

FEB



2008

MOA # 6

www.4windsbmw.org

RA # 76



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As some of you may already know, a few weeks ago I was hired to manage the New Heritage BMW motorcycle dealership in Monroeville. The business had been closed for the past four months due to many reasons that were almost beyond control. The most notable was a broken storm drain behind the building that caused many tons of earth to wash down a steep incline. Stabilizing the slope was a major construction project. Then there is the laundry list of requirements set forth by BMWNA. For instance, there is only one style of carpet permitted in the showroom and it is made to order from a mill in North Carolina and takes 3 to 4 weeks to deliver.

Making the new building compliant with the Americans with Disabilities Act has been particularly vexing. I will be installing braille signs on the handicap access door and making certain that the grade of the ramp and the railing design and height meets very specific specifications.

A less sensitive guy might complain that blind, wheelchair bound individuals don't

IT'S TIME TO... DO YOUR DUES!

It's that time of year again. Please clip, fill out, and mail in your membership registration form found on p. 7, with check, to our treasurer, Tom Primke. Also, if you cannot download the newsletter from the web site and wish a paper copy, **please indicate that** somewhere on the form as well. You can also give your dues to Tom at a meeting. Tom will reward you either way by giving you your own personal copy of the club's handy-dandy 2008 Official Membership Card.

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FEBRUARY MEETING INFO

The February 16, 2008 regular meeting of the Four Winds BMW Riders' Club will be held at 2:00 PM at Magoo's Bar & Bistro, 9101 Perry Highway, Pittsburgh, PA 15237, Ph.: 412-635-2300. Magoo's is across from Cumberland Rd at the stoplight about 2 miles South of European MCs of Pittsburgh.

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., Feb. Meeting: Feb. 16; **March issue deadline: Tues., Feb. 19th**). 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:

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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 2008

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

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

February 16, 2008 — Magoo's Bar & Bistro, Perry Hwy.

March, 2008 — TBA

April, 2008 — TBA

May, 2008 — TBA

June, 2008 — TBA

July, 2008 — TBA

August, 2008 — **Friday, August 15 to Sunday, August 17**
41st Annual Four Winds Rally!

September, 2008 — TBA

October, 2008 — TBA

November, 2008 — TBA

December, 2008 — No Monthly Meeting

FEBRUARY SHACK

The February Shack will be held Wed., Feb. 20th from 7-10 PM at Al and Dee Vangura's in Perryopolis. Here's how to get there: Head South on Rte 51. Approximately 5 miles south of Interstate 70, turn left at the traffic light at Independence St. into the town of Perryopolis. Turn left onto Liberty and cross over Constitution. Take the next left into the cul-de-sac. It's the only blue house in the plan. 510 Roosevelt Circle, Perryopolis, PA 15473. Ph: 724-736-2884.

even ride motorcycles, so why the hassle? But I believe that handicapped people have the right to public access and I look forward to serving my first blind, wheelchair-bound customer. I'm just sayin.'

The big question on everybody's mind is "when" will we be open? If I had a few more days extension on my deadline, I could answer that question definitively here. But that question will be answered on the website and at heritagebmw.com.

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, Feb 3 — North at King's, I-79 & Rt 910/VIP Dr., 10:00 AM

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

Sun, Feb 17 — South at King's, 3049 Washington Pike, off Exit 54, I-79, Bridgeville, 10:00 AM

Sat, Feb 23 — 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.

If I you notice that I am ad-libbing at the banquet, it will be because I had no time to prepare a speech. But it will be fun and I look forward to seeing you all there.

Mitch





WEST BREAKFAST RIDE JANUARY 12, 08

Walt Halaja

Fooled again! Looked like only three riders would show up for the breakfast according to our web-site, but it was six! Nice! We don't always know by just reading our web-page how many will show, but it is a very good gauge to at least let members know that someone is going. Members present: Ralph Meyer, Frank Beatrous, Dave Manfredo, PW—Paul White, myself, & one guest: Chuck Niederriter, who has made several breakfast rides already, & we hope will join the club. I found out we would have had another member, but he slept in, well, nevertheless, six riders was just fine for January with

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RON KRANZ - 200,000 MILER!

Ron Kranz this past month received a letter from Tony Black, the BMWMOA High Mileage Coordinator, congratulating him on having 200,000 accumulated miles ridden on BMW motorcycles. Ron received this congratulatory letter with the information that his name has been posted to the BMWMOA Mileage Award Honor Roll. Ron ran up his mileage on his 1991 R100RT and 2003 K1200GT over a period of 17 years. Tony did the math and indicated that that made Ron rolling an average of 11,765 miles a year.

Good going Ron! Congratulations from all of us on this outstanding record! Bet you're already started on the next 100,000.



