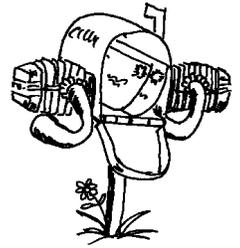


The Mail Boxer



No matter what/where/how often/far/fast you ride, we welcome you to join us in motorcycling fellowship.

Madison BMW Club
P.O. Box 7511
Madison, WI 53707

www.madisonbmwclub.org

President: Steve Huber
(608) 242-1873
president@madisonbmwclub.org

Rally Chair: Bert Hefty
(608) 862-3671

VP: Tom Van Horn
(608) 238-5181

Secretary: JT Wagner
(608) 222-3758

Treasurer: John Ong
(608) 222-6489

Activities: Todd Herbst and
Betty Bruun
(608) 441-8839

Editors: Mary & Roger Klopp
(608) 877-0209
2036 Barber Dr.
Stoughton WI 53589
editor@madisonbmwclub.org

Meetings (usually) on first Sundays
of the month at 9AM

Next meeting:

NOTE UNUSUAL DATE
Sunday December 9,
9:00 AM at Maple Tree
Restaurant, McFarland.

The Prez Sez:

By Steve Huber

It was very gratifying to see the response to our food drive at the annual banquet. I delivered the donations totaling 84 pounds to Second Harvest food bank. Although I didn't check, I suspect there wasn't a single can of lima beans among them.

To top it off, the club voted a \$200 donation to the Atwood Community Center Thanksgiving food drive. United Way's First Call For Help program has experienced a larger than usual demand for services. Initially, they expected 1020 Baskets to be distributed in Dane County. Now, over 1200 Baskets have been guaranteed to pre-screened families with kids. Atwood is the largest Basket donation site and has committed to providing 640 Baskets. I'm glad the club was able to contribute to this worthy cause.

GR3 planning continues with a report and update by Rally Czar Bert (ahhhh, Bert, you do have a report, don't you? ;-). We'll need significant help from club members this year to help set up and break down the rally gear, and to police the grounds on Sunday. Bert will have more

info (and sign up sheets) as rally time rolls closer.

Unfortunately it looks like the seasonable weather has caught up to us. I know there are those hardy souls who look upon this time as simply a bit more challenging riding period. I tip my helmet to you and wish you salt-free roads and no sand in the corners. Oh yeah, don't forget to wash off the bike after the ride. Road salt and alloy motorcycle parts make for an ugly lesson in chemistry.

Those of you with down time might consider getting that maintenance done now before spring has sprung (yes, it will return) and the shops are jammed to the rafters. Spend some Quality Garage Time going over your bike, have the bike tuned up, and get some new tires to replace those worn and cracked ones.

Well, I'm off to the garage to look at the space the RT usually occupies (I'm taking my own advice and getting that maintenance done). See y'all at the December B'fast that is one week later than usual.

Prez Steve

VP's Report

By Tom Van Horn

Another club awards banquet has done come and gone - if yawl were there, you know. If you weren't, well, phhht!! I must admit that the food was better than I was frankly expecting...

For those interested, the numbers:

High miler(s):

Steve Lemke (28,571)
Dave Maly (28,046)
Steve Huber (22,400)

Commuting miles:

Roger Klopp (6500)
Dan Baum (4620)
Dave Jenneke (3500)

Sport miles:

Steve L. (12,522)
Steve H. (5000)
Dave M. (5000)
J.T. Wagner (4000)

Touring miles:

Dave M. (20,000)
Steve H. (17,900)
Steve L. (15,949)

Passenger miles:

Teresa Schroeder (2745)
Sharon Maly (2000)
Ingrid Baum (2000)
Lynn Smith (1000)

Miles in Days:

Steve H. (6508 in 13+)
Steve L. (6267 in 13)
Roger/Mary K. (5500 in 17)

Miles in one day:

Steve H. (1000)
Steve L. (909)
Dave M. (806)

In two:

