

NOVEMBER



2004

MOA # 6

www.4windsbmw.org

RA # 76

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

2005 Board

Well, we did it, and without nominating anyone without their consent. The recent meeting at Leo's was well attended by well intended members. Quiet anticipation loomed in the air as VP Rob Berner began to present the handful of 2005 board members to be nominated. As has been the new tradition of the past two years, Rob opened the floor for any member in attendance to participate in nominating their comrades as board candidates with the goal not only to fill the slate, but also to have potentially more than one candidate for each position. The successful outcome of our heated run-off was a complete slate, with all nominated candidates running unopposed. The approval vote was called and the members in attendance enthusiastically approved our new board, and thus set forth the official board-elect for 2005. I have to say that the people chosen as officers for the ensuing year are all excellent. With several experienced board members to carry the Four Winds BMW Riders torch into the new year joined by a couple of dedicated members new to the board, I am excited at the prospect of many of the 2004 board projects being carried forth into 2005. As well, I am confident that these folks will do a stupendous job. Congratulations and many thanks for stepping up to:

- President: Rick Gzesh
- Vice President: Scott Bassin
- Treasurer: Margaret Weaver
- Corresponding Secretary: Holly Marcheck
- Recording Secretary: Nancy Barrett
- Director at Large: Dan Weaver
- Director at Large: Kevin Hart

Please congratulate these awesome Board-Members-Elect when you see them. They will be working hard for the club.

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Director – Rick Gzesh
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Director – Kevin Hart
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NOVEMBER MEETING INFO

The next meeting of the Four Winds BMW Riders will be held on Sat., Nov. 20, 2004 at the Parkway Tavern Ristorante, 312 Center Road in Monroeville from 2-5PM. The Appetizer/Pizza Party will begin at 2PM. Cost will be \$11 per person. **RSVP reservation form is on page 16.** Send your reservation to Holly with a check or Money Order.

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 the Wednesday after the club meeting of the month preceding the month of publication (e.g., Nov. Meeting: Nov. 20; **Dec. issue deadline: Wed., Nov. 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:

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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 possible.

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 2004

Mark the dates on your calendars, but remember... All meeting sites are tentative. Please check the web site and newsletter for changes and updates.

November 20 — Parkway Tavern Ristorante, Monroeville

December — No Regular Club Meeting

January'05 — Club Banquet at The Priory

2004-2005 SHACK SCHEDULE

Keep an eye out on the web site, all you lady and gentleman wrenchers and attendees out there; the Shack will, most likely, again appear in all its glory to help keep us smiling through the winter, and keep 'em rolling!

Continued from page 1

2005 Four Winds Banquet

VP Rob Berner is busily completing final preparations in these few last months of the year; this effort toward the satisfying end of hosting our Annual Four Winds Banquet this January 22nd, 2005. It is understanding that we may still be looking for an esteemed and fascinating person to speak at our festivity. If anyone has any idea, please feel free to contact Rob! Things are looking good, so remember to mark your calendars and reserve the date.

MOA Medallion

In my humble possession is once again our prized MOA medallion, and soon we will be poised to select a deserving Four Winds member to graciously accept this honor at our 2005 banquet. Please take my mention as a simple reminder that soon, we will be accepting nominations from our members for this paean presentation to a deserving contributor to the well-being of our club. Your suggestion for this award should be someone who has contributed to the club through their deeds.

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 — December:

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

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

Nov. 20 — South at Bernie's Restaurant, Rt 51, 10:00 AM

Nov. 27 — East at King's, Rt 286 & Presque Isle Dr., 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 so the board doesn't get cluttered.

There are many among our ranks who deserve such a prize, and even to be honored by being listed as a qualified candidate is a testimonial to such a member's dedication. Let's do it!

October Meeting

Thanks once again to Craig and the folks at Heritage BMW for hosting our meeting this weekend past. We appreciate it in addition to your being there for our day-to-day motorcycling needs.

Be careful on the road, and see you at the meeting!

LANCE

SEPTEMBER, 2004 MEETING MINUTES

Date: 9/25/2004

Location: Leo Stanton Residence

Time: 4:10 PM

Lance called the meeting to order, and welcomed everyone to Leo's with another great turnout. The day's scheduled rain held off, with an overcast sky and temps in the 70's. Many chose to ride. Sean Barrett and Dan Weaver hung the Four Winds Banner out by Leo's entrance so folks would see the driveway from the road.

Jim Large was recognized as a guest of Ralph Meyer and as a New Member. Jim rides a Blue R1100 R, and has already made a Breakfast Ride at the North meeting location. Be on the lookout for Jim!

Major Randy Parker and wife Nancy made it down on a Blue LT as the guest of George Blackham IV, from the Johnstown area.

Lance recapped the 38th Rally and recognized Tom Primke's efforts on coordinating the event and how well it turned out beside the inclement weather that rolled through Friday evening and into Saturday morning. Tom was asked to stand for two rounds of applause and cheers.

Tom again thanked all the people who guided him and answered the many questions he had during the planning of the rally, and mentioned that the volunteers that came forward were especially beneficial to the success of the rally. Tom reported that the profit for the rally was over \$ 2400.00 dollars. He mentioned that M&S meats agreed to give the club a break on \$250.00 dollars for meals as the rain diminished our attendance to between 280 - 290. M&S Meats and the Redbank Valley Park have already been reserved for next years rally, August 19, 20 and 21 of 2005.

Lance also mentioned that Tom Primke has agreed to Chair the 39th Rally for the Four Winds BMW Riders in 2005, again to the applause of the members in attendance.



OLD BUSINESS:

Walt Halaja, asked to recap the money collected so far for long time member and friend Wayne Kelly. Many folks have offered donations, which have yet to be received. Anyone wishing to make a donation may make checks out to the "Four Winds BMW Riders - Wayne Kelly Fund." Send your check to Holly Marcheck, Treasurer. Five Hundred Dollars is needed for the Plaque in Wayne's name to appear in the AMA Founders Hall on behalf of the club.

NEW BUSINESS:

2005 Board Nominations

Lance began by explaining the importance of the September meeting and that the next years board members are brought to nomination at this event. VP Rob Berner reported that during the year several campaigns to spark interest in board positions failed. However during the rally Rob was able to recruit Nancy Barrett for the position of Recording Secretary along with Dan Weaver as Director at Large. The 2004 Board has come up with the following list of members for consideration and these persons were recognized and

accepted by the club members present, nominated and seconded. Lance asked the 2005 board to stand and be recognized, and closed the nominations with the vote of the members present.

For 2005 the following will serve on the Board of Directors.

President: Rick Gzesh

Vice President: Scott Bassin

Treasurer: Margaret Weaver

Corresponding Secretary: Holly Marcheck

Recording Secretary: Nancy Barrett

Director at Large: Dan Weaver

Director at Large: Kevin Hart

CLUB MERCHANDISE:

Embroidered Hats. The hats with the Four Winds Logo were specially priced at \$10.00. The hats will be available at future meetings.

Rally T-Shirts. Brian Livermore suggested that the remaining rally t-shirts be donated to the Flood Relief Victims. The motion was seconded and passed. Shirley Hart will investigate the many relief organizations available for a donation. Several shirts will be held back to give all members a last chance to purchase. The deadline will be November 30th. The Price is \$15.00 dollars for L, XL and \$17.00 dollars for the 2XL. Contact Shirley Hart for placing an order.

50/50:

No raffle took place for the meeting.

GENERAL DISCUSSION:

Paul Stanton mentioned that the German Beer Garden in West Virginia located near Bethany College was flooded but hoped to re-open soon.

Dan Weaver mentioned the Buck Wheat Pancake Festival on October 2nd 2004 and that Leo still holds the club record for pancakes eaten.

Ralph Meyer mentioned that Writers were needed for any topic in the newsletter. Anything of interest along with photos can be included in the newsletter.

Paul Cronin recognized Leo Stanton for hosting the September Picnic and Club Meeting, Leo believes he has hosted the event for 23 of the last 25 years, again, to the applause of the members in attendance.

Riders Update:

Lance recognized Ted Sohier in attendance after his accident in Oakland earlier this year. Ted thanked the folks at UPMC for their care. Ted rode to the meeting aboard his "new to him" K1200 RS.

Lance provided an update on George Mastovich and Frank Beatrous on their recent "get offs".

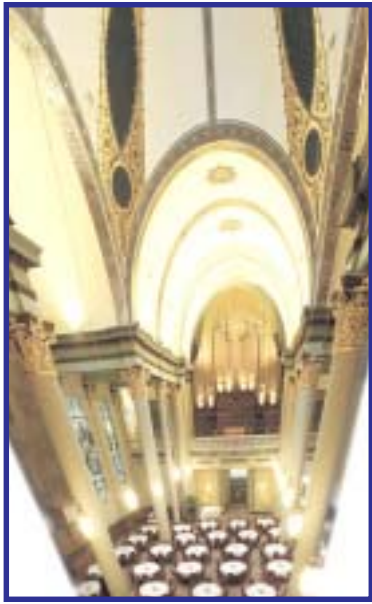
Both are home recuperating and in good spirits. Call or Email them for support was encouraged! We are very thankful to hear this great news.

Meeting Closed at 4:38 PM

Notes: The Board Meeting and the Club Meeting have taken place one week later than normal to accommodate the RA Rally.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED FOR JIM LINNEMAN, BY
KEVIN HART.