LATE DECEMBER RIDE REPORT

By Mark Tiedemann

Since moving to Pittsburgh in January 2000 I have never been able to ride past Thanksgiving Day. This year the weather has been a bit milder and I'm still riding late into December. A few days ago I posted a note on the 4 Winds message board about going riding on December 29th but nobody expressed any interest.

My battery has been slowly dying. It is about 5 years old so I won't complain when I replace it next spring. I was trying to nurse it a few more days out of it so I took the battery out, cleaned the terminals, topped off the cells and put it on the trickle charger for a few hours. The bike started right up so I figured I'd make good use of it.

The weather was partly cloudy and the temperature around 40 so I headed out for a ride. I didn't know where I wanted to go so I just

headed south on Rt. 88 towards South Park. After a ride through the park and a detour on a winding road that ends up in Finleyville I was back on Rt. 88. Going through New Eagle I thought about stopping at The Twist ice cream shop to buy fresh salsa. This is the home of the same guy who sells his salsa on the sidewalk at the Strip on Saturdays. It is very good and he also sells it at various farmers markets during the summer. Unfortunately The Twist was closed, probably for the winter. I took a right in Monongahela on Rt. 136 and headed towards 84.

Just before I got to 84 I remembered a small barbeque restaurant that I had spotted a few weeks ago when I was picking up my daughter from a high school rifle meet just west of Washington Pa. It looked like the kind of place that I had been to when I lived in Georgia and North Carolina and I was hoping that it was really going to be southern barbeque, not the chipped ham and ketchup variety that is served here in the Burgh. I took Rt. 519 into Washington and got on the interstate to make my way over to the Jefferson exit off of I-70. I saw a sign for Cabela's and since it wasn't quite yet dinner time I figured I'd check out the store and then come back to Washington to eat.

My trip meter had just turned 210 miles and I usually fill up at 200 miles but I had already passed the Chestnut Street exit (home of the Washington Wild Things stadium) when my bike started to sputter. It looked like I was going to have to use my BMWMOA Premium membership roadside assistance when an exit with a BP sign came into view. Boy was I lucky that the exit was close by. My bike holds 5 gallons and I put 4.93 gallons in the tank. Once filled up I headed the last few miles to the Cabela's exit. I parked and walked inside the monument to hunting, fishing and camping. After 15 minutes in the Wallyworld of West Virginia I got the heck out of there. I don't know what I was thinking by going there in the after Christmas shopping period. It was wall to wall with people and I have never seen so much camo clothing going through the cash registers.

Back on the interstate heading east my main goal was to check out the Hog Fathers BBQ at 1301 Jefferson Avenue. I was hoping for some good southern style barbeque and I was not disappointed. I exited the interstate, turned right and went a few blocks north of I-70 where I turned left into the parking lot. The menu showed lots of barbecued items including chicken, ribs, beef, pork, even shrimp. In my opinion the true mark of a good southern BBQ restaurant is that they serve sweet tea. The friendly waitress asked what I would like to drink. I asked for iced tea and she asked if I would like sweetened, unsweetened or raspberry. This is a good sign. After looking at the menu I picked the pulled pork sandwich and a side of sweet potato fries. They offer a choice of regular barbeque sauce or a vinegar based sauce. I chose the regular sauce and the sandwich came with fried onions and jalapeno slices mixed in, sort of a variation of the Burgh tradition of putting fries on a Primanti sandwich. This was some GOOD barbeque. The meat was tender and tasty. The sweet potato fries were also good and a great alternative to regular fries. There was so much food that I could have easily split it with my wife if she was there. I got a takeout menu and headed back out to the bike. I'll be back for lunch or dinner the next time I go to a Wild Things game.

Jefferson Avenue is actually Rt. 18. I turned left out of the parking lot and headed north and soon found myself on a great road heading towards Hickory. At Hickory I merged onto Rt. 50 east and rode to Bridgeville. From there I meandered my way back home to Mt. Lebanon. I got home in time to pour a glass of wine and watch one of my favorite shows, This Old House. If this is to be the last day of the riding season at least I can say that it wasn't wasted!

MARK



From Left to Right: Carl and Dan Hartz, Ron Kranz, John Allen, Ed Tatters, Walt Halaja, Chuck Niederriter, and Paul White. Not shown are Jack and Joyce Bramkamp who drove by when the camera was giving problems and wouldn't fire, and the ersatz photographer with the cantankerous camera.

NORTH BREAKFAST RIDE

1/6/2008

Ralph Meyer

Saturday, 1/5/2008, 6:00 PM: phone rang. Rosemary answered it.

"Who is it?"

"He didn't say."

"Hello?"

"Iziss Rowfie?"

"Yeah... Sounds like that famous knight, the Syphoon, Earl o' Mercer. Whatzup?"

"Yeah. Hey, you goin' to the breakfast ride tomorrow?"

"Figgurin' on it, why?"

"Anybody else goin'?"