Steve H. (2000)
Steve L. (1467)
Roland T. (1300)

Nights in Tent:

Dave M. - 34
Roland T. - 28
Steve L. - 23
Steve H. - "Can't remember"

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Dodging Deer by David Dehaas, National Post Onlinepp.4-6

A Tale of Two Cities by Roger Klopp.....pp.6-9

Beemer Quiz by Claudette Richardsp.9

In motel:

Roland T. - 13
John Schroeder/ Klopps - 9
Phil Wilson- 8

States/Provinces:

Steve L. -31
Steve H. - 18
Dave M. - 16

Miles in Rain:

Dave M. (2000)
Roger K. (400)
Roland T. (380)
John S. "Hundreds"

Rallies attended:

Dave M. - 8
Steve H. - 7
Steve L./Dan Baum/Klopps - 6

Miles w/Trailer:

Roland T. (4450)
Roger K. (900)
(Roger contested this as Roland's trailer only has one wheel)

Sidecar miles:

Dave M. (19,540)
Tom V.H. (1000+)
(close contest here, huh?)

Total BMW Miles:

Dave M. (500,000+)
Steve L. (340,000)
Russ Champion (145,900)

Years riding:

Nate Enge - 57
Russ C. - 48
Dave M. - 43
Phil W. - 38

GR/3 rallies attended:

Dave M. - All but 1
Ben C. - 20
Russ C. - 18

Shafty Character votes included:

- Roger Klopp (for devotion to BMWs despite great abuse from them)
- Ben Cimino (finally got a BMW, so smooth that he fell asleep while riding)
- Roland Thompson (dropped his new Aprilia at a gas pump)
- Ernie Bell (for riding with Bert)
- Dave Maly (always leads a good ride)
- Lloyd McCabe (enthusiastic & upbeat despite trans. failure & crash on Alaska trip)

Aaand the Shafty Character 2001 IS:

- Todd Herbst, for: Rating a 'golden radar detector' award for his Rochester Rib Run - For all he's done for club, and his mellow demeanor after wine & more wine - And for being a biker who sips organic wine at rallies from a takedown stemmed glass.

Club/'MOA Medallion Award nominees were:

- Bert, for all his GR/3 and past board work
- Steve H., for all his club work
- Tom V.H., ditto
- John Ong, for 'continuing to step forward and taking responsibility for club funds in a quiet, unassuming manner'
- Rog' & Mary Klopp, for 'tirelessly grinding out the

VP Report continued:

newsletter, month after month' (Editor-Who says tireless? The late nights and stress are damn tiring!)

- All of the women riders in the club for: riding very well - helping out with club stuff; always having moral support when needed - thinking of things others forget - it sure beats looking at all guys!

The 2001 Medallion was awarded to:

- Todd Herbst & Betty Bruun, for: 'Their social activities and rides' - '...a team willing to step up to the plate when called upon - also, their culinary skills...' - 'Diving into activities with both (all 4?) feet...'

Hear, hear!!

The Club board was reappointed for another year, amid a massive flurry of interest... (yawn)

Many door prizes were tossed about, thanks to some members and mostly thanks to Mischler's and Madison Motorsports - please remember them when you're shopping in re: our fave sport!

A suggestion was made to me to have separate categories for men and women riders in the Club Mileage award. I think we should discuss and ratify this at a future meeting.

Remember, the next meeting at the Maple Tree is December 9th (the second Sunday).

IT'S RENEWAL TIME! I'll track member renewals through the January 6th b'fast - you can re-up after that, but I won't

guarantee that you'll be in the 2002 directory.

Secretary's Report

By J.T. Wagner

39 people attended the banquet this year. Some even rode due to the nice weather.

Dues are due. Pay up!

There were no club elections this year as there were no contested board seats. So the board remains the same as last year.

The club elected to donate \$200.00 dollars to the Atwood Community Center's Thanksgiving food drive.

Bert will have a report on the

GR3 for next year.

