



# OCTOBER THE CENTERLINE

Monthly newsletter of the BMW Motorcycle Owners of Georgia, Inc.  
CHARTERED BY THE BMW MOTORCYCLE OWNERS OF AMERICA, THE BMW RIDERS ASSOCIATION AND THE AMERICAN MOTORCYCLIST ASSOCIATION

## A FINE FALL DAY TO RIDE (R69S/R1200R) *by Bob Hancock*

*Today the first red of Fall*

*Blinks the hills*

*Through greens of sundry shades,*

*Red buckeye (Aesculus pavia) is the first to notice*

*The dimming of the year.*

Today, I rode with Blairsville's two wheeled cotillion of speed — a group I could call The Liars Club, were I inclined to insult the men by the inaccuracy of the name or memoirist and poet Mary Karr by plagiarizing her title. But it has a certain panache to it, so maybe it'll stick.....just don't tell Mary.

Like many, these guys love the jokes, the jab, the easy banter, and remembered tales of others they know and have ridden with. Me, an interloper of sorts, invited yet unknown...blend in as well as I dare, while I keep a respectful distance in the motored peloton. Our ride leader, Mike Knowles, takes us through rolling hills and rocky passages, as we make our way along the Ocoee River. We took a road aptly called the Road to Reliance (TN 30) deeply shaded and hidden frequently from the towering hills of the beautiful Blue Ridge, winding our way to Tellico Plains, TN.

Here, I asked our patriarch, Jim Russell, if I might ride his exquisitely restored BMW R69S. Built in 1968, it was born the year I graduated from Virginia Tech, an association that pleases as well as causes me to wonder if I am as well preserved as this beautiful motorcycle. He said, yes, and for a few miles of gentle curves we traded bikes. I rode the R69S, Jim rode my 2007 R1200R.

So....how do they compare? Both are BMW black with white pin stripes. Both are boxer twins with shaft drive. Both exude the unmistakable quality the mark is known for. But, they are decidedly different. Spaced by almost 40 years of development, they are night and day. The "69" has the soft power band of ample torque yet very modest horsepower, it's chassis capable of much more. It's ride is smooth and predictable aided by the Earles fork. Sitting on the perch of it's Denfeld seat, I am comfortable and naturally inclined to enjoy the view. Speed and the race to death are not in its repertoire.

Comfort and reliable power are. Like holding the hand of Meryl Streep might be, I am in love.

So like the comparison Doug Peters and I wrote between the 2007 R1200R and the R1200S in the October 2009 edition of *The Centerline*, I thought the casually curious of our club might like to know how these two motorcycles compare. Witnesses to our evaluation were: Mike Knowles, Steve Rodnan, Roger Danbert, and Joe Stancampiano.

Their bikes were hardly eclectic...BMW's and a Triumph. But the R69S was the king of the road in my humble estimation and it has many things going for it, as Jim explained:

- It came with ABS endemic to the design of the drum brakes. Squeeze them as hard as you like and they won't skid.
- It starts even if the battery is weak, with the OEM supplied leg powered kick starter, and the magneto ignition never needs a Flash Update.
- On-coming drivers are never blinded and annoyed by its lights as the 6 volt headlamp resembles a wax candle held behind a magnifying glass.
- It has 4 speeds so less shifting is required and you don't need a display to remind you what gear you're in.
- The front tire is the same size as the rear so it's easy to stock tires and ready for sidecar use.
- Both driver and passenger have their own seat.
- Wheelies aren't a problem as 42 horsepower are enough but not too much.
- It doesn't have an oil filter to change.
- Not much engine braking and difficult to get the blip downshift right because the flywheel weighs just this side of the Queen Mary.
- The throttle return spring is quite weak, so the throttle stays put, ala early Harleys.
- Handlebar turn signals look great.
- When you near its cornering limits the solid



foot pegs will let you know before you ruin your new boots.

- The luggage is real leather.
- It's lighter (444 lbs with full fuel)
- Pretty fast (109 mph advertised)
- It was manufactured between 1960 and 1969 and originally cost 4,030 DM.
- People smile when you ride up on it. If they don't walk over and ask about it, they aren't worthy of conversation anyway, so not to worry.

The R1200R is modern and upgraded in every way, as explained in my October 2009 article, but I forgot to mention that it has multiple [continued on page 2](#)

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# from the PRESIDENT

I know, where's *The Centerline* been? We have apparently been in the doldrums for club activities. The last meeting was lightly attended and this was the one to nominate candidates for next years Board of Directors. By the time you read this nominations will have closed. The only contested position is the elected Directors' slot. Makes you wonder if the Board is even needed. Use your vote wisely.

There are several good articles submitted for your entertainment and enlightenment including a new ad from BMW of Atlanta. Bob must be out of town. Also welcome Riders Hill to our advertising family. They are just north of Dahlenega on 60.

The Rally Team has really gotten fired up early with CA leading the charge and appears to be ready and waiting for an even better event than in the past. Every year the Rally just gets better and better. The bar has been set high, but I think it could be topped. Still no joy about the stolen trailer. Pictures of the trailer are on the Forum so keep a look out for it.

Next weekend is the IronHorse overnight ride and campout. Last year's event was sprinkled with magic dust and I believe we can find some for this year. Please see the Forum for more details — October 9th and 10th will be the dates for this.