"Yeah, S'far as I know now, Walt and PW."

"Well, I want to get out on the bike a bit tomorrow, but don't want to ride all the way down to King's there. Think you guys could meet me around Zelie for a ride?"

"I don't know how far they might want to go, but we could maybe meet you at that Exxon near the I-79 exit and go from there... maybe over Foxburg way... or go West maybe to Old Economy Village or something."

"Well why don'tcha find out and gimme a call tomorrow and let me know."

"OK. Will do. C'ya."

"Bye."

And so it transpired... Sunday Morning, I arrived at King's to find Chuck Niederriter already present with his new RT. Ron Kranz had already arrived via cage and gone in to get a table. When just parking the bike, Walt Halaja, Paul White, and John Allen arrived—two more RTs and an LT! Next thing I knew, there were Jack and Joyce Bramkamp (caged it), and we all were pretty soon joined as well by Carl Hartz and his grandson (whom Carl said could start riding in 3 years), Dan, who had also arrived via 4 wheels. Once we were inside, after some tire kicking, greeting, etc., and orders had been taken, as we watched out the windows onto the parking lot, another LT arrived piloted by Ed Tatters. Now there was a nice full house for an East Breakfast Ride breakfast!

Some fine enlightening technical discussions of GPSs, among other things, having been enjoyed, several folks volunteered that they were up for seeing what the Great Ed of Syphoon might have up his



well-road-rehearsed sleeve. Several of our stalwart Breakfasters had to head back home—Ed Tatters allowing as he had things he had to get done, and no doubt that was the case for the others—so, at the end of Breakfast I called Syphan and said those of us going would meet him at the Exxon by the Zelig I-79 exit—same place a bunch of us met him for the infamous DeeJay's Ribs Test Ride. I say "infamous" as couple of the fellows ribbed him Sunday morning after he arrived at the Exxon 'cause he hadn't called them to join the DeeJay's testing crew—or "clique" as Ron Latkovic might have called those of us who went on that one.

Having asked us where we planned to go, we told Ed that ball was in his court. Since we hadn't figured where we wanted to go, and since he was the one who wanted us to join him, we said we supposed he had that all mapped out. Well... after a bit of cogitation—he's another one like Sonny Robison who has a map of Western PA, Ohio and points North, East, West, and South embedded behind his eyeballs—he said he thought we'd do good ol' 528 North from Evans City and play it by ear heading more or less East or North, or East, or South or wherever as the case might be once we hit Rte 8 at the northern end of 528.. And with that, we were off.

Unfortunately for having the bikes washed clean by the usual Donnerwetter Ed's known for, no rain occurred at all and the only things wet were the roads from the previous night's showers. Though cool and cloudy there wasn't a drop of overhead water to be had any time during the ride. At least we tried to find some as the Eastern-most points of the rider were somewhere around Easton, Sligo, and Rimersburg. But no luck. No rain. At Rimersburg we popped into a fueling stop cum 7-11ish mart for some needed pitting. That enabled our fearless leader to grab a bit of either breakfast (very late if so), lunch, or supper (very early if so) via a hunk of the mini-mart's pizza. After some further tire-kicking while Ed munched his lunch, the five of us on the ride, Ed, Chuck, Walt, Paul, and I, mounted up and began the trek back homeward. 'Long about mid-Chicora, Ed kept on down 68 for 422 and North to home by Mercer while the other four of us cut off down Slippery Rock to Fennelton Roads, etc. eventually hitting Saxonburg and Bakerstown via the back way, splitting up on 228 and the Red Belt in various directions for home.

Walt said he got home at 17:27 hrs. and "was toast [with] Traveler really dirty" and having run 183.2 miles... more than Magic got! He said the temps ranged from 42 to 57 degrees on his bike. PW next day said he had to take the LT to a car wash to get off the grunge. Me, I got in at 15:37 hours with 142 miles on Magic's clock and about 15 pounds of road crud from the wet roads weighing him down. Ah well, he had needed a good scrubbing before I left home

in the morning, and this just guaranteed that he got it today (Monday, the 7th) before I started pounding this out. In any event, he's now clean (no thanks to the weather's error in not accompanying our ride with rain to wash things down as some in our fine club say is absolutely usual on all rides Ed leads). But I could care less. It was a great ride and, as usual, a mighty fine breakfast in equally delightful company!

RALPH



Old Gas Stations

LEST WE FORGET...

Al Vangura & Kevin Hart

Take a look at these old gas stations. Remember when? Those were the days! Pictures sent in by Al Vangura and Kevin Hart.



Check out the kid jumping on the air hose that rang a bell inside the station to tell the attendant a car was there to be gassed up.



How do you like those prices?



If you remember the old pumps where as much gas as you wanted was pumped up into the glass measuring container marked with gallons on top of the pump before it was put in your car or motorcycle, you can consider yourself a real automotive historian. If, however, you actually remember seeing one used, you can definitely consider yourself a prime candidate for the Grand Old Geezer Club!



