

JULY



2008

MOA # 6

www.4windsbmw.org

RA # 76



PRESIDENT'S LETTER

The President's Ride was held on Father's Day at the Foggy Mountain Lodge on a perfect sunny day. We ordered off the regular menu; the food was very good, the service was well above par, and all in attendance agreed that the Foggy Mountain Lodge in Stahlstown, PA was well worth a return visit. A few folks even remarked that it might make a good future rally site!

And virtually no business was discussed, no meeting was called to order, no notes were taken and nobody seemed to care. It was Father's Day after all, and only 1/2 of the board was in attendance, so goofing off seemed appropriate.

So, on to other news. This is the time of the year when we prepare for rally season and other epic summer roadtrips. Here's a tale of one roadtrip that may interest you.

Last week, I was presented with a press release from Piaggio marketing. Seventy-one-year-old Dr. Bernard Rosenbaum and his long-time travel companion, Bob Chase, began, on June 13, a cross country adventure on the Lincoln Highway which started in San Francisco and will end in New York City's Times Square four weeks later. Buddy and Bob will be at Mosites Motorsports July 9th



PREZ RIDE!
Hillary's Pics!

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JULY MEETING INFO

The next meeting of the Four Winds BMW Riders will be held on Sat., July 19, 2008 at the home of Ed and Michelle Syphan, 4870 Whippoorwill Dr. in Hermitage, PA from 2–5PM. Please bring either an appetizer, a side dish, or a dessert. The club will take care of the meat and drinks. **Directions on Back Page.**

PUBLICATION INFO

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

Editor: Ralph Meyer

Deadline: Articles submitted must be received by the editor no later than 6:00 PM on the Tuesday after the club meeting of the month preceding the month of publication (e.g., July Meeting: July 19; **Aug. issue deadline: Tues., July 22nd**). 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>

Submission formats:

Articles: Send as plain text with headings and h2g depth defined, or in Word Processor (e.g., MS Word) format. Save trees: avoid paper if you can.

Pictures and graphics: Submit in JPEG or TIFF format with clearly marked locations in the article.

Long articles may be split between issues.

National Club Affiliations: Four Winds BMW Riders is chartered club #6 of the BMWMOA and chartered club #76 of the BMWRA

Newsletters in color PDF format are at the Four Winds Site, www.4windsbmw.org. Download a free Adobe PDF reader by clicking the 'Get Adobe Reader' button at www.adobe.com and following the directions thereafter provided.

MEETING SCHEDULE 2008

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

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

July 19, 2008 — Ed & Michelle Syphan's

August, 2008 — Friday, August 15 to Sunday, August 17
42nd Annual Four Winds Rally!

September 20, 2008 — Leo & Holly Stanton's

October 18, 2008 — Crooked Creek State Park

November 18, 2008 — Vincent's in Greentree

December, 2008 — No Monthly Meeting

and 10th as the duo stop over for service on their MP3 500s. Mosites was asked to please invite its customers to meet and greet Buddy and Bob when they arrive, etc, and provide food, music, and pony rides. Here's a link to the website, <http://noagelimitpiaggio.us>, yadada, yadada, yadada.

Not to take anything away from old Buddy and Bob, but among BMW riders the same age, a similar feat would be considered a lazy summer vacation. As I recall, our own Ralph Meyer did his first Ironbutt (1,000 miles in 24 hours) at age 72! Yes, Walt did the Ironbutt ride then too, but Walt was still a youngster at the time.

So the fact that Buddy and Bob will ride the entire length of the Lincoln Highway in four weeks is not all that impressive from our point of view. In fact, what amazes me personally is that with seniors living more and more active lifestyles, that anyone would think that travelling 3,400 miles in a month (113 miles a day) on a comfy new MP3 500 is even remotely amazing, even at 70+ years old.

Hey Buddy and Bob; us Beemer riders are pretty tough customers, so if you really want to impress us, try that same trip on a Chinese scooter. If you even make it to the next state, you'll have earned our respect and a spot in the Guinness book of world records.

Okay, 113 average miles per day on paved roads is hardly an awe-inspiring feat, but in all fairness, there are certain aspects of this

ONGOING EVENTS

Breakfast Rides, et al.:

These rides are free-form. *Those attending decide what they want to do and where, if anywhere, they want to ride.* If you just want to show up in the car and have breakfast with fellow motorcyclists, that's fine too.

COME! EAT! CHAT! RIDE!