The next issue of *The Centerline* in mid October will have a listing of the candidates for the various offices and the candidates will have an opportunity to publish a short bio or article about why they would like to serve the club next year. Beware of those promising lower taxes and more benefits. Remember even at the club level voting does have consequences.

Please consider submitting an article to Eric for publication. We really need them. Ride safe,

*Danny*

continued from page 1

displays in the instrument panel. They tell me speed, RPM, which gear I'm in, the time and temperature but they won't show Laverne and Shirley re-runs no matter how fast I toggle the switches, and I miss Lennie and Squiggy. It's also heavier and the luggage is real plastic!

Gentleman Jim Russell and his 1968 R69S (below).



They don't badge them like this anymore



Well, I reluctantly gave Jim his bike back, it's serenity undisturbed by the mystery man who rode it for a brief time. I cannot help but wonder if we really need all the spectacular performance the 21st Century has brought us. Do we charge the hills without noticing our surroundings, lost in the rush of the next corner, the beauty of a stream left to its own devices? When we get to our destination, are we satisfied....glad to be there, or just impatient for another go? OIs that good? If you can read, you can decide, but I'm beginning to believe that we could enjoy more with less. ☐



## 2011 RALLY t-shirt design

Seeking t-shirt inspiration: The Storemasters, Steve and Paula, want YOUR 2011 rally t-shirt design! If your design is chosen, fame won't be your only reward, you'll also win a free t-shirt of your choice! Email the Smiths at [spsmith52@cox.net](mailto:spsmith52@cox.net) for more details.

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## HOW DOES THAT HAPPEN? *by Marilyn Bowden*



I had just finished a nice dinner at the Country Store in Pine Mountain, GA with Hal, Sherri, Paul, Kevin, & Jan when this photo was taken. We were just starting to relax and have some laughs after working a 12 hour day at the MS Bicycle Ride when Hal strongly suggested I write an article about my experience. I balked, but what with one arm behind my back and the threat of waterboarding I caved.

So, with that in mind I will cut thru the lollipops and sunshine of what a great cause it was and how much we were needed and appreciated and how rewarding it was and fun to be with the club...& kumbaya to summarize my volunteer experience with one question...how it is that men can complicate a task as simple as riding a motorcycle around in a circle on a beautiful day? HOW DOES THAT HAPPEN? All we had to do was toddle down country roads thru picturesque towns, stop to help folks occasionally and look at gorgeous legs (and...) all day long. That was pretty much "it". I had a few "skint" knees & bee stings (in interesting places) that all got pink "Hello Kitty" bandages. But, otherwise how could ya' mess up a cushy job like this?

Let me tell you...It started innocently enough with a "meeting". And, then there was an email with our "Mission Statement". (Look in the mirror and mouth those 2 words again). It took three Spreadsheets to

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## MS 150 RIDE *by Jan Herron*

My experience with the MS 150 Ride this year was quite different than in years past. Because I wasn't riding my bike, I was stationed at various sites at the aid station. On my first day I was stationed at the 75-mile mark. It was incredibly hot that weekend and I was expecting to see bikers with electrolyte issues. These guys are used to all kinds of weather and brought their own electrolyte mixture to add to their water. I did hear, however, that we ran out of bananas that day. Fortunately, I saw only 1 person with heat stroke. On the second day I was stationed near the 40-mile area. The temps on this ride were much better than Saturday. The ride started out very foggy and cooler. Quite a few were starting out strong to take advantage of the better weather. There didn't seem to be as many riders on Sunday as there was the previous year. One of the riders told me that because of the heat on Saturday, quite a few riders scaled back and rode only to the 30 point. I noticed that there were 2 things I was giving out on a routine basis: Tylenol/Ibuprophen and bee sting treatment. The MS 150 people stock a bee sting kit that is awesome! It looks like the Betadine swab that you use to start IV's. I'd love to find them and put them in my motorcycle first aid kit. ☐

separate ten club members...with 4 gigs eenie-meenie-miney-moe just ain't what it used to be. We were then assigned to color coded teams and given color coded bike routes (with circles and arrows on the back of each one!) 'Cept, matching the red to the red and the blue to the blue must have seemed disastrously elementary. Because, after this photo was taken we had another "meeting" where it was discussed, debated, deliberated, and DEE-cided that we obviously had performed that day in perfect harmony with the divine flow of the Universe. And, therefore, a whole new "strategy" (and I use that term lightly) had been devised for Sunday where we would each be assigned a 3 mile section of the course to monitor with intricate switchback patterns that would have seriously confused even the Harlem Globetrotters! Never mind that asking adults (most of whom are already compensating egos (and that other thingy) with lots of CC's to ride the same darn 3 miles at 97 degrees all day long is like putting an ankle bracelet on Lindsey Lohan...or for that matter... pants on me! I so wanted to turn on the television to marathon episodes of "Tool Time" or set up an all night Battleship Tournament to ease their suffering and mine.

But alas, the sun came up the next morning and folks got back on those tiny seats. And, despite what I thought were clusterfucks and bumble-sucks (Jan said I couldn't use the "F" word but these are his two polite cousins) we ended up riding around in a circle on a beautiful day.

