



BMWDFW

BEEMER ZEITUNG

OCTOBER 2004



AN OFFICER ON A BMW POLICE MOTORCYCLE COMPETES AT THE POLICE MOTORCYCLE RODEO IN SOUTHLAKE, TX. NO, HE DID NOT FALL OVER.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- *Great Divide Ride*
- *Moto Zen*
- *Photos*
- *Upcoming Events*
- *Much More...*

MEMBERSHIP MEETING

**TUESDAY
OCTOBER 12TH
8:00 PM**

**HOFFBRAU
STEAK HOUSE**

**4613 DENTON
HIGHWAY
(HIGHWAY 377)**

**1/2 MILE SOUTH OF
NORTH LOOP 820
ON HIGHWAY 377**

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

ANDY JONES, JR.



Guten Tag BMW/DFW Motorcycle Club Members! I hope the month of October and this beautiful fall finds you enjoying our riding hobby. Our Members have traveled to numerous rallies and other motorcycle gatherings this past month. The feedback I have received indicates that our friends are really enjoying some great riding and the fellowship that goes with it! I still get a ride in each weekend, but have not put any significant

mileage on my bikes in the last several weeks. My sidecar rig was a big hit at my grandson Noah's fourth birthday party on October 3rd. He made a special request to give his friends sidecar rides at his birthday party and when I did, those children were all smiles! This is just another ancillary benefit of the sidecar rider's world.

We are only a few months away from our annual Holiday Party and yearly participation awards presentations. We will post more specific information on our web site and in next month's newsletter. I would like to encourage all of you to enter your annual BMW Motorcy-

President's (Continued on page 2)



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2004 Motorcycle Events

Oct 8/10, Fri/Sun

BMW MULTI-CLUB CAMPOUT, Talimena State Park, near Talihina, Oklahoma. A no-cost rally, except for camping fee of \$8 per tent, loosely organized by the Central Oklahoma BMW Road Riders. A Saturday night dinner is planned but your RSVP is needed if you plan to have dinner so please contact Mike Truel at mjtruel@sbcglobal.net of your intentions to attend.

Oct 10, Sunday

BMWDFW 2nd SUNDAY BREAKFAST, 8:30 AM, Mary's Brazos Café, Tin Top, TX.

Oct 10, Sunday * NEW *****

RIDE FOR KIDS BENEFIT RIDE, Benbrook, TX. Supporting the Pediatric Brain Tumor Foundation. Rain or shine. Ride travels through scenic countryside with police escort. A CELEBRATION OF LIFE program at the endpoint includes award presentations to individuals, chapters, clubs, and festivities. Starting location at Dutch Branch Park, Hwy 377 S at Wiscott Road, approximately 1 mile south of I-20. Registration begins at 8 AM, ends at 9:45 AM; the ride follows. Info at www.ride4kids.org.

Oct 12, Tuesday,

BMWDFW CLUB MEETING, 8 PM, the Hoffbrau Steak House, 4613 Denton Hwy (Hwy 377)

Oct 15/17, Fri/Sun

34th SOUTH CENTRAL TEXAS BMW REUNION, LadyBird Johnson Park, Fredericksburg, TX. BMW Club of Houston, Ltd #12 presents their Gathering of Friends and Neighbor reunion at Lady Bird Johnson

President's (Continued from page 1)

cle mileage in our mileage participation contest. We present awards for highest miles ridden, lowest miles ridden and closest to average miles ridden, so everyone has a chance to win!

There are a lot more rides and events on our Club calendar over the next few months so take advantage of this great fall weather. Tourmeister Don Mills along with Tourmeister Emeritus Mike Moon continue to do an outstanding job in identifying interesting rides and events for us to enjoy. Invite a friend to ride to one of our events and RIDE!!! The next BMW/DFW Club meeting at the Hoffbrau Steak House in Haltom City will be on Tuesday, October 12th.

October is Fire Prevention month. Take the time to test your smoke detectors in your home

Park in Fredericksburg, Texas. Events include Fri night cowboy stew, Sat night meal, movie nights, poker run, bike show, field events and more. Pre-registration is \$20 before 01 October 2004, (\$25 at the gate) per person and includes a pin, events, meals and more. Camping is \$8 / tent / night. Details at www.bmwclub.org or Carl Chapman, cchapma@ev1.net, 281.343.0412 or Robert Stalones, rstallones@houston.rr.com, 713.263.1899.