Ride Schedule — Month:

Sun, July 6 — North at King's, I-79 & Rt 910/VIP Dr., 10:00 AM

Sat, July 12 — West at Bob Evans, Rt 60 & Campbell's Run Rd, 9:00 AM

Sun, July 20 — South at King's, 3049 Washington Pike, off Exit 54, I-79, Bridgeville, 10:00 AM

Sat, July 26 — East at Dick's, Rt 22 Westbound Side, Monroeville, 9:00 AM

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

trip I do find truly amazing, so here are the questions I plan to ask Buddy and Bob when I meet them:

How the hell did you get 4 weeks of vacation?

How do you muster the fiscal discipline necessary to save up enough money for an epic road trip like this one?

How can you afford the gas?

And how did you convince your wives to let you go?

Mitch

AAADD KNOW THE SYMPTOMS!.....

Recently, I was diagnosed with A.A.A.D.D. -
Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder.
This is how it manifests itself:

I decide to water my garden.

As I turn on the hose in the driveway,
I look over at my car and decide it needs washing.

As I start toward the garage,
I notice mail on the porch table that
I brought up from the mail box earlier.

I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car.

I lay my car keys on the table,
put the junk mail in the garbage can under the table,
and notice that the can is full.

So, I decide to put the bills back
on the table and take out the garbage first.

But then I think,
since I'm going to be near the mailbox
when I take out the garbage anyway,
I may as well pay the bills first.

I take my check book off the table,
and see that there is only one check left.

My extra checks are in my desk in the study,
so I go inside the house to my desk where
I find the can of Coke I'd been drinking.

I'm going to look for my checks,
but first I need to push the Coke aside
so that I don't accidentally knock it over.

The Coke is getting warm,
and I decide to put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold.

As I head toward the kitchen with the Coke,
a vase of flowers on the counter
catches my eye--they need water.

I put the Coke on the counter and
discover my reading glasses that
I've been searching for all morning.

I decide I better put them back on my desk,
but first I'm going to water the flowers.

I set the glasses back down on the counter,
fill a container with water and suddenly spot the TV remote.
Someone left it on the kitchen table.

I realize that tonight when we go to watch TV,
I'll be looking for the remote,

but I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table,
so I decide to put it back in the den where it belongs,
but first I'll water the flowers.

I pour some water in the flowers,
but quite a bit of it spills on the floor.

So, I set the remote back on the table,
get some towels and wipe up the spill.

Then, I head down the hall trying to
remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day:

The car isn't washed.

The bills aren't paid.

There is a warm can of Coke sitting on the counter.

The flowers don't have enough water,

there is still only 1 check in my check book,

I can't find the remote,

I can't find my glasses,

and I don't remember what I did with the car keys.

Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really
baffled because I know I was busy all day, and I'm really tired.

I realize this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it,
but first I'll check my e-mail....

Do me a favor... Copy this information and e-mail it to everyone
you know, because I don't remember who I've e-mailed it to.

Don't laugh -- if this isn't you yet, your day is coming!!

*FROM: AHHHH...A MARVELOUS MYSTICAL MEMBER--I got a letter
yesterday...It was sent to me, but dang if I can
remember the name of the addressee and I threw
the darn thing in the garbage. I think. ...Rats!*





BREAKFAST RIDE EAST MAY 24, 2008

By John Rolin

There were 4 positive responses for the East Breakfast Ride in May including the newest 4 Winds member, Jeff Ritter.

When Jeff arrived there was no room at our small table so he had to sit at the adjacent table with 2 friendly ladies. One of them made it quite clear to us that she was ready to jump on the back of one of our bikes and take off with us. I think she had the hots for Dave. She was born in South Western PA and shared a few recollections with Dave and Sonny concerning the towns in the area where they all grew up.

Breakfast, as usual, was very good at Dick's Dinner.

Sonny had an unfortunate problem with his Cruiser. Apparently, the battery was very low in charge and his ABS cluster light went a-blinking. So he had to part ways with us early in the ride.

The rest of us continued on to our agreed upon destination of 7 Springs. I volunteered to lead as I was familiar with the back roads down to Mt. Pleasant and on to 7 Springs. This is one of my favorite rides and I have done it many times over the past 30 years of riding.

The fun part of this ride is the blast up Bear Rocks hill beginning where 982 crosses 31. Jeff was left wondering how fast we were going up the hill since his 75 KR is lacking an operating speedo. He was surprised when we told him. Just beyond the summit of Bear Rocks hill we turned left on County Line road. This short stretch to Champion is one of the favorites of motorcyclists who know about it. On this particular day we were disappointed to have 2 occasions where deer crossed in front of us. Fortunately for us, we were following an SUV that did the honors of detecting the animals and

reducing speed to cautionary levels. Our stop at Champion was sprinkled with tales of deer, autos, and motorcycles. Deer and autos are not favorite subjects.