I later rode home with Lori and Chris who (even after a weekend like this) I naively thought I could just follow. (You know... fanny on the seat, turn the knob, get in the zone). But, before we left Lori asked me a battery of questions about how I typically ride. And, then it dawned on me... we were having another "meeting"! I got home later exhausted with no gameplan for re-entering my real life...the one with no maps, instructions, or strategy...the one where riding around in a circle on a beautiful day feels like a vacation. ☐



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# BOSTON OR BUST *by Ian "Scoobs" Scobie*

**DAY 1, WEDNESDAY 26th MAY, 2010:** After a delayed start due to a quick nap after nightshift, I decided to save some time and "Superslab" North to get some miles under my wheels. After a dull journey North via interstates I emerged into the picturesque North Georgia countryside, enjoying clean fresh air and gently winding roads after the hustle and bustle of the major highways. The peaceful roads through the Chattahoochee National Forest led me to Tallulah Gorge, home of a series of spectacular waterfalls; which were crossed by the famous high-wire performer "The Great Wallenda". (I've always been afraid of heights).

After pausing briefly for refreshments I followed the 441 North, passing into North Carolina and through the Native American reservation at Cherokee. This is also the start of the "Great Smokey Mountains State Park", home to some winding roads and wonderful views. After another couple of miles I was thankful to turn onto "The Blue Ridge Parkway" following the mountains to Strasbourg, Virginia. The 45 MPH speed limit coupled with fantastic views of the mountains makes it an extremely relaxing route, sadly closed in places due to serious rock falls over the winter months. As a result there are several detours in operation, one of which forced me to return to the busier roads around Ashville, NC. I was rewarded as the alternative route took me past "Looking Glass Waterfall" in the Pisgah National Forest. After a long day I decided to find a motel for the evening. A couple of beers helped me unwind after a busy day. I only travelled 484 miles but the scenery was well worth it.

**DAY 2, THURSDAY 27th MAY, 2010:** After a reasonable nights rest I was back on the road by 09:00, blowing the cobwebs away with a quick blast north up interstate I-77 to the Blue Ridge Parkway at "Fancy Gap", Virginia. This section of the trail is completely different from the North Carolina portion I'd travelled on Wednesday. Some sections were crossed by local roads and there were several houses and small farms dotted around. One of the wayside attractions was "Marby Mill", I'm not sure if it was original or a replica but it fitted well into the surroundings.

Leaving the Parkway at Roanoke I took I-581 and then I-81 North to try and make up some time. While pleasant to ride the "BRP", it is rather slow going and Boston was still several hundred miles away. A quick lunch at "Sarah's Pancake Place" gave me an added boost and after stopping to refuel and buy some sunscreen for my rapidly-reddening face it was back on the road. Interstate travel is swift but not very inspiring — wish I had a dollar for every Muppet I saw driving while texting/eating/etc. DON'T DO IT! Meanwhile I made a brief crossing into West Virginia, quickly followed by my first entry into Pennsylvania at Brucetown. Turning East on I-80 I could see dark clouds to my East, illuminated by sporadic flashes of lightening. Hoping I could avoid the storm, I soon jinxed myself — seeing the graceful curve of a rainbow I thought "great rainbow, but where's the rain?" Within ten minutes the heavens opened and the rain descended like monsoon season in India. With discretion being the better part of valor I decided to postpone my planned foray into Delaware, choosing to pull over at the next motel. Oh joy! Not only did the Days Inn have vacancies it also boasted an Indian Restaurant next door! Not quite up to the standards of the "Magna Tandoori" but very tasty and the beer was refreshing too! Another long day, with 11 hours travelling time and 568 miles, giving a trip total of 1052.

**DAY 3, FRIDAY 28th MAY, 2010:** After a lazy breakfast of leftover chicken biryani it was back on the "Blue Beast" for more fun. The day was a little cool and overcast but at least I'd missed the rest of the thunderstorm. My plan was to take a quick run east into New Jersey, then double back on I-80 and cut north towards Scranton. Unfortunately my clutch cable decided to have some fun of it's own by breaking in two. Fortunately I was organized enough to be carrying a spare, and after 45 minutes of roadside repairs was back on my way.

The weather was still a bit "fresh", and I was grateful to cross the Delaware River into New York State where things began to brighten up.

Interstate riding can be terribly tedious, but there was plenty of beautiful scenery as I sped East on I-84. The local LEO's were out in force handing out speeding tickets, but I just kept plodding along at a steady pace enjoying the sunshine. With an empty petrol tank and a grumbling belly I found succor for both near Waterbury, CT where the "Blue Colony Diner" gave me an all-day breakfast worthy of any Scottish B&B. It was tragic that I could not carry any of their homemade pastries with me to snack on later, but the heat would have ruined them. Turning North on I-91 I ran into the first of several major bottlenecks—the road changing from 4 lanes to 2, then back to 3 had everyone frustrated and traffic at a crawl for several miles. I was pleased to leave CT and finally enter MA, only 64 miles to Boston, yippee!