A GRAND TIME AT PITTSBURGH'S GRAND HALL

By Lance R. Hough, Banquet Coordinator

(Submitted by Robert L. Berner, 2005 Banquet Coordinator)

Nearly two years ago, Four Winds BMW Riders and their guests were treated to a new level of banquet experience at the historic Pittsburgh's Grand Hall in the North Side of Pittsburgh. With a long tradition of fine annual banquets, our members stepped up to an even higher level of celebration in the elaborate halls of this old cathedral whose history dates back more than 150 years.

The following history from the official Grand Hall Website will provide a little more insight into the attraction that this facility holds for the hundreds of event organizers who have booked this matchless hall for the enjoyment of their guests.

"The story of Pittsburgh's Grand Hall at the Priory begins in 1848. It was then that priests of the Redemptorist Order of the Roman Catholic Church founded St. Mary's Parish for German-speaking immigrants living in old Allegheny City. The present structure, one of the oldest in Pittsburgh, was completed in 1854.

In 1876 control of the congregation was assumed by the order of St. Benedict from St. Vincent's Abbey in Latrobe, PA. The Italianate vestibule, which was added to the front of the church in 1906, caused a bit of scandal because many of St. Mary's clergy and laity felt the addition was not in keeping with the church's Neoclassical design. Twelve stained glass windows designed by the Tyrolese Art Glass Company of Austria were added in 1912.

Allegheny's most famous citizen, Andrew Carnegie, touched St. Mary's when he donated half of the purchase cost of a new organ in 1905. The grand organ, produced by A.B. Felgenmaker Organ Company of Erie, still towers over the main floor of the Grand Hall from the rear choir loft.

St. Mary's celebrated its final Mass on September 27, 1981. The church building and the adjoining Priory had been purchased by the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation eight years earlier, and were scheduled for demolition as part of the proposed pathway for I-279. Fortunately, a detour in routing the highway saved the landmarks.

The present owners, the Graf family, purchased the buildings in 1984. Renovation of the parsonage was undertaken

first, and in 1986, The Priory- A City Inn, a unique twenty-four room European-style hotel, welcomed its first guests. Now, The Priory was entertaining guests from across the globe, and plans for phase two, restoration and conversion of the main church structure into Pittsburgh's Grand Hall at The Priory, were initiated.

The conversion of St. Mary's German Catholic Church into the Grand Hall has not only preserved but also accentuated the fundamental grandeur of the historic Italianate style structure. The high domed ceiling and 5500 square feet of floor space attest a roominess belied by the warmth and closeness of the atmosphere. Priceless Austrian stained glass windows provide a gentle glow to any function. From the powerful Corinthian columns with gold leaf capitals to the grand organ towering from the back loft, Pittsburgh's Grand Hall at The Priory offers a unique and sumptuous experience."

Those of us who have attended events at this fine edifice have no choice but to agree whole-heartedly. This year's program includes your friends, guests, fabulous cuisine, brief and uplifting BMR and Door Prize Ceremonies, and Guest Speaker (To be announced). All this to be followed by rhythmic revelry brought on by tantalizing tunes from our DJ! See you there on January 22nd, 2005!

FROM THE NORTH:

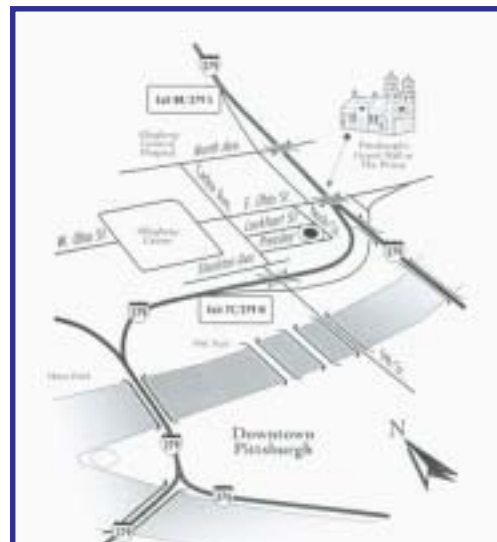
From I-279 South take exit 8B, East Street. Turn right at the third light onto East Ohio Street. At the first light, turn left onto Cedar Avenue. Go three blocks and turn left onto Pressley Street. At the end of Pressley Street, turn left onto Nash Street. Valet parking will be available on Nash Street. Pittsburgh's Grand Hall is on the corner of Nash and Lockhart Streets.

FROM THE SOUTH:

Follow I-279 North through the Fort Pitt Tunnel. Upon exiting tunnel, get in the far left lane and stay on I-279 North. Take exit 7C, East Ohio Street. At the light turn left onto East Ohio Street. At the second light, turn left onto Cedar Avenue. Go three blocks and turn left onto Pressley Street. At the end of Pressley Street, turn left onto Nash Street. Valet parking will be available on Nash Street. Pittsburgh's Grand Hall is on the corner of Nash and Lockhart Streets.

For more information on Pittsburgh's Grand Hall, check the Web at: www.pittsburghsgrandhall.com

ROB



SAKES ALIVE: FIVE!

Ralph Meyer

The weather prognosticator gators on Sunday, the 29th of August, said that we'd have 2 sunny days of non-Pittsburgh cloudy, rainy, foggy, wet, and otherwise damp type weather on Monday or Tuesday. That being an occasion for less-than-solomn joy (actually it was greeted with a couple of raucous, "Yippee! It's about times!!!"), and, there being several more covered bridges in Somerset County that might be found on a none-too-drastring all day ride, I e-mailed fellow East Breakfast Rider and superlative 4-Winds R1200 gentleman, Sonny Robison, to see whether he might want to roll East a bit and hunt for these paragons of early Americana on Tuesday. After an exchange of e-mails regarding various items, we agreed to meet at the usual EBR haunt, King's on 286, at 9 AM Tuesday, the 31st.

I headed out from Bakerstown about five after eight Tuesday morning, stopping at the Sheetz on the orange belt across from New Kensington to top up Black Magic's tank, and got to King's just about bang on nine, to discover Sonny and his ever shiny, like-new R1200 already present at the usual spot—with a white Tradesman's van parked next to it at an angle. Upon approach, it was clear Sonny and the fellow in the truck were having a lively conversation. Upon demounting and dehelmeting, I discovered the conversation was about bikes, what else? Seems the fellow in the truck owned 2 Harleys, one a relatively new Road King dresser, and an old one he'd bought not too long ago as something to wrench on, the new one having all that new-fangled electronic stuff noone but an electrical engineer understands. He didn't sound too satisfied with his Harley dresser and was looking for a much better sport tourer and wanted to know what we thought of our bikes. Having provided him a glowing description of Beemers, their fine qualities and longevity, we directed him to visit one of our dealers in the area, either Heritage in McKeesport or BMW Pittsburgh in Wexford. When he'd feasted enough on the information provided, he decided that he'd best get off to work, and let us begin to compare notes as to where to go and what bridges to seek. Figuring where to head took us all of five minutes as Sonny had already figured out a delectable route. We finally got on our way at about ten of ten! As Kevin Hart's recent comment indicated, Beemer riders are very likely to be involved in conversations with strangers about their bikes. This turned out to be true in spades this day.

Anyway, we were finally rolling, with Sonny in the lead. What's fun about following Sonny is that one gets to ride choice roads and get where you're going without having to keep an eye peeled on the GPS. The man's a riding repository of every neat back road in this part of the state (and, I have no doubt, elsewhere as well). Before leaving King's I'd punched in the Walters Mill covered bridge, which I'd entered as a waypoint to the GPS V as that's where we were headed to first. Since neither of us had been there before, at least the GPS would signal when we were getting darn close. We made our way mostly via back roads and a bit by US 30 (see the outline of roads traveled in the next installment) to the Somerset Pike and down the Pike to the Somerset Historical Museum, on whose grounds the bridge is located. This is a very interesting museum of historical farm implements and life, and sports numerous hand and other tools along with a sampling of early Americana in the form of log cabins and kitchen gardens. A nice lady on staff gave us each a map of Somerset County bridges, informing us as well that she herself lived in Bedford county and that if we were interested in bridges there (we were, for later consumption) we should be aware that some teen age crumb-bums had recently set fire to two and burned them down. (I must admit that there is something to be said for the ancient practice

of hanging such miscreants up by their thumbs in hopes that the pain will teach them some decent behavior since they appear not to have learned such valuable lessons by other previous means.)

Leaving the bikes in the museum's ample parking lot, we walked down to the bridge that is reachable by a limestoned foot path that carries one past the log houses, a small one of which was under construction by a crew of four armed only with hand-tools. Not only did they make these historical buildings, but they made them, according to our conversation with these sterling workmen, using the old hand-hewn historical methods. There wasn't a power saw or drill anywhere in evidence, but mallets, chisels, an adze or two and a couple of hand saws were.

We continued down, got several shots of the well-preserved and cared for Walters Mill Covered Bridge and retraced our path to the bikes past some closed concession booths selling funnel cakes, strange drinks, and Aunt Somebody or other's Pot-pies in season and headed back down the Somerset Pike, having decided to stop in for lunch at a restaurant that looked decent (read that: one with good apparent ambiance lacking garish yellow arches, but inhabited by many locals' cars). Just a couple of miles down the pike Sonny wheeled us into one: the Grapevine Cafe. There, amidst bites of spaghetti, meat-balls, Italian sausage and fries, we verbally excoriated the present miserably benighted and frightening politicians in Washington, and, on a far happier plane, compared notes on various bike topics, heading out to the bikes after catching the bills, to find the restaurant's owner ogling our Beemers. Thereupon, another Beemer/bike conversation occupying 15 or 20 minutes ensued. Seems this fellow has a Boss Hoss, which he claims is marvelous for covering a lot of ground more or less in a reasonably straight line, but was wishing for a bike that would be far more sporting on the curves, etc. We mutually sang him a few bars on the benefits of our Beemers' telelevers, paralevers, ABS, Boxer engines, etc., and left him, though still happy with his Hoss, nonetheless hankering for an R1200 or RT to have some *real* fun on.