Oct 18, Monday

LONE STAR BMW RIDERS CLUB MEETING, 7:30 PM at Juan's Tex Mex, 6150 Frankford Rd., southwest corner of Preston and Frankford. Come early for dinner. www.lonestarbmwridders.org.

Oct 25, Monday * NEW *****

RIDE SMART MOTORCYCLE SCHOOL, MotorSport Ranch, Cresson, TX. Learn and improve your street, track, and visualization skills from professional racers and instructors. Proper riding apparel and equipment is required. Cost is \$100 for levels 1, 2, and 4. Register and pay at www.Ridesmart.info, 512.469.9491.

Oct 29/31, Fri/Sun

ARKANSAS FALL COLORS RIDE, Eureka Springs, AR. Annual event hosted by the Lone Star BMW Riders. Returning to Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Headquarters at the Wagner Inn Motel (1.800.235.7639 or 1.479.253.9440. If the Wagner Inn becomes full, put your name on the waiting list or reserve at the alternate motel, Carolyn's Ozark Swiss Inn, across the street. Carolyn's numbers are 1.800.833.8450 or 479.253.6688. For more info, contact Mike Moon at mmoon1948@aol.com or 817.237.6508.

and if they are battery operated to change the batteries. Also make sure your family has an exit plan in place and practice it so your children know how to escape in case of fire and where to meet once they get out. Visit your local fire station. Many of them will have special events and/or open houses this month and will be glad to provide you with fire prevention and home fire safety literature.

Until later, stay alert all the time you are riding and every time you ride, remember to ride defensively and Ride Safely.....ALWAYS!!!!

Der Praisident

Andy Jones, Jr.

GREAT DIVIDE RIDE 2004

By Bill Keating

July 14 through July 28, 2004

Great Divide Ride 2004

The next day we were really looking forward to a steep decent down Fleecier Mountain. At least I was. When we got to the top of the mountain after riding for miles in deep ruts, the trail was closed to motor vehicles. So we had a serious back track. The rest of the day was fairly uneventful, just a lot of miles through BLM ranch lands getting out of Montana. We camped at Lakeview, MT this night with the mosquitoes.

Heading toward Idaho we picked up a short piece of one track. I nearly went down on this one. Going through a mud hole I slipped and bounced off a rock that sent me through the middle of the mud hole and out the other side. When I stopped I was standing on the edge of the mud hole with a tree between my forks. I couldn't move without dropping my bike in the mud. Steve came to my aid. Once into Idaho we followed a railroad bed for about 25 miles. This was pebble sized loose lava rock turned into whoops by the four wheelers. At several spots they had cattle guards designed to keep jeeps and other vehicles out. They were constructed out of angle iron about 18 inches tall with a 60 degree ramp on each side. If you hit it just right you would jump right over it. If you hit it too slow you would plop down on it and rest there like you put your bike on a milk crate. I did this and smashed my oil drain plug. I checked the drain plug everyday after this to make sure it was tight but I couldn't put a wrench on it. We continued south and west of Yellow Stone and ended the day in Pinnacle Valley, WY. The last road of the day had a sign on it saying it was impassable when wet. It was raining so up we go. I was in the back of the group for this one. When I rounded a corner there was Spud with his bike lying in the mud. When I stopped laughing I took a picture and helped him pick it up. We spent an odd night in the valley

owned by Jerry Jardine. Sound familiar - Jardine Headers - 70's & 80's maker of mc exhaust pipes. He rode up on a KLX 650 and spent an hour talking about his past and present enterprises and all his bike adventures. He owned the valley, the resort at the top of the valley, in town a hotel and restaurant. He is still bending pipe for diesel pickups.

