

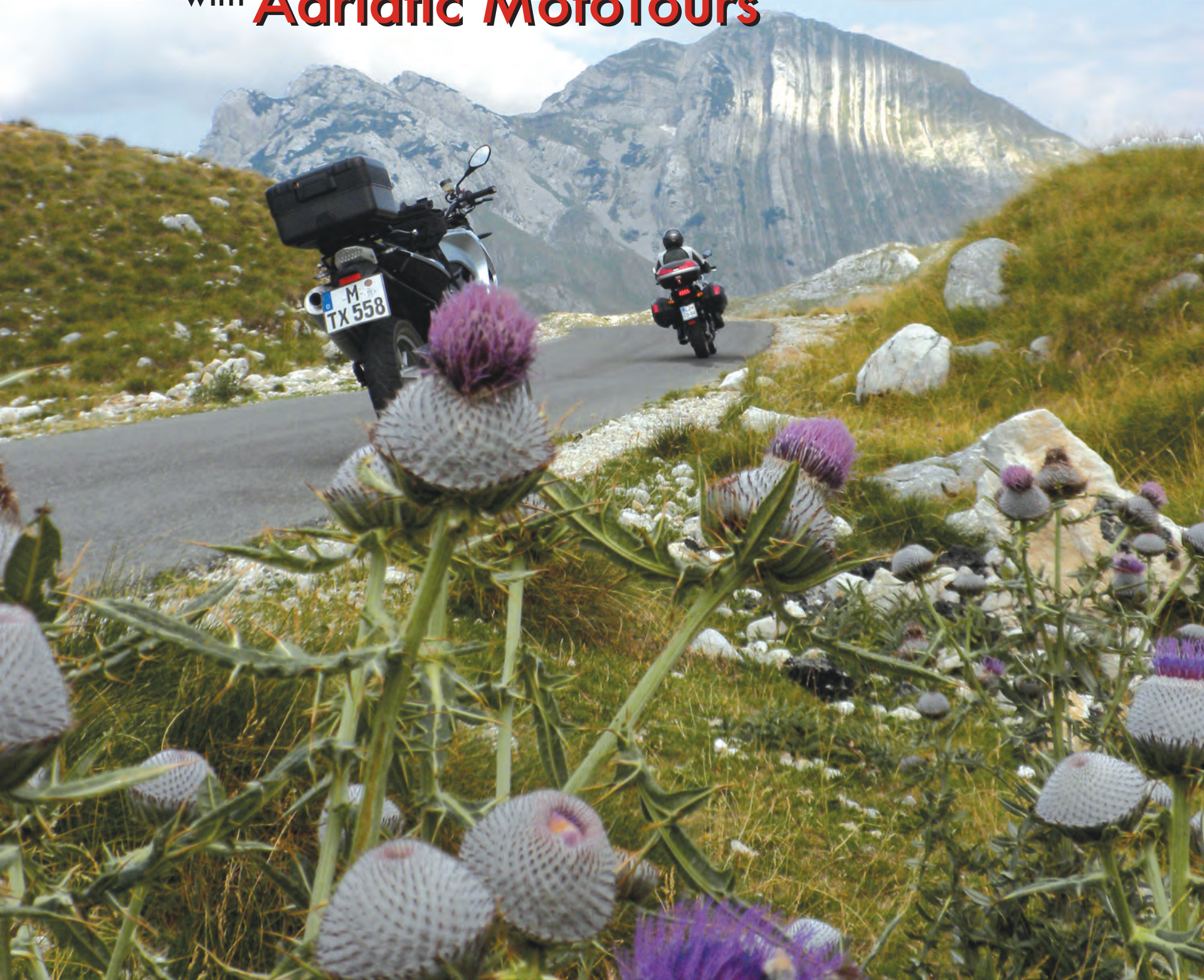
Motorcycles, Travel & Adventure

JANUARY 2010
Vol. 16 No. 1

Backroads

Motorcycle Tour Magazine

Beautiful Balkans
with **Adriatic MotoTours**



THE BEAUTIFUL BALKANS

with Adriatic MotoTours

Under cloudy skies, with the threat of rain hanging over our heads, we rolled to the checkpoint at the border leading into Bosnia. The queue had us a few vehicles back and, on both sides, serious guards were searching cars, both coming and going. With a glance, the steel-eyed guard summoned us forward and I handed him my very full American passport. He slowly went through it page by page, occasionally glancing at me, his eyes taking in more detail. This was not the smiling fellow at the local Canadian border crossing.

He then spied my small passenger. Crap. I knew for sure he didn't have any paperwork.

