

PUBLISHER Beth Schwartz Issue No.8
OCTOBER 2001

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October already time for fun before the cool weather hits. **The October meeting will be held at Gary Haydel's house at 134 Vineyard in Rossford. Main course will be Fahitas. Please call Gary if you would like to bring something. Meeting is at 6:30pm on October 9th. Map enclosed.**



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BLACK SWAMP BEEMER

BMW RIDERS OF TOLEDO OCTOBER 2001

MINUTES for SEPTEMBER

Minutes for August were accepted as printed in September newsletter.

PRESIDENTS REPORT

Bart commented on his trip to North Carolina. He came across some coupon books in hotel lobbies and saved more than the AAA discounts. The Gathering of the clams is in Shreeve this year. Bob Wood heads this event up cost is \$15.

VICE-PRESIDENTS REPORT

Delbert reported on some safety recalls of interest. He reported on upcoming rallies. October 12-14 gathering of clams. October 26-28 is Ohio RA Halloween campout.

TREASURER REPORT

Don gave report of current finances. The report was accepted.

SECRETARY REPORT

Pam and Tim update report Cleveland club sent me a newsletter there is an article written by Bart. We had a contact of interest to join club by e-mail. That's all I know for now.

ROAD CAPTAIN REPORT

Not much to report right now. Just waiting for the next party. Campout was a good time.

WEBMASTER

Statistics reported. He is looking for some pictures to post. He reported on a link to notify anyone in the club who wants to be on a batch mailing link off the website.

OLD BUSINESS

Report on the patch. We need to choose the shape of patch. Logo needs to be chosen looking for art submissions. T-shirts 5 are remaining. The card you have to have for Canada is not required for normal citizen. The brick for Don was ordered.

NEW BUSINESS

Setting the dates for next years campouts. Possibly moving the spring campout to a new location. Comments were made by those who went to the site. Mark suggested we look at other sites before we make a decision. The club voted to look at other sites within about the same mileage. A search committee was formed. Julie is heading the committee. The distance for looking for camp sites is 70 miles. Campout dates for 2002. Spring May 18-19. Summer campout will be August 24-25. Banquet will be January 19th, 2002.

BART'S THOUGHTS

Two riders rode out of town yesterday with a chill in the air. With smiles on our faces we headed south on our K-Bikes. We were both 39 years old when our motorcycles were manufactured but mine is 16 years older. So as we held the speed at 80 mph the question tumbling over in my mind was "How would this older body and machine hold up against the younger two?" The older body needed an electrically heated jacket and an additional pair of pants under the riding suit to keep the chill out of the bones. The other guy had a sweatshirt and jacket, no riding suit! We swapped bikes in Bowling Green, Ohio because he wanted to. I've tested new K-Bikes a couple of times, last week in fact, but the road tests don't include interstate riding. So after riding the new one on the Big Road I now have a much clearer impression of what I could expect if I were to upgrade to a newer K-Bike. Three levels of differences noticed as I rode his bike were: NO noise, air pollution, or vibration. YES the gauges all work properly too, power is greater, looks much better, rides better. LESS wind protection. SAMENESS in the seating position and seat comfort. The new K1200RS is truly an "Interstate Machine" as some say.

We stopped for lunch at a Bob Evan's in Sidney, Ohio. Did you ever have their 'stir fry'? I like it. Try the banana bread instead of the biscuits too. In the restroom mirror, I noticed a slight crustiness on my lower lip and chin. I had praised his bike as we walked into the restaurant and now after we ate I would have to check the top of his gas tank for dried drool too.

The destination for the day was the Tristate BMW dealer in Cincinnati, Ohio. The building is new, and the Dealer and employees are very friendly. Bill the Dealer was cooking hot dogs and bratwurst on the grill in the parking lot. They were having Open House with discounts on every accessory and all clothing in the showroom. We talked to them and bought a few small items. We also sat on a couple of the newest offerings from BMW. There were two or three lines of clothing on display not counting BMW's own line of fabric and leather. We had a good time there and would recommend that if you are passing through Cincinnati that it would be worth a stop to see for yourself.

On the return trip we rode our own bikes and stopped only once. That was for gas, etc. Going home we were more comfortable since the sun was now doing the job without so many clouds. We did the same route but 500 rpm less on the tachometer so my old 'K' was below the faring/mirror vibration range.

As I got up from the easy chair after watching a movie. Some joint stiffness was apparent. It sometimes comes with riding in cold weather or from doing too much of anything really. As I sit here fiddling with this keyboard, I reflect back on this great year of riding with friends. I realize the motorcycle season is nearly over for us Ohioans. It has been another great riding season for me. I do hope that you too had a good time with your motorcycle rides.

