

the **Legendary** **SHAFT**



News from the Land of Enchantment BMW Riders • November 2001

Unwinding

I rode through the Manzanos last weekend, finally getting to enjoy, on two wheels, some of the incredible weather we've been having lately. It was warm even in the mountains. The trees along the Rio Grande were all in the early stages of changing color, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. The traffic was thin, and all was right with the world, a welcome change from stress and responsibility and current events.

I'd never been to the 4th of July Campground, and I'd heard good reports on the club's web site about it being the perfect season to be there. Well, I was a touch late, but it was still well worth the trip. The leaves were on the pink side of red and the pale side of yellow – about a week late for peak color, I figured. But still a sight you don't often see in the sandy greens and yellows of New Mexico. It was a reminder of my annual trek to see the maples of Vermont each October. That trip was often wet and cold, though, and this was warm and sunny.

There weren't many people there, so I had the walking paths to myself, drinking in the color and scent of the woods as they went to sleep. The trees as they relaxed seeped into me and smoothed out the edges that had gotten so rough lately.

My plan was to head back and do some work, but the road was clear and the sun not yet falling, so I headed south and rode for a few more hours. Somewhere on the journey, lost in the sensations of the wind and the road, I realized that it had been weeks, maybe months, since I'd gone on a ride even this long. I had been missing it without even realiz-

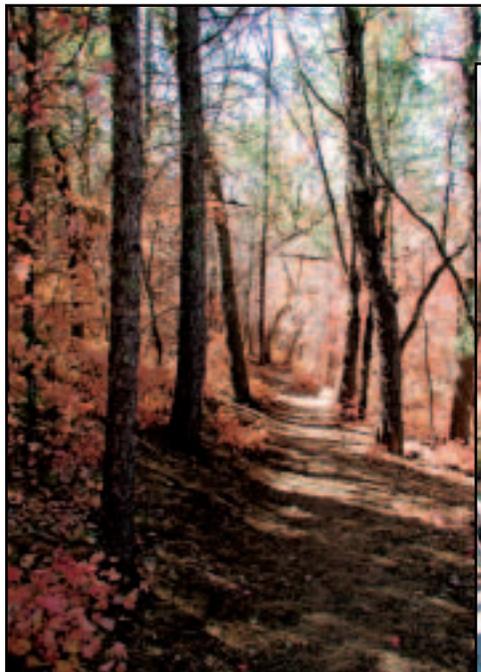
ing it. Work and more work had become a knot I couldn't see past until I got the chance to ride it away in the Manzanos. It felt great to have that knot unravelled, even if just for the afternoon.

When I got home I was totally refreshed. And unwound – what a great feeling!

David Wilson, Editor

Welcome New Members!

Please welcome David Smith and Ron Diaz of Rio Rancho, Russell & Margaret Prina and Perk & Shelley Perkins of Albuquerque. It's great to have you with us!



Looks like the 5th of July! I was about a week late, but the colors were still beautiful at the 4th of July Campground, and the riding was impeccable.

RJ Mirabal's Redmond Ride Diary

July 16-23, 2001

Monday, July 16, 6 am, 0 miles: Cheryl's alarm goes off marking the start of her work week. I start to turn back over to ignore it all when I realize that's my wake-up call, too. Got to have the GS fully loaded, myself bathed, fed, and suited up for the 8am meeting at the Tramway and I-25 Phillips 66 with John Ephlin for the beginning of our adventure to the Northeast and the Redmond BMW-MOA National Rally.

7:36 am, 2 miles: After getting overheated in my leathers, spilling gas, and dropping my gloves wa-a-ay down there on the ground (ever try to pick up your gloves while still sitting on an oilhead GS?), I'm on the road getting cool and in the groove for the trek.

7:50 am, 16 miles: John is already here ready to take a picture of the ride's beginning. I'm fully wired for sound, listening to a morning rock n' roll show on my weatherproof AM/FM/cassette player which will remain clipped to my fanny pouch for the duration. "Let's ride!"

John calls out and we're off heading northwest at Bernalillo on the infamous highway 44.

