

July



2004

MOA # 6

www.4windsbmw.org

RA # 76

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

The Meeting at Holly's:

Y'all should have come, although it would have been a bit overwhelming. The food was great, the company better, and Holly's hospitality the best. Everything was so wonderful that the sun even emerged to shine upon the event. Thanks to Holly for a great meeting.

Officers:

At the beginning of the year, I wrote a little blurb about being active in the Club, and really appreciate the efforts some members have made to help out. Now is the time to buck up a little, perk up, pay attention and get ready to be a Four Winds Board Member Candidate for the ensuing election this October. Kevin Hart, Director Extraordinaire had designed a handy form for those of you who are interested in taking an active leadership role in the club. Check it out. Positions will go fast, and we are hoping to have a few folks in the line-up before Rob Berner has to go crazy at the Rally tracking you down. Come on, we know it's your!

Rally:

Tom Primke has done an outstanding job getting things ready for the 2004 Rally. From the caterer to the Red Bank Bathroom project, he has really followed the long line of great people who have run the rally in the past in great style. He may just be a tough act to follow (take that as a challenge, oh wonderful volunteer to run the 2005 Rally). Please start to think about what helpful role you can take this year and get in touch with Tom. Ask not what your rally can do for you, ask instead what you can do for your rally!

Metalcrete:

We are getting ready to set up the dates for the Red Bank bathroom renovation - continued. Check on the Web for dates and times

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Don't forget!
Pennsylvania Covered Bridges...
Find... and
Photograph 'em!

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JULY MEETING INFO

The Four Winds BMW Riders' meeting will be held Sat., July 31, 2004 at Ed, Michele, & Kelly Syphan's, 4870 Whipporwill Dr., Hermitage, PA from 12PM–Whenever. Mealtime at 2PM; meeting at 3. 'Burgs, 'Dogs, & Buns will be supplied by the club. Bring food according to the first letter of your last name: A-H: Dessert; I-P:Appetizer; Q-Z: Side Dish. Lotsa Water Available so bring your swim suits and squirt guns! Directions to Syphan's are on the last page.

PUBLICATION INFO

The Four Winds BMW Riders Newsletter is published for members' use. Articles' and pictures' copyrights are held by their authors. Obtain author's permission before any form of republication.

Editor: Ralph Meyer

Deadline: Articles submitted must be received by the editor no later than the 3rd Wednesday of the month preceding the month of publication (e.g., **August issue deadline: Wed., July 21st**). Articles/Info received after deadline will go in the next month's newsletter.

Submission information:

E-mail submissions: Send as **attachments** with "4 Winds Newsletter Article" in the e-mail 'Subject' line to:

<meyer@zoominternet.net>

Articles on Media (Zip/Floppy disks/CD-ROMS) mail to:

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Submission formats:

Articles: Send as electronic plain text with headings and heading depth clearly defined, or in Word Processor (e.g., MS Word) format. Save trees: avoid hard copy.

Pictures and graphics: Submit in JPEG or TIFF format with clearly marked locations in the article.

Long articles may be split between issues.

National Club Affiliations: Four Winds BMW Riders is chartered club #6 of the BMWMOA and #76 of the BMWRA

Newsletters in color PDF format are at www.4windsbmw.org. Download a free Adobe PDF reader by clicking the 'Get Adobe Reader' button at www.adobe.com and following the directions thereafter provided.

MEETING SCHEDULE 2004

Mark the dates on your calendars, but remember...

All meeting sites are tentative. Please check the web site and newsletter for changes and updates.

July 31 — Note the date Change.

At Ed, Michele, & Kelly Syphan's, 4870 Whipporwill Dr., Hermitage, Pa. Directions? See last page.

August 20-22 — The 38th Annual Four Winds BMW Riders Rally — Redbank Valley Park, New Bethlehem, Pa.

September 18 — TBA

October 16 — TBA

November 20 — TBA

December — No Regular Club Meeting

January '05 — Club Banquet

ONGOING EVENTS

Breakfast Rides, et al.:

These rides are free-form. *Those attending decide what they want to do and where, if anywhere, they want to ride.* If you just want to show up in the car and have breakfast with fellow motorcyclists, that's fine too.

COME! EAT! CHAT! RIDE!

Ride Schedule — July:

July 4 — North at King's, I-79 & Rt 910/VIP Dr., 10:00 AM

July 10 — West at Eat n' Park, Rt 60 & 22/30, 9:00 AM

July 18 — South at Bernie's Restaurant, Rt 51, 10:00 AM

July 24 — East at King's, Rt 286 & Presque Isle Dr., 9:00 AM

JUNE, 2004 MEETING MINUTES

The meeting was held at BMW Motorcycles of Pittsburgh following the President's Ride

President's Letter continued from page 1

coming up to complete the work. We will be working on refinishing the floors. Give me a call or an email if you are interested in helping!

Syphan Meeting:

Check it out, with BMW the featured marque at this year's Mid-Ohio Vintage Motorcycle Weekend, we have decided to change the date on the July meeting at Syphan's place to July 31st. Picnic, volleyball, and watergun battalion maneuvers as usual.

June Meeting:

Thanks to Lee Marks for letting us trash his shop (again!) this year for our June meeting. Hats off, please.

Thanks for being a Four Winds BMW Rider! See you on the road!

LANCE



led by Lance Hough. It was called to order at 3:10 p.m. Before the meeting agenda was commenced, Lance requested a \$5 - \$6 donation from each attendee to pay for the pizza.

Old Business

Newsletter – Lance reminded everyone that the hardcopy version of the newsletter will be mailed only to those members who have requested it starting with the upcoming July edition. Everyone else will be able to read the club's newsletter on-line at www.4windsbmw.org.



Rally Site Project – Lance announced that the club has chosen to organize a project to waterproof the bathroom floors. Fred Maskrey has researched the necessary materials. Four days will be selected to complete the project; these dates will be announced upon determination.

2005 Board Nominations – Lance appealed to the membership to consider positions on next year's Board. Kevin Hart prepared a clever "job posting" sheet that describes the various Board positions, which can be found on the club's website and in the newsletter. Members are encouraged to contact Rob Berner, Vice President, or any other Board member if interested.

New Business

Rally Tee-Shirts – Lance and Tom Primke announced that the Rally tee-shirts will likely have to be white instead of ash grey in order to accommodate the two-color Rally logo.

Rally – Tom announced that the Rally Program events were starting to come together. Rick Gzesh will be leading a GS ride and an ice cream ride; Jurgen Brune and Walt Halaja will be leading a "puzzle ride"; Ed Syphan will lead an afternoon ride; Gary Smith and possibly Al Vangura will conduct a tech session focusing on R-bike wheel bearings; Tom will have a guest discuss motorcycle fuel injection systems; and Don Poremski will host the Rally field events. Don noted that he saw an ad for the Rally in Motorcycle Consumer News. Tom indicated that he was having a hard time getting the ad in the RA website and magazine. Tom sent 395 post cards to past rally attendees. Tom mentioned that Doreen Nelson had been engaged via Rob Berner to work on the tee-shirts. Pre-orders for long sleeve shirts must be in by June 30. The cost of the long sleeve shirts is \$18, and anyone who wants to submit a pre-order should contact Tom as soon as possible (order forms were distributed at the meeting). Tom is still looking for Rally volunteers, and recognized the following members who have already volunteered for posts: Shirley Hart – Tee-Shirt Sales; Don Poremski – Field Events; Leo Stanton – Security; Jim Linneman – Registration. Clean and Tidy volunteers are needed. Tom hopes to present a draft Schedule of Events at the next meeting. Conrad Rossetti asked about rain contingency plan for the field events. Don, after inquiring about the shelter arrangements, replied with the belief that field events could take place despite rain.

Announcements

Vintage Motorcycle Days – the AMA Vintage Motorcycle Days (July 16 – July 18) will have BMW as the featured marque. For those going who want to camp, it was mentioned that the RA has a camping area that members of the RA can use.

July Club Meeting – Because of the conflict with the Vintage Motorcycle Days, the July club meeting at Ed Syphan's house is being moved to July 31. Members can arrive at Ed's house anytime after 12:00, and food will be served at 2:00.