Having done our bit again for das Bayerische Motoren Werke, we headed South and West out of Somerset, locating the King's covered bridge on the left beside Scullton Rd shortly after passing Scottyland trailer park. Compared with the Walters Mill and the other bridges we found later that day, King's was in sad shape. A long bridge and apparently one of the earliest in the area, having been constructed in 1802, it had been refurbished in 1906 according to its date placard, but, by some time ago, had ceased to be trustable to carry even its own weight as it was now flanked by 2 18" steel I-beams setting on timber baulks at each corner with 4" pipes welded across the bridge between them carrying the weight of the bridge's top stringer, and with the same size pipes hung from the I beam that were strung across to support the underside of each of the bridge's bay posts. On the side of the Scullton Rd side I beam was the plaintive message, "Help save the King's bridge" with a phone number underneath. I hope the number gets lots of supportive calls. The interior of the bridge was dark, dusty, and somewhat dilapidatedly dreary and neither Sonny nor I climbed over the barrier at our end to walk onto it. Even with the steel I-beam, it didn't look all that healthy. After getting some pictures from various angles, we again hopped the bikes and retraced our route back up Scullton Rd to run back Barron Church Rd past Scottyland to Covered Bridge Rd whence we found the Barronvale bridge.

Note: Pictures of these bridges were in the October issue of the newsletter...

TO BE CONTINUED...



GRAPEVINE!

by Patrick 'Trick' Barrett

Everything was going smoothly in my mind until Rebecca, in front of us, riding the red R1100RS, dropped out of sight. I had been spacing out, not paying much attention, when she just stood up on her foot pegs and vanished!

I proceed to consider this event for a quarter-second or so, realise what's about to take place, and curse to myself as the two metre dip appears in front of us. I'm propelled into the air as even our heavy bike, loaded down with two people and the associated gear, comes a few centimetres off the ground. For one gut-wrenching moment, I think that I'm not going to land back where I'm supposed to, but I do. I land in just the right place; however, you mustn't forget that I have just landed at a fair speed wrought from my great height in the air. So I land in the correct place, very, very hard.

Although we have been riding for easily six hours, and my nether regions are too numb right now to feel the contact, the bike's Corbin seat is basically trying to bludgeon me to death, albeit from the wrong direction. So, my posterior doesn't get bruised,... my spine, however, is very successfully compressed like someone closing a spy-glass too quickly (ironically, with broken-glass sound included!).

The reason that I am in this horribly painful and humorous position can be traced back to deciding to attend another year at the Fingerlakes BMW Motorcycle Rally in Watkin's Glen, New York.

That morning, my father and I had met up with our friends: Dave Celento, his wife Rebecca Henn, Dick Holland, Al Vangura, and Rick Gzesh at Dick's house in downtown Pittsburgh. Then, at around six in the morning, we began the long trek to New York.

There's something that I have to explain. The actual trip to Watkin's Glen can be done in around six hours. Can be done*. Do we ever actually make it in six hours? No, of course we don't. We have to stop for breakfast and lunch, at least. Plus, Dave and Rebecca race motorcycles, meaning that they enjoy trips that include long sprints of dangerously fast riding, and then periods of RRB* that are just as long as the aforementioned sprints. This, consequentially, makes every trip that you take with them take at least twice as long as it should. Because, according to our entire group by now, you not only must stop for breakfast and lunch, but also, brunch, at least three snacks, and coffee if it's raining or cold.

So, we set out to the Fingerlakes.

And now we are headed up a road called Route 144.

Imagine a road that goes up a mountain at about a hundred-degree angle to the ground; a curvy, grapevine of a road, snaking up the trellis of the wooded hillside. Its leaves are dips and bumps in the material of the road that range from two metres (the one that just tried to give me a crash-course** on flying) to just a couple of centimetres. You never realise just how big a couple of centimetres is until you hit it going ninety miles an hour on a two-wheeled vehicle.

My father, our friends, and myself are very good riders. When we see the little yellow signs with the twisting arrows that tell you that the speed limit in the turns is twenty, we take that into account, and slow down to sixty.

There is a spot at the top of the hill known only as 'The Rocks', and we all stop once we get there, to catch our breath, get a drink, and to steal Rick's brownies! We talk about the ride so far, and I learn the infamous name of the road that has just tried to buck me from my saddle. As we finish our break, we gear back up, put our helmets on, and take off down the mountain.

Now, though we aren't leaning as hard on the throttle, we're going even faster than before, speeding into sections of three and four turns that make us lean to one side, and then bounce to the other in the blink of an eye. We're swaying like an upside-down pendulum when I hear it. We lean into a curve, and we're so close to the ground that if I were to reach out just a palm's-length with my left hand, I could easily set my palm upon the road itself. I do not do this however, because it has the relatively the same intelligence factor and end result as would shaving with sandpaper or punching a brick wall bare-handed for around five minutes.

It is in said curve that the bike emits a bloodcurdling screech of metal on pavement, and our tail-end wiggles back and forth like a worm after a midsummer thunderstorm.

I hear, faintly over the wind, my father's words. I cannot print most of them, but the basic idea came out to something of the effect of "Oops!"

"What? What happened? What did we hit?" I yell above the call of the engine and wind.

"Uhh...that would have been our centre-stand."

Now, this is not good news. Mainly because a bike's centre-stand is underneath its centre*. So, it isn't ever really that close to the road, no matter what you do. So, for the time being, I am perplexed beyond belief as to how it is physically possible to do what we have just achieved.

"Well, since we're not Gods supposedly capable of doing the impossible (thank goodness), that shoots that explanation... uhhhh... the shocks are...uh-oh..damn!" In my mumbblings to myself I have stumbled upon the fact that we never tightened the shock-absorber's pre-load spring before we left home, thereby sentencing the well-loaded bike to a trip with its frame unpredictably low in the turns and thus with far less turning control than one would normally be comfortable with.

And the bike has just succumbed to its sentence.

My father, however, seems unusually calm about all of this, and I, remembering what a good rider he is, try and forget about the whole fact that the bike did something that it shouldn't have. The problem doesn't occur for the rest of the trip, and so, forgetting about it becomes much easier than it seemed at first.

WAYNE KELLY MEMORIAL

Don't forget to get your donation for the AMA Motorcycle Museum Wayne Kelley memorial to our 4 Winds Treasurer, Holly Marcheck (165 Grouse Drive, Elizabeth, PA 15037). Label your check as for the Wayne Kelly Memorial. Holly reports we have around \$185 in donations so far. We need to receive at least \$500 in member donations to purchase the memorial. So get your buckaroos in to Holly, folks!

For additional information on the memorial, if you have any questions about it, be sure to contact Walt Halaja (wshalaja@msn.com).

The remainder of the ride down Route 144, though much less problematic, was by no means uneventful. It was a roller-coaster ride. Just a really, really big roller-coaster...that goes ninety miles an hour**.

We got to the bottom of the hill, and I look back at it while we drive away. We eventually made it to the Rally, but it was the ride that was the fun part. The Rally was interesting and enjoyable, but it was that ride, and specifically Route 144, 'The Grapevine,' that will always live on in my memory.

* (sic)

* Rest, Relaxation, and BS.

** 'Crash-course' meaning, obviously, that unless you learn the curriculum very quickly, you will crash into something hard and painful.

* (sic)

** (sic)

'TRICK' BARRETT



SEPT. EAST BREAKFAST RIDE AND MEETING AT LEO STANTON'S

Ralph Meyer

Eyes sleepily open. Clock check. Nasty little red numbers say "5:10;" no dot by the PM marker... "Awl Hail... I don't haveta git up yet. Just got to sleep at 3, dang it! Don't have to be outa here 'till 8. Go backta sleep for an hour. 6 is time enough to shower, shuffle on ridin' togs, check weather an' e-mail, grab GPS, water bottle, maps, and camera and stick 'em on the bike, and check the oil, tire pressure, and lights. So roll over, dummy. Shut eyes. Shut out nasty numbers."

Doesn't work. Mind keeps going. Dang thing stays in gear. Can't find neutral. "@^%\$\$#!!" Roll back over. Clock check... Nasty Red Numbers say "6:10" "Holy Crap! Up n' atem, boy! Yer 10 minutes late rollin' out!" Shower. Coffee. shuffle on duds. Punch up computer. Check weather. Read e-mail. Punch computer back down. Fill water bottle and leave it on counter. Grab stuff from office and down to the bike. "Dang, forgot the map and bottle" Back upstairs. Get map and water bottle. Back down to bike. Check oil. "Shoot. Oil line's at bottom of sight glass." Dribble in 4 oz. Check pressure. "Dang, 3# low in each!" Pump tires (Ha! - No sweat. Battery pump! Best thing I ever bought myself at Home Depot.) "Geez! It's 8 already." Back up for the jacket. Back down to the bike. Ear plugs in. Do-rag on. Bucket on. "Dang! Fergot to wash that bloody great yellow bug splat from yesterday's ride off the face plate!" Bucket back off. Into the laundry. Wash face plate. Dry.

