and everything in between. Sand dunes to tarmac. Some great stories for the arm chair adventurer and the true adventurer. AW



Noise Enforcement?

Portland, Maine. It was recently discovered that the city's police motorcycles wouldn't even pass the noise limits they were to enforce.

From: AMA News & Notes.

Let me guess they don't ride R1100RT police bikes. AW

And You Said... Letters from our members.

I have had many nice comments about the New Gateway Gazette, and I appreciate them very much. If there is something you would like to see please let me know. AW

This space is for your letters, really short stories or announcements. Nothing is too trivial. I might even give you a little more space.

Where in the World am I?

The Contest! Rules are: You must submit your answer in writing to the editor before the dead-line. The dead-line is listed below the photo. Only one entry per-person. Your chances of winning will be determined by the number of correct answers. Prize will be announced at time of drawing.

What's This? It Looks Like a Piece of Cabbage!

Story & Photos
By Marilyn Roberts

Diamond Mineral Springs is such a draw to the stomachs of Gateway Riders that we went anyway, even though the temperature was hovering at the



Service with a smile and PIE...

freezing mark and significant snow was on its way. But this was a Gateway Riders “drive,” not ride. Eleven people and a dog came by car and one brave soul—Ed Fusco—arrived at the meeting place on his bike.

Ed turned down an offer to follow him home and take him along in a car, and he didn't seem to notice that such tough guys as Ed Ovshak and Phil Sulfstede arrived in cars. And tough guy Smitty wasn't even there because of the impending weather. As talk of cold and snow drifted in Ed's direction I noticed that he nonchalantly began putting earplugs in his ears as if to filter out any reference to it. Pretty soon, as the rest of us shivered and danced around in the Home Depot parking lot, Ed had put on his helmet and gloves and appeared toasty warm.

We noticed Smitty's absence as talk died down of a half-rotten but still alive groundhog, which Ed O. attempted to shoot with his 9mm Glock. No problem. Ed O. whipped out his cell phone and gave him

(Smitty, not the groundhog) a call. Smitty was reading the newspaper in the warmth of his home! Well, that didn't last long. Group chiding via satellite got him into his car and on his way to Grants Fork, IL. Oh, the groundhog was not in the parking lot, it was in Ed O.'s yard in Springfield where he could legally use his Glock for such worthy purposes.

Jim Shaw was another who was obviously absent. What did we ever do without cell phones? A call to Jim got his answering machine, as if he knew better than to answer the phone because it might be from a bunch of yahoos freezing to death in a Home Depot parking lot. Jim got the message and arrived at the restaurant before we had decided what to order.

James brought his German Shepard, named “G.” Nope, that's not short for Gee Whiz, or Geronimo, it's short for a foreign name that no one can remember or spell, which is why you don't see it printed here.... I don't remember what it was and if I did I wouldn't be able to spell it. G watered the rear wheel of Ed's car as if he knew that Ed O. shot a poor, defenseless groundhog. So there! Justice is done.



Phil gave each car a walkie-talkie so we could keep in touch and not get separated on the highway. This allowed us to know that Smitty had somehow attached himself to the rear of our caravan shortly after we got

on the highway. That's very spooky. I think Smitty was really over at the International House of Pancakes chowing down until he saw us pull out of the parking lot.



Somebody forgot to tell Ed Fusco this was a car ride...

We delayed our departure from the meeting place because we were in cars and not on bikes taking the scenic route. We were the first to populate

Diamond Mineral Springs and the waitresses had us rowdy folks all to themselves. Once the food hit the table they were careful to keep arms and fingers out of the way, lest they lose one in the feeding frenzy.



If any readers haven't been to Diamond Mineral Springs, the food is served family style except for the

entrees. Big bowls of salad-type foods arrive first: coleslaw, applesauce and spiced red beets. Biscuits are served with apple butter and honey. Entrees are reasonably priced and include normal food plus such oddities as fried chicken livers and gizzards. Along with the entrees big bowls of mashed potatoes, chicken gravy and green beans are added to the table. If a bowl needs refilling, just ask. And then it's pie time! The meringue pies are a foot high and a dozen of them sit on the main counter so that you see them throughout the meal. Numerous fruit pies and cheesecakes are available, too.

Dinner conversation included a debate of the relative merits of wrestling in coleslaw versus wrestling in chocolate pudding. Considering that this conversation was among happy, well-fed Gateway Riders you can guess that it went downhill pretty quickly. I can't print Phil's comment that pretty much killed the conversation in a sea of laughter but out of context, it's the title of this article. Ed O. told us how Art Wheeler, who was not present, was persuaded to take over the Gazette editorship. Ed says that you bug him about computer stuff for a while, and then you ask him if he'll take over and when he doesn't say “no,” he's it. I think this is how we nominate our officers, too.

The stately meringue on Bill Haugen's pie slice held its salute just long enough for me to get a picture and then it fell off to the side as if in slow motion. Several of us ordered pie to go and, oh yes, we gave into gluttony—the extra pie was in addition to the pie we ate. The amateur engineers of the group pondered how such tall pieces of pie would fit into the small Styrofoam take-home boxes. They assumed, hopefully, tall boxes! The resourceful waitress said, “Oh, we just stuff it in there.” When James opened the lid of his to-go pie the look on his face mirrored what the pie looked like. Meringue and coconut crème melded in an unnatural, almost pre-chewed way. Never mind that—the pie tastes the same.