Continued from page 3

a temp range of 39 to 50 degrees for the day. I had posted that I was planning to ride up to European Cycles. I had a saddle bag that needed some attention & wanted to pick up some Plexus plastic cleaner. Well, during breakfast all the fellows decided to tag along with me to the shop. I have done this ride before from the WBR location, & in fact some of the fellows have taken this ride with me in the past. Although I took most of the same roads, I did mix them in a different way to give a different look to the best twisties I know. At the shop, Lee & the rest of his crew were happy to see us roll in, & Lee came over to greet us. James was able to repair my saddle bag (Thanks James!) with a part taken from another damaged bag; I got my 2 cans of Plexus & was very content. I was sure to let Dave know that Capt. Scooter finally stopped kicking tires & purchased a nice bike which you can read about in another article entitled "Thornburg Va." in this issue. While I was there, I met a fellow who bought my 03 trade in, his name was Dave & said he was very happy with my 03 & that it served him well. He was thinking of up-grading to a K1200LT to give his wife more comfort because she also likes to ride. It's a good idea to stop at the shop in the slow season to help support them. When we arrived there were some folks looking around, & you never know, by your being there you could influence a sale of a bike, or other purchase. After our visit, we all headed home. Since PW lives in Carrick he said he would tag along with me, so I led on more back roads & finally split with Paul in the West End. I wound up with 80.3 miles for the day—about 35 more miles than if I would have had I just rode the most direct way to the shop & home. Nice day, nice ride, & great company!



WALT



1992 K75RT FOR SALE



2004 GS1150 ADVENTURE FOR SALE

FOR SALE

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

1992 K75RT for sale: 55.4k miles, dark green, heated grips, four way flashers, accessory plug, Corbin seat, throttle friction screw, Parabellum medium height windshield with pop vents, taillight strobe, engine guards, BMW saddlebags with black reflective tape, BMW bag liners, small topcase, Baker Built Airwings, new battery, Progressive front springs, new Bridgestone Spitfire front tire front at 53000 miles. New Bridgestone Spitfire rear tire at 54300 miles. Front splines lubed and input shaft seal replaced at 43500 miles. Complete brake fluid and ABS system service, valve adjustment and rear brake pads replaced at 47000 miles. Clymer service manual and 5K/10K DVD video. I am the third owner. Bike has a few dings from garage walls (previous owners) but is in great shape cosmetically and mechanically. I rode this bike to Daytona Bike Week last spring and experienced no problems or issues. Asking \$4000 Mark Tiedeman 412-952-6192 cell; e-mail: mtiedemann1@verizon.net

2004 GS 1150 Adventure: 16500 Miles, Custom seat, Stock seat, Over Size Windscreen, Stock Windscreen, ABS Brakes, Heated Grips, BMW Crash Bars and Skid Plate, BMW Tank Bag, BMW System Bags, Hepco Becker Top Case, Headlamp Gravel Guard, Oil Cooler Gravel Guard, Two new Metzler Tourance Tires. The bike has always been garage kept and dealer serviced. Never been down. Asking \$11,000 or best offer. Contact Al Iaconis, Phone: 724 344 4564

PICTURES OF BIKES ARE ABOVE.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A COAST MAKES

By Don Poremski

It was definitely an unusual set of early morning inputs. My haunches and derriere were warmed by the seat on the Brondell "Swash 800". It, the Swash, would just as willingly squirt warm water at my backside, then gently dry it with warmed air. If, while thus seated, I looked up and to my right through the glass walls of the walk-in shower with overhead "rain" spout, I could see the penthouse apartments of a 22-story building, and, I suppose, they could see me here in San Francisco, one block away from Lombard, the crookedest street in the world, Russian Hill/North Beach.

The Frontier flight from CAK began mid-afternoon, transferred without fanfare in Denver, and a little just past midnight EST landed at SFO. That put me in the rack at about 11:00 p.m. PST, 2:00 a.m. for me. My logy state came partly from the time shift and partly from Polka. Polka is a female, long-hair American cat so named for the two brindled spots on an otherwise white dorsal area. She had long ago discovered that a human loses quite a bit of heat from its head. Being a conservationist California cat, she wasn't about to waste what I was generating. It's difficult to separate oneself from a character in Joseph Heller's "Catch 22" while in a semi-conscious state, but a compromise was reached by having Polka function as an auxiliary pillow and not a cat stole/boa.

One floor up in this building would give me a three-sided pan-

orama of the bay and a city populated with at least one leftover heart. One might consider the environs enviable for a "buckeye" gone west. No, gentle reader, I was not paying for my shelter or the experience. I was a house sitter, a task arranged by my daughter, so we could enjoy the holidays together in Cully-for-nee-ya.