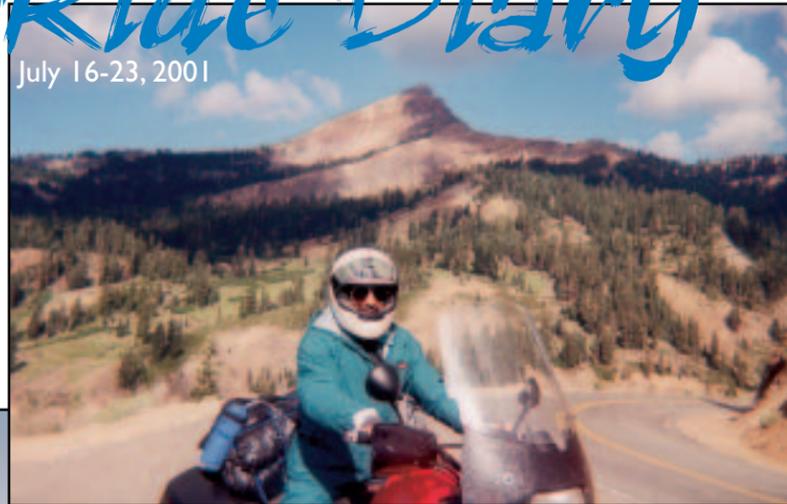
9:35 am, 95 miles: Road construction, narrow two-lane, double yellow line for the last 40-some miles. If it's obviously clear, we pass anyway.

12:11 pm, 232 miles: Durango. My right foot is just now starting to cool down from being fried by what I think if an up/side-draft from the bare naked catalytic converter right down there next to my foot. John says it's just the sun shining on that side. I don't get fried foot again for the rest of the trip.

1:57 pm, 290 miles: A traffic light! Cliffs and mountain tops gray with patches of white snow above the timberline tower all around us in this narrow canyon. We are between Silverton and Ouray waiting at a traffic light with about twenty other vehicles wondering what kind of surreal nightmare has captured us. We're also wondering how we can pass all the RV's that loom ahead on this narrow "Million Dollar Highway" that's currently having millions more spent on endless road construction.

6:18 pm, 515 miles: Green River, Utah. It's been a long, hot, windy, boring ride from Grand Junction and we're tired. Hello, Motel 6!

Tuesday, July 17, 6:35 am: Full to our eyebrows with a truck driver's breakfast, we head west on I-70. It's high desert, it's early morning, we're dressed for the hot day ahead-and we're freezing! I had put on a heavy shirt and Levi's this morning (yesterday I only had on underwear under my perforated leathers), but it wasn't enough, so out came the rain suit to block the air flow. Nice. John had a Joe Rocket armored vest with a lot of air flow, so out came his nylon windbreaker. Heated grips on for both of us-in July!!



Left: Lake Almaner in Northern California.
Above: RJ all bundled up in Lassen Volcanic Park.
Right: RJ and John enjoying yet another road construction stop.
Below: Mount Shasta.
Bottom: A pitifully inadequate picture of Crater Lake.