Put bucket back on. Back to bike. Gloves on. Roll up garage door. Roll bike off center stand and back out. Set lock an' roll down Garage door.

Leg over saddle. Set bike upright. Kick stand up. Cold start lever all the way up. Quick kill button off. Key on. Push starter button. Badunkbadunbadunkbadunkbadunk...putter putter put put put pu. Starter button pushed again. Badunkbadunbadunkbadunk...putdunk putdunk putdunk putter putter putterputterputterputterputter... OK!!! Lovely boxer song! Tack slowly climbs to 1500R. Release cold start lever. Tack back to 1000. Kick gear down. Klunk. 1st. Ease clutch in and twist throttle... Annnndddd, we're rolling... Lean right around end of garage and up driveway....

"Geez, looky here!!!... At what??? Can't see a damn thing but grey! Oh yeah, there's the road... well, maybe 25 or 30 feet of it. Disappears into amorphous grey after that..." And off we go. Slowly. East Breakfast Ride, here we come. It's only 8:10. We'll make it in time. Cold start lever all the way down. Oops...water beading on face plate and windshield, an' it ain't rainin'. Turn on intermittent automatic leather gloved left forefinger windshield wiper... Fog AND 58 degrees. Man, I'm glad I put the liner on under the Swiss Cheeser. My teeth'd be chatterin' by King's otherwise, but it's supposed to go to 76 or better today, so the Cheeser's going to be the thing later on. Anyway, we're rollin'! LIFE IZ GOOD!!!

It got even better at the higher elevations, and the fog finally disappeared 'long about New Kensington... Glad it did. Good old Ivan's wee rain shower put lots of squirrely stuff back out on the roads, and Orange Belt curves often provide the fun of competently picking a narrow line twixt miniature sand and gravel swatches separated by cage tire tracks. A bit different from the usual fun of laying her over at speed on those O-B curves, but fun, nonetheless.

Hot dawg! RT's instrument panel clock says 7:53 as I swing into the King's parking lot. A scan of the place as I head around the parking lot to our usual parking spot shows no other bikes yet. Hokey cow! Made it on time! Wouldja believe, and after all the morning mist and slow, too! Sonny usually comes, and Walt posted a note last night saying he would. So the day, which hadn't started out too bad, shouldn't be a wash.

Was just getting the jacket liner off when here came a silvery R1200 piloted round the cars parked below by a feller in a black outfit. Sonny (Cap'n Robison)! After greetings, and while we were dispensing with gloves, buckets, et al., a black outfitted silver helmeted pilot on a silver RT swung in and around into parking position. Walt (Cap'n Halaja)! (You can always tell it's Walt, even from a distance... He never puts the bike on the side stand. Always on the center stand. Wise. Especially on soft stuff!)

We headed into King's for a good, if somewhat belated (the waitress must've forgot to give our order to the cook for awhile) breakfast and good cheer and conversation, and then, after visiting the necessary room (in obedience to Winston Churchill's proviso that one should always make use of whatever facility was at hand as one never knew how far it was to the next one), we went out to discuss the ride for the day.

Because, due to the RA rally's date, the regular September meeting date had been moved to the September EBR date, we were more or less trying to figure out a nice ride that would take us on a swing around Southeast then South of Pittsburgh enough so as to arrive at Leo Stanton's around two or so for the meeting. Walt said he had been to the Bell's Mill covered bridge some years back with Mathilde, but not this year, so he hadn't a current picture with which to pry some BMR points out of our great and esteemed PunktMeister, Don Poremski, and, since I had a camera along, we decided to do a swing

around that would enable us to catch that bridge, get a shot or so sufficient for Don's requisites and then head up to Leo's. Peg Robison was, Sonny said, baking a cake for the meeting, so he couldn't do the whole ride as he had to get back around noon or so to pick up Peg and the cake and drive down in the car. Besides, it seems his battery was doing fudgy things, like indicating via various dash lights that it was running low on electrons and wasn't happy with being supplied with more... if it was being supplied with more...a solution to the low electron problem whose presence couldn't be determined. So, he said he'd get us headed South on a good route, and then head back to Monroeville before the battery lunched out totally, and so he could pick up Peg and the car.

Which is what transpired. Sonny led us North then East on 286 and swung us South on 981, with himself peeling off again West on a side road back to Monroeville some miles down 981. Thereafter, Walt and I, Walt leading, continued our trend Southward, crossing 22 and continuing on 981 until we hit a Road Closed sign where 981 was all dug up by our fine PennDummiesOfTransportation Dept (The PennDOT acrostic can also be interpreted several other telling, accurate, and interesting ways!). Fortunately, from the trucks trundling up and down and squeezing past the "Road Closed—Not Even Local Traffic Allowed—This Means YOU, BUD!" sign, it appeared they were at least hard at work so that 981 would be opened quicker than some other spots PennDOT closed for one reason or another— good, not-so-good, or bad—were.

With a totally blocked road facing us we turned around and headed back to 22. Only when we got back to 22 did we notice the tiny 981 Detour sign pointing East on 22 in the direction of 982.

Actually, the detour wasn't too bad. A few miles further down 22, and we found 982: a road with less traffic than 981 (even with it closed), and at least as many nice curves and sweepers. Eventually, it ran back into 981 in Latrobe no more than a hop, skip, and jump South of where PennDOT had 981 closed, and we were back on our planned course: 286E > 981S > 31W, and thence to find the Bell's Mill bridge. We rode past the Arnold Palmer regional airport, and on to 31W after doing 981's wee jog West on 130. We could've just stayed on 982 too, but though it probably would have been the road less traveled than 981, it would also have been the road more distanced, and we figured the detour snafu (neither of us having seen the sign at 981 and 22) had distracted us from our schedule for arriving at the bridge and then Leo's enough to go the short route.

We stopped in the bank parking lot at the corner of Janice St. and 136 (31 having morphed onto 136 maybe a quarter of a mile back) to let me set the GPS onto Bell's Mill CB as a waypoint and then make a polite request to the satellite gods to... Goto there, Dangit! At

which point the lil' GPS V angelbugger on the RT's dash shelf said, "OK, fool, A), the Bridge yer lookin' for is 3.6 miles from where yer butt is settin' now, and B), ya gotta go back where ya just came from a wee bit and go up 136 heading Northeast if ya want ta find it!"

Which is what we did. (It almost always pays to listen to GPS angels. The other kind? Fagedaboutit! Evidence about those imaginary mythological buggers sez their present essential use is as fodder for making TV shows to entertain folks who go in for such in order to sell 'em toilet paper, various and sundry drugs, soap, tooth paste, automobibbles, an' stuff like that. But like them, GPS angels aren't totally to be trusted either. A good map always helps!)

Anyway, as we approached Bells Rd from the Southwest, the GPS said, "Turn right in 460 feet." And we did that too. After a few nice sharp turns and a short straight zing or so at decreasing altitude, we rounded a corner and there she sat: the Bell's Mill Bridge with a nice gravel pull-off on our side of



the bridge to park the bikes in. Which we also did.

After getting a couple of pictures, we were about to head back for 136W when a pickup-cum-well-muddied-dirt-bike strapped in its bed approached the 6'6" above-the-road wood beam erected before the bridge to prevent large trailer trucks, high hay wagons, and other tall flotsam from clobbering the bridge and rendering it topless. Unfortunately, the bike's right handgrip would hit the beam, as Walt was eyeing it up for the driver as he edged forward. After a stop and backup to let some traffic through (it's a popular bridge!), the other fellow in the truck (who was about as muddy as the bike) got out, climbed into the bed, unstrapped it, and laid it down enough, holding it there, so Walt could indicate to the driver that he could now make it through.

After that bit of public service, it was back on the bikes, back to 136, now West, then North on 51, West on Ridge Rd, South on Dale, and West on Walton to Leo's and his famous bridge—which some internet palaver had opined that Ivan's deluge had rendered unsafe. However, made of hefty ties with all of them apparently in place, the bridge looked fine to us and obviously had to all the other riders who had gotten to the meeting before us. There must've been 20 or 30 bikes in Leo's parking lot and garage, not counting the 6 or 8 cars parked on the grass on the left of the driveway in. Leo later said he'd done some fixing on the drive. Anyway, it looked and rode fine!

We arrived to find Sonny and Peg (and the cake!) already there, and with that the East Breakfast Ride was over. Another good one, as always!

After the meeting, Walt had some good friends he wanted to see near Monongahela, and I had planned on just heading home, so I

Honda CL77 305 Scrambler: My high school letter jacket still fits. More or less.
 HD Heritage Soft Tail: 'Thought I was too young for an Electra Glide, but now want one.' Also applies to Road Kings.
 Harley Davidson FXR & Ducati: More than likely a psycho female poser trying to fit in to a lifestyle that scares her.
 Aprilia RS 250R: For blonde females, probably psychotic and from San Diego.