Laurel Highlands Campout – Holly Marcheck indicated that the Laurel Highlands BMW Riders Campout will take place on June 25 – June 27. Don Poremski said that he and Trent Dennison will lead a ride back from the Laurel Highlands Campout for those interested.

Fall Track Day – Lee Marks announced that another Track Day has been scheduled for Wednesday, September 22. Lee and Dave Razorsek encouraged all members to attend. The cost will be \$70

for riders who bought their bike from BMW Motorcycles of Pittsburgh, or \$120 for those who did not. The dealership is also offering special bike prep services for the event.

Club Finances – Lance announced that he and/or Holly plan to publish a newsletter article describing how the club's finances work, and emphasized the importance of the Rally as a funding mechanism for the club.

Guests - guest Bill Moore attended the meeting.

Contest Winners – Door prizes included two \$15 gift certificates for BMW Motorcycles of Pittsburgh, which were won by Rick Gzesh and Scott Bassin. The Trivia Contest prize was a digital tire gauge, which was won by Dan Weaver. The 50/50 prize was \$28, which was won by Ed Syphan.

Meeting Host Recognition – Lance recognized Lee Marks and the staff at BMW Motorcycles of Pittsburgh for hosting the meeting.

The meeting was adjourned at approximately 4:00.

Meeting Postscript

After the meeting was adjourned, Scott Bassin was approached by Paul Wynkoop (not a Club member), who came to BMW Motorcycles of Pittsburgh to solicit support for a benefit ride to raise money for the Rick Restelli family. Rick is a motorcyclist from Cranberry Twp. who is suffering from a malignant brain tumor. The ride will take place on July 17, 2004, with registration for the event to take place at 9:00 a.m. at St. Ferdinand Church on Rochester Road in Cranberry Twp. Rider donations of \$20 and passenger donations of \$10 are requested, as are donations from those who can't attend the ride but want to assist the Restelli family. More information can be obtained from Paul Wynkoop at pawynkoop@zoominternet.net.

Minutes submitted by Scott Bassin, substituting for Jim Linneman.



FOUR WINDS BMW RIDERS JOB OPPORTUNITIES

2005 Board of Directors

Organization: Four Winds BMW Riders **Relevant Board Experience:** Prev. Board Position or No Experience Welcome!
Location: Pittsburgh, Pa **Career Level:** Camaraderie
Status: Current Member/Associate Member **Education Level:** Motorcycle Enthusiast
Job Category: Officers and Director at Large

Job Description

Four Winds BMW Riders, the leading organization in motorcycle enthusiasm and longest continuous BMW Rally based in Pittsburgh, Pa is seeking highly motivated individuals for the 2005 Board of Directors. Officer and Director at Large positions are only eligible from current member and associate member status. Nominations now being accepted.

Description of Duties and Responsibilities: (*General Descriptions, Reference Four Winds BMW Riders By-Laws for detailed Board Position Information.*)

President: The President shall be the chief executive officer of the organization.

Vice President: The Vice-President shall, in the absence of the President, perform all duties and exercise the powers of the President.

Treasurer: The Treasurer shall have custody of the organization funds.

Recording Secretary: The Recording Secretary shall take and keep the minutes of all meetings of the Board of Directors, business meetings conducted by the entire membership

Corresponding Secretary: The Corresponding Secretary shall be responsible for maintaining for reference all documents, and records.

Director at Large (2): The Directors shall welcome new members, promote club functions, and organize rides.

Contact Information

2004 Vice President: Rob Berner
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Contact Rob for any additional info or interest in being a Board of Directors Member!! "An Equal Opportunity Employer"

WHATCHA DOIN'?

(Continued from the June Issue of the 4-Winds Newsletter)

"Hey, Adam—I've got another idea..." I told him, breaking the silence. "Why don't you bring your bike up here so we can give it some polishing too?" He was in motion before the last words had even come from my lips. A few moments later, we were both hunched over his bike spraying and wiping like there was no tomorrow. Soon, we were finished, and as we'd done before, we just stood back to admire our work. We must've been quite a sight to a passerby—two figures, virtual mirror images of each other, arms crossed, feet slightly apart with the left just ahead of the right, heads ever-so-slowly swiveling from side to side and occasionally nodding, standing at attention there in the driveway in silent tribute to the beauty of our "machines"...

"Wait here..." I told Adam a few moments later after we'd each had a chance to fully explore our handiwork. I walked quickly into the house and grabbed my camera—this was definitely a moment that needed to be captured. Adam looked my way when I came back out of the garage. When he saw what I was carrying in my hands, his eyes got real big. "A... a picture?" he said. "You're gonna take a picture?" "Yep..." I replied with a smile. "... An' I may... uh... an' I may just have to take several..." We got some good poses—just our bikes sparkling in the late afternoon sun. And then one or two with Adam and his bike. And then me with mine, along with a few others as well. "So... Why don't we get one of you sittin' on my BMW, Adam?" I asked. He looked up at me, his eyes wide with disbelief. "R-e-a-l-l-y?" he replied in a barely audible whisper, as if my words hadn't quite sunk in. "Sure thing", I said. "Here... let me show ya' how to climb aboard." And with that, he jumped on like it

was the most natural of natural things for him to do.

The smile on his face said it all—the joy and excitement of doing something he'd obviously always wanted to do coloring the moment to its fullest luster. "Hmmm—why don't you just stay there, Adam—I don't need any help puttin' my cleaning stuff away." I said, nodding my head back and forth. I'm not too sure he really heard me—I could easily see he'd already ridden off somewhere in his mind. I smiled as I clutched an armload of bottles and rags and brushes and headed for the storage cabinet a few feet away. I remember that feeling, I thought to myself—I remember it so well... Almost like it was just yesterday...

A moment later as I returned to the driveway, I heard a faint voice from down the street calling Adam home for dinner. Geez, I thought to myself—was it already that late? I glanced down at my watch and was surprised to see how much time had actually passed since Adam's arrival. He looked over his shoulder at me and said, "... Well... My Mom's callin' me—I... Guess I gotta go home now..." The words came from his mouth painfully. I think he just wanted this special moment to last longer than it seemed to be. "Hey, that's OK... Ya' know, I should probably get goin' myself..." I said—and then quickly added "... Hey... Thanks a lot for comin' by and helping out—you really did a great job today, Adam..." He smiled again and very reluctantly got off my motorcycle and began walking away from me towards his bike. His slowly moving feet, shuffling steps, hands deeply stuffed in his pockets and lowered head said it all—he really didn't want to go.

I stood there for a second or two and then said, "Ya' know, I'm gonna have this film developed tomorrow, Adam. So, ya' think you

Continued on page 6

On the Net...

Have you found a neat location on the Internet? Send the URL in with a brief description of what it's about to the editor and we'll post it here for the benefit of your fellow riders...

Note: copy or type the underlined link into your browser's URL textbox and hit 'Go' or 'Enter' to go there.

Our Four Winds Site, what else??? <http://www.4windsbmw.org> . And always remember never to forget, you can get this and past color copies of the Newsletter in PDF format there! Check it out if you haven't already done so.

The BMW Sport Touring site: <http://www.bmwspportouring.com/> . This site is dedicated to, what else? Sport touring on BMW motorcycles. Includes a message board and other goodies.

FOR SALE

1978 R100/7 - Color: Roseish purple, miles: 90,000ish, runs good, roadworthy, front brake sticking, can be ridden but could go for a new clutch. New Corbin seat w/ backrest. Asking \$1500. The Rodmans: 412-384-5132.