Todd Herbst and Betty Bruun won the MOA medallion for service to the club. Other awards are elsewhere in the newsletter.

New GR3 Site: Wisconsin Badger Camp

By Rally Czar Bert

It is official! We will be at Wisconsin Badger Camp next year. The camp is a non-profit organization designed and operated for disabled adults, but they rent out the compound to other groups before June 1st. On September 29th Tom V, Steve H and I met for breakfast to discuss strategies before meeting with their staff.

The campground itself is 632 acres just east of Patch Grove about 10 miles from Prairie du Chien. The access road is 3 miles of very well maintained gravel roads off Hwy 18. It is a beautiful place. A great advantage is that our ralliers will be the only campers there. In the main building, Cedar Lodge, we will have a full kitchen, a huge meeting area with 2 big wood stoves, plenty of showers, and 70 bunks that we can rent out. There are plenty of camping spaces on the grounds, although fire rings are limited. Farther down the main road are cabins that sleep 8, with outhouses by the cabins and a huge fire ring. Farther down the road is a beautiful campsite on a bluff with a great

UPCOMING EVENTS:

December 9, Sun: Club breakfast, 9am at the Maple Tree Restaurant in McFarland.

January 1, Tues: Madison Motorcycle Club New Year's Day Ride on the Capitol Square. For information call John Troya at 271-0582.

January 6, Sun: Club breakfast, 9am at the Maple Tree restaurant in McFarland

January 11-13, Fri-Sun: Cycleworld Motorcycle Show at the Minneapolis Convention Center.

February 8-10, Fri-Sun: Cycleworld Motorcycle Show at the Rosemont Convention Center in Chicago.

GR3 Report continued:

view and another fire ring. We will be permitted to have vendors on site. Basically we will be able to do as we please, as long as we leave the campground as we found it.

During the meeting their staff asked that we run our rally as a fund raiser. This means that we will donate \$6 out of the \$25 rally fee to the camp. We will put out donation cans and the 50/50 will go to the camp.

We also discussed limitations on our use of the facilities. Motor homes will not be permitted. Furthermore, there are some areas that will be off limits. They will be marked accordingly.

The lodge will be completely available to us. The main meeting area is huge with a great deck overlooking a bluff and woods. The 2 wood burners are Franklin stoves, which will warm and beautify the room. The 70 bunks will be available for \$5 a night extra. The rental cost of the cabins has not yet been determined.

Regarding use of the kitchen, we can serve our beverages, food, and whatever else we choose. They also offered help in finding a group to come in for Friday night sandwiches and a Saturday breakfast at cost to the rally goers. I am looking at a couple of different catering possibilities.

We will need many more signs. Ben Cimino has made 4 signs that we can use on the gravel roads. If you work with wood, we could use some big wooden glow-in-the-dark signs and



The main lodge building of Wisconsin Badger Camp. Bunks, showers, kitchen, and dining area are all located in this building.

arrows for the people coming in at night. Also very important, there are no street lights. We will need lots of help since we will be the only ones here. The more of our membership helping out, the better.

So mark your calendars for May 17-19 and show up. More reports to follow.

Dodging deer

David Dehaas
Canadian National Post Online

Found at website
<http://www.nationalpost.com/search/story.html?f=/stories/20011005/720737.html&q=deer>

October 5, 2001

As much as you may love deer, you don't want one in the front seat with you, especially if it comes through the windshield.

Here is how to avoid this messy situation

'The damn thing jumped out right in front of me!' Unkind words to speak of the dead - and the deer in question is pretty much always dead by the time those words are spoken by some thoroughly shaken driver - but nevertheless true.

It is deer season again, when nearly two-thirds of all car-deer collisions occur. And there are a lot of them. According to Iowa State University, which has studied the problem, there are 750,000 such accidents every year in North America, with more than \$1.8-billion in property damage, 120 human fatalities, an estimated 24,500 personal injuries, and, obviously, three-quarters of a million dead deer. The average property damage is estimated at \$2400.