The next morning we headed for Union Pass. We stopped to take a picture on top of this 8600+ ft pass and heard bikes approaching. Ronnie and friends pulled up amazed that we had passed them. We followed their tracks to Pinedale, WY where we all had lunch and discussed staying in Atlantic City for the evening. Atlantic

THE ONLY STRUCTURE ON THIS STRETCH WAS A SHEPHERD'S TRAILER, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ELSE FOR 110 MILES

City was 85 miles east on mostly gravel roads following the exact continental divide. A storm was on our butt when we reached Atlantic City at 3:30 where Ronnie was standing on a corner to tell us to get a room. The high roads leading to Rawlings (138 miles away) were treacherous when wet and it was raining and going to get bad. We couldn't find a place to stay so we hunted up some gas and raced the storm out of town. Martin reached the end of his trip at this point and turned north and headed for SD. There was over 90 miles of gravel, mud and deep sand to the next paved road. We did most of this run between 35 and 65 MPH. I crested a hill and checked the GPS for the next turn. It told me I was on it, when I looked

up there was a Y that I was splitting. No biggie, lock 'em up and split the Y and continue on. The only structure on this stretch was a shepherd's trailer, absolutely nothing else for 110 miles. We saw rabbits, cattle, elk and antelope on this stretch. I paced an antelope running at 45 MPH. When we stopped to rest we could still see it running over the hill. When we finally hit the pavement it was a two lane highway that was never used. It had been years since the lines have been painted on it. I called it the Highway to Hell or the Highway to Nowhere - Actually it was X Mineral Highway. We were so happy to get off the dirt for a while we rode flat out four abreast covering the whole highway for many miles. It was a blast. We covered 310 miles that day, most of it on dirt.

We took it easy in Rawlings the next morning and split for Steamboat Springs about noon. It was a fairly easy ride with a couple steep rocky climbs that I have come to enjoy, a nice way for me to finish my ride. In Steamboat Springs a couple of other riders joined us for dinner. One was riding a Suzuki V-Strom 650 on the ride, the other a BMW F650. They were covering 400 miles per day. We averaged 200 miles per day. The V-Strom had no rock protection other than exhaust pipes. This proved you could ride almost anything on this ride. He did break an oil line on Lava Mountain. Spud won the tire contest and bought dinner that night. I lost, go figure, rear brake leading into corners and full throttle digging out of corners, and my front sprocket was toast after 1,400 miles with a new chain and a Scotttoiler. I put on my road sprockets and said my goodbyes.

When I left Steamboat Springs it was 35 degrees. I put on my electric jacket and gloves for the first time to cross a 10,600 ft. pass and made 600 miles to Amarillo. The last 235 miles were the hardest; I was beat and napping on every other picnic table between Amarillo and Jacksboro. It was a great ride. Having never ridden in the dirt before, I learned a lot. I

Great Divide Ride (Continued on page 4)

TOURMEISTER REPORT

By Don Mills

INCURSION FROM HOUSTON – Beverly Ruffin led a band of guerrillas, known to be closely associated with the BMW Club of Houston, on a sortie into our hunting grounds just prior to our September 12th Sunday Ride from Tin Top. Everymeister Moon, also affiliated with that club as well as ours in ways not yet fully obvious, engaged them in a Saturday afternoon raid. I'm sure he didn't show them his highly classified "best roads," just a few byways to whet their appetites. They all showed up at Mary's Sunday morning, following a "wake-me-up" ride through the countryside, Moon guiding of course. There, Mistress Mary bestowed a Brazos Café cap on me and like-branded t-shirt on MM then posed with us for a photo op. Why? You might ask. I'm not sure...

After breakfast, Moon and Carlene escorted the Houston bunch toward our southern boundary and allowed as they were going to be too busy to meet up with our group for lunch at the "Hard 8" in Stephenville. Disappointed yet undeterred, about 8 of us departed for a spirited, yet sane examination of some seldom ridden asphalt. We fueled in Lipan and later lolled under the shadow of an extinct Mobil station in Carlton. That was when Arnold suggested that we defer our rush to Stephenville in favor of a side trip to the original Dr. Pepper Plant/

Museum/soda fountain in Dublin. If you haven't yet tried a Dr Pepper float with Blue Bell vanilla ice cream, you haven't fully exercised your senses. Young honkeys dispense sodas, sell memorabilia and lead tours of the old factory, now a museum. Ralph wanted to hang around for a tour.

LIFE IS FULL OF WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES TO BE HUMBLLED.

