

Oct.



2007

MOA # 6

www.4windsbmw.org

RA # 76



C'YA ON THE 20TH AT THE BELLALUNA!

OCTOBER PREZ MEZ

The air was crisp and clear at the annual nomination meeting held at the Stanton Motorcycle Museum in Findleyville (which we also know as the private home of Leo and Holly Stanton.) Sean Barrett, Gary Smith and I did our darrest to find a candidate for the office of President, but in spite of our aggressive arm-twisting, the candidates we approached decided that they would rather take another year to "spend more time with their families."

No matter how we tried to do the calculus, it seemed that the best way to achieve a suitable blend of experience and new talent was for me to repeat as President. This has not happened in the recent history of the club since Nancy Barrett served two consecutive terms as President. The advantages to serving a second term is that I will have experience and momentum on my side in 2008 and I have already developed a thick calloused skin to protect my ego.

But there will be no three-peat, my friends. Gary Smith and Sean Barrett will be updating the bylaws in the final months of 2007 and I am told that one of the priority items will be term limits, so I promise that you'll only have me to kick around for one more year. Here is the Four Winds BMW Riders' 2008 Board.

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS 2007

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OCTOBER MEETING INFO

The next meeting of the Four Winds BMW Riders will be held on Sat., Oct. 20, 2007 from 2–5PM at the Bellaluna Trattoria on Rte 22 in Monroeville on the right of the East-bound lane about .3 mile past Bianchi Subaru. Directions are on the back page. Map's on p. 13.

PUBLICATION INFO

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

Editor: Ralph Meyer

Deadline: Articles submitted must be received by the editor no later than 6:00 PM on the Tuesday after the club meeting of the month preceding the month of publication (e.g., Aug. Meeting: Aug. 21; **Sept. issue deadline: Tues., Aug. 24th**). Articles/Info rec'd after deadline go in 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 Disk Media mail to:
Ralph Meyer, Editor
4 Winds Newsletter
6056 Meadow Lane
Bakerstown, PA 15007-9720

Submission formats:

Articles: Send as plain text with headings and hdg depth defined, or in Word Processor (e.g., MS Word) format. Save trees: avoid paper if you can.

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 chartered club #76 of the BMWRA

Newsletters in color PDF format are at the Four Winds Site, 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 2007

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

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

October 20, 2007 — The Bellaluna Trattoria, Rte 22 Eastbound, Monroeville

November 17, 2007 — Vincent's of Greentree, 333 Mansfield Ave, Greentree.

December, 2007 — No Monthly Meeting

2007 SHACK SCHEDULE

Keep an eye out on the web site all you lady and gentleman wrenchers and attendees out there, for the Shack locations and dates to help keep us smiling through the winter, and keep 'em rolling!

Continued from page 1

1. President, Mitch Kehn
2. Vice President Jay Singh
3. Treasurer Tom Primke
4. Corresponding Secretary Ron Latkovic
5. Recording Secretary Diane Pears
6. Director Ralph Meyer
7. Director Joann Barr

Now that the nominations are complete, it is once again safe for all you past board members who were conspicuously absent from the September meeting to return to the October Meeting Bella Luna in Monroeville. You know who you are. I'll see you there.

Please remember that major portions of I-376 will be closed, so make your plans accordingly. See you at the October meeting. Ride Safe.

MITCH

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 — Month:

Sun, Oct. 7 — *North* at King's, I-79 & Rt 910/VIP Dr., 10:00 AM

Sat, Oct. 13 — *West* at Eat n' Park, Rt 60 & 22/30, 9:00 AM

Sun, Oct. 21 — *South* at King's, 3049 Washington Pike, off Exit 54, I-79, Bridgeville, 10:00 AM

Sat, Oct. 27 — *East* at Dick's, Rt 22 Westbound Side, Monroeville, 9:00 AM

If you're going to a breakfast

ride, you might want to notify others: It's not necessary, but it'd be nice to let others know you're going to a particular Breakfast Ride by putting a notice on the 4-Winds Site Message Board's Breakfast Ride section saying so. That'll help save a rider from discovering too late that no one else is going that day. The Breakfast Ride's URL is: <http://www.4windsbmw.org/forum/viewforum.php?f=9>. Be sure to erase your post after the ride if you can so the board doesn't get cluttered.

MEETING MAGGOTS... OOOPS, MINUTES...

Here's how it all came down at the September Meeting held at the home of Leo and Holly Stanton.

In light of the substantial profits made at the 2007 rally, the board proposed that the club invest in a proper sound system and a video projector for use at future meetings, the annual banquet and the rally. Gary Smith volunteered to store this property at the Shack, which is a secure and temperature

controlled environment. The proposal was put to a vote by the membership and was approved by a clear majority.

The club has been approached by ASCAP (American Society of Composers and Publishers) regarding music licensing fees for music performed live or mechanically reproduced at the 2007 rally. If this inquiry is legitimate (and it appears to be), we would owe ASAP \$50. Mitch Kehn will confirm the legitimacy of the inquiry and make an appropriate recommendation to the board.

BANQUET

The Georgetown Center has been selected for the banquet. January 26, 2008. It has been decided that we charge \$25 per person and include a "complimentary" happy hour.

ANNOUNCEMENTS TO THE MEMBERSHIP

1.

Nancy Barrett provided a brief post-rally report to thank the volunteers and Tom Primke provided some financial details, outlining that the club made a net profit of nearly \$2,500.

2.

Jay Singh presented GEM awards to Nancy Barrett, Ralph Meyer and Ed Syphan. Ed, not being present (He was pedaling his bicycle in Cook Forest with Dana Asherman and Dana's girl friend), Ralph said he'd give Ed his award on Sunday).

3.

October Meeting will be held at Bella Luna in Monroeville. Major portions of 376 are closed, so make your plans accordingly

4.

November meeting (change of original venue) will be held at Vincent's at Greentree from 2-4pm

5.

The banquet is scheduled for January 26, 2008 at the Georgetown Center. Cost is expected to be \$25 per person.

Sean Barrett presided over the nomination of the 2008 board. All nominations were seconded and there were no challenges. So here is the 2008 Board of Directors.

1.

President, Mitch Kehn

2.

Vice President Jay Singh

3.

Treasurer Tom Primke

4.

Corresponding Secretary Ron Latkovic

5.

Recording Secretary Diane Pears

6.

Director Ralph Meyer

7.

Director Joann Barr

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED, MITCH KEHN



RIDE TO READ

Join Riders for a day of Who-Done-it with a murder-mystery theatre with all proceeds benefitting the students of the county-wide reading program, "One Book, One Community."

What: Murder-Mystery Ride

When: Saturday, October 6, 2007. Registration from 11:00 AM to 1:00 PM at Zepka Harley-Davidson, 960 Eisenhower Blvd, Johnstown

Where: Starting from Zepka Harley-Davidson and ending at the Allegheny Portage Railroad National Historic Site. For those participating in the motorcycle ride and play costs are \$10.00 for single riders and \$15.00 for two-riders. For those just participating in the play there is a \$5.00 general admission to the park and the play. Play begins at 5:00 PM. Food vendors on site.

