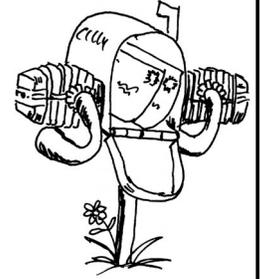


# The Mail Boxer

December 2002

BMW MOA #7



## *The Prez says...*

*by Steve Huber*

Never do today what you can put off 'till tomorrow, that's my motto. I'd be the poster boy for Procrastinator's Monthly if they'd ever get around to doing an issue. Maybe I'm in denial, but so far I've refused to acknowledge the impending suspension of riding by preparing the RT for winter storage. Just like I won't dig out the snowblower until the first big snowfall seals the garage doors shut, changing out the bike's vital fluids is something I've postponed.

After all, why do it today? It's a nice Fall day, let's go for a ride instead! There is some perverse need to wait until the literal cold reality smacks me full in the face. At that point even a warm up ride doesn't get the oil much warmer than "sluggish". Anyone can change out the oil in warm weather; I need the challenge of a cold garage floor with wisps of snow floating gently on my puffs of condensed breath. Besides, there's less chance of slopping oil over the floor when it has the consistency of frozen molasses.

Oh yeah, doesn't the manual say valves should be adjusted when the motor is cold? What better way to ensure this than by storing the bike in an unheated garage and waiting for a frosty early winter day to do the job! Ah, there's nothing like gripping a cold wrench in numb fingers to focus one's attention on the job at hand.

### **On the Club Front:**

The newsletter needs your contributions! How about writing up a product evaluation of those gloves that fell apart after one riding season? Have a great ride or destination you'd like to share? No, we don't want to see digital photos of your appendectomy.

One of the benefits of club membership is the newsletter. In the past the webmaster (i.e. yours' truly) has posted the newsletter on the website as soon as it was available. The new policy will be to delay posting the newsletter by one month (maybe two).

For discussion: Many club members have e-mail access. To cut newsletter costs we want to explore sending the newsletter via e-mail as an attachment. (Pay attention here TVH) Members will always have the option to receive a hard-copy version.

Ok, I have my handwarmers and blow torch ready to thaw out my toes. Think I'll head out to the garage and take care of that delayed winter storage prep work. After all, I have a couple new wrenches the garage gnomes haven't seen yet.

See you all at the January breakfast!

## Upcoming Events

1/5: January Breakfast 9am at the Maple Tree Restaurant in McFarland, Wisconsin

1/11: Todd's Map Coating and Repair Party starting at 11 am

1/24-26: Cycle World Show @ Minneapolis Convention Center  
1301 Second Ave. South  
Minneapolis, MN

2/7-8: Cycle World Show @ Donald Stephens Convention Center  
5555 N. River Rd.  
Rosemont, IL

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Activities Director: Todd Herbst

# Letter From the Editor

Hello Fellow Club Members!

I would like to take this opportunity to introduce myself, as there are a few unfamiliar names on the mailing list. I am Betty Bruun, the "new" newsletter editor. I have been a club member for 3 years. It was also shortly after joining the club that I took the leap and learned to be a rider on my own 1982 R65, a gift from Todd, my significant other. This past February, I bought "Hans", my black 2002 R1150R. I spent this summer getting accompanied with my new bike in such places as Canada and Tennessee, and in lots of riding conditions. And for those of you who haven't ridden one, I love my R1150R!



This is Hans and I at the 2002 BMW MOA National Rally track day sponsored by BMW. I am not afraid to admit that I was scared to death of wrecking my new baby so I was no speed demon on the track.

To support my motorcycle habit, I work full time as a senior graphic designer, for Demco on Madison's east side. At Demco, my primary job function is to create national library supply catalogs. And because I don't make nearly enough money to travel as much as I'd like, I'm also working toward a degree in business management at night.