When we finally reconnoitered in the Hawg Pen (motorcycles only parking) at the Hard 8 for lunch, guess whose bikes were already installed? You've guessed them to belong to Moon and Carlene and you'd be right. I suspected they wouldn't be able to resist deferring home duties for one more two-wheel foray. On a warm day be sure to use the steel kick stand plates provided in the Pen. For more info, ask Paul...I won't mention his last name. If you happen to be in Stephenville at meal time, do the Hard 8. It's set up like Cooper's of Llano and Mason, but I think the barbecue is better. Remember, the beans and jalapenos are free.

FINDING NEMO – The 4th Saturday Ride started out from Le Peep with 7 riders, a very manageable group size, especially if the leader knows where he's going and, more importantly, how to get there. Departing at 9:30, we had plenty of time to arrive at Steve Rankin's (Airhead Tech Day) for lunch. However, the Tourmeister (jury still out) could not find the little-known short cut over the Brazos River south of Glenrose. By the time we were huddled up contemplating the second or third u-turn at the end of yet another dead end county road, Dennis Bufton and Rod Mullins, astride their side-car rigs, were grinning and pointing in several directions simultaneously. Undeterred, the novice-meister and non-judgmental pack returned to FM 200 for a 22 mile scenic detour through Glen Rose, passing through the village of Nemo. Louise blithely suggested that I should name the tour "Finding Nemo." Sometimes I'm sorry I bought that intercom system.

The pack followed dutifully, without recrimination and Ralph Schwartz opined that the detour provided some of the best riding of the trip. On the way home that evening, Ralph, Louise and I retraced our route and found that pesky short cut with no problem and no discerning audience. Life is full of wonderful opportunities to be humbled.

Tourmeister (Continued on page 5)

Great Divide Ride (Continued from page 3)

learned to trust my knobbies.

Steve and Jeff made it the whole way to Antelope Wells, NM. Mike went down in a curve in Del Norte, CO, when a truck crossed the center line of the highway. Mike bailed and the truck ran over his bike totaling it. Jeff, following, also went down and bent an axle trying to avoid Mike. No one was injured. Mike is looking for a parts bike and some one to finish the ride with.

It was a great ride with some great riders. We had a lot of laughs and memories

to keep forever. When I got home there was a spot of oil under my bike. The smashed oil drain plug was loose now. What a great ride. No drops, no crashes, no walks.

On September 14 Bill Keating added the following to his story. Ed.

Laura and I shared a room with Mike Frederick at the Sipapu rally last weekend. Mike was riding his KLR650 that was totaled on the GDR ride. He spent about \$600 replacing the

frame, fairing mount, radiator, wheels, handlebar and other various pieces. He cut 8" off his front fender and Givi completely repaired his battered bags under warranty. The bike looks like hell but it is on the road.

Sunday Mike left Sipapu headed for Del Norte, Colorado, the site of his accident. Updates have it he found his 30mm sprocket socket that went flying in the wreck. He has turned south and is headed for Antelope Wells, NM, to finish his Great Divide Ride.



VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

By Carlene Coover

Lately, I've been contemplating the relationship I have with my motorcycle. What is it about that bike? I'm enamored with it! It's like a member of the family. I even fussed over what name to give it.

IT'S LIKE A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.

A few weeks ago, more than half-a-dozen of us rode to Lake 'O the Pines to help Jim Hemsworth welcome his new addition. It reminded me of going to the hospital to visit a girlfriend who had just given birth. Hemi seemed as excited as a new father. His friends had gathered to congratulate him. Everyone was genuinely happy for him. Since Hemi's old airhead (and Reed Roach's K bike) had been stolen a couple of months ago, he had been searching for a replacement. He found a great RT to purchase from Steve Rangleoff. This baby is beautiful!

Reed had taken charge to get plans and routes in order and emailed them to every-

one. As with any trip, long or short, it took some effort to get everyone organized. One email quote from Reed went like this, "Jesus H! It's not like Hemi is picking up some early release prototype.... It's a well-pickled '80 something RT!" Well obviously Reed doesn't appreciate the "airhead" mentality. Even so, the importance and enjoyment derived from replacing the "vanished" was not lost on Reed.

