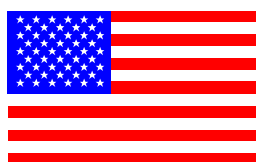


Rhein Valley Legion Chapter

August 2007

NEWSLETTER



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PO # 9201





director
Dennis Morosin

First I would like to thank all those who were there to Support our fellow members for the reunion party. Once again sorry I could not be there to share my support but the GIJO world called for and exercise.

This weekend we are taking the kids and family to Berlin. Plan to see you all next weekend at the Long Riders Run. Being a rookie to this "ride and rough" it thing I am not sure what you guys are getting me into. I am used to the good ole Holiday Inn. But that's what makes this group interesting.

Even though I did not make the meeting I would like to update you on a little bit of what your director is trying to do. We have turned in the PO and it should be finalized for another two years by the time this newsletter gets out. I have been on the phone to various parts and Harley places for donations of items or certificates for our events. We lost the Bambi club for the Christmas party but we have a few other options I should know about before the next meeting. We may have a way of making some money just by buying our normal Harley parts. I am still gathering the details, if it works you would go to the site thru our web page and we would get a check from that company throughout the year. Basically a percentage deal and it is a company I know a lot of us already use. I have talked to a few business owners in the Ramstein, KA area on who we are and what kinds of things we have done in the past and would like to do in the future. I have had a lot of positive feedback and have a few meetings set up in the next few weeks. I will share that with all at the next meeting.

I am thinking of next years calendar and trying to make it eventful, however you would like to word it. I am working on a Normandy run, and a poker run. Poker run will most likely be out of the Ramstein area or Heidelberg. If anyone would like to go somewhere, plan a ride, help plan a ride please let the board know so we can make these rides happen.

New members, we have five new members from the Ramstein area, and an additional four that have emailed from various areas. We have made the RVLC cards with all the chapter info on it and it sounds like the word is getting out that there is an American HOG chapter out there. Military Car Sales has started to put our flyers there new bike packages they hand out to the customers. These packages are not only at Ramstein but in Bitburg, Spangdelm, Manheim and I think we took them to Hanau. We still have a few out there to reach if you are at a base that needs some please let me know we will send them some flyers.

I have also added a meeting to the month of October, it will be Sunday the 14th place to be determined. Originally we had the toy run in October so a meeting was scheduled. Due to the toy run moving we will have a meeting. We will be able to finalize the Christmas Party and see what our ending finances will look like.

Dennis



treasurer
Brenda Morosin

BRENDA'S TWO CENTS

Brenda's input part
Hi all!

Sorry I did not make it out to the last shindig I am sure I missed a good time with friends. As you all can understand I had to do the family thing. I have had my nephew here for three weeks this summer. Not sure if I wanted to hear the wrath if I brought him out to a party. You know how some kids say the damndest things !! MY luck John would have had to forget how to read and ride Naked again. Rockers should be coming in any day for those who are waiting on them.

I would like to send Michelle and Jason a care package from RVLG. Is there anyone else we have down there to send a package to? If you guys are out there reading this newsletter please let us know if you need anything sent to you, besides your bikes, that we can not help you with. We can ride them and make sure they get tender loving care, but we can not send them to you. If anyone has there address down range that will help to but I am sure I can get them from their squadrons.

Here is what I have on our financial situation:

ending balances are €964. This still is not that good because we dedicated €1000 to Manfred's shop not realizing we have to have a balance of €2000 to commit that €1000. By the by laws as they read we can technically only use €480 Euros towards the shop, so we still need to bring up our Euro account. We can only dedicate out 50 % of our bank balance.

In dollars we ended July sitting at \$3382.72 - we brought in \$97 in Merchandise 72\$ in new members and 72\$ renewals. Bringing our \$ balance to \$3623.72 .

We have had a donation request from the Red Cross in Stuttgart details will be at the next meeting and a vote on how much to donate will be brought up. Hopefully at the next event or two we will be bringing more members out. We have had a few inquiries lately on the chapter. Hope to see all at the Long Riders weekend.

Brenda

assistant director
Jason Moore

No input this month.

assistant director
Petra Naylor

Hello everybody,
how are you all doing? Drowning in rain and floods? We had so much water pouring down the sky that we have massive floods at the Rhein river and got alarmed to fill sand bags to protect buildings at the river front last night. Doesn't it sound like fun shovelling sand in the middle of the night? Luckily we live on the top of a valley so we can't get flooded.

The bikes are ok since we had the garage gate closed. Talking about bikes – I had made plans to participate on the Alps Run last year. Did I make it? Guess what happened?! First thing to change plans was that the hospital decided to throw a party for everybody that Friday night – our annual Sommerfest. Sure, it was fun (I had to go – no choice there) but it meant I could not make it to Interlaken Friday night. Besides – it was a good party. Usually if you don't feel like going it turns out to be pretty good.

So we decided to leave together Saturday around lunch to meet everybody either on the trip or for dinner at Interlaken. It turned out to be 2 pm until we started. The weather was nice and we took a scenic route – part of it was the Susten pass. Coming down (this is the last pass before Interlaken which meant maybe 25 more miles. Cruising down I noticed that my horn had vibrated of – it was dangling on the cables in front of me. The moment I realized this, the bike started to act funny. I pulled the throttle and the only thing that happened was that she was running on one cylinder. Plus all my control lights were gone and my speedo did not work any more either. I tried to blow my horn so he knows something was not right but – but it did not work any more. So I waved with my arms in the air – think he noticed me acting funny on my bike? Oh no – he enjoyed riding so much he just cruised along. So I stopped trying to find out what is wrong – I knew it was something “electrical” which I hate because usually there is little you can do. It did not take long and Jürgen showed up finding me on the side of the road lying underneath my bike. Next thing we knew is that she did not generate enough electricity any more. Maybe the regulator? That was my guess and it turned out to be right. Ok – this regulator lasted almost 100 00 km so I don't want to complain. Too bad it had to happen on the Alps Run!! I was looking forward to spend time with good friends that I had not seen in a long time. So we took a room and spend a nice evening. Thanks Johnny and Terry for offering help to give me a ride back in Terrie's car.

We decided to get the car and trailer her home since it was only 100 miles away from home. Who knows what happens next when I go on along distance trip and I might need ADAC? So after this weekend Jürgen knows the roads between Interlaken and Waldshut pretty well – doing the trip four times on Sunday! And I had enough time to buy Swiss Alps cheese, finding nice hotels for next year and exploring the area by foot.