I'd like to thank those who have contributed to the newsletter in the past and encourage your participation in the future by submitting articles and by offering feedback. It is not necessary for you to have a journalism degree to submit an article, all you need is legible handwriting. As far as feedback, any is welcome and all criticism is considered constructive particularly if it will better this publication. So feel free to email me at [editor@madisonbmwclub.org](mailto:editor@madisonbmwclub.org) or call me at (608)441-8838 if you do not have access to a computer.

I look forward to seeing all of you at the next breakfast!  
Betty

## **No Squids?**

by Todd Erickson

I got the winter motorbike blues. What to do? I'm gonna write about last summer's experience and you two-wheeled junkies are my captive audience! I hope.

This will be a small series about the Keith Code California Superbike School Cornering Class. I understand that superbikes, lap times, and Road America are not for everyone. (BMW demographics put us in the retirement home at decade's end!?) However, those of you who have taken this road course or read his books know, Keith Code is one of the most successful instructors out there for a reason. You do not have to fork out the \$400 for a Level 1 track day. For just a \$20 membership you can learn what stuck with me and experiment on your own.

***“The main content of stability is the tire contact with the road surface. Stability and tire contact are affected by speeding up and slowing down and change in suspension.”***

Code has written several books about motorcycling. The first one is *Twist of the Wrist* which started him out with a bang. In this book you will find moto fundamentals that will make you a better rider if you apply them. If you practice them. The tutorial on counter steering alone is worth the price. Anyway, here is what I gleaned from the school:

Mr. Code believes that as motorcyclists our primary objective is to maintain stability with our machines. For me the stability that achieves better lap times also equates to improved safety on public roads. The main content of stability is the tire contact with the road surface. Stability and tire contact are affected by speeding up and slowing down and change in suspension. Is your suspension loaded, unloaded, or wavering? Simple, right? Stability. Tire contact. Throttle. Brake. Suspension. There are 7 different controls at our disposal to speed up or slow down. Within those 7 controls there are 640 variations of use.

(640! This being my first track day I was already nervous!) Now, it is time for homework.

Yes, homework, it makes us perform better in the tests on the road. Go to the library and check out *Twist of the Wrist*. Do some reading. Learn about reference points, braking points, and think about where you spend your attention budget; given a \$10 riding budget where do you spend it? Do you spend \$2 shifting, \$3 on adjusting the radio and 5 on throttle? Envision your self in one of your favorite corners or ridge runs. Is your body weight on your feet, hands, or butt? Are you looking through the corner or looking for road debris at the front wheel? As you enter the corner and accelerate out of it how does your suspension feel? Have you taken a rider education class before?

You might ask, “Hey man, that’s a lot to do and think about. What’s in it for me?” Here’s a stat that Code states in the classroom; 85 in 100 bikers do not have the skills to avoid the hazard of a T.V. sized box falling off of a truck on the roadway in front of them. However, there was enough time and space to maneuver around the obstacle. Most of us do not have the skills or have not practiced them to be used effectively. If to ride another day is your goal do the homework.

NEXT MONTH: From the books to the track...

## Madison Motorsports Tire Program



Once again MM is running their popular tire program to help take some of the hassles out of buying tires for your motorcycles during the riding season.

This program gives discounts of 27% off retail prices for Metzler and Dunlop, 23% off Bridgestone tires. Each extra set of tires purchased will get an additional 1% off retail, up to 32% for Metzler/Dunlop and 28% for Bridgestone. Tires purchased do not have to be for the same bike.

Sign-up now, the program closes January 31, 2003. Applications will be available at the January breakfast meeting, or swing by Madison Motorsports (2013 S. Stoughton Rd, across from Farm & Fleet).

*Going Home for Christmas continued.*

engine tinkled as it cooled. Somewhere in the distance a dog barked. He stopped after a minute or two, no doubt satisfied that he had performed his duty of warning foxes away from the hen-house. The lights of a few farmhouses could be seen in the distance. The outline of Burren hills were barely discernible against the starry sky. Behind those hills was my destination—the thatched farmhouse in which I grew up.