We did not go all the way to 7 Springs, but stopped short in Champion to discuss the remainder of the trip. Our discussions resulted in Ohiopyle as the next stop. Dave advised everyone that PA law mandates a stop at Ohiopyle for all motorcycles in the area and when we got there we were reminded why. There were not the flood of MCs that show up in warmer weather, so the parking lot was very friendly to us. The flow in the Yough was very high; the main rock falls was not visible due to the cascade over the top.

A few pictures, a few pee-pees and we were on our way.

John Barr took the lead from this point on to route 40 where Dave McLaughlin headed East to visit friends in the area. The rest of us had an upbeat ride (John Barr can really move that 1050 RT when he is in the lead) over to the summit, down past Uniontown on to route 50 and then North. I peeled off at route 70 and John and Jeff continued on to the Pittsburgh area.

All in all, it was a very pleasant ride with temperatures in the low 60's and few clouds in the sky.

JOHN



On the Net...

Have you found a neat location on the Internet? Send the URL in with a brief description of what it's about to the editor and we'll post it here for the benefit of your fellow riders...

Note: copy or type the underlined link into your browser's URL textbox and hit 'Go' or 'Enter' to go there.

Our Four Winds Site, what else??? <http://www.4windsbmw.org> . And always remember never to forget, you can get this and past color copies of the Newsletter in PDF format there! Check it out if you haven't already done so.

Vertigo: Check this out but only if you're not afraid of heights: El Caminito del Rey (the King's Pathway) in Spain: <http://www.brightcove.tv/title.jsp?title=1438490562>

For cycle campers: -- from Diane & Tim Pears: <http://www.motocampers.com/>



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Conrad Rossetti
724-942-2387

MY FATHER'S DAY FLORIDA TRIP

By Rick Gzesh MOA # 84162

The following is my trip report from my recent road trip to Boca Raton, Florida, to visit my Father for Fathers' day and who also recently celebrated his 85th Birthday. Dad moved with his wife to Boca Raton 20 years ago to retire and to escape the harsh Pittsburgh winters. I actually think that it is a Jewish law that one must make the pilgrimage to Southern Florida at age 65 and buy a condo and white Cadillac with matching white shoes. Since his move, he has expected all of his children to spend our hard earned money and vacation time to come down to Florida for a visit. The trouble is, I HATE Florida. Too hot, too many old people, too flat, and too many tourists. Other than the beach, I can't think of a single reason to ever visit there, except to see Dad. And I hadn't done that in over 3 years. What a bad son I am!

Well, several weeks ago, my lovely S/O Cheri canceled out on me for a 2 week bike trip to the RA National Rally in the UP of Michigan due to some work issues that prevented her from taking time away from her store. So, I decided at the last minute that I should fight my Florida Demons and travel to Florida to visit my Father for Father's Day. And what better way to travel, especially in light of our increased fuel costs than by motorcycle? My logic seemed most appropriate as my Father to this day hates motorcycles even more than I hate going to Florida. The fact that my Father always considered me his "difficult son" made my choice of transportation even more perfect.

I quickly planned a route and left early on Thursday, 6-12, hitting the interstate for a quick blast through Ohio and West Virginia. From that point on, I kept mostly on the scenic 2 lane roads all the way to Boca Raton.



My destination for the first night was a stop at a friend's home near Hickory, NC, or rather I should say his Log Home which he built by himself! I traveled just over 500 miles on my first day. Don, whom I met

through ADVrider.com had graciously invited me to spend a night in his home, even though we only knew each other from spending too much time on line. He suggested that I run Route 16 south from Tazewell, that is, if I liked twisty roads. Well, I do, and so I did, and I had a blast finally getting off the slab and having some 2 lane fun. Route 16 eventually took me to within a couple of miles from his home and this is what I found as I pulled into his driveway:

Looks kind of rustic from the outside, but inside is a beautiful and cozy modern log home.

That evening, I treated Don to dinner at his favorite local Bar-B-Q joint and then we mingled with



some of his friends and other bikers at a local Bike Night. Don, who owns several bikes, was riding an R 90/6 Café Racer. Cool bike! I should have taken a picture.



The next morning Don, being a most excellent host, cooked me up a nice country breakfast to send me on my way.