Last weekend we had the meeting with chapter picture at Stuttgart –Sindelfingen. Thanks to Manfred and his daughter we had coffee and cake while we were waiting for everybody to show up. Who said that time was changed to three o'clock? Anyway – this is why you will see several chapter pics taken at different times (check the clock and you can check who showed up at what time). Thanks to our photographer Gernot – the pics are on CD already and on their way to my house. I am looking forward to see them.

We took the chapter pic after everybody arrived and decided to have the meeting at the Schützenhaus. Everybody was going there anyways and a big group left for a little ride-out. Unfortunately I had a pretty bad flu so I took the car and could not stay for the party either.

The car rider crew – yes I was not the only one having physical problems – went straight to the Schützenhaus and we had a nice afternoon talking and bs-ing.

Had the meeting around 7pm – for details check the meeting minutes.

The Schützenhaus allowed us to camp there – it was a super cool location which made me feel even worse that I was not able to stay for the night. It was laid back and relaxed atmosphere with good service and food from the restaurant people.

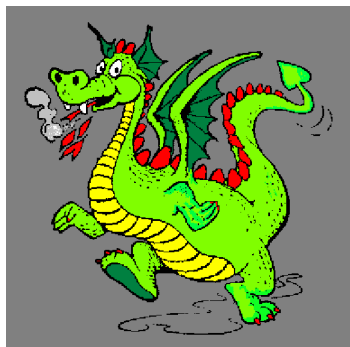
Johnny and some friends organized a pa so we had good music to listen to also.

Thanks to Fug'n'Nutz and the Stuttgart Clan for organizing this party. This is a fixed date in my calendar by now and I look forward to it every year. And you guys were able to find another cool location in the Sindelfingen area.

So what is coming up next? The Long Riders from Switzerland are having their party in the middle of August and the following and last weekend of August you have – at least – two options: either go to Aviemore or if you do not feel like going on such a long trip – come to the black forest rally. This has always been a cool party, too. Very scenic landscape, nice people, laid back atmosphere and cool ride-outs. Come visit us in the black forest! I am looking forward to seeing you there!

Keep your hair in the wind,

Petra



secretary/webmaster/editor
Pavla Fröhlich

Hi folks,
this time I invited some of our members to write input for our newsletter. So you can see that not only board members are taking part of our chapter's life.

I enjoyed the Alps Run very much even I braked a bone in my foot. Even those I road more than 2000 miles on my vacation and I road to the meeting in Sindelfingen and had a great party there.

Thanks Petra for the info that 'some' persons came late for to take the chapter picture at Manfred's shop. So I can explain how it came. Yes it was (mainly) me. Ok it happened so. We (Bea, Hardy, Peti and me) left our vacation one day earlier and rode from Spain to Basel on one day (more than 560 miles!) because of the meeting. We came home at midnight close to frozen and tired. I got up on Saturday, unpacked and packed my bag and led a group of 7 bikes to Sindelfingen. I called Petra for to say we'll be late. But she didn't pick up the phone. So I called some one, I knew he's there, to let them know we'll be late. Sorry Petra and all others for to wait for me. Lady info: She rode more than 6'900 miles the last three and half month! Good girl! I love her.

See you on the Long Riders party. The coordinates for GPS junkies N47.43080 E7.61041.

Keep your rubber side down
Pavla

assessor/advisor
H.-P. Moschner

Hi all,

the last two weekends where real fun. On the first weekend we had the chapter picture taken at Manfred's Shop and later on the 2nd annual Stuttgart Clan/RVLC/Fug'n Nutz Reunion and the monthly Chapter Meeting at the Schuetzen Haus.

I started a little late in Frankfurt so I had to take the Autobahn to make it in time to Manfred's Shop.

At 13:45 I arrived in Sidelfingen, just enough time to get the helmet off, comb my hair and get ready to smile into the camera. Some where still at the Schuetzen Haus, so we decided to take another picture at 15:00. After that Johnny Label had the lead in a little ride out. He found some nice country roads around his hometown and back to Sindelfingen. At one point i blocked the Street and waited for Manfred and the one who wanted to stay in the rear to come around the corner also. As no one came I thought they must have been in the middle of the pack and I just did not see them. So in order to catch up with the group I had a lot of fun go on my pace on the Buell. The street's where flying by and I found them way to fast and I had to go again there speed. The two where still missing. Somehow they managed to be at the Schuetzen Haus before us. But I swear they did not pass us.

After we relaxed a bit we put good food and drinks in the belly. The meeting was held and than the party started. Kids had fun on the seesaw till adults decided to help them and hopped on it too. There was a loud crack and the seesaw broke in two peaces. Later on say said it was old anyway and we did not get charged. We enjoyed the time together and a lot of stories where told.

Later on two man and a women from Swiss did a naked run and the man did a burn out while being but naked. They should get a Naked Crew Burn out patch.

At midnight the Schuetzen Haus closed and the party went on at the camp ground.

On Sunday after some pancakes from Johnny Ii started riding back home. Without the need to rush I enjoyed to go country roads on that nice sunny day.

On the next weekend was the first annual Poker Run held by the American Legion Riders in Mannheim. I registered got a map a pin and tickets for food and a drink. The first stop was the Rhein Neckar dealership. I tried to go the way the map wanted me to. But after I got lost in Mannheim I went on the Autobahn and took the way I know. The dealership sold there t-shirts for a special price for the participants of the poker run. Johhny Label and friends from Stuttgart arrived and I went with them to the next stop at the Cave Mens in Wattenheim. From there Johnny took country roads to Mettenheim at Ron's Mainstream Harleys. It was good to see Petra and Ron again.

Back in Mannheim was food and drinks served and the winner's from the poker run announced.

Eddy Kane started to do the raffle with a lot of different Glasses. After half of them where gone Eddy said the winner could get them filled at the bar. The crowd was happy. It was a nice turn out and next year it will be held again. So don't miss it.

That is just part of the two events I went to, there was to much to put it in here. For the whole stories of the upcoming events get there and see for yourself.

On the coming weekend is the Poker Run from the Rough Riders in K-Town, the summer party from 74 or more and the annual Party from the Long Riders in Swiss.

Three more fine small events to enjoy.

See you on the road

HP

Ride all days, sober always

head road captain **John Ballard**

I have been promising Pavla since April that I'd write a good newsletter input for the ride we just did. The first time was after we did the Stuttgart 4 H-D Dealer in the Rain Railroad Tracks Fall Down Ride, and never got around to it. In May I promised I do a summary of the Super Rally, which included the Bridge Too Far Ride to commemorate US Memorial Day, which did include a lot less rain and no falling down whatsoever. Probably some railroad tracks, I don't recall. But somehow I didn't get around to that, either! In June I promised I would write a summary of the trip Eric and I made to the European HOG Rally in Fuengirola, Spain. My wife had never been away from Eric more than one night at a time, so since Eric and I would be on the road nearly two weeks, I kept a daily journal (and full photo documentation) during the trip. I have the journal right here. Maybe I'll transcribe it when I get around to it. I think that would be better saved for January when the riding season has slowed down a bit!

Then Malmsheim. No newsletter input from me. Then the Alps Run. No newsletter input! I have been unusually swamped at work, and this wasn't making things easier, but I began to realize if I didn't get started soon, the riding season would be over and I'd be forced to summarize for you the entire year in one newsletter! Aaaaaaaa! Some of you won't be able to take that, so I will start somewhere! In the end I will complete this over a few days time.

Well, back to the Spain trip. This was originally planned to be the "Sidecar and Son" Trip. Well, we didn't have any rain to speak of, very few railroad tracks that I recall, and no falling down whatsoever, at least not by me. But darned if the "Sidecar and Son" trip turned into just "Son Trip". That's right, no falling down and also no sidecar! Hmmm. A story, you ask? Yes indeed. I had just spent a bit of money to get the sidecar support arms custom made, something I should have done when I got it the sidecar rig 7 years ago. Any of you contemplating a sidecar, please talk to me, I have 7 years of experience, most of which consisted of lessons learned the hard way! but that's another story) But I finally had the support arms custom made, just in time for Spain. I picked up the rig on Thursday morning and rode it back to work. I had to work late in order to be able to leave on time for Spain (Saturday) so I left the office at about 11 p.m. About 1/2 mile into my ride home, something doesn't feel right. Out of the corner of my eye I see something. I look behind me and I am laying a SMOKE SCREEN down the middle of Vaihingen! I pull over and oil is pouring I SAY POURING out of my air filter. I shut the motor down but before long most of the oil is out! I think to myself, "This completely sucks. I just spent a fortune getting the sidecar remounted, I pack for Spain Friday, and I am supposed to leave Saturday. Manfred will not be able to fix this serious problem in time. This could not suck more!" Well, as soon as I thought that, I hear "Boom" and lightning zings over head, and it starts raining buckets. I am immediately soaked. I think, Okay, maybe it could suck more. Well, the good news is I just bought cigars for the trip, so I may as well have a cigar, in the rain, while I am waiting for the ADAC truck. I rummage in my tour pack. Hmmm, no cigars here. I rummage in the left saddlebag. Hmmm, no cigars here, either. Where are those darn cigars I just bought? I rummage in the right saddle bag. HMMMMMM! I left the damn cigars at the register at the shoppete after I paid for them! Oh, man. How much more is this going to suck before the night is over? Well, lucky for me, not much more. Manfred had a look at my engine in the morning.

We took the sidecar off and on twice (a breeze thanks to my newly acquired but highly expensive support arms) and finally determined that the engine is "kaput". Failed cam bearing sent metal shavings everywhere. Lucky for me, even though the bike is 7 years old, it only has 20 thousand miles on it (most of it in the first two years) so Harley is willing to replace all the stock parts. Fingers crossed. I lose my 95 inch kit but it could suck worse...at least I am getting some parts free from Harley-Davison, thanks to Manfred!

So now how do I get my son to Spain? For those of you who don't know Eric, maybe you should come out and ride with us sometime! Where've you been! Seriously, he is only 5 and I was not sure how long he could go on the back of the Electraglide in his booster seat. The previous mileage record for us was 350 miles in the sidecar (Faak and back last year), but only 120 miles or so on the Eglide, Vegelweh to Stuttgart (and no sleeping on his part.) Cancel the trip? Naaaaaah. The Splinter Group is going to be waiting for me there! I decided to just go for it. It's only 1500 miles to Fuengirola, so if we can manage 300 miles per day, we'll make it down and back in 10 days with 4 days in the middle for the rally. So I put away the cots, the big tent, the chairs, the table, and all the other stuff that fit so well in the sidecar and packed the small tent and our clothes onto the Eglide. Oh, before I left Manfred's I removed the tour pack luggage rack from the Road King (I thought I'd need it) and quickly mounted it to the Eglide, and off we went, Spain or Bust!

Well, all the worry about Eric was for nothing. On the first day we rode 350 miles on back roads to Geneva, 350 miles. It started pouring at dusk as we searched for gas. My credit card would not work but eventually we got gas, but our fun meter was in the red, so we got a hotel. The next day, sunshine, but Eric was asking "Daddy, where is the beach?" so I decided to haul ass directly for water. When we hit the Med 300 miles later, it was still early and we were having fun, so I hung a right and headed for Barcelona. Just before dark I saw a familiar sign: Lhorett De Mar. Hmmm, close enough. 550 miles! I rewarded Eric, who was jumping up and down when he saw the beach, with a day off so we could have some fun. He kept saying "Daddy, you found the beach! GOOD JOB!" We stayed in the same campground where the HOG rally was in 1999. (The Jethro goes to Spain Trip) The campground is a lot nicer now, but basically the same. New reception area and new restaurants. Two days later we headed out, and I thought we'd have to split up the remaining journey into 2 days, but darned if we didn't actually start having more fun at the end of the day, when the temperature cooled off and the scenery started to change in southern Spain. We made in the whole way, 700 miles in one day. Not bad for a 5 year old! Oh, and that was his birthday! Happy Birthday, Son! Be proud, as there are many adults who have never ridden that far. (some of you NRBS???)

I had mixed feelings about going to the HOG Rally. I had thought I'd just show up and not buy a ticket, just hang out with my friends. Well, I'm glad I got a ticket in the end because the entertainment was great, the Harley-village had some impressive displays, including 4 of the local dealers who set up some showrooms that were nicer than some permanent dealers I have visited The best part was running into an American couple who happened to be from Poland. I asked them if they happened to work at the embassy, and if so, did they know a friend of mine who now works there. They did! As we were standing there laughing at what a small world it is, up walks a woman who looks very familiar. Come to find out, it is Collete and John from Zurich, and also Lynda from Salzburg, long lost members of the Stuttgart Clan who I had not seen in 8 years! What a coincidence. My friends Steve and Mary from Sheffield walked up, along with Rolf from Norway, the "Splinter Group" from 1998. I started to introduce everyone and they were all interrupting me, hugging and high

fiving! They had all met 2002! What a great reunion, and the main reason I like going to the big events in Europe. You never know who you'll run into! Rhinehart and Tuk from Heidelberg surprised us, yelling down from the balcony of a hotel! What a great time. As I get older, I find it is more about the "Who" than the "where", and the Who on this rally really made it special for me!

Well, on the way home we broke our mileage record for the 3rd time this trip with a home leg of 750 miles in one day, just in time to get back to Malmsheim in time to host Johnny Label's 3rd Annual Breakfast. Small turnout this year but the quality was higher (haha) and a good thing too as I had a hard time with the bacon this year, nearly catching the kitchen on fire! Unfortunately that was not the worst thing that happened as a good weekend turned tragic on Saturday night when a friend of ours, Uschi, from Köln, was struck by a motorcycle and killed while walking across the street back to her hotel. Our thoughts and prayers go out to her husband Fred and to those who knew her well.

So that pretty much covers June. Oops, I left out my crazy ride to Prague. I had to work late and also had my daughter Madeleine's tournament softball game to attend on Saturday, but I had said I would ride to Prague for Ron Johnson, who as you all know was killed in Iraq this year. Ron had been planning to come with us. Despite all the things on my mind, I knew I had to go to Prague, so I rode there on Friday evening with Dallas and Matt the Biker Sherpa. My GPS quit at the border as I forgot I didn't have Czech maps. We had to use DPS, Dallas Positioning System. That is not quite as reliable as GPS but it did eventually get us there! Thanks Dallas! I woke up in the morning at 6 a.m. Despite the headache from all the Jack Derryl kept "forcing" us to drink, I had no choice but to head for Heidelberg to see my daughter's game. They won! So it was all worth it.

So, I hoped to tell you about the Fucking Ride, which of course is the ride to Fucking, Austria, which is a place, not a profanity in this case! But work interfered at the last minute, so no Friggin' Fucking Ride for me, anyway. I am still waiting for the Fucking pictures. I was able to make it to Hanau, and what a great party Robert Gray and the Hanau Rod & Gun Crew threw. And to make it special for me, my wife attended (and actually was seen outside of the tent!). This party reminded me of "the old days". Thanks to Robert for inviting us. This was a good event to start to bring everybody closer together again!

Wow. So it's July, someone told me the other day? Darn near the end of July as I work on closing out this instalment. Well, I have to go back and recap some of the Super Rally and the Bridge Too Far Ride. Many of you may have see the movie or read the book "A Bridge Too Far" which is about Operation Market Garden in World War II. It was the largest Airborne operation in history. It took place in September 1944. The allies advance had stalled following the invasion of Normandy, with the allied forces outrunning their logistics. In a bold move to attempt to end the war by Christmas, the allies planned to drop American, British, and Allied paratroops in and around Eindhoven, Nijmegen, and Arnhem to seize a series of bridges. British 1st Armoured Corps would then streak over these bridges, cross the Rhein, and into the heart of Germany. Well, the Germans had Panzer forces in Arnhem, and put up fierce resistance, and ultimately the operation failed since the last bridge, in Arnhem, was never taken. (hence the "Bridge too Far") I had been assigned to an airborne unit at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and you can't help but become aware of the significance of this battle in the history of the Airborne. The streets, buildings, and drop zones are all named after famous places and heroes from the battle. So I had always wanted to visit these areas, which are only a few hours away from Germany! When the Super Rally location was announced, Bussloo, Netherlands, I soon

realized two things: the Super Rally was on Memorial Day, which was going to interfere with our little party we "normal" have combined with the wreath ceremony in Wiesbaden. I also realized Bussloo was only 20 miles or so from Arnhem. Knowing full well any attempt to have a party in Germany when the Super Rally was so close was doomed to mediocrity if not failure, I suggested to have a Memorial Day ride visiting the sites of the battle. After exhaustive planning, I decided to begin in Arnhem with a visit to the Hartenstein Hotel, which is now the British Airborne Museum and have lunch (and RVLC meeting) at the Schoonoord Hotel. The Hartenstein was the HQ for the British Airborne forces while the Schoonoord had been used as a field hospital during the battle. After the lunch we headed south to Neerpelt Belgium which was the jump off point for the armored forces, the beginning of what became known as "Hell's Highway". There we retraced the route the tanks took, linking together all of the bridges and as many of the drop zones as we could identify.

Well, I had warned everyone to remain flexible, as none of us had visited the area before and our recon attempts the day before had only focused in Arnhem. As a result, we had to search quite hard for some of the bridges! I also learned that TomTom maps of the Netherlands are not very accurate, and TomTom sent me in all sorts of crazy directions. I didn't mind, I was riding my motorcycle, but some of the others had begun to grumble! Eventually as the day grew longer and longer, we decided to jump on the autobahn to make it to the last bridge. I made a wrong turn and went the wrong way, and pulled over to tell everyone what was happening. I knew some people were getting tired, it was nearly 8 p.m. and we had been riding since 10. We were pointed toward the campground so I said those that wanted to go back should go straight, those who wanted to find the last bridge in Arnhem, could follow me. A couple peeled off and headed for the Super Rally site, while the rest of us turned back to Arnhem.

We found the Arnhem bridge no problem. We rode across to the southern side, and turned around to come back across in the direction the British tanks were supposed to have come, but never made it. Thousands of British, Polish, and German soldiers had died right in and around this bridge, not to mention hundreds of Dutch civilians. With us on the ride were Americans, Brits, Germans. If only we'd had a Polish biker we'd have all the soldiers' nations represented. Well, we rolled slowly across the bridge in very tight formation. We had flags flying on the bikes, and I had the bagpipes version of "Amazing Grace" blaring as we slowly came across the bridge, paying our respects to those who had fought and died here. Despite the challenges of the day, that moment made it worth it for all of us. I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one that had goosebumps! (we had come across the bridge at Nijmegen the same way). Ironically, for those who had headed to the campsite, once again the Arnhem bridge had proved "A Bridge Too Far".

So damned if it isn't the end of July, nearly. I just returned from the RVLC 2nd Annual Pavla's Alps Run, which has kept the string of RVLC Alps Runs going now for what, 9 years? I'll have to check my t-shirt from Dave's "last" one...and then add 2 years... The weather started out very bad, many folks were having a COW when we were delayed until midnight by floods and mudslides which closed most of the roads into Interlaken. For the rest of you who were not in the MOOOOOD for the Alps run, I am UDDERLY shocked that anyone would want would miss it. We rode down through floods, mudslides, and blocked roads. Everyone was having a COW not knowing where we were. Anyone who has BEEF with the high prices in Switzerland should take it out of HIDE and go. Pavla's runs are always WELL DONE and luckily the times when she falls over are RARE. Fortunately she just GRAZED the bus before she wound up on her RIBS. After the run we were MILKING our beers at Hooters

since we still had to ride. Complaints about the weather just BULL as we managed STEER to the green PASTURE of the hotel without have to HIDE from the rain. What's up with all the cow puns (Thanks Moo Woman) you wonder? Well, ironically, it doesn't really have anything to do with Switzerland at all, but with an infamous trip to Corsica. Terry "Moo Man" was hit by a cow in Corsica last year. It is a great story, the best "I fell off my bike" story I have ever heard. I'd love to tell it, but we made a new rule this year. Last year Teri arrived at the Alps run and his bike had clearly had an encounter with some sort of stationary object! The fairing had no paint on one side, one blinker and passing lamp was broken and dangling, the fender looked like the front of an abused paper airplane, and the gas tank was badly scratched. Luckily, Terry was not pretty good shape! Everyone was running up, "Oh my God, what happened!!!!!" He said "Get me a beer and get everyone around the table, I'm only going to tell this story one time." So we got him a beer, assembled the crowd. By the end of the story, we were all laughing so hard were crying and rolling on the floor. I was laughing so hard, no sound was coming out and my stomach was actually sore the next day. This story is that good. Naturally, this story started 3 day period of non-stop cow jokes. I told Moo Man, "Embrace the Cow". It is the only "bike fell down" story I have ever heard that doesn't involved a mistake or stupidity on the bikers part!. Embrace the Cow!

So fast forward a year. The cow jokes had died out long ago, and other than the new road name "Moo Man", everyone had forgotten all about the Corsican Cow Attack of 2006. Moo Man's bike had been put back together, although without my helpful suggestion to get a cow paint job...All of a sudden, an email came out that announced not only Moo Man's birthday, but also the 1st anniversary of the Corsican Cow Attack! Naturally, the cow jokes kicked in again, and this time to a whole new level. The crowning moment came when Moo Man's girlfriend Anne (Moo Woman??? Milk Maid???) realized that (I AM NOT MAKING THIS UP) that Saturday, 21 July, the actual day of the Alps Run, was also National Cow Appreciation Day! The cow jokes kept on coming and everyone asked Terry to tell the story, but he would not tell those who had not heard. He insisted, as a new "tradition" that the story be told just one time, to everyone, at dinner at the hotel, just like last year.

Now last year I don't remember seeing this, but this year, every time we came around a corner there was a "Beware of Cow" sign. At one point we saw a portable sign, one that was similar to a warning triangle. Needless to say, that sign wound up in someone's saddlebag. At dinner, we presented Teri a home made cow t-shirt (white t-shirt and black spots made with a black sharpie magic marker) and Switzerland Cow Pin, to commemorate both the cow and the location of the story. It is ironic, of course, that we associate the cow with Switzerland instead of Corsica, but that was where the story was told for the first time. We also presented the sign, which all of us had signed and presented to Moo Man, after which he told the story (with assistance). And then we declared an official end of the cow jokes until next year!

What about the ride, you ask? Well, as usual Pavla did a great job planning the ride. The weather had been absolute crap the night before, and more bad weather was forecast for Saturday, but the Road God was gracious that day and we made the whole ride in the sunshine. We ended the ride at the Interlaken Hooters for late lunch, and as we returned to the hotel for either power nap or power drinking, it was just beginning to rain. It rained all night but just as we left in the morning, all of us sweating in our rain gear, the sun poked through and we rode all the way back to Germany without a single drop of rain! In fact a the gas stop we looked like we had been attacked by a swarm of bees, all of us flailing about wildly trying to get our of our raingear before we had heat stroke!

Geez, so here I have a "short" newsletter input again. I will have to publish separate chapters later for each of these paragraphs, as I only touched the surface of all the great experiences and stories we all shared during each of these rides. And of course the best news is the summer is still not over! Next week is the Stuttgart Clan/RVLC/Nutz party, the weekend after that the American Legion Riders Poker Run and a cook little rally in Homburg. And then my return to Avimore (who wants to come with me!) or for something more close to home the traditional ride to the Black Forrest Bulldog Traktor and Bike Rally in Birkendorf. (where I have my own "fell off the bike story" which does not have any cows at all)

Hope to see you all in Stuttgart next weekend. By the time you read this, it will have been decided who is an NRB and who is not!
Get out there and ride and don't be an NRB!

JB

Pavla: the pictures going with this story will be on the web soon.

member **Beverly (Bev) Melvin**

2nd Swiss Alps Run story:

Well riders first let me say a big thanks to Pavla for making this a great ride for us all. Some of us hooked up at the Swiss border, and Pavla made plans for us to ride to a dairy farm where they make true Swiss cheese. The owner was great and gave us a tour of his farm and we all got to see how the cheese was made from start to finish. There's quite a bit of work making smelly cheese with holes in it. Then if that was not enough the cheese maker and his wife put on a feast of all the different smelly cheeses that they make on the farm. Sadly we had to leave and make haste to the Hotel, we could see the clouds forming in the sky and we did not want to get wet. Once we got to the hotel we had enough time to put the bikes up before the sky opened up on us.

We all kinda felt bad for JB and crew they were still out there somewhere on the road. They did get stuck in rain from hell and some of the major roads into Interlaken were closed due to debris and mud but they made it okay. We all had a few beers and went to bed thinking that the rain would not stop and our ride through the Alps would be wet and tricky but to our surprise the sun was out the next day and all the roads are dry. We rode to the Glacier and from most where saying it has melted a lot since last year can not confirm this as I was not there last year. The roads that we took were fantastic, scary for me as I hate heights but I did make it and so did everyone else what a great ride for all. On our way back to the hotel we stopped and had a late lunch at Hooters (wonder whose idea that was). Once again we had to mount up and leave those pesky clouds were looming over us again and how lucky we were to make it back to the hotel again before the heavens opened.

That night we had a planned party we all ganged up on Moo Man (Terry Windmiller) for his one year anniversary of his Corsican cow attack. Wish you could have all been there, whilst we were up in the alps we just happened to come across a beware of the cow sign well you never guess where that ended up one of his gag gifts along with some cow pins, bells and a home painted smelly shirt from JB which we all

signed. We all partied the night away and the owner of the Hotel was great, it was a great time and I suggest that you all book up now for next years ride. Thanks again brother's and sisters, we cannot wait to ride with you all again and (As Usual) having a few beers with some truly great friends and Bikers.

Later friends Bev

member
Beat (Hardy) Hartmann

Ferien 2007 Tagebuch (translation will be in the next newsletter)
geschrieben von Bea, Hardy und Peti

Freitag, 19. Juli:

Abfahrt an der deutschen Grenze, ich (Peti) konnte unerwartet mitfahren. Die Amis hatten keine Franken zum Tanken. Dann ca. 13.15 Ankunft bei der Käserei. Besichtigung der Käserei und anschliessender Käseapero. Das war so gut, dass wir vergassen zu bezahlen. Das Wetter sah scheisse aus, deshalb fuhren wir schnell weiter. Richtung Thun hielten wir an und montierten den Regendress. Auf der Autobahn, bei Thun, Gewitter mit heftigem Regen. Ankunft beim Hotel mehr oder weniger trocken. Dann wieder Regen, und wie. Warten auf die anderen. 20.15 Werni und Juliane treffen ein und sehen aus wie zwei gebadete Mäuse. Einige Strassen nach Interlaken sind gesperrt. Nachtessen und Gaudi mit den Amis. Nachts 11.30 John, Major Cow oder Mooman treffen ein und bekommen noch was zu essen. Danke Willy. Irgendwann schlafen.

Samstag, 20. Juli:

Aufstehen, Frühstück (im Frühstückssaal die Zimmernummern auf den Tischen vertauscht) und bereitmachen zur Abfahrt. Tankstopp und los geht's. Wie Willy sagte Zuerst Grimsel dann Furka (Geltscher ist schon wieder ziemlich zurückgegangen) Einige kaufen ein Moo-Souvenir für Major Cow. Auf dem Weg zum Susten, dämliche schräg Abschüssige Strasse und Bums, die Lady liegt am Boden, Pavli führt uns weiter über den Susten (Wir wussten da noch nicht, dass ein Mittelfussknochen gebrochen war). Eine Wolke drängt sich schnell ins Tal. Es sieht aus, als würde eine riesige Welle auf uns zurollen. Schnell durch die Wolke auf den Susten. Foto mit allen und dann in zügigem Tempo auf zu Hooters. Umweg durch Interlaken. Dann von hübschen Mädels bedient werden. Wir fahren zurück zum Hotel. Pavli bekommt Salben von Willys Frau und Bev bandagiert ihr den Schmerzenden Fuss. Ein Mützi tut richtig gut. Es regnet wieder wie verrückt. Nachtessen und warten auf Major Cow. Einige haben eine Gaudi Ueberraschung für ihn. Jemand geht ihn wecken und er bekommt ein T-Shirt, 2 Tassen, Ein Strassenschild (signiert von allen) und vieles mehr. Wir gehen bald schlafen.

Sonntag, 22. Juli:

Aufstehen, Frühstück und warten bis es aufhört zu regnen. Zusammenpacken und Abschied. Alle fahren nach Hause und wir in die Ferien. Wegen wetter Autobahn Richtung Genf. Erster Stop auf der Autobahn La Cote. Dann weiter nach Genf,

Annecy und Chambéry. In Chambéry runter von der Autobahn und Bergstrassen fahren. Wir übernachten in St. Pierre Entremont, mitten in den Savoyer Alpen.

Montag, 23. Juli:

Weiterfahrt auf Bergstrecken Richtung Grenoble. Wir fahren im Massiv Central rum und sehen Strassen, die in den Felsen gehauen sind. Col de Rousset ist auch geil. Nach dem Pass zurückschauen, man glaubt nicht dass es möglich ist dort herunterzufahren. Wer meint, dass Alps Run schwierig ist, sollte mit uns in die Ferien! Weiter auf der Schnellstrasse nach Loiról. Stop beim Supermarkt wegen schlechtem Wetter. Einem kleinen Idioten passt unsere Visage nicht und er will, dass wir die Bikes wegstellen. Wir tun das nicht und er kommt mit der Security wieder. Ärger. Wir warten bis es aufhört zu regnen. Dann Regenzeug anziehen und tanken, wieder in strömendem Regen. Weiterfahrt im Regen in Richtung Ardeche. Pavli sucht ein Hotel und macht das grossartig. Sie stoppt in Rochemaur (liegt oberhalb von Montelimar) und sieht ein Hotel. Nichts wie hin. Bingo, mit Garage. Nachtessen ist sehr exotisch und sehr gut. In der Nacht steht Peti auf zur Mückenjagd. Sieben hat er erwischt, die achte hat ihn mehrmals gestochen.

Dienstag 24. Juli:

Wir fahren Richtung Gorges de L'ardeche. Weil es dort dunkle Wolken hat, fahren wir auf direkterem Weg über Alès Richtung Departement Cevennes. Auf dem Corniche des Cevennes wird es kalt. Fast kein Benzin mehr. Hardy zittert. Nahe dem Mont Aigoual ist es saukalt. Nur noch 20 km bis Maison des Cevennes. Endlich eine Tankstelle. Ankunft in Maison des Cevennes, Michel begrüsst uns mit den Worten: AAAhhhh les Suisses. Wir bekommen ‚Chacha‘. Tut gut. Bezug der Zimmer, Peti und Pavla haben ne Grotte. Nachtessen, Michel mästet uns bis zum geht nicht mehr. Michels standart Spruch: *Vous ete malade? Vous ne mange pas! Mange, mange!!!!*

Aperitif der Region, Wein de la Maison, Digestif und.... ‚Chacha‘. Wir sind ziemlich angesäuselt.

Mittwoch 25. Juli:

Aufstehen, Frühstück. Das Wetter ist super. Wir fahren nach Millau. Bergstrassen mit Split usw. Wir sehen das Dorf Cantorbe auf den Felsen. Geil. Stop, was essen, Dorf anschauen und weiter nach Millau. Dort sehen wir das höchste Autobahnviadukt der Welt. Brücke ist riesig. Bei einem Pfeiler kann man fast den Eiffelturm drunterstellen. Nach Millau zurück, Apotheke suchen wegen Pavlas Fuss. Dann fahren wir über schöne Strässchen durch die Schlucht de la Jonte zurück zum Maison des Cevenes. Nachtessen und das gleiche Spiel (*Vous ete malade? Vous ne mange pas! Mange, mange!!!!*) wieder. Pavli meint, sie will heute kein Dessert. Noch nicht fertiggesprochen, kommt Michel und sagt: Voila, le Dessert und ‚Chacha‘. Wir gehen wieder ziemlich angesäuselt schlafen.

Donnerstag 26. Juli:

Frühstück und Töffschraub. Alles OK. So um die Mittagszeit fahren wir los um einen Markt zu suchen und fahren etwa 70 km nach Anduze. Die Marktfahrer sind bereits am Einpacken und es ist heiss. Nach einem erfrischenden Getränk im Strassencafe gibt es einen kleinen Bummel durch die örtlichen Souvenirläden. Wir fahren über Nebenstrassen zurück. Bei Tempo 80 fährt ein besoffener Idiot Pavli genau vor die Lady. Ich habe Pavli's Lady schräg auf der Strasse gesehen. Pavli hat richtig reagiert und das richtige Loch mit genügend Platz gesehen und kam an dem Auto vorbei.

Super gemacht. Aber dann der Schock und völlig zittrig. Pause mit einem netten Franzosen der selber Töff fährt. Wir finden raus, dass er ab und zu in Basel arbeitet. Zurück zur Maison des Cevenes und Pavli braucht zuerst einen..... ‚Chacha‘. Und noch einen, weil's so gut tut. Nachtessen und das gleiche Spiel (*Vous ete malade? Vous ne mange pas! Mange, mange!!!!*) wieder..... Der Kartoffelstock wird mit der Schere geschnitten. Geil. Das Zeug schmeckt auch noch verdammt gut. Ein Paar aus Zürich ist auch zum Essen dort. Sie geben sich jedoch zuerst nicht als Schweizer zu erkennen.
'Chacha'..... und wir gehen wieder ziemlich angesäuselt schlafen.

Freitag 27. Juli:

Abschied von Marie, Michel und dem Maison des Cevenes. Wir fahren Richtung Süden. 300 km. Es ist heiss. Schöne Strecken, super Strassen, und endlich... die erste Palme. Wir fahren bis Le Boulou, fast an der spanischen Grenze und übernachten im Hotel Le Village. Das Hotel ist sauteuer, das Essen beschissen, die Bedienung noch schlechter und das Frühstück zu teuer. Wir sind froh, dass wir was zum schlafen haben, aber nie wieder.

Samstag 28. Juli:

Bloss weg hier. Auf nach Ampuria. Es ist heiss. Wir freuen uns auf den Pool. Ankunft bei Büro Schütz so ca. 11Uhr. Super!! Zwei Katzen. Streichel streichel. Geil. Das Appartement ist noch nicht fertig. Also zuerst zum Markt. Auf dem Markt hin und her. Es ist heiss. Es ist heiss, es ist heiss, es ist heiss. Hardy und Peti geben auf und gehen ins Orange Kiwi. Peti bestellt eine grosse Cola. Sie haben nur kleine. OK 3 Stück jeder. Die Kellnering fällt fast in Ohnmacht. Sie sagt sie könne mit zwei kleinen eine grosse Cola machen. OK, Ich bestell zwei grosse und Hardy auch. Sie schaut uns ungläubig an. Aber wir bestehen darauf. Pavli und Bea kommen vom Markt zurück und zeigen ihre Einkaufsbeute. Cooles Stuff und billig.

Ca. 14.30 Uhr auf zu Schütz und unsere Wohnung beziehen. Nettes Ehepaar aus der nähe von Köln hat die Wohnung nebenan. Unsere Bikes stören nicht und wir kommen mit dem Parkraum gut zurecht. In der dritten Wohnung ist Familie mit drei Kindern, na ja , mal sehen. Dann ca. 18 Uhr einkaufen gehen. Supermarkt bei Figueres. Scheisse, zu weit, zu viele Leute, keine Spanischen Spezialitäten blödblödblöd. Wir beschliessen künftig nur noch im Montserat einzukaufen. Pavli erzählt uns über Maria Montserat. Auf zum Nachtessen in der Taberna del Mar, direkt beim Strand. Seafood ist angesagt. Hummer usw. Bea's erstes richtige Seafood. Es schmeckt ihr sehr gut. Zurück zur Wohnung und ein Nachtschwümmli machen. Das tut gut!

Sonntag, 29. Juli:

Hardy holt in einer Deutschen Bäckerei Brot und Gipfeli. Frühstück draussen. Moskitonetz montieren, entspannen, Pool usw. Dann zu Montserat typisch Spanisches einkaufen. Der Laden ist wirklich viel besser! Peti kauft Tipp EX für das Schild am Pool. Benützung von 9.00 - 23.00 Uhr. Die 2 wird übermalt. Also Benutzung von 9.00 bis 3.00 Uhr. Nachtessen im Churrasco, richtig geniale Fleischküche vom Grill und Nachtschwümmli, man darf ja bis 3 Uhr... Schlafen ohne Decke unter dem Moskitonetz ist super.

Montag, 30. Juli:

Relaxen, bisschen einkaufen, Rambla rauf und runter, und ab in den Pool. Am Abend zaubert Pavli ein Spanisches kaltes Buffet auf den Tisch. Genial gemacht und

schmeckt hervorragend. Man könnte sich zu Tode fressen. Ein Nachtschwämmli, jetzt darf man ja bis 3 Uhr morgens, schliesst den Tag ab.

Dienstag, 31. Juli:

Aufstehen, Frühstück, gemütlich im Pool..... plötzlich kommt die Mutter der Kinder und fragt: Habt ihr schon die Windpocken gehabt? Wir springen aus dem Pool. Peti sagt dem VATER, dass der kleine sich nicht im Poolbereich aufhalten soll. Der antwortet, dass der Chlor alles abtötet. Peti will den Vermieter Schütz informieren. Der Vater meint VIEL SPASS. Wir informieren Schütz und gehen die Küstenstrasse fahren. Super schön. Wir fahren eine kleine (auf der Karte) weisse Strasse. Nur was für sehr geübte Fahrer, Alps Run ist nur Peanuts dagegen. Zurück nach Ampuria. Die Pocken-Familie zieht aus. Endlich kein Geschrei und keine Seuchenträger mehr. Pavla zaubert wieder ein gigantisches Nachtessen auf den Tisch. Wir machen aus dem Nachtschwämmli ein Nacktschwümlli, wir dürfen ja bis 3 Uhr.... Cool.

Mitwoch, 1. August:

Peti's Hinterreifen hat kein Profil mehr. Bei Girona Harley Dealer ist Pneu vorhanden, aber keine Zeit zum montieren. Das ist kein guter Service. Zurück nach Ampuria. Wir besuchen Ingeborg und IHREN FREUND. Da ist eine Gauditruppe zusammen, alles Motorradfahrer. Wir gehen Nachtessen. Wieder in die Taberne del Mar. Natürlich Seafood. Reservieren Tisch für nächsten Abend, unseren letzten. Der Kellner freut sich. Anschliessend Irish Pub mit Ingeborg, ihrem Freund und der Gauditruppe. Pavli hat Spass mit einem Fahrlehrer. Nacktschwämmli. Jetzt darf man ja bis 3 Uhr.....

Donnerstag, 2. August, letzter Tag:

Letzte Besorgungen, Crema Catalan Förmli, blaue Gläser... Pavli trifft Maria Montserat und freut sich total. Maria's Laden und Ampuria haben 40-Jähriges Jubiläum gefeiert. Besuch beim Töffhändler Steffan in Ampuria. Pool. Kühlschrankschränke ausräumen und alle Reste Ingeborg bringen, wie immer. Nachtessen. Dann Captains Cabin mit Ingeborg und Freund, wie immer. Anschliessend Nacktschwämmli. Die Badehose ist schon eingepackt. Noch was zusammenpacken und schlafen.

Freitag, 3. August:

Fertig packen. Töffs laden und um 9.30 Uhr geht's los. Sehr windige Heimfahrt bis ins Rhonetal. Ca. 19 Uhr sind wir auf Schweizer Boden. Wir halten an der Raststätte La Cote und essen was. Die Weiterfahrt findet im Dunkeln statt. Es wird saukalt und wir müssen nach Bern Pullover, Lederjacken und Chaps anziehen. Welcome back in Switzerland! Ca. 23.30 sind wir in Aesch daheim. Gefahrenere Strecke laut Peti's Tacho: 903 km.

Vielen Dank an Pavli für die wunderschönen Ferien, die Organisation, die Routenplanung, die Führung über alle Routen, die gute Nachtessen in Ampuria, sowie für die grossartige Kameradschaft. Besser kann man es nicht machen.

Big big Hug and Kiss from Hardy, Bea und Peti

GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING MINUTES

- assistant director Petra opens the meeting at 1900
- greetings from Dennis and Brenda to everybody –they both could not make it for business reasons
- secretary Pavla gives report about the latest Alps Run and info on the date for next years Alps Run: if you are interested in spending one weekend just riding and meeting good friends, come join us on the 18th – 20th July 2008! For more infos check the web site
- Treasurers report...
 - June ending balances were € 834.11 - in July we collected €130 bringing us to €964. This still is not that good because we dedicated €1000 to Manfred's shop not realizing we have to have a balance of €2000 to commit that €1000. By the by laws as they read we can technically only use €480 Euros towards the shop, so we still need to bring up our Euro account. We can only dedicate out 50 % of our bank balance.
 - In dollars we ended June sitting at \$3893.72 - we brought in \$275 in Merchandise and renewals; we have a pending debit of \$786.00 plus shipping on RVLC rockers. This leaving us a balance of \$3382.72. This leaves us with a max budget for our Toy Run at \$1600.00.
- Our PO is being reviewed for renewal. Everything was turned in but we have not received and email from the lady in Wiesbaden as of today (Saturday 4th Aug.)
 - The renewal must be done by 15th August or we will have a freeze on our accounts.
 - info for members per email do not reach everybody:
 - to update our membership email address list, we need current email addresses – please email your current email address to any board member
- 11th August: Poker Run in Mannheim by American Legion Ridersy
 - starts at 1000
 - fee (incl. A meal and a drink) \$15 or €12
 - ride is 120km
 - for more info check their home page
- Aviemore Scotland: director Dennis is leaving Ramstein area on the Aug. 23rd if anyone wants to tag along. We will be stopping in Alconbury for the night in Billeting returning on Tuesday. Johnny Label is also going and he has a game plan too – for more info get in contact with either one of them
- Black Forest Rally in Birkendorf: Harley meets Lanz Bulldogs weekend for those who are not in Scotland
- Faaker See: director Dennis is leaving on the 1st of September if anyone wants to join him. We are staying at Arnietz next door to the the regulars of RVLC campground. We am sure we will mingle between the two, where ever you want to stay, a flag with be in both spots. As soon as Dennis gets there he will see if we can get have a chapter dinner up the mountain that Thursday of Faak. Also hopefully a ride out or two, one to Slovenia to lake Bled.
- Toy Run...Heidelberg Rod and Gun Club: spread the word.
 - Bev is helping us with biker games and Brenda has picked up a few prizes for those.

- We will have an action on any donations you want to personally donate or we get from other sources.
 - We may have a donation coming in that will cover the band. I have a meeting next week to discuss the band. However the two bands we contacted are already booked. The third band has not returned my emails he was to contact his brother for the date. So we still need a decent band for that night: we have a band that plays for free on Saturday afternoon – Klaus R. organizes them.
 - We looked into patches. It is 70 Euros for set up fee and 4 euros per patch if we buy 300 patches. Frankly we do not have the money to support a patch.
- In October we will have chapter meeting place to be announced probably in the Heidelberg Rod and Gun Club.
 - 27th oct.: annual Fug'n'Nutz Halloween Party in Griesheim – more info on the homepage or contact Bev M.
 - no drinking and driving; designated drivers
 - hotel for €32 nearby
 - Dec. 8th X-Mas Party: we were denied Bambi Club. So we are still looking for a place. Anyone who knows a decent place, please contact any one of the board members
 - Meeting closed at 1930

RHEIN VALLEY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

August

17th-19th Long Riders 'Plausch weekend' Himmelried / Switzerland

18th Rough Riders Poker Run

24th-26th Black Forrest Rally

24th-26th Thunder in the glens Aviemore / Scotland

September

2nd-9th European Bike Week at Faaker See

7th RVLC ride out at the European Bike Week at Faaker See



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