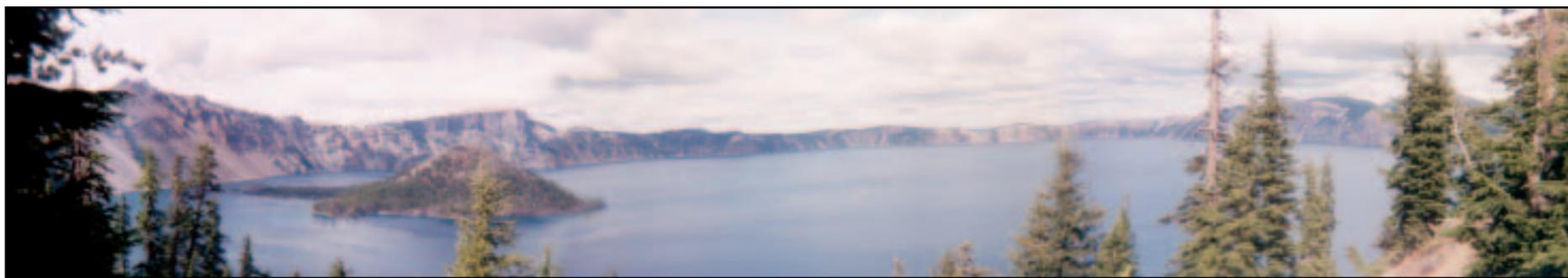
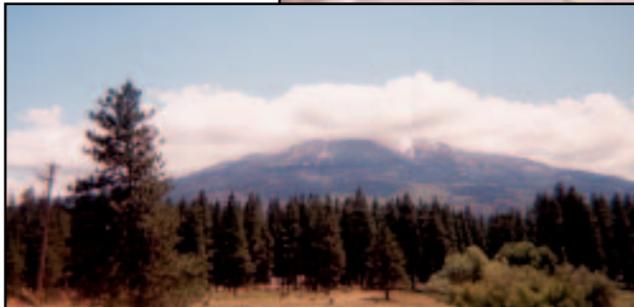


12:40 pm (New Mexico time), 347 miles: Ely, Nevada. The rain suit comes off, but nothing else. We talk about maybe making it to Reno, if we're lucky.

Time unknown, uncounted miles in the middle of Nevada: Ok, I'm impressed. Big, rugged mountains Colorado-style surrounded by thirty-mile wide valleys, flat and looking a lot like New Mexico. It's not too hot, either, and there are great twisties over each mountain pass. But talk about isolated. If you want to really live in solitude, choose central Nevada. It's a monastic dream.

3:13 pm (New Mexico time), 504 miles: Austin, Nevada. Sure glad we live in Albuquerque, NM because we don't have to fill up at \$2.099 a gallon (hey, it's 2.119 at the other station in town!) for mid-grade (premium wasn't available). But when the nearest town is 70 miles away, a service station can call the shots on gas prices.

As we were finishing filling up, two Harley riders we had passed about 30 miles back in a road construction zone that featured lots of fun in the loose gravel and melting tar pulled up. Looking even more stunned than we did, but shrugging their shoul-



ders they filled up. What choice was there? For the umpteenth time, I fiddled with getting my earplugs on, adjusting my cassette player's earbuds so I could have some music to occupy my mind over the miles, and wedged my helmet on without twisting my earbuds or getting a nasty wind leak once under way.

4:30 pm (finally I changed my GS clock to Pacific time), 632 miles: Hazen, Nevada. A convenience store provides cool shelter as we take a butt break. I'm tempted by slot machines next to the soda fountain, but resist knowing my luck. Now I'm down to underwear under my leathers, John says we can make it into northern California at the rate we're going (those open roads of Nevada are great for making time), he names Truckee as our goal.

8-something pm, 777 miles: We're beyond butt tired, beyond hope of finding a motel. When we took the first exit for Truckee, I expected motels along highway 89 as we headed north into the interior of the Sierra Nevadas. Nothing but miles of trees and darkening shadows pregnant with the possibility of "Bambi" leaping out to become one with our bikes-actually, my bike, I was in the lead. I sure hope my deer whistles work (they must because I see

only one deer calmly munching her dinner salad in a meadow off to my left). After searching in a handful of mountain villages strangely lacking motels or even old hotels still in operation, we find a remote resort lodge, its bulk moodily resting at the top of a very steep "paved" road among the tall pines. If it wasn't for the \$105 daily rate, a rather shabby look to the massive log building, and about 5,000 screaming pre-teens being prepped for a night-time hike (?!?!), we would have spent the night there. Giving up on any hope of finding anything, we continued down the road and immediately came upon a nice clean motel (but not a Motel 6) nestled among the trees. After calculating the error on my GS's odometer, I figured we actually covered 816 miles (a personal best for me) this second day.