My joy was short lived as I turned into the city, there was a distinct lack of motels. Normally they are scattered on both sides of any major road but not in Boston. After an hour or so of going round in circles I stopped a guy at the side of the street, "Are you from here chief? No, I'm from Dublin." However he was living here and led me to the nearest accommodation, passing through the crowds heading to Fenway Park for baseball. The hotel was very classy and I should have known better, I asked for 3 nights and the charming young lady at the desk quoted me \$189. Brilliant says I, before realizing that this was the per night rate, plus \$20 for parking. Thanking her profusely I made a "fast dash" before they charged me for time spent in the foyer. After drifting onto I-93 I finally found a Comfort Inn whose prices at least left me with both limbs still attached (other places cost "an arm and a leg"). As luck would have it there was a brewpub next door so I was able to refresh myself with some delicious hand crafted ales, before retiring to bed after an arduous day.

**DAY 4, SATURDAY 29th MAY, 2010:** After a relaxing evening and leisurely breakfast I met up with some more of the Berwick tourists, enjoying lunch with Ron, Margi, Joe, Ann & Evelyn. From there we headed to the Sam Adams Brewery for a Brief tour of the facility followed by some free samples of their excellent ales. During the tour we met up with Stevie, Susan, Scot, Emily and more of the wedding posse, and raised a toast to Ron who was celebrating his birthday. I was thrilled to be seated next to "Shannon", a raven-haired beauty who was a good sport and shared my sense of humor. (Time will tell if she's gets in touch...)

**DAY 5, SUNDAY 30th MAY, 2010:** After a restful night, I awoke at a reasonable hour and decided to enjoy the early morning sunshine, so I fired up the "Blue Beast" and headed south to Rhode Island, checking another state off my list. With plenty of time in hand I turned tail and enjoyed a leisurely cruise northwards, passing briefly through New Hampshire before crossing over into the beautiful state of Maine. A brief stop for a drink then it was southwards again to Boston, only 227 miles ridden today but I was in 4 States! Yes, I know — I'm often in some "right states". After a quick lunch it was time to get ready for the wedding and my chauffeuring duties, we were to pick up the rest of the Berwick clan and head out to the venue in convoy. It all went fairly well, thanks to the marvels of GPS. Little did I know I would be cursing the same system later that evening. We all looked dead sharp in our finery, some in frocks and 4 of us in full highland dress were surprised that no one questioned what was worn under the kilt. (Nothing is worn under the kilt- everything is in perfect working order). With the vows being taken outside we were glad to retreat indoors out of the heat and enjoy a delicious table of hors d'oeuvres and liquid refreshments. The wedding dinner was an ample buffet including stuffed mushrooms, chicken and salmon giving us plenty of fuel for the dancing later. After an entertaining array of speeches the music began — regular stuff until Ron broke out the "Heucter Cheucter" Cd. Then it was "Take your partners



for the “Gay Gordon’s”, “Military Two-step” and the ever-popular “Strip the Willow”. We had a brief practice then it was a delightful free for all of young, old, Brits, and Americans whirling round like Dervishes to some rare pipe music.

After the reception was over came the fun part of navigating home, the first leg to drop folks off at the hotel went okay, but the short journey back to the apartment was a nightmare! I ended up in the harbor area at 1am, scared I might get molested by a passing band of sailors or truck drivers as I still had my kilt on. An hour or so later I finally made it to Ron & Margi’s, where I enjoyed a much-needed beer or two. All in all another busy but wonderful day.

**DAY 6, MONDAY 31st MAY, 2010:** After a much-needed lie in, it was time to continue with the rest of my trip. Having achieved the original mission of reaching Boston for the wedding I decided that a trip to Niagara Falls and Canada was a realistic goal, especially with the warm, sunny weather in abundance. I took I-93 Northwards and upon reaching Concord, NH turned west on Route 9. I passed through Brattleboro and into Vermont, famed for its lush countryside. It was certainly a colorful area, with green pastures and plentiful rivers to water them. The road eventually led me to Albany, New York, where once again I chose to take the interstate to put some miles under my wheels. I-90 is one of the state’s many toll roads, it’s a shame they didn’t spend the money on resurfacing them once in a while. My earlier thoughts on the wonderful weather once again came crashing to the ground in flames, or should I say lightning bolts! The ever-darkening sky became illuminated by several spectacular flashes of lightning — great to look at but no fun on a bike. Fortunately I wasn’t too far from civilization and found myself in the small town of Batavia, NY before the rain got too heavy. A quick trip to Bob Evans restaurant then it was off to bed in the nearby Super 8 Motel. I didn’t take any photos today but added another 464 miles to my trip making a grand total of 2,100 miles.

**DAY 7, TUESDAY 1st JUNE, 2010:** Away we go with more tales of two-wheeled travels! Tuesday started off with a light rain but soon switched gear into brilliant sunshine. Great biking weather at last! After a quick belt along I-90 I arrived in the city of Niagara Falls, NY. The waterfalls are

actually known as “American Falls, Horseshoe Falls & Bridal Falls” — Niagara Falls refers to the nearby towns. Being a tourist I stopped at the local information kiosk, which turned out to be a privately-owned tour company office, for advice on the local attraction. The guy didn’t have to work too hard to sell me the bus tour package, which seemed a much better option than trying to navigate the area on the bike. The only snag was I had to wait 2 hours for the next tour — c’est la vie!