So do we really have some extraordinary relationship with our two-wheeled friends? Are they true soul mates? Or did we just need a good excuse to ride last weekend? Certainly I will ponder these questions over the next ten or twenty thousand



JIM HEMSWORTH PROUDLY STANDS NEXT TO THE NEWEST ADDITION TO HIS FAMILY - AN RIOORT.

miles. But as Reed so eloquently stated, "...hear this my dear friends, old Hemi did finally let some moss out of his wallet, and that by itself... IS a reason to rally!"

So whatever the reason, RALLY ON!

Tourmeister (Continued from page 4)

As luck would have it, we arrived at Rankin's near 1:00 pm, just in time for a scrumptious barbecue lunch topped off with outstanding banana pudding and chocolate cake. Saturday lunch is "on the house" though there is an appreciation bucket for otherwise unsolicited donations for the pantry. After lunch, Louise did her paperwork in the shade of the back porch overlooking the valley stretched out below the hill while I received an overwhelmingly thorough orientation on the KLR 650 from Bill Keating and South Dakota Air Marshall, Jeff Saline. Yeah, I purchased the spiffy red thing from Jeff. I needed just such a machine for those incapable dirt/gravel roads and water crossings...also because a growing group of us are preparing for a back roads ride through the Utah Canyon Lands next

year. If such an adventure appeals to you, including prearranged B & B's and bistros, contact me or Mike Moon for information and/or to get on the list.

Marilyn Graham, Photomeister, spent the afternoon collecting head shots from members attending the Tech Day. She's preparing a membership pictorial directory, brainchild of the sometimes late but still great Charlie Vaughn. If you haven't seen her DVD on Adam's Odyssey (trip to Spokane), do yourself a favor and ask her for a viewing. She's even having t-shirts made up for the participants. If she ever decides on a project...stand back Eve!

October will be a full month for us, folks. There's the 2nd Sunday ride after Breakfast at Tin Top, the BMW Reunion near Fredericksburg on the weekend of the 15th, the 4th Saturday Ride after breakfast at LePeep and the Fall Colors Ride to Arkansas the last weekend of the month.

Ain't life good?

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NORTHWEST MOTORCYCLE TOUR

by Marilyn Graham

This year the International BMW Motorcycle Owners of America had their International Rally in Spokane, Washington. It commemorated the 200th Anniversary of Lewis and Clark's Expedition of the Northwest. Twenty-two members of the BMWDFW club departed the second week of July to make the trek to Spokane by way of another rally in Paonia, Colorado.

I joined this club a year ago this Fall, and until then I'd only ridden mini-bikes, and dirt bikes on farm roads, and had not done much street riding at all. When my new friends started planning this trip, I didn't even listen to the details. But as others joined in and the discussion moved to the route that Geoff Adams had planned and the National Parks they would ride through, my interest peaked. My former interest in backpacking and bicycling, (when my knees didn't hurt) seemed to fit a former love I had for two-wheels, and camping.

The adventure of it all was a real draw for me. After much hesitation and consideration I prepared everything I needed, just in case I decided to go. My BMW F650 GS was serviced, my camping gear was inspected, and last minute details were covered. I was set. But, could I really ride 350 miles a day, with a few days nearing 500 miles thrown in, day after day, for 18 days? I didn't know. I decided to go when another member that couldn't make the trip told me, "This is a once in a lifetime trip." He, Mike Moon, former Tourmeister of our club was absolutely right!

Adams' group was a core group of 7 riders that stayed together the entire trip. They were Marcia and Geoff Adams (current club Webmaster), Carlene Coover (current Club Vice President), Don Mills (current club Tourmeister), Louise Swales, Jim Johnston, and myself, Marilyn Graham. Adams had planned a 2 1/2 week, 5,800 mile route that circumnavigated the northwest after the Spokane Rally. We covered 11 states, numerous

National Forests, mountain ranges and several National Parks, including The Black Canyon of the Gunnison and Dinosaur National Monument in Colorado; Grand Teton National Park and Yellowstone in Wyoming; Glacier National Park in Montana; North Cascade National Park and Olympic National Park in Washington; the Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area; the Lassen Volcanic National Park and Mount Shasta in California; Flaming Gorge, Grand Staircase Escalante, Lake Powell, and Capitol Reef National Park in Utah. We stayed on back roads almost exclusively and only ventured on the Interstate when we were a