I took a deep breath and the guard and I locked eyes for a moment. Peering at Notso Happy, sticking out of the tank bag, a slow smile crossed the guard's face, which turned into a laugh. He shook his head as he stamped my passport.

"Welcome to Bosnia. Enjoy your stay," he said in a voice reminiscent of Boris Badanoff.

I thanked him, snapped the BMW R1200GS into first and rolled into a country that so dominated the news a decade and a half ago. A few minutes later Shira, after a quick once over, rolled in as well. Welcome to the heart of the Balkans.

We had ridden into Ljubljana, Slovenia from Italy's Dolomites a few days before to join Matej Malovrh and a dozen other riders for a two-week tour with Adriatic MotoTours titled the Beautiful Balkans Adventure. This was a part of Europe that neither Shira nor I had ever had the opportunity to ride in before and we had been talking with Matej, who we met at a BMW Rally a few years back in Vermont, about doing this tour since.

(Continued on Page 22)



words: Brian Rathjen

*images: Brian Rathjen,
Matej Malovrh and Rozle Verhove*

BEAUTIFUL BALKANS

(Continued from Page 8)

Our first few days in Ljubljana were spent meeting the rest of the group, some of whom were old friends; fellow world tourers Dick Singer and Ron and Terry Minor, with whom we had ridden in Italy a year back.

It is always a joy when old buddies can join together for another adventure and even better when we can make new friends along the way.

Joining us were eight others. Matej seemed to have gathered an varied group and we were anxious to get the ride started.



Ljubljana is a wonderful city and strolling around the center of the town, with its ancient castle, three famous bridges crossing the river and open market, was about as nice as it gets, but after a morning's exploration we were back to the hotel so folks could get their bikes and sit in on a brief overview of the tour; what to

expect, what to watch out for and other things that might come in handy while riding in this part of the world.

Our ride would start in Slovenia and head into Croatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina and Montenegro. Some Americans hear the words Bosnia and immediately think this is not the safest place to go riding; but that Bosnia, which so filled the news with its internal strife and warfare, is more than a decade past and we were really looking forward to seeing what has been called some of the greatest scenery in Europe.

After the introduction meeting the group went for a short ride. Most just wanted to get riding, but Shira and I knew it was part of the vetting process. It helps to be fairly experienced when riding in a foreign land and it was obvious we had a good group with which to ride.

That evening we shuttled into town for dinner and watched while a storm of serious weight came into the city. After dinner I sat outside and watched

the tempest with a glass of local red. And waited for the ride the next day.

LJUBLJANA, SLOVENIA TO PLITVICE NATIONAL PARK, CROATIA


The storms from the night before passed leaving us with a cloudy, but still damp morning. With the promise of sunshine flying in from the west our group left en masse from Ljubljana, following our knowledgeable and personable guide Rozle, and headed toward the border with Croatia.



The roads quickly became more rural as we drifted past large farms and through small villages. Coming around one turn a wide valley dropped before us with the Karst, the famed limestone mountains, looming in the distance.

Not long afterward we rolled out of Slovenia and into Croatia without a care. Once into Croatia we made a quick stop for coffee and continued on to our first stop on the road, the National Park Plitvice Jezera.




Unlike any other park in the world Plitvice is created around the famed Karst of the region and over the last million years the limestone has worn



South Branch Inn Romney

"Natural beauty, peaceful surroundings ..."

Discover why our family has chosen to live in the South Branch Valley for ten generations."






Amenities

- 61 Guest Rooms
- High Speed Internet
- Specialty suites with Jacuzzis
- Continental Breakfast
- Open 24 Hours

- Conference Rooms
- Direct TV/HBO
- Guest Laundry
- Also you may stop in and check out our 100-room Moorefield facility

Great for Riding Groups, Clubs or Rallies



10 MINUTES FROM POTOMAC EAGLE

US Rte. 50 Sunrise Summit, Romney, WV 26757

304-822-2444, 866-492-3122

www.southbranchinn.com

Enjoy Hampshire County

THE OLDEST COUNTY IN WEST VIRGINIA – FORMED IN 1754

Ongoing Calendar of Events

JULY

WV Poultry Festival • July 20-24
Moorefield, WV • 304-538-2033

Summer Blast in the Mountains
www.tomwatt.com

Arts Council Free Summer Concert on the Lawn
July 19 • The Barnstormers
The Bottling Works • Romney, WV • 304-496-8201