We waddled into the parking lot carrying boxes of leftover food and extra pie that weighed as much as the food we had just consumed. Not a crumb was left. The waitress told us to take it all because she'd have to throw it away. That opened the floodgates and we left with enough food to tide us over if we get snowed in.

Discovering Missouri's hidden treasures.

Story & photos

By: Don P. Moschenross

A cool early morning motorcycle ride and the discovery of one of Missouri's historical treasures can make your whole day.

A holiday Monday tempted me to ride to a place close to home that I had read about but never visited, the Sandy Creek covered bridge just southwest of St. Louis.

As a real "Hoosier" growing up in Indianapolis my childhood included Saturday family day-trips for a picnic at one of the many covered bridges which dot the counties around Terre Haute, Indiana and about a two hour drive in the old '51 Ford coupe.

Missouri has relatively few restored covered bridges. Barring any scientific research on the subject my guess is that most of Missouri's wooden covered bridges were long gone by the 1900's. They no doubt had fallen into disrepair and left to rot or were replaced by more "modern" iron bridges. In some cases the bridges were no longer needed because the road that crossed the creek had been relocated to accommodate automobiles and required a more substantial span.

Such, I suspect, is the case with the modest covered bridge that spans Sandy Creek in Jefferson County that has been restored by the Missouri Department of

Natural Resources. The one-lane road that required the wooden bridge has been abandoned with the construction of Missouri Highway 21.

The motorcycle ride to Sandy Creek covered bridge from my home in central St. Louis County was an easy one, mainly riding on the interstates and Highway 21, wishing the whole ride both down and back that I had taken the back roads. Well, maybe next time.

I arrived at the bridge about 8am. The bridge is just west of the town of Goldman, Missouri and just south



of Highway 21. The small park adjacent to the bridge was empty when I arrived with the exception of a large flock of robins working hard at preparing for the winter. The sun was moving higher in a clear windless sky and reflected the bright red bridge in Sandy Creek. As I walked toward the bridge I was immediately struck with the serenity and solitude of the place that may have once been a busy thoroughfare. Here, in an all but forgotten place, was a little wooden bridge spanning a tiny creek with a road to nowhere. This restored artifact from a bygone age caused me to reflect on a truly different era and this place provided an immediate, if not fleeting, relief from the hard driving and consuming times we live in today. A chance to think about those who had

passed this way more than 100 years ago.

Who were these long since departed travelers and where were they going and why? What was down this road and what were the everyday concerns, aspirations, and joys of these rural farmers, preachers, peddlers, hunters, who had crossed this rather plain, straight forward

structure spanning a lazy creek at the eastern edge of the Ozark foothills? The bridge is a very simple yet elegant product of the centuries of bridge building technology that preceded it. As I walked across the bridge in that early morning stillness the smell of old wood and morning dew could not be described, nor I suspect, replicated so I just savored the moment. This little bridge allowed those who would have otherwise had to find some other way to cross the creek the opportunity to travel a quick and easy 100 feet to the other side. Today the other side was just that, the other side, with an overgrown path that dwindled off into the woods and disappeared.

Where was this forgotten road meant to go and why? This covered bridge provided the opportunity to reach a destination that perhaps could not otherwise be achieved. This bridge may have had a significant impact on the lives of those who used it. What would have happened if this bridge had never been built? At that point I realized that this was pretty heavy duty stuff for a lazy Monday holiday in early Fall when our nation stops to reflect on how those before us have labored individually and collectively to make this nation a truly great place to work and live. I felt blessed and lucky to live in the United States of America.

As I walked the short distance back to my motorcycle, I thought about how wonderful it is to have the opportunity to just think about covered bridges and their imagined place in history. Covered bridges are simple pieces of wooden architecture whose time in history has passed but they helped to open the American west and played an important part in the development of this great nation.

I had this strange feeling that some hundred years from now some unknown soul will reflect on the Poplar Street Bridge and wonder how that simple structure had contributed to our civilization. I won't be able to think about bridges in the same way again.

Where in the World was I?



The Griff new. Louisiana, MO. This building is on the east side of Highway 79 about a block north of the Gateway Western (KCS) railroad tracks. Next time you see Griff you will have to ask him to show you his prize.

AW

Alphabet Soup, Ks and Rs

By Marilyn Roberts

I'd had Valentino, my '03 R1150RA, for almost a month before I got in a good, long ride. The weather in February and March is so unpredictable. Fortunately, the weather improved toward the end of March. I picked up Valentino at Prestige Motor Sports on February 13, hence the name Valentino. Valentine was suggested but that's too feminine for a male bike and my bikes don't

Having ridden a K bike for so many years, Valentino seemed very foreign, starting at the beginning with the start button. Thumbing it produces lots of shake and some rumbling instead of a smooth, quiet whine. On takeoff, the broader power band and additional horses are evident. Now I understand why 1100s and 1150s accelerate so much faster than The Motorcycle. During many trips with others, I'm usually left behind on entrance ramps and it wasn't me, it was The Motorcycle!

I've found myself going faster than usual on Hwy.



submit themselves to sex changes, so with a little tweak the name Valentine became Valentino.