SENT ALONG BY TED SOHIER



OCTOBER NORTH BREAKFAST RIDE 10/3/2004

Ride, Waybook, & Map: Ron Kranz; Text & data: Ralph Meyer
 Well, Maude, it's this way. When ya got a great October Day, with a bluebird sky, temps from the 40s to the 60s and a Breakfast Ride available, ya grabs the opportunity! And opportunity it was at the North Breakfast ride. I got to the King's at Rte 910 & I-79 just a scotia after 10 to find Ron Kranz and John Lutz already there. Took some hunting to find a parking place as the lot was jammed full with cages. I managed to park the bike in just about the last blank spot there was, took the bucket off, and joined Ron with his K-GT and John with his R-RS, when along came Dana Asherman with his K-RS and Ed Tatters on his K-LT. Now there's a full house for ya! Anyway, seems John had a bunch of folks coming to meet him for a ride up to Vowinckel Hotel for Wings (Chicken, not Gold!—Vowinckel Hotel Chicken Wings are THAT good! Believe me! I think John was taking his V-Twin folks [Not all Harleys V-2s, but dang if those Japanese don't know how to copy the look darn close—a couple of Kawas were almost the spittin' images of some old Road Kings except for the shaft drive that peeked out from under their saddle bags]) up to introduce them to the North Country's tangy fixin's. Anyway, 8 or 10 of his ride riders showed up after a bit.

Meantime, Ron, joined by Dana, Ed, and me, was telling us he had developed a ride that he thought looked pretty good and that he'd run yesterday—in the rain, yet!—just to make sure of all the turns for today. When you've got a ride planned that good, you just can't hardly shake 'nuthin' better out of yer sleeve, dontcha know? Anyway, we four thought that looked mighty tasty, and figured that after a nice King's breakfast, we could enjoy that 85 mile or so 'desert' Ron had gone to all that (wet!!!) trouble to plan. However,

when we got inside King's, it looked like the breakfast line would wind up being a lunch line. Since Ron's plan called for hanging a left off 910 somewhere in the neighborhood of Babcock Blvd, and of heading North through Valencia and Mars, I suggested we chuck bothering with the King's there and head over to the King's just a bit north on Rte 8 from 910, as they never seemed to be nearly as packed full as the King's at 910 & I-79 always was. So that's what we did. And 910 isn't a bad ride either, come to think of it, especially if you're not doing it during 'rush' hour (I never can figure why they call it that. No dang way anybody can rush during rush hour. Maybe it's because everybody wishes they could and the 'hour' was named after the wish, not the fact, as the fact is... 'rush hour' is just... plain... slooooooowwwwwww w w w—especially if you get some gal in front of you that doesn't know what an accelerator pedal is for on such things as hills... Ah well, let's not get started on that! I'll start growling...) Anyway, when we got to King's on Rte 8, we went right in, no line or anything, and the food there was as tasty as it was at the one over by I-79.

After a great breakfast that included a fine discussion of K bike valve setting (made me glad 'Black Magic's' an R-Bike with the old fashioned screw and locknut for setting valve clearances), brake fluid and pad replacement and other valuable technical subjects and associated beneficial information (Beemer riders are always up on such things!) we were off on the ride.

And a great one it was too, Maudie! I don't know how Ron planned it. He said he'd plagiarized a Blue Knight's ride a bit, then performed his wizardry by modifications of their plan-of-travel, but I can't imagine anything but a swift, sure, and agile Beemer trying to roll the roads we did. Anything else might have gone a lot slower and more tenderly than we did, and we weren't making rocketship knots either. I remember one ride with Sonny Robison, Walt Halaja, and Ted Sohier when we came up behind a bunch of Harley folks who, after a stoplight turned green, actually slowly footpaddled their bikes around a mere 90 degree turn in order to get 'em going on the road South from their former East road heading. Anyway, Ron led us on curves and switchbacks, and, when the road wasn't snaking around back and



forth, it was snaking around up and down. Sure, there were a couple of straight spots... for the most part they didn't seem much longer than a couple of 100 feet or so, and there weren't too many of them. Ron had said he'd figured the ride would be about 85 miles. At 60 mph that'd be only an hour and a half's ride. But 60 wasn't even in the cards on these roads—At one stop sign, I told Ed I'd not had the bike out of 4th gear the lion's share of the way. Any faster on those roads and we'd have been in the jingweeds! We left the King's on Rte 8 around 11AM or so, and it was somewhere between 2:30 and 3:30 when we got back to the North Breakfast Ride King's and then headed for home (I really didn't notice that closely as we were having so much fun).

To top it all off, the countryside we rode through was lovely. When we weren't enjoying the flashes of light and shade riding

through woods, we were having fun seeing delightful farms and trees beginning in some spots to hint at fall colors. And when we were neither in woods or farm country, we were enjoying the sights of a few historical villages on the route and some lovely well-kept houses and not a few estates with mansions set well back from the road. The scenery on the ride couldn't have been better. And if the Vowinckel Hotel had been on Nicholson Rd, we could've even popped in there on our way back to King's for a wing or two with the Vowinckel riders! But it wouldn't have made the ride any more fun than it was!

If anyone would like to run the ride on his or her own, here's the Ron's roadbook for the ride (Ron gave us each a copy). Note, however, that it begins at the usual NBR King's rather than the Rte 8 King's we went to when we found the usual NBR King's was packed to overflowing:

A BREAKFAST RIDE

Depart Kings to Rt 910
 Left at light onto Rt 910
 Go 5.5 miles to Stop Sign, Turn Left, Babcock Rd.
 Bear LEFT @ EXXON 7-11 Mars-Valencia Rd.
 BEAR LEFT @ WILLEE'S Tavern -
 Straight thru RED LIGHT at FLASHING LIGHT turn RIGHT
 RIGHT turn onto HUTCHMAN ROAD
 BEAR LEFT on SPRING STREET
 RIGHT turn onto STOUP ROAD
 LEFT turn @ Stop Sign onto VALENCIA ROAD
 Stop Sign go STRAIGHT becomes MERIDIAN ROAD
 At Red Light LEFT turn onto WHITESTOWN ROAD
 Red Light continue STRAIGHT.... Cross RT 68... staying on
 Whitestown Road.
 LEFT At 3rd Stop Sign ONTO RT 528
 Stop Sign turn RIGHT onto LOWER HARMONY ROAD
 Stop Sign turn RIGHT onto LITTLE CREEK ROAD
 Stop Sign turn LEFT onto YELLOW CREEK ROAD
 LEFT @ Stop Sign
 LEFT on MERCER ROAD (.06 miles)
 Stop Sign turn LEFT (Harmony Square)
 BEAR RIGHT @ YIELD Sign onto RT 68 West
 Red Light turn LEFT on RT 19 South
 RIGHT @ 2nd Red Light (RT 68 West)
 36 miles

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Rt 68 West to stop Sign - LEFT onto Big Knob Road
 Big Knob becomes Rt 989 (go 1 mile)
 LEFT onto LOVI ROAD
 STRAIGHT THRU Red Light -
 Bear Left - (1 mile)
 Bear RIGHT - Continue thru Stop Sign
 Turn RIGHT @ Church
 RIGHT @ Stop Sign (1/10th miles)
 Stop Sign turn LEFT
 Stop Sign turn RIGHT onto DUFF CITY ROAD 60 miles
 RIGHT turn onto CAMP MEETING ROAD
 LEFT @ Stop Sign
 LEFT @ Stop Sign onto BEAVER STREET
 THRU 2ND Stop Sign LEFT onto LITTLE SEWICKLEY CREEK
 ROAD
 BEAR RIGHT to Stop Sign
 RIGHT on FERN HOLLOW ROAD

LEFT @ Stop Sign onto BLACKBURN ROAD
 Cross over I-79 - Road becomes Mt. Nebo Road
 At top of Mt Nebo turn left onto Nicholson
 At Stop sign go straight
 At red light bear right onto Rt910
 At 2nd red light turn left to Kings 85 miles

4 WINDS RIDERS:

Butler, Beaver, Allegheny Co. Ride

Ron Kranz, ride leader
 Dana Asherman
 Ed Tatters
 Ralph Meyer

Vowinckel Hotel Wings Ride:

John Lutz, ride leader

GPS RIDE STATS (RALPH'S):

Mvg Avg: 35.4 mph
 OA Avg: 24.3 mph
 Trip Odom: 110 miles (from/to home)
 Stopped time: 1:25
 Mvg Time: 3:06
 Total Time: 4:31
 GPS turned off while at NBR King's but was left on at Rte 8 King's,
 whence the 'Stopped time'.

RON & RALPH



GS-IN' ON AN R1200 & AN RT

Ralph Meyer

Bang! Man!... I heard that!!... Through the bucket... With ear-plugs on, no less. Sonny's Hyper-lites blink madly, and he skids 5" to a stop from all of 5 miles per hour. Wha hopenen?

Well, it all started with a weather report... cold (almost freezing in the morning) temps warming up to around the mid-50s by midday, but, get this: SUNNY WEATHER—for 4 days in a row! Such conditions were not to be left escape, so Sonny Robison and I put our heads together and, still knowing of 5 bridges in Southeast Somerset County we hadn't got to yet, decided to go get 'em on Tuesday, October 5th. We put a notice up on the message board, and I e-mailed some 4 Windsers whom I thought might be interested in coming along, but we got no takers, so the two of us headed out, as we planned, at 9 that morning from our favorite East Breakfast Ride haunt, King's Restaurant on 286.

Sonny led, in his usual excellent no-too-straight-roads-allowed manner until we arrived at the Trostletown covered bridge in a delightful Lion's club cum VFW park on Club Rd. off US 30 just past Stoystown. Things were going great at the time. Lovely day. Views of the countryside (did I ever mention that Western Penn's Woods has some of the nicest countryside anybody can find anywhere in the good ol' USA?) were terrific. Air wasn't hot, nor too cold. And, after we arrived at the blacktop(!) parking lot by the bridge, we were greeted as well by the nicest display of Army artifacts I'd ever seen gracing a VFW hall (a gen-yoo-wine guaranteed Sherman tank and a

complete Huey Helicopter looking like it was swooping in to land, instead of some dinky 20 mm cannon with one flat tire, or a diddling troop carrier with half a track gone that'd obviously seen better days—someone at the VFW hall had to know somebody!). Besides that, there were a couple of nice local ladies (who looked like sisters) out for a walk that told us a bit about the bridge, which was now apparently used only for storage of the Lions Club's rather gigantic barbecue and rotisserie box. Having gotten some neat photos, we were off for the Glessner, but 5 miles away as the crow flies.