Had I not taken a tumble and stoved a knee, there would have been a Beemer rental in the picture here, too. It would have joined a well-broken-in, black primer VFR for an exploration of Columbia, a gold mining town just west of the Stanislaus National Forest, itself in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The road there and back through Angels Camp reminds one of West Virginia, but the slag-strewn apexes are missing on this late December afternoon...in a car. In their place an avid rider would encounter a lot of off camber turns, and elevation changes ...and there are no curve-indicating signs at all, accurate or not. This trip could spawn cross country treks so as to open new roads to easterners of all riding levels. Summertime brings out the "life style" riders to Angels Camp and other small towns in this vicinity, but now only an occasional rider is seen.

The motorcycle magazines have their offices on this coast for good reason. The temperatures allow for at least some riding any week and lane splitting means shrugging off the inevitable snarls of one-person-per-vehicle commuters. Exit the populated areas and you might see a rough legged hawk hovering over a potential brunch in

The Four Winds fiscal year runs from February 1st to January 31st and February through April is membership renewal season. Memberships expire if they have not been renewed by the April meeting. So, if you haven't done so already, please fill out the form below (**PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY**) and mail it together with a check made payable to "Four Winds BMW Riders" to

Four Winds BMW Riders
c/o Tom Primke
512 White Birch Court
Pittsburgh, PA 15238

Membership cards will be handed out to all members who have renewed their memberships at one of the next meetings.

✂-----

Four Winds BMW Rider Membership Renewal Form 2008				
Member Name				
Associate Name(s)				
Address				
City		State		ZIP Code
e-mail				
Home Phone				
Primary Membership (\$15.-)				\$15.0
Associate Membership (\$7.50 each)				
Amount Enclosed				

the Delta area. There, too, are the mistletoe balls in the almond, oak, and walnut trees—the grape vines, the windmill generators, the ghostly horizon line at dusk.

No, I didn't get the chance to ride here this time, but there will be another visit. There will be apex strafing and ridge riding. There may even be a need for that heated toilet seat to soothe a ride-beleaguered butt.

Don



At Morton's BMW with Jeff Dunkle



The bike, its former owner, & "Capt. Scooter"

picking up the bike, and because we had time, we stopped to see Jeff. He was surprised, to say the least! We chatted, took a few pictures, and Jeff was kind enough to up-date Jim's service book for the services his new bike had received to date that just hadn't been entered yet in the owner's book. Jeff is doing well, and said to say hello to all of our members! Also, Jeff has finally gotten himself a Hack: he said he had always wanted one. Maybe we'll see him with it at the rally, who knows? In any event, it was a long day, with 720 miles as a the round trip distance and with me arriving home at 22:00 hrs. Jim won't get his new bike on the road until maybe April or so; besides, he has some serious driver's training to do to get used to the different controls on his new Bike vs. his Scooter ride!

Walt

THORNBURG, VA, RUN

By Walt Halaja

For those members who have read my articles, you may recall my mentioning "Capt. Scooter," AKA Fire Capt. James Buchman, who rode an Aprilia 150 CC Scooter. Well, over the last four years he and I have taken some rides together at the slower Scooter pace. That has been a little tough on Traveler who at times likes the galloping Stallion pace, but because I like Capt. Scooter's company it was OK! I would always get my Stallion pace in when I rode with 4 Winds members like PW, 2 Spark, Ralph, Sonny, and the Plumber, just to name a few. Anyway, since Jim and I have been riding together I have been trying to get him to up-grade to something with more CC's, but Jim just loved that Scooter. Besides loving that scooter Jim has turned out to be the best tire kicker I have ever known, because he has literally taken years looking at this, that, and the other bike to finally up-grade, or "pull the trigger" as Fire Capt. Jerry Hirschfeld might say. The other week, Jim found a bike on that Craig's list in Thornburg Va. with the color and add-ons he liked: a 2005 R1150R 2 spark, with hard bags, heated grips, stock wind screen and only 3,900 plus a few miles on it. Jim fell "hook, line, & sinker" for it, so off we went from the 'Burgh with a U-haul trailer in tow Tuesday, Jan. 8th, at 04:00 hrs. There is a Pittsburgh connection to this bike, and that is to our past president and friend, Jeff Dunkle! Jeff was the one who sold that bike out of Morton's BMW to the original owner in Thornburg. On our trip, because Fredericksburg, Va, where Morton's BMW is located, is less than 10 miles from where we were