1994 R 100 Mystic - Truly one of the last of the Airheads! Only 250 Imported during '94 & '95. Loaded with extras including: Color Matched Parabellum Scout Fairing w/ 2 screens, Color Matched Integral Bags w/ liners (+ 2nd set of standard Integral Bags), Color Matched Oil Cooler Cover, Bill Mayer Saddle (+ stock saddle), Works Performance Shock (+ stock shock), Progressive Dual Rate Fork Springs, Fork Gaiters, Braided Stainless Steel Brake Lines, Auxiliary Gauges (clock & voltmeter), Dunlop D205 Radials (+ extra new rear), Multivario Tank Bag w/ Rare Red Piping, Chrome Engine Guards, Tank Knee Protection Pads, Bob's Wrist Rest, Hand Guards (currently not installed), Hyper Lites & Heated Grips. I am the 2nd owner. This bike has been very well maintained including recent spline lube. This bike set up the way it is, is a one of a kind beauty and is very clean! Asking \$6995.00 including all of the above, or I am willing to negotiate a price based on which extras you want. Contact Rick @ 412-731-4020 or giftdp@aol.com.

might be able to stop by so we can see how they turned out?”, I asked him. He stopped dead in his tracks in an exaggerated manner, turned quickly and smiled that signature grin, almost as if he’d been expecting me to say exactly what I’d said. “Awesome!” he exclaimed. “I’ll be here...”

And that he was for many days that Spring and Summer... Adam and I spent a number of special moments together over the course of those next several months, sometimes working on repair projects together at the house and sometimes just talking about whatever was on his mind. He became quite good with my tools (... through no fault of mine, by the way...), in many ways becoming much better than me. And all the time, his questions never stopped. Neither did my answers. That was nearly 15 years ago. He moved away not long after that – his father had passed away suddenly that Spring in a freak accident I’d learned, and he and his mother had been forced to fend for themselves at a particularly difficult economic time locally. She’d taken a job in another state—and just as quickly as he’d come into my days, he was gone. I never heard from him again—until this past Saturday.

I was out in the garage cleaning up after a morning ride and generally just putzin’ around, when my wife stepped out and told me I was wanted on the phone. I’d been expecting a call from a friend regarding some plans we’d been discussing but had not yet finalized for that evening, but I wasn’t quite prepared for what I heard after speaking “Hello” into the mouthpiece. “Whatcha doin’?”, the voice on the other end spoke—and I knew immediately it was Adam. Sure, the voice was deeper and more mature sounding, but the way the words were spoken was a dead giveaway. We spent the next couple of hours getting caught up on his life. At 28, he sounded like he’d made quite a success of himself and it made me smile.

“I never forgot how kind you were to me...” he said, the words heavy with emotion, “... and I’m not sure I ever really thanked you for what you did for me. So I’m saying it now—thanks... Thanks so much. You have no idea how important you were to me at that time in my life...” I thanked him for the kindness of his words and felt a lump in my throat beginning to develop. Sensing the need to say something before my emotions got the better of me and reduced me to mush, I turned our chat to something I knew would take us to a lighter place—motorcycles.

“I still ride as much as I can—and I’ve still got a BMW”, I told him. “An’ as a matter of fact, though, I’ve recently purchased a newer one—an F650GS. How ‘bout you? Did ya’ ever get your motorcycle?” I wasn’t quite prepared for the answer I got—but it did make me grin from ear to ear. As it turned out, he did get his motorcycle. An’ actually, he’d had several over the intervening years—each of them not surprisingly a BMW. On top of that, he told me he’d become quite a highly sought-after mechanic, steadily working himself up through the ranks and paying his dues at a number of prestigious dealerships in his area. His next goal, he told me, was to become a BMW dealer. For the better part of the next hour, then, we talked about what he’d done and what he’d be doing—and a whole lot of other motorcycle stuff. All too soon, it came time for us to hang up. Before doing so, though, we talked about getting together and doing some riding this Summer. I’m really looking forward to that.

There’s much talk these days about random acts of kindness and how impactful they can sometimes be. That made me think about Adam and how the most simple of acts—in our case, sharing some cleaning rags and conversation while polishing our “toys”—can have a lasting effect on people. What was inconsequential and ordinary to me turned out to be quite the opposite to Adam. Ultimately, I suppose, we’re all products of our environments—and for most of us,

that can cover a lot of territory. How truly different life might be for all of us if there were more genuine caring and kindness in our lives. I’ve often heard it said a single candle’s glow can pierce the darkest night... I believe that to be true... I also believe a single word or action can turn a moment around and add a special richness to life.

The lesson for me? Be a candle in someone’s life—do something to make someone’s day, for in doing so, you make your own. Rewards come to us all in unexpected ways—I know I’ll savor every moment I spend riding with Adam this Summer.

— BILL

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RIDE TO HEART’S CONTENT 5/25/2004

by Ralph Meyer

Having wanted to get up to Heart’s Content since last year’s aborted attempt to do so on the hooky ride due to faulty information from a park ranger, Sonny Robison and I e-mailed each other about the possibility of a ride up there should the weather look OK. Since it did, we agreed to meet at the King’s for Breakfast at 8 on Tuesday, May 25th, and to invite anyone else who wanted to go to join us. Sonny e-mailed John Barr, and I e-mailed some also, but only John was able to make it. So, from Breakfast at King’s Restaurant on 286 & Presque Isle Drive at 8:00 AM, John Barr on his R1100RS led Sonny on his R1200 and I on the R1150RT, John led us north starting at 9:00 AM on Rte 286, and then Rte 380 to Rte 66, continuing North from there to New Bethlehem, whence Sonny took over the lead on Rte 28 to Brookville. Stopping at the Sheetz at the corner of Rtes 36 & 322 for gas and a pit stop, I picked up the lead continuing North up Rte 36 as far as its intersection with Rte 899, which, being practically trafficless, we took north to 66 again just South of Marienville. Continuing on from Marienville to Pigeon on Rte 66, we turned left onto Blue Jay Rd and rolled past Sheffield Junction and Blue Jay, to turn West on Rte 666 following Tionesta Creek toward Kelletville and Endeavor. We had to be a bit careful on this curvey and delightful road as recent rains had washed sand and pebbles out of a number of drive-ways onto the road, making things rather squirrely if one wasn’t careful. Reaching Endeavor, we passed the Endeavor Lumber Company on the left, originally known as Wheeler and Dusenbury’s Lumber Mill, and the home of Joshua Wheeler on the hillside on the right overlooking the town. It was Mr. Wheeler, whose company, Wheeler & Dusenbury, had logged (and its successor still does) all the countryside around there and in what is now the Allegheny National Forest. In the process of cutting virgin timber, Mr. Wheeler felt a great heritage would be lost to future generations should they not be able to see what Penn’s Woods (Penn-sylvania) in this area had first looked like when he and Mr. Dusenbury’s logging crews started to work on

it. In consequence, he set aside a 20 acre area in the midst of the woods that was not to be touched, but left in perpetuity as he and his partner's crews originally found it. The area was later ceded to the state under the proviso that it was to be left, aside from visitor's trails through it, totally in its natural state as they had found it and as it might later evolve. This 20 acre area is what is now known as Heart's Content, and contains giant hemlocks, pines, maples, and other indigenous hard and soft-woods some of which are many hundreds of years old and the base of some of whose trunks are 3-5 or more feet in diameter. (Hunting years ago in another area logged by W & D, I measured one long-felled tree stump that was well over 8 feet in diameter!) Some of the trees in Heart's Content are above 150 feet tall, and some may even reach 200 feet or better. Sonny, John, and I saw one maple that looked at least that height. The fact that the deciduous trees, which usually grow so that their diameter is about the same as their height,

have a height far greater than their limbs' drip-edge can be accounted for by the age and environment of the trees there, as, to obtain sunlight in competition with other equally sun-hungry trees, they must grow far higher to keep their leaves in the sun than they might otherwise do were they the only tree in an open landscape. The floor of the area is littered with fallen trees and blowdowns, and, as far as living fauna is concerned, shade dwellers like mosses and ferns. It is, in a word, an awesome place, made the moreso after traveling to get there through second growth forest whose provender has been eaten off to the height the deer in the area can reach. One can see quite a distance looking through the second growth woods below the deer-height nibble line, but you cannot do that in Heart's Content, as the deer don't seem to have bothered with it much (there isn't much for a 5 foot high herbivore to eat off a tree whose lowest leaves are at least a hundred and twenty feet off the ground).