Added Attraction:

Car show 1 PM - 5 PM. Entry fee is your \$5.00 general admission to the park.

~~~~~  
For more information, visit: <http://www.pennhighlands.edu/R2R/home.htm> .



**RIBS CHALLENGE RIDE**

*Ralph Meyer*

@ Clems, after a serving of ribs to some 'burgh riders, one of whom was sporting something like an Orange County Chopper, to our Phamous " 'Phoon":

"Dee Jay's ribs're better."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you oughta try 'em."

"Where's Dee Jay's?"

"Over off 22 near Weirton."

"I think you'd have to go some to be better'n these!"

"Well, you try Dee Jay's some time. You'll see they're better."

[Above conversation an imagined facsimile of the real thing.]

Cut to Friday morning, the 14th, around 11 Ayem:

Phone rings...

"Hey, is this Rowfie?"

*Continued on page 9*



### GREETING COMMITTEE/SECURITY:

[Last month's newsletter was missing a couple of folks in the list of those who were active greeters! Here's the full list:]  
The Greeting committee / security's Activity Head, Walt Halaja, would like to thank the following members for help at the gate:

- John Barr
- Bill Helbling (the Plumber)
- Ron Latkovic (Reddy K.)
- Dave McLaughlin (2 Spark)
- Ralph Meyer
- Sonny Robison
- Leo Stanton
- Paul White (PW)

I would also like to thank Jack Bramkamp and his wife Joyce, Dave Manfredo, and his friend Jimmy Lester, for just keeping us company to help pass the time away. The gate is just a nice place to take a break and watch the bikes roll in and out, and to wave or chat with the riders you know!

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED

WALT HALAJA

### RALLY REPORTS

#### T-SHIRT SALES COMMITTEE

*From Shirley Hart - T-Shirt Sales Chairperson —*

Thanks to the following volunteers for helping with T-Shirt sales -

- Jim Duggan
- Leo and Holly Stanton
- Michele Syphan
- Scott Bassin
- JoAnn Barr
- Thomas Primke
- Kevin Hart

The GS design and colors of the shirt were very well received. Many people commented on it. We also packaged the reflective club sticker along with the shirt which added to a few sales.

SHIRLEY HART



### GOOD ARTICLES!

[Mitch had asked several of us for some things to post on the 'Net site... and Walt responded with the following note. Those who might not have seen the articles on the site or who get the paper newsletter I thought would enjoy them too. So here they are.]

President Mitch:

*Continued on page 7*

### FOR SALE

*Please note: If you sell your item, please notify the newsletter editor so it can be removed from this list.*

**1996 BMW R1100RT, Blue, 58,000mi.**, BMW bags and top box, with keyless entry, two windshields, Day Long seat, head light cover, shelf on dash, BMW radio and cassette, heated grips, electric windshield, Michelin Pilot Road tires, external fuel filter, new alternator belt, new hallfax sensor, new coil. The paint is very good and the bike runs great. ASKING \$ 6,500. Bob Lennox (aka "Cletus"); New Castle, PA area; Ph.: 724-964-8358; e-mail: [Cletuscycle@aol.com](mailto:Cletuscycle@aol.com)

### 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.

**Another of too many examples for why wear a helmet all the time:** <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BHfTWRQmeN8>. Note that the traffic light was red for the car and green for the bike!



# It's time for...

**When:**

Fri Sep 21 - Sun Sep 23

**Where:**

8248 State Route 514, Big Prairie, Holmes, Ohio 44611

The Clam Bake will be held this year at the usual location, Whispering Hills RV Park in Big Prairie, OH near Shreve, OH.

**Tickets:**

- \$18 clambake
- \$15 chicken, only, without clams
- \$6 extra dozen clams
- \$1 bowl o' chowdah

Send clambake payments to:  
George Lopez  
5962 Chestnut Hills Drive  
Parma, OH 44129

**CAMPING FEES:**

- Tent camping \$10
- RV camping \$25
- Small Cabin \$60.23
- Larger Cabin \$76.55
- Deluxe Cabin \$131.40
- \$50 deposit on cabins.

Call the park if you want to rent a cabin or have other questions for them:

800.992.2435

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

## 2007 BMWMOOC Fall Foliage Folly



"Gathering of the Clams"



Xchallenge



Xcountry



Xmoto

## GEE BIKES!!

*Ralph Meyer*

The motorcycle press lately seems to have a general habit of classifying former Beemers as somewhat akin to "stodgy," the kind of thing to be labeled "your father or grandfather's bike:" bikes that were heavy and expensive but with the one redeeming factor of being long lasting and practically indestructible: bikes resulting from sticking with a long tradition of providing solid, if somewhat unique and antique, German wares benefitting rather naturally from the surpassingly excellent engineering and manufacturing associated with that country. (It has been said that modern engine manufacturers still haven't been able to duplicate the precise tolerances and awesome serviceability of the engines that powered the old WW II ME109s.) Many MC rag writers seem genuinely surprised, not to mention a bit pleased to find that BMW has not just unwittingly lurched, but determinedly launched out into new pastures of power, speed, and, need I add, bikes that would appeal to the young: those (the MC Rag Writers say) whom BMW hopes will become their future (older) clientele. Much standard blather seems disgorged about the "aging of the Beemer rider population" and of the necessity of appealing to the youngers who, unless born with silver spoons in their mouths, have flatter wallets but more itch for speed and adventure than their seniors who can afford the bigger, 'standard' Beemer Bikes. (This scenario, like an ordinary postage stamp, has also been licked and applied to that favored American envelope entitled "Harley" as well.) Much oohing and ahing has thus come forth in response to the new K1200s (S, GT, etc.) as well as the F800s. Now added to this happy list (so state the pundits) are the (implied) new 'kiddie bikes' that have been produced (according to said pundits) to appeal to the

younger set in hopes of tempting them away from the rising sun up into the new, bright, and wonderful Beemerland. This, it is said, is especially true of the new G650 line: lighter, sportier, a bit quicker, and somewhat less likely to flatten a wallet than the (stodgy, old???) F650s.

To all of this supposedly standard thinking, I say, "What Rot and Drive!!"

Why?

Well, first of all, the MC Rag boys seem to have forgotten that BMW was blowing the socks off other Marques (rather like Harley, incidentally) before most of the present scribblers were born. Does a name like Henne ring a bell? Sure, Beemers have always been a bit on the hefty side--both weightwise and walletwise... but as anyone with reasonable marketplace experience will indicate, you will find that, generally speaking, "you gets what you pays for." That's certainly been true for BMW. Yes, they're expensive. They're also very good machines! Stodgy? The older bikes? Well, one thing I always loved about the old VW beetles was that they WERE stodgy... But Why? Because they started with a good design, and, year after year, kept improving it--the 'lil beetles just kept getting better and better--they didn't look much different, one year to the next--maybe a larger stoplight this year, a bigger rear window next, a slight upping of the horsepower with better gas mileage the year after that... you get the picture. German engineering technique: excellence was not sold down the river in an attempt to cozen a fickle public stupid enough to think a major alteration in looks equalled something better. Time magazine, for example used to be readable. Now, in trying to make print media look like TV with useless junk and ads competing with the stories poking in all over the place seemingly in a sad attempt to titillate a jaded readership, you can't even find page numbers, and the content you buy the thing for is half what it used to be.

Not so, it would appear, is BMW. Hidden behind what appears to be "new, different, & (faux) amazing" and appealing to the younger (less moneyed) set seem to be products that still hew to the old BMW philosophy: Engineer 'em well, build 'em good, and the customers'll come.

