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firstbike

Our First Bikes

Garry A. Nelson #62034

"OUR FIRST BIKES" IS A STRANGE TITLE

for this "My First Bike" article, except that I am writing on behalf of myself and my identical twin brother, Barry. We have been riding motorcycles since 1967, when our first bikes were brand new 1967 Triumph T100Cs. We decided on 500cc Triumph dirt bikes because Jim Truitt, one of our best friends, rode a Trumper in the Western Pennsylvania woods, and we wanted to join him in the dirt.

It was our summer between high school and college, we were 17 years old and our family had just moved west to Oklahoma City, where we bought the bikes. We had three weeks to learn how to ride and return east to attend and play basketball for Pittsburgh's Duquesne University. Barry and I learned to ride by logging 1,000 break-in miles on the two-lane roads through Oklahoma's red dirt hills. We had to find a way to get our bikes back east.

the idea, but we decided to ride our first motorcycles to Pittsburgh after only 1,000 miles of practice. In retrospect, as a father, I would have never let my sons venture on that 1,159-mile two-wheeled journey. The trip was a great learning experience with our riding togs being Bell helmets, Levi jackets and leather hardware store gloves.

We levered on knobby tires, 54-tooth rear sprockets and took to the woods, motocross and hill climbing. That trilogy is a great way to become comfortable on a motorcycle. I decided to quit racing when I was on the straight on top of the local motocross track. I thought I was riding like a champ, when Jake Fischer, riding a 360 Greeves, passed me throwing stones while he was standing on the pegs. Shortly thereafter I became just a woods rider.

The between years found Barry riding an old Harley tank-shift police special and me fooling around with two WLA 45 cu.in.

surplus Harley-Davidsons. In the early '90s I sold the WLAs to finance the purchase of my first BMW, a 1983 R100RS. A few years later Barry bought a 1979 R100.

Barry and I soon decided to meet and have a nice BMW motorcycle adventure. We planned to rendezvous at Meriwether Lewis' grave in southern Tennessee, which was e q u i d i s t a n t between our home in Plano, Texas, and

Pittsburgh, Pa. Our Airhead BMWs were flawless on the trip, and we had a great twowheeled reunion enjoying the great Smokey



The railroads were of no help, we did not know about shipping and rental trucks were too expensive. Our parents were not fond of Mountains blacktops and the Blue Ridge Parkway.

During our mountain trip we discussed the attributes of riding the older and very simple BMWs as opposed to the new K bike or Oilhead BMW motorcycles. Thinking back to this conversation, I remembered our senior

year at Duquesne and our meeting with Fred Rogers.



Fred Rogers, of Mister Rogers' Neighborhood, invited us to be guests on his show so

he could illustrate the fact that while identical twins looked like the same person, they were actually two separate people with different personalities, beings and tastes. Little did I know how prescient Mr. Rogers was in 1971 by pointing out that twins are really two separate people who happen to share identical looks.

I am still very happy with my sweet BMW Airhead motorcycles,



while Barry has recently proved Mr. Rogers' theory correct. Barry is very happy with a newly purchased BMW R1150GS bike and has become disillusioned with his uncomplicated, perfect Airhead. He will probably put it on the market. \odot

Do you have a "First Bike" or "First Ride" story to tell? Send it to Ron Davis, ronalddavis@tds.net. You can also mail it to Ron, E995 Nottleson Road, Scandinavia, WI 54977.





