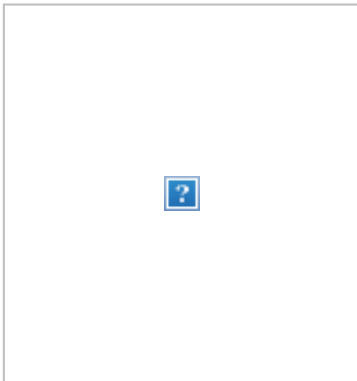


# BMWOCM NEWSLETTER

Volume 25, Issue 3



## Editor=s Notes

Dr. Gregory Frazier has written an interesting two-part article about the R80GS, published in the last couple of issues of Motorcycle Consumer News. He discusses his own modifications of the original adventure tourer, and makes many useful recommendations. Of interest to me is the history of the cost of the bike itself. Frazier notes that at one time the wholesale price for the R80GS had fallen to just *under* \$1000. Today, the bike is usually \$4500 or *more*, at any rate higher than the original purchase cost. He further notes the obvious, that prices for the new R1150GS are targeting an increasingly higher-income-segment consumer with taxes and delivery... easily equal the price of a new, well-equipped small car.

None of this is news to anyone in the club who has recently purchased a new BMW. Teutonic exclusivity comes at a price, especially when maintenance and insurance get factored in. For those of us further down the economic ladder, it may be impossible to justify an \$18K purchase on what is, ultimately, a luxury item. Factor in the recent stock market gloom, and one wonders if new BMW sales will be quite as robust this year. Certainly there will remain a segment wealthy enough to buy a new red toy regardless of the price (or the overall economy), but will the less well-heeled enthusiast shell out the big bucks for the latest variant of the two-wheeled Land Rover? Or for a painfully impractical sport bike? Used bikes are looking good, so good that I followed through with my philosophy of the Airhead and bought another one, a 1990 R100GS/PD. The Triumph apostasy is ending (bike for sale), long live the old Boxer!

Assuming we have a spring one day, I look forward to getting the old GS ready for another summer of rallies and adventure. A final irony to this story is that I am buying the bike from a good man who is selling it in order to purchase a used Honda ST1100, so as to be more competitive in endurance rallies, I presume. Ironic, in that I hope to have the opportunity to compete against this good man and have him eat the (figurative) dust of his old GS in such a rally one fine day. Now there=s some arrogant stupidity for you.

Check out the club web site at [www.bmwocm.com](http://www.bmwocm.com).

April, 2001

## President=s Column

So who=s to say there are no benefits from working in a small town? As some of you know, but most of you don=t, I work 51 miles away from my house, or 1 hour door-to-door (at 80 mph), in Faribault, MN., at a small, private boarding school. I love the job, not the commute. Unless, of course, it is a gorgeous, 70 degree day and I make the time to take all the back roads there on my /2, which makes it an hour and 20 minute commute. Also at 80. But I digress... So the buzz around town is that the national headquarters for Royal Enfield motorcycles is located right in the lovely town of Faribault, MN.! Huh? I mean, I KNOW there=s a

Harley dealer here, but Royal Enfield? How cool is that?! So I mean to take a lunch hour and stroll on in, but never quite get the lunch hour to do it, until one day I'm in the local bagel shop getting myself a bitchin' au lait (yes, you CAN get a decent au lait in Faribault, depending on who's working), when I see the back of a t-shirt blaring the dealership itself! Of course I approach Turns out he's the parts manager and they are moving, to a bigger and better location in town as we speak. I give him my card, ask him to tell the owner I'm asking for him, and that I'll stop by to make my acquaintance soon (see; this is how these here small towns work).

Sho'nuff, I strolled on in yesterday. Not only was one of the owners in, but he has the memory of a detective. He recognized me from waaaay back in the early 80's when he was a lead singer in a favorite band of mine, the Urban Guerrillas. Between the Wallets, the Suburbs & the Guerrillas, you could not go WRONG in this town! Ah, those were the days; but now I'm starting to sound like a typical beemer rider, aren't I? So, yeah! Larry Sahagian is working with Royal Enfield motorcycles, as head of dealer development! We talked about his passion for his new boat - it's called a Cadillac@ - lots of chrome with fenders n' stuff - and hey! he can fit a dog AND other people in it! We tried figuring out how he might be able to help us spread the word about our club, but since he's the national distributor, he really doesn't have much individual contact - it's mostly with dealers. But he offered to stop by our meeting some night maybe bring a couple bikes and who knows? There might be some free stuff in there someday! (Phone number for Royal Enfield is 1.800.201.7472.)

Yes, I must be getting older. My former rock gods are now in legitimate businesses. And I guess I cleaned up pretty good, too. In fact, you'd barely recognize me now if you knew me back then. Larry was good though way too good. Let's hear it for the local motorcycle community and all those who are dedicating their time and efforts to keep it just that a community. What a small, small world it can be.