Potomac Eagle Scenic Railroad
July 25 • All Day Trip
Romney, WV • 304-424-0736

AUGUST

Avalon Music Festival • August 7-9
Avalon Resort, Slanesville, WV
304-947-5600

Arts Council Free Summer Concert on the Lawn
August 9 • Stringfever
The Bottling Works • Romney, WV
304-496-8201

AUGUST

Hampshire County Fair
Augusta, WV • 304-856-1303

Tri-County Fair • August 3-9
Petersburg, WV • 304-538-2033

Potomac Eagle Scenic Railroad
August 22 • Myster Murder Trains
Romney, WV • 304-424-0736

Sunflower Festival and Chili Cookoff
August 15
Romney, WV • 304-822-7477

SEPTEMBER

Heritage Weekend • Sept. 26-27
Moorefield, WV • 304-538-6560

Potomac Eagle Scenic Railroad
Moorefield Historic Home Tours
September 26
Romney, WV • 304-424-0736

Corn Maze • Arnold Farm
Romney, WV • 302-822-5736

OCTOBER

Capon Bridge Founders Day Festival
Oct. 17 & 18 • Capon, WV
304-822-7477

Mathias Turkey Festival
Oct. 30-31 • Mathias, WV
304-538-2033

Potomac Eagle Scenic Railroad
October 31 • Murder Mystery Trains
Romney, WV • 302-424-0736

NOVEMBER

Potomac Eagle Scenic Railroad
November 7 • All Day Trip
Romney, WV • 302-424-0736

DECEMBER

Potomac Eagle Scenic Railroad
Polar Express Train
Romney, WV • 302-538-6560

West Virginia

Great Roads and Friendly Folks

Stay with us and see for yourself

CALL SOUTH BRANCH INN FOR MORE INFORMATION ON EVENTS
866-492-3122

Member

moto-inn

Backroads

away in places and grown in others. The calcium carbonate has built what is called 'Tufa Formations' - somewhat like a stalagmite in a cave, but here its flat plateaus has created a number of absolutely clear lakes all brought together by a series of wonderful waterfalls - hundreds of them.



So sad. On the white wall somebody had written - ANARCHY.

That's the truth. I reached down and took a piece of tile and put it in my tank bag - a little reminder of the hatred of war and the uselessness of it.

The ride over the peak was a rider's heaven and, reaching the summit we stopped to view another gorgeous Bosnian valley stretching into the distance.

While taking this in I spied an odd sight. A man, and a cow. Here came this old man walking a single cow. I nodded hello, as did Shira and then Dick looked at the guy and with a big smile pointed at the beast and said, "Nice cow!"

The up-until-then dour man perked up at that and smiling agreed this was a fine animal. I fell off my bike laughing. It was too funny!

Further on, right before lunch I could see where the Bosnians had

We parked the bikes at our hotel and took a few hours to hike the well-groomed trails and wooden walkways that surround and even go over the water which so dominate the park. In fact, Plitvice Jezera is all about water. We stopped at the highest waterfall in Croatia, ironically called the Big Waterfall and walked for a few kilometers along the lakes and the plethora of tiny cascades that make this park a true dream and well worthy of its UNESCO World Natural Heritage Site status; a truly stunning place and an excellent park to begin this journey. That night we dined at the park's large restaurant with platters of potatoes, pork and roasted goat. As a big time carnivore, I was in heaven.

PLITVICE NATIONAL PARK, CROATIA TO SARAJEVO, BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

It was a fairly short ride to the border with Bosnia the next day and after the fun at the border we sped into the Bosnian countryside. Croatia was beautiful, but Bosnia was stunning.

As we rode further into the nation the remnants of the fierce battles between the many and, sometimes confusing factions, became more and more clear.

Towns with buildings still riddled with bullet holes, you could almost feel the horrid memories that still lingered.

We rode along a high plateau, at one time a bustling farming region, but here we could see entire villages abandoned and farmhouses that were either deserted, damaged or pulverized into the earth.

The road itself was an absolute joy to ride, but many of us found it hard to feel any pleasure this day; it was a bittersweet ride no matter how you looked at it. Atop one mountain I spotted a crushed building. Perhaps at one time it was somebody's home. It must have been quite the place, as the view of the valley below was wonderful from this height. Surely here a family lived and loved and cared for each other. Now all that remained was a crushed shell.

I rode the GS through the brush and parked the bike in what was once their driveway, now scattered with pieces of a shattered life and walked into the shell of a home. The concrete second floor had partially collapsed onto the first and the terracotta tiles from the roof had been blasted off and scattered across the ground.

Ring Out the Old, Ride in the New

EXTRA \$500

for your competitive brand trade in*

Bring in your old ride and start the year on a Harley-Davidson.