To arrive at this marvelously interesting piece of Pennsylvania history, upon passing through Endeavor on Rte 666, we turned right on US 62 and headed for Tidioute, turning right again just before reaching the Tidioute bridge over the Allegheny River (Rte 62 follows the river along there from Tionesta almost to Warren) onto Heart's Content Road. Reaching the top of the hill, we turned left into the Tidioute Overlook, which is maintained by the Forestry Service, and stopped for a gander up the Allegheny and a look at the town of Tidioute just across the river from the second overlook at that location (you can see for miles from both overlooks). At this vantage point above the Allegheny, Tidioute looks like a toy town in a model railroad layout. Walking up the trail from the parking area to the second overlook, I followed a large tom turkey who was meandering up the path in the same direction until he discovered me trailing him, whence he sauntered downhill off the path to disappear into bracken in the woods' understory.



From the overlook, we continued along Heart's Content Road to the 'T,' turned right at the 'T' and continued to follow the black-topped but pothole riddled road to Heart's Content, where we parked the bikes, shed helmets and riding jackets, and enjoyed a walk through this amazing and, at least on the surface, peaceful place. Amid the lush forest growth, the chipmunks seemed to be the only animals out in force, though there are squirrels galore up there too, but they have been shot at quite enough to make them totally chary of any bi-ped, even well-intentioned motorcyclists.

After our walk down the forest interpretational path, we returned to the bikes. By then it was a bit after 1:30 PM, and we'd decided to retrace our path, continue on past Endeavor on 62 and head into Tionesta to stop for lunch at the Tionesta City Pizzeria that is located on the right on Main Street just past the bridge where 62 crosses the river to head down to Oil City. The City Pizzeria was where we enjoyed some great sandwiches on Kev Hart's Hooky Ride up into that country last year.

There was just one problem with getting to the Pizzeria. Water. Lots of it. From above... and an RT rider who just kept on a-going in the rain. The sky to the west was very dark grey as we headed back toward Tidioute on Heart's Content Road and the rain started as we were coming down the hill on Heart's Content Road to 62. It rained, or should I say, poured, almost all the way from Tidioute to Tionesta. Sonny's comment upon arrival at the Pizzeria was, 'If it's gonna rain, don't let an RT rider lead!' Dumb me. I was the RT rider, and should have stopped in Tidioute so we could put on rain gear. Trouble



was, on all my former bikes, I a) never had rain gear to put on so b) kept riding in the rain 'till I got where I was going, and c) once-upon-a-time rode with a Vetter Windjammer fairing that beat (Sorry BMW!) the RT's fairing all hollow when it comes to keeping a rider dry at least above the boots (I didn't

have the lowers to go with the Vetter uppers or even the boots would probably have been dry). I just kept on a-goin' with the result that all three of us got various forms and amounts of 'soaked' by the time we reached the City Pizzeria. Fortunately the rain had stopped by then, and Sonny, who got the wettest, had a change of turtle-neck et al. in his tank bag, while John and I were able to get our soaked sleeves and legs dry on the ride home (at least I did, and I trust John was able to do the same).

After lunch at the City Pizzeria, Sonny picked up the lead (nobody trusted me after that to stop should the rain start again!), continuing on Rte 36 from Tionesta to its intersection with Rte 66 at Leeper. We hung a right onto 66 South, and down onto I-80 East, which 66 follows for a bit, whence we got off I-80 at the Clarion Rte 68 exit to fuel up at the BP station there.

Sonny and John had talked about heading home by continuing down 66 South to New Bethlehem, and then taking 28 on home. At that point, deciding that that might add an hour or so to my own travel to Bakerstown, I told the fellows I thought I'd slab it back on I-80 to Rte 38 at Emlenton, take that to Butler, and then pick up Rte 8 South to Bakerstown and home. Wishing each other a safe trip back we went our separate ways home from there. It really turned out to be a great ride, in fine company, save for the dang fool on an RT who didn't have sense enough to stop and put on rain gear when the drops starting coming down (me!) and got us all wet. Ah well. Live and Learn! I shall try to do better next time, guys! Water aside, I hope the ride was still enjoyable enough to put a smile on everyone's face!

RALPH



DAINGEROUS LTVs

According to statistics from the NHTSA, although motorcyclists' injuries in accidents have dropped significantly since 1990, no doubt due to increasing motorcyclist education, the bad news is that since 1998 fatalities in motorcycle accidents have doubled! The cause for this has been determined to be the vast increase in the presence of LTVs (Light truck vehicles--i.e., Pickups and SUVs) on the road and their involvement in accidents with motorcycles. In addition to helping drive gasoline prices up by virtue of lower MPGs for these vehicles than standard passenger cars, these vehicles, when hitting a motorcyclist, hit them much higher on the body, and being heavier vehicles, with more force than a passenger car at a given velocity. Furthermore, since drivers sit higher in these vehicles, the portion of a motorcyclist that is seen by a driver when the motorcyclist is close to the vehicle is smaller, thus rendering the cyclist's 'invisibility to cagers' quotient even greater. The consequence of these factors is the aforementioned doubling of fatalities in motorcycle accidents. Motorcyclists thus need to be especially cautious in the presence of these vehicles and do all that can be done to render themselves conspicuous to their drivers. For a full discussion of this situation, see Wendy Moon's article "Fatal Design: Why Motorcycle Fatalities Have Doubled," *Motorcycle Consumer News*, July 2004, p. 23ff.



IL DIABLO IN PIRELLI

by Don Poremski

The motorcyclists' grapevine works very quickly in these days of the internet, so it wasn't unusual that I would hear about Pirelli's "Free Tire" offer. The deal was that if a person bought a Diablo rear tire, a free 120/70/17 Diablo could be had for just the cost of shipping and handling, in this case, \$20. Not bad! My ZX-11 (and many other sport-oriented motorcycles) could have new rubber for right around \$170, less mounting and balancing.

The coupon form that was to accompany my receipt for the rear tire was available on-line so next came the search for a rear tire supplier. Got that from Discount Motorcycle Tire and Accessories, also on line, and the whole package was sent to the indicated address for Pirelli Tire of North America, Motorcycle Division in Georgia. Cool! New tires for under \$200. Too good to be true? Yes, pessimist breath. Too right.

Got my entire submittal back unopened with a form letter stating that the program was good through March 31st or as long as supplies lasted. So, being a marketing guy myself I'm puzzled.

What was the thrust behind Pirelli's program? My submittal was made before the deadline.

Two possibilities come to mind. First, Pirelli had a lot of Diablo rear tires due to bad forecasting and they wanted to unload a bunch. Success. My rear tire has been purchased. But, now there is anger over not getting the free front. Second, Pirelli thought that a customer wouldn't mix radials and their "stock-out" refusal would force the purchase of a Diablo front tire? (*BUZZER*) Wrong!

If Pirelli wanted to attract first-time buyers like me, they succeeded, but they have also raised my ire such that I WILL mix a Pirelli rear with anyone else's front and NEVER buy another Pirelli for either motorcycle or car. What? They don't make 120/70/17 Diablos anymore? They certainly would if I plunked down the retail value.

So, another great idea gets besmirched by corporate stinginess. Hey, if those Diablos performed as claimed, they probably wouldn't have been the last set on my bike, and there would have been the added plus of positive word of mouth...as opposed to this warning to all my fellow riders. Maybe Il Diablo, the one from down there, was at work here.

DON



UNTRIVIAL TRIVIA

How many championships did Giacomo Agostini win?

Tie Breaker: List what classes. Fill in the box below with your name and answer(s) and bring it to the meeting.

Name:

Answer(s):

PICTURE ESSAY...
THREE? WASHINGTON COUNTY BRIDGES

These Covered Bridges are shown both in the DeLorme *Gazetteer* and in *Covered Bridges of Pennsylvania*, but when Walt Halaja and I got to them on 5/21/2004, 2 of the three were 'Lil' Bridges that weren't there! The 'Ten Mile Creek Bridge' and the Davis/Overholtzer Covered Bridge had gone 'Poof'... all but their abutments! But we finally hit one that existed: the Hughes, and *it* was in the middle of a big lawn. No road to it any more. (Appropos quote about the Hughes is from the film *Zulu*.)