I left Hickory NC and headed south keeping to the 2 lane roads that were now mostly straight with occasional sweepers. Before I knew it I was through both North and South Carolina and into Georgia. I was making good time and the weather wasn't too hot...yet. It was early afternoon when I stopped to take a break at this state park overlooking a reservoir to munch on some goodies I had packed.



Not long afterwards, I crossed over into Florida, with a goal of getting as far south as I could. Rather than follow either the east or west coast of Florida and the accompanying traffic and congestion, I kept to the interior of the state, easily slipping past the congestion of Jacksonville and other population centers. I was letting Mr. Garmin lead the way which sometimes took me down some rather remote roads including this one somewhere in North Central Florida.



Don't worry; I kept a watchful eye out for gators and other swamp creatures. I stopped for dinner at a little diner that I forgot to take a picture of called "Grandma's Home Cookin'." To be blunt, Granny needs some culinary lessons! I finally stopped for the night just south of Ocala in a perfectly average Ho Jo's having put just over 600 miles on the odometer.

The next morning I slept in a little longer knowing that I only had about another 200 miles to go. I got on the road about 9:00 am, figuring I would get to Dad's around 12:30 just in time for lunch. What I did not take into consideration was the increasing tourist traffic and road construction as I tried to sneak past the Orlando area about 10-20 miles to the west. And then the sky opened up and the rain fell for the first time on my trip, but not the last. At first I thought I could ride it out without my rain suit on, but the deluge increased in intensity as did the wind and I ducked under an underpass that magically appeared just as I was getting concerned about continuing in that mess. Lo and behold, there was already another biker seeking shelter: your typical Harley Davidson biker type who gave me a friendly, "Hey there, some rain storm, wouldn't you say?" There we were: a study in contrasts. He, with his old school American cruiser, the only protective gear he had were jeans, t-shirt and boots. Me, on the other hand had my high tech German Wonder Bike, wearing the latest in high tech warm weather protective riding gear with full face helmet. But there we were 2 motorcyclists both seeking the same thing, a little shelter from a nasty storm. We chatted away while I did the rain suit dance, and when the rain let up a bit, I was gone. My new friend with out any rain gear would wait a while longer for the rain to completely cease before moving on.

I finally arrived at Dad's around 2:00-about 11/2 hours behind schedule. Dad was doing his Jewish worry dance pacing around his condo waiting for me to arrive. After a quick hug they had a much needed lunch all ready for me. Corned Beef on Rye with a big pickle! My folks would not have it any other way. By the way, they looked great!



For the next 3 days I did not touch my bike and basically just hung with my folks, enjoying their company. On Sunday, Father's Day, I took them to see "Don't Mess With The Zohan"-Adam Sandler's new movie about an Israeli James Bond type who fakes his death to run away to New York to be a hairdresser. Walking up to the ticket counter at the Boca Raton matinee was quite surreal. It seemed that the entire line waiting to buy tickets was hunched over in walkers or in wheel chairs carrying mini oxygen tanks like you and I carry water bottles. They were wearing some of the most outlandish brightly colored clothes I had ever seen in truly weird combinations. The women had their faces all painted up like clowns and sporting hair colors that do not naturally exist in nature. To top it off, their sense of smell has diminished to the point that they wear enough perfume to require a Hazmat team to clean up. I could hear several complaining loudly about the heat and humidity. I thought I had stepped into a Seinfeld horror episode. I turned to Diane, my father's wonderful Wife of 30 years and kissed her gently on her cheek and whispered a big Thank You into her ear for not become one of THEM and for not allowing my Father to as well!! Yes, people, I was in South Florida where all of the Jews escaped the North East cold winters in order to dress poorly and to complain about how hot and humid it is in Florida.

The movie however, was actually quite hilarious and I even saw

my Dad break into a smile and laugh out loud a couple of times even though he will never admit to liking the movie, calling it way too raunchy for his tastes. My Father, the prude!

What trip to Florida would not be complete without a trip to the Flea Market, or the Flea's as they call it down there. So on Monday we went to the Flea's. Florida Flea Markets are like no other. They have pretty much replaced traditional independent retail in South Florida. They inhabit abandoned malls and warehouses with rows upon rows of clothing, jewelry, perfume, and watch booths. These mini retail stores (no traditional flea market used goodies here) originally run by retired guys named Morty and Saul who used to be in the business in the Big Apple, are now run by Martinez and Chin Ling who either snuck across the border or came over in a boat with a hundred of the their closest friends and family and now all work and live together in this mobile home down the road. I bought Cheri a nice pearl necklace that I am sure I could have found cheaper at Macy's or TJ Max. Probably of higher quality too. But, this is all part of the South Florida experience. That night we had a nice dinner at P.F. Chang's and had a lovely stroll along the beach in Deerfield, the first time I had seen the Ocean during this trip.