*allowance may be used on factory installed options, taxes, freight/prep or Extended Service Plan. Expiration 1-31-10

Harley-Davidson / Buell of Long Branch



671 Broadway • Long Branch, NJ 07740
732-229-8518 • www.hdlongbranch.com





begun to rebuild in earnest and one fine new house, under construction, proudly flew the Bosnia flag.

Rebirth and change is coming, but it will take time. Good things usually do.



We stopped in Livno for a lunch of the traditional Burek; meat, spinach and cheese wrapped in a filo dough crust. This town has been heavily rebuilt, but is moving along. In Livno Shira discovered a monument to the conflict.

On the small bridge that crossed over to it someone had written - 'Why?'

Why indeed?

After lunch we rode in the general direction of Sarajevo. Over a large mountain range with a series of switch-



backs leading to the top, where miles of asphalt ran along a windy and limestone strewn plateau that eventually dropped us down into a region with a few lakes, some manmade, that were dotted with islands. We dodged some road construction, running along a

lakeside road that brought us through some tunnels and to a scenic restaurant where most of us found each other. We stopped for refreshments before the final and exuberant mountain ride into Sarajevo.

Matej had fitted my GS with a Zumo 660, which had routed us almost flawlessly the past few days and was spot on bringing us to our hotel in the bustling old part of the city.

With the bikes safely stowed we walked down into the Old City and the Moslem section. Sarajevo is also known as Little Jerusalem, for as the real Jerusalem they

have many religions all worshipping within earshot of each other, and even now they seem to coexist in a symbiotic way. It was Ramadan this evening, but many restaurants were still serving and most of us went for Cevapcici, a kind of Bosnian gyro. Most excellent, especially washed down with yogurt milk.

After dinner we walked to the Christian section of town and a local beer hall that was as ornate as they come; great beer as well.

Most of our group called it an early night but Shira, Laurel and I bounced around the city until the witching hour, stopping here and there and basically people watching; and if you remember the '60s tune "Music to Watch Girls Go By", then we'll tell you it had to be written about this town. The women have an unearthly beauty in Sarajevo.

FREE DAY IN SARAJEVO

We got an early start this day for a tour of the famed Sarajevo Tunnel. During the siege of the city back in the '90s the Bosnians were able to supply Sarajevo with food, medicine, fuel through a tunnel that was dug directly under the International airport, which was under United Nations' control. This lifeline kept the city alive for years, despite the Serbian attempts to bomb it out of existence.





WITH THIS MUCH POWER, STORAGE, AND COMFORT, IT'S MORE ABOUT RIDING THAN REBELLION.

INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW VICTORY CROSS ROADS™

- 109 FT LBS OF TORQUE / 92 HORSEPOWER
- 21 GALLONS OF STORAGE CAPACITY / BEST IN CLASS
- 4.7 INCHES OF SUSPENSION TRAVEL / BEST IN CLASS
- 26.25-INCH SEAT HEIGHT / LOWEST IN CLASS
- MSRP \$15,999 - \$1,000 LESS THAN HARLEY-DAVIDSON® ROAD KING®

SCHEDULE A TEST-RIDE AT:

ZACK'S V-TWIN CYCLES

799 VIOLET AVE • HYDE PARK, NY

845-229-1177 • www.zacksvtwin.com

FREE EXTENDED WARRANTY!

BEST

SERVICE • PRICING • VALUE

*Compared to the 2009 Harley-Davidson® Road King®, Harley-Davidson® and Road King® are registered trademarks of Harley-Davidson, Inc. Victory® and Victory Motorcycles® are registered trademarks of Polaris Industries, Inc. Always wear a helmet, use proper technique, and practice safe riding, and obey the speed limit. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol. ©2009 Polaris Industries Inc.

VICTORYMOTORCYCLES.COM

VICTORY
THE NEW AMERICAN MOTORCYCLE

AIRPORT PUB & PACKAGE



ENJOY THE RIDE

Stop by and We're Sure to Become One of Your Favorite Stops

FREE BBQ on Sundays
weather permitting

'You Cook 'Em...'

It's Always Bike Night at AIRPORT PUB

SUPPORT OUR TROOPS



Sussex NJ County Rd 639 • Next to the Airport
Open 7 Days • 973-702-1215

We have New Jersey Lottery & Scratch Offs
We accept cash, credit cards & ATM on premise

WE'RE LOCATED IN SCENIC SUSSEX COUNTY
A POPULAR NEIGHBORHOOD PUB

FRIENDLY SERVICE • ICE COLD BEER
AND ALWAYS SOMETHING TO DO...