The new "G" 650s are new... but are they? Well, yes and no--rather like the old VW beetles were 'new' each year in a way. The "New" Gs enjoy much tried and true engineering: like that solid Rotax single-cylinder 'thumper' with the usual bettering tweaks, a belt drive, and other well-tested niceties, along with lightness and nimbleness that seems the usual result of BMW's brainy R & D.

But there's something else too, when you stop to think about it: In the early 60s, I remember that when I bought my 250cc BSA, had I had the wherewithal, I would have loved to have bought its big brother, the gigantically powerful bike Birmingham Small Arms was equally producing at the time. That was the bike that outran a couple of Maryland State Troopers on the new Balto-Washington Expressway (new at the time, that is) in a hopped up patrol car, and walked away from them, they said, when they were doing 120 like they were standing still: The BSA Gold Star. How many CCs did the Gold Star's engine have? Wow! A massive 650 of 'em! Are the F and G bikes small or low powered bikes? Well, not to an old codger like myself, though they may seem so in this age of cubic inch glut wherein cruisers with 1300ccs are now called 'medium displacement' bikes. A friend of mine years ago used to decry what he termed 'wretched excess.' CC glut, it seems to me, belongs in that category. I rather imagine the new G650s (along with their older brothers, the F650s) have plenty of oomph to satisfy any youngker's need for speed. And given their lightness, I suspect that sprightliness is definitely a present quality. So it seems from the reports.

In any event, joining the F650s are now the 3 G650s: The Xcountry

(Pronounced "Cross Country") - this is listed as a Scrambler or dual purpose (the G.GS??); the Xmoto (Pronounce it "Cross Moto") - stated to be an urban street NYC Taxicab canyon carver bike; and the Xchallenge (it's pronounced "Cross Challenge") - aimed at off road/Enduro riding, though it looks as well to be quite capable on asphalt too. If you or your 'younguns' are interested, you can see these fresh-from-the-factory means of tooling around less expensively but in high style at European MCs of Pittsburgh, and, perhaps at Heritage--when-ever Heritage is set up in its new digs. I also saw a couple of neat F800s (S & ST) at Euro MCs--the ones that Ron "Motorcycleholic" Latkovic was drooling over last time I talked to him. Take a look. They're neat!

RALPH



*Continued from page 4*

I spoke with Ralph about posting a couple articles from the Sept. 1997 newsletter, and he thought it wouldn't be a bad idea, of course with your approval. Also be advised I e-mailed both writers and they both said post them if you want to. In the Sept. newsletter I used part of these articles in "the way we were," should you not have read it! I hope this is OK!

Thanks  
Walt

## RETURN TO SHERANDO

*From the Sept. '97 newsletter  
by Gary Smith*

At the start of Labor Day weekend 1977, I began my first solo BMW motorcycle tour not sure where I was going. Although owning my R75 for only 11 months, we were not strangers. Six weeks prior, Park, my 8 year old, and I had returned from Pike's Peak and the MOA's National in Colorado. Now I felt the need to go alone.

The sense of freedom began when I didn't decide between North or South until I reached I-79 in Carnegie. The bike and the weather were both agreeable. I enjoyed the ride to Elkins, WV, my first stop, where after refueling both body and bike I headed into the mountains. Reaching Monterey, VA, as midnight approached, I fantasized about riding all night and not stopping until I arrived in Myrtle Beach. The lights of the County Fair on the edge of town lit the sky. Scores of headlights enhanced the light show as drivers competed to escape. The light show was surreal after riding for so long with only my beemer's light to pierce the darkness.

I felt inebriated by my experience. The twisties over the mountain into McDowell delivered more of the enjoyment I'd been having for hours. The next ridge east promised more of the same but instead surprised me and set off a series of events that changed the course of my trip and my future.

Without my realizing, the fog had grown thicker with each ascent and descent of the ridges of George Washington National Forest. Perhaps I was oblivious to the fog because it came on gradually or because I was concentrating so hard on riding swiftly. Exiting the last tight turn of the descent east of McDowell, I remember slowing a little, relaxing, and just for a moment looking at a light off to the right. When looking back to the road, I was disoriented. In an instant I was not crossing the center line, but the fog line on the left of

the on-coming lane. At about 50 MPH I dropped off the highway at an alarming angle onto wet grass mixed with gravel, not a good place to scrub speed. I managed to parallel the bike with the road to avoid going off into the woods. I was not as successful dealing with the approaching culvert. Attempting to get back on the highway, I lost control. I took a violent tumble severely bruising my right hip. When I stopped sliding I was shoeless. As might be expected, no one came along to assist me or, looking on the bright side, to run over me. The bike's mirrors were both bent, the carburetors were misaligned, and the cooling fins on both cylinders were caked in mud. After getting the bike rubber side up and twisting things back to where they belonged, I examined myself for injuries.

In pain I remounted and rode slowly into Churchville toward Staunton still just as unsure of where I was going. I considered an emergency room but ruled that out as too dramatic. I considered a motel room but decided against that as too extravagant.

I headed south out of Staunton looking for a suitable place to spend the night. The roads got more and more remote. I turned off onto a dirt lane that ran between fields of tall corn leading to a recently mowed open area. The surface was thick stubble. I had read someplace that when looking for a safe place to sleep along the road after dark, it's a good idea to spend a few minutes quietly listening for sounds and noises to learn about things you can't see. I sat on the bike with engine and lights off. I heard cow bells. A little later I heard a vehicle. First I saw it coming down the same paved road I had used. Then suddenly, it turned onto the same dirt lane I had. "Oh Shit!" I decided quickly that if I was about to be worked over by a truckload of rednecks, they were going to have to chase me through the corn fields first. Preparing for flight my headlight went on just as a car stopped in front of me. I spoke first. "I've had some trouble tonight. I went down on the other side of Staunton, and I was hoping I could bed down here for a few hours, if you wouldn't mind." The response was music to my ears. A young fellow returning home with his wife said, "No problem bedding down here if you like, but you may be more comfortable if you used the grass in my yard about 200 more feet up the lane." It turned out my host was a motorcyclist and offered me his bunk house adjacent to his mobile home. I tried sleeping on a pad on the floor but the pain was too much. If it hadn't been for some couch cushions I found, I wouldn't have gotten any sleep at all that night.

At daybreak, I called my wife Kay to explain what had happened and to ask her to read me directions to a nearby rally from the MOA News. I ended up at the Sherando Lake BMW Rally where I was received warmly and treated well. Doug and Catherine Stone, the Rally founders, were especially kind, providing food and beverage my entire stay. The RandR was beneficial and my pain was more tolerable by Rally's end. The folks there made quite an impression on me and I've returned nearly every year since to enjoy the special time of laid-back southern hospitality.