Approximately one in 30 car-deer encounters involves injury and one in 6250 leads to a

Dodging Deer continued:

fatality. Significantly, almost two-thirds of the fatalities are secondary to the vehicle-deer impact and involve a collision with another vehicle or a fixed object after the driver has lost control. Most of the rest involve a combination of small car, high speed and the entry of the deer through the windshield.

In Canada, nobody seems to know for sure, since the numbers are not collected by any national agency, but estimates run from 5% to 10% of the continental total - 37,500 to 75,000 a year.

One thing's for sure: Our deer are just as jumpy as American deer, and collisions with deer outnumber all other large animal collisions combined by a factor of two or three to one. So, if you are going to hit anything big this fall, it will probably be a deer.

In the large majority of vehicle-deer collisions, the deer jumped in front of the vehicle. It's not just that you accidentally hit one; the deer actually waits for you to get close enough and then jumps onto the road. It is this curiously misguided instinctive behaviour that accounts for the extraordinary number of collisions with vehicles. But if you understand why and how it happens, you stand a much better chance of avoiding it - which means you have to understand the deer and the deer's point of view.

OK, you are a deer, a peaceful but very tasty animal that every predator wants to get its teeth

into. You are not very smart in the ordinary sense of the word, you cannot fight worth a darn and you can't even run any great distance at top speed. But you have three remarkable talents that enable you to gracefully decline to join wolves and mountain lions and even the odd bear for dinner: You can put on a breathtaking burst of acceleration over a short distance; you can change directions on a dime without slowing down; and you are an absolute master of timing that lets you deke predators the way Wayne Gretzky used to waltz around defencemen.

Here is how you do it. When something has crept up on you and suddenly bursts into a full-blown charge, you take off in three or four leaps and bounds to get up to speed, and then, at the very last instant, you make a 90-degree turn in front of your pursuer's nose and continue off into the underbrush at full tilt. The poor dumb predator will try to follow the turn, but it won't be able to. It will take about six metres to come to a stop, shake its head, mutter, "Which way did he go?" and give the whole thing up because you, by now, are very far away, out of sight and again quietly contemplating the beauty of nature.

It works almost every time. Except, that is, if the thing coming after you is a Cougar or a Jaguar. Or a Chevy Blazer. In that case, the burst of speed will do you no good at all and the sudden 90-degree turn in front of your pursuer stands a very good chance of being your last.

From the driver's point of view, the first thing you see, if you see anything at all, is one or more deer browsing by the side of the road. Often, they are used to the traffic and nothing much happens. Sometimes they wander nervously back toward the cover of the trees or even make a dash for it. These are not the ones you need to worry about.

It is the deer in the ditch immediately to your right that spooks suddenly and takes off at full speed ahead of you, parallel to the road, that you have to watch out for. That's the deer that thinks you are coming after it. That is the one that is going to try to deke you out. It might jump to the right, in which case you have nothing to worry about. It might jump back and forth three or four times to try to confuse you. Or it might jump to the left in front of you. This is where the fender meets the fur.

There are all kinds of common-sense things to keep in mind, but here is the one you probably didn't know. In the instant you see a deer flying onto the road in front of you, remember what the poor, frightened animal is up to: It is trying to trick you. Instinctively, if something jumps into your path travelling from right to left, you may be tempted to steer left to avoid it.

So here's the good advice: Don't do that.

Your instinctive reaction, though understandable, will bring you straight into the deer,

Dodging Deer continued:

since you are going way faster than anything the animal's nifty deke was ever designed to cope with. And it will steer you into traffic, which is also discouraged.

Do the counterintuitive thing. Remember, the deer may jump back and forth, even dipsy-doodle a bit in front of you, but it almost certainly will not turn completely around. So steer in the direction the deer came from, to an extent consistent with staying right-side-up on the road. Aim behind the animal. Bail out onto the shoulder (with a tight grip on the wheel and no simultaneous braking, a technique we can discuss at our leisure some other time).