Our tour guide/ driver was Rita, a wonderful lady who grew up in the area and was the daughter of the local police chief. We had a great time exploring the Falls, including the “Journey behind the Falls” where we walked to within feet of where the “American Falls” were cascading down over the rocks; “Maid of the Mists” boat tour, which took us almost directly under the cascading “Horseshoe Falls” and the whirlpool at the bottom of the lower rapids. All in all great value for the money and it was a relaxing way to spend a hot and sunny afternoon. It was close to 7pm by the time I was once again dressed in biking gear and ready for the road, so I took the Rainbow Bridge across Niagara Gorge into Canada, where the immigration officers were extremely friendly and helped to speed me on my way. After a pleasant ride on the “Queen Elizabeth Way” which follows the banks of Lake Ontario I reached the city of Hamilton, where I took Route 403 West to the city of Brantford, my chosen resting spot for the night. The accommodation was excellent and I had a fun evening chatting with some of the locals over a well-deserved beer or two or 3? Overall a fun day, I passed from New York State into Ontario, Canada, rode 134 miles and destroyed my camera!

**DAY 8, WEDNESDAY 2nd, JUNE, 2010:** I sadly still have no photos to share, so you’ll just have to visualize the scenery through my poetic patter. This is as close to “real time” as it gets. The events described below actually happened within the last 14 hours!

The day started off bright and sunny, with my journey continuing west along route 403 in the Province of Ontario, Canada. However I could see the lightning flashing like a spell from “Harry Potter’s Wand” in front of me, so I pulled off the highway to swiftly don my rain gear. Just like bad sex (sorry kiddies) it was all over in about 45

minutes and the sun blazed down once more making a mockery of my attempts to evade the elements. Finally arriving in Windsor, I decided to take the “Ambassador’s Bridge” over to America, fearing I might drown if I travelled through the alternative tunnel. Strangely enough the rain ceased as I crossed the invisible demarcation line in the middle of the waterway between Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie. Eerie indeed!

After a brief but pleasant interview with the immigration officer on the American shore I was able to pass through yet another toll booth and head South on I-75. Yes, the same monster that snakes through Atlanta! This was my first visit to Michigan and it racked up State number 15 plus the Province of Ontario on my tour! It didn’t take long to pass through the industrial wastelands and cross another state line into Ohio, where a roadside Arby’s Restaurant gave me a “soul-sustaining sandwich”. While stopping once again to fill up with petrol I spotted another “K-Bike rider” tucked in behind a hedge, seeking shelter from the wicked West wind. It could only be compared to the gusts I once experienced while touring “East Anglia” on my “R 45” back in the late 1980’s. After topping up my tank I wandered over to greet the mystery rider, only to discover that we knew each other, having met at the “Klassic K Rally” in Tennessee last July! The world is a small place! Colin and I shared the road south for awhile, and then I branched off west towards Richmond, Indiana. Yes, another new state to add to my ever-growing collection. Upon crossing the state line and once more refueling the “Beast” I was engaged in polite conversation with one of the locals. He was surprisingly interested in the “K-bike’s” provenance and was very knowledgeable about the local roads, guiding me to some unmarked pathways alongside the Brookville Reservoir, which were well worth the detour from the main road. Sadly the thunderstorms started up again and I was forced to seek shelter a tad earlier than planned; however the nearest refuge in Harrison, OH gave me the distinct pleasure of meeting “Jordan” one of the finest receptionists I have ever had the pleasure of dealing with. 463 miles ridden today, seemed like a lot more.

**DAY 9, THURSDAY 3rd JUNE, 2010:** After an extremely relaxing evening at the well-named “Comfort Inn” I packed up my gear and headed out into bright but rather humid morning, crossing

# It's not UFO's making those crop circles.



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# THANK YOU *by Hal*

Our club donated \$200 to cure Multiple Sclerosis and ten of our members volunteered to be Motorcycle Marshalls. Our club does a lot of neat stuff that makes it a great club to be member of. I hope all our members will be proud of our clubs participation to cure MS.

The 97 degree heat made this year's event challenging, even for the truly fit. This year there were 1264 participants at the MS 150, which offered three courses for the bicyclists on Saturday (39, 63 and 100 miles) and two courses on Sunday (39 and 63 miles). Threatened heat might have been the reason that 10 of the 40 Motorcycle Safety Marshalls dropped out of the event, 3 of which didn't even bother

to call. Organizers were so short of MSMs that Paul Truong and I had to step up and be team leaders. I'm so proud of the BMWMOGA volunteers (10 of the total 30) because all our members showed up and worked hard all weekend. Our guys were first to arrive and last to leave. It wasn't fun riding a motorcycle in the heat, but I probably shouldn't whine since my bike had a motor. Saturday was extremely challenging for us all. Many bicyclists had heat cramps and couldn't continue. We would find them on the side of the road, call for assistance and wait with the rider for the sag wagon to pick them up. Most riders were smart enough to acknowledge cramps and stop before we had to address either heat

exhaustion or heat stroke (yeah!). We also provided assistance at dangerous intersections and with car traffic. We, as marshals, provide a critical safety factor for the bicyclists and they always remember to thank us when they aren't whizzing by.