RALPH



"Davis/Overholtzer"



"Ten Mile Run"

"Hughes?... Hughes, I saw you. You're alive. Answer 'Sir!' Officer on Parade!" -Color Sgt. Bourne, *Zulu*



**NO RUM RIDE
TO NEW RUMLEY
THE WEST BREAKFAST
RIDE OF 6/12/2004**

by Ralph Meyer

Having chatted with Cap'n Halaja by E-mail and ascertained that he was planning, if all went well at the station, on making the West



Virginia and over the neat Ft. Steuben bridge into Ohio. At Wintersville we momentarily picked up Ohio Rte 43N and immediately cut onto Ohio Rte 646W. 43 and 646 was the end of the slab, and the beginning of much more deliciousness cycle-wise. Walt knows how to pick 'em! There wasn't much of a straight, flat,



Breakfast ride, I headed out for the Traditional Eat 'n Park on Rte 60, where he pulled in shortly after I'd arrived. Having no place in particular to go on the docket, we discussed a bit the possibilities in the parking lot, whence Walt gathered



a couple of maps of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and, since no other riders showed up, headed in to the usual non-slimming Eat 'n Park breakfast to plan our foray. a piece of blacktop anywhere on that route. And the morning traffic along it consisted of a car or pickup or two that soon turned off on a side road or some farm or other. That road went up, down, and all around through some really beautiful woods and countryside. We just flowed along dancing through the curves up, or down. The route was remarkably well sprinkled with 'Winding Road' signs, and where there were no such signs, the road still wound. Not only that, but some 2 laners' road surfaces are 'interesting' more or less after the fashion of the mythical supposedly Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times." This one though, aside from a bit of grass here and there from having had its verges recently mowed, was about as smooth as a baby's you-know-what.

Walt said he wanted to be back by 2 or 3 in the afternoon, so finding some covered bridges neither of us had yet gotten to was out as we'd both garnered pretty well everything within a couple hours distance from the E & P. Walt had a neat newspaper clipping he'd been saving as a place he wanted some time to get to see near East Liverpool—where Pretty Boy Floyd had been killed back in the 30s, but neither of us was sure exactly where the location of the spot might be, though the clipping did name a street. However, having no close up map of East Liverpool available, it was anybody's guess where in or around East Liverpool that was. We could, had we gone, of course, asked someone, but a) locals often don't have the foggiest exactly where some specific spot they don't live next to is, and b) both being males, we might possibly have suffered from the effects of that definitely masculine 'Don't ask, Don't admitcha don't know' Chromosome. The other possibility was a tiny town in Ohio named New Rumley, from whence a rather famous Civil and Indian War personage had derived. New Rumley, the where, I didn't know. But when Walt told me the Who, added to the fact that he knew exactly where the monument to the fellow was, that nailed the ride, hands down. I mean, after all, who wouldn't want to visit the birthplace of General George Armstrong Custer? As with Pretty Boy Floyd, it'd be like riding to and walking around a spot where a neat piece of American History was made, especially in Custer's case!

So, after eggs, bacon/sausage, toast, and coffee, off we went west on 22 a bit, picked up the Old Steubenville Pike that parallels 22 (neither of us particularly like slabs) a bit more, then back on 22 again at Florence and thence on through the Great State of West

After our frolic along 646, we arrived at New Rumley and pulled up our trusty RT steeds at the shrine to the Late Great Cavalryman, which was complete with a better-than-life-sized bronze statue of the feller, and a set of very informative kiosks delineating his life, acquaintances, and times. I'm not sure whether grabbing his toe gets one good luck (as supposedly, rubbing Jesus's on Michaelangelo's Pieta in St Peter and Paul's Basilica in Rome does), getting shot by an Indian (These days this would probably amount to one delivered by a hypodermic wielded by a dusky doctor who got his M.D. at Delhi University), or just a handful of verdigris, but we both posed with a hand on 'Old Yellowhair's' left boot for posterity's pictures to show we'd been there (at least to New Rumley, if not the Little Big Horn). After getting the photos, we paused for an examination of the historical placards in the kiosks, some relief at the enclosed one-holer cabinet extérieur downhill from the monument in the park, and a nice chat thereafter on the benches gracing the little plaza before the General's statue.

By then it was well past noon, the initially sunny day had turned to overcast, and the overcast to the west had a distinctly gunmetal gray cast to it, so, after mapping out a different return route, we mounted up and retraced our path on 646 (still delightful, yet 'differ-

ent' going the other way!) to Ohio Rte 9 N to 39 E, a scenic trail (so identified on the map), at Salineville. Both these roads were almost as much fun as 646, though, on 39, we came up behind a couple of Harley riders that we had to cut our enjoyable pace way down for and stay behind for some distance due to the curves. One was a Sportster (obviously complete with Harley's standard OEM accessory: the built in vibrational speed limiter) and the other possibly a Lo-boy. In any event, they looked like they were going about as fast as they thought comfortable, which to us was gnawingly slow (like Poremski & Co's cages on the Skyline during the Easter Swoop) so when we finally hit a bit of straight road, Walt flashed his left turn signal, and we both pulled out, blew by 'em, and went back to comfortable and enjoyable Beemer speed. Walt wondered later whether we might have scared 'em, but I figured that with the noise they were making, they probably didn't even know we were there until our taillights magically appeared and disappeared in front of 'em. After the next curve, they never even showed up in our rear view mirrors.

We'd thought about going North on Ohio 7 to East Liverpool and getting on US 30 East, but the map seemed to show a bridge across the river at PA 8 and Ohio 152, with PA 8 looking like a more interesting way to get to 30. So, on arriving at US 7, we turned South. However, when we reached Toronto, no exit denoting 8 or 152 had been in evidence, nor, for that matter, had there been any bridge visible from 7. We pulled off to look at the map and discovered in very fine print that the line across the Ohio River we thought was a bridge was actually a dam. We'd already seen it, and there obviously was no riding across it! Because we were a bit closer to Steubenville by then, we decided to keep heading South, and slab it back on 22, which we did, making a pit cum hamburger stop at the Eat 'n Park on Three Springs Drive in Weirton.

When we got on 60 in Robinson Twp. just past 60's north cutoff to the airport, we ran into a 3 lane stop and crawl traffic jam that moved at about the pace of a snail with a broken gitalong such that Walt eventually decided to turn around, go back to 30, which we'd just passed, and head on to home on 279 and the fire station for night turn instead of going on into town on 60. So, wishing each other a safe trip the rest of the way, we parted and I continued on 60 in the jam to 79... It turned out the jam was not an accident, but just a lot of traffic off the 6 lane at the Eat 'n Park plaza squeezing down into the 1 lane 60 turns back into just East of there. After one finally reached the 1-lane portion, things moved right along.

Despite the traffic jam at the end, the ride to New Rumley wasn't a rum ride at all, but a really great one. The weather was not hot, the company was the finest kind, the destination was very interesting, and the roads there were fun. Stats for the ride from my place were: 193 miles, moving time: 3 hours and 59 minutes; stopped time: 2 hours and 50 minutes; averaging, during 'moving time,' about 48 mph. A ride to be recommended to anyone!

RALPH



A BMW BIKE EXPERIENCE...

A lady, getting in her car in a Shop 'n Save parking lot, upon seeing a 4-Winds member's RT parked next to her car commented to the rider, "That's the most beautiful motorcycle I've ever seen!" --Just one of the perks of owning a BMW, huh?



4TH OF JULY CLUB RIDE

If you have seen the food channel lately, you know that they have visited nearly every barbecue joint in the U.S. of A. They all claim to be the best, of course, but we 4-Winds Bags know better: the #1 Barbecue Joint around these parts is Clem's in Blairsville. I think that the 4th of July is a perfect time for a club "pigout." And, as long as we're in a "Food Mood," we may as well start the ride off from one of my other favorite spots, the Oakmont Bakery. Departure time for the ride will be 10AM. The bakery's location is 531 Allegheny Avenue, Oakmont, PA.

Have a full tank and an empty belly. If you have any questions or want more information call Ed Syphan at 724-347-5590. C'ya the Fourth!