Bart

P.S. To you who made the bet with me in the Spring. 'That Doug Linker with his new K1200RS would accumulate more miles this riding season than Bill Routson on his new R1200 Cruiser'. Please bring your \$10 to the October meeting since you have apparently lost the bet my friend. And thanks again Doug for the test ride on the BIG ROAD.

BLACK SWAMP BEEMER

BMW RIDERS OF TOLEDO OCTOBER 2001

The Editors Column

What a month. So many changes but so many things remain the same. I look out my window and I see the signs of fall beginning to surface. The tops of our trees are turning orange. This is both a beautiful time of year and a sad time of year. Sad because the riding season is quickly drawing to a close. Beautiful because mother nature is at her height of color. The air is fresh and crisp. The sun casts beautiful shadows. The trees are vibrant with color. With all this going on out side it is definitely a pleasure to stop take a deep breath and look around at it. This is a time for great photo opportunities. The ordinary seems extraordinary if you know what I mean. There are still some remaining riding events remaining hope you all have a chance to attend some before the season is over. My thoughts are now on enjoying the rest of the season. That's all for me because the sun is shining and the bike is calling.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL
REAPPEAR NEXT ISSUE.

War Paint

A camping story by
Mark Nicholas
see foot note

I didn't quite make the connection until forty years later. After the world had taught me all the basic things that men must know in order to survive. What I see so clearly now was that my father had suffer from delayed stress syndrome, and perhaps given me the greatest gift I could receive. In 1958 it wasn't that. In 1958 boys had come home from the WWII and picked up their lives as best they could. The horrors of war were unspoken, stuffed, shoved down deep and kept secret, not for innocent ears.

In 1958 on the campus of Emory University in a heavy wooded area my father lead Dan, my older brother, and I on a hike along some railroad tracks. Shirtless, we knelt beside a creek, painting our bodies with the red mud of Georgia. Three fingers across the cheek. A squiggle line below the right eye. "War paint," my father called it. We cut small limbs from trees, notching the ends, and strung them with kite string. We cut arrows for our bows from smaller limbs. My father, sharpening the ends and eyeing the arrows for their straightness. We split up and hid from one another, listening for a time to the woods speak. Creaking limbs. A crow in the distance. A signal was given, and we walked the woods alone. Creeping from tree to tree, searching and hiding, lying in wait, ambushing one another. Jumping to out feet screaming and firing arrows at each other. We laughed and talked about the *war game*. We dug up a small sassafras tree, removing the root from deep under the ground, cutting it off, and taking it back to our duplex to boil for tea. A potion for warriors.

Through the eyes of a 4 year old I saw these things as play, pure and simple, no underlying lesson, just fun. We lived in campus housing for families while my father went to graduate school. Atlanta was the universe, the campus was the world, but the woods, ah, the woods were the *mystery*.

There was an obvious distinction between the two types of camping we did. There was family camping, where my mother and my sister Jill went with us on summer vacations. Camping our way across America, we endured two weeks of *civilized* camping at campgrounds. My mother and Jill were usually in the car. Dad, my brother and myself in a canvas Army surplus tent that smelled of mildew and creosol. We bathed, wore clean clothes, and tried to live as if we had all the comforts of home in strange and foreign terrain. Along the way we were tourist. Museum visits, taking tours at places of general interest, and snapping pictures of anything that was unusual to us. We stopped at every crack-pot tourist trap along the way. If it had a bill-board, we were there. One thousand miles and two weeks later we returned home. Short tempered, tired and irritated, year after year, we rested from our vacations.

The second type of camping was different. The ambush games Dad, Dan and I had played years before had become more pronounced. By the time I was eight years old, I had become a pretty fair soldier. We outfitted ourselves at an army surplus store in Memphis with ammo pouches, fatigues, pistol belts with bayonets and canteens. Our back packs carefully packed with C-rations with dated cans of 1943. The 22 rifles we carried seemed more like props as it was out of hunting season. What we hunted, I never knew. The