The mishap on Rte. 250 prompted Kay to learn to ride just in case she was needed in an emergency. This recent Labor Day weekend Kay rode alone on our R1100R, joining me at the Sherando on Saturday, as has become her yearly custom. Like other years, we rode back home together. When asked if she had trouble keeping up, she said "Not at all". She pointed out that if she appeared to be falling behind occasionally it was only because she was hanging back in anticipation that I might not have the power on my R100PD to take the uphill turns the way she prefers. Time has changed a lot of things. However, one thing hasn't changed. Every year since 1977 I've known exactly where I want to go on Labor Day weekend. I return to Sherando.

*Continued on page 10*





Pittsburgh-Denver is about 1460 miles but Bill had only two days to do the ride. This meant we had to do at least 730 miles each day. Knowing that Day Two would likely be harder than Day One, we had to do the majority of the ride on the first day. It did not take us long to figure out that a 1,000-mile target would qualify us for the Iron Butt Association (IBA) SaddleSore 1000 Award. Weather and rider condition permitting - and we were careful not to set a fixed target that would make it dangerous to achieve if we got tired or the weather got bad.

Checking the IBA website, we found a number of helpful tips and, of course, became familiar with the IBA rules for documenting the ride with witness statements, fuel purchase receipts, toll records,

## SADDLESORE 1000

BY JÜRGEN BRUNE AND BILL EVANS

*Jürgen Brune*

How do you move a BMW from Pittsburgh to Spokane Washington? Certain V-Twin enthusiasts would opt to throw the bikes on a trailer (of course, a covered wagon), tow it behind a F350 pickup truck (make sure your brand loyalty is reflected in the window stickers and mud flaps of the truck). But, BMW bikes on a trailer - no way. I was determined to ride the 2300 miles. Pretty straight forward, I-79 to I-80 through Ohio, Illinois, then on to I-90 through Missouri, South Dakota (passing Sturgis, of course), Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and into Spokane Washington. It took me 2 1/2 days in my car a few weeks ago, no sweat.

Then my wife threw a wrinkle into the plan: Her dad, my father-in-law, would celebrate his 90th birthday in Denver during the week of the ride. OK, change the route a bit and add 200 or so miles, but I no longer had flexibility with my calendar.

Trouble was, I own two bikes and while I've seen a circus acrobat ride two horses at the same time (one foot in each saddle, standing up) I have yet to see this done on a motorcycle. I had to find a riding buddy.

My first call did not work out - my friend had other plans for that weekend. Then I called my trusted riding buddy, Bill Evans, and pitched the idea to him. It did not take long for Bill to take the bait (that included a paid one-way return flight to Pittsburgh). Thanks to his lovely and supporting wife Celia, a budding motorcyclist herself who understood immediately, Bill received permission to ride my 04 K1200RS while I was going to be on the 04 R1150GS Adventure.

Due to time constraints, Bill was unable to ride all the way to Spokane but I offered Denver as an intermediate stop. My father-in-law has a barn where I would be able to store one of the bikes for a few weeks.

and restaurant checks.

With our starting witness documents ready (thanks Celia for doing the honors) we met at the Citizens Bank branch on Ft. Couch road for a timed, dated ATM receipt to clock in at 4:57 am on Thursday August 30, 2007. The ride was on.

It started out with a bang. Bill and I took off to stop by his house and say good-bye to Celia. He lives in a hilly neighborhood so while Bill had pulled into the driveway, I was going to turn the GS on the road by pulling into a neighbor's driveway. Crossing from the crowned road into that driveway, I unexpectedly encountered 5 inches of air under my right (downhill side) foot and was unable to support the fully-loaded GS. I dumped it with a bang that must have woken a bunch of neighbors although I did not see any lights come on...(Celia commented that she did hear an "Oh, sh\*t" from beneath my helmet as I jumped from my falling bike.)

Bill helped me pick up the GS and I quickly surveyed the damage - the right blinker had broken and the right fog light was dangling by the wires. I was able to fix the blinker so the light would come on, and I cut the wires to the fog light (I found it quite useless for night riding anyway).

After getting that shock out of my system, Bill and I continued the ride with about 20 minutes delay. A little mishap would not deter me from our appointed ride!

Things went quite smoothly; we got on I-79 in Canonsburg, then on to I-70 in Washington, PA. From there on it would be I-70 all the way into Denver, with perhaps a slight detour or two to avoid the city centers and stay out of rush hour traffic. Actually, there are not many turns between Pittsburgh and Denver.

Our break strategy was to stop for a stretch, snack and bio break about every 100 miles or so and stop for gas every second stop or in approximately 200-mile intervals. Our 1,000-mile goal was Salina,



KS - thanks to Garmin and Mapquest, reaching that point would secure our IBA award. We also agreed to switch leads every 100 miles or so - this turned out to be a good strategy.

The weather map had shown a rain band along I-70 from Illinois to Western Pennsylvania the day before our ride, and this band was moving south. This proved to be correct - we had a dry ride into the early morning with just a few sprinkles in southern Indiana. We rolled into Clayton Indiana for our lunch stop and considered putting the raingear on, but as we came out of the restaurant, the rain had almost stopped and we left the raingear in the saddlebags.

I was missing the sun, though. After lunch, I felt fatigued and started having doubts about completing the 1000 mile leg. We still had almost 700 miles to go - the distance-to-destination reading on my GPS was a constant reminder of our position. Then, suddenly, shortly after crossing into Illinois, I noticed blue sky to our north, and a few miles later, pointed out to Bill a blue hole in the sky right above us. This immediately wiped away my tiredness and gave me an enormous boost - Bill noticed that my speed went up by about 10 mph.

An hour later we had all clear skies and sun - and riding felt great again. I experimented with various techniques of moving around in my seat and exercising and stretching my legs. One exercise was to stretch my legs vertically down and to the side without scraping the road - that's an advantage of riding a tall bike. Another trick that worked well was laying my feet on top of the engine guards. Then, there are various sitting positions that include moving back to sit on the pillion seat or hanging off to either side.

One of the most helpful gadgets is Bob's wrist rest which I have learned to appreciate as the next best thing to cruise control. It gave me the opportunity to stretch the fingers in my right hand and prevent them from going to sleep or cramping up.

I found out that my windshield is adjusted slightly low: The bugs kept hitting the top inch of my visor, just barely obstructing my vision. If I raise the windshield by about 1/2 inch, I should be able to keep the bugs completely out of my viewing area.

It took us close to 10 hours to reach St. Louis and cross the Mississippi, and that was barely half of our 1000-mile leg. Another 3 hours, and we had crossed almost through Missouri, our eyes getting increasingly irritated from staring into the setting sun. The speed limits west of Ohio were 75 mph so we made pretty good progress - carefully observing our speed so as to not raise the attention of the revenueurs (law enforcement officers). No tickets - honest (although, for the IBA, a ticket can be useful, albeit expensive, piece of evidence to document your ride).