The next club meeting will be at Leo's in Lakeville, on April 12<sup>th</sup>, at 7:30 p.m.

### Secretary's Report

The March meeting of the BMWOCM was called to order by President Molly Gilbert at 7:35 p.m. at Motor Oil Café. First item was a discussion of club communications and promotion. The newsletter was discussed (and available), and Steffen was thanked for work on the web site. A new club brochure is available (on the web site as well) and A welcome packets@ are now available for new members. Contact Dale Peterson if you need one.

The treasurer's report was given and approved. The club has \$1,635.08 in the regular account and \$4,034.12 in the rally fund.

The Ride Calendar was discussed. We need members who are willing to plan a ride. Contact Kevin Kocur if you are interested, or sign up at at regular club meeting. It was decided to rotate the weekly A Meet to Eats@ - the newsletter and (especially) the web site will be updated with current information.

We still need to get membership renewals in. (Ray Nielsen attended the meeting and renewed his membership!) Board meetings will be changed from the first Thursday of the month to the first Tuesday of the month.

We still need volunteers for the Hiawatha Rally! Please sign up if you haven't already done so. If you work two or more shifts, you receive your next year's membership FREE. We still need two-way radios, and the rally pin design is finished.

The April club meeting is at Leo's in Lakeville. Free door prize, and Karol Patzer will give a motorcycle safety presentation.

The Spring Qualifier has been announced for May 2nd-6th, to Branson, Missouri. Contact Darrell Penning for information - \$100 room deposit required.

The Club Mileage Contest begins April 14<sup>th</sup>, so why not start it at Motor Oil, noon til 6 p.m.! Have your mileage verified for the club and MOA contest. Contact Kevin Kocur about a possible dinner run at 6 p.m.

[There are numerous other upcoming events - see the events calendar for details.]

Respectfully submitted by Deb Westberg

### Swap Meet in Pecatonica, IL

The 16<sup>th</sup> annual BMW motorcycle flea market, sponsored by the Blackhawk Region BMW Association, will be held Sunday, April 29<sup>th</sup> at the Winnebago Co. Fairgrounds, 15 miles west of Rockford, IL on US 20. Billed as the largest indoor BMW flea market, the event promises door prizes every hour, all for a \$3.00 donation. Saturday night camping is available (it can be a little cold, as I found out), and biscuits & gravy are ready for the hungry traveler starting at 8 a.m. For exhibitors, electricity is available in many of the booths. For more information call Earve Brauer at 815.962.8911 or e-mail, [105300.3110@CompuServe.com](mailto:105300.3110@CompuServe.com).

**Burnin' Rubber**

The Aerostich Trip. 3/ 24/ 2001

The single digit reading on the bank thermometer as I made my way to the Motor Oil Café this morning evidenced that it's still winter here today in the North Star state. Great. Nobody will be tempted to ride up to Duluth in this, and everyone will enjoy a guilt-free bus ride up to Aerostich. The first person to prove me wrong was our esteemed club president who made the sterling 10 block ride to see us off. Two words, Molly - *Electric Vest*. Well, Clockwork Vest, I guess on something as old as that /2.

El Presidenté, who was prevented from attending the full trip by a work related commitment, bade us goodbye in style, and we were off - myself and the 22 other wimps who had all driven our cages to the Café. The trip was spectacularly problem free until we reached Roseville. It seems that the famous Minnesota winter had taken it's toll on the bus' suspension, and we were listing to starboard B causing the tire to periodically rub on the wheel trim and filling the cabin with a pungent aroma of essence de drag strip, I think it was. Bob Ekeberg mentioned that his custom-wheeled Mustang used to do the same thing, but that didn't really seem to make anyone feel better.

After the driver checked things out we decided to press on, after reorganizing the seating arrangements and stopping periodically to let the tires cool. Hmmm. We made it to Tobies in Hinckley for the stop that every Twin Citian is required by law to make on their way up to Duluth. As we arrived at the factory, I was humbled again by the achievements of another rider. Mark Kiecker's VFR proudly sat in the street outside the front door. He had been there about 20 minutes and already apparently was starting to get some feeling back in his toes.

The group let out of the bus like school kids on the last day of the year, and descended like a swarm of locusts on the sales room. Club members gorged themselves on numerous Aerostich accessories and gadgets and even a couple of the company's famous suits. And all that before the wonderful buffet lunch provided by Sally and her hard working crew. The factory tour was as popular as ever, and as usual, the company had arranged to have extra sewers on staff to demonstrate and explain how world-class motorcycle garments are put together.