My first bike was the K75, named The Motorcycle, which I still have. K75s are good little bikes that do almost everything well and they are hard to come by. Most people who have sold their K75s wish they hadn't, so selling or trading The Motorcycle was not an option.

T, and on Hwy.100's broad sweepers just east of Gray Summit. The R1150R is a good handler but the Telelever and Paralever do their jobs and shield me from the road. Valentino eats curves for lunch. I was left with the distinct feeling that those roads *might* be more fun on The Motorcycle because of its conventional suspension. More input from the rider and a little movement in the suspension lets you know that you are banking through curves.

The R1150R's EVO brakes are partially integrated and hydraulically assisted. Now there's something I'd like to have on The Motorcycle! The brakes are wonderful. You can hear the hydraulics work if you pump the lever when the ignition's on but I was told that's a quick way to wear your battery down, so playing with it to hear the funny sound is not advised. Using the front lever activates both front and rear calipers; using the rear brake pedal activates only the rear brake. I had heard stories about how BMW's new brake system was touchy and that the brakes didn't function well when the ignition was off. True, while riding you must learn not to grab the brakes hard or you'll stop immediately—using your ABS if you have it—but it isn't as touchy as I'd heard. When pushing the bike around in the driveway with the ignition off, the brakes are just like The Motorcycle's so that isn't a problem for me. I had the impression from listening to others that there was almost no braking, but the brakes work fine, it just takes a little more squeezing when the ignition is off.

I never realized how much I use the gear indicator on The Motorcycle until I was on the road with Valentino and didn't have one. Perhaps I'll get used to it in time but so far I don't have the slightest idea what gear I'm in. If the tach ever goes bad I'm screwed. I count upshifts and downshifts and try to do the math and remember it, but that makes my brain hurt. All bikes should have gear indicators.

Other little necessities include an analog clock, which I like much better than the digital one on The Motorcycle that reports military time. The analog clock eats up the battery faster than the digital one, so the battery must be cared for during the off-season. The R1150R comes standard with heated grips but not with a power accessory socket. Go figure. The hole and wiring are there for the accessory socket, so why not just install this \$26 retail item at the factory?

Ergonomically, Valentino may need some work. The

pegs are a bit high for my aging knees. Their location is fine for sport touring and day rides but day after day of cramped knees would make me walk like a centenarian. I could put the taller seat on the bike but that would raise my center of gravity and make the windscreen function worse. I put BMW's touring windscreen on the bike, but I might need a taller one. I get some wind on my helmet that is tolerable but more than I like. Both the touring windscreen and smaller flyscreen attach to the bike with curved, light gray hardware that goes well with the lines of the dashboard. It is stylish and unobtrusive and BMW gets kudos for that.



Something else that affects long trips is the R1150R's upswept exhaust. This takes about half the room out of the left bag. I considered lowering the pipe—a \$2000 proposition—but I've decided that lowering the pipe will greatly detract from the bike's good lines and good looks. My solution is to purchase the luggage plate that replaces the pillion seat and gives over two feet of level bag space across the top of the system cases.



I have bought some goodies for the bike, such as a Marsee 20-liter teardrop magnetic tank bag and a Wunderlich magnetic map case. Yes, Valentino's tank is steel while The Motorcycle's is aluminum. The Marsee bag was \$140 versus \$300 for the Multivario bag. James tells me that the magnetic Marsee bags stick very well, even as one's bike slides horizontally down the road, and he should know! Also from Wunderlich, I have a thermometer that replaces the black plastic cap on the triple tree, a rear wheel cap and red screws to replace the silver ones on the gas filler.

This bike's a keeper. It's a very different beast than The Motorcycle. Some have said that oilheads and airheads have more personality than K bikes, but I don't agree with that. It's just different, that's all, and there's nothing wrong with a little variety in one's garage.

A Midwest Riding Log

by Larry Stevenson

Recently, I created considerable activity in my garage, finishing the final adjustments on my RT. In the past, being punctual about maintenance details could wait until the last minute. This year was different. We are on assignment in St. Louis.

My wife transferred from Seattle to St. Louis the first week of June. Upon hearing “the bad news,” immediate plans were made to travel north to Trenton, Ontario. Shipping the bike via Allied Van Lines to St. Louis was easy enough. It arrived safely with no dings, nicks, or ugly scratches. A week later I was cruising through Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan--destination, the International BMW rally. The only negative aspect of traveling north was the continual lightning and thunder. Considering my Northwest heritage, it was overwhelming to be in the path of these storm centers. Thanks to appropriate rain gear and a perfect all weather bike; all went well.

What’s so desirable about living in the Midwest? The short version is it’s heaven for motorcycling. To mention just a few advantages: it is five or six hours from Chicago, a day from Gainesville, a short distance to the Atlantic coast, and a dozen rally sites are within a few hundred miles.

The back roads have hundreds of small farms. Corn and soybeans appear to be the preferred crops. Watching the farmers tend their fields provided constant entertainment along my route. This was a very different (farmland) riding experience than the Northwest, where miles of wheat are the only flat land sights available.

The roads continually crisscross each other all the way north. The GPS became a constant on board friend and worked miracles in this maze of blacktop. No need to worry about getting lost and losing several hours.

The agenda included a visit to Niagara from the Ontario side. What a sight! The falls offered a great vista under clear blue skies. Following a long nap in an adjacent park, considerable time was spent gazing at the promenade adjacent to the overlook. A wonderful ethnic mixture greets the curious onlooker. Many Japanese, Chinese, and Indians were among the crowd.