By 8 PM (after 15 hours) we had reached Lawrence KS and we were both feeling fit enough to tackle the final 150 miles. We phoned ahead for reservations at one of the motels in Salina KS that we had picked out during the planning. Only two more hours of riding - yet, things became tough. Darkness was setting in and we had to focus our eyes to avoid road hazards that were barely visible in our headlight beams. We switched leads at shorter intervals because leading at night required much more concentration.

By 11:34 pm (Pittsburgh time), after almost 18 hours, we reached our destination, Salina, KS, about 1016 miles from our starting point. We gassed up at the pump next to the motel, got our receipts (often, the time stamps on gas station receipts are off, but this one was good) and checked into the motel. Donna, the friendly receptionist, agreed to be our end-of-ride witness and signed our forms. Word passed quickly in the motel: As I was unloading my bike half hour later, a fellow motorcyclist from Kansas asked me if I was one of the guys who had ridden 1,000 miles from Pennsylvania. I proudly confirmed.

The next morning we had only 460 miles left into Denver. The thought occurred to us to make it 1500 miles in 36 hours for the Bun Burner award but, since we had not planned and prepared details for this ride, we decided to leave it alone.

The ride through Kansas was long and straight - and a lot of truck traffic to boot. We encountered strong headwinds that made a significant impact on our gas mileage.

The ride itself was easy - I did not feel any soreness in my legs and butt. As it turned out, we could have easily done the 1500 in 36, even with getting a leisurely start in the morning, good breakfast, and a generous lunch stop at a traditional Interstate-side diner. The parking lot at the Route 70 diner had been freshly paved but we did not think about the potential consequences for motorcycle sidestands. When Bill got back the the K12 after lunch, the stand had sunken in about three inches and the bike was close to tipping over - that could have been a very expensive lunch! We were lucky and left a deep hole in the blacktop as we continued our ride.

Getting into Denver, we stopped at both local BMW shops to get the parts to fix my blinker. That was not a problem - the fog light turned out a bit more pricey: \$450 list, but he was going to give me one heck of a deal for \$275. I said no-thanks and ordered a set of Hella driving lights instead: German rally-proven quality for \$70 including shipping will make the next tip-over a lot less painful on the checkbook.

I should mention that Bill did inquire about purchasing a ride for the way back to Pittsburgh instead of taking the plane - nice-looking bikes but no good deals available, though.

The next day, Bill and I enjoyed telling ride stories at my father-in-law's 90th birthday party.

At the party, Bill and I met a neighbor, Con Fletcher, who has a huge barn with vintage automobiles, about 25 of them, everything prior to 1915. Of course, we had to visit his barn museum and admire the collection that included three Stanley Steamers and three Pierce-Arrows. All his cars are in running order and Con regularly parades them in local rallies and vintage shows. When I mentioned that I was looking for a spot to store my K1200RS for a few weeks, he immediately offered his barn where, ironically, I got to park my 03-built bike next to another wonderful 03-built vehicle - only 100 years age difference between the two.

Bill left for the airport the following morning, and I got back on my GS to go on to Spokane, leaving at 8:15. 1,100 miles in 16 hours or so, no big deal. I made it home to our new house just before midnight. A report on this trip will follow.

JÜRGEN



*Continued from page 3*

"Yeporree, ...what's up?"

"You up for a ride this Sunday?"

"What about? Where to?"

"Well, ya see, there's these guys from Pittsburgh I took to Clem's, and they said there's a place down near Weirton that serves better ribs. I don't believe 'em, but I want to ride down there and see if they're right. It's about a 2 hour ride, 'cause there aren't any real direct roads you can take there, and I don't want to do the 22 thing."

"Sounds good to me. Where and when do you plan to meet?"

"Dunno yet. I've gotta call a couple of other guys, ... Kev Hart and Tim Pears, Tom Primke and Jay Singh, and then we can figure out where to get together."

*Continued on page 14*

Continued from page 7

## PILLIONS ARE MORE THAN PASSENGERS

From the Sept. 97 newsletter  
by Jeff Dunkle

I heard someone ask recently if folks who ride as passengers should be considered as motorcyclists. In one sense, a purist would, as this person did, argue, "Hell no...." and have a defensible point. Most serious pillions are female partners or wives of male riders and, as such, are very much part of the rest of the rider's life. When riding, they're riding a motorcycle too, exposed to the same elements, wearing the same gear, experiencing all the same scenery, and often helping to plan the route and managing the maps. Further, one major point of the ride is the destination and the people you meet there, whether it's at a Rally, a relative's home, a vacation destination, or a weekend ride with friends. The pillion passenger is just as much a part of that social process as any rider.

From a different perspective I've watched a number of folks who are active in Four Winds but are pillion riders, and do everything "real" members do. Nancy Barrett has ridden thousands of miles with husband Sean to North Carolina, New Orleans, Canada, and points in between. She's got mileage numbers that most male riders would be jealous of. Kathy Roslonski, Kay Smith's professional colleague, has been part of the Smith riding family for some time with several thousand miles both in the US and abroad. Kathy, by the way, spent "hours" helping Tom Barnhart at the Registration table this Rally. I heard her remark once to the effect, "This is my club too....." And so it is, for them and many other pillion passenger members. You are riders to be sure, and valuable members of the Four Winds family.

PREPARED FOR REPRINT BY WALT HALAJA



### HOW WE WERE BACK WHEN

Walt Halaja

1) The Oct. 1997 news letter was only 4 pages and President Jeff wrote two of the articles, the "President's message" and an interview with Craig Immel of Heritage BMW. In the President's message, Jeff writes about the "Ideal" Dealers. Synthesizing comments that have been made it would seem that the ideal dealer would be one that: A. Always discounts his bikes, parts, and accessories. B. Has a complete inventory (I.e. has the parts "I" want "today") C. Always has fresh coffee and donuts. D. Always takes time to talk and socialize when you walk in. E. Allows you into shop area to watch, talk, and help. F. Attends your rallies and club meetings. G. Tells you how to do the work on your bike yourself even if you don't buy the parts from the dealer, let alone schedule the work in his shop. Then Jeff writes "On reflection it becomes obvious such expectations are totally unrealistic and in fact, inappropriate." In Jeff's last paragraph he writes that "by the time you read this, Heritage will, in fact, be in their new shop in McKeesport!" Isn't this the same 10 years later: "By the time you read this, Heritage BMW should be in their new location at 3484 William Penn Highway,

Wilkins Township, Pa. 15235, next to Hooters!?" Jeff finished with "Heritage is a dealer worth supporting and very much a part of the BMW community here."

2) "Heritage/BMW News" Jeff goes to Heritage and spent nearly two hours with Craig gathering the material for this article. In the last paragraph, Craig is excited about the efforts BMW is making to develop new models. He totally supports their commitment to developing "conquest" or nontraditional BMW cycles sales as a way to increase market share and feels that models like the Funduro and the Cruiser are right on as far as bikes that will broaden BMW's appeal.

3) The Oct. meeting was at Jaden's Restaurant, RT. 22, and "our own" Craig Immel was the speaker!

