

BMWOCM NEWSLETTER



Volume 24, Issue 10

Nov 2000

Editor's Notes

I finally made it to the Falling Leaves Rally in Potosi, Missouri this year, riding down with Steffan Fay and two friends from Iowa City. I rode a borrowed black 1999 R1100RT, courtesy of an overworked dot.com friend. Though I'd ridden all the Oilheads before, this would be a real world, unsupervised 1400 mile road test. The weather was outstanding, mostly dry and warm, with 879 people attending a thoroughly enjoyable Ozarks rally.

I'll admit it, I've been underwhelmed by the Oilhead motor in the past, perhaps expecting too much. The trip didn't change my opinion, at least of the "90 bhp" RT/RS motor. As my overly trusting friend notes, it has a bad flat spot around 4000 rpm, only partly redeemed by a kick above 100 mph. (Despite what you might think, I rarely go there.) My 885cc Tiger will eat this thing for lunch in top gear roll-ons. Even my R100 "S" would seem to give up little, turning only 250 rpm more at an indicated 90 mph, and is much smoother to boot.

On the other hand, the Telever front is nearly worth the admission price. Want to brake in the corner? No problem! The overall handling is fantastic for what is, after all, a touring bike. Naughty Steffan tried to lose us in some Ozark twisties, to no avail. With ABS for security, top shelf brakes and modern radial rubber, this thing could leave my old RT for dead on a mountain road. Like the way it looks a lot, too, especially in traditional black.

Me? I'd still buy another R100RT, thank you, if I wanted another touring bike. (Use the money saved to buy a second, sportier bike.) The old RT has superior weather protection, is much lighter, simpler, dare I say better? No, but hey, motorcycling is nothing if not a subjective experience. Enjoy.

President's Column

There is no use denying it: it's almost over. Our riding season has been blessedly long as far as the temperatures go, but Halloween decorations everywhere are giving us the notice of the change of seasons. I mean, from the riding season to the waiting-to-ride season. Are there any others? Our club is also changing. We have grown to more than 160 members, and we will elect a new group of club officers at our November meeting. The nominations made last meeting are listed in Pat O'Keefe's minutes of our last meeting, and nominations can also be made before the voting at the upcoming election meeting. The meeting will be November 9. Please try to be there.

Other important items are the upcoming Winter Banquet. Karol Patzer and Jerry Dubrall have volunteered to chair this event. It will be on January 20th, with the exact details to be announced in the next newsletter. This

gathering is the time each year that the new officers are installed, and if they don't work, just reboot and install again. Oops, I'm confusing that with my recent computer problems. The banquet is also where the club awards are given, and last year we had some very good ones. Ask anyone who attended what happened. Finally, the club and MOA mileage contests are ending this month, so get your forms signed and in to the respective places. You can bring the MOA form to any dealer, or have two members or a club officer verify your mileage. Enjoy your remaining days of riding in 2000!

It's time to renew your **2001 club membership!** Please make use of the renewal form in this newsletter.

Winter Banquet Announced ! Saturday, January 20th, 2001, details to be arranged by Jerry Dubrall and Karol Patzer, coming soon.

EVENTS CALENDAR

Nov. 9th, 7:30 p.m. BMWMOCM general meeting, featuring **elections** for 2001. Please attend and participate in this important meeting.

Please call the club voice line at 612-534-7433, or you can check out the club web site (www.bwmocm.com) for the latest info on the **club board meeting** and any **"meet to eat"** updates.

Jan. 20th, 2001 : Winter Banquet, details TBA.

Midwest Cycle Supply

For all your needed accessories.
4300 Nicollet Ave., Mpls.
612-825-9774

Dick's Porting

Flow porting, valve grinding, polishing, boring.
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16445 Valley Dr. NW
Anoka, MN 55304
612-427-7195

Leo's South "We Sell Fun!"

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Cty 46 & I35W in Lakeville
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Peacefully located west of Mankato on Hwy. 68
Your Hosts Ron and Carolyn

Phone/Fax 507-947-3852

Sunshine Coordinator is Rosie Rudebeck. Whenever a club member is hospitalized or loses a loved one, please call Rosie so she can send them a card from the club. 612-757-6586

Steffan Fay is still the Activities Coordinator. Contact him at sfay@odbs.com. The voice line number is 612-534-7433. Call the voice line to get up-to-date info about club events. You can leave a message and Steffan

will try and get you info or put someone in contact with you.