THE WAY WE WERE BACK WHEN: FEB. 1998

Walt Halaja

- 1) President Nancy Barrett wrote in part, "As most of you already know, this board is unique in one major regard....we all get along with each other!" Then, "Change comes from within. You all have unique talents and have something to offer the members of this organization. No amount of help is too little."
- 2) Rider Dossier, submitted by Dan Doerr: Rider Paul Cronin DOB Jan. 11th., 1939....lifetime mileage 16,000.....First bike Honda CM200.....Current bikes 1969 R69S, 1976 R90.....Favorite BMW yellow R69S.....Favorite Classic R69S.....Question What do you think about the R1200C? Answer I like the style and the seat height, Q-What is your favorite local ride? A-Oakdale, Rennerdale, Sygan, Morgan, Houston, Q-What ride would you like to do someday? A-East Germany, Q-What is your favorite riding song? A-"Jambalaya"

- 3) 4 Winds '98 banquet, submitted by Kay Smith, Recording Secretary. The highly successful 1998 4 Winds BMW Banquet is history. Eighty-five charming people attended the gala affair held at Spadar's Restaurant.
 - 4) Survey Summary: A) Most people claimed that they belonged to the club to enjoy riding and socializing with other BMW owners or to be on our mailing list. B) Folks said they wanted meetings on Saturday night or Sunday afternoon. C) The Majority of the respondents said they enjoyed speakers or some kind of program at the meetings. E) Everyone who is interested in a job in the club is welcome to mention it to one of the Board Members and most likely sometime soon you may have a job! F) Folks seemed to want more rides, and it doesn't matter what type they will be happy. G) The most common response to the best aspect of the club was the common interest of the people and networking with other riders. H) Some folks thought the worst aspect of the club was a lack of enthusiasm and too few Club Rides. I) One recurring comment was a need for communication. The newsletter needs all the contributions it can get.
 - 5) Youngstown BMW, or (YBMW) "Christmas" Party: Submitted via La Vern Darabant. On Saturday, February 7th over two dozen 4 Winds members took advantage of Clark Luster's generous invitation to attend the YBMW Banquet.
 - 6) The Road to Travel (Or Not) Via Doc Sean Barrett: Started his new article by starting with PA. Rt. 136, saying this is a really nice road, smooth, usually little traffic, many tight twisties and gradual sweepers. It mostly rolls through hilly farm country but also several interesting small towns.
 - 7) 90 Years of Trouble: the 1997 Isle of Man Review via Clark Luster took two pages of this 7 page newsletter!
- Note: if anyone wants a full reprint of any of these articles, you can contact me at wshalaja@msn.com .



Dave at the rally on his usual "humoungous" bike

rally if I remember correctly, Dave said he'd attended 38 of the 40—he thought it a kind of record—and it probably is too. You may remember him as the delightful, but forever talkative fellow who always comes to the rally on one or another quite small bikes—I think the biggest was all of 250CCs. He does much mechanicing on them himself, not to mention making alterations he thinks will be beneficial.] Here's what Dave sent Tim and Diane:

"Please inform all at the banquet, rides, or meetings, that David Thompson, a 4 winds rally attender from Parkersburg WV was in a motorcycle wreck Dec. 4th, 2007. He was in the hospital for 9 days and lost his spleen, but is now doing OK, and hopes to be at the rally this fall.

...Yes, it was a big truck that made a left turn in front of meand took me up a side street. His hood hit me under my left armpit: no bones broken, but still sore in mid January. The metal saddle bag on the MZ Saxon tour saved my leg. My heavy touring jacket also helped.

The real tick off was 52 years and 800,000 + miles and a tailgater ruined my good driving record. He could not see me around the truck in front of him...

Dave Thompson wd8cyv@yahoo.com ”

We're sorry to hear about the accident, Dave, wish you a quick recovery, and look forward to seeing you at our 42nd rally this August! Ride safe, and watch out for blind cagers and being in blind spots where they can't see you!

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED

WALT



DAVID THOMPSON
RALLY ATTENDER FROM PARKERSBURG, WV'S
ACCIDENT

Tim & Diane Pears

Tim and Diane got this e-mail from Dave and want to pass the information on to the other club members. [Editor's note: at the 40th



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.

Tail of the Dragon ride: <http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=-6725179206609063431>

And for those into Brit Bikes, accompany riding with good Brit cooking. Here's **How to Make Fish and Chips** (as British as Big Ben): <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=razq7QIALSg&feature=dir>

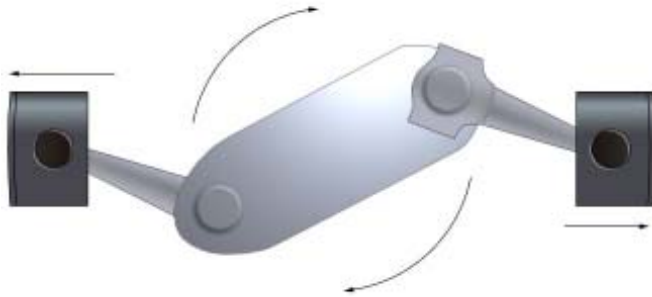
WARUM KÄMPFER?