Remember that hitting a deer is vastly preferable to hitting another vehicle or rolling over on your way into the bush beside the road. If all else fails, take a firm grip on the wheel and concentrate on surviving the impact and staying in control.

Editor's note: This article was written for an automotive audience and some of the survival tips may be ill-advised for motorcyclists. However, these insights into deer behavior may be helpful.

Tale of Two Cities: Homeward Bound

By Roger Klopp

Beginning the homeward leg, we headed north on US 97 out of

Redmond. The semiarid landscape held distant views of snow-capped dormant volcanos, some trailing clouds like banners. Turning east on I-84 we followed the Columbia River, then crossed into Washington. Here, too, deposits of volcanic rock appeared to be poking out along the river bluffs.

We angled northeast on US 395 and I-90 through arid, bland, sparsely populated rolling terrain until reaching Spokane. This looked like an attractive nice-sized city to live in. But 30 miles later Spokane paled as we passed through what must be one of the most picturesque cities in the US, Coeur d'Alene, ID. This small city enjoys the most exquisite setting nestled along Lake Coeur d'Alene and surrounded by wooded mountains. It looked like paradise. I-90 curved through only about 100 miles in Idaho, but they were lovely miles to be sure.

From Coeur d'Alene to Missoula, the I-road snaked through a valley between ranges of mountains. At times a river ran through it. However, the beauty of this area was marred by scattered mounds of mine tailings and denuded clear-cut mountain sides. About 590 miles from Redmond, we pulled into Missoula and spent the night at a great motel. In addition to a pool and hot tub, there was a free hot breakfast buffet and coupons for freebies like a beverage, shrimp cocktail, and gambling cash at the restaurant/casino next door. It was another memorable lodging experience.

After an all-you-can-eat breakfast feast, we packed and saddled up. Figuring in our first day mileage, we were optimistic that we would be home Tuesday night. Passing by Missoula stretching out to the west brought back pleasant memories of the '98 MOA national. As we put miles behind us, the forested mountains flanking the road pressed less closely and gradually gave way to hilly rangeland sparsely dotted with evergreen shrubs. However, mountains always remained in view as I-90 continued along the Clark Fork River on the way to Butte.

Expecting that only one more night on the road stood between us and home, we hammered out the miles on I-90 through Butte, past the headwaters of the Missouri River, and onward through Bozeman. Signs for Yellowstone National Park started appearing at exits as we followed the valley of the Yellowstone River to Billings.

Stopping for lunch west of Billings, we looked at our maps and considered a scenic meander southward to Beartooth Pass. However, we were homeward bound and hoped to rest overnight in South Dakota. Cruising along east of Billings, we had come about 400 miles since morning and our only concerns were fuel consumption, time, and distance.

Suddenly a metallic chirping noise erupted from the lower front end of my RT. While slowing down, the noise stopped and the generator

Tale of Two Cities continued:

warning light came on. After I made a few rude comments, we pulled over on the narrow sloping shoulder, carefully parked our cycles, and evaluated our circumstances.

A perusal of the BMWMOA Anonymous Book revealed our service options to be 400 miles west in Missoula or 300 miles east in Sturgis. Two Montana Highway Patrol troopers pulled up and further clarified the situation. Hardin, the nearest town, was 10 miles away and they had a U-Haul dealership. Thankful this wasn't happening in the outback of Nevada, I decided to chance running for it, at least to shorten the distance between us and a truck. Happily, the RT made it to a motel in Hardin where we found a shady spot to check the damage.

Since the noise came from the area of the alternator, I figured the problem was most likely a broken belt. This was confirmed by the shreds of rubber that fell out when I pried the alternator cover loose. A call to Sturgis BMW guaranteed that they would hold a belt and some shop time for us the next morning.

A call to U-Haul and we were even more lucky to find a truck available. I rode the F650 downtown, filled out the paperwork, and left a charge card deposit. As we returned with both bikes and gear, our luck continued as we found this was their last truck and someone else called for one just after we reserved it.