ED



TOP 10 PUNS

- Two vultures board an airplane, each carrying two dead raccoons. The stewardess looks at them and says, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, only one carrion allowed per passenger."
- Two fish swim into a concrete wall. The one turns to the other and says "Dam!"
- Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. Not surprisingly, it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it too.
- Two hydrogen atoms meet. One says "I've lost my electron." The other says "Are you sure?" The first replies "Yes, I'm positive."
- Did you hear about the Buddhist who refused Novocain during a root canal? His goal was to transcend dental medication.
- A group of chess enthusiasts checked into a hotel and were standing in the lobby discussing their recent tournament victories. After about an hour the manager came out of the office and asked them to disperse. "But why?" they asked, as they moved off. "Because", he said, "I can't stand chess nuts boasting in an open foyer."
- A woman has twins and gives them up for adoption. One of them goes to a family in Egypt and is named "Ahmal." The other goes to a family in Spain and is named "Juan." Years later, Juan sends a picture of himself to his birth mother. Upon receiving the picture, she tells her husband that she wishes she also had a picture of Ahmal. Her husband responds, "They're twins! If you've seen Juan, you've seen Ahmal."
- These friars were behind on their belfry payments, so they opened up a small florist shop to raise funds. Since everyone liked to buy flowers from the men of God, a rival florist across town thought the competition was unfair. He asked the good fathers to close down, but they would not. He went back and begged the friars to close. They ignored him. So, the rival florist hired Hugh MacTaggart, the roughest and most vicious thug in town to "persuade" them to close. Hugh beat up the friars and trashed their store, saying he'd be back if they didn't close up shop. Terrified,

they did so, thereby proving that only Hugh can prevent florist friars.

9. Mahatma Gandhi, as you know, walked barefoot most of the time, which produced an impressive set of calluses on his feet. He also ate very little, which made him rather frail; and with his odd diet, he suffered from bad breath. This made him ...(Oh, man, this is so bad, it's good)..... A super calloused fragile mystic hexed by halitosis.
10. And finally, there was the person who sent ten different puns to his friends, with the hope that at least one of the puns would make them laugh.

No pun in ten did!



A HOT TIME AT THE OLD BRIDGES THAT DAY

by Ralph Meyer

Well, Maude, here's how it went down. Sunday, June 6, my little Weather Watcher program on the computer said there'd be two or three days without our usual Pittsburgh weather—i.e. three days of sunny weather were actually coming up. Monday I was tied up, so I decided that on Tuesday I'd try to find and photograph the 4 covered bridges in the Northwest corner of Washington County (the same ones Walt Halaja and Jürgen Brune had found and photographed back when there was snow yet on the ground). Soooo, on checking the temperature outside early that morning, I found it to be around 65—a real nice temperature for a ride. I filled the Camelbak with ice and water, put the gazetteer in the top box, connected the GPS to the bike's juice, and then went back upstairs and proceeded to grab some breakfast and do a bit more on the computer... you know, checking the news, doing the e-mail, popping a bill or two into Quicken and such. After all, it had been just 5:45 AM when I checked the temp.

To make a (sadly) long story short, by the time I got done piddling with the computer, the bike wheeled out, the jacket, bucket, and gloves on, and was headed up the driveway, it was 10:30, and the temperature had climbed to a not-so-pleasant 85. The riding outfit was still cool from the night before as the house was cool, but it didn't take long to warm up. It was downright hot by the time I hit Sewickley on the Orange Belt (I was taking a page out of Walt's book and avoiding the slab... 'sides, when I headed out for those same bridges a month and a half ago and took the slab, getting off and heading West on 51 N through Coraopolis, that was where that old feller in a Ford flogged the bike and me. I didn't want a repeat of that nonsense, and besides, the Orange Belt down to Sewickley is kinda a pretty ride, with some nice switchbacks here 'n there). Anyway, I picked up 60N from the Orange Belt on the East

Side of the airport, cut off West on Clinton Road to 30 and 30W to Clinton-Frankfort Road, figuring to head south on Bigger Road (which is actually pretty small—don't know what it's Bigger than...) to Lyle and the Bridge. And there the fun began. Got down Bigger Road a wee way only to have a sign, "Road Closed 1 Mile Ahead" stare me in the face. Being the intrepidly optimistic fool I am, I continued on, figuring that maybe, just maybe, Bigger's closure would be south of the Lyle Bridge, the first one on my list. It wasn't. I hit the barrier (figuratively, figuratively!) before I hit the Lyle or the road to it.

I'd been following the directions of the GPS, but, after turning around and heading back the way I'd come on Bigger in hopes of having the GPS find me another way to the bridge, the poor thing got itself all gebezoogled and finally gave me it's infamous "Off Route Error" dialog box, meaning something like, "Hey! Fool! You just confused the heck outta me and I don't know how to git ya where ya said ya wanted ta go! So I'm quitting. Tough potatoes! So there!" (I'd told it to navigate me to the Lyle Bridge, which I'd set as a waypoint on the map on the computer at home, and then downloaded to the GPS earlier on.) I hit 'Enter' to shut the bloody dialog box down, went back out to 30 and hung a right onto a small (bigger than Bigger, though) blacktop that seemed headed in the right direction in hopes of finding my way around the closure, in order to sneak up on the Lyle Bridge from the south instead of the North as had been my original plan.

After twisting here and there more or less south- and southwestward on Hebron Road (the little bigger than Bigger Road road), then Washington Road, I reset the GPS to find Lyle Bridge again, and lo and behold it directed me to head north when I ran again into Bigger

Road. There were no 'Road Closed' signs in evidence, so, hoping I was now below the break (whatever it was) I followed the GPS's lead and headed north. I came to a kind of cross-road where the black-topped Bigger went right, and 2 smaller dirt roads went straight and left... each of which dirt roads had a 'Bridge Weight Limit' sign respectively gracing its entrance. I joyfully figured one or the other had to be the



Lyle, and, choosing the most unlikely, the 15 tonner first, I headed down (and I mean down!) that gravelly dirtie. Wrong! The bridge at the bottom was a 1-lane concrete. Didn't quite qualify. So, I turned the RT around... Ever try that on a high rut crowned, gravelly dirt road with nice ditches on either side? Great Fun and fine experience at bike handling! Not! Especially not at what felt like 95 degrees by them. Boy was I glad of that Camelbak's ice water after the bike was headed back uphill.

Of course, I was still quite happy, as I figured the 4 tonner HAD to be the Lyle—the object of my present affliction. Wrong! Again! The 4 tonner while interesting and picturesque, wasn't the Lyle. It was instead a well rusted, banged up iron jobber sporting a wood

plank floor that looked like a good heavy Amish buggy, horse and all, would crack right through it to the stream below—that is, if Amish buggies had been in evidence in the locale—which they weren't. Anyway, I took a picture of it for my own posterity turned the bike around, and retraced my track back to the lil' ol' Bigger. The GPS was, by then, again gebezoogled.

Hitting its 'Enter' key to rid it of its "You Dang Fool!" dialog box, I let it just act as a compass and headed south onto Robinson Church Road (Yahoo! Blacktop!) to the Old Steubenville Pike stopping when I reached the Pike to tell the GPS to go find the Lyle Bridge (again!). This



time, it said, "Go West, Young Man, go West... on ye auld Steubenville Pike 'till ya come to Kramer Road." Which I did, turning North on Kramer Road, which was a combination of mostly blacktop punctuated by occasional stretches of dirt and gravel. Eatcher hearts out, GS fans! The ol' RT was handling all this grunge like a trooper. And did I mention it was hot? The temp gauge on my triple-clamp said it was 105 and the oil temp was a bar higher than it usually runs, probably because I'd been traveling mostly in 2nd, 3rd, and 4th depending on the quality and nature of the stuff underwheels. At least the Old Steubenville Pike enabled me to get her into 6th a bit, to cool the bike, and me down. Some-what.