After the mandatory group photo and thanks all round we were back on the bus. Well, most of us were. I am not sure how long we had to wait before Pat O'Keefe finally got his act together and got back out there, but it must have been at least an hour or less. Anyway, we bounced our way back to Hinckley with the bus running straight and level. It was now bottoming out on both sides, producing double the rubber smell. Fortunately we were used to it by that point, and the dubious odor produced by the White Castle burgers helped cover it up.

So we all made it back to the Motor Oil by 5 pm, and although some of us had significantly lighter wallets, I like to think that we are all a little more anxious for spring to arrive; if that were possible. Now, someone get out there and give that damn bank thermometer a kick. There's ridin' to be done.

*Steffan Fay*

## **Firsts**

Steffan Fay 3/19/01

I took my first ride of the season this weekend. Aside from the requisite melt-water and left over winter sand and gravel it was a very pleasurable, albeit cautiously enjoyed experience. There must be enough loose aggregate on the streets around here to start a small concrete operation, but I managed to avoid most of it. As the cool pre-Spring air passed through my helmet I was moved to recall other personal motorcycling firsts, and since Bart=s been bugging me to write an article I will entertain/bore you with them here.

There was, of course, the first ride. For me it was a Suzuki ER 50. Picture a two-stroke air-cooled single surrounded by a fake dirt bike frame. At least it was red. In keeping with the law of the land in my native England the bike came from the factory with a 50cc motor. Displaying the obligatory rebelliousness of a 15 year-old I had fitted an illegal A big bore@ kit, punching the displacement up to 65cc, and the horsepower to an asphalt shredding 3. Come the evening of my sixteenth birthday I was on the bike and down the pub, hanging out with my pimple-laden brethren. As usual someone suggested going out for a Aflicker@ B going for a Aburn@ required a real bike, of at least 80 or 125cc. As we sailed out of the village, throttles pinned against the stop, making a steady 35 mph, my father=s words to me as I left home that evening rung in my ears B Ajust don=t go outside of town.@

Exactly one year later the mode of transport that had been the essence of sixteen-year-old cool became so pitifully embarrassing that I could no longer bring myself to ride it. No self-respecting seventeen-year-old would be seen dead on a Afifty.@

It was nigh on impossible to resist the siren=s call of the cars and 125 cc race replicas. Alas, I couldn=t afford either. But, it didn=t take long to find my first real bike. Research by way of back issues of AWhich Bike@ magazine, and some asking around revealed that there could only be one for me. It was the bike that changed the pre-license, Alearner@ limit from 250cc to 125cc and 12 hp. In the more passionate European countries it was known as AThe Widowmaker.@ It was the Yamaha RD-LC. In the desirable 350cc version it made 45 hp; staggering performance for 1982. Since she only weighed a couple hundred pounds and I weighed half that, I had no trouble pushing AElsie@ to a ton-twenty, and did so far too often.

My first really memorable ride took place shortly after I had fitted the old LC out with a few trick parts B steering damper, wider tires; the usual boy racer stuff. It was one of those prefect rides that one never forgets. It was early on Sunday morning, but I was on my way in to work. The sun hung low in a clear sky, softened at it=s interface with the rolling countryside by a light fog; the crisp air tasted of late summer dew. I saw only one car in the 11 rural miles between my home and work, and I dispensed with that easily, hardly altering my line as I exited a fast left-handed sweeper. Turn after turn of the familiar A-road sped beneath the wheels as I worked the transmission to stay in the two-stroke=s power band. By the end of that trip I was grinning like the proverbial Cheshire cat, and hooked on biking for life.

The next summer I was looking for work again, and wanted out of the factory. In the 70s young men and women made good money delivering small parcels around London by motorcycle. The traffic was bad enough that the traditional method of using a taxi when you had a rush delivery was getting less efficient; on two wheels lane-splitting made all the difference, letting you make progress through the worst gridlock. Unfortunately, this was the late 80s. The fax machine had stolen a huge chunk of the business, and competition had bought the money making potential down. So started my first experience earning money on my motorcycle. The tool for the job was a Honda VT500, decked out in the company color scheme B orange. It used almost as much oil as my old two-stroke, and handled like a swine on a staff. There was the gray color that my face took on from the diesel soot, which never seemed to get wash fully out at the end of the day and the extra aggressiveness displayed towards one by the taxi drivers and truckers. This was full contact sport, and my courier=s hard bags had the tire marks to prove it, courtesy of the moving semi I got wedged against lane-splitting a gap I had no business being in. Then there was the time I got a boot full of searing hot exhaust when I caught it on the tailpipe of a grid-locked cage as filtered too closely around back of it.

There were some bright spots B making home deliveries to minor rock stars and celebrities, midday snoozes at the iron butt motel in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park. I was moved to quit one morning when I found out that one of my colleagues had run into a kid on a pedestrian crossing. Neither one of them came out of it very well. I was now officially the only one accident-free on the team, and I didn=t like those odds.