Returning homeward, I blitzed south of Lake Erie, down through New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and back to St. Louis, stopping only to sleep

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and eat. The first night I pitched the tent in a quiet RV resort in central Ohio. The second night was spent at a “\$22.50 for a single” in southern Illinois. A hot shower and a great home cooked meal was a special treat. Amish women can sure find their way around a kitchen!

Visiting the MOA headquarters was a special day--nice layout, great surroundings, and a friendly staff. Ray Zimmerman, the Executive Director, introduced me around, provided a great cup of coffee, and held up his reputation as an all-around nice guy. The MOA found a gem.

A few weeks later Roseann and I rode two-up to southern Missouri. We participated in the Missouri State BMW Rally in Crane. The city part offered a perfect setting for the 150 bikes in attendance, mostly from the Ozark Mountains. Bib overalls and straw hats were the frequent dress of the day. The group welcomed us into their fold like we were family. We made many new friends by Saturday evening. They were amazed to see Washington riders at their gathering. One crusty old mountain man commented, “She shur must love ya a lot ta ride all that way out hare on that rumble seat.” I firmly agreed. The Ozark experience was sheer joy. Stopping off at Elephant Rocks State Park, we marveled at these highly smooth surfaces, polished by wind and rain for a thousand years. Resembling a large herd of elephants, they seemed to be connected tail to trunk. Studying the rocks, it seemed that one of the elephants was guilty of poor alignment. He was connected tail to tail.

A long riding weekend followed in mid-summer. While Roseann was on a business trip, riding I55 to Memphis and Graceland seemed appropriate. Talk about a time warp...this was the ultimate 1950’s experience. Rock-and-Roll music, shag carpet, 707 jets, and Elvis’s grave marked by an eternal flame. A tinge of sadness engulfed me as I rolled out of the parking lot. Turning east toward Pickwick Dam, a pink Caddy roared by on the starboard side. It was vintage 50’s with a guitar draped over the back seat. Sporting a large rhinestone hood ornament, the car looked quite distinctive with its swept wing fenders. The driver was partially obscured by brilliant sunlight, but the individual was wearing a multi-colored jumpsuit. The vehicle disappeared in heavy traffic before a sighting could be verified.

North, near the outskirts of Waynesboro, the radar detector lit up bright red. Checking the GPS, I realized I was over the limit. Seventy-four mph in a designated forty-five mph zone was almost a capital offense in

Tennessee. Attempting to reason with Smokey only made matters worse. Finally, with no proof of insurance “on or about the motorcycle or person,” he issued a citation. “Son, when we say 45 we don’t EVEN mean 46, let alone 74.” Bingo, I dropped a \$285 check in the mail at the next mail stop. He called me son...what a nice guy! A small amount of the lost cash was made up later by befriending the motel owner in Waynesboro. He wanted to debate the failing US economy. Plus, he had a problem with George beating war drums for an invasion of his homeland. My body was pleading to retire and forget the Tennessee State Patrol. Patience and sympathy were rewarded with the best room in the inn for \$30.

Outside of Nashville it was time for a quick hamburger and Coke. Halfway through the meal a Harley rider appeared. He pulled up, dismounted his stead, and entered. He was dressed out in full leathers and had a three-day growth. He was dusty and dirty with a bad case of helmet hair. “Wow, a real Knight rider,” I thought. He noticed me and came over to chat. Knowing that my little three-day ride wouldn’t impress him, the subject of touring was approached cautiously. As it turned out, he lived a couple of miles away and always had a cup of coffee at this McDonald’s prior to church services.

Back home, restlessness set in within a week. Nothing worked. Reading, mowing three acres of grass, and working crossword puzzles didn’t offer much comfort. Finally, I changed oil and filter, did a quick polish and shine, repaired the tent, and got a new air mattress...then I began to read the BMW ON. Hummm, Boone, North Carolina, looked like a mighty interesting ride. The next morning under clear sky and bright sunshine, I rode east toward the Appalachian Mountains of Tennessee.

The twisties of the Daniel Boone National Forest were pure joy--back and forth, up and down, like a Coney Island roller coaster. It goes on for one hundred miles. The sights...”old dogs and watermelon wine” at its finest, and Lolo Pass with people and a general store thrown in. The area was a hotbed of bootlegging in its earlier life. Somewhere in all those hills, it was still a thriving industry. The prices are post WWII. A double scoop of ice cream, with real cream, costs about \$1.75. A good bed with running hot water can be found for \$18.50. The people are genuine and a real hoot to engage. My neighbor at the motel asked me where I was from...”cuz ye shur not from ‘round here.” I answered, “Seattle.” He said, “Whar’s that state located?”

Boone, the rally side, was located at the KOA just a few miles from the entrance to the Blue Ridge Parkway in the Pisgah National Forest. Along the road were many flowering plants. Indeed, if one traveled the parkway at the right time of year it would be a magnificent sight. Saturday, a ride to the lookout produced an amazing vista. A blue haze seemed to hang over the entire range, and the hills stretched out in all directions. In retrospect, it was the highlight of the trip.