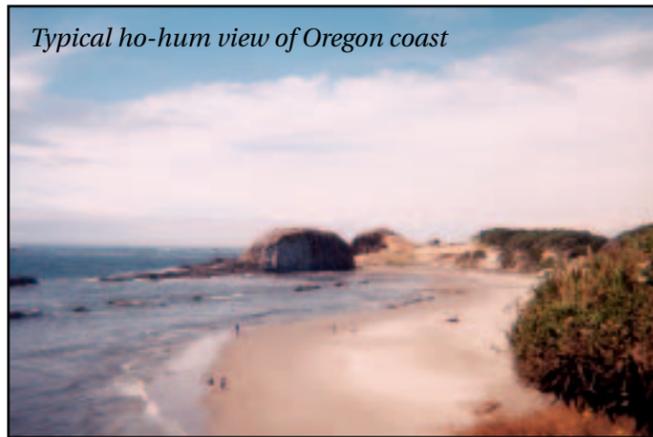


Above: Newport wharf-side restaurant view of the Oregon coastal highway bridge.



Above: RJ made it to the Pacific!
Above right: "I've been all the way across this ocean."

Wednesday, July 18, 1:00 pm, 272 miles: Klamoth Falls, Oregon. We averaged 60 mph yesterday, including stops. Today the pace is much slower but the scenery has been spectacular. No need to play my music because the scenery was more than enough stimulation. The Sierra Nevadas look much more pleasant in the carefree morning (fully bundled up again because it is very cool). Lassen Volcanic National Park was filled with steep volcanic cones, hoary pines, twisty roads, a stupid, weaving RV who tried to paint a rocky cliff with me and my bike, steaming vent holes, and it gave John a chance to use his Golden Age Pass and claim me as his newly found son (sure beats paying \$10 apiece!). But to keep us grounded, in reality, there was a 15 minute delay for road construction. As a kid, I always enjoyed the exotic flavors of Shasta soda pop and its icon of Mt. Shasta on the can label. Now I saw the real thing shrouded in thick clouds, covered with its eternal snowcap. Into Oregon, with its wide, green valleys and happy farmers only too glad to give up their crops and livelihood for some little fish in the reservoirs (a sign John saw: "No water, No barley, No beer!"). And now we were in a town that was very clean, somewhat free of informative commercial signs,



Typical ho-hum view of Oregon coast

and those nasty fast food joints and gas stations were hidden away on the edge of town. Of course, we politely waited for a helpful service station attendant to skillfully poke our credit cards into the point of sale gas pump, briskly enter a secret code, unhinge the ungainly gas nozzle, cautiously dispose noxious drops of gas left in the spout on the concrete slab, and then hand the noz-

about a thousand BMW's. In the last three days, we did see a few along the way, some of them going in the opposite direction, but now it's clear we're at ground zero for the marque in the year 2001. A lot of good looking, intelligent folks, a few really weird people, and a half dozen rat bikers riding old K bikes held together with rope and hose clamps. Yep, we're at the National!

The rest of the day, 18.7 miles (walking around included): With our luggage dropped off at the Motel 6, we've spent the day looking around at a mesmerizing array of BMW bikes, chatting with Helge Pedersen about the really big tank on his F650GS (we just thought he was some tall guy with a Scandinavian accent!), marveling at the courage and fortitude of the campers, scouting the vendors, and seeing a few fellow LOEBMW Riders (Bill and Sue Philo who live in Redmond not knowing it was going to be the 2001 rally site when they moved!; Loch and Joanne Page who brought themselves and the offspring in their van; and Bernhard who rode from Santa Fe alone). The vendors all had really great stuff of a highly useful and practical nature that may have been just a bit overpriced had they not offered "special rally discounts." John was able to resist since he

already possesses two of everything we saw. I held back knowing the final day of the rally would be when my brain's logical processes had determined what I truly needed and where



This shot: K-1 bike show at the rally.

Right: John's next bike!



Above: RJ and Gideon at rally.

zle to me like I was supposed to know what to do next. No self-service in Oregon. Is this still the United States? Oh well, once you get used to it, it is a pretty nice state at that.