BLACK SWAMP BEEMER

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National Forest was our universe. The virgin path was our world. We became part of the mystery, and the mystery became part of us. The game had taken on life. The game had a coarse ingrained feeling to it. It, made me feel comfortable and tribal. Dan and I heard the unspoken voice, "This is the way of man, the hunt, the kill, the unending search for self." My father never was a serious man. However, there was a serious quality applied to these camping trips, which by the way, among us boys we stopped calling it camping. We called it manurves, and the miles of walking through stands of pine and birch were called patrols. I never knew if there were camp grounds at Barnett National Forest, if there were, we never stayed at them. We would find a logging road, which by the way can scarcely be called a road, just a couple of ruts where loggers had hauled timber from the forest. We took a fifty four Chevy to the woods, my sisters college car. I must admit, it was built like a tank. Turning off the logging road, and driving the car as far as the trees would permit us, we cut sapling trees with machetes and camouflaged the car. Dan and I behaved as good soldiers and never questioned this or any order given to us. Perhaps we were hiding the car from the Park Ranger, or some mythical enemy, we simply didn't care. After concealing any trace of our arrival in the forest, we out fitted ourselves with the paraphernalia of war. As foot soldiers, we walked, miles and miles per day. Perhaps twenty miles, I had no way of knowing. Endless brush and trees, briars and thickets, berries and plants, each one had a story and purpose of its own. The walking was an initiation, a blending with the woods. We absorbed the forest, as the forest absorbed us.

We took "smoke" breaks along the way, as soldiers do. My brother and I were allowed to smoke grape vines, Dad stuck to his Lucky Strikes. We hacked pieces of these huge vines with our machetes that ran from the ground to the canopy of the trees. Cutting the vine in cigar length, we smoked until our tongues were sore. We smoked and listened as Dad revealed bits and pieces of his experience of battle on Normandy Beach in France.

"Himself and his buddy, Dutch, watching a German soldier dipping water from a creek with his helmet. The German turning around. The shock on his face at seeing Americans, perhaps the first and last Americans the kid had ever seen. The young German dropping his rifle and his helmet in the mud, raising his arms and babbling in German. Dutch raising his Thompson sub-machine gun. My father yelling "No!" The soldier flying backwards into the water for a final drink from the creek of life. Dutch, laughing like a maniac."

The smoke from the grape vines and the romance of these stories blended and kept the weariness and boredom of the patrol from overcoming us.

I experienced all aspects of combat, even being wounded. At 10 years old I was awarded my fathers purple heart medal, which he kept in a small black box along with other metals and ribbons of war. We had been on patrol for 3 days, and had done such an excellent job of camouflaging our car, that we had lost it. Ticks, red bugs and mosquitoes were sucking the life from us. Our canteens empty, we drank from stagnate swamps. The C-rations had long become just a dream, as we killed rattle snakes, roasting them over a fire for supper. According to my father, we were not "lost". Salvation, home, my mother, my life as a child was just over the next hill, or over this creek passed this Live Oak tree. The bottom of my feet had completely blistered. I could walk no more. Apparently, I had developed trench foot, a common

problem with foot soldiers. My ragged and wet P. F. Flyers were carefully removed. My equipment was divided between Dan and my father. I was carried on my dad's back, in and out of a nightmarish fever. The smell of my fathers sweat and the smell of fear hung with me like a swarm of hungry mosquitoes.

Divine providence, a unspoken prayer, or the ever vigilant eye of my brother Dan had delivered us from the forest that day. Dan had spotted a shiny object, perhaps a mile away as we stood on a hill. The closer we got, the more defined the object became. It was light reflecting from the bumper of our beat up "54" Chevy. We were ecstatic, and cheered as all soldiers do in victory. I rode on Dad's back like a man riding an Ostrich, as they ran to the car. We had survived, and lived to tell this tell today.

That mud from the Georgia creek bank stays with me today. Soaked up in my skin like a sponge, irreversible, ingrained as part of the wood that makes me what I am. It wasn't really about mud or the woods, or any war game we played. It was about endurance through life, overcoming obstacles, as often come from time to time. It was about perseverance, and the will to go on to another day.

Although this story has nothing what so ever to do with motorcycling, I do feel that my experiences though life have lead me to the life I live today. A love of the out doors, the woods, camping, and of course, motorcycling. I'm grateful that the mystery is still with me. --M.N.

CALANDAR OF EVENTS

OCTOBER 7: TRAVELERS POKER RUN.

Pizza run starts at 1pm, Location dorr st.

OCTOBER 12-14: GATERERING OF THE CLAMS.

Contact bob wood at www.bmwsmoc.org/calendar.html. or Bob Wood at 4257 west 130th Street, Cleveland, Oh 44135-4869

cost \$15. Must pre register.

OCTOBER 12-14: COLONIAL VIRGINIA RALLY.