BMWMOGA make up a third of the MSM volunteers. I'm not overstating the fact that our membership participation is a critical part of the success of this event. I also really had fun challenging MSM from other clubs to match our club's financial donation. In conclusion, I want to say "thank you" to all BMWMOGA members that support this event by allowing our club to participate. ☐



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Our "home" is here to welcome you! We provide comfortable rocking chairs on our porch for you to rest, chat, and enjoy the view, as well as outdoor and porch picnic tables for your group to gather around.



**European Motorsports** is a dealer for Aprilia and Moto Guzzi fine Italian motorcycles in addition to pre-owned motorcycles of all brands. We are very proud of having earned 2nd place nationally in Moto Guzzi sales for 2009 after only 1 1/2 years in business. We must be doing something right! If you are contemplating purchasing an Aprilia or Moto Guzzi, or just want to ride something different, check out our **Motorcycle Rental** and **Try Before You Buy** program. The program is suspended for the winter, but will resume as soon as spring weather arrives.

**Black Mountain Cycles** specializes in helping owners sell their motorcycles through for-sale-by-owner programs designed to free you from the hassles and risks of selling on your own. Black Mountain Cycles also offers a complete line of motorcycle apparel and accessories from such name brands as Fieldsheer, Olympia, Tour Master, GIVI, Chatterbox, HJC, Fulmer, and many more.



**Six Gap Cafe** shares the motorcycle showroom, and is open for lunch, hand-dipped ice cream, and snacks daily. The cafe is equipped with WiFi should you need to check in on work, and satellite TV is in place so you can keep up with news, sports, and motorcycle events during your break.

**Tire Technicians**, located across the shared parking lot from the showroom, specializes in motorcycle tires and has over 500 competitively-priced tires in stock, as well as brakes, batteries, parts, and supplies. Tire Technicians also provides oil changes and minor repair. No need to sit in a cramped waiting room - enjoy perusing the showroom and a meal or snack at Six Gap Cafe while your tires are being installed. Our technicians are certified in motorcycle mechanics by accredited institutions and look forward to serving you!



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from Indiana back into Ohio and taking the I-74 East to bypass the congestion of nearby Cincinnati. Leaving the urban sprawl behind I drifted south into Kentucky, where I took a short break in the small town of Corbin, where "Col. Sanders" had his original café, in which he created the now internationally famous "Kentucky Fried Chicken". I followed on Route 25E, passing through some scenic farmland, aiming for "Cumberland Gap" and the Tennessee State Line. Instead of crossing overland the road took me through yet another tunnel, emerging into brilliant sunshine on the other side. One of the things I've noticed on this trip is how quickly the elements can switch from good to bad then downright nasty and back to wonderful again. Fortunately my rain gear is always close to hand, and I've sadly become an expert in getting it on in a hurry.

**DAY 10, FRIDAY 4th JUNE, 2010:** A good sleep always makes me eager to be up and about so I decided to do a little exploring rather than just laze around the campground all day. I reveled in the freedom of Highway 66, a wonderful, twisty road leading East, with Newfound Gap at its summit. Sadly the road to "Clingman's Dome" (Highest point in the Smokies) was closed due to another landslide. Fortunately the weather was reasonable and I was able to stop and take several photos of the scenery, the low cloud hovering in the valley giving that "smoke effect" that the region is named for. After chatting to several fellow riders I continued east towards Cherokee, luckily able to join the Blue Ridge Parkway instead of having to fight my way through the traffic as I had to on my first day. The "BRP" was obviously the route of choice for many people, with a large number of folks out on motorbikes and two groups of serious cyclists stretching their leg muscles on the slopes, complete with minibuses and support crews. The fine weather meant that the mountain views were much clearer than previously, but sadly many were obscured by large trees that had grown considerably since the Parkway was originally created.

As is common in mountain regions the weather did not stay the same for too long, the brilliant sunshine quickly being replaced by a gentle drizzle that soon turned to a steady downpour. The sun soon reappeared and I left the main road for the rather short but scenic "Foothills Parkway", part of the original drover's road system from years ago. After several stops in Newport to try and buy some refreshments for the evening (you can't buy beer at liquor stores or supermarkets in the area; but you can buy it at gas station convenience stores — surely an encouragement to drink and drive?) it was back to "Two Creeks" campground, which was about to give true meaning to its name as the night wore on.

The BMW club had cooked a large pot of delicious white chili for our evening meal, and it was perfect for warming us up after the dampness of the afternoon ride. While gathered in the clubhouse

we could hear the rain on the roof. One of the members took a precautionary walk around the site to check for storm damage and discovered that the creek on the Western side had risen swiftly, topping the banks in some areas. The following day we checked the camp rain gauge and found over 4 inches of rain had fallen during the night! The real problem however was the 8 inches that had fallen in the mountains, seriously adding to the already swollen waterway and causing it to overflow its boundaries. Surprisingly, the water level dropped dramatically after the storm passed and the creek was back to normal by the following evening, it did however give us a practical lesson on the dangers of flash floods. The whole situation had a lighter side to it, a local Bluegrass band were our "official entertainment" for the evening; and undaunted they kept on playing, just like the unfortunate musicians on board the "Titanic". By the time we retired for the night the rain had ceased and the stars were once again competing with the fireflies as to who could produce the more spectacular light show.