2:35 pm, 408 miles: John and I are stopped, looking around on the ground trying to find our jaws that fell off our face when we came to the top of the road and rounded the bend that marked the beginning of the rim road that circuits Crater Lake. Pictures, I don't care how good or how much they're blown up, don't do justice to the awesome (I don't often use that word) size and reality of this lake. To think of the magnitude of volcanic violence that could open up a hole so vast and deep to only be filled with the deepest blue water on earth... If you've been there, you know what I mean. It was pretty damn cold here, too, but what did that matter?

6:20 pm, 545 miles: Bend. The last 130 miles have been on mostly straight roads cut through the thick pine forest with trees a hundred feet high. You travel for what seems about an hour and half and look down at the clock and it's only been fifteen minutes. Is this what's it like to travel the Alaska highway through Canada?! We settle in for the night (not even a Motel 6) gearing up for the big 16 miles to Redmond tomorrow morning.

Thursday, July 19, 8-something am, 16 miles: We're in line to get our registration packet. We've already spotted

the best values (read cheaper prices) were. The site itself was a beautiful arrangement (in a large circle) of big, well-designed, modern facilities. Many agreed it's the best rally site in years. The Cascades in the background and the pleasant sun with temps in the 70's don't

hurt either. Did I mention that we went to Bend that afternoon on errands (I forgot my camera in the motel) and got caught in a massive downpour?

Friday, July 20, 12:46 pm, 223 miles: Bored to tears with the rally, John and I decided to "do the coast" today. Long, eternal miles through the Cascades on a cold, overcast day with a road construction section of real loose gravel was rewarded with sun and wharf when we reached Newport. This is a fishing town with a quaint, touristy section along the wharf around the bay. With a huge arching old bridge as backdrop, we had some fresh seafood and then did a little hiking in our biker boots through the deep sand of the beach just south of town.

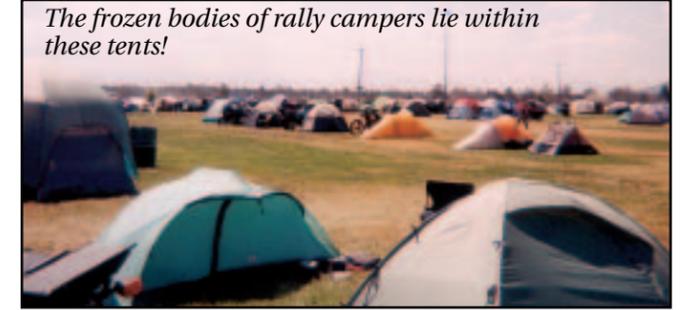
The Pacific and the rugged Oregon coast were in fine form for the tourists.

3:00 pm, 274 miles: The Oregon Dunes on the beach near Florence is our last view of the coast. After many photo opportunities, steep slopes of evergreens dropping down to the nearly white beaches, rocky outcrops bathed in crashing waves, a few RV's, and one K1100LT rider in such a hurry he must have had an appointment with the local ER or he just wasn't interested in stunning scenery - we bade farewell to the salty air and crawled our never ending way through the forest back to Redmond. (This trip and car trips in New England and Texas earlier this summer has brought a surprising revelation to me: I feel like I'm covering more territory making good time when I can see the horizon about 15-30 miles away, even across painfully flat plains, but put me in a deep forest and it seems like I've qualified for Social Security before I reach the next town). I end the day watching my old friend Helge's presentation about a tour through China and Russia last year.

Saturday, July 21, 3:45 pm, 3 miles: This time, I know what I want to buy. But before that, we run into Gideon Shaanan (who now lives in the Bay Area) as he spends a couple hour's break from a Northwest tour he's on. We also see Art and Pat Lauffenburger with the Philos and Pages (Art and Pat had been out touring Montana, Oregon, etc. and planned to move on to Washington, Canada, etc. on their "light truck" as Art calls his LT). And Galen Anderson of Washington (we became acquainted through email when I bought his massive Parabellum for my GS - I could not have survived this trip with any sanity left without that Parabellum) turned out to be a great guy to get to know. Getting back to my big purchase, it is quarter to 4 and I am being measured and photographed by Rick Mayer for a custom seat. I may have failed to mention how sore my butt (even with a water pillow under it) was by Wednesday afternoon. By mid-November when my seat is built, I should be riding in comfort.