Tuesday was departure day, but I needed to get a new rear tire installed, as the one I had was looking pretty thin. I had made the mistake of casually mentioning to my Father soon after my arrival that my rear tire might not make it home. The result was that for the next 2 days he hounded me about that damn dangerous tire. To put his mind at ease, I arranged to get a new tire installed early Tuesday morning at a local shop recommended by another ADVrider where I had posted a request for tire help, using my parent's computer and dial up connection (Dial up: how quaint, but SLOW!). I was able to get that done fairly easily and was back at Dad's by noon for one last corn beef sandwich and to finish packing the bike for my trip back north.

I finally got on the road around 2:00 and had Daytona as my night's destination as I have never been there. I elected to take the interstate to make some time due to my late departure. Just south of



Daytona, I decided to swing by the Kennedy Space Center, but got there too late to go in. But I did take this pic from the distance where you can see the launch towers.

And then I had my 2nd Florida Storm. One of those very common late afternoon 15 minute storms with a heavy downpour followed by the sun as if it had never rained. What I did not expect to see was this....



A full horizon to horizon rainbow! Probably the most beautiful that I have ever seen!

I finally pulled into



Daytona around 7:00 PM and stopped by this Motel to see about a room:

It was right on the beach for \$69.00. Not too shabby!

I had a nice seafood dinner at a restaurant next door and then a stroll down the beach to the Boardwalk for an ice

cream cone. I briefly entertained the thought of staying an extra

night but after walking around a bit doing my people watching thing, I realized that in Daytona there are only two types of people. There are the really good looking young MTV co-ed types and then there are the ugly rednecks wearing wife



beaters and chewing tobacco dragging their unruly offspring from one souvenir t-shirt shop



to the next. Somehow I thought I did not quite fit in so I packed the bike and was gone in the morning, but not before riding down to the beach for one last pic of Daytona.

I followed

the old Route A1A up the coast into St. Augustine where there is a 15th Century Spanish Fort that is now a National Monument. One of the few times I allowed myself to be a tourist during this trip.



I continued on North hoping to break into the Carolinas for the night. I almost made it, but got a much needed room in Augusta, GA, for the night. The next day I got through the Carolinas just fine

except for near Boone, NC, where I encountered a delay due to road construction and too many tourists. Using good ole Mr. Garmin as my guide, I followed a suggested detour that took me on this road.



And eventually right back to where I had attempted to avoid the construction. Rather than go another 20-30 miles out of my way, I bit the bullet and snailed my way through the construction zone and points

north, to Damascus to ride Route 58, aka The Crooked Road, and then over to Route 16, eventually stopping for the night in Tazewell, VA. By the way, both of these roads are highly recommended, but only if you like extremely narrow and twisty mountain roads with blind curves, elevation changes and very little margin for error. Yes this road requires your attention, but the rewards and exhilaration are worth it!

Coming down the mountain on Route 16 into Tazewell, I snapped this pic:

Friday was to be my last day on the road and I made the most of it riding north through the back roads of West Vir-



ginia. Sometimes passing towns where I once had customers when I was a sales rep in the clothing industry calling on Mom & Pop clothing, department, and sporting goods stores. Now those towns are mostly empty. Virtually all of my old customers are out of business, with the quaint and traditional small town business districts mostly boarded up. What a sad commentary on our economy. But occasionally I would ride past something that would remind me of the good old days and brighten my spirits. Do you remember seeing these?



I also thought this barn was pretty cool.



And this old church that I found on yet another back, back, back road courtesy of Mr. Garmin.



I quickly saddled up and left when I started hearing the banjo music!

The rest of my trip was quite uneventful (a good thing) as I finished working my way north in WV to Parkersburg where I crossed over the river into my new home state of Ohio and then on to our little lake front home in Euclid just east of Cleveland. I traveled 2900 miles over 7 days of riding and 3 days of relaxation in Florida, my longest bike trip to date. Next year I hope to take an even further journey. I want to do a cross country bike trip with my eventual destination to be Seattle and the home of my baby brother. So Steve, you had better make some room in your garage for my Beemer when I come!