After North a couple of miles on Kramer, I passed a little dirt road on the right, looking down which I spied... guess what? That 'interesting' ancient rusty iron bridge. Geez! That'll teach me to trust the GPS a bit more, 'cause at the time I was there it said, "Git yerself right across that bridge!" but thinking it thought that bridge was the Lyal, I'd turned around instead and headed south as just described. Dang! Ah well. At least I got to cool off a bit of the perspiration inside my Jacket sleeves in 6th on the Pike. Errors in figuration ain't all bad, huh? And guess what... just a bit past Witherspoon Road (it of that lil' rustbucket bridge), there was a sign stating a bridge was in the offing that had a 10 Foot height-of-vehicle limit. Even the lil' steel bridge didn't have a sign like that. Hope sprang up again like a bad weed, and, sure 'nuff, there was the Lyle! There was even a nice little place to park the bike just the other side of the bridge. Well, I parked the bike, got out of the sweltering jacket, bucket, and gloves (Even ninety degree plus air sure feels good on a perspiration soaked shirt when it can get at it! Evaporative cooling. Great Stuff!), got out the trusty camera and took the shots, not to mention a couple of looonnnng slugs of ice water from the Camelbak in the tank bag.

Then... back on with the bucket, jacket, and gloves, all of which felt like they'd been roasting in an oven while awaiting my pleasure; turn the bike around, and putter back to ye auld Steubenville Pike, off which, a couple of miles further West, was to be found the McClurg/Devil's Den Bridge, relocated onto the park alongside the township administration building cum police station for the area.

Compared to the Lyle, finding the McClurg was a piece of cake. The township park's chain-link fence surrounding the admin building, parking lot, and adjacent picnic areas had its gate opened, and I just rode through. Not immediately seeing the bridge from the parking lot, I went into the admin building to find a couple of nice ladies chatting with one another over the counter separating the 'official' side of the main office from the customer side. They directed me to the bridge, warning me that I could ride there provided I didn't mind riding on freshly poured slag stone fistsize in diameter or I could walk. They also said I could leave my jacket on a chair there in their lovely air-conditioned office. So I a) left the Jacket, and b) walked. Got some good pictures of the bridge and the dedicatory monument honoring the folks who contributed to the bridge's move and refurbishment, returned, put on the now cool (Oh boy, how grand!) jacket, returned to the bike, put on the (now hotter) helmet and gloves, and headed off in quest of the Jackson's Mill, which the GPS said was but a couple short miles away down a few back roads.

And it was. Just down the Pike westward again to a right on Phillips Road, and another right on Kings Creek for a couple of hundred feet and thar she blew! The Jackson's Mill Covered Bridge. Another easy one. I was beginning to think the covered bridge gods decided to be merciful after the earlier fun 'n games I had finding the Lyle. Off the bike, out with the camera and tripod for the requisite shot of the bike, m'cyclist, and bridge, a good shot of cold (no longer ice) water from the Camelbak, and off we went again after setting the GPS to find the Ralston Bridge. This was getting like rolling off a log.

Ah, but Maudie, pride and confidence, says the good book (which one I don't remember) goeth before a fall... or at least, in this case, more not so nice roads in more hot 'n humid heat, heat, heat. By now the interior of my old faithful BMW Drei Phasen jacket felt like the inside of a Finnish Sauna. Trouble was, there was no nice snow outside to roll in when I jumped outa the dang thing. Ah well, onward and upward (temp wise, that is) a little farther on King's Creek Rd,



then left onto McCracken Hill (dirt and gravel) and right onto Devil's Den (more dirt and gravel), to a REAL left (almost 180 degrees back on itself and downhill) on the Ralston Rd, which was nicely marked with a stone plinth reading "alston R". This was a nice, squirrely, dirt and gravel downhill with a steep woodsy drop off on one side, rock and clay outcroppings and woods uphill with a few bumpy gravelly rutted curves complete with groundhogs just to add to the fun. At the 'bottom' the road petered out into 2 dirt tire tracks running through a lawn that apparently belonged to a house of some sort pretty well hidden by the trees on the right, a turn-around (sort of)

before the lawn-tracks, and another 180 degree back on itself really steep downhill 'Y' like the uphill one. This one, though, had a pipe gate across it, well locked, coupled with a tree sporting a sign that said 'Fishing permitted.' There was, however, no sign of a bridge, nohow, from the vantage point of the turnaround at End of Road. "Well, hell," I said to myself, "If fishin's permitted, exploring must be too. Maybe after all the bridge is down there."

So, it was manhandle the bike backwards into the turnaround so it'd be easy turning back uphill to get back out of the place, down with the kickstand, shuck the accoutrements of my portable Sauna, and hoof it out around the end of the iron gate and down the downhill extension of Ralston Rd—what there was of it. That portion of the

'road' had 6-8" deep diagonal wash-outs crossing it and finally, after a turn or two through the deep woods (ahh shade!!!) quit its gravel in favor of opening out onto a kind of deep unmoored



lawny place on one side of which, lo and behold, was a stream crossed by the Ralston Covered Bridge. How fine! The quarter mile downhill dance paid off... Up with the tripod and camera, set the 10 second timer, get the picture. Down with the tripod. Fold it up. Off with the camera. Shoot a few more of the bridge, and then back uphill (puff puff puff) to the bike. Not much evaporative cooling this time. Plenty of water in the shirt, but no breeze. Can't have everything, I guess. At least there was plenty of shade. Only the air was hot.

But, with the clicks of the camera at the Ralston, I had all four bridges I'd come for. So, it was back on with the bits of my portable



sauna, back to the Old Steubenville Pike headed East this time to the nearest entrance to US22, and from thence to the #79N Slab, the Orange Belt, and home. I decided to slab it 'cause sticking one's arm out in the slipstream at

70 gives a deliciously cool hit for a couple of moments (evaporative cooling—I had perspiration a' plenty available to evaporate—thought at one point the jacket arm would squish when I put it back on). Anyway, when I put the bike in the cool garage upon arrival home, I almost thought I heard a distinct BMW-like 'Ahhhhhhh' from it. I know that's what I said.

Did I learn anything from the ride? Well, yeah. One thing was

to put more ice in the Camelbak and maybe get a bigger one. It gave me a fateful 'Crrrrrk Crrrrrk Crrrrrrkkkkk' when I arrived at the Ralston before heading down the blocked hill hoping to find the bridge and I sure could have stood a nice slug of water when I trudged back uphill from there. And the other was that for summer wear, anything sporting black is a really dumb thing to wear when the sun's out and the temps better'n 80 or 90...in response to which latter lesson after I changed to dry duds, I surfed the net for a white perforated jacket, and, finding none that didn't cost a small fortune, settled for a mostly silver one (hope it reflects!!! Sun that is).

Was the ride fun? Wellllll, yeah, in a warm gravelly sort of way. There was certainly a fine sense of achievement at the end of it. I made it home without melting into a pool of black and orange butter like the tiger in the old Nursery Story 'Little Black Sambo' though I must admit I felt several times very much like that tiger must have when on verge of melting to butter. But all in all, it was a good ride, the Washington County back roads were, as ever, if occasionally tricky, nonetheless through lovely countryside, the ladies at the Township office at the McClurg were grand, and, as usual, the RT played GS with superb aplomb and without knobbies either.

Hoo-yah! Yeah!

RALPH



EVENTS HERE 'N THERE

July 15-18 - **BMWMOA National Rally**. More information at www.bmwmoa.org/rally04/index.htm. Or phone 636.394.7277

July 16-18 - **AMA Vinatage Days at Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course**. BMW is the Marque for this year. Tickets can be obtained from www.midohio.com or by calling 800.643.6446.

July 17 - **Rick Restelli Benefit Ride**--Registration begins at **9:00 a.m.** at **ST. FERDINAND CHURCH**, Rochester Road, Cranberry Twp. The ride begins at **10:00 a.m.** from the Church parking lot after a blessing of the ride. Donation: \$20 for Pilot, \$10 for passenger.

July 23-25 - **AMA Superbike Races at Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course**. Tickets: www.midohio.com or by call 800.643.6446.



RALLY UPDATE—JULY

by Tom Primke

This month's update is going to be brief: A very busy month at work cut into the time that I had planned to spend on Rally preparation work.