6:30 pm, 3.5 miles: John and I are shocked that neither one of us won a new BMW bike! Obviously the fix was in and we were left out. Out of over 6600 rally attendees, I thought we had a pretty

The remains of an ancient salt lake in Utah



The frozen bodies of rally campers lie within these tents!

good chance. Anyway, we go off to Bill and Sue's lovely home for pizza, good conversation, and a look at his model motorcycle collection.

Sunday, July 22, 5:00 am, 0 miles: One thing you can depend on is John Ephlin will be sure you get up early enough to catch the birds dozing! Within an hour we will greet the cold morning fully bundled up and head east for Burns, 153 miles out in the eastern Oregon desert. Want to know exactly what it looks like in eastern Oregon? Go right down to I-25 between Socorro and T or C and you might as well be on the way to Burns.

6:27 pm, 677 miles: Back in beautiful downtown Ely, Nevada, we settle into yet another Motel 6 (with a swimming pool in which I have to test the waters). We toy with the idea of making it home tomorrow night by saving miles through Moab, to Cortez, to Farmington, down to Thoreau (pronounced "Thah-roo") on I-40, then west to highway 6 (for John) and Albuquerque for me. "Yeah, right," I say. "Probably be lucky to make it to Farmington or Shiprock."

Monday, July 23, You-know-what-time-with-John, 0 miles: Breakfast at McDonald's (I have purposely not mentioned the times we have eaten at Mickey Dee's just to keep some of you wondering. We did eat at some pret-

The Open Road in central Nevada, no-western Utah, no-eastern Oregon... we're not sure where this was!



ty interesting little Mom & Pop cafes, particularly Peggy Sue's in Redmond for breakfast featuring a very entertaining waitress, but I will say this-it will be a long time before a hamburger and fries or anything else fried will have any attraction for me) and we're off to Utah.

1:00 pm (back on New Mexico time), 346 miles: Green River, Utah. It's hotter than hell and I'm looking for my Motoport Body Guard and Kevlar Draggin' Shirt so I can be rid of this leather perforated jacket (which was a Godsend up until now!). I can't find the shirt so I resign myself to the jacket and Arby's for lunch. I say to John over some Curly Fries, "There's no way we can make home today unless we ride until midnight."

7:18 pm, 728 miles: Bluewater, New Mexico. We're too damn close to home to stop now. Inconceivably, it got cooler almost immediately after leaving Green River so the jacket was fine. We made great time across southeastern Utah, southwestern Colorado, and highway 371 south of Farmington (a new road to me) which was very flat, but quick and rather interesting in the Bisti Badlands area. Let's not get too specific about average speed today, but here we are-within two hours of wife, home, and a familiar non-Motel 6 bed (don't get me wrong, I like Motel 6, it's just not home). A quick phone call to each of our wives and a fill-up (After all these miles, I am still in the dark as to how much gas this GS really holds - I'll go for over 200 miles with the last twenty-some miles showing no bars on the gas gauge and the fuel light shining a bright

green, and then it'll take about 4.7 gallons to fill it up. Is this a 6.1 gallon tank with a two gallon reserve or what?). We head east into the stormy darkness.

8:30 pm, 794 miles: John split off at highway 6 with a big wave. "Great ride, Partner!" I call out inside my helmet. Passing Rio Puerco I notice there are a lot of lights at the gas station-convenience store. Whatever. (I hear later on the 10 o'clock News about the tragic shootings that happened a few hours earlier). For years, after having been gone on a long trip, I've always had that heart-in-the-mouth feeling when I topped the hill or come around the bend to behold the lights of Albuquerque. It's that way again, even more so on this night. I barely make it past the barriers before they close the Big I at 9 pm and zip home as if I had been gone for only a day ride.