Sunday morning I packed up and was gone by 6:30 a.m. Before leaving, my last cigar was left to a new friend. He was still sleeping so it was propped up on the picnic table next to his tent. Pure joy starts with a good cigar and a strong cup of coffee. I rode west. The Parkway was directly in front of me. It was equally interesting the second time. No traffic, one with the bike, great roads, and that special feeling of freedom that comes from solo touring. Exiting the Parkway and merging with the interstate, I went home through Nashville. The Appalachians would be saved for another trip. Serious slab was laid down that Sunday. It was a four-lane ribbon of absolute boredom. For relief, counting Burger Kings, KFC’s, and attempting to sing my favorite Slim Whitmen song occupied time. Oprah would say my yodeling needed a complete make over.

In late fall I attended the Falling Leaf Rally in Potosi, Missouri. This was a major event. Pitching my tent near some friends from the Boone rally, we sat around the bonfire and lied to each other for three days. The “chief story teller,” a career long haul truck driver, was the ultimate tale weaver. An encounter with an exploding propane bottle left him with a special foot shift, missing fingers, and a walking cane.

The highlight of the rally occurred on Saturday night. It was a ceremony involving an anvil. This event dates back to the Civil War and is simple to accomplish. Assemble five hundred rally goers at the events area and place a large anvil in the center of a nearby field. Next, position a pouch of black powder under the anvil and light the fuse. Kaboom! The anvil was propelled at supersonic speed, 50 feet in the air. The object was to have the anvil return to earth within a few feet of the launch site. Amazingly accurate, this ”shoot” uses 1860’s technology for the demonstration. I might add that the crowd went wild when it landed within a couple feet of the launch site.

Sunday morning I was up early and on my way to Daytona Beach via the Gulf Coast. Back roads made

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A Midwest Riding Log, cont.

the morning interesting. Returning to the slab near Memphis, I caught I55 southbound and made Baton Rouge by late afternoon. On the way I counted 16 Burger Kings and 12 KFC's. Why so many BK's and fewer KFC's? It could be that travelers see more cows; therefore, they hunger for beef rather than chicken.

New Orleans and Bourbon Street were close, and I wanted to spend a few hours in the French Quarter. Alas, the head was willing but the body was beat up from riding slab. I crashed in a cheap motel and slept for ten hours. Before dozing off, late night TV was showing bad news. A storm front was moving up the Gulf Coast. It was expected to drop some serious rain the next afternoon. It was moving west to east diagonally across most of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. The bottom part of the front would push across my route near the northern state line of Florida. It would stretch all the way to Jacksonville. Great! I went to sleep dreaming of torrential floods that would sweep the entire population into the Gulf. Tomorrow, it would be just the eighteen-wheelers and me fighting our way east.

At 3:00 p.m. the next day it was raining so hard it drove me off the highway near the outskirts of Mobile. Checking into a motel near the interstate, I intended to wait for the storm to clear. Drenched and being tired produced a raw attitude. A small cafe was nearby but seemed to have a limited menu, basically grits and ham hocks. The waitress was extremely attractive and the food was ugly. Don't they call that an oxymoron? Sloshing my way back to the room, my mood was downright nasty. I devoured a bag of potato chips and went to sleep dreaming of chocolate cake, T-bone steak, and a large baked potato.

At ten the next morning the rain tapered off. I packed the bike, rode to the on-ramp, and began clicking off miles. Huge puddles of water dotted the highway and caused hydroplaning above 80 mph. It felt strange. I kept the speed up and pushed forward convincing myself I still lived in Seattle. It occurred to me that if I went too fast, I would catch the storm. Finally, the bad weather ran its course and drifted northward fifty miles west of Jacksonville. Oh, yes, sunshine and warm temperatures. Turning south, I looked forward to Daytona Beach and Biketoberfest.

Stopping south of Jacksonville, my rain gear was removed. I tried to make light conversation with a couple of Harleys down from New York. No luck.

They blew me off like the storm I just went through. A security guard tending the rest stop offered some excellent advice about Daytona. The bike was not safe with a lock on it...or two locks. Thieves pull up in a large covered van, unload a forklift, and hoist the bike (locks and all) into the van. They reload the forklift and drive away. Inventive little devils, aren't they?

Twenty miles down the interstate two motorcyclists came into view, obviously in some kind of distress. I slow down and pull up right behind them. Guess who? My New York friends from the rest stop with an "electrical problem." The seat and the gas tank are off the ailing bike. They are frantically wrenching the machine. I asked, "Can I help out?" One of them answers, "The warning lights won't turn off, and we can't find the fuse holder." I respond, "Have you thought about removing the lens and pulling the bulb out of the socket?" The big guy with the goatee and vasoline coated hair replied, "Gee, we never thought of that." I put the BMW in gear and eased out into traffic. In the rearview mirror I saw the arm go up and the one finger salute. Bringing the bike up to highway speed, I set the cruise control and relaxed for the last hundred miles.

It was dark when I located the campground. The owner offered me a quiet spot near the garbage dump. "It will be quiet here," he said. He was right. No loud pipes or drunks over here. Shade trees dotted the area and a picnic table was nearby. Later that evening I wandered down to the main gate. The guard was brewing a huge pot of chili for incoming travelers. The cook's great aunt Leona was taught the recipe from a Chickasaw Indian Princess. As I sat down, a rider was challenging the authenticity of the chili. She claimed the mixture could not be the original recipe because the cook made it with hamburger, not buffalo meat. She had a good point. I might add that I'm really not an expert on old chili recipes, buffalo or hamburger, so I couldn't contribute to the debate.