In late May I mailed 395 invitation flyers to past rally attendees. 23 of the 395 flyers went to riders in Ontario. Unfortunately my idea to use folded rally flyers with a return address as invitation postcards turned out to be much more costly than I had anticipated. The folks at the post office educated me that not only the size and weight matters, but that folded printed matter does generally not qualify as a postcard. Consequently I had to affix 37c stamps instead of 23c stamps. At 395 "postcards" the difference was a whopping \$55.-. So, just in case you are ever asked to guess how long it takes to fold 395 flyers, tape them close, apply address labels and stamps: 6 hours is a fairly accurate estimate. A big Thanks to Adrian for administering the rally attendee database and printing the address labels.

I am sure most of you saw our picture ad in the June issue of the BMW Owners News. The ad will appear a second time in the July issue. Whereas the folks from BMW ON are very responsive and accommodating to our needs, their colleagues from BMW RA seem to have ignored my requests to publicize our event. Several e-mails, a fax and a formal written request did not yield any success to get our event posted on their web site.

Lance recently notified me that the club board has agreed to take on one of the proposed improvement projects. Based on Fred Maskrey's project evaluation and cost projection the bathroom-waterproofing project has been selected. It appears that Fred will soon order the necessary materials and have them drop shipped to Redbank Valley Park. No date for the project has been set yet. If you are interested in helping with the project please e-mail (tomprimke@juno.com) or call me at (412) 828-3413.

Scott Shirey from M&S Meats confirmed that he has accepted all our terms and conditions for catering our event. As last year we will use shelter #7 for the pig roast dinner and not the Bingo shelter as originally proposed by Justin Clouse, the Redbank Park manager. Although we won't be using the Bingo shelter for the pig roast dinner Justin has agreed to let us use it for other rally functions.

The rally program is slowly taking shape: As it looks now, there will be some new events this year. Among them will be Ranger Rick's Ice Cream Ride on Friday afternoon and Jürgen and Walt's RAT (Regional Attractions) ride, a self-guided ride with some challenges along the way and some prizes to win. Jürgen is still working out the details and he may tell us more about the ride at the next club meeting. Among the "traditional" events will be Gary's & Al's Expert Tech Session - this years topics will most likely be Airhead wheel bearings – and Ranger Rick's Ô GS Adventure Ride. I am still planning to have Chuck Hager Jr., a.k.a. "Scooter" from Optimum Power lecturing us on MC fuel injection systems. To complete our guided ride program I will try to persuade Ed Syphan to offer another one of his great Western PA back road rides. Don Poremski will host the Field Events and "Edmanwalking" Ed Amman will entertain us with live music on Saturday night after the pig roast dinner.

As always I want to renew my call for volunteers. I am very happy to announce that I have found already a good number of helpers. Besides the rally volunteers mentioned above, Jim Linneman will act as co chair for Registration, Shirley Hart will help with T-shirt sales and Leo Stanton has announced that he will again take on security duties at our rally. Please consider volunteering an hour or two of your time to help with the various rally functions. I want to avoid that a few people are tied up for the entire duration of the rally and don't get to enjoy at least a few of the events.

The last topic of this month's rally update is an item that has almost fallen through the cracks: Pre-orders for long-sleeve rally shirts. As in previous years long-sleeve shirts must be pre-ordered. If you are

interested in a long-sleeve shirt please fill out the order form below and return it to me before July 1st. You can also call me to place an order. Please note that the club has not yet set a price for the shirt, so at this time \$18.00 is an estimate only that is based on the long-sleeve shirt cost to the club. Expect the shirt color to be "ash", which is kind of a light grayish speckled color, very similar to the 2002 rally T-shirt color. The T-shirt design has been published in the May newsletter. A thumbnail size picture of the shirt-back design is shown below on the order form. Please note that short-sleeve T-shirts do not need to be pre-ordered.

TOM



Cut here:

200 Winds
38th Annual Rally



Redbank Valley Park
New Bethlehem, PA

Approx. price per shirt: \$18.-

LONG SLEEVE RALLY SHIRT ORDER FORM

Name : _____

Street Address : _____

City, State & ZIP : _____

Phone Number : _____

Size [Encircle Size(s) desired]: S M L XL XXL

Quantity _____ [If several of different sizes, indicate number of each size]

Please return form by July 1st to:

Rally Shirt, c/o Tom Primke, 512 White Birch Ct., Pittsburgh, PA 15238-1324

Or call (412) 828-3413

Signature & Date : _____

Saturday, July 17th, 2004
RICK RESTELLI BENEFIT RIDE
Sponsored by Friends of Rick Restelli (Restelli's Raiders)

This is a benefit ride to raise money to assist the Rick Restelli family. Rick, an avid motorcyclist from Cranberry Twp., PA has a malignant brain tumor. This is the second time in the past three years that Rick has battled this terrible disease. In addition, Rick had a pacemaker implanted last year to correct his heartbeat due to cardiomyopathy. He has a wife and three young children who need our support to help them through this difficult time. All donations/proceeds will go directly to the Restelli family.

Restelli's Raiders have planned an outstanding motorcycle ride with great stops and great people. Here are the details:

- Registration begins at **9:00 a.m.** at **ST FERDINAND CHURCH** on Rochester Road in Cranberry Twp.
- The ride begins at **10:00 a.m.** from the Church parking lot after a blessing of the ride. The route will take us North through the countryside to the Foxburg Inn on the banks of the Allegheny River in Foxburg, PA. We will eat lunch here (on your own) and relax before the ride continues.
- Approximately **1:00 p.m.** the ride will continue through the countryside and return back to Cranberry Twp. and end at the **NORTH PARK LOUNGE DECKHOUSE** around **3:00 p.m.** At the Deckhouse we'll have:
 1. A 50/50 raffle
 2. Door prizes
 3. Lots of fun
 4. Munchies

Your support will be greatly appreciated by the Restelli family

Pre-Registration Form

Make Checks payable to **Ride for Rick** and send to:

Paul Wynkoop
115 Kimberwicke Ct.
Cranberry Twp., PA 16066
7882-7882-7882
pawynkoop@zoominternet.net

Driver Donation: \$20.00
Passenger Donation: \$10.00

Drivers Name: _____ **Passenger:** _____

Drivers Address _____

City/State/Zip: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

Unable to ride on the 17th for whatever reason, but want to assist the Restelli family. Donations will be gladly accepted in any amount by sending in this form along with your donation. No donation is too small.

Four Winds BMW Riders
c/o Ralph Meyer, Editor
6056 Meadow Lane
Bakerstown, PA 15007-9720

**HOW DO I JOIN
FOUR WINDS BMW
RIDERS?**

To join, just come to a meeting and introduce yourself. Meetings are listed here in the Newsletter and in the schedule of events on the Web Site, www.4windsbmw.org.

Membership dues are \$15 per year for primary membership, and \$7.50 per year for associate members residing in the same household as a primary member.

DIRECTIONS TO THE MEETING:

Directions to the **July 31st meeting** at Ed, Michelle, and Kelly Syphan's, 4870 Whipporwill Dr., Hermitage, PA:

From Pittsburgh: Take I-79 North to I-80 West. Take the First (Mercer) Exit. Turn Right on US 19 North. Turn Left at the 2nd light in Mercer onto US 62. At 9 miles, you'll pass a blinking light. 1 mile after the light, turn right onto Robertson Road (Cottage Gardens Nursery on corner). Go 1/2 mile. Whipporwill Drive is the second street to the left. #4870 is the 2nd house on the left. Phone number - 724-347-5590

Meeting Notes:

Please note the change of date from the usual 3rd Saturday of the Month date to the last Saturday, July 31st! The regular meeting date for July has been altered in order to accommodate the Vintage and Superbike weekends that many of our members may wish to take in.

Bring Swim Suit and Squirt Gun if you wish to participate in the batallion water-battle maneuvers or wish to make like an amphibian and enjoy the Syphan's pool.

On Foods: Bring a food according to the first letter of your last name: A-H: Dessert; I-P:Appetizer; Q-Z: Side Dish.