I walked along the center of the roadway puffing my pipe and swinging my arms. No cars interrupted the tranquillity. After a long and enjoyable break I prepared to continue the journey. A time-honored motorcycle ritual was carried out. I kick-started the engine and allowed it to idle. Each glove was held in turn behind a muffler with the open end positioned to allow the hot fumes inside. The resulting heat lasted for several miles. How I could have used the electrically heated handlebar grips of my current motorcycles then. Yes, I know, the six-volt electric's of the CD175 could not have coped. Nowadays, even small bikes have 12-volt systems. That is progress.

Tubber was deserted. Everybody was wisely ensconced in the comfort of their living rooms. The six mile mainly straight stretch of New Line between Tubber and the Corker Hill was

deserted also. Though that was pleasant I was pleased to pass the occasional house with its lighted candle in the window. Reassuring, should I break down.

My final warm-up stop was at the top of Corker Hill. From there I could observe hundreds of lights in the surrounding countryside. To the east was the town of Kinvarra. Twenty miles north across Galway Bay was the city of Galway. The coastline of the Connemara stretched away to the west. Closer and to the southwest lay the beautiful Burren mountains.

minutes later I was home. The faithful Honda was parked safely in the barn. The gifts were unstrapped. Inside the 200-year-old farmhouse a blazing peat fire burned in the fireplace. My mother busied herself preparing a warming meal. My father put down his National Geographic and inquired about my journey. My sister, Bernadette, was making preparations for the Christmas dinner. Tony, my brother, was of gadding about someplace or other and would be back later. The kitchen/living room abounded with decorations.

I removed my motorcycle gear and felt the warmth of the fire embrace me. It was good to be home for Christmas.

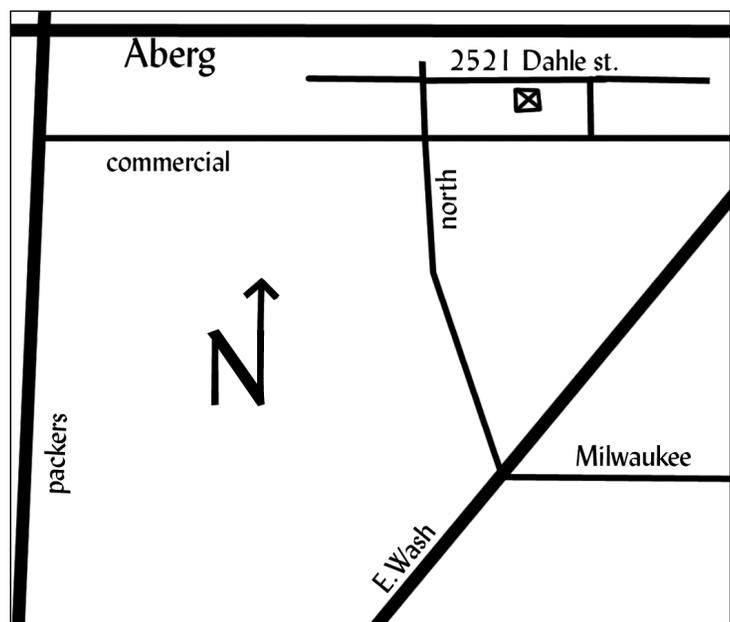
# Todd's Incredible Map Coating & Repair Party

January 11, 2003  
11 am

- Do you have old, tired, worn-out maps that still hold a wealth of information?
- Do you have nice, spanking new maps and want to keep them that way?
- Do you have new maps that you've used once or twice and their pieces of \*#@! are falling apart?

Well do I have a party for you! Good food, good beer, and, oh yeah, and good map coating.