The next morning yielded blue sky and sunshine. Neighbors moved in around 2:00 a.m., apparently intrigued by an opportunity to sleep adjacent to a real garbage dump. The couple had a huge trailer with room for two Harleys, camping equipment, sleeping quarters, washbasin, cooking stove, hair dryer, and table with four chairs. Missing was a washer and dryer. Aside from the roar of two sets of straight pipes, they were friendly. The Harley approached me and said, "Watch out for fire ants." Apparently one had bitten his girlfriend in the middle of the night. She was allergic to

the bite and was transported to emergency at 4:00 a.m. They had a pretty full day herding a one-ton duelly from Texas and getting attacked by some mysterious creepy striking innocent bikers in the middle of the night.

Breakfast was served all morning at the Crash Inn near the campground. Good prices, country music, lots of stuffed animal heads, and reasonable food. The guy sitting next to me was from Texas. "Tex" was riding a new Goldwing and worked for the postal service in Dallas. Following a short discussion he could tell I was new in town. He offered to show me Daytona. This was a great idea since I didn't have a clue where to find anything. He suggested we get out of town fast and go south on the ocean road. It sounded right to me. The venue: a ride on the beach, seafood down the coast, a look around town, and motor back to the campground. My observation of Daytona was a let down--too many neo-bikers running red lights, speeding, and heavy weight drinking. My kind of circus it wasn't.

Roseann arrived in Orlando Friday morning. The schedule was to pick her up at the airport and return to Daytona. I was excited to see her. That morning, while preparing to go to the airport, I dropped the clutch with my kryptonite lock firmly attached to the front brake disc. Ouch! Brake fluid started oozing from the front calipers. Broken seals seemed to be the problem. I needed routine maintenance anyway, so I decided to visit Orlando BMW on the way back. Donating to a BMW business is a health thing. We had lunch across the street while they were wrenching the machine. Nice folks, those people in Orlando. They dropped other work and fixed the bike in about one hour.

We did the scene Saturday night with Roseann's sister and brother-in-law. They weren't riders and were amazed at the sights and sounds of this rock-and-roll party down. There were thousands of bikes, babes, drinks, and loud pipes from the "look good" crowd. V-eight powered two wheelers, trikes, vintage, and just plain rat bikes lined the street. We selected one of the open-air bars and marveled at the spectacle. This wasn't Sturgis but close to it. I finally yielded to the temptation and inserted my ear plugs. Much better. We made our way back to the campground at 2:00 a.m. The chili pot was still out. The cook had added a tray of cake, pie, and cookies. He was still gripping about the Indians, buffalo, and chili. I had pie and asked him about the recipe. He said that it came from a small bakery nearby. He wasn't sure who thought up the recipe.

Sunday we packed up and rode to Tampa. Roseann's

sister had invited us to spend a few days. They offered a real bed, not a bad idea. Two bodies on a single air mattress doesn't represent intimacy and closeness at its finest. One person sleeps on the mattress, the other on hardpan or a rock.

Leaving Roseann at the Orlando airport several days later, I decided to make a short run to Gainesboro and bum a bed from my niece. She was attending college at UF. Tammy was in her last year of nursing school and knew her way around the campus. We left my gear in her apartment and did the school tour. As I was moving in for the night several of her neighbors (coeds too) looked at me and commented to Tammy, "Isn't he a little old for you?" Tammy rose to the occasion and replied, "Well, no, he's only seven years older than my father." Cool, I thought, as we headed for the local pizza parlor.

The next morning I left early. Tammy was sleeping but left breakfast and freshly brewed coffee. I wrote her a "thank you" note for taking in a weary traveler. Leaving a Churchill or Panatela was out of the question. Her new occupation would probably block the enjoyment of a finely packed Cuban.

Crossing the Florida line, I aimed the bike toward Atlanta. The sights and sounds of the interstate kept me alert and engaged. The GPS registered a steady eighty. Rest stops, cafes, towns, and rolling hills slid by in a steady blur. It was peaceful; yet, constant activity was all around me.

My thoughts were introspective and mostly about my family in Seattle. I have two sons by a first marriage. They both love motorcycles. Grown now, they have their own lives in the Northwest. Two stepdaughters by a second marriage, both avid outdoor types, enjoy rich and wonderful alpine adventures. My father, now eighty-one, was still active and engaged in life (He died of cancer shortly after I arrived home from this trip). My father's girlfriend, Billy, is ninety-one and cooks the old fashioned way. Her motto, "Great food takes time to prepare." She serves no shortcuts, premixes, fast food, or poorly cooked vegetables and meat. My niece Sammy, is the redheaded imp that is so full of life. Special she is if I forgave her for a lengthy scratch down the left side of my scooter.

Nashville drifts by, and I'm still not tired of the saddle. I stopped at the next town for coffee and a burger. An old man walks up and admires my bike. He used to ride years ago, but his wife made him stop. "She **MADE** you stop?" I repeated. "Yep," he said, "too dangerous

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A Midwest Riding Log, cont.

for her at home while I was out riding.” He asked me if I usually rode at night and during a rainstorm. I answered, “No, but I’m not tired and don’t have anything else on the agenda tonight.” He nods his head. Nervously picking up his bag of groceries, he yields to his wife’s urging to “get in the car and out of the rain, Elmer.” He pats the saddle a couple of times, shrugs, and then follows his wife to their parked car. For him it’s groceries, a six-pack, nagging wife, and a TV guide this evening.

I checked the GPS, I’m two hundred miles (and change) from home. I consider a motel and a hot meal. It was still raining hard. There are signs along the highway warning of deer on the road. I turn on the PIAA’s for added visibility. It’s time for a decision. Will it be home or motel? I choose home and roll the throttle up another 10 mph. It’s cold, dark, and miserable. Not superb conditions for any ride, let alone with aching bones, sore muscles, and a wandering brain.

Hours later I see the faint lights of St. Louis. Traffic is surprisingly heavy as I approach the downtown area. I keep pace with traffic, staying in the fast lane to avoid large rain puddles on my right. Getting off at I170 and merging a short time later onto I270, I find the New Halls Ferry exit. I keep the speed down riding up New Halls Ferry to Old Jamestown. Home at last. Checking the GPS, it reads 964 miles since Gainesboro.

The 2002 riding season took me to many places new and exciting. As the snow falls in St. Louis, I am studying the road atlas. Some of the preliminary plans include: Wisconsin, Minnesota, West Virginia, and upstate New York. Many of you will be traveling these same roads. Look for me. I’m the guy with the ‘98 RT, a tad overweight, with a gray beard. Most likely I’ll be riding solo and packed for camping. Or I could be resting at some roadside park, enjoying a fine cigar and looking quite satisfied.

HELP!!!

Your Story goes here.

I need your Help. This space was left blank, because I ran out of content. Every little bit helps, I don’t always need a multi page essay, as you can see by the space left even just a paragraph or two will do.

Whatever Happened to Bob Sandefur?

Has anyone wondered whatever happened to Bob? Our ex-Membership Director ex-Treasurer.

In April 2001, I took “BEMUR” down to Motorrad to be inspected. While doing this, I experienced such hip pain that I didn’t ride “BEMUR” till October 2001. At that time, I told Anita, I was going on a 50-mile ride and get some fresh gas. Getting ready for winter.

While on this ride, I was hurting so bad, I wasn’t sure if I would get my feet off the pegs, and down on the street. After shaking so much, I cut my ride short, to 20 miles. When I got home, I couldn’t get off of “BEMUR”. Between Anita and I it took 10 minutes to get me off. I immediately went into the house and called Motorrad, to come and get “BEMUR”. A couple days later Dave Clark showed up with a trailer and took BEMUR to Motorrad. Within a week it was sold over the Internet.

On June 17, 2002, I had my left hip replaced. The orthopedic surgeon who did my surgery recommended I not ride again. The fear is, of falling off, and popping the Prosthesis out of place, which would be quite serious.

There comes a time when we all have to put the keys up and not ride again. Some sooner. Some later in life. After 36+ years of never going down, I miss the chance of riding.

The party that purchased “BEMUR” was involved in a car collision eight months after he purchased it. “BEMUR” was totaled.

So when you are out riding, and someone waves to you out of a car or truck, give a wave. Even though I can’t ride with you physically, I ride with you in spirit.

Thank you for the cards and telephone calls. I appreciate it.

Bob Sandefur

For Sale:

First Gear TKO leather jacket, size med, removable liner, body & sleeve vents, hide away collar, matching leather pants, size med, mint condition \$125 each.

Shoei RF 200, full face helmet, black, XL, with carrying bag.

Gel seat pad, Large, 10” long, tapers 7 1/2” to 13 1/2”. New still in box. \$25

HD leather summer gloves, XL, new. \$20

Elkskin Leather summer Gloves, XL, new. \$20

Bob Sandefur: 636-227-9976



If this is the first time you have seen the postcard above, Then you may have missed out on the Prestige Motor Sports Grand Opening Celebration. The sign has even been changed.

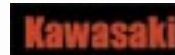
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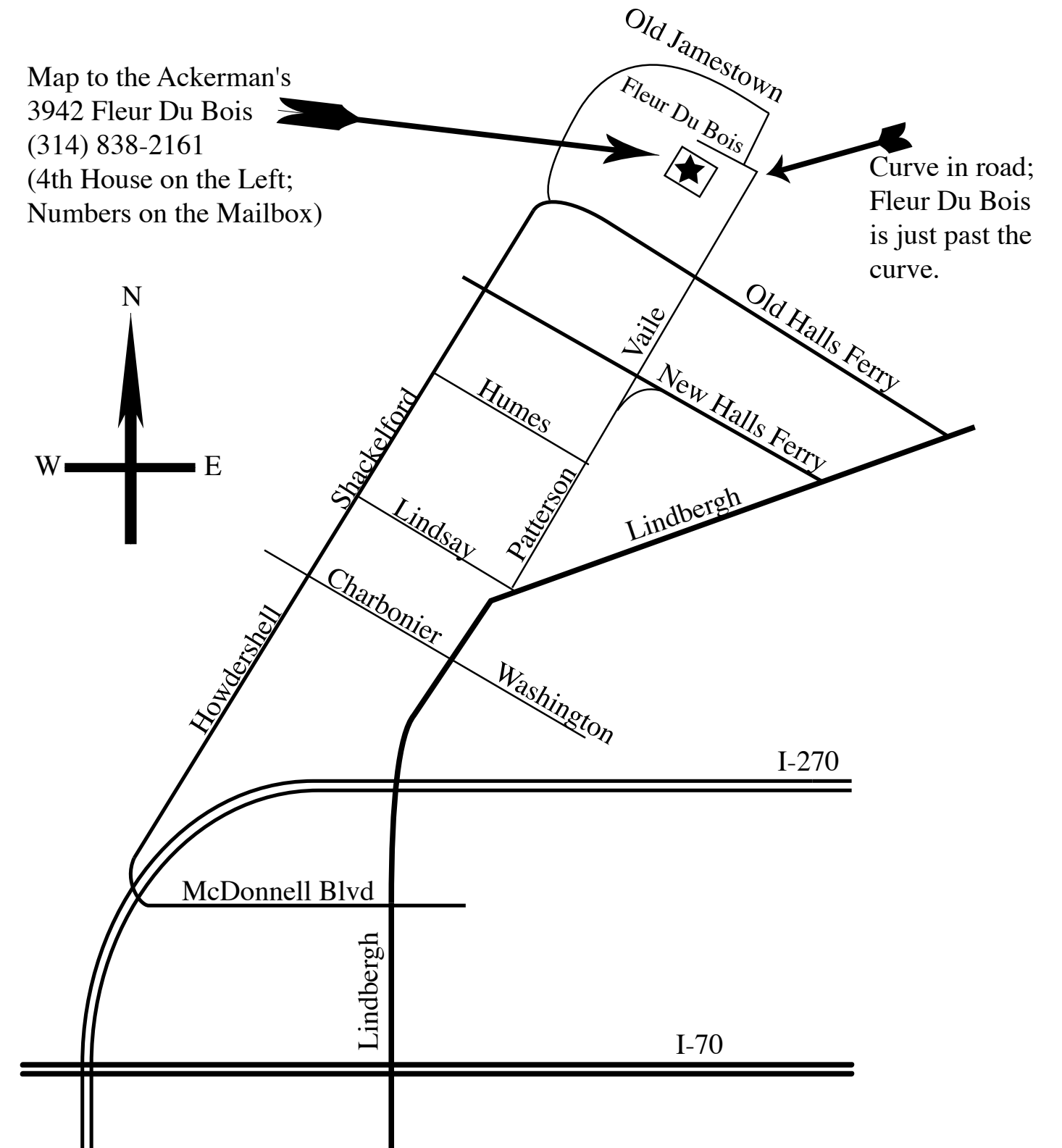


For the latest news on our local dealer check out there new web-site.

www.prestige-bmw.com

Summer Solstice Swim Party/Barbecue/ June General Meeting, June 21st, 2003

Map to the Ackerman's
3942 Fleur Du Bois
(314) 838-2161
(4th House on the Left;
Numbers on the Mailbox)



Where in the World am I? The Contest!
If you think you know see page 5 for complete
rules. Dead-line: June 1st 2003.

To:



From: Gateway Riders BMW Club
P.O. Box 11563
Clayton, MO 63105

The Post Office
will not deliver
unless Haugen
puts the stamp
on first.

From the Membership:

Buy, Sell, & Trade.

If you would like to run an ad please have the info to me by the submission deadline (page 2). I will run your ad until you tell me not to. AW

🍏 The **souvenir cat** promotional is winding down with only one unit left. Get yours when you visit Camp Clark for service. Dave Clark's Service Center can be reached @ **636/405-0949**.

🍏 Al Cohen's Attorney is Mr. Eric Wulff **636/946-7899** he is licensed in both MO & IL. When you call you will probably get scheduled by his executive secretary Dottie. Be ready to answer some relevant questions.

Or, if you wish you may call Nancy & Phil Sulfstede's son: Daniel Bollini @ **314/374-0841**.

🍏 **1994 K1100LT**, Green, heated grips, stereo (polka music not included), trailer hitch, tank bag, bag liners, new rear tyre, 79K, \$6000 OBO, **1993 Quick Camp** pup up, full size bed (Queen will fit), good condition. \$1400. **AMSOIL** you've seen it at rallies but where can you get it locally? Gene Kautz is now a dealer and ready to serve you! Call him or Barb at Early Tymes Antiques **636/356-4322** for all you AMSOIL needs.

🍏 Kathryn Jones, the Massage Therapist you met at the general meeting, would like to trade her Euro sports bars & cables for a set of American bars & cables. She is also interested in a renolds ride off stand. 314/283-3213 cell, or **314/645-3318** home. Get the kinks out with a massage!

🍏 1996 Isuzu Trooper, dark green, sun roof, new 100 month battery, hi-low 4 wheel drive, auto, 16v 3.2 V6, ABS, cruise, power windows, AM-FM cassette, air, extended warranty to 100K, 93K \$7995 Susan Anderson **314/831-7363**

🍏 **Mesh-Tex Jacket by First Gear**, Size XL, Silver. Bought new last July only worn 2-3 times. It's a great jacket, and works great. It turns out it doesn't fit me as well as it did at the dealer. New \$139, my loss your gain, Make me a offer, other wise it just collects dust in the Closet. Art Wheeler **636/391-4874**

🍏 **Your Ad goes Here... just let me know.**