I WAS ESCORTED, IN FORMATION, BY A FLOCK OF SEABIRDS.

half a day behind our strict schedule. (Some members of our group did have to return to work the very next day after returning). The back roads have won my heart. I've never seen such interesting and beautiful countryside in my life. The Pacific Coast of Washington and Oregon, the lava flows and volcanoes in Utah, and most spectacular- the opaque blue glacier lakes, and clear mountain streams of Montana and Washington. There is so much to see. And around the next corner there was something else, something different, even more to take in. It was a sensory experience of the nth degree. The next time you take a trip, take the back roads, and roll the windows down. You wouldn't believe the different smells you'll experience. Along mountain streams, farmers would irrigate, which would immediately drop the temperature along the road 10 degrees. Then there was the heat along the Extraterrestrial Highway in Nevada, and cold and rain, along the Oregon Coast, and the thick fog that blanketed the mountain pass coming out of Taos, New

Mexico. I was alive like I have never been. At one point we were riding across the Columbia River Bridge, the border for Washington and Oregon. I was escorted, in formation, by a flock of seabirds. They were right next to me. It was as if I was in formation with them. Incredible!!! One evening we rode for over an hour heading for a magnificent double rainbow, watching as the storms formed and moved across the mountains. Hoping we could outrun and avoid them. We didn't.

There were numerous highlights; riding the ferry across Puget Sound, watching the sun set while cresting Monitor Pass, near Lake Tahoe, riding the "whoop-te-doo" rollercoaster road in California, on the way out of Lee Vining. Seeing the spectacular Capitol Reef in southern Utah. Staying in small towns that I must revisit. Pine Creek, Wyoming had only one restaurant - and it must have had a chef because the food was great and the wine list accommodating. Winthrop, Washington was already a favorite of motorcyclists because of the nearby twisty roads of the Cascade Mountain Range. Then of course there's the Tetons near Jackson, Wyoming and Lake Tahoe in California and Nevada, they have already been discovered by the masses. Simply stunning. Motorcycling isn't for everyone. My husband stayed at home. But seeing our country should be for everyone. I have a new love for this incredible land, and great respect for the pioneers that persevered across it.

I couldn't help singing Rocky Mountain High, and America the Beautiful.

When asked if I'd do this again. First, let me rest a week. I'm already planning a trip back to southern Utah in late September. This one's on jeep trails.

ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE RIDING

By Rick Fish

It is strange, grasshopper, to come back to riding a big motorcycle after some years of not riding a big motorcycle.

Many of the things you must learn when first you learn to ride a big bike must be learned by unlearning instinctive reactions. Taking it up again means re-unlearning those instincts.

Take steering, for example. At five or six miles an hour, you direct a large motorcycle by steering the handlebars in the direction in which you wish to travel. At some mystical speed, between about six and 15 miles an hour, you begin to turn the motorcycle by steering in the direction **opposite** the direction you wish to travel.

In other words, to turn left once you are well underway, you push the left handlebar forward. Alternatively, you may pull the right handlebar backward. This is called "counter steering," and is the only way to accurately turn an 800-pound motorcycle that doesn't care much about your shifts in body weight because it has become, at that

mystical transitional speed, an enormous inertial gyroscope.

So what you must do to lever that gyroscope into a turn is to pull upwards a portion of the eight square inches of tire patch upon which you actually are riding so that the gyro falls toward that raised area in an

THE WHOLE APPROACH TO RIDING WELL INVOLVES A ZEN LIKE CENTERED, RELAXED, FOCUS, WHICH IS WHY YOU FIND SO MANY HARLEY RIDERS COMPOSING HAIKU.

effort to align itself. In aligning itself as a gyroscope, it turns the motorcycle that is creating the gyroscopic effect.

At 70 miles an hour, then, canted well over into a long sweeping turn, you are choreographing an intricate ballet of the physics of

tire adhesion, aero and fluid dynamics, levers and plane geometry, and several of Newton's better laws.

It helps to say "Oooooommm" under your breath or at least to sing to yourself The Ballad of Easy Rider.