What else could you possibly be doing in January anyway?  
For more information call (608)441-8839



2521 Dahle Street, Madison

# V.P.s Report

by Tom Van Horn

- We had good attendance and quite a few riders at the Nov 3rd b'fast; Yertz Truly came astride one of those Other European Twins, acquired in September. Other new toys include Fred Kitchens R1200C, and Jeff & Chris Dargis' R1150Rs—which are both black, a departure from their Matching Red Bikes tradition...
- Member Matt Berigan is working on a club listserv—Whazzis, you ask? It's an email address where you can send info, which will go to every other subscriber to the list. If you have a last-minute ride, or a mechanical question, this is one quick way to get word to (& response from) other members about it. Thanks, Matt!
- Once again, the club provided support to the Atwood food pantry, for their efforts to provide Thanksgiving meals to those less fortunate. Prez Steve has been ramrodding this, and got a nice thank-you letter.

## And then, there was the club awards banquet...

...we had a nice private room-&-bar, the food was good, and I think folks enjoyed the awards, which included:

### HIGH MILER:

Steve Huber (17,000+); Dave Maly (25,809); Bill Jutz (29,000+).

## Mileage Broken into...

### COMMUTING:

Tanya Erickson (2,500); Dave Maly (3,809); Tom Schirz (5,000).

### SPORT:

Tom S.(7,053); Jim Low (8,300); Dave Maly (10,000), and Bill Jutz said, "They're all sport miles."

### TOURING:

Dave Maly (12,000); Phil Wilson (12,800); Steve Huber (15,900).

### PASSENGER MILES:

Linda Low (4,000); Sharon Maly (5,000); Karen Krukenberg (8,500), and Steve Huber had "Consuela, for many happy miles", and Todd Erickson claimed Andrea Mayer, for all of them... (?)

### MILES/DAYS:

Ed Burington did 4,950 in 15 days; Steve Huber did 5,000 in 12 days; Todd Erickson did 5,340 in 10 days, and Steve Werlein did, "Two feet in the garage."

### ONE DAY/TWO DAYS:

In one, Steve Huber did 1,025; Phil Wilson, 1,073, and Todd Erickson, 1,473. In two, Tom Schirz did 1,379, Bill Jutz, 1,480, and Todd Erickson (on a roll?) did 2,107.

### NIGHTS IN TENT:

Roland Thompson had 20; Phil Wilson, 23, and Eureka Stalwart Dave Maly had 30, and Tanya Erickson had "lots"

### IN MOTEL:

Steve Huber and Bill Jutz each had 12; Phil Wilson, 14, and Ed Burington had 28, and Tanya claimed, "not enough."

### STATES/PROVINCES:

Todd Erickson did 14; Steve Huber, Ed Burington, and Dave Maly all had 18; and Phil Wilson did 24.

### RAIN MILES:

Betty Bruun had - courtesy Hurricane Lili - 700; Jim Low, 800; and Dave Maly did 1,000. Steve Huber said, "they were so much fun, I forgot."; Bill Jutz asked, "does snow count?"; and Tanya Erickson said, "too many."

### # OF RALLIES ATTENDED:

Bill Jutz took in 7 rallies, Dave Maly, 8, and Phil did 10.

### MILES PULLING TRAILER:

Roland Thompson did 3,200 miles pulling his Unigo trailer; Roger Klopp had 700 in front of his big, manly two-wheel camper.

### SIDECAR MILES:

Russ Champion did 190 mile with his on-&-off sidecar; Yertz Truly did 925, and Dave Maly had 14,305 miles with a little something on the side...

### TOTAL MILES RIDING BMW MOTORCYCLES:

Tom Schirz has 250,000+ BMW miles; Dave Maly has 500,000+; and Bill Jutz is at 680,000+ and counting—Tanya E. had 7,265, exactly as many as miles her new bike this year. She got her first Beemer (F650GS) this spring, and is off to a great start.

### # YEARS RIDING BMW MOTORCYCLES:

Bill Jutz's been riding for 33 years; Roger Klopp, 39; and Russ Champion's been rolling 49 years.