TWO POOL TABLES • JUKE BOX • DARTS
OUTDOOR SEATING FACING THE AIRPORT
"WATCH THE SKY DIVERS"

PLUS ... WE SERVE A SIMPLE PUB MENU

We're Here —
Two Wheels or Four
Stop by and Join the Fun!



The story of this conflict is heartbreaking and it made us proud to know the United States, and President Bill Clinton, played a key role in allowing Sarajevo to survive the ethnic cleansing it faced from the Serbs.

From there our tour went around the city and to the very place where all this started - the spot where Austrian Arch Duke Ferdinand was assassinated in June of 1914; ushering in the start of World War I.

When the 'War to End All Wars' ended with the Treaty of Versailles in 1918 Germany took a terrible economic beating and this simmered for years until Adolf Hitler came along and with him the Second World War. During that time others sided with the Nazis and nearly 80% of the Jews in Sarajevo were exterminated.

While the Nazis were brought to justice the local villains remained untouched.

When Tito died, and Yugoslavia split into separate nations and war quickly broke out, it was the Serbs who were the main culprits, although many say others were to blame as well, for the horror that was the early 1990s in Sarajevo and the surrounding countryside.

Thus what started as a single shot by an angry Serbian in 1914 came back around some 80 years later. A vicious circle I fear we are doomed to repeat again and again.

Still today, walking around this wonderful city, you will see hundreds of bullet-ridden walls, grenade burns on the streets and shell holes in some of

the wrecked building; strolling in some parts of the hillside is near to suicide as land mines have still yet to be cleared.

I think it will be decades before this place returns to real normalcy, if nothing else goes up in the flames of ancient hatred before then.

Still, Sarajevo, and especially the Old City, makes for a wonderful visit and spending a few days strolling this part of the city, with its tiny shops, brass workings, carpets and wonderful mix of a thousand years of old cultures should not be missed.

That night Shira and I took off on our own and had a nice private evening in Sarajevo, a city I will never forget.

SARAJEVO TO MOSTAR

We left Sarajevo in a group heading out from the Old City and through some of the new before cutting by the infamous Sarajevo airport and quickly into the Republic of Srpska, part of the settlement with the Serbs that ended the war. Here all the traffic and town signs were in Cyrillic and the riding got quite excellent very quickly.

The roads here in Srpska are mostly mountainous and our route brought us through some striking gorges with the road linking them through short, but dark tunnels.

Here the huge Neretva Canyon dominates the landscape and stopping at one pull over for a long look was a necessity.



Bergen County Harley-Davidson now Sells and Services BMW Motorcycles!

What's new? Tons! stop by and check out the new line of BMW Motorcycles, BMW Apparel and more.

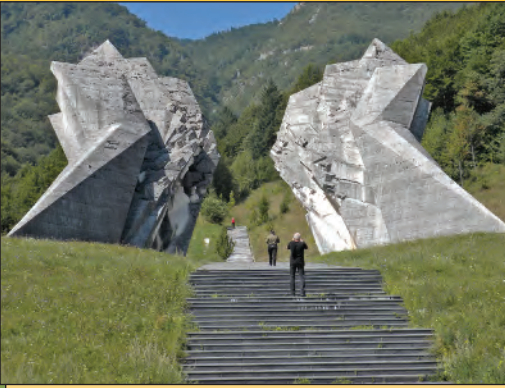
BMW Motorrad
USA

Authorized
Dealer



Bergen County BMW Motorcycles

124 Essex Street • Rochelle Park, NJ • 201.843.6930
www.bergenbmwmotorcycles.com



Down one lush valley we could see the Sutjeska Monument, created in honor of the Partisans force who, under Tito, victoriously fought the Nazis at this very spot. The monument sits high atop the lower part of

the mountain and the steep climb to get to it was well worth the effort.

After that, with some cold soft drinks and water, Matej told us the story of the battle and some more background on the reasons for the strife that has plagued his land for centuries.

Along the Sutjeska National Park we ran into a bit of gravel, as they are building a new road here, but it just gave us a chance to get the GS machines properly dirty - besides, the view from this part of the mountains was simply awesome. Bosnia is beautiful, if anything.

We rode atop a high desert tableland, dropping back down into the valley where the temperature rose dramatically - to nearly 41°C - and coming around one sweeper I spied the ruins of the Fortress of Herceg Stjepan, who ruled this region in the Middle Ages. Still today the



wrecked fort is impressive, but not nearly as impressive as the place they call Blagaj.