After a quick jog back to and East on 30 to Lambertsville Rd and thence to Covered Bridge Road, we arrived at the Glessner bridge. No worries! Got the pictures. Another neat and well-kept structure that had been refurbished nicely (they hid Steel I-Beams under it up where they can't be seen, and set the old-new bridge back on them a few years back according to the brass historical plate documenting who all was involved with the fixup) and this one, unlike the Trostletown, was still in use (we know that 'cause a lady in a car came through it and waved at us as Sonny and I were unpacking the cameras from the bikes). Day was still bright. Nothing but a few puffy clouds in a blue sky. Things were going great!

Then we headed for the New Baltimore, in, of all places—you guessed it!—New Baltimore. That's where the fun began. Setting the GPSs to Goto the New Baltimore bridge by the shortest route, we nonetheless overrode them a bit by going back to US30, then down 160S whence the GPSs told us the shortest way to New Baltimore and the New Baltimore bridge was to turn left onto Imgrund Mountain Road. Which we did. Now, at 160, I-M Rd is blacktop, after a fashion. You know... blacktop of the sort that, in the south, is made by having a chain gang spread gravel over a dirt road, having a tar truck come after them to spray it with tar, and then having the poor sweaty-by-now chain gang fellows go back over it and throw more gravel on top the tar. Maybe that should've told us something, but it didn't. Just over the first hill, the road, which to that point had been 2-lane, though narrower by a piece than 160 and a bit squirrely from loose gravel, turned to dirt, with a smattering of small (I think they call the stuff #2 size) gravel here and there where it hadn't been pushed down into the clay by sundry cages after a rain. Still, the road was unrutted, and reasonably smooth and nice and certainly a bit less squirrely than the blacktop portion. Things were still good. We thought.

Over a slight rise we saw the top of a cat road grader, and when we got the whole view of him, it was obvious as well that besides the crud he was blading out of the ditch at the right side of the road, narrowing it for us to the passable part on the left, the road itself had just naturally narrowed to a lane and a half. Maybe the grader and the narrowing road should've told us something. But it didn't.

Soooo, onward and upward... or should I say downward as that's the direction the road pitched. Soon it narrowed a bit more and the gravel became bigger... like a size or a size and half more than good old #2. Sonny, who was ahead of me put on his brakes at that point, and waved me up alongside him. "What do you think? This thing seems to be getting worse." The GPSs read "Miles to next: 6.39." We'd been doing about 25 or 35 on the dirt and gravel so far, and decided, "What the hey, 6 miles isn't that far." And besides, the GPSs said this was the short way to get to the New Baltimore. Furthermore, turning the bikes around on a road (it'd narrowed even more to just a hair over a single lane) like this on gravel like this with a ditch on either side like this, was not exactly an appealing prospect. Soooo it was... 'Forward..... Yo-oh!' ...Well, maybe not quite as fast as a "Forward, Yo-oh" might imply. Sonny leading, dust developing, gravel squirreling, I was now in 2nd gear and doing all of 10-15 mph. BRSD! (Bad Ralph/Sonny Decision).

Now you might think that such a road shouldn't deteriorate, wouldn't deteriorate, couldn't deteriorate much farther, mightn't you? Well, if you did, you'd be wrong, with a capital 'W'.

Wow. The moment the road got off its relatively flat geographical section, and started even more steeply downhill, it a) became about old-army-jeep width, and b) left the nice (by now) #2 or whatever gravel behind and now consisted of rocks: various shaped and various sized, sharp, square, oblong, trapezoidal, triangular, rectangular... some solidly fixed in the road surface (and from their size, obviously anchored deep within the earth's crust) and some just hanging around waiting for a bike tire to hit 'em so they could get their day's movement in by sliding sideways a couple of inches and giving the bike's rider the distinct feeling that he and the bike were a hair's breadth from getting close and personal with them or their next-door buddies.

On top of that, the road now had developed a nice crown. Not necessarily always with the low spots on the sides. Sometimes they were in the middle. With a nice hump (rocky, not soft) awaiting either a bike's exhaust system, center stand, fairing bottom, or whatever have you that a rock could reach up and hammer.

Then, as sort of the cherry on the 'sundae' (NOT gourmet type!) there was a kind of sort of meandering ditch on the right side of the 'road' just short of the bank that rose 2-4 feet whence the hill went up at a 40 degree angle, and, on the left side, there was.... no ditch. Nada. Nichts. Nullo. Just a sharp downhill 40-50 degree slope punctuated by numerous trees, jingweeds, previously felled branches and, about 100-150 feet below the road, a lovely gurgling, rock-filled stream.

By this time the Damn GPS said "Miles to next (turn that is): 3.36." And, by this time we had the bikes in first gear, were feathering the clutches and front and rear brake levers, were gingerly trying to pick somewhere to aim the wheels that was the most (ha!) level and smooth rock pile/formation while trying manfully to both a) prevent plastic from saying hello to the stuff underwheels and b) prevent the whole shebang, bike, rider, and all, from taking a sliding header either into the 'ditch' on the right or over the 'edge' on the left with the distinct possibility of sliding (with caroms off various and sundry trees) all the way down to the lovely gurgling stream below.

It was just at that point that Sonny's bike provided us with that (nerve-wracking) metal-against-rock 'Bang!' Not good! Sonny came to a stop, fortunately with the R1200 upright, and holding his brakes on (fortunately he was a foot or so from the ditch on the right (the 'safe'???) side of the road. And I, feathering clutch and brake, and with both feet down as outriggers, managed to pull up alongside him, not without again feeling a couple of times as though the bike were about to play a shot of 'Upsy Daisy.'

Sonny's response to the whole affair was a calm, "I think something hit underneath the muffler. I'll have to take a look at it after I get home. I wonder how much more of this stuff is there?" Then, looking a bit brighter, he commented, "Hey, at least, we haven't seen much traffic along here, have we?" I forget exactly what my reply was... probably something like, "No traffic is *good*. Especially here!"

Anyway, we managed to get the bikes onto sidestands (Miracles do happen) and decided to walk further downhill to the next curve and see if things got better later on. What we would've done if they'd have gotten worse neither of us wanted to think about because trying to turn either bike on the stuff where we were (downhill all the way on that narrow almost ledge of a road would've been harrowing to say the least. And then we'd have had to ride back uphill over the same stuff we'd just been over, not to mention the

time it would take just to go back where we came from at what amounted to not even a decent crawl. We were between a rock and a hard place. Literally.

Well, to make a long story longer (it'd really been long just on that stuff to get where we were), the way ahead looked no worse (and for a distance anyway, no better!) than what we'd been over, so, firing up the bikes again, we continued our slithering, sliding, bumping crawl along, engines barely idling in first. There were a couple of more bangs... Sonny on his exhaust system, and I on what I figured was the RTs center stand (Neither of us were about to stop and see what actually got banged... just stopping on that stuff was dangerous as hell, because putting a foot down might land on something solid, or something that slid, or land on... nothing at all since the rocky surface of the road went up and down unpredictably, with the very possible result of a bike's getting immediately horizontal—a position no bike seems particularly to appreciate, not to mention riders and riders' insurance companies.

Just as a matter of keeping hope (of getting out of there) alive, whenever I got the chance, I'd give a quick glance at the GPS's "Distance to next:" readout, being as immensely overjoyed as I could under the circumstances at every time the distance lessened by a tenth of a mile. Fortunately, at the bottom of the one grade, the road went back more to clay with fewer rocks, giving us somewhat of a respite from playing our GPS-induced game of Observed Trials, run on touring bikes. Finally, around a curve with the GPS's "Distance to next:" reading .12, at the bottom of another grade of the same none too smooth stuff, we spied a Stop Sign bordering a lovely grey ribbon that appeared like magic through the trees.

As I pulled alongside Sonny at the Stop Sign, I commented, "Was that a 'Yippee' I heard emanating from up here when that stop sign was seen?" To which he replied something like... "If it wasn't it sure should have been!... I've never had a bike on anything as rough as that. It's a wonder we didn't drop them while riding that patch." We both figured it would've taken a pretty fair dinkum amount of Ranger Rick's expertise using his GS to have gotten through there... and that it might've been easier just to have ridden through the rocky stream at the bottom of the valley below that road as to have ridden the road itself, providing we could've gotten the bikes down there. Sonny later found out it had been a road used by a strip mining operation some time back that some years ago had been turned over to the Game Commission, who had yet to bother doing anything with it.

In any event, lemme tell ya, that experience sure makes a feller appreciate Mr. Macadam's invention, so it do!

Anyway, once we were off good(???) old Imgrund Mountain Road, everything after to the New Baltimore bridge was a piece of cake. All told, that bad patch took us better than a half hour to go but 3 miles. That seems to work out to an average of 6 mph, but according to the crumb trail map track I downloaded from the GPS, there were some points where we were blazing along Imgrund at the amazing rate of a mile and a half an hour... less than walking speed! Sure, it would've been a breeze for an Observed Trials Rider on an Observed Trials bike, but on touring bikes? Sheesh!