The last U-Haul truck available in Hardin, WY. Another adventure in moving about to begin.

A NAPA store across the street sold me just about every cinch strap they had and the loading began. After a mishap riding Mary's F650 up the ramp, a nearby construction crew rushed to prevent the bike and me from dropping 4' off the tailgate, then helped roll my RT up the ramp. I cinched down the bikes in every direction they might move (and probably some they couldn't), finished loading, and we headed east.

It was now about 5 PM but Sturgis was still attainable if we

drove late into the night. After all the excitement, we both settled down to make the best of our adventure in moving. This pig of a truck built speed gradually, could barely make 70 mph, lost speed on upgrades, and sucked fuel. The engine racket in the cab made conversation difficult, but we enjoyed this opportunity to travel together rather than separately.

We steadily lumbered eastward. The terrain opened up to rolling

Tale of Two Cities continued:

hills and rangeland as we passed the Little Bighorn battlefield through Crow reservation country into Wyoming. Only a couple hundred miles to go. If our luck held, maybe we'd only lose about half a day.

Then somewhere between Sheridan and Buffalo, the wind picked up and cumulonimbus clouds became more numerous. Scanning the radio for weather news, we caught reports of severe weather in the region. East of Buffalo the gusting cross-winds caught the slab sides of the truck, kicking us around like a hackysack. Lightning flashes crackled against the solid black squall fronts visible in the distance on both sides of the road. Tornado sightings and warnings raised the ante of severe thunderstorm warnings on the radio.

Holding the pedal to the floor, we pounded along at 70 mph trying to outrun the weather. As the churning storm fronts bore down like walls closing in on us, everyone else on the road zoomed past as they scattered for safety, including a Wyoming Highway Patrol car. Now our only goal became safely finding shelter for the night.

In the 70 mile stretch between Buffalo and Gillette, the countryside was as desolate as US 50 through Nevada. There was no refuge to be found. We raced the last 30 miles to Gillette increasingly fearful that the next gust might overturn the truck. Then, cresting a long upgrade, there it was. After all the wonderful places we had

seen, nothing was more beautiful than the lights of Gillette that night.

In this remote area at this time of night in these weather conditions, lodging was going to be hard to find. The first few motels we checked were filled. Finally we found a vacancy and our luck continued as the night manager gave us a break on the rate. We were doing well under the circumstances.

The next morning we rose early and easily made it to Sturgis BMW as they opened at 9 AM. We unloaded the bikes, rolling the RT into the garage, and killed time in the showroom. As the service manager came out, instead of the good news that my bike was ready, he said the broken belt was a symptom, not the problem. The real trouble was the alternator. A seized bearing stopped the rotor which broke the belt. Unfortunately there were no alternators in stock. He checked and could get one shipped from the east coast overnight. A couple from Manitowoc waiting for a tire change told us about a cheap motel they found so we made plans to stay awhile.

After unloading our gear, checking out the downtown area, and returning the truck, we settled in at the motel. Here we were at the edge of the beautiful Black Hills with time to kill, but riding two-up on a lowered frame bike worked out best for emergency purposes only. So we spent the next day reading books, drinking bourbon and coke, and watching a lot of cable TV in our room.

Wednesday morning we crossed the road to a truck stop for breakfast. Walking past a lively group of motorcyclists on the way to our table, Mary noticed that one of them wore a T-shirt with "Body by Bev's" on the back. Could this be from Madison's own Bev's lunch counter? We struck up a conversation and found that these guys were retired police and sheriff's deputies from Dane County! They had been touring all over the US and were heading home. A jovial bunch, they invited us to join them at their planned lodging that night at the border in Brandon MN. We explained our situation and that our departure time was still not very clear, figuring that was the last we'd see of these guys.