9:02 pm, 824 miles (corrected to 865 miles): Hell, if I would have known how many miles it had been back in Bluewater, I could have gone on a little past Clines Corners, turned around and made it back home by 11 pm and had a thousand miles under my belt. Oh well, it was sure good to see Cheryl, take a shower, and eat a great big plate of mixed vegetables (a food group I hadn't had much acquaintance with for over a week!).

11:10 pm, 4,017 total miles: Lying in my own bed with Cheryl sound asleep next to me, no earplugs on, the sound of my cassettes still echoing in brain: my body still feels like I am flying down the road on the GS and even though my butt is sore, I finally drift off to sleep wearing a permanent grin.



Riding gear checklist: tank top, shorts, sandals, baseball cap... hey, who is that guy riding that BMW? Surely it couldn't be our own Bill Koup flaunting everything he ever learned in the MSF course - and that with a big smile! We were assured that when he hit Rte 666 he put his helmet on, though. Photo by Robert Keen, who always wears all his gear.



On the Road

NOVEMBER

Something Missing?

by David Wilson

You're probably used to seeing something else here – say, a calendar. Well, an unprecedented event has happened: for the first time since I've been editing the newsletter there are no rides planned in the foreseeable future. The next scheduled event is the Christmas Party in December, listed below.

Which is not to say the club is in a slump. Lurking at the LOE BMW R web site I find spontaneous rides being posted for most weekends. But if you're a typical anal retentive BMW type like me, you'd prefer to plan ahead for your riding adventures. Which brings me to the point of this spiel.

If you want to host a ride call or email me (232-0266, mrmvtv@aol.com) with a date, a destination, and any bit of a plan you may have, and I'll list it right here. It's tough to have a riding club without rides, and it's tough to have rides without riders stepping up to host them. It doesn't have to be a big deal, even if you want to cruise up 14 or blitz the Jemez, let me know and I'll post it.

And don't forget to check the Message Board on the web site. If your weekend suddenly gets a breathing space, what better way to spend it than enjoying the gorgeous New Mexico autumn? Let's ride!

DECEMBER

Saturday, December 8

Christmas Party

Talk about doing it up?! This year the party's going to be held at O'Neil's restaurant, on Uptown just west of Louisiana. The shindig starts at 6 and food starts flying around 7. There will be a cash bar, but the club is also buying a keg, so bring your designated biker and get that tux out of the mothballs, because we're going to PAR-TAY!

AND BEYOND...

Sunday, January 27, 2002

Progressive Breakfast

Let's just skip the winter and go right on into spring... With hosts Richard Knowles, Gary and Kathy Cade, and Ernie Gabaldon.

Please note that if no person is listed as ride coordinator, you can check the club website at nmbmwmc.org for updated news and events. Or call Bryan Lally, our illustrious Activity Committee Chair, at (505) 662-4083, (email bryan@lally.org).

If you're looking for an impromptu ride check the club web site's Message Board for unannounced rides and changes in the above schedule.

Great Door Prizes

Generous Vendors Donate at Sipapu

By RJ Mirabal

These are the fine vendors who generously provided door prizes for the 2001 Sipapu Rally. Many of these vendors should be familiar names to veteran rally goers because they have had a long history of supporting rally, such as Deming Cycle Center, Al Simmons, Intersport, Dowco, Intersport, Progressive Suspension, Sipapu Lodge, and Monsor Shafee of Roadgear. Other long-time supporters are Bing Agency, Conspicuity, Dennis Kirk, Rider, Motorcycle Consumer News, Sliks, and Van Leeuwen. Some of our best contributors are ones that just started with us in the last couple of years such as Santa Fe BMW, Kermit's Touring Chair, Works Performance Products, AeroFlow, Beehive Beemers, BMW Club of Colorado, and BMW of Fort Worth. Besides, Roadgear, Deming, Sipapu Lodge (our hosts) and Santa Fe BMW, on-site vendors, including B-M'R Bike Bags, Sound Devices, Moto-Sport Panniers, along with Robert and Charlie Richey, have contributed to our great door prize give-away.