Anyway, once we were off Imgrund (whew!) on New Baltimore Rd, we had blacktop all the way to the town's Findley St and the New Baltimore bridge at the edge of town. Talk about relief. Many days!

New Baltimore made 3 down and 2 to go, with the Pack Saddle next. It was reached by some nice (Blacktop! Yesssss!) roads, albeit that some of them were a bit narrow and had seemed to have

been freshly gravelled (again somewhat after the previously mentioned 'southern chain gang method' [for a great film example of the aforementioned method, see Paul Newman's "Cool Hand Luke," which also provides fine visual documentation on how to take down an unbelievable number of hard boiled eggs. Go figure that one.])

The Pack Saddle was a lovely little bridge spanning a delightfully gurgling rocky stream with a small waterfall. By then the time on the RT's clock read about 2:30 PM so after we poked around the

bridge and stream a bit, we fired up the boxers and took off through Roxbury and Berlin and on down 219 to the Burkholder, on Burkholder Bridge Rd (of all things!) arriving there around 3:10: number 5 of 5, the last one, or, as an old farmer friend used to say in the evening as the hay wagon reached the very last bale in the field to be loaded and carried to the barn, "Hot dawg! That's the one we been lookin' for all day!" Well, the 'one we'd been lookin' for all day' we got to, later than expected, but better late than never.

As with all the other bridges but the Trostletown, which still supported itself with wood timbers resting on a stone pier under the middle of the bridge, the Burkholder had been refurbished some years back with steel girders hidden by its wooden exterior, deck, and under-bridge cross braces. With those steel girders under them, it was no wonder that these bridges showed little or no sign of the swaybacking all the more original wood bridges tend to exhibit as a sign of their maturity. All five of these were in excellent shape, and it was obvious from the work done on them and the brass plaques accompanying them that the folks of Somerset County and their County authorities were proud of them and were concerned to take good care of them.

After the Burkholder, we headed back toward home on some nice 2 laners, stopping for a late lunch or early supper (lupper?) around 4 at the Donegal Dairy Queen on Rte 31 for burgers and fries, and thence to 711 and 130, and on into Monroeville and the Orange Belt and home, at which I arrived right at 7PM... just in time for a small addition to the earlier Donegal 'lupper.' Another great ride in terrific company. One couldn't ask for a better way to spend a day! Even the bangs couldn't spoil it!

Trip data:

Mvg avg: 35.3 mph
Trip Odom: 246m
Stopped Time: 3:59
OA avg: 22.5 mph
Mvg time: 6:58
Tot Time: 10:57



RALPH



IT WAS A "POWDER DAY" OF RIDING!

By Rick Gzesh

"You know what guys, today was a Powder Day of riding!" I blurted out. "It was a what of riding?" My puzzled companions asked. I repeated that it was a "Powder Day" of riding. "Rick, we think that you are losing it; you are confusing your sports!" "Not really", I replied, "Let me try to explain." "You see, to an accomplished skier such as myself, you live for the "Powder Day"! The day you and your ski buddies wake up at the crack of dawn at your favorite ski resort, right after 10-12 inches of fresh powder has fallen. The sun is rising and the skies are clear. The temperature is not too cold yet not too warm. The ski conditions are going to be perfect. You know instinctively that this is going to be an epic day of skiing. That my friends, is a "Powder Day" and today we had a Powder Day of riding!" A look of understanding came over their faces. They understood. They were there with me to experience it. They were a part of it. For a few moments we were silent. We were all reliving the moments of the day and how we came to be sitting together in a restaurant in Buckhannon, WV.

At our last club meeting, President Lance Hough and I were hanging out shooting the breeze when he told me that due to family and business concerns, he was way behind on his riding this season and really needed to get away on his new Duck. That was just what I needed to hear as I had wanted to put together a trip into WV to explore some of the great roads down there that I have heard so much about. I quickly asked Lance if he would be interested in joining me, to which he said YES!! I told him that I would round up a posse and find a motel.

Three weeks later, on a picture perfect Friday, Lance arrived at my house on his new Ducati ST2, eager to begin our weekend adventure. I would be traveling on my new R1150GS, my first solo trip after several 2 up excursions with my wonderful girlfriend, Cheri. First up, buzz over to Heritage BMW to meet Dan Weaver who was having a new set of rubber spooned onto his R1150GS, just for the occasion! As it was already after noon, we decided to make some time by running Route 51 to Uniontown and Route 40 East. After a quick lunch stop at a forgettable eatery near Farmington, we began to hit the good stuff. We rode Route 381 south to Kingwood, WV (which becomes Route 26) and then Route 72 south to Route 50 east to Aurora, WV. Lance, Dan and I were having a blast. Traffic was light, the roads were twisty and in excellent shape. It always amazes

me how much better the roads are in WV and wonder why Penn Dot can't do the same for us? But it was not a powder day yet. We were not complete. There was still another character to be added.

We turned south in Aurora onto a sweet little county road that brought us back to Route 72 near Parsons. After a brief fuel stop, we decided that there was enough daylight left to play the rest of the way to Buckhannon rather than jump on the main roads. We backtracked north out of Parsons on Route 72 to Route 38 west, a gorgeous stretch that took us through a corner of the Monongahela National Forrest. By now the sun was dropping low in the horizon, making the light extremely uneven as we alternately went from full sun to full shade (or vice versa), usually right at the apex of the curve, causing brief blindness and a pucker moment or two. Route 92 south took us into Belington, and with yours truly in the lead, took a hunch and turned west toward Audra State Park. Another good call as the roads were smooth and twisty! We ended up on Route 119 south and all that was left was a short 10 mile burst to our destination of the Budget Host Inn, in the heart of Buckhannon's business district.

We checked in, unpacked our bikes and anxiously awaited the arrival of our missing companion. We did not have to wait long as his arrival was soon announced by the unmistakable wail of the one and only Savanucci known to exist! Mr. Don Poremski, rider extraordinaire, had arrived from his home in Ohio! We helped Don unload his Japanese - Italian wannabe sport bike and went into town for some much needed chow and to plan out the next day's ride.

Saturday morning we awoke not to the light rain that was forecast, but to overcast skies. Not picture perfect, but dry. Our memories of the unexpected blasts of sunlight directly into our eyes from the day before would remain just that... a memory, as there would be no sun today. In one way, that made the conditions for the day better. The light would now be consistent, eliminating that time both early and later in the day when the sun would be low enough in the horizon to be able to shoot annoying rays of sun into your eyes, just as you are diving into a corner. Not to mention the hypnotizing strobe effect caused by the rays from the sun slicing through the trees that line the roads as you blast past at 70+.

After a quick breakfast, I lead first, taking my comrades on a brisk ride south on Route 20 through Webster Springs to Richwood, the traffic thinning out nicely within 10 miles of Buckhannon. Dan took over from there, leading us east on Route 39/55 and then north on Route 150 through the Cranberry Glades Scenic area and past Snowshoe Ski Resort on our way to the historic railroad town of Cass for lunch. Dan continued leading us north on a cool little 1 1/2 lane back road for 15 miles to Route 250 and then east towards West Augusta, VA, taking a quick break at a scenic overlook. We then back tracked Route 250 (worth riding twice!) all the way to Route 219 north to Elkins and Route 33 west back to Buckhannon.

Several times during the day while riding tail I had the opportunity to watch our little troupe as we rode up, down and all around these great roads. It was like a well choreographed dance routine as we leaned our bikes over one by one, carving through the corners in a single line, instinctively returning to our staggered formation as we accelerated into the straights. We read the roads perfectly and became at one with our machines, operating them with skill and precision. More importantly we were in synch with each other. It is a rare and wonderful feeling, to be able to ride with a small group of competent riders with whom you have an instinctive trust. You ride at the same pace and as a single unit. Yes the speeds were brisk, but we stayed within our comfort zone and respected the reduced speed limits in populated areas. It was fast enough to be exhilarating, but not so fast that you couldn't react to gravel in a corner (lots of them)

or a ladder flying off the back of a pickup truck (another story for another day). We knew when to pass, and when it wouldn't be prudent. We eagerly took turns as ride leaders for designated segments, the rest willing followers, changing positions with an occasional playful pass of our own. It reminded me of some the great skiing "Powder Days" that I have experienced, most recently in Aspen, CO where everything was just right. Couldn't get any better! Orgasmic even! Better, dare I say....than sex!

Pulling into the parking lot of the Budget Host Inn, 350 miles had passed since we had left that morning. We just had THE motorcycle ride of the season, taking turns leading our mates through some of the most beautiful motorcycle roads within 500 miles of Pittsburgh. Tight technical mountain roads followed by sweepers and straights along the valley floor on the way to the next technical mountain pass. All with the beautiful backdrop of Mother Nature's finest autumn colors. I now know why they call West Virginia "Almost Heaven". For on that day, Saturday October 9th 2004, and for 350 miles, Lance, Don, Dan and I came as close to heaven as one can get while still alive on this planet!

And that my friends, is a Powder Day of riding!!

"RANGER" RICK



OCTOBER, 2004 MEETING MINUTES

Date: October 16, 2004

Location: Heritage BMW & Aprilia

Vice President Rob Berner, filling in for President Lance Hough called the meeting to order at 4:00 pm.

OLD BUSINESS:

None was brought to the table.

TREASURER REPORT:

No report as Treasurer Holly Marcheck was absent.

RALLY 2004 REPORT:

Chairman Tom Primke noted that almost \$2400 was made from the rally.

NEW BUSINESS:

The 2005 Board was announced having been elected at September Meeting.