Here you will find the source of the Buna River, as it pours from a cave on the side of the giant cliffs, some 200 meters high, dominating so dramatically. So striking is this spot that the Sultans first order of business when coming here was to build a Dervish Monastery at the bottom of the cliff, which we saw this day.

Right on the river they have built a wonderful restaurant, incorporating the flowing river right into the place.



We had a lunch of cooked trout, right from the Buna, that could not be beat and from there it was a short ride to the center of Mostar where we stayed at a modern, but Titoesque hotel.

We strolled into the old section of Mostar that evening, walking over the ancient bridges that would bring us to a part of Europe that was as old as time. Here we had a light dinner and then went to one of the coolest bars I have ever seen. Built in a natural cave this bar in Mostar quickly made it into my top ten list of greatest bars in the world.

But, it also could be the most dangerous of bars; especially if you are 6 foot and have a shaved head- ouch!

MOSTAR, BOSNIA TO ZABLUJAK, MONTENEGRO

Matej told us the previous night that this day's ride would be the best day of the trip, so we awoke with plenty of expectations.

Up to this point we had ridden with the rest of the group, but this day Shira and I decided to separate and head out on our own. We followed the

LUXURIOUS COMFORT. HIGH PERFORMANCE.



CONCOURS™ 14

BERGEN SPORT CYCLE

Helping people ride for over 41 years

30 US Hwy 46 East • Lodi, NJ
973-478-7711 • bergensportcycle.com

Conveniently located near Rtes. 17, 80, 287 and the GSP

Kawasaki
Let the good times roll.™

KAWASAKI CARES: Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and proper apparel. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol. Adhere to the maintenance schedule in your owner's manual. Professional rider shown on a closed course. ©2009 Kawasaki Motors Corp., U.S.A.

To boldly go where no man, or woman, has gone before.



Hermys's is your home for everything BMW
Motorcycles • Apparel • Parts • Accessories

Visit our BMW online shop: www.bmwstore.us

R 1200 GSA - \$16,600.00*

HERMYS BMW

Route 61 • Port Clinton, PA

610-562-7303 • www.hermysbmw.com

40 34.858°N 076 01.470°W

BMW Motorrad
USA
Authorized
Dealer



Always ride safely and wear proper protective gear. *Price shown is MSRP. Price subject to change. MSRP includes destination and handling charges but excludes license, registration, taxes, title, insurance and options. Actual price is determined by retailer. ©2009 BMW Motorrad USA, a division of BMW of North America, LLC. The BMW name and logo are registered trademarks. Photographer: Gregor Halenda.



main road out of Mostar and gradually rose higher into the mountains that are ever present in this region of the world.

One road circled around a highly reflective lake, the peaks and the trees mirrored in its water. I do believe this beauty was manmade as you could still see the roofs of some old and drowned houses poking out of the waters.

Near the border with Montenegro we were treated to a most magnificent series of canyons, a precursor to the famed Tara we would see later in the day.

The border crossing became something of an event as the guard, after requesting my paperwork, asked if the bikes were from Germany.

Yes they were.

He then held up my United States passport.

Did these bikes belong to me?

Well, no.

How did I get them?

We had given him all the proper registrations and insurance papers. After 20 minutes of trying to explain to the fellow that we had borrowed these bikes from a press fleet in Munich it was obvious he was not going to let us in.

Finally he asked if we had anything that said we had 'rented' them. At that point Shira found a release we had from BMW, with both BMW and my name on it. It was for the 650 as mine, for the 1200, was in my computer bag in the van. I tried to bluff him into believing it was for both machines.

He looked at this, thought about it for a few minutes, shaking his head slowly as he did. He then called the biggest, meanest, toughest border guard of them all, the devil of Montenegro, and he snatched the papers to examine them.

This guy looked like a cross between Jaws from the Bond movies and Lurch from the Addams Family.

It was a tense moment and I swear I saw Mr. Happy burying into his side pocket of the tank bag and pulling the zipper shut.



Then this mountain of a man smiled. He was missing a few prominent teeth which added to his charm, I might add. And then he said...Okay.

We rode into Montenegro.

The sheer beauty of this nation cannot be overstated. Each kilometer seemed more striking, with gorges, rivers and a few small towns.

We found the town square in the city of Niksic and took lunch before veering off the route to visit the Home of Saint Basil, the Ostrog Monastery.

Here the man who would become a Saint built this stunning monastery right into the sheer rock wall of the mountain.

St. Basil has never left and today his blackened bones still can be seen, watched over by a black robed, pigtailed Monk. The place is awe-inspiring and many pilgrims stay there for weeks.