Which brings me to my first BMW. My first Asensible@ bike. If you would have told me 15 years ago that I would be riding one of those sit-up-and-beg codger-mobiles, favored by the rozzers and old gits sporting disgusting old Belstoffs, open faced lids and goggles, I would have laughed in your face. But over the years BMW and I have grown towards each other. The machines have improved their power to weight ratio, sport top shelf brakes and suspension, while keeping that legendary reliability. I actually now care about that reliability, of maintenance and tire wear. My oilhead roadster carried me over almost 20,000 trouble free miles last year, including 2400 over the weekend of the Minnesota 2000. I hope to keep it long after I have become one of those old gits in a Belstaff, poking around the swap table at some rally, waxing lyrical about how great the old Telelever suspension of the late 90s is. By then I should have reached another first, when the odometer on the Roadster clocks its first million miles.

### New Board meeting time announced

In order to avoid a conflict with the traditional First Thursday/Norton Owner=s Club meeting, the BMWMOCM board meeting has been moved to the first Tuesday of the month, starting with the April 3<sup>rd</sup> meeting, at Motor Oil Caf , at 7:30 p.m.

**FYI** : There is a Two Stroke owner=s club that meets second Thursdays at the Triple Rock Social Club on the West Bank (Cedar @I-94).

#### Events Calendar

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>**: board meeting at Motor Oil Caf , 7:30 p.m.

**Sheldon Moe** is our Activities Coordinator. You can reach him @ 763.323.4932 or [sandmmoe@webtv.net](mailto:sandmmoe@webtv.net).

**April 12<sup>th</sup>**: club meeting at Leo=s, Cty. Rd. 46 at I-35 south in Lakeville, 7:30 p.m.

**Steffan Fay** is our webmeister. Contact him at [sfay@odbs.com](mailto:sfay@odbs.com), and please visit the club website at

[www.bmwmoem.com](http://www.bmwmoem.com).

**April 14<sup>th</sup>**: club and MOA

mileage contests begin.

Verification available at Motor  
Or submissions is the 21<sup>st</sup> of the month. Really, it is. Contact Bart at  
bbakker@isd.net or phone 651.645.7796.

**April 17<sup>th</sup>:** Wild Goose Run,  
noon Sunday at the Pyramid  
Restaurant, near Horicon, WI.

**April 29<sup>th</sup>:** BMW flea market  
in Pecatonica, IL.

**May 2nd-6th:** Spring  
Qualifier to Branson, MO.

**Club Officers**  
Darryl Gilbert, President 612.712.0045

Kevin Kocur, Vice-president 763.566.0243

Jeff Oden, Treasurer 612.922.8258

Michelle Mott, Secretary 763.323.4932

Larry Stern, board member 651.223.3743

John Westberg, Board member 763.754.1614

MIke Donohue, Board member 651.633.2262

Bob Elberg, Board member 651.690.5968

Dale Peterson, past President 651.739.4623

Yes, volunteers are still  
needed! Contact Nate  
Birkholz ([nbirkholz@psl.com](mailto:nbirkholz@psl.com))  
or Molly to do your part.

For all your accessory needs,

4300 Nicollet Ave., Mpls. 612.825.9774.

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[www.leosouth.com](http://www.leosouth.com)

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**For Sale: 1964 BMW R69S. This /2 has about 25,000 miles, original paint, a great classic, \$4,500.**

**For Sale: 1976 BMW R90/6, black, large tank, 25,000 miles, 5 speed, very sweet, \$3,495.**

**For Sale: Nolan and Shoei flip-up helmets, \$50 each.**

**Contact Bob Cox at 651.489.6467.**

**For Sale: FirstGear Kilimanjaro jacket, size XL, like new, \$165. John Bleifuss at 952.975.9746.**

**Wanted: a Honda CT70 or similar small motorcycle suitable for a ten year old. Prefer something mechanically sound, cosmetics less important. Bart at 651.645.779**

**For Sale: 1998 Triumph Tiger 900. 30,000 miles, tank bag, Corbin seat, Givi top case, ScottOiler, other extras. \$5,800. Bart Bakker at 651.645.7796.**

**For Sale: Leather jacket, black size 40-42, insulated, nylon lining, \$110.**

**Aerostich Gloves ATriple Digit@ rain covers, new size L, \$33.**

**Aerostich Ultrasuede triangle, new, blue, \$20.**

**Radar detector ear piece, \$3.**

**System 2 helmet screw, \$3.**

**Cargo net, \$2.**

**Battery cover shock cord, \$1.**

**Contact Darrell Penning at 952.445.7343 (evenings).**

**BMW Motorcycle Owners Club of Minnesota**

**155 Faye Street**

**St. Paul, MN 55119**