It was suggested that nominations for the 2004 MOA Medallion be considered.

2004 Banquet will be held again at the Priory on January 22nd. There will be a slight price increase in the \$2 pp range along with an improved menu.

2005 Rally report, returning Rally Chairman Tom Primke discussed the issues of pre registrations. It was noted that pre registrations would be minimal at best. Possible menu changes were also discussed to help protect the club from financial risk at the rally. Tom will pursue with the caterer.

Ken McMunn suggested having meetings at only one or a few different meeting locations rather than different locations each month. Rick Gzesh, incoming President stated that the 2005 board will consider it.

Walt Halaja reminded everyone about the Wayne Kelly foundation and asked for donations to be made out to the club and forwarded to Treasurer Holly Marcheck.

Walt also introduced his guest Kurt Requish.

As there was some extra food, it was announced that it could be taken home by club members with a donation to the food fund.

Craig Immel was thanked for hosting the meeting at his dealership, Heritage BMW & Aprilia. He was also thanked for his continued support of our club.

Meeting was adjourned around 4:30.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED FOR JIM LINNEMAN BY RICK
GZESH, DIRECTOR



OCTOBER WEST BREAKFAST RIDE

by Walt Halaja

At approximately 9AM Saturday, October 9th, I arrived at Eat N' Park on Rte 60; there was a one lunger F650 in the lot. I was hoping the rider was there for the breakfast 'n ride! But after doing a walk through the Eat 'n Park with my riding gear on thinking he or she may see me, but I couldn't find the rider in the restaurant, so I went back out to my bike. Well, no rider had yet showed up. So, unlike my friend Sonny, who will often go ahead anyway and have breakfast if no one shows up, I usually like to return home for breakfast with my roommate, Mathilde, as I think her breakfasts are much better than the 'Parks. I think Sonny tends to stay because he likes their porridge and because doing so gives members more than 15 minutes to be late! I usually just wait 15 minutes.

So, at 9:15 I started pulling out of my parking spot when this rider pulls up on an RS. I didn't know him! Pulling back into my slot I went to meet him and found out he was indeed there for the breakfast ride. So breakfast we did, and I got to know him. His name is Kurt Regush! He is not a member, but may become one, as he later came to our Oct. meeting at Heritage. After breakfast, we did a short ride to Frankfort Springs. Kurt said he had to be in Wexford around 1PM. I was going to split with him at Eat N' Park after we got back from the springs, but instead decided to lead him to Wexford on some enjoyable back roads. We finally split up at 910 & 79, which made a nice short ride. By the time I returned home I discovered I'd put about 80 miles on the bike... just enough for a fine breakfast ride! If you haven't been to a breakfast as of late, why not make it a point to try one in the months coming up. Winter has many nice riding days in it, and who knows, you just might have the fun of meeting someone new or having breakfast with a member friend of yours!

WALT

NOV. MEETING RESERVATION FORM

Parkway Tavern Restaurant

312 Center Rd. Monroeville, PA

4-Winds Meeting, Saturday, Nov. 20, 2004,

2:00PM - 5:00PM. Meal shortly after 2:00PM

The meal will be a Pizza / Appetizer Party featuring assorted pizzas including plain, pepperoni, mushroom, sausage, green pepper, seafood, spinach, BBQ chicken, and many more.

The appetizers will include Fried Zucchini, cheese sticks, french fries, onion rings, jalapeno peppers, breaded fried mushrooms, buffalo wings, plus a host of others.

Cost for the meal will be \$11.00 per person attending.

Name: _____

Number attending: _____

Total cost: _____

Please respond by Monday, Nov. 15th, by sending your reservation and a check or money order to cover the number attending to:

Holly Marcheck, Treasurer,
4-Winds BMW Riders
165 Grouse Drive
Elizabeth, PA 15037

Please be at the restaurant by 2:00 PM as the meal will begin shortly thereafter

Please note: Reservations are most helpful for this meeting, but not absolutely required. We do need to guarantee the restaurant that there will be at least 30 people in attendance (and thus pay for at least that many!).

PARKWAY TAVERN MAP



FOR SALE

2000 R1100RT with all the trimmings - Excellent Sport-Tourer, just broken in. Miles:15,000; Includes system cases, new rear brake pads and tire, plus safety features: driving lights, running lights, Hyper-Lites (super bright red LED additional tail lights that blink when you put on your brakes). Included: 1 year old Odyssey battery. Well cared for. Color: Red. Asking \$10,200. Jim Dotson: 724-468-0207.

Better than Thermarest mattress - Brand new (in package) self inflating, cross-cored foam Thermarest-type mattress made by Pacific Outdoor Equipment. Two solid brass valves, DWR water & stain repellant coating, anti-fungal treatment, repair kit, lifetime warranty, carrying sack. The thickest (4"), warmest one ever made. See more at this link: <http://www.pacoutdoor.com/index.cfm?action=product&productID=14&groupID=6&familyID=1> . This one is 25"x78"x4" and rolls up to 8"x26", weight 7 lb. 8 oz., insulating R-value 11.5. Currently, their retail is \$110 for one that is 3/4" thinner. (The thickest ones Thermarest brand makes are 3" for \$200 and 2" for \$150.) Sleep in comfort for only \$90! Tim & Dianne Pears: DTPear@earthlink.net

BMW Sport Riding Gloves Men's Sz. M/L - Leather BMW Sport Riding Gloves - approx. Men's size 8 1/2, between a Med. & Lg. Soft black leather w/5mm padding on fingers & back for protection, comfort & maximum grip. Reinforced leather index finger & textured nylon lining. Long cuff w/Velcro fastener. Like new. Can bring to rally. \$39. Tim & Dianne Pears: DTPear@earthlink.net

Corbin seat with backrest - Excellent condition leather Corbin with adjustable backrest designed for R-1100R (was used on my '97 R1100). Asking \$300 (also includes passenger retro seat) Conrad Rosetti: cgl84@comcast.net

Firstgear Speed Jacket Size Large, Brand New - Never Worn - Water-resistant 450 denier Hypertex. Competition-weight leather patches at shoulders/elbows with SafeStitch™ construction. Fully-sleeved removable liner w/patented Thermoneck™, removable Temperfoam™ armor in shoulders/elbows with EVA foam backpad, 2-port zipper-controlled torso vent, sleeve vents and zipper adjustable back vent. Color: yellow/black/white. \$75.00 Firm. Kevin Hart: Email me for photos or questions, kevin.hart@msanet.com

Kawasaki Ninja 250 Yosh Pipe, Jet Kit, K&N. Sounds like a cool little track bike with about 9 ponies above stock, nearly new tires, repair manual, owners manual, extra fender, windshield, matching helmet and gloves (womens medium). 5700 miles, very pretty and very rare Pearl White and Red. Was asking 50,000 dollars, but have reduced to price to \$1995 or best offer. Sweet little bike for the beginner or smaller of stature - Not you Kevin Hart. You would make it look like a pocket bike! Call Lance at 412-741-3822

Brand New HJC Sy-Max Flip-Up Full Face Helmet. Size: XXL (fits 24 1/8" - 24 7/8" head size), Color: Black. In original box with all the literature, Helmet sack, etc. Worn once. Paid \$224 for it. Asking \$150 O.B.O. E-mail meyer@zoominternet.net or phone: 724-443-4937. Nice lid, but I'm getting too much of a collection of 'em and my son's in Chicago and doesn't ride around here any more.

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

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

To join, just come to a meeting and introduce yourself. Meetings are listed here in the Newsletter and in the schedule of events on the Web Site, www.4windsbmw.org. Membership dues are \$15 per year for primary membership, and \$7.50 per year for associate members residing in the same household as a primary member.

DIRECTIONS TO MEETING:

At *Parkway Tavern Ristorante*, 312 Center Rd, Monroeville, Sat 11/20/04, 2–5PM.

From the East: Head West on US 22. Go Right on Old Wm. Penn Hwy (at the Giant Eagle) shortly before you get to the I-76 overpass. Go past two stop signs as you continue up the hill; pass through the intersection at PA 48 and follow directions below at **.

From the West: Take the Parkway (I-376) East to Exit 16B for PA 48N (Orange Belt) or take US22 East to PA 48N and turn left onto PA 48 headed North. Turn left from PA 48N onto Old Wm. Penn Hwy (the next cross street North of the I-376 interchange). Follow directions below at **.

From the South: Take Moss Side Blvd, (PA 48—Orange Belt) North. Cross US 22. Turn Left onto Old Wm. Penn Hwy just past the I-376 interchange. Follow directions below at **.

****From PA 48 on Old Wm Penn Hwy:** Heading West. Turn Right on Center Rd. Go about a block. The Parkway Tavern Ristorante should be on your right at or near the corner; Restaurant parking is on the left.

From the North: Take the Orange Belt south. After crossing the bridge over I-76 (PA Turnpike) you will be on Center Rd. Where the Orange belt makes a left off Center Rd onto Haymaker Rd, continue going straight across the intersection, staying on Center Rd. Parkway Tavern Ristorante will be on your left at or near the next corner (of Center Rd and Evergreen Dr/Beatty Rd); parking will be on your right. *OR*

Take I-76 (PA Turnpike) East to the Monroeville/US 22 exit. Take US 22 West for an immediate right turn onto PA 48 (Orange Belt) headed north. After the I-376/PA 48 Interchange, be in the left lane, and turn left onto Old Wm. Penn Hwy headed West. Then follow directions above at **.

GPS: N40 26.773 W79 45.876