By Don Poremski

For those of us challenged by the Teutonic, the translation of the title is “Why Boxer”? Why indeed. How did Karl Friedrich Benz come up with that moniker back in 1896? Karl can’t be accessed to give us the real skinny, but we have some solid suppositions.

This would be the same Karl Benz credited with inventing the gas-powered automobile. He grabbed the patents first ahead of guys like Daimler and Maybach. 1885 was the year the Motorwagen, the first commercial automobile, was introduced. But we digress. 1896 was the patent year for the “flat” engine.

There was more excitement associated with this engine than the term “flat” would abide and that might be where Karl inserted “boxer” to punch up the intro a bit. A flat, horizontally-opposed, boxer engine has its cylinders arranged in two banks, one on either side of a single crankshaft. The motion of the pistons is in that horizontal plane. Boxer engines don’t share crankpins. Each piston reaches top dead center (TDC, the farthest a piston can travel in its stroke away from the crankshaft) at the same time. If one could look inside such an engine, the similarity of piston movement and that of a boxer (pugilist) jabbing at his opponent would be readily apparent.



Boxer engine design provides a good balance because the piston movement on one side is balanced by the moving mass on the other side. In the example of a two cylinder boxer, a la BMW motorcycles, a small “rocking couple” imbalance is unavoidable, and lately, diminished by the use of counterbalancers to allow higher r.p.m.

Boxers generate a bit more noise than in-line and “V” engines; the reason: valve clatter is not dampened by proximity of other engine components. They usually carry a larger flywheel to negate torsional vibration. The other benefits of their use in motorcycles is their placement just ahead of the rear wheel and low in the frame, dropping the center of gravity for more neutral handling.



Groundbreaker and real classic. Love the floorboards.

Max Friz used a 500 cc boxer engine combined with a unit transmission and shaft drive back in 1923. That so-called BMW 247 engine remained in use, along with a flat three and flat four until 1995 when the “air head” became an “oil head.”



Squint and you’ll see the boxer jabbing.

Loyal airhead riders know that the left cylinder is slightly farther forward than the right cylinder. Not sure if the same was true of the Zundapp and Victoria cycles which also moved under boxer power. Could be. Let’s not forget that Ural, Dniepr, Chang Jiang, and even Harley-Davidson had a fling with flat engines.

Anyone who has ever thrown a leg over a boxer knows about Äbstutzmoment, the tendency of the bike to react to rotation of the engine. So, when you gasgeben, the bike rocks to the right.

Boxers have appeared elsewhere in multi-cylinder configurations; mostly well known marques like: Volkswagen, Porsche, Citroen, Panhard—even Corvair. Subaru and Alfa Romeo join the group along with aircraft manufacturers Lycoming and Continental. Ooops... We can’t leave out the Honda Goldwings.

So, there you have it. The next time you throw a Bein over your Kämpfer-equipped motorrad, tip your Helm to Herr Benz. Wonder if he ever realized what a rabid following he started in motorcycle circles.

DON



The boxer today



SOUTH BREAKFAST RIDE SUNDAY, JAN 20, 2008

Ralph Meyer

A couple of days ago the Western Chapter of the 4 Winds BMW Riders Club of Pittsburgh, AKA good friend and fellow rider Jürgen Brune, notified a couple of us who had meandered all over Robin Hood's Barn with him on Breakfast Rides and Covered Bridge hunts that he was going to be in the town and wanted to know if we could meet him at the South Breakfast Ride. We gave positive responses, wanting naturally to know what the riding etc. was like around Spokane, Washington where he now keeps tabs on and develops programs for mine safety for the Feds, having done so previously around the 'Burgh. The only iffy part of this get-together was the weather that the whether it will or won't folks kept saying 'might' snow with a chance of 30%. When I looked out the window on rising at 06:00 hours, all I saw was blue sky and a sun making its initial attempt to wake up too. After we both had had our coffee, old Sol was clearly up and bright as could be, though in Canadian air rebellion, the temp outside read 7°. Roads dry. Sun out. Riding weather!!! Yeah!!!

Come 08:50 hours and trusting my Mapsource program that said it'd take me an hour to get to the South B-Ride Kings, I was in the process of making like the Michelin Man (at least I felt that way, with 2 layers of clothing under my Gerbings jacket liner, and 2 layers over—the top one being the BMW Drei-Phasen's rain jacket to keep the wind out). By 08:00 I was rolling Magic ('05 R1200RT) out of the barn and we were on our way—heated grips on '1' and heated seat set the same. Once I got off 910 and onto I-79 South and had Magic galloping at 70-80 oomph, I discovered I had to pop the seat heat up to '2' and the same for the grips, as my legs were getting a wee touch chilly and the ends of my fingers and thumbs were playing tingle pie more and more as we went along. My toes seemed fine, but maybe it was just my imagination thinking that those nice Beemer jugs stuck out on each side of the bike in front of 'em were helping with some warm air.