Club Officers

President Dale Peterson 651-739-4623
Vice President Jamie Jensen 612-944-2873
Secretary Pat O'Keefe 612-926-6062
Treasurer Jeff Oden 612-922-8258
Board Member Sheldon Moe 612-323-4932
Board Member Kevin Kocur 612-566-0243
Board Member Molly Gilbert 612-721-0045
Board Member Larry Stern 651-223-3743
Past President Bob Cox 612-533-2211
Newsletter editor Bart Bakker 651-645-7796

Deadline for newsletter submissions is the **21st** of the month – I mean it! Call or e-mail me at blbakker@isd.net.

Secretary's Report

The October meeting of the BMWMOCM was called to order by President Dale Peterson at 7:37 p.m. at Lake Como Pavilion. There were 32 people present—Tom Kopeka (K12LT) was a new attendee. The club has \$465.47 in the operating fund and \$5,559.12 in the rally fund. There was an active Swap Table and a number of bikes for sale. Donations have been approved--\$200.00 for a family hurt by flooding this summer in Houston County; \$200.00 for Black Bear Crossing, for two years use of space; and \$200.00 for costs accrued during the Copperhead Ride.

Ride reports were given by Jamie (Copperhead) and Kevin (Slimy Crud Motorcycle Ride)--both sounded rather fun—you should have been there! Steffan Fay would prefer to be addressed as the “Web Meister”. Jerry and Karol have volunteered to coordinate the Winter Banquet. Nominations were made for next years officers; President, Molly Gilbert; Vice President, Kevin Kocur; Treasurer, Jeff Oden; Secretary, Michelle Moe; Board members, Mike and Deb Donohue and Bob Ekeberg; Activities coordinator, Sheldon Moe.

Dave Porter revealed another of his inventions, the Vote-o-Matic. We encouraged Dave as it was obvious that he needs help. With his inventions that is!

The meeting was adjourned at 8:28 p.m.

Respectfully submitted by Pat O'Keefe.

I'VE HAD TIME TO THINK, AND IT WAS GOOD!

by Estelle Hasert

If you'd have asked me 23 years ago, “How would life on the road with a biker be?”, I would have said, “Too hard, can't do”! I came from a family that feared everything that was different or looked dangerous. I happened to fall in love with a guy who rode a BMW, so I tried it one spring day and fell in love with riding also. Fortunately, it has been the glue that held us together as a family all these years. We got into sidecars when I became pregnant with our son, Lee, who is now 21. He came along for 17 years and we saw all 48 lower states and lots of Canada in 9 different sidecar setups. Doug became quite a pro at putting them together, as we tested many different combos on BMWs and a Gold Wing. Since Lee stopped coming along, we're back to just us and a tent trailer! We miss the sidecar days and did buy another unit last fall. In fact, it turned out to be a sidecar we sold in 1983 to a man that put it on a Suzuki 850. When Doug saw the ad, he thought it would be neat if it were the one we used to have on our BMW that we took down to Tennessee in '81 for the National BMW rally at Loretta Lynn's Ranch. It was our first big trip as a family and Lee was 2 ½ at the time. We sure enjoyed all the curvy backroads and learned to lean out just like those “monkeys” who race sidecars! Anyway, it did turn out to be our old sidecar and now we take our 3 yr old granddaughter, Summer, for rides in the rig her daddy used to be

in. What goes around comes around!

We decided to spend this past summer on two wheels. Doug had retired and I took the summer off, so we could test our relationship for 8 weeks on the road! We packed up in May and ventured toward Las Vegas for my niece's wedding on Memorial weekend. The first few days were wonderful, as we contemplated being free spirits in the wind for a whole summer. We got half way across Nebraska, when a funny noise disturbed us. We were stranded in a town called Lexington with a bad transmission. "Too many years of pulling the tent trailer and all your junk", Doug said! I felt just terrible watching him push the heavy bike and trailer up the ramp of our rental truck. The only rental in all of middle Nebraska was a 25 ft dock truck, which was overkill to say the least. With the price of gas and 5 mpg plus the cost of rental and insurance, we paid almost \$600 to get 360 miles to Denver. Luckily, we had good friends there and found the BMW shop easily. They wanted \$2200 to fix it, so we contemplated buying a new bike when Doug remembered we had an old friend in Colorado Springs who could get used parts. In the end, it cost us only \$1200 to fix and one week in a rental car to go to Las Vegas. We enjoyed the air conditioning in the car, but really missed having nature in our face for that week. When we got back to Denver a week later, the bike was fixed and we rode all over the Rockies for 3 days. What a thrill! We had been there before, but always in a sidecar. The difference was that Doug didn't have to wrestle the bike through curves and I didn't have to look down over ledges that are 4,000 ft off the ground! He used to get so close to some of those edges that I literally could see straight down! On 2 wheels, we stayed a comfortable distance away from the edge and marveled at the beauty of the mountains. We came home through the Black Hills and spent 4 days riding around the area. Sturgis sure looks different in June! There were only 3 people in the Roadkill Cafe that morning for breakfast. It was an eerie kind of quiet in the town, but easy to get around.

After being back home in Minnesota a few weeks, we ventured out again to Michigan for the second trip, to the BMW Nationals in Midland. We always enjoy seeing old friends and this year, we got to stay with Dale & Judy Monson the night before in Big Rapids, which is an hour away from Midland. We had a convoy going to the rally the next morning, with Dale on a '62 Ratier he rebuilt, 4 BMW motorcycles, a Mercedes car and me driving a van with a very rare '58 Ratier on the trailer behind. There are only 7 of them in the world today, so I felt very honored to be able to drive that van for him! I prayed the whole way so I wouldn't wreck it! The rally was wonderful, as usual, but we've never have a bad time because we love to see the people and the many forms of motorcycles people can create. This year, a guy built a dog house on his trailer to bring a huge mongrel type that would stick his head out and bark all the time!!! It was unique. After the rally, we spent a week in the UP and went on a search for every lighthouse on the southern shore of Lake Superior! We took the cruise around the Apostle Islands, which I recommend to everyone, and that night when we docked a rainbow was brilliantly streaking across the sky in a full arch! The first time in my life I ever saw a full rainbow. Usually, you get a part of one. As we started the motorcycle for our trip back to the campground, the oil filter ruptured and oil flew everywhere. We were now stranded in downtown Bayfield at 9 PM with no vacancies around, except a 4 block walk uphill to the Winfield Inn. We climbed carrying 2 saddlebags, a tank bag, camera bag and helmets. By the time we got there and got the last room, we collapsed in bed with our clothes on and figured we'd wrestle with the problem the next day. Unfortunately, the next day didn't get much better. We spent a lot of airtime on our cell phone at the highest rates to find out there were no BMW filters within 200 miles and UPS wouldn't be coming up until Monday (3 days later). Luckily, our son came up that night with a filter and some oil from Minneapolis. He loves to drive and used to be a courier, so he knows the quickest ways to get anywhere! We had an enjoyable reunion with him and he admitted that

he misses our trips together. I hope that someday, he'll be able to take his family in the sidecar like we did. We had the best times together as a family, and we put on over 100,000 miles going all around North America. I kept journals of most trips and I'm trying to put together a book of our journey through life as seen from a sidecar. Sometimes, I felt like Laura Ingalls Wilder in her little covered wagon out on the prairie discovering new worlds. That was when we were on the backroads. Then sometimes, I felt like Jane Jetson zooming through space in a modern frenzy with semis all around and going 70MPH. We always tried to put variety in our vacations, and we started to have themes, like one year we touched all 5 Great Lakes. Another year, we followed the Oregon Trail out west and came back on the Santa Fe Trail. We've visited forts and battlefields, canyons and mountain tops, rivers, lakes and oceans. We touched the 4 corners of the US and the beginning and end of the Mississippi, as well as followed along it many times.

All of these memories are sweet and I'm proud to say we did it, but this summer with just the 2 of us was so special. We realized that we are comfortable together on the road. We both like the same things and work like a team setting up and taking down. We enjoy the wind in our face, the smell of fresh things growing, the sound of the humming of the engine in our ears and the beauty that God has created for us to see each day. There are always surprises for us, but we always knew He was there to help guide us along. The third trip we took, after being home for a few days of cleanup, was to the USCA sidecar rally in Lexington, Kentucky. We had a great time seeing old friends from the 80s like the Lauersens, whose Nimbus took the people's choice, and the Karnes and Tenbrooks who used to come to our Third Wheel rally in Menomonie, Wisconsin. We met the Dodsons again after many years (we first met in Kitchener in '87) and shared a lot about life! Good friends are hard to find and when we share similar things, we need to keep in touch and help each other. In the end, we put on over 9,000 miles this summer (with 2,000 of them on a rental car) and we were still wanting to go more! Our motto now is, "Life's too short to worry about money or getting hurt, so pray for safety, go for a ride and enjoy it while you can." You can't take away the memories, but we'll be paying off the Visa all year now!

Kathy Rosen's Iowa Tale

"What, you want me to go on another road trip? You've got to be kidding! My posterior is still sore from the last trip to Midland, Michigan. Not to say that I still haven't gotten over the cold I got from all the rain. Oh, you are going to help me finish the fourth bedroom in the basement???? Well, umhh sounds like a good deal!"

And that is how our ride with the Iowa Chapter of Rolling Thunder and to Bill's Bash was negotiated. I was never much of a (back seat rider) motorcycle ride enthusiast. Despite how much Don would try to tell me about how wonderful it was to enjoy the scenery and smells. I will mention, he was right. The scenery was beautiful, but as for the pig and turkey lots, I don't think even nose plugs would have helped.

We left on August 18, a beautiful Friday afternoon at 5:00 p.m. We traveled to Osage, Iowa, on the first night. Now, at least, (after over three hours on the bike) I was going to get to soak in a hot tub and rest my weary posterior. (Don has a special air cushion seat he bought. Just for spite, I kept hoping it would pop on him, but it never did. He had offered to buy me one, but I figured my foam rubber pad would suffice. If anyone has ideas about using *that* – think of something else!)

Of course, just because I wanted a hot tub to soak in so badly, the hotel in Osage was booked. So we became "motorcycle wanderers." Charles City, Iowa, is about 25 minutes away and in the direction we were going. We stopped there at the Hartwood Inn. What a pleasant surprise. That motel had an outdoor pool, refrigerator, microwave, and coffeemaker. The motel also offered a very decent continental breakfast. Great place to stay.

After a good night's sleep we traveled to Cedar Falls Iowa where we met a group of motorcyclists at the local Kmart. That is when I really understood what this ride was all about. And really started to have fun!

The Iowa Chapter of "Rolling Thunder" organized the ride, website: <http://www.rollingthunder.com>. The club promotes awareness of the MIA and POW issue from all wars and offers family support. Nearly all the riders we rode with were Viet Nam Vets. Although it is not a requirement you ride a bike, nearly all the participants rode Harley's. I learned just how noisy several Harley's in the same place could be! There were also several four-wheeled motor vehicles that went on this ride as well. We left Kmart and rode from Cedar Falls, Iowa to Clarion (about 100 miles) and stopped at Hardees. The little rest was wonderful. It seemed like I had been on the back of the bike forever. Oh, by the way, I was the only female participant on a bike – even if was only the back. From Clarion we went to Whittemore.

The ride terminated at Bill Elbert's farm near Whittemore, Iowa. This is where the fun REALLY began! He had emptied out one of his machine sheds so that all the motorcycles could be stored in it. Good thing too . . . as soon as the last bike was stowed away, the rain came down! I am beginning to think Don and I BRING the rain with us whenever we go anywhere. (Yes, it rained when we got to the BMW National Conference in Midland, Michigan, too). It rained off and on, but Bill had cleared out another machine shed for us to congregate in. There was a huge fire outside in a pit to keep us warm; there was even a huge tree stump in there! They had to keep propping it up with other logs so it wouldn't fall over. That fire, by the way, burned all night and into the next day.

Bill had even arranged for small crop spraying plane to buzz his bash. The plane flew very low over the crowd and the pilot dropped some messages on cards with toilet paper tails within three feet of us. What aim!!!! The messages he dropped said, "Welcome to Bill's Bash, Who will be the winner of the Wet T-Shirt Contest, and see

you all at Bossy Bingo?” Don’t know what Bossy Bingo is? Bossy Bingo is a fundraising event for the Whittemore American Legion. A bingo card is laid out in the pasture. You buy tickets for the numbers on the bingo card. A cow then walks around on the card. Wherever the cow decides well to, poop, will be the winning number. I heard the shortest length of the time it took was 42 seconds; the longest was over 4 hours. Unfortunately, because we don’t like to ride the bike in the dark, we were unable to stay for this event, so I cannot tell you how it turned it out.

Bill’s Bash also included a potluck dinner on Saturday night. He had a delicious half tenderloin and others brought accompanying dishes. Everything was delicious. I am not sure it was because I was on the bike all-day or just simply ravenous, but it sure was good. Course it also helped me take my mind off my sore . . .

Most of the “guests” had brought camping gear and made it a campout event. Bill had graciously offered rooms in his house, RV, and popup camper to those guests who had no camping gear. But, me, being the “prissy spoiled brat I am” (as Bill put it) wanted my privacy and hot shower at the hotel room in town, so we didn’t camp out. Maybe next year, I told Bill – as soon as I figure out how to pull a motel room behind a bike!

We went back to the “bash” in the morning. Bill was serving delicious Belgian waffles with whipped cream and toppings. However, one should not polish off a Bismark at the local hotel before going to eat Belgian. Somehow or other we managed to pack the waffles down anyway. You just don’t get a treat like that very often.

On Sunday the motorcycle group we rode with went to West Bend, Iowa to see the “Grotto of the Redemption.” The Grotto is a composite of nine separate grottos, each portraying a scene in the life of Christ and His work of redeeming the world. Over 100,000 visitors see the Grotto every year. The Grotto is financed by free-will donations. This is a beautiful site that one should not miss seeing. It is about a three-hour trip from Minneapolis and well worth a day trip.

Then it was time to head home. The ride home, because it was a direct route, was much shorter. We were on the bike a total of seven hours on our way to Whittemore. The trip home would take three hours. Don didn’t bother to tell me THAT before we left. I probably really would have fumed! Because I had enough sitting on the back of the bike, I decided to read a book. Of course, still today I am being chided about not enjoying the scenery, but remember . . . I had to do something to take my mind off my sore . . .!

We finally made it home around five o’clock – just in time for my sister’s open house for her remodeled home. For once, I was so glad my posterior was so tired. We cleaned up a bit, traded the motorcycle for the Buick, and went to visit her. Seeing as I couldn’t sit down any more, we just couldn’t possibly stay to listen to her kids play their violins. And so, everything worked out well “in the end,” anyway.

P.S. For those who may have some suggestions about Don’s motorcycle seat, I just want to let you know that his new Russell seat custom made for the bike arrived about a week ago. We hope this alleviates my problems

(and

his).

A Falling Leaves “Tale From the Dark Side”

On the way to the Falling Leaves Rally, we came upon an accident scene involving some fellow BMW riders. The tow truck was there, pulling one bike out of the ditch, and the State Trooper had already left. We slowed down to see if we could help but were waved past. Odd, though – why did someone go down here, just a quarter mile past a stop sign, no curves, trees, or obstructions of any kind? The weather was perfect, too. I thought, they must have run into each other, however idiotic that seemed.

Steffan Fay sent me a “tales from the dark side” update on this incident after the rally. I share it with you here as a reminder of the danger involved in group rides.

“Left Davenport on Friday at 8 bells, riding with long time Ozark corner blastin buddy Steve. Steve invited two friends along, and one arrived to join us just before we left. We met the other one at Mt. Pleasant for a breakfast break. The guy that joined us at Davenport was riding kinda poorly, so I stayed way back to stay out of the debris if he happened to wreck his RT airhead. He had a female passenger who was new to touring riding, and it didnt look to me as if he was impressing her very much.

At Hwy 61-36 just west of Hannibal, we took a break, then headed west on 36 for 2 miles to the Hwy H shortcut down to 19. I got nominated to lead for a while, so we headed out. We just got going when Steve blasted up and indicated that we had to pull over for something. He put his indicator on, pulled ahead, and pulled

over on the side of the road. I put my blinker on and pulled up beside him to see what was up, and Monte-the guy who joined us in Mt Pleasant- pulled up behind Steve. I was just lifting my visor to ask what the deal was when WHAM!!! Next

thing I knew I was lying on the road with a K75 on top of me. We got it shut off, and I asked what happened. He said Dave hit us, man...Dave hit us. Dave, of course, was the one that I had been wary of all morning. He managed to run into his own group, who had stopped because his gear was falling off of his bike. I took the main force of the hit, with a wrecked bike, and a compound fracture of my lower left leg. Exposed to boot...that means the whole mess came through the skin. Coupla broken ribs too, but hardly notice em. I am now home from Hannibal Regional Hospital, mostly sleeping trying to heal and forget this one.”

Added later...

“Just got back from a visit with the Eau Claire, WI orthopedist. He says we have a really big job ahead of us, figger 6 to 9 months. The orthopedic guy in Hannibal apparently did a fine job of inserting the stainless steel rod designed for a lifetime of wear. We will have to get the tissue settled down, then find some bone to replace the missing elements, but that will come later. I am very grateful to be alive and still have the lower portion of my left leg attached. I do think the guy was at road speed when he hit us. And no, I have not a clue where his head was at that he could not or would not see his own group stopped with all lights a flashing. Steve, who rescued my bike and his own damaged R11R, says the Special has started and seems to run OK. No dents to the tank, that poor old RS fairing will need a bit of work, but can be done. If the frame isn’t tweaked, I’m thinking of doing this one, one more time...”

The injured rider (and writer) is Dave Wood of Mondovi, WI, in a letter from the IBMWR list (used without permission, so keep it down!). Mr. Wood must be a more understanding soul than I, as I would be trying to heal so as to get my hands around the neck of that RT rider from Davenport as soon as possible. We take much for granted when we ride with strangers. This incident shows that even the wary can be bit hard by the decisions of an inexperienced or poor rider.

More reason to simply ride alone, I fear.

BMWMOCM 2001 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FORM

Name (please type or print) _____

Mailing address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone # (for roster) _____ E-mail _____

Membership Categories:

_____ **Regular** : be of legal driving age and own a BMW motorcycle or a member of your immediate household owns a BMW motorcycle.

_____ **Associate** : be of legal driving age but does not own a BMW motorcycle. (Associate members must be sponsored by two current Regular members.)

Sponsor #1 signature _____

Sponsor #2 signature _____

Names of other household members (legal driving age only) :

Please read and sign the following :

I understand that the BMW Motorcycle Owners Club of Minnesota, Inc. (BMWOCM) does NOT assume responsibility for any aspect of my safety and that if I participate in any sanctioned event, I do so voluntarily on my own assessment of my ability, road/site conditions, and all facilities and conditions, assuming all risk; and I release and hold the BMWOCM harmless for any injury or loss to my person or property that may result therefrom.

Signature _____ Date _____

Dues : \$20 per year per household.

Please mail the completed application and fee to:

BMW Motorcycle Owners Club of Minnesota

155 Faye St.

St. Paul, MN 55119

For Sale:1980 R100, 52k, runs good, a little rough around the edges. .New fork tubes and gaitors, S seat and cowl. \$2,000 Steve at 218-638-2911 or shunruh@yahoo.com

For Sale : a very nice **Honda Trail 90**, 3 speed, clutch-less shifting, high and low range, very easy to drive, \$550. **Aerostich** one piece suit, red with black ballistic, nice condition , size 36, 5'7", 120 to 140 lbs, 30" waist, \$250 (retail cost is close to \$700!) **1989 BMW 1000GS**. If you have ever wanted to own a GS here is your chance, blue and white, 27K, never down, incl. an excellent set of BMW bags, \$4495. Bob Cox 651.489.6467.

For Sale : 1978 BMW R100/7. 29K, full Luftmeister fairing & lowers, Krauser hard bags, tank bag, luggage rack, electronic ignition, air shocks in front. Anthracite Black with gold pin striping, snowflake mag wheels, extra inner tubes, needs tires. .I'm the second owner of this bike, it was parked for a long time. It's very clean and runs GREAT. Asking \$4,200 or b.o. Clear title & current tabs - drive it away today! Call Lucy @ 612-789-5655 or e-mail @ lucy_bacon@msn.com

For Sale : Firstgear Kilimanjaro Jacket. Size XL. Like new. \$175.00. John Bleifuss @ 952 975-9746.

For Sale : Bates leather jacket, size 48, custom made with BMW blue and white leather at the shoulders. Like new, orig. \$600, sell for \$295. Dave Porter @952-890-3328

1. All ads should be sent to Bart Bakker, 740 Curfew Street, St Paul MN 55114-1045 or email to

blbakker@isd.net. Deadline is the 21st of the month.

2. Any member may place a commercial or personal ad of approximately business-card size.
3. Commercial ads will be run each month without renewal (space permitting). Individual ads will be run for 2 issues and then will be deleted if not renewed.
4. If items are sold from your ad, we would appreciate notification.

BMW Motorcycle Owner's Club of Minnesota
155 Faye Street
St. Paul, MN 55119