**SHAFTY CHARACTER** nominations included: Dave Laufenberg (AKA "Dances with guardrails"), for his Rib ride exploits and his Honda taste in a BMW club; The Todds, for "putting a curse on the Vikings with their dirt bikes"; Roger Klopp, for almost buying a Suzuki; And we had tie winner(s): Bert Hefty, for "just being Bert", the "ZZ Top hair/beard", and his GR/3 site work (hear, hear), and Peggy Waters, for her bear-fur coat, and for nearly getting run over by her own bike in Canada.

The **BMW MOA MEDALLION** (once again, nicely set in walnut by Sec'y J.T.) went to Roger & Mary Klopp, for their work with the club newsletter lo these many years. Also nominated were: Betty Bruun, for her graphic art work for the club; Todd & Betty both, for their events work; Dave Maly, for all the club rides; Bert, for a new rally site; Todd & Tanya Erickson, for some quality garage time last May, and for "working behind scenes", even from Janesville; aaand Prez Steve, who "keeps going & going & going..."

Also at the banquet was a, not-very-contentious election of officers for 2003:

Steve Huber—President

John Ong—Treasurer

Tom Van Horn—V. P.

Todd Herbst—Activities

Betty Bruun—Newsletter

Bert Hefty—Rally Czar

J.T. Wagner—Secretary

REMEMBER!!! There is NO meeting December 1st—I'll see yawl on January 5th at the Maple Leaf. Aaand, it's membership RENEWAL time—I plan to have the club directories by the March b'fast latest. PLENTY of time to sign back up, so what's yer excuse?



# Secretary's Report

by JT Wagner

## BREAKFAST AND BANQUET REPORT

- There were 42 people at the November breakfast this month. The 50/50 went to Todd Herbst.  
The free breakfasts for January went to Matt Berigan and Markus Schumann.
- The club voted to donate \$200.00 to the Atwood Community center for Thanksgiving meals for needy people.
- We received a thank you from the Dells rally for our door prize donations.
- Dave Jenneke announced that the MSF set a record for training new riders this year at 800 riders.
- The next breakfast will be in January.

## BANQUET

- Matt Berigan has set up a list serve for faster e-mail access to each other on the club web site.
- An option is being explored to offer the newsletter as an e-mail to club members who want it that way.
- Club officers pretty much have remained the same. Changes are Betty Bruun is now the newsletter editor. Todd Herbst is Activities Director.
- The high miler award went to Bill Jutz.
- The MOA medallion went to Roger and Mary Klopp for all the work they did as newsletter editors.

# Dr. Sprockette Tech Tips

## Small Engine Repair Clinic

I have been asked by Betty B. to write a little column for the Boxer suggesting nifty tips in the Chapel, or Garage, or whatever you call your special wrenching, working, detailing space. I am really excited to do this. I tried so hard to submit articles to our former awesome editors, Mary and Roger Klopp, but I was working on a crappy ole computer that I did not get along with. I finally got my beautiful baby Mac PowerBook back, so now I know how to use the computer and am therefore more apt to! Yippee! I am sooooo happy. This also means that I will be checking my email more often than once a month! As a matter of fact, I am actually considering printing in ink, my email address on my business cards. I did say considering. I don't want to make false promises, this will take some serious soul-searching. So, because this way cool newsletter is by Club Members for Club members, I would like to employ your assistance with this column.

1. I would love for you to send me questions and/or suggestions for me to cover in a Techni Tip Forum.
2. I would not be offended or feature a guest writer in my place, if you would rather write it than suggest it.
3. How technical do we want to get? Do we want to do occasional NMI's read and benefit from this column if we didn't talk over your heads?

This column should be fun and functional so please let me know what you think. You can email me or Betty or call and leave me a message at home.

So for this month, while I anxiously await your input, I will tell you this. Make your last ride of the season to a gasoline station so you can fill up the tank with fresh fuel and don't forget to add the Stabil or something like it. I usually put the stabil in first and splash the gas on top, it helps mix it up real good. The ride home or about five minutes of idling should be enough to get the Stabil through the system. If you smell a nasty odor coming from your beloved, ta da! The Stabil is running through the system.