**DAY 11, SATURDAY 5th JUNE, 2010:** Awakening to a surprisingly sunny and warm morning after the evening's storm I decided to forego my planned lazy day around the campsite in favor of a ride to "The Cherochala Skyway", a winding road with magnificent views of Lake Santeetlah. While passing through the city of Weaverville I came across the "Stony Knob Café", which turned out to be an ideal spot to enjoy lunch. No doubt I'll be back on the "Slimfast Shakes" when I get home, but the standard of food on this trip has been excellent!

Upon reaching Asheville I decided to take a swift detour into nearby South Carolina, which would not only get me off the major roads for a while but also add another State visited to my list. It was a relief to turn west on Route 28 towards Robbinsville and the "Skyway". Thinking that the low route alongside the Fontana Dam would be more sheltered than the elevated Cherochala, I cautiously followed the twisting road, now littered with fallen leaves and small branches violently shaken from the surrounding trees. The views around Fontana Lake and the dam were dramatically softened by the mist rising from the surface of the water, giving the whole area an ethereal appearance. The mist extended across the already slippery roads, making navigating the corners even riskier. Eventually I broke free from the dampness, only to find myself at the "Tail of The Dragon" on Highway 129, a road I knew was closed 11 miles further North due to a serious rock fall several months ago. It seems by avoiding the "Cherochala Skyway" I had managed to "paint myself into a corner" (or ride myself into a dead end!! There was nothing else for it but to turn around and retrace my route, hopefully getting back to "Two Creeks" in time for the 8pm closing ceremony and Grand prize draw. With the weather improving, I made good time back to Robbinsville, passing a small campground called "Kickstand Lodge" on

my way. This set a bell ringing in my head- some of my fellow Georgia BMW Club members were gathering there for the weekend, so after a quick u-turn I stopped by to say a brief "hello/goodbye" to several good friends. Ian Schmeisser joined me on the road as far as Highway 209, where he branched off to head for home. While I enjoyed the multiple twists and turns of route 209 it felt good to return to Hot Springs, and turn west to Del Rio; pausing only briefly to pick up some "essential lubricants" for the evenings enjoyment. I made it to the campground with less than 5 minutes to spare before the ceremonies started; sadly there was no happy ending as I didn't win any of the great prizes on offer.

**DAY 12, SUNDAY 6th JUNE, 2010:** Those of you who are not familiar with BMW rallies will be joyfully unaware that the majority of attendees are early risers, not your 8 am guys. I'm talking about folks who take masochistic pleasure in getting up from a warm bed in the middle of the night, pack up all their gear and head off for pastures new. That's okay in theory but the inevitable noise they make causes those of us of a more relaxed persuasion to be disturbed from our slumbers. Thus it was that after several rude awakenings from an assortment of friends I arose from the comfort of my sleeping bag and ventured forth into the breezy but thankfully dry morning air. After leisurely packing up my tent and loading the bike I bade farewell to my Tennessee friends, hoping to catch up with them "somewhere down the road". Heading roughly Southwest I flirted once again with the perimeter of the "Great Smoky Mountain National Park", whose cloud covered peaks once again, gave the impression that they were indeed belching out vast plumes of pure white smoke. Before long I had bypassed Knoxville and was approaching Chattanooga, home of the famous "Choo-choo", a well stocked aquarium and "Lookout Mountain" from which you can see seven different States on a clear day. The further south I travelled the higher the humidity level rose, and I was grateful to stop on a couple of occasions for a refreshing ice cream. It seemed like I'd been travelling forever, when in fact it had only been nine hours since I left camp; but I was becoming weary and was happy to cross the Chattahoochee River back into Georgia. A quick blast along the J.R.Allen Parkway and I was home, tired but pleased to have enjoyed such a wonderful trip without any major mishaps.

Over a period of 12 days I had ridden 4024 miles, visited 21 U.S. States and the Province of Ontario in Canada; attended a wedding, toured a brewery and got soaked at Niagara Falls. If you throw in catching up with lots of old friends and making several new ones then all in all it was an extremely worthwhile and pleasurable trip. ☐

## GIFT OF APPRECIATION PRESENTED TO RIDERS HILL *by Doug Peters*

On Saturday, September 18, 2010, Doug Peters and Bob Hancock traveled by motorcycles to Riders Hill, in Dahlonega, GA to meet with the owners, Anthony and Susan Lancaster. On behalf of the BMW Motorcycle Owners of GA, Doug presented Riders Hill with a plaque that expresses our sincere appreciation for their help and support of the GA Mountain Rally for the past two years (photo courtesy of Bob Hancock). One thing they did to help us was to generously loan us an all-terrain-vehicle (ATV), which proved invaluable at the rally for transporting equipment and supplies, and for quickly getting from point A to point B around the spacious GA Mountain Fairgrounds and vendor village. That kind of kindness and support helps us to be able to continue our GMR each year.