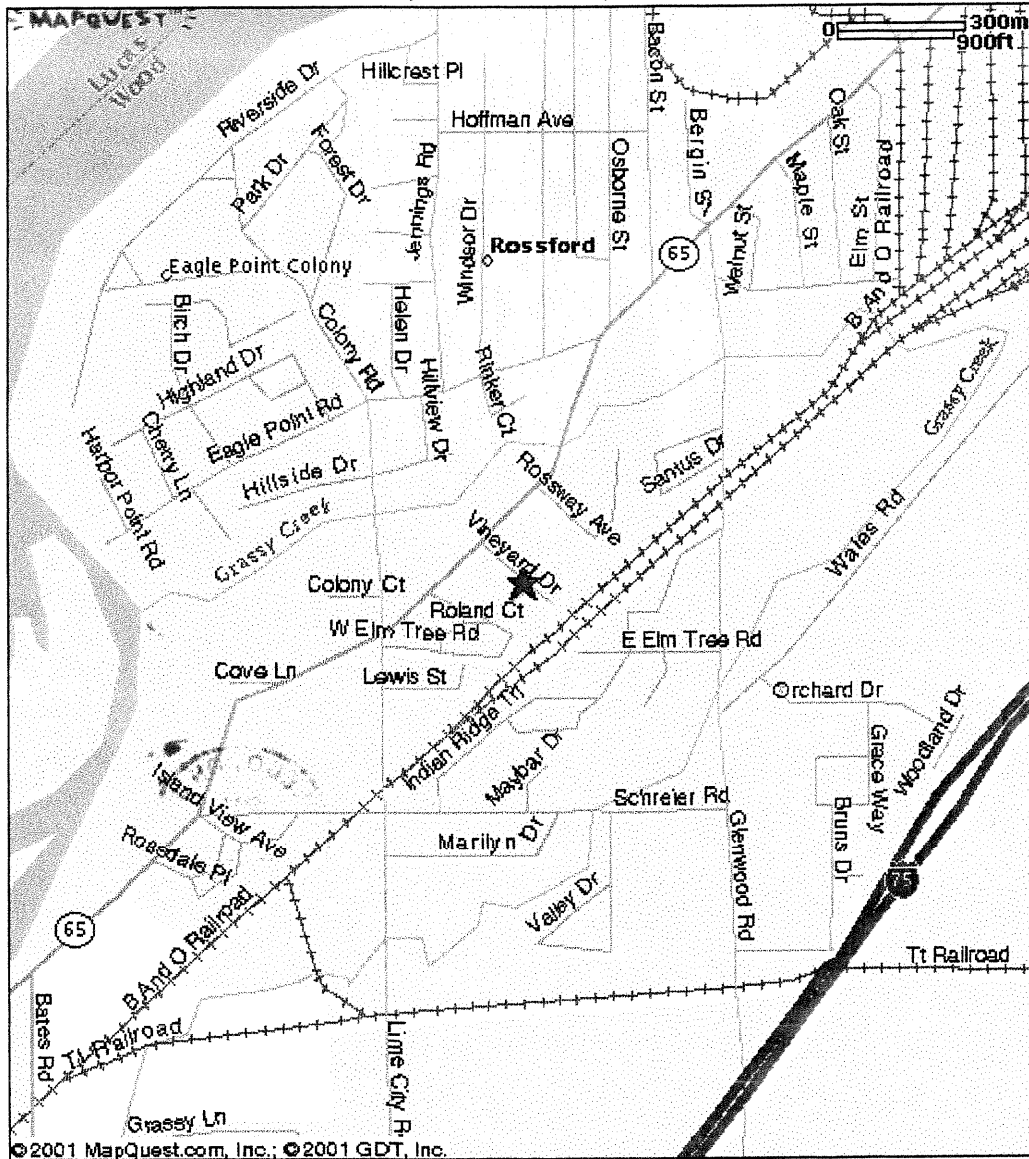
For more information call Carol Beals at 757-548-3381 or e-mail at carol.beals@capitalone.com. Fee for rally is \$30.

OCTOBER 14: Scioto Valley poker run, Fall color run satrts 1pm Kenton ohio for directions call 419-673-2175

OCTOBER 21ST: LAST POKER RUN OF SEASON FOR DISTRICT 12. Held at Blackhawak. Location Sarah dr michigan.

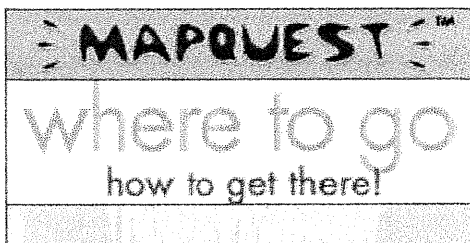
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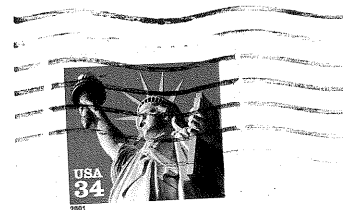
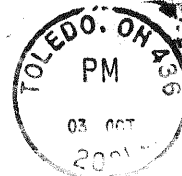
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