4) "Why is there no ballot?" Brian Livermore (Director) writes: A few days ago Ross Baker telephoned me and said that he would like his name removed from the ballot. Ross was a candidate for Vice President, the only contested seat on the board. Ross gave no explanation. (Ross did the same thing I would have done) The nominees were: President Nancy Barrett, Vice President Michele Syphan, Treasurer Lois Marini, Recording Secretary Kay Smith, Corresponding Secretary Terry Goldring, Directors Kathy Roslonski and La Verne Darabant! (MY kind of board, and the club ran smooth in 1998 and the fellows just rode around that year without a worry!)

5) BMW Rally Turns Into Police Action: "From Motorcycle Online:" Daily news 9/30/97. Approximately 2,000 motorcyclist attending the 25th Annual BMW Riders Association International Rally Sept. 18-21 in Fontana Village, North Caroline, were subjected to a massive police presence apparently brought on by unjustified warnings about illegal activity.

Officers from several North Carolina agencies took part in the operation that lasted throughout the four-day rally. Those attending the event were subjected to constant observation from police patrols and over flights from official helicopters. The roads surrounding the rally site were heavily patrolled, and roadblocks were established for license and registration checks.

Local Sheriff Melvin Howell reportedly told organizers he had initiated the action after receiving a tip that 14,000 outlaw bikers intended to descend upon the rally site. Despite assurances from the rally organizers that the event has a long peaceful history and benefits the local economy, police went ahead with the operation. "We are looking into this matter to determine just what the reason for such a massive show of force," said Robert Rasor, Vice President of AMA government relations. "On the face of it, this action seems ludicrous."

(note) Are you a member of the AMA? I am #485010, and the main reason I am is that they help protect your right to ride! The AMA jumped right in on this Rally police action! Think about it if you are not a member!

6) Page four: Don Poremski wrote an article "Fontana-Impressive. If you want a copy of it, just let me know. wshalaja@msn.com<mailto:wshalaja@msn.com>

WALT





**NORTH BREAKFAST RIDE**  
**9/2/07**

*Ralph Meyer*

Riders Present:

- John Barr
- Jack Bramkamp
- Paul & Willa Cronin
- Walt Halaja
- Ron Latkovic
- John Lutz
- Ralph Meyer
- Sonny Robison
- John Rolin
- Paul White

Several folks had indicated on the web site that they would be attending the North Breakfast Ride, and several of us had e-mailed back and forth as to where a good place to ride to would be. The Wendell August Forge in Grove City sounded like a good idea as some of us had to be back home in late afternoon, and the ride that we had been contemplating—which could’ve been called the “Flyin’ Fish Ride” to go up to Pymatuning Lake to ogle the carp and check out the Eagles there—would have gotten us back too late to skate as they say in Canada on dark winter nights.

That having been kicked around earlier in the week, I messed with the Mapsource program a bit trying to lay out a route that met several criteria: little or no traffic, as few stoplights etc. as possible, and, of course, back roads, preferably following the course of a fine Native American enjoying more than his fair share of Early Pennsylvania’s fermented Corn Juice might have traversed over hill and dale. Franklin Road and the ever useful Rte 528 from Evans City to Lake Arthur both came to mind and were punched in. Liberty Rd a bit north of the Lake gave what looked like a nice shot into Slippery Rock past the university of the same name via, after a bit, Slippery Rock Rd (of all things!). Slippery Rock’s a nice town, i.e., none too big, and it appeared we’d have a straight shot from there to Grove City by, (of all things!) Grove City Rd—Rte 173. A weave through Grove City College campus (pretty place!) to Madison St and at the end of the latter was the forge. With that punched into the GPS, it looked, if the rest of the folks attending wanted to do it, that we had plan. The weather report indicated as well a fine day, and so it turned out to be.

Eleven riders eventually populated King’s special room for larger parties at the front of the restaurant (Thank you, Paul & Willa! — they secured the room for the bunch while the rest of us were still outside kicking tires and looking over John Rolin’s new Yamaha tourer — nice bike!). After the usual delicious non-un-fattening King’s

breakfast, we were on our way. Paul and Willa had (so someone said) come in Paul’s Miata, and Paul had said he’d meet us at the Forge, but would probably take a different route than the one I e-mailed him that those of us on 2 wheels would take. Unfortunately we missed seeing him and Willa at the forge. Ron Latkovic had another ride to go on that he’d agreed to attend, so he just ate a light breakfast and headed out before the rest of us got gathered around. And John Lutz said he had to head home to Butler when we got around Evans City or thereabouts. Ron and John were fortunate, I think, as, not going to the Forge, their monthly budget no doubt remained in better shape than the rest of ours... As for the rest of us... well, Beauty hath its price, and as one might suspect, it doesn’t come cheap. One could tour both the shop and the factory itself—it being Sunday, however, nobody was around doing the engraving, or other work, but one could take a self-guided tour through the place past the various workstations, most of which sported a very nice aluminum, brass, or bronze plaque indicating what the particular artisan that held forth at that spot did, and what his or her qualifications were for doing it. It’s surprising the number of college grads who seem to have chucked the halls of ivy, business, education, sales, or finance, etc. for what they considered the happier and more artistically creative craft of fine metalwork they now performed. Some had even got their master’s, peopled some business or financial institution successfully for a few years, chucked that, and returned to the forge where they had done summer work in school to take up where they left off to become fine craftsmen and artists.

Just inside the workshop door were maps filled with pushpins delineating where the Forge’s products had been sold. There did not appear to be a single country, even in what used to be called “Darkest Africa,” that didn’t sport a plethora of pushpins. Europe and the U.S. had so many in spots that one couldn’t have got another in. That little coterie of Grove City art metalworkers of the Forge appear to be famous the world over.

It was to be noted this day that appreciation of their products resulted in the due appearance of credit cards or cash, and that several bikes weighed a bit more on the ride home than they had on the way up. The forge turned out to be a great spot as the goal for a ride, and as usual, the 4-Winds company attending was a delight to share it with!

*RALPH*



**SAFETY TIP**

Fall’s here. Leaves are coming down. They like to hold conventions on roads. Especially when wet and around blind corners. And they’re slipperier even when dry than a low-paid used car salesman. Avoid ‘em if you can. If you can’t, ride over ‘em very gingerly. They can kick your bike out from under you if you don’t and that’s not good for the plastic, not to mention the disposition.





AMERICAN MOTORCYCLIST ASSOCIATION  
NEWS RELEASE



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**CONCLUSIONS MISLEADING IN NEW IIHS REPORT, AMA SAYS**

The American Motorcyclist Association has expressed serious reservations about the conclusions reached in a report of motorcycle fatalities released by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety this week.

The IIHS report purports to show that sport-styled motorcycles are considerably more dangerous than other types of bikes. But an AMA analysis of the report notes that the methodology used in the research makes it difficult to determine whether that's a valid conclusion.