Riders Hill is a dealership for Aprilia, Moto Guzzi, MV Agusta, and Royal Enfield. They also carry various supplies, riding clothing, accessories for bikes and bike trailers. They have a shop on the premises dedicated to selling and mounting tires for all types of motorcycles. They are conveniently located in Dahlonega, at the gateway to the N. GA Mountains, along Hwy 60/ 19, not far from Suches. Check them out at [www.ridershill.com](http://www.ridershill.com), and please show your gratitude by stopping by to shop, hang out on the porch or picnic area, and/or enjoy a meal or snack in their Six Gap Café area. And



look for the cool plaque from BMWMOGA. Thanks again to Anthony and Susan and staff from past Rally Meisters Doug Peters and Andrea White and from the BMWMOGA. □

## LUXURY LITE ULTRALITE COT *Review by Stephen Regonold, Additional comments by Eric Chatham*



When talking about bedding in the great outdoors, the words “ultra-light” and “cot” rarely come in the same sentence. But that’s exactly what LuxuryLite, a small company in Lake Jackson, Texas, proposes with its UltraLite Cot, a 72-inch bed that weighs less than three pounds. Made as an alternative to a sleeping pad, the cot can keep a camper “floating above rocks, sticks, roots, water and snow,” according to the company ([www.luxurylite.com](http://www.luxurylite.com)). The product works by stretching a sheet of three-layer laminated rip-stop fabric taut over four struts. Unroll a sleeping bag, lie down, and the fabric cradles your frame with just a bit of flex.



Like many products from LuxuryLite, the UltraLite Cot is strange and unconventional. It is a bit of a puzzle to put together, as it comes bundled with more than a dozen small poles, eight nylon feet, and the fabric sheeting in a roll. My first attempt at setup was a 10-minute ordeal. The main bed is easy to make — just insert the long poles in their sleeves to create the



frame. But building the struts was more of a mystery. You start by linking the gold and black anodized aluminum poles — 16 of them in total — and then sliding the mated poles into the cot’s round feet. The trick to LuxuryLite’s design is then in the twisting of the struts, which adds tension and flex. Flip the bed over, put your foot on the edge to steady, and

snap the struts in place. The result is a solid platform that holds a supine frame hovering most of the time just an inch or so off the ground.

In my test, the cot was comfortable enough. I would not say “cushy,” but sleeping on the rip-stop nylon — which won’t stretch, sag, or rot, according to the company — was akin to a nice pad. Depending on your weight and the placement of the struts on the frame, your body may have contact with the ground beneath. I weigh 180 pounds, and while laying on my back, my butt slightly brushed the dirt under the cot’s middle. It was in no way uncomfortable. But if your goal is hovering 100 percent above the ground, this cot could disappoint.

LuxuryLite touts the UltraLite Cot as strong enough for a 325-pound man. The unit is solid. I left it set up inside for days at a time, walking on it, plopping down, and laying for a few minutes to test it on a quick rest. It can take some abuse, I am saying. But 325 pounds of abuse would be interesting to see.

The cot costs \$219, which is pricier than the nicest of sleeping pads. But its weight is almost comparable to a plush inflatable mattress. And for picky campers and backpackers who do not want to snooze right on the ground — but also don’t want to lug a traditional cot into the woods — LuxuryLite offers a unique sleeping solution.

**Eric’s additional comments:** I’ve now used this cot on about a half dozen motorcycle camping outings. It packs well, and fits into a side case with ease. I use it in conjunction with a very thin, ultralight air mattress and the combo results in real comfort, especially for a side sleeper. Practice does make perfect, I can now put it together in less than 5 minutes. The first time was quite an ordeal, as Roy Fant can testify. There’s an assembly video on Youtube that helps a great deal. MSRP is \$219, as stated above, but I found it for \$175.00 from a dealer on eBay. It pays to shop around. It’s also a great conversation piece, don’t get one if you don’t want folks to mill about and ask a few questions! □

# mark your CALENDAR

Always check with the club calendar on the web site to verify date, time and destination prior to your departure <http://bmwmoga.info/forum/calendar.php>

| Month           | Day, Date          | Activity/Location                           |
|-----------------|--------------------|---|
| <b>October</b>  | Sat-Sun, 9th-10th  | Overnighter at Ironhorse Lodge              |
|                 | Sun, 10th          | BMWMOGA Club Meeting                        |
|                 | Sat, 16th          | Bikers for Barkers — First Annual Poker Run |
| <b>November</b> | Fri-Sun, 12th-14th | 10th Annual Cajun Swamp Scooter Rally       |
|                 | Sun, 14th          | BMWMOGA Club Meeting                        |
| <b>December</b> | Sun, 12th          | BMWMOGA Club Meeting                        |

## Bikers FOR BARKERS



### First ANNUAL POKER RUN

**October 16, 2010**

*A Benefit Ride For The Clayton County Humane Society  
A No-Kill Animal Shelter for Dogs and Cats*

*First Place Prize - \$500.00*

*Prizes for 2nd - 5th place*

*Day Of Event Registration - 8:00 a.m.*

*First Bike out at 10:00 a.m. last bike in at 2:00 p.m.*

*\$25 Entry Fee, Includes Lunch and Commemorative T-shirt*

*50/50 Drawing • Prizes • Silent Auction • Vendors*

*Law Enforcement K-9 Demonstrations*

*For more information or to register  
e-mail us at [bikersforbarkers@bellsouth.net](mailto:bikersforbarkers@bellsouth.net)  
or call us at 404-630-8515*

Location: Clayton County Harley Davidson 1384 Southlake Parkway, Morrow, Georgia 30260

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