The remainder of the day was spent anxiously awaiting news about the crippled RT. The part arrived midmorning as promised. I am still amazed that the BMW parts network delivered a new alternator overnight to Sturgis SD from the eastern US. After installation, a series of tense phone calls were exchanged with the service manager due to a new noise that shouldn't be there. Repeated road tests and tweaking finally rendered a verdict of roadworthy from the technician. We settled up with the motel and the service bill, loaded our gear, and headed out of Sturgis at about 5 PM.

Although we had hoped to get at least 200 miles behind us before stopping for the night, more volatile weather on the Great Plains made the decision for us. Darkening storm clouds and lightning drove us into Murdo SD for the night after

Tale of Two Cities continued:

only 165 miles.

Thursday morning we loaded up at dawn, energized by the thought of being home by evening. As the RT's ignition fired up, a loud clattering emanated from the lower front of the engine. Perhaps this was the noise heard by the technician in Sturgis. By now pretty disgusted with this motorcycle, I took a chance this was something slightly loose that rattled when cold and snugged up when warm. We shoved off anyway.

Happily for us, the rest of the day would prove to be mechanically uneventful. Crossing the wide Missouri River valley, the treeless rolling terrain of South Dakota gradually flattened to the croplands of Minnesota. Throughout the day we encountered occasional eastbound BMW riders (usually passing us) who must have spent extra time exploring the west after leaving Redmond. Farther east the terrain became more textured and then abruptly dropped away into gullies as I-90 traced a curvy downward path that flattened out with the Mississippi River bluffs towering above.

Crossing the Mississippi at LaCrosse, we were almost home. As we pulled into a gas stop at the Sparta exit, we spotted a familiar looking group of riders parked for a rest break. We finally caught up with the retired Dane County cops we met in Sturgis. They were quite surprised that we caught up with them considering their 8 hour lead on us about 700 miles back.

Apparently they don't usually travel with BMW riders. We joined this peculiar alliance of a Gold Wing and two quiet BMWs along with several thundering open pipe cruisers as they closed the miles to Dane County at a more sedate pace. In singles and pairs, our companions waved and pulled off at their exits until finally Mary and I remained to take the Hwy 51 exit homeward.

So, patient readers, as stated at the beginning of this tale, it was the best of trips, it was the worst of trips. Through it all, our bad luck was always balanced by enough good luck to save the day. And I'll just bet that 20 years from now as we look at the photos, reminded of what we saw and the people we met, this will only be remembered as the best of trips.

Quiz

Submitted by Claudette Richards

- 1) What was the name of the first BMW motorcycle?
 - a) R23
 - b) M2 B15
 - c) R32
 - d) R100
- 2) The BMW Boxer has what kind of engine?
 - a) Single-cylinder
 - b) V-Twin
 - c) Flat-Twin
 - d) Flat-Four
- 3) What does the BMW emblem symbolize?
 - a) Boxer
 - b) Spinning Propeller
 - c) Wheel
 - d) Piston

- 4) What was the first thing BMW built?
 - a) Cars
 - b) Motorcycles
 - c) Motorcycle Engines
 - d) Aircraft Engines
- 5) What does the R in R100 stand for?
 - a) Radial
 - b) Rad
 - c) Round
 - d) Reliable
- 6) Which of the following is not made by BMW?
 - a) R-Bikes
 - b) K-Bikes
 - c) Funduro
 - d) J-Bikes
- 7) Which motorcycle manufacturer first used ABS?
 - a) Honda
 - b) H-D
 - c) Triumph
 - d) BMW
- 8) BMW discontinued the old-style boxers in about what year?
 - a) 1985
 - b) 1990
 - c) 1995
 - d) 1997
- 9) In what year was the first BMW introduced?
 - a) 1903
 - b) 1913
 - c) 1923
 - d) 1933
- 10) What is a term used for a BMW motorcycle?
 - a) Beemer
 - b) Bammer
 - c) Bummer
 - d) Bimmer

Answers: 1-c, 2-c, 3-b, 4-d, 5-b, 6-d, 7-d, 8-c, 9-c, 10-a