"The synopsis released by the IIHS claims that it has data showing a much higher fatality rate among so-called 'supersport' motorcycles," noted Ed Moreland, AMA Vice President for Government Relations. "But that is by no means clear, based on this report."

The IIHS report is not a new study. Instead, it's an analysis of existing data from the national Fatal Accident Reporting System. The methodology consists of a comparison of fatalities for different styles of motorcycles based on a rate per 10,000 registrations. But that approach ignores a number of key factors, like the number of miles the bike was ridden, the traffic environment in which it was used, along with the age and experience of the rider, among others.

"Those factors are so significant that they could easily change the results the IIHS has reported," said Moreland. "For instance, the IIHS has made no attempt to determine whether bikes in its 'supersport' category are ridden more miles than bikes in the 'cruiser/standard' category. Nor has it attempted to determine whether they are used more often in urban areas that represent a more dangerous environment than the rural interstates where touring bikes are likely to be used."

When it comes to age and riding experience, the IIHS does indicate that motorcycles in its "supersport" category are ridden by the youngest riders, averaging 27 years of age. In fact, its rankings of the average ages of riders killed on various styles of bikes coincides closely with the fatality rate it reports on that style of motorcycle.

"In other words," said Moreland, "it's entirely possible this report actually demonstrates that younger, less-experienced riders are more prone to crash than older riders, regardless of the type of bike they're riding. And that's true for all types of motor vehicles--cars, trucks or motorcycles."

Making any interpretation of the IIHS report even more difficult is the classification system the group used in dividing motorcycles. It includes some unfamiliar categories, like "unclad sport" motorcycles, and leaves out well-established categories, like the sport-touring class.

In an attempt to sort through this confusion, the AMA requested a copy of the classification system the IIHS used in its analysis and found several significant anomalies. For instance, although the IIHS report focuses on speed and acceleration as the factors that make its "supersport" category so dangerous, the two most powerful motorcycles you can buy in the United States, Kawasaki's ZX-14 and Suzuki's Hayabusa, are placed in the Sport category, which is rated considerably less dangerous. And they share that category with Honda's ST1300 and Yamaha's FJR1300, two bikes that define the sport-touring class.

"No matter what name you put on it, the Hayabusa and the ST1300 are simply not in the same class of motorcycles," Moreland said. "And if you're claiming to rank fatality rates by category of motorcycle, it's hard to get meaningful results when you lump those very different machines together and declare them to be in the same class."

The timing of the IIHS report is also unusual. Just this week, the National Transportation Safety Board specifically asked the Federal Highway Administration to work with states to develop uniform data-collection procedures that will result in better information about the number of miles traveled by motorcycles, one of the most important factors in evaluating crash statistics. As a result, this could be one of the final reports to use registration data exclusively, which is less accurate in reflecting actual motorcycle use.

This new IIHS report is remarkably similar to a study the group financed 20 years ago that also purported to show higher fatality rates among sportbikes. At that time, the IIHS used its study as the springboard for a well-orchestrated campaign that included ready-made news footage it fed to TV news operations across the country. That campaign culminated in the introduction of a bill in the U.S. Senate to impose a horsepower limit on all motorcycles sold in the U.S.

The current IIHS research has plenty of echoes of that era in the late 1980s. In fact, the final sentence of the IIHS "Status Report" on the subject, published Sept. 11, says, "Short of banning supersport and sport motorcycles from public roadways, capping the speed of these street-legal racing machines at the factory might be one way to reduce their risk."

In response to that previous attempt by the IIHS to ban sportbikes, the AMA conducted an analysis of the study and raised questions

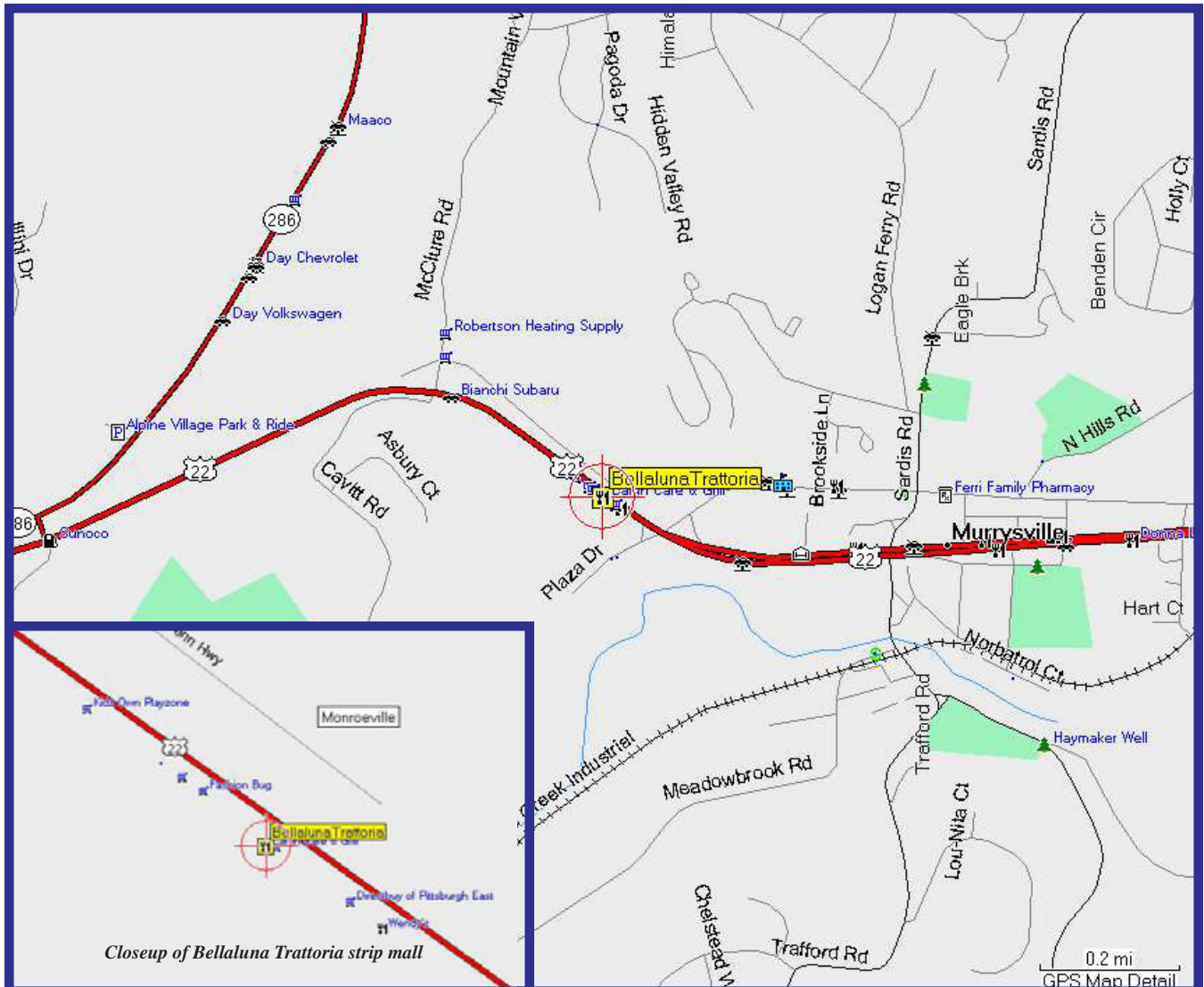
that the Association submitted to Harry Hurt, lead researcher on the most comprehensive study of motorcycle crashes ever conducted. Hurt reviewed the research and declared it "fatally flawed" for exactly the kind of methodology problems seen in the new IIHS report. The Association then coordinated a campaign among motorcyclists across the country that eventually led the senator to withdraw his proposed legislation.

Ironically, the new IIHS report comes out just as the AMA and the motorcycling community have been successful in getting federal funding for the first comprehensive motorcycle safety study since the Hurt Report all those years ago. And thanks to funding from the industry, through the Motorcycle Safety Council, along with the AMA and individual riders, that study will begin this fall.

"We look forward to getting the results of actual, in-the-field research that won't just compare fatalities to some hypothetical class of motorcycle, but will pin down the actual factors involved in motorcycle crashes," Moreland said. "That will be much more useful in helping save lives on the highway."

**THE AMERICAN MOTORCYCLIST ASSOCIATION: RIGHTS. RIDING. RACING. FOUNDED IN 1924, THE AMA IS A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION WITH MORE THAN 280,000 MEMBERS. THE ASSOCIATION'S PURPOSE IS TO PURSUE, PROTECT AND PROMOTE THE INTERESTS OF MOTORCYCLISTS, WHILE SERVING THE NEEDS OF ITS MEMBERS. FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT THE AMA WEBSITE AT [WWW.AMADIRECTLINK.COM](http://WWW.AMADIRECTLINK.COM).**

### OCTOBER MEETING PLACE MAP



Continued from page 9

“OK. Well I figure on going to the meeting tomorrow. You can let me know then.”

“Nah. I’ll call you tomorrow night. I’m not gonna make it to the



meeting—Dana Asherman, his girlfriend, and I are going on a 40 mile bicycle ride that’s been planned for Cook’s Forest up along the Clarion River.”

“OK. Have a good ride. It’s supposed to be cool and sunny.”

“OK. I gotta go, haven’t had any sleep yet so I’ll talk to ya tomorrow.”

Later... next day. After the meeting...

I got home to find a note by my place saying Ed had called earlier in the afternoon. Rosemary told him I was at the meeting, she said, to which Ed responded...“Oh. That’s why I haven’t been able to get ahold of anyone... Well, have him call me back when he gets in.”

Which I did. The plan was for all to meet up at the Exxon on SR68 just off I-79 at Zelig at 10:30. Ed said only the 4 of us, he, Tim, Kev, and I would be going as Tom and Jay were tied up and couldn’t make it.

Sunday...

Goofus Doofus: ...Somehow I misremembered when Ed said we’d meet and misread the time on the Mapsource distance and time read out for the route (backroads) I planned to take from home to the Exxon off 79. So, I scrambled around, lit off the Beemer and was outta the driveway at 09:17 hours—thinking it’d take about an hour to get to Zelig and that I was gonna be 15 minutes late already. It only took a half hour to get to the Exxon, so, finding no one yet there, and after following Winnie Churchill’s wise directive never to let any nearby rest room go unused, I remembered we weren’t to meet up ‘till 10:30. Duhhhhh. It was just 10 by then. Decided to while away the time roaming around Harmony (interesting little early PA town) and Zelig,