Anyway, when I got to exit 54, with the finger and thumb tingle north of medium by now, I noticed that it was only 09:35 hours. Figuring I'd just have to stand around in that awful hot King's for nearly a half hour waiting for somebody else to show up, and needing some gas (could've made it home on the reverse trip, but what the heck... kill some time) I pulled into the BP and fueled up. With gloves off and helmet faceplate up, I discovered that 7° was indeed a bit cooler than I expected. Fortunately my fingers were nice and dry, so nothing stuck to the metal of the bike or gas nozzle as I filled 'er up. Gloves on and back on the bike (with heated grips gripped nice and tightly—boy did that feel good!) it was just check traffic and pop south and left a little into King's.

I looked for bikes as I entered the parking lot, but nuthin'. Well, this early, I figured that, so I parked, decided to bring the bucket and gloves inside to keep 'em warm, and headed in. By now I wasn't sure if I still had operable toes. Messages south to that part of the geometry seemed answered by a "don't bother us... it's too cold to letcha know we're home" response. I could still wiggle 'em though, so I figured that meant A-OK down south there. Anyway, what was really nice and warming was that when I just got inside King's door there was this nice slim gentleman with a handsome young man accompanying him standing there saying "Hi!" to me. Carl Hartz and his grandson Dan! Hey hey! The South B-Ride had 3 takers already and it was only 9:45 Ayem. Instead of standing there in my Michelin Man stuffed riding clothes all by my lonesome with (I imagined) people looking (like they had in cars I'd passed) and thinking to themselves "What's that fool doing out on a motorcycle on a day like today?" I had instead a really nice chat with Carl and Dan. And like they say, "time flies when you're having fun" as it seemed but a few seconds until the door opened again to admit Walt Halaja, Jürgen Brune, and Dave "2 Spark" McLaughlin. That made one more "Michelin Man" — Walt did say how many layers he had on, but I forget—he claimed it was more than me; everyone else had come in their respective pickups and cars.

We didn't know how many more might arrive, so we asked the waitress for a fairly large table and got one in a nice cozy corner of the restaurant where we ordered, kicked tires, enjoyed fine camaraderie and conversation, and had a whale of a good time as usual. Jürgen said they'd had about 2 feet of snow and that he'd had to get rid of a couple of inches of ice in front of his home in Spokane, which made us all feel a bit better about the amount of white stuff we'd had thus far in Pittsburgh. He'd also been out riding a bit—can't keep a good man down, and I saw from something interesting he'd written and sent me that he now had a foot both in the 4-Winds camp and the Spokane Beemer club. It was great to see him again. Reminded me of all the enjoyable times we'd spent a few summers ago chasing down covered bridges in Washington and Greene counties—also a nice "warming" thought on a cold day.

Noone else came so that made just the 6 of us to enjoy the food and fun, and the waitress was kind enough to take our picture for us. Cold can't keep good men down, so it can't. Carl had said that his wife had to go into the hospital for an operation the coming week so they'd miss the banquet. We were sorry to hear that, but hope all turns out well for her. We all were glad he and Dan made it to the breakfast.

With the temps so low (my bike computer said it was 14° when I arrived at King's, but it always reads about 4° too high) we all just headed home after the breakfast. I followed Walt up I-79 to where he cut off for his home at Rte 60, while I continued playing tingle toes and fingers to 910 East to Bakerstown. The nice thing about riding in this temp is that it let me know that if I was going to do much of it, I should spring for the heated pants, socks, and gloves. Seems anything below about 20° is just a bit too cool for only the heated jacket liner. And that's good to know. The ride was about 40 minutes, and I really, without those extra heated bits, and even with the seat and handgrips turned up, wouldn't have wanted to ride much more than maybe an hour at this morning's temps. But thank you, BMW, even at those low temps, the heated seat and grips were the bee's knees! Wouldn't want to do without 'em.

It was a good ride. And who sez the South Breakfast ride isn't attended much? It was this morning!

RALPH

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, 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:

The Saturday, February 16th, 2008 regular meeting of the Four Winds BMW Riders' Club will be held from 2:00** to 5:00 PM at Magoo's Bar & Bistro, 9101 Perry Highway, Pittsburgh, PA 15237, Ph.: 412-635-2300. Magoo's is across from Cumberland Rd at the stoplight.

From the South: Take Rte 19, Perry Hwy, North. Magoo's will be on your left at the Cumberland Rd traffic light about .5 miles North of the CCAC North Campus.

From the North: Take Rte 19, Perry Hwy, South to the traffic light at Cumberland Rd. Turn right at the light into Magoo's parking lot. Magoo's is approximately 3 miles South of European Motorcycles of Pittsburgh.

Magoo's GPS coordinates: N40.57195 W80.03699.

****Note:** The 4 Winds Board will meet at 1:00PM at Magoo's **before** the club meeting.