Let the bike cool a bit and now is a great time to change your oil. All the toxins remain trapped in the oil while it's warm, and it drains quicker and easier at a higher temperature. If your bike is going to sit for a while, it is much healthier with fresh, clean oil in there. You could also splash a tiny dollop of fresh oil in the spark plug hole. A tiny dollop is about a tablespoon for those of you who like accuracy. And do put the spark plug back in and tighten it.

Stay happy and healthy and please let me know how and what you want from this nifty new column.

Home 608-838-3114  
Email DrSprocket00@aol.com (those are zeroes)

# Going Home for Christmas

by P.J. Francis

It was already dark when I departed my Shannon apartment and commenced my 60 mile journey to my parent's home in the Burren region of County Clare. It was a beautiful clear night with a starry sky. A sharp frost was already forming upon the countryside. Care would be required. I would have to be constantly vigilant for icy patches.

I avoided the busy thoroughfare out of Shannon New Town and opted instead for the narrow, but quieter, backroad to Newmarket-On-Fergus. There were quite a few cars in the parking lot of the Bellsfort Inn reminding me to be wary of Christmas Eve revelers. I parked at the entrance to Carrigirran House nursing home to check my luggage. This was also the first of many warming-up stops. The night was bitterly cold.

My luggage was still firmly in place on my trusty Honda CD175. The bunjee cords and binder twine were doing their job admirably. Along with my usual top case and bag several gift packages were strapped on. I did not wish to loose any.

Onwards I rode through Newmarket-On-Fergus where I joined the busy N18 to Clarecastle. Past the grounds of the luxurious Dromoland Castle hotel. Traffic was heavy on this main route which linked the cities of Limerick and Galway.

By Clarecastle I was in the need for another warming up session. Clarecastle and Ennis have grown to become one town. In the residential area that joins them I parked in a favorite spot under a street light. I felt those powerful lights offered a warming effect—perhaps more physiological than real. By this time a lwyer of frost had formed on my Barbour waxed cotton oversuit. My Lewis leather motorcycle boots and Seaboot socks were having a difficult time keeping my feet warm. My waxed cotton gloves and woolen undermitts were having similar difficulties. My full coverage helmet, as well as providing protection in the event of an accident, provided excellent warmth. (Approximately 80% of body heat is lost through the head. Motorcyclists who insist on riding without helmets would have been rather uncomfortable on that cold night in Ireland in the early seventies.) A warm scarf protected that vulnerable area between the helmet and jacket. Several layers of clothing were worn under the Barbour suit.

With numb fingers I removed my already loaded pipe from my jacket pocket and proceeded to light it. I then walked about swinging my arms in an attempt to encourage circulation. Passing motorists eyed me curiously from the comfortable confines of their warm vehicles. A pedestrian hurrying home bid me "Good Night." I reciprocated by wishing him a "Happy Christmas." Understandably there were no motorcycles out and about other than my trusty steed. (Where are you now blue bike bearing license plat 714 IE?) There were not many people who undertook journeys by motorcycle on cold nights. To me it is the most natural thing in the world. Still is on rare occassions.

After twenty minutes I felt sufficiently revived to continue. My extremities were sufficiently thawed to operate the controls as I negotiated the narrow streets of Ennis market town. I turned right at the Captain's Cross traffic lights. It was so named as a retired sea captain lived in a two-story house there. Ennis was not overly busy as most of the shoppers had gone home. Right at Kelly's Corner and out the Gort Road. Another nine miles of the N18 to Crusheen vilage.

Just past Crusheen I turned onto a narrow country road that leads to the small community of Tubber. That road has few houses. Traffic was non-existent. It was most pleasant to see candles glowing in the windows of the occasional farm house. In the sky above millions of stars twinkled.

The 174cc engine of my Honda burbled reassuringly as we glided along. High hedgerows and drystone walls lined the roadway. I was growing increasingly cold but I did not stop. There was a spot I liked a little further on. I wiggled my fingers and toes to encourage circulation. Just a little further.