and maybe running 10 or 15 minutes up 19 and back to do something beside looking like a bird in the wilderness sitting the bike in the Exxon parking lot. Fired up the Beemer and headed out, wandered a bit through Harmony, and was back on 68 headed for 19 when I was passed by Tim going the opposite direction. Doing a quick turnaround through Zelig side streets, I headed back to the Exxon to find Tim fueling his K bike there. ...Said he’d thought he’d be late for the 10:00 AM meet-up because he couldn’t quite remember whether we were to get together at 10 or 10:30: confirmation of the notion that great minds tend to make the same mistakes... or something. We stood around and chatted until Ed and Kev showed and got gas. A bit more tire kicking preceded take-off, whence we headed slightly northwest to pick up some nice empty squiggly back roads south in the general direction of sr 18 and US 22 near Weirton.

Took about 2 hours of fine riding with very little traffic. The bikes purred along nicely. There was some beautiful countryside to experience as we went, as well as the gigantic cooling towers and nuclear dome of the electric generating plant along SR 168 (I think), not to mention the usual neat little Pennsylvania towns. Following SR 168 to 18 and thence to old 22, after one quick ex-

tra checkout of a US 22 exit hunting for DJ’s, we arrived. Our fearless leader, M’sieu Le ‘Phoon was using his excellent 2 dimensional GPS with the route all laid out in the pocket of R100’s tank bag, so even the the one short hunting foray was not at all problematical

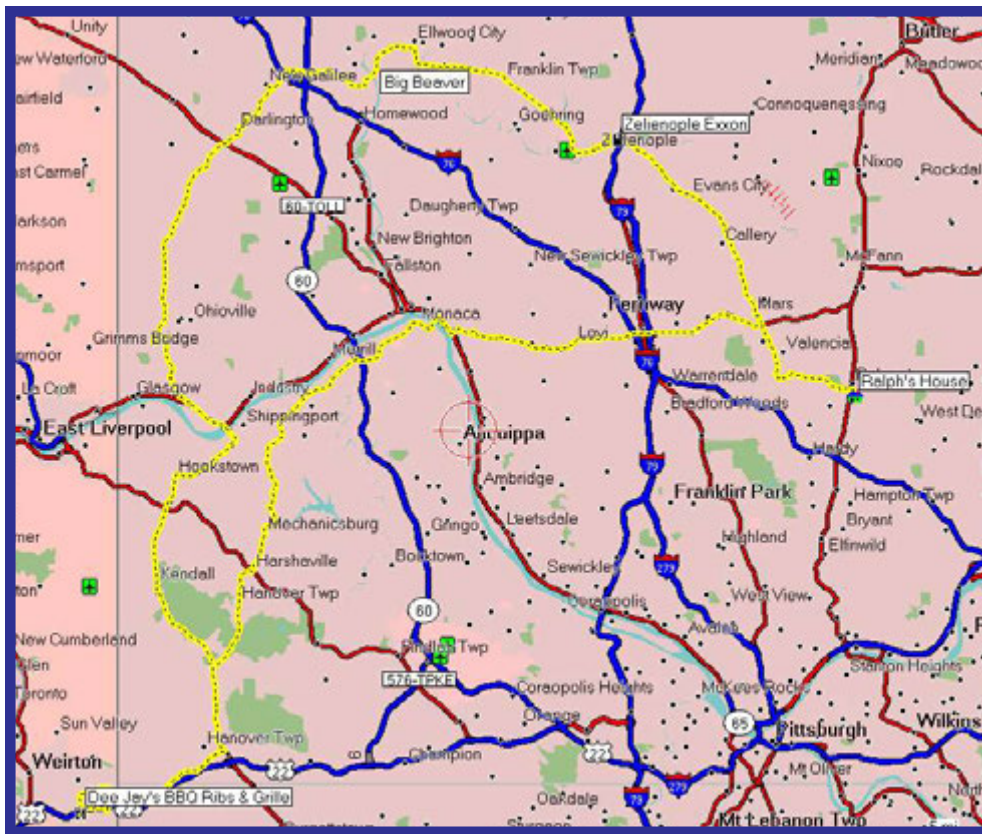
(Besides, we’d passed what looked like a pretty good Italian Pasta and Pizza place so I figured that if Ed’s 2-D GPS didn’t get us to DJ’s we’d still not go hungry). Anyway, Dee Jay’s was but one exit closer to Weirton that Ed had originally thought, and with arrival at exit 4, there we were, and the Clem—Dee Jay comparison challenge could begin.

After some pictures by the bikes, we headed in. Now, admittedly,

Dee Jay’s, to begin with, steals a big march on Clems vis-a-vis smooth ambience and appearance. The place looked lovely outside and in. The restrooms (Churchill again!) were neat, tidy, and several modernistic cuts above those (that?) at Clem’s. Also, we had a comfortable booth whence we could occasionally Ogle the Steelers - Patriots? (we couldn’t really easily make out the helmets as a chandelier was in the way) game on the TV across the nicely appointed dining room. Furthermore, the waitresses were most helpful...for, as we were headed for the booth behind the Maitre ‘d, one asked us if we







## THE DEE JAY RIBS CULINARY TEST RIDE MAP

This map is from Ralph's GPS and is really not the official ride map, as in Monaca, Kev said he, Ed, and Tim continued North in order to arrive eventually at Forbush's Ice Cream to cap off the ride while Ralph split off there and headed East to get his ribs in the fridge (the Dee Jay pork ribs, not his ribs!).

Note that the other riders went much farther: Ed from and to Mercer, Tim from and to Beaver, and Kev from and to Pittsburgh.

wouldn't want her to hang up our riding jackets for us. Imagine that! ...so she took them and hung them up on a coat rack hidden around the corner from the entrance. Nice.

To make a complete gustatory test, given Dee Jay's 3 choices—half rack at 8 bones in, full rack at 16, and super rack at 21—we each ordered the full rack of ribs—which came as a dinner with one's choice of potatoes—skins with cheese filling, or mashed reds with desired topping and slaw or salad. While taking pictures, a gentleman just leaving asked if we wanted all of us in a picture and that he'd be happy to take one with our camera if we did. We did. (Tim and I had each taken pictures of the group and bikes, but of course the cameraman wouldn't show in them.) Anyway, we queried him about the place and he suggested that we just had to try the ribs because they were fabulous. That comment gave me enough courage to go ahead and order the full rack for lunch, and 2 more full rack rib dinners to go so I could take 'em home for Rosemary to enjoy too. "Geeze," (AKA "The Syphoon," AKA Ed) who must've been a boy scout at one time, following their motto, "Be Prepared," had brought along a very large ziplock refrigerator bag to take leftovers home for Michele.

Having had a most delightful feast on ribs, potatoes, and slaw/salad, punctuated with the usual fine conversation about almost everything under the sun (after all, gourmet Beemerriders are also experts at many other things), and having, pre-ride-home, followed Churchill's advice once more, we gathered out by the bikes for our expert summation of the status of Dee Jay's ribs vis-a-vis Clem's.

Stripping away from the assessment all extraneous considerations like ambience, appearance of waitresses, comfort of booths, etc., we focussed in on the ribs themselves. The opinion of all four was that the ribs were very very good, extremely tender—they just about fell off the bone, and that the sauce was nice... BUT, (and as one literary grammarian has properly stated—the important stuff is what comes after the 'BUT') Clem's were clearly better. Tim indicated the sauce

was a bit too sweet and could have used a touch more vinegar to balance; Kev, with a superbly sensitive tongue regarding ingredients present agreed and said that the sauce at Clem's had nice brown sugar overtones that DJ's sauce lacked, I threw in the 2 cents that I thought Clem's ribs had a more generous smoky flavor while being equally tender, while Ed pointed out that the ribs here compared with Clem's were of smaller bone, so that for the same 'size' serving, you got a more at Clem's. The final conclusion was that, lacking any other contestants, Clem's ribs remained the champion Pennsylvania ribs, but that if one were in the neighborhood of Weirton with a hankering for ribs, there'd be no better place close by to get 'em than Dee Jay's. Ed figured the motorcyclists who'd been to Clem's just didn't want to admit that their assessment of who had the better ribs was wrong. Egotism unfortunately appears to have reared its ugly head. We, of course, suffered from no such detriment, being clearly objective (after all, we went out of our way and did a 2 hour ride down and 2 hour back just to determine the issue—what would have been the use of that were we to have let our judgement be swayed so as not to be perfectly and purely objective? Furthermore, there were 4 of us who came to the same conclusion. One can't argue with that!)

[But be sure not to tell anyone that we would've enjoyed the delectable ride had there been no such culinary testing in the midst of it!]

In addition, this counted as an Official Syphoon Ride though even there was a decided lack of wild wind, tornados (except for the one on Ed's cap), snow, or heavy rain (the latter of which which Ed said he had indeed 'enjoyed' yesterday on the bicycle ride) because Ed led, and because, furthermore, our Official Club Syphoon Rider was there to certify the whole affair. Tim and I can attest to both!

RALPH

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

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

To join, 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](http://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:**

The October 20, 2007 meeting will be held from 2:00 PM to 5:00 PM at the Bellaluna Trattoria, 5060 William Penn Hwy (US 22), Monroeville, PA; Ph: (724) 733-2662.

*From West, North, or South of Monroeville:* Get on and take the Parkway East (I-376) to its eastern end and continue East on US 22. The Bellaluna Trattoria will be in a strip mall on your right approximately 2.8 miles from where you entered US 22 from the Eastern End of the Parkway. When you pass Bianchi Subaru on your right, you have about 3/10ths of a mile to go to the strip mall with the Bellaluna Trattoria.

*From East of Monroeville:* Get on Rte 22 and travel West. Do a U-turn at the next possible place--Probably at the McClure/Cavitt Rd. light--after you pass the Bellaluna Trattoria in a strip mall on your left, and return on 22 Eastbound to the Trattoria.

See map on p. 13.