This year one out of every four rally goers received a door prize – never mind that Diane Goode and I *still* didn't win anything! Everything from a great Roadgear jacket to helmets, and riding suits from our BMW dealers plus those nifty leather key fobs from Dowco put a big smile on lots of folks. Please give your business when you can to these vendors and just wait until next year. It may Diane's big year to finally win a prize for the first time in her life!

This year's door prize donations came from: AeroFlow; Al Simmons/Mustang; Beehive Beemers; Bing Agency International; B-M'R Bike Bags; BMW Club of Colorado; BMW of Fort Worth; Conspicuity; Deming Cycle Center; Dennis Kirk; Dowco; Ehlert Publishing (Rider); Intersport; Kermit's Touring Chair; Motorcycle Consumer (continued on back page)

Join the LOE BMW Riders

Yearly dues: \$15 single, \$20 couple; payable each January 1. New member dues prorated on a quarterly basis. For more information or to pay dues, write or go to the web site:

**Land of Enchantment BMW Riders
PO Box 92095
Albuquerque, NM 87199-2095**

www.nmbmwmc.org

or call Ken Goode at (505) 892-5690.

News; Moto-Sport Panniers; Progressive Suspension; Robert and Charlie Richey; Roadgear; Santa Fe BMW; Sipapu Lodge; Sliks; Sound Devices; Van Leeuwen; Works Performance Products.

9-11 and BMW

BMW NA press release

The BMW Group is committing cash and products to the American Red Cross Disaster Relief Fund and the City of New York to assist in relief efforts following the attack on the United States on Tuesday, September 11.

BMW will donate \$1 million in cash and ten new BMW X5 Sports Activity Vehicles to the Red Cross for its national relief efforts. One hundred police motorcycles will be given to the City of New York to help replace equipment lost in the New York Police Department motor pool. The total donation is valued at \$2.4 million.

In a joint statement, the chief executives of BMW's manufacturing, sales and marketing, financial services, technology and design companies said, "On behalf of our employees, dealers, and customers, we hope this donation will assist the relief effort, honor the memory of those who lost their lives, and show our appreciation for the freedom and opportunity this country offers."

You Can Write!

Send in your stories, reviews, opinions – don't forget pictures, too (shots of club members and their bikes strongly encouraged). We'll publish anything! Send your contributions to:

David Wilson
5700 Copper NE, #B34
Albuquerque, NM 87108
Voice: 505-232-0266
Email: mrmmtv@aol.com

Computer files are best; please send material via email or on disk saved as Text (ascii). I can also scan photos and graphics, so take lots of pix on that cross-country trip and send them along.

! NOTE: The deadline for the December issue is **Monday, November 19th. Start typing!**

For Your Buying Pleasure

FOR SALE

1987 K100RS. 57K, Pearl White, AeroFlow windshield. New tires, crash bars, pull backs on handle bars. Corbin seat and backrest with luggage rack. Well maintained overall, excellent condition. \$3700 obo.

Call Ron Norton at (405) 732-5380, Russ Marooney at (405) 677-4328 or Jim Devlin at (405) 733-8130.

Shoei Synchro Tech, XL NEW!

Aerostich Darien, XL, Excellent!

Heated Vest w/BMW plug, XL

BMW Kalihari, XL-L, Almost New!

Heavy leather motorcycle jacket, NEW!

BMW R1100R Tankbag, As New!

All cheap cheap cheap!

Call Bill Koup at 856-7513 or email him at koup@home.com

Riding Gear: Aerostitch Roadcrafter, red w/ blue trim, 44L, good condition, \$100. Hein Gericke Darien, brown leather, 40, removeable liner, new, excellent condition, \$200.

Call Mike Wheeler in Los Alamos at 505-662-5577.

Ramp with rails. 7' long, black. Also 2 motorcycle rails, 1 3½' wide, 1 5½' wide. \$40 each obo.

Call Paul W. Browning at 275-7856.

! NOTE: Classified ads run for 3 months, then are deleted unless I'm told to keep them running.



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