Rick



RALLY VOLUNTEERS NEEDED:

At last count (awhile back) These were the needs for folks to run the rally. We hope all our members will consider helping, and pitch in by letting members of the board know they'd be willing to help. (Some of the Team Leader spots MIGHT already be filled, but volunteer anyway in case they aren't!) And, of course, yeoman help is always needed. Pitch in! Please! Pretty please!

I. RALLY CHAIRPERSON: (Needed-But now being 'run' by 'committee')

II. RALLY REGISTRATION: (Need Team Leader)
(Need volunteers to pack Rally Packets)

(Need registration volunteers to man Registration in two hour stints on 12-8 Friday and 8-12? Saturday)

III. T-SHIRT SALES: (Need Team Leader)

(Need T-Shirt Sales volunteers to man the T-Shirt table)

IV. DOOR PRIZES: (Ron Latkovic-chair)

(Need helpers to set up, oversee drawing of door prizes)

IV. FIELD EVENTS / GAMES: (Need Team Leader to see to getting items needed for games

- cones, rope, barrel for barrel wrap, etc.)

(Need helpers to help set up games)

V. SECURITY: (Need Team Leader)

(Need volunteers to man the greeting/security post at the park entrance)

VI. RIDE LEADERS (Volunteers that plan & lead rides are needed)

[Leaders plan and lead various kinds of rides--Scenic, Back Road, GS-easy & difficult]

VII. CLEAN AND TIDY: (Need Team Leader)

(Need volunteers to see to putting the park in good order at the closing of the rally)

VIII. TECH SESSIONS: (Need Team Leader)

(Need tech session presenters)

VIII. 50/50 DRAWING: (Need Team Leader)

(Need ticket salespersons--NO, you can't keep the money you collect!)



LAUREL HIGHLANDS CLUB

NOTABLE UPCOMING EVENTS

July 12 – FOG Campout, Benezette Pa. (see Apr 3 – Spring

Kick off meeting attached info)

July 17-20 - BMW National Rally

Aug 15-17 - 4 Winds Rally, New Bethlehem, Pa.

Aug 29 – Sept 1 - Finger Lakes Rally, Watkins Glen, NY

Sept 11-14 - Vermont BMW Rally

Oct 3-5 - FOJ Weekend, Boyer Station Wv.

1ST LAUREL HIGHLANDS "FOG" OVERNIGHTER

When: 12 & 13 July 2008 (Sat. & Sun.)

Where: depart Sheetz by the Richland Galleria mall @ 0900 saturday. Returning Sunday afternoon / evening.

An open (NO COST!) invitation to all club members to attend the First "Friends of George" campout in Elk County at his cabin in the Elk County Mountains.

Cabin accommodations will sleep 10 adults comfortably. Three couple rooms to sleep 6 & 4 single beds too. All will go fast!

For those who prefer the outdoors- tenting area available anywhere on 55 wonderful acres of land bordering the Elk State Forest. Restroom & showers are provided. Fire roasted hotdogs & marshmallows Saturday night. Coffee & cereal Sunday a.m. will be included.

A beautiful 2 hour leisure ride up and a late afternoon ride to the Elk viewing area in Benezette on Saturday. Sunday departure around noon.

Call or e-mail George for room reservation and more details!

GJBIV1STSGTUSMC@YAHOO.COM (814) 266-9573

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

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

DIRECTIONS TO THE MEETING:

The July 19, 2008 meeting will be held from 2:00 PM** to 5:00 PM at the home of Ed and Michelle Syphan, 4870 Whippoorwill Drive, Hermitage, PA. Ph.: 724-347-5590. Please bring either snacks, appetizers, a main dish, or a dessert to the meeting. The club will supply the hot dogs, hamburgers, buns, soft drinks, etc.

If lost call 724-301-6605.

From Pittsburgh, take I-79 north to I-80 west.

Take the first exit (Mercer),

Turn right on U.S. Route 19 north,

In Mercer, turn left (West) at the second light onto U.S. Route 62.

(Look for a Sheetz on the corner.)

At 9 miles, you'll pass a blinking light.

One mile after the blinker, turn right on Robertson Road.

(Look for Cottage Garden Nursery at the corner.)

Go 1/2 mile.

Whippoorwill Drive is the second road to the left.

Ed & Michelle's is the second house on the left, number 4870.

Park Motorcycles in the driveway.

Park Autos in the grass or on the street.

Ed says his pool is awaiting swimmers, splashers, etc. and if you want in on the fun you should bring a bathing suit, towels, Super Soakers, fire works, surface to air missiles ,etc.

**** The 4 Winds Board will meet (sedately) at 1:00 PM.**