But it was the ride to Ostrog that really peaked our interest. In the guidebook we received, when we signed up for the tour, it said, and I quote, "Only skilled riders should do it as the hairpins are tight and there are some potholes on the road."

Well, that sounded like a challenge; and we took it.



MICROWIRE™
IS HERE!

Served Hot. No Waiting.



Microwire™. It's a revolution in heating technology, developed and patented by Gerbing's. It's Thinner, Lighter and Stronger, with smoother, more even heat than ever before. And it heats up fast. Up to 10X faster.

Our new Microwire™ heating system is in our latest Jackets and Jacket Liners, Pants and Pant Liners, Gloves and Glove Liners, and our new Insoles.

Gerbing's. No one's done it longer.
And no one does it better.

Contact your nearest Gerbing Microwire™
Dealer today. Serious heat.
For those who can't wait to be warm.

www.gerbing.com
800.646.5916



Traditional heating wires are as thick as the wire on this key ring. But at a mere .025", Microwire™ is barely a fraction of that. Additionally, inside each insulated wire are hundreds of microscopic stainless steel strands, each about 1/4th the thickness of a human hair.

FEAR NO
TEMPERATURE!

GERBING'S
HEATED CLOTHING

A Dream -
A Reality

MotoAventura
CHILE

Peru - Bolivia
Patagonia - Chile

Rent and tour on latest BMW models –
F650GS, R1200GS to Peru, North Argentina,
Patagonia, Atacama Desert and Ushuaia –

Independent touring or guided tours with mul-
tilingual guide, mechanic and support vehicle.
10 Years organizing tours and BMW rentals,
more than 40 motorcycles all 2009/2010

info@motoaventura.cl email
web www.motoaventura.cl

The first part of the ride was fine, but once on the ascending road, the 'asphalt' dissolved into some bombed out, semi-pavement, 1/2 lane wide, sheer drop to your death sort of ride.

At the first church Shira left her bike and got on my GS and we took that to the top. It was well worth the effort.

Along this twisty little road the local drivers constantly drove with little regard and getting punted off the peak was always a threat; it was a reminder that drivers in Eastern Europe are not as courteous or rider-friendly as the drivers in Western Europe.



Having finished our challenge, we continued on the route of the day and caught up with our group right before Durmitor National Park.

After some coffee and soft drinks we mounted up and ascended into one of the most wondrous parks we have ever seen anywhere on this planet.

Virtually untouched by man, Durmitor abounds with imposing mountaintops, numerous glacier lakes and is surrounded by rich evergreen forests. Combining the

THE BEST OF ITALY IN CONNECTICUT



SUPER FAST, SUPER SPORTY...
THE GTS 300 SUPER

\$0 down - \$0 payments - 0% interest*

*See dealer for complete details, restrictions apply.

© Piaggio Group Americas 2010. Piaggio® and Vespa® are U.S. and worldwide registered trademarks of the Piaggio Group of companies. Obey local traffic safety laws and always wear a helmet, appropriate eyewear and proper apparel. Vehicle shown may reflect European model.



A STUNNING BLEND OF THE PAST & THE PRESENT

In 1967 the motorcycle industry was shocked by the appearance of the first large displacement Italian motorcycle, the Moto Guzzi V7. The new V7 Classic is a nostalgic interpretation of the bike that set the tone for all future Moto Guzzis. The mixture of modern technology with retro styling creates a bike that inspires confidence from the first ride with an ageless beauty that never goes out of style.

Branchville Motors
63 Ethan Allen Hwy
Ridgefield, CT 06877-6226
203-544-7900 • www.branchville.com

BRANCHVILLE MOTORS

63 ETHAN ALLEN HWY • RIDGEFIELD, CT
203-544-7900 • www.branchville.com

Conveniently located in western CT, accessible from I-95, the Merritt Pkwy (Rte 15), I-684 and I-84, on Rte. 7 at 102 (8 miles south of Danbury and the famous Marcus Dairy). Also we are across the street from the Branchville train station, on the Danbury line of Metro North.



mighty canyons of Tara, Susica and Draga the park is a delight. Some parts are simply kilometers of barren and rocky landscape, other parts run high above the rivers and offer spectacular views. Small farms surround the park and as it was late summer we watched some farmers dragging in huge hay bails, by two yoked oxen. Other farmers were making bails that looked a lot like Cousin It from the Addams Family.



We stopped at least a dozen times for photographs, as Durmitor was just that good, and best of all, unlike a park like this in the US, where they would bus you in and out, we got to ride around it for the rest of the afternoon.

A very, very special place.

We overnighted in the highest town of the Balkans, Zabljak, which is the center of winter and Eco tourism in this region. We would have a free day following so we went off to dinner and to make our plans for the next day.

There's nothing sadder than this...
Don't leave your ride out in the cold.

RPM Cycle Works has the BEST
Winter Storage Packages in the area.

Our facility is heated and fully alarmed.

Basic Storage:
\$45 per month

Basic Storage
Plus:
\$55 per month
Includes battery
on tender

Deluxe Storage:
\$65 per month
Includes battery on tender,
winterization package
(oil & filter change with
your choice of oil and fuel
stabilizer) and bike detail.

**END OF SEASON
CLEARANCE
NOW ON**



Great Selection of Apparel & Parts, as well as Full Service for Street, Track, ATVs & Dirt Bikes



5 Wisner Avenue
Newburgh, NY
845-568-0480

www.RPMCW.com

Parts • Apparel • Custom Service
Friendly, Knowledgeable Staff
Online Pricing with In-Store Service

FREE DAY IN ZABLJAK

Our group had many options this day - white water rafting, hiking or simply some local riding. Being that it was late August the white water rafting was rated a zero, with a lot of floating and many a portage - not my idea of fun. Hiking could be interesting, if you like to walk for hours.

Me - I was going out exploring on the GS.

Early that morning we strolled into town. Along the way we hiked up a hill to the local cemetery where we saw graves dating back hundreds of years.

Many of the later graves had beautifully engraved images of the people buried beneath. Unlike the west, where a simple stone leaves you just another marker in a field of markers, the

images showed just who these people were and, sometimes, what they enjoy. One image of a man and his musical instrument was especially telling.

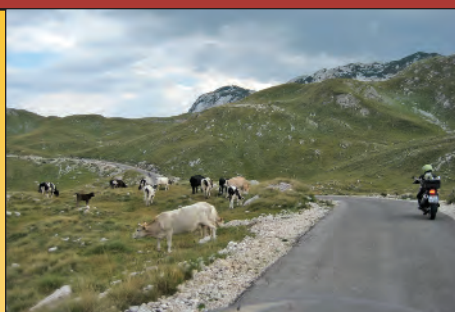
In town we met Ron and Terry. Last year in Italy we had ridden with them and it wasn't unusual to just get some food and find a great place for lunch along the road.

We thought that perfect for this day so we went to the local shop and bought smoked dried meats, along with some local breads and cheese and went off exploring.

Our first stop brought us through a tightly forested road we were told about that led to a spectacular view of the Tara Canyon.

The largest canyon in Europe and second in the world only to our Grand Canyon, the Tara was completely different, green and woodsy and had a raw beauty that pictures can hardly do justice to.

We then followed a loop along some small country backroads and back up into the National Park.



High in Durmitor we stopped by a small restaurant that only served drinks. We sat at a table and were soon shooed away by the waitress who refused to let us eat our food there, only drink her drinks.

I offered her five Euro. In typical

eastern European fashion she still coldly said no.

That being the case we walked across the road and found a great spot among the rocks, a small patch of grass and a most incredible view where we stayed for a while and had a hearty picnic of local treats.

Just as we were finishing a fellow appeared from behind a rock and demanded our 'tickets'.

There are no tickets. We told him no, and to go away.

He then asked for our passports.

This time I tried to explain to him that he wasn't getting anything from us and that he should leave. He then pulled out some sort of 'Official' document and demanded money or he would call the police, as he drew out his cellphone.

We told him to please hurry as we were almost done.

Finally this grifter gave up and angrily walked away, sitting near the restaurant and staring at us as we packed up, beeped a happy goodbye and rolled down the road a

few kilometers to a startling overlook with a couple of benches just perfect for the occasion.

The rest of the day was spent exploring the quickly developing town and simply taking a day off of hard riding.



SCHEDULE A TEST-RIDE AT:



138 Orange Ave (Rt. 202) • Suffern, NY 10901
845.357.1190 • www.locomotionpowersports.com

**WHEN YOU HAVE MORE
POWER, STORAGE, AND COMFORT,
IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW POPULAR YOUR T-SHIRTS ARE.**

INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW VICTORY CROSS COUNTRY™

- > 109 FT LBS OF TORQUE / 92 HORSEPOWER
- > 21 GALLONS OF STORAGE CAPACITY / BEST IN CLASS
- > 4.7 INCHES OF SUSPENSION TRAVEL / BEST IN CLASS
- > 26.25-INCH SEAT HEIGHT / LOWEST IN CLASS
- > MSRP \$17,999—\$1,000 LESS THAN HARLEY-DAVIDSON® STREET GLIDE®*

**WