

Gateway Gazette

Gateway Riders BMW Club
The Legendary Riders of the Midwest



09

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Gateway Riders BMW
Club

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Deadline for the next issue is Thanksgiving 2014. The Gazette is published in February, April, June, August, October and early December.

I'm recovering from a cool and wet rally. I managed to pick up a cold and it's taken almost a week to get back into "riding condition." I have come to realize that I definitely have a "riding condition" mode. If I am sick or overly tired, I stay home or drive a car. I like to prepare for my rides, I have a routine of sorts, which starts with washing the bike. I check the oil and tires with the bike clean. I gather up the riding gloves and jacket I think appropriate, clean the helmet, and set it all on the seat of the bike. If I have the time, I may run to the local QT and fill the tank. The water drops, in all the hidden places below the handlebars, fly up to my face. Weirdly, I kind of like that. After my routine get-ready, I know I am ready to ride without any worries of forgetting something or not having a clear vision of the road. I know that having set out the proper riding gear, I will be comfortable and can enjoy the ride to the greatest extent. If I do not go through this preparation, my head spins through all the details and takes time away from the sights and sounds and feel of a great time on my motorcycle. I hope that everyone takes the time to prepare before a ride. It makes my ride a much safer experience.

Fall is my favorite season of riding. I finally popped for a heated jacket liner which makes those cool mornings very comfortable and increases my days of being able to get out much more enjoyable. I hope everyone can get out and enjoy the gorgeous fall colors this year.

— Al

On the Cover: Jeff, Larry, Mary and Phil rode to the Wheels Through Time museum in Maggie Valley, North Carolina in September. Photo by a bystander.

Fall 2014 Events Calendar

Compiled by Jeff Ackerman, Events Director

Note: The ride starting points depend on the direction we are going:

NORTH: The west side of the Home Depot parking lot, between New Halls Ferry & Old Halls Ferry on the south side of I-270 in North County.

SOUTH: The McStop at Pevely (Exit 180 off I-55 at Z) OR the south end of the Dierbergs grocery on Hwy. 21, just south of I-270 (on the LH or east side of 21 at the first light).

WEST: The QuikTrip off I-70 (exit 222) by I-370 at Mid Rivers Mall (on the north side in St. Peters); or the BP just south of Hwy. 40 (I-64) on Long Rd.; or the QuikTrip in Eureka, just south of I-44 (exit 264) on 109.

EAST: Dierbergs or Home Depot – See above.

Shop Rides: Forever Endeavor has shop rides every 3rd Saturday of the month, typically meet at 8:00/leave 8:15 (next rides are Oct. 18 and Nov. 15), followed by a hearty breakfast. Meet at the new shop at 518 East Osage, in Pacific, Mo. 63069. 636-257-8343.

* Oct. 18: Hayride and Hot Dog Roast – I have booked a hayride at Hammer's Farm (Old Halls Ferry Stables), the same place as last year. We will have one wagon with enough room for the first 25 people for the hayride; everyone is welcome at the hot dog roast. Meet at Hammer's Farm at 4:10 pm (20 min. before the ride), so the wagon can leave at 4:30 for the hayride; see below for directions. The hot dog roast will start about 5:30, and we will have the fire for two hours. Bring a covered dish or dessert, your beverage, plus a chair if you can. The club is providing hot dogs, buns, plates, etc. and will give away the left over door prizes from the rally. Please RSVP with Jeff Ackerman to ensure a spot on the wagon (1st come/1st serve). 314-838-2161.

Old Halls Ferry Stable is located north of Florissant, Mo. at 15310 Old Halls Ferry Rd., one mile northwest of Lindbergh Blvd. (also known as Hwy. 67) on the right side of the road when coming from Lindbergh, or left when coming from Vaile. It is right next to the Pallottine Renewal Center. The driveway is the gravel one, next to the Hammer's Farm sign.

* Oct. 19: In lieu of the "Rider's Choice" listed in the last events, Jeff has a ride to the American Thresherman Fall Show in Pickneyville, Ill. to see some neat old steam engines and other early farm equipment. Meet at the Dierbergs at 8:00/leave 8:30. Jeff Ackerman, 314-239-4504.

* Oct. 25: Ron is leading another scenic south county ride. Meet at the Dierbergs at 9:30/leave 10:00. Ron Bier, 314-623-1363.

* Oct. 26: St. John's Gildehaus Sausage Dinner. Take the scenic route down to the church. We'll leave early to beat the crowd. Meet at the BP on Long Rd. at 9:00/leave 9:30. Jeff Ackerman.

* Nov. 2: St. Patrick's in Ruma (Chicken & Strawberry Festival) has its Wurstmart (and pork loin) and Meat Shoot. Meet at the Dierbergs at 9:00/leave 9:30 (NOTE – The GS group will leave at 9:15) – Depending on the road and weather, we may split into two groups with the GS group taking the lesser traveled levee roads with some gravel. The road group can take Bluff Rd. Mary and Jeff Ackerman, 314-239-4504.

* Nov. 8: Chris has a late fall ride to Vienna planned. Meet at the QuikTrip in Eureka at 8:30/leave 9:00. Chris Kerckhoff, 314-422-1888.

* Nov. 16: Fall ride with Phil. Meet at the QuikTrip in Eureka at 9:00/leave 9:30. Phil Sulfstede, 314-910-9663.

* Nov. 19: Wednesday General Meeting at Miss Sheri's at 9967 Manchester Road, St. Louis, Mo. 63122. When you come through the doors, the meeting room is to the left. They need us out by 8 pm, so arrive no later than 6:30 if you plan on eating. Meeting starts at 7:00 sharp.

Continued on next page

Events, continued from previous page

* Nov. 23: Ride to Hardin, Ill. to the smoked meat restaurant or the Bare Foot Bar, or the Whittmond Hotel in Brussels, or Rider's Choice. Meet on the west side of the Home Depot parking lot at 9:30/leave 10:00. Ride leader needed.

* Dec. 5 (Friday): Christmas Party from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. at HSC Ballroom (Hearts of St. Charles) at 1410 South 5th St., Saint Charles, Mo. The banquet hall opens at 7 p.m. with an open bar till 11 p.m. Dinner will be served at 8 p.m. Dinner, coffee and desserts will be served. See the larger announcement below for cost and more details. Please try to have correct change, or write a check. You can also pay your 2015 membership dues and update all of your contact information for the website. Please RSVP with Sharon Floyd at sicklegirl@att.net or call her at 314 892-7012 and let her know no later than Friday, Nov. 21. The banquet hall will be asking for an attendance number at that time to assure there are enough dinners and desserts prepared.

Dec. 6 (Saturday): Gateway BMW Holiday Open House from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. There will be lots of goodies and Honz is always making some great deals.

* Dec. 14: Rider's Choice if the weather is good; meet at 9:00/leave 9:30 from the BP on Long Rd. Ride leader needed.

NOTE: We need volunteers for the Super Bowl and Valentines or St. Patrick's Day parties. Harvey and Ava have volunteered for New Year's Eve. A supplement with the early 2015 events and New Year's Eve party information will be available in the December Gazette, available online before the Christmas Party, and via hard copy at the Christmas Party.

Events that are starred * are point events. Any motorcycle rallies greater than 200 miles away or any BMW rallies are point rides, even if not listed. Note: See the MOA magazine or website www.bmwmoa.org for more rally information.

GR

The annual **Gateway Rider's Winter Holiday Party** will be held on Friday December 5, 2014 from 7:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. at HSC BALLROOMS (Hearts of St. Charles). The address is 1410 South 5th Street, Saint Charles, Missouri 63301.

The banquet hall opens at 7:00 p.m. with an open bar till 11:00 p.m. Dinner will be served at 8:00 p.m. Dinner, coffee and desserts will be served.

The cost is \$15 for members, \$25 for non-members. Please try to have correct change, or write a check. You can also pay your 2015 membership dues and update all of your contact information for the website at that time.

The holiday party is a fun event and a time to catch up with friends and enjoy each others company. So come and have a great time!

Please **RSVP** sicklegirl@att.net or call me at 314 892-7012 and let me know if you will be there to celebrate the holiday with us no later than Friday, November 21, 2014. The banquet hall will be asking for an attendance number at that time to assure there are enough dinners and desserts prepared.

Directions:

If you are driving west across the Blanchet bridge, you will see HSC Ballroom on the north side of I-70 just after the river. Take exit 229B (Fifth Street north) and then take almost an immediate right into the Three Flags Business Center and go right along the outer perimeter road to HSC.

If you are coming from I-70 headed east, take Exit 229, then turn left (north) on Fifth Street. Turn right into the Three Flags Business Center and follow the outer perimeter road to the right.

If you are coming from the Page Avenue extension, get on S. River Rd. (Arena Pkwy.) and go north. River Road merges into Fifth Street. As soon as you pass under I-70, turn right into the Three Flags Business Center and proceed right around the perimeter to HSC.

If you are heading south down Fifth Street, turn left (east) onto Ameristar Blvd. Go 2/10 mile. The driveway is on your right. It is a narrow, up hill driveway that is hard to see.

See you at the party!
Sharon

Cannonball Run Viewing

By Marilyn Roberts

This year's Motorcycle Cannonball Endurance Run consisted of about a hundred pre-1937 motorcycles of all brands. The cross country ride from September 5 to 21 began in Daytona Beach and finished in Tacoma, Washington.

At each night's stop, the riders are required to enter the town at a specific time and park together so that spectators can see the bikes and talk to the riders. Local media was usually there, too. And so, the nearest these bikes would be to St. Louis was Cape Girardeau on Day 5. Larry Floyd, Phil Dreici and I rode to Cape to see the bikes and the spectacle.

Because we left Larry's house at 2 p.m. we decided to take the interstate down so we would be assured of being in place when the riders arrived at the publicized 4:35 p.m. Sharon's cold pink lemonade started us on our way. Oh, and you should see their new, white leather living room furniture that the grandkids are not allowed on unless they behave like statues. But I digress. It was a straight shot down with no stops. The temperature varied between 89 and 94 degrees but was mostly in the 90s (you always know the temperature when you have an on-board computer).

The area in front of Grass Roots BMW was already hopping when we arrived around 3:45. We found an open parking area in front of a fire hydrant. I was a bit over the faded yellow curb but oh well. Phil had to park elsewhere, but in sight of Larry and me.

People buzzed around, a banner welcomed the riders, the bar was full, it was cool inside Grass Roots. There were maybe a couple hundred people milling around and most came on bikes; the lot across from Grass Roots was full of spectator bikes. A handful of Cannonball riders had already arrived but it was too early and they had to ride around the block and come in the official entrance at the appointed time. We waited in the bar drinking beer and a Coke for me, which Larry bought.



At 4:35 p.m. Cannonball bikes rode 3 blocks up the street and parked. They came through one at a time to the cheers of the crowd. I hustled to the top of the incline where they were parking and began snapping pictures. Most of the bikes had already left an oil spot on the pavement. I especially wanted to seek out the 5 BMWs in the ride. By Day 5 only 56 of the hundred-plus starters had ridden the whole distance without time penalties or being towed. The 5 BMWs were in that 56. Most riders dressed in the era or wore jeans and t-shirts but I noticed that a couple riders were dressed in ATGATT (All The Gear All The Time); they were BMW riders.

By 5:30 all the Cannonball bikes had arrived and we'd seen them all, so we headed out to Cracker Barrel on the highway and had dinner. Phil's wife texted him to be careful; it was raining cats and dogs at home. Drat. There had been a slight chance of rain forecast for the St. Louis area that evening and I'd hoped it would remain slight. Larry was leading and we decided not to stop to don rain gear unless the rain began in earnest far from home. I had a rain jacket and Larry had his waterproof jacket liner. I don't think Phil had any rain gear but he put on his vented riding jacket because "rain stings." Yes, it does. The temperature was still in the 80s and we were headed home so a little body wetness wouldn't hurt.

All was fine until about Pevely. Lightning had been dancing in the clouds to the north and a beautiful orange sunset was hemmed in by dark clouds to the west. A sudden bolt hit the ground to our east. Yikes. We kept going. Rain came slowly but was quite heavy by the time we got to the metro area. Lucky Larry didn't live far and didn't experience what I—and probably Phil who lives in Florissant—experienced.

Phil moved into the lead as he and I entered I-270 north from I-55; Larry peeled off to the south. The wet metal expansion grates on that curved entry were interesting, even at a slow speed behind a large truck. By now it was almost 8 p.m. and totally dark. As we rode north the rain intensity increased. Motorists obviously couldn't see me because 2 of them invaded my lane, one of them pretty seriously. I was passing the car and was along its side when it abruptly changed lanes. Fortunately there wasn't anyone to my left. I began thinking about some high powered Rigid driving lights.

As I headed west on Hwy. 40 the rain was very heavy and the lightning frequency increased. I was getting seriously nervous: dark, lightning, booming thunder I could hear through my earplugs, I could barely see the lines, I couldn't see

Continued on next page

Cannonball Run, continued from previous page

the road surface (but I knew it from riding it so much), motorists couldn't see me, the wind had picked up, a small tornado was about to hit St. Peters (but I didn't know that).

I was happy to reach the Timberlake Manor Parkway exit and hoped the light at the end would remain green. It didn't. After that light I got stopped at the other light on the top of the overpass. I was a lightning rod—the tallest thing up there. I looked around, saw no one and ran the red light. My last trial was the extremely slippery epoxy coating on our garage floor, which is even more treacherous when wet. The R1200R and I were hemorrhaging water. I padded the running bike in carefully and left it on its side stand. The relief I felt to get home safely was tremendous. (Bill was still backpacking in Wyoming and was not home). **GR**

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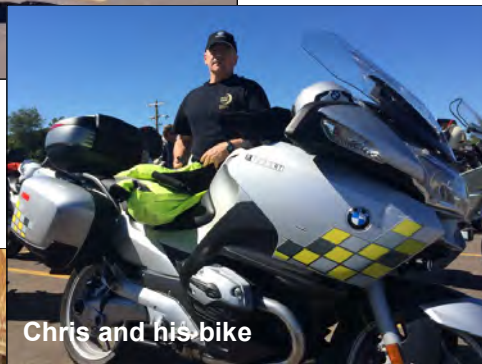
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Caledonia Club Ride: Chris Kerckhoff led a ride to Caledonia on September 21st. Reports are that the weather was beautiful with sun, blue skies and a temperature in the mid-70s. Thirteen to 14 made the ride, which was approximately 200 miles. Most pictures and info provided by Jim Denigan.



The Ride to Maggie Valley

By Mary Ackerman

In mid-September the Rallymeister organized a ride to Maggie Valley in North Carolina to visit the Wheels Through Time museum. As you may remember this is the museum that was formerly in Mount Vernon, Illinois and has relocated to North Carolina. Four of us embarked on the adventure – Larry Floyd (Rallymeister), Phil Sulfstede, Jeff and me. We had great riding weather the entire trip down and back. The first day Larry led us thru southern Illinois, Kentucky and eventually Tennessee back roads. We enjoyed a leisurely pace and stopped at a Ma & Pa place for lunch – Pa Paw’s – where we had a nice lunch. The Rallymeister capped it off by acquiring a new T-shirt advertising the restaurant. With a slogan like “the food is so good your tongue will slap your brains out,” who could refuse. We got to Crossville, Tennessee just as it was getting dark and grabbed a room for the night.



The next day we took off for the museum. Again more great back roads. Eventually Larry pulled over and came back to me to say there were some curves, a big hill, etc. and that the guys **would** be losing me and that I should just meet them at the bottom of the big hill. I didn't think too much of that because I was on the hack and am always playing catch up. After we got rolling, I noticed we passed the Harley dealership named Dragon something or other. Then it dawned on me – we were on the Dragon. Even though I was a Dragon virgin I knew that there were about 300+ curves in about 11 miles – oh well. It turned out there wasn't much traffic at the time we were going through so it wasn't too bad. I put the hack in second gear and proceeded on down the Dragon. I did have to do a little stop at the scenic overlook. I decided I had arrived at the bottom (left) of the aforementioned hill when I saw tons of bikes and what looked to be a gift shop. We re-grouped and proceeded onward.

We got to the museum early afternoon and did the tour. We got to watch Dale, the owner of the museum, start and run several of the old bikes. The highlight was when he jumped into an old Harley sidecar, raced up a steep hill on a gravel road and retrieved a nice doggie. Apparently the sidecar is the dog's sidecar. The dog was quite the attention grabber even though we were told not to pet the dog (Mary petting the dog, right).



We then checked into a motel, found food and drink. We started out with beers and nachos at a Mexican restaurant. We told the waitress we would be back for dinner. She apparently didn't believe us and was shocked when we came back and sat at the same table. Later, there was a VW rally in the park behind us that was just getting started so we walked thru. We saw an old VW with a really nice paint job and of course Larry and Jeff thought that was just great. I think the guy who owned the VW enjoyed talking to them just as much. The guy was a professional painter and he had the bug painted up inside and out.

On Saturday we rode the Pisgah triangle ride that Cathy Bissell had suggested to us. Again another great day of riding and the weather was perfect. We returned to Maggie Valley but had to get another hotel as the VWers had all the rooms at the previous night's hotel, but we enjoyed ourselves again.



Sunday brought a parting of the foursome. After we enjoyed breakfast at the local pancake house, Jeff and I headed south to Atlanta to visit our friends Bill and John. We normally stay with John and Keiko but they were moving – some people will go to great lengths to not have the Ackermans overnight at their place. We ended up staying at Bill and Betty's, enjoyed catered BBQ and a nice, pleasant evening on the back porch. John was at least able to join us for dinner. Phil and Larry continued on for a couple more days riding back roads toward home.

There were discussions about making this an annual ride of sorts – engaging more of the retired or soon to be retired Gateway Riders so stayed tuned next year for details. **GR**

September in the Smokies By Larry Floyd

Here it is the beginning of September, and I realize I have not had a vacation this year. OK, lets qualify that a little. I have had an RV vacation to Gulf Shores for the winter, a sidecar vacation to the National Rally in St. Paul, and a car vacation to Glacier National Park, but I have not had a two-wheel vacation. What destination can I dream up to round out my schedule before winter prep? Of course! The Wheels Through Time motorcycle museum in Maggie Valley, North Carolina. Good excuse to go, great roads to get there, and the promise of some terrific scenery in the heart of the Smoky Mountains.

The idea also appealed to Phil Sulfstede and Jeff and Mary Ackerman (and some others who could not go). Phil says he is semi-retired, and the Ackermans are newly retired. We could actually forge out a 6 day trip plan without thinking about vacation days.

We left on a Thursday morning. My route ambled around Illinois, crossing over into Kentucky at the Shawneetown bridge. From there, we took nice two lanes into Burkesville, Kentucky. It was about 4 in the afternoon at that point, so we decided to turn south and find a motel in Cookeville, Tennessee.

The next day, we rode interstate for a few miles, then turned south once again to point the headlights toward Maggie Valley. It just so happens that the best route using secondary roads would take us down 129, yes, the Tail of the Dragon.

This would be Mary's inaugural trip down the fabled route that appears on a lot of "best motorcycle road" lists. Being a Friday and doing from north to south, we encountered no significant traffic at all. It's a fun 11 miles of road, but I think there are much nicer routes with more variety. Mary whipped her sidecar around the switchbacks with great ease and at the end of the ride she said, "So did we do all of it?" Yup, we did.

After a short walk through the gift shop at the southern end of the Dragon, we headed out towards Maggie Valley. I had the museum location set in my GPS. As we got within 5 miles or so, I spied a restaurant called, "Grandma's Kitchen." How could you not stop there? It turned out to be a buffet, but it was decent and efficient. The cashier appeared to be someone's grandma, so I can't claim false advertising.



Larry and Dale selfie

After lunch, we followed a group of Harleys to the parking lot at the museum. Wheels Through Time is the favorite child of Dale Walksler. Dale was a Harley Davidson dealer in Mount Vernon, Illinois, for many years. Over time, he collected a lot of neat American iron which he housed in a small museum space in town. When he sold the dealership, he moved the whole collection to North Carolina and established Wheels through Time. Recently, the Velocity Channel started following Dale around with a camera to produce the reality show "What's in the Barn." The show chronicles Dale's adventures looking for rare antique motorcycles. If you've ever watched the show, you would see how animated and enthusiastic Dale is when he is on the hunt for a piece of history for his museum or one of his clients. In real life, Dale is just as quirky as he appears on camera. On any given day, he literally zips around the museum floor talking to visitors and giving background history on the treasures it contains. On my first visit to the museum several years ago and prior to the

show, I recall standing by an old Excelsior when Dale sneaked up behind me and started pouring out it's history so fast I could barely comprehend it. When he was done, he smiled broadly and kick started the engine with a cloud of smoke and an appropriate two cylinder roar. Then he looked me in the eye and said, "Do you want to ride it?" Actually, I declined because I was a little bit afraid of crunching a valuable machine, and Dale kind of scared me!



On this visit, Dale was again running around the museum, both in and out. He would go outside and fire up an ancient machine, then ride it through the front doors of the building, somehow avoiding startled visitors, onto the showroom

Continued on next page

Smokies, continued from previous page

floor. There, he would gather a crowd and demonstrate some feature or another, or tell a story about the bike's history. Then, in a magical puff of smoke, he would appear outside riding a sidecar with his dog in it up to the front door. Dale seems to be a perpetual kid at Christmas type of person. He is animated and excited about just about everything associated with his museum. We all wandered around, marveling at the rusty history parked in every space. Dale prides himself on the fact that all the bikes in his museum are running. Every now and then, he fires one up just to prove it.

After a couple of hours at the museum, we found a local motel and scoped out a Mexican restaurant for dinner. "Scoped out" means we sat and had a few Dos Equis. We then killed some time walking and stretching before returning for dinner.

On the way back to the motel, we spied a VW rally at the exhibition grounds. The Gate had not been set up, so we wandered in for free and looked at some of the neat "V-Dubs." There were some pretty neat machines. We saw a nicely tricked out Beetle and a bus with a massive engine modification. Nice machines, nice people.

The next morning, we set out on a scenic loop out of Maggie Valley. Thanks to Cathy Bissell, we had a suggested route which turned out to be fabulous. The planned route was a little shorter than what we would normally do on a day ride, but the scenery as we swooshed through the Pisgah National Forest was just great. We had a little trouble finding a convenient lunch spot, but the GPS and some dead reckoning got us to a fine place not too far off our planned route.

When we got back to Maggie Valley, we changed motels, opting for a mom and pop place called, the "Cardinal Inn," which seemed quite appropriate. Of course, the University of Louisville mascot is the Cardinal, which explains all the red bird related stuff we were seeing along the way.

After breakfast the next morning we said goodbye to the Jeff and Mary, who took off on a side trip to Atlanta. Phil and I continued by hopping on the Blue Ridge Parkway headed east. I've been on short pieces of the Parkway before, but this time we bit off a 160 mile chunk of it. There were lots of panoramic vistas with mist settling over valleys, quite consistent with the Smoky Mountain moniker. For about 30 minutes, we were in a dense, cold fog that reduced visibility to an almost scary, short distance. At that time, I was following another motorcyclist on a KLR with a bright red jacket. I was very content to motor on behind him through the haze. Fortunately, as the Parkway descended, the weather got much better.

We exited the Parkway and wound around the most interesting blacktop we could find on the map. The evening stop worked out to be in Pikeville, Kentucky, where we unfortunately had only a McDonald's within any reasonable distance from our motel.

The next morning, I followed Phil out of town and around and around wherever it is that we went. All I can say is that we found some great roads, but there is no way I could ever retrace the route with any accuracy. Our evening stop was in Richmond, Kentucky.

The next morning, we headed pretty much west across Kentucky. We pulled into an old malt shop type place for lunch in Owensboro. After that, Phil and I parted company. He headed north to Evansville to catch the interstate home. I, however, came back through Shawneetown to eventually make it home just about dinner time.

We had a great time! Great roads! Great weather! Great company! I am thinking about making the September in the Smokies ride an annual event. **GR**

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The Road to Paint Lick

By Larry Floyd

The alarm went off at 6:30 a.m., except it wasn't 6:30. Well, technically, maybe it was, but functionally we would cross a time zone in a few hours making it a debatable issue -- clock time versus body time. Phil Sulfstede and I were tucked comfortably in room 112 of the Days Inn in Richmond, Kentucky. We had spent several marvelous days on my newly conceived September in the Smokies ride, braving the elements at the highest elevation on the Blue Ridge Parkway, and swooshing the curves through North Carolina and Virginia. It was now go-home time. From this point forward, we would take only roads that more or less headed west.

Phil doesn't need to sniff glue to get high; he just needs a map. He absolutely slobbers over tiny little lines with tiny little numbers to match as he files away obscure turns and connections in the motorcycle lobe of his brain. I, on the other hand, am quite content to let him do it.

Our route this morning will take us one exit down I-75 to get out of the morning traffic congestion, then on some tiny little lines through Paint Lick, Kentucky. With a name like that, why would you not want to roll through?

We motored on I-75 south one exit and took SR876, which appeared on the map to blend into SR595. When we hit the two lane, I was very happy to see new blacktop winding through Kentucky type hills -- a welcome motorcycle friendly sight to be sure. It was cool. My temperature gauge on the bike read 53, but working electrics and zipped up gear rendered a comfort zone under the jacket and overpants.

I got into a rhythm oscillating around gentle curves, a very satisfying start to the day. There were nicely kept farms with just a hint of Fall color starting in the fields and far off trees. As we crested a small hill and rounded the corner, we were treated to quite a sight, a foggy valley in the distance. Because our general direction of travel was southwest, the sun was generally behind us, creating a glistening twinkle on the dewy fields.

Lest I get too poetic, at that point the pavement turned into a single track which, although paved, was a bit more wrinkled than the nice blacktop we just left. Still, no problem, a great ride no matter.



Picture stolen from the wonderful Internets.

I then noticed some cows in their pasture near the barbed wire fence on the right. They were staring at us and chewing whatever it is that cows chew. Their eyes were wide and their lips seemed to curl in a somewhat mocking expression. Although I felt a brief chill, I shrugged it off as just normal bovine curiosity or, perhaps, envy, brought on by these strange animals with wheels for legs moving so effortlessly down the track. I suppressed the nagging thought in my head that these might be evil cows; that's just plain silliness.

The road started to descend toward the fog-covered valley. A mere half mile past the pasture we saw a sign on the right side of the road which announced: "ROAD ENDS IN WATER." Goodness! That could actually mean a lot of things; however, none of them would be good for us at this stage of our journey. Now I understood the expression on the cow's smug little faces. It wasn't curiosity at all. They were laughing at us! Did they make any effort to let us know what dangers were ahead? No. They just chewed and chuckled.

Phil did the right thing -- a U turn. We drove up the single track road, this time with the rising sun square in our faces, and past the demonic cows. This time, they had their rear ends pointed at us, waving their tails back and forth in a mocking wave.

A few miles up on our return trip, we found the turn we should have taken to catch 595, which took us to 1295 into Lancaster. As a result, we missed the opportunity to see Paint Lick. Although I was quite disappointed at missing this landmark, I did get at least some level of revenge -- I had a hot roast beef sandwich for dinner. **GR**

Improvements in Potosi

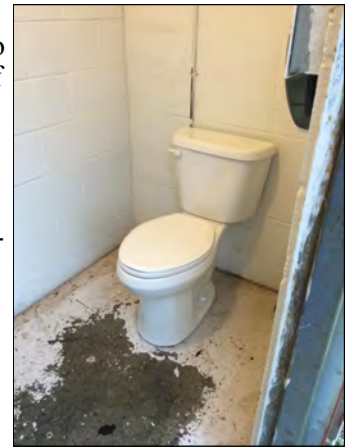
By Al Schroer



I feel very fortunate that I was able to travel to Potosi to make some small improvements at the rally grounds. Craig Pelletier was able to get us some free used toilets for the shower rooms but they came with the stipulation that they had to be picked up by a certain date. Phil Sulfstede volunteered to haul them to Potosi so I rode along (left). It was good to make the trip as it gave me the opportunity to see how nice the grounds have been kept this summer by the Lions. I also discovered that the red steel doors that our club painted several years ago were looking very faded and worn. I managed to crowbar Marilyn away from her house remodeling project, to be my travel buddy and help me paint those doors. With me on the brush and Marilyn wielding the roller, we coated all the doors in a one day trip.

I convinced Tom Huff to help me on his day off from work and install a couple of brand new full-size ADA toilets in the large rest rooms facing the campground. Since that went so well, we decided to take a whack at installing a couple of the used toilets. That was more of a challenge as we made a trip to the store to shag some new parts to stop the leaking. And we also had to have lunch before getting back to it.

Another project was the hot water heaters. Tom did some sweet-talking to hire a local plumber who met me early one morning to reconfigure the hot water piping in the mechanical room. In just two hours, he connected the two 50 gallon water heaters in series so that we can deliver a full 100 gallons of hot water to whomever is taking a shower. This year was not a good test, but everyone had a hot shower. Larry Floyd was suffering with a sore back but he somehow found the strength to replace a couple of leaky shower heads just before the rally.



I want to offer a special thanks to the club for providing the funding of \$467 for the above projects. A shout out goes to all of those who helped make it happen. It's a feel-good moment for me personally and I hope the club feels good about it too. I can see the appreciation in the faces of the Lion's Club members who attended our rally. We got an atta boy from a handicapped lady who comes every year in her husband's sidecar; she expressed her appreciation for the handicap toilets. I think we made a small difference in Potosi. **GR**

Additional Events

Nov. 1, Saturday: **3rd Annual Vintage & Unique Bike Show & Swap Meet**, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., Grass Roots BMW, Cape Girardeau. All brands, anything of interest, running or not. Cash prizes. Food concessions, door prizes, swap meet spaces available first come first serve. Register at 1-537-334-7223 or email Pat Taylor at pat@grassrootsbmw.com.

Nov. 8, Saturday: **Motorcycle Swap Meet**, 7 a.m. to 3 p.m., Al's Auto Body, 21541 Hwy. 32, Ste. Genevieve, MO. All makes and models. Free admission but vendors pay \$10/truck, \$20/truck & trailer, setup time 6 a.m. Contact Keith at 573-631-3922.

From the perspective of a Rally Virgin, I was impressed with the Gateway Rider's ability to take lemons and make lemonade at the Falling Leaf Rally. The weather dealt a tough blow to the weekend and thankfully Saturday turned into a good enough day to make the event worthwhile.

I learned:

1. The definition of roughing it from Susan and Bill...Roughing it is not having a flat screen TV to watch your favorite sporting event once the sun goes down.
2. Brad...well he should be a stand-up.
3. Phil, the hardest workin' guy at the rally really enjoyed that quad.
4. Sidecar Mary and Margo must have been mean girls in high school. (They know why.)
5. Finally, the Kermit Chair is to rally goers what Ugg boots are to high school girls (i.e., a must have fashion statement).

Me I am happy my old tent kept me dry in the early morning down-pour, and that I thought ahead and put a board under my kickstand. Seriously, I had a great time and look forward to next year.

Virgin no more...
Dave "Andy" Anderson

Painting the Town Red

By Marilyn Roberts

With the *Gazette* deadline looming, I really didn't have a day to spend in Potosi painting doors at the Lion's Club grounds. But I'd said I would do that during previous work days and it didn't happen. It was Wednesday, October 8th and it was now or never. I really didn't have to do much in prep but roll out of bed and eat Breakfast #1—Al had paint and tools, and he even picked me up at my house. The day was beautiful and we wished the weekend would be that way.

Upon arriving in Potosi we stopped in McDonald's for a snack/Breakfast #2. It's been spiffed up with flat screen LED menu screens that indicate the caloric content of all the menu items. I am not sure if that's a good thing or not. I selected the bacon, cheese and egg bagel and was appalled that it contained 670 calories! I ate it anyway, figuring I'd need the energy.



The plan was to paint the railing and 8 doors Barn Red: the outside single bathroom doors (left), the storage room door between those 2 (also left), and all the doors on the Lion's Den. We began with the bathroom doors. I used a paintbrush and the going was slow. I finished the ladies room door front and back, and frames, while Al sanded the other 2 doors and painted the frame on the men's room. Then Al had an epiphany: we needed a roller, which we didn't have.

So it was off to Potosi Lumber Company up on Hwy. 21. The paint department was like Christmas with all the rollers, brushes, pans, etc. We selected a pan, a pan liner, a roller handle, roller and a small can of

mineral spirits to clean the brush Al planned to keep; we tossed the cheap one when we were done. Al found a roofing brush with a long handle that would be ideal for cleaning bathroom floors. While Al stood at the desk to pay, I wandered over to the sale bins. Even though we were there first the clerk took a lady customer to the far wall to open various colors of wood stain for her perusal. Al said it was my fault because I was looking at the sale items and the clerk wisely thought I might buy more if I was left alone. Well, I did, but it didn't take me long and I was back at the desk. I said, "Well then, I'll just stay here and look impatient." For some reason that amused a vendor who was setting up a roofing display. It was still a long time before the clerk came back.

On the way back to the Lion's Club grounds we stopped at Boo's for lunch. The soft ice cream there is excellent; it's just the right consistency and the flavor is yummy. Only I had ice cream and I ate it first. You never know if you're going to drop dead so always eat dessert first. We had sandwiches, too, and then headed back to work.

Al painted the frames and I came along behind him and did the doors with the roller. By this time I had a hand print across my belly that looked like I'd wiped a bloody hand on my t-shirt. That will be a good shirt to wear on Halloween. It's my Beemerville shirt from the Midland rally. I had another streak of paint above my left eyebrow. When I got home Bill asked if I'd cut myself. In contrast, Al had one spot of paint on the tip of one shoe.

While Al worked on the Lion's Den main doors I painted the railings with the roller. It was quick work, requiring fewer contortions than doing it with a brush. We used the brush to do the railing joints and the base where I had pulled out weeds and grass. I finished up the doors with the roller and we moved on to the end door near the kitchen. One thing we didn't have was a brush small enough to get behind the levers on the main doors; some of you commented on the lack of paint in that area. You know who you are.

With the proper tools it didn't take us long to work our way to the south side of the Lion's Den to paint the 2 doors over there. It was hot in the sun and we worked up a sweat. John from the Lion's Club stopped by a couple times to check our progress; he was appreciative of our effort. Lisa also came by to put soap and toilet paper in the bathrooms in preparation for the rally. By the time we cleaned up and left the grounds around 4 p.m. there were 7 rally-goers settling in. **GR**



Fall Tech Day By Dave Leligdon

(Photos by Phil Schoulberg)

A baker's dozen showed up for the tech session on Saturday September 27. It was a nice day and we got a few jobs done. As usual Art Belt showed up early and wanted to zero the throttle body servos on his R1200RT. He researched the work and said that the club's GS 911 would do the job. I had the latest revision downloaded to the unit. Hex-Code, the manufacture in South Africa has provided free upgrades and the unit now covers all bikes thru 2014. Good for them. We hooked up the unit to the bike's communications port and scrolled thru the program to find the proper routine. Turn on the ignition start the program and listen to hear the servo working back and forth. Very cool! I wonder what performance upgrade he will want to do to his bike next spring.



Dave Anderson wanted to learn how to adjust the valves on his new R1200RT. We talked about it earlier and said I would be willing to walk him thru this straight-forward job. Boy was I wrong. Once the bike cooled down it was pushed up on the lift. After the first valve cover was taken off the boys were shoulder to shoulder around the bike. I couldn't get a word in edgewise. Poor Dave was pelted with more advice than he would ever need. Various techniques of finding Top Dead Center were proposed. Without using the recommended witness marks to find TDC, a stick placed was placed in the spark plug hole. Turn the engine via the back wheel and locate the maximum extension of the stick and you're there. Since both pistons will arrive at TDC at the same time one would see which head had clearance in the valve train. This side will be at the compression stroke and both valves will be closed. Adjust these valves first then turn the engine 360 degrees and repeat on the other side.

Adjusting the valves on a boxer engine is a rite of passage. Welcome to the club Dave. Most people do it themselves because the valve train is so easy to get to and it is required every 6,000 miles or so. I can hardly wait until all the wedge engines are off warranty and valve adjustments are necessary. It's not very easy on these bikes as the valve train is hidden under the tank and frame. Fortunately these engines have bucket tappets which do not require frequent maintenance. As the work on Dave's bike was winding down Penny needed an upper brake hose installed on her 1200C. She produced the hose and Jim Vincent and I started to install it. After connecting one end it was obvious that the hose was too short. Penny called Gateway BMW. They told her that there were three different length brake lines: 17, 19 and 21 inch long, depending on the style of handlebars installed on the bike. She had the one that was 17 inches long. We needed two more inches so she ordered a 19 inch hose. Once this proper hose is installed and the brakes are bled she will have reliable front brakes on her bike.

I met Mike Smith at Gateway BMW one day. He just purchased an older airhead and was questioning the reliability of an older bike. I assured him that he made a good decision and invited him to our next tech session to take a look at his bike. Mike was concerned about the valve chatter and I we decided to check out the clearance. The procedure for these bikes is to break the head bolts a quarter turn, re-torque to specification and adjust the valves. On high mileage bikes the rocker arms wear and have excess clearance between the rocker shafts mounting post. This causes a noise like loose valves. Normally you loosen the post mounting bolts, and squeeze the mounting post together to eliminate the free play. On Mike's bike every time we re-tightened the bolts the mounting post pulled away and the clearance reappeared. I had a similar problem on the first airhead I rebuilt. I found a suitable size shim at McMaster Carr and I ordered a pack of five. I used four of them to solve my rocker arm clearance problem. Over the past two years I moved that plastic package with one shim left in from one end of my work bench to the other. When I straightened up for the tech session I had the package in my hand and decided to but in my airhead parts box. Talk about a stroke of luck. Out it came and we solved Mike's problem.



As the work and socializing came to an end the remaining attendees decided to run over to Culvers for a light lunch. We couldn't have been gone for five minutes when Al Schroer arrived at my house (he related this story to me at the Board meeting). Sorry we missed you, Al. On the bright side you will still get 2 points for riding to the event. **GR**

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