More Moto-Zen:

What you see is where you'll be. To negotiate a curve, look to the exit of the curve and trust to your proprioceptive senses to work out the details in the middle. If you look instead at the patch of loose gravel / ice / water / dead skunk in the road ahead, **that** is where you will go.

To conquer, you must capitulate. When riding on gravel or soft dirt, you must resist the urge to seize the handlebars firmly and direct the motorcycle aggressively. Instead you must loosen your grip and let the tires find their own way across the rough surface, guiding them with only the slightest of inputs. It's like giving a horse a loose rein when in rough terrain, to allow him to find his own way.

Zen (Continued on page 8)

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PART OF THE APS GROUP

Zen (Continued from page 7)

The whole approach to riding well involves a Zen like centered, relaxed, focus, which is why you find so many Harley riders composing haiku.

I sang to the road
"potato, potato," but
it did not answer

I think it was Steinbeck in "Travels with Charley" who said something on the order of, "Sometimes you don't leave the trip, the trip leaves you."

I think the trip left me this morning when I put on a button-down shirt for the first

time in a week and drove over to see Jay Bourland. Suddenly I was just driving through the Denver suburbs and the adventure was over.

Sitting here in the Denver airport, the adventure definitely is over, but I am getting excited now about getting back to Janie and the mutts, and I guess that's the way it should be - a good trip, but no regrets about it being over. (But ready to go back and do it again, or something like it, at the earliest opportunity.)

I met "Lumpy", the actual owner of Blue Sky Motorcycle Rentals when I checked the bike back in today. He stands about 6' 8" and weighs about 300 pounds, is very pale and looks like a tattooed professional football player. I told him his company was doing a great job with customer service and the big lug actually blushed and

shook my hand happily (tearing off three fingers in the process).

Great customer service knows no limits, and maybe it is easier to find in a place that rents Harleys and other fine motorcycles than it is in a giant corporation.



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CORDURA NYLON AND HAS A FOAM BOTTOM. IT HAS BLACK NYLON STRAPS FOR UNIVERSAL MOUNTING. MEASURES 12"W X 16"L X 6"-8"H. SINCE IT HAS NEVER BEEN OPENED, I CANNOT MEASURE THE HEIGHT ACCURATELY. THERE IS A CLEAR MAP POCKET ON TOP. \$20 O.B.O. ARCHIE CROW (817) 336-5000 - OFFICE

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RUSSELL RACK WITH SEAT BACK PREFERABLY IN BLACK CHROME FOR 1983 RIOORT. JIM HEMSWORTH M 817-424-9140 OR [LID-DA11@CHARTER.NET](mailto:DA11@CHARTER.NET)



MARILYN GRAHAM ON THE ROAD.



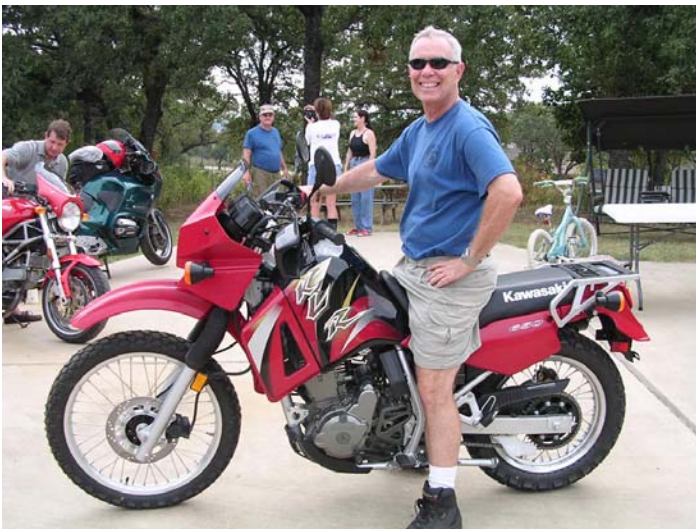
THE HAWG PEN AT HARD 8 RESTAURANT IN STEPHENVILLE



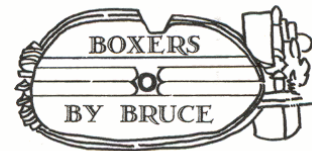
ALL DONE AND WITH NO PARTS LEFT OVER



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