At last I reached an opening by the roadway. I loved this place. It was used by the county council to store chippings for road resurfacing. I don't suppose they knew it was a favorite rest stop for a cold motorcyclist.

I shut off the engine and the resulting silence was overwhelming. I removed my helmet and gloves and went through the ritual of lighting my Capp & Peterson crooked briar. The bike's



# ***Riding through Hurricane Lili***

*by Betty Bruun*

It is Oct. 4, 2002 at 4:15am. Todd and I are about to depart for Walland Tennessee, a great weekend for horseback riding and motorcycling. Boy, it sucks not to be us...

I am riding my 2002 R1150R named Hans, and Todd is riding Helga, his 1994 R1100RS. It was my bright idea to leave so early, if I must ride in the dark I'd prefer to do it while I'm still fresh rather than after I've been on the road twelve hours already. It was a good theory.

Todd has been watching the weather, although there are chances of rain along the way, it shouldn't be anything serious. "Chances of rain", I have never heard such an understatement! It started to rain as soon as we got on the interstate, not 4 miles from home. Yep, nothing serious, no thunder, no lightening, just a nice steady rain. When the rain stops the wind picks up and the weather alternates between rainy, and windy, rainy, and windy. At least it's not both at the same time right?

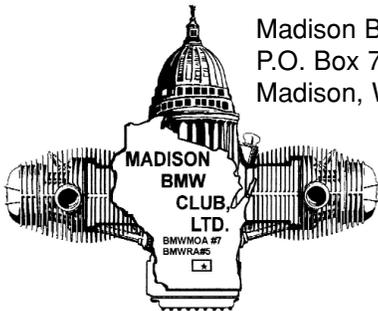
Wrong, just before Indianapolis the rain and the wind join together in earnest. (We found out later that we rode through the "Effects of Hurricane Lili felt as far north as Indiana" according to the weather channel.) At one gas stop I tell Todd, "I haven't had my bike leaned over that far in a corner let alone the wind!" He tells me that I exaggerate. Outside of Louisville, we get stuck in traffic and the rain continues. It takes us 2 hours to get to the next exit only ¼ mile away. By this time waterproof is a thing of the past. My new "waterproof" Tourmaster gloves, and my "waterproof" Magnum boots have both soaked through. Rain is dripping down my neck into my jacket. My jacket is also leaking at the waist. Even my helmet is leaking, a steady drip from the top of the face shield that tickles my nose.

Moving again, I am astounded by how well my bike handles in the rain. Not even standing water causes hydroplaning. My body is not holding up quite as well, my neck and shoulders are starting to ache from the constant wind. I am beginning to wonder if I can get through this. My mind starts to wander and I think "On such a blustery day, perhaps air travel would be a better form of transportation. Dr. Sprockette, turn my motorcycle into a rocket!"

The next gas stop is just south of Lexington. The rain has stopped and the sun is just beginning to peak out. I take my boots off to wring out my socks. Both my toes and fingers are wrinkled as if I stayed in the bathtub too long. Fortunately, it hasn't been cold. We are now about 2 hours from the bed and breakfast that we'll be staying at. Todd gives me a Blue Ox energy drink, it tastes like cherry soda.

Off and riding again, the sun is fully shining now, just in time to start setting. Wow, whatever is in that energy drink, it will cure what ails ya! My neck and shoulders no longer ache and I am singing in my helmet. Good thing my communication system has a short in it, Todd would not enjoy hearing that.

Ugh, it is dark again. We are turning off the highway onto the road that the bed and breakfast is on. Although it is paved, it is rough and only 1 lane. I am tired, exhausted actually, and ride slowly on the unfamiliar road. At last, there it is! I turn left and start up a very steep, winding, 2 track with grass in between, gravel driveway. (I have an extreme fear of gravel) "Come on Betty, just a few more minutes of concentration, you can do it." I give myself a little pep talk and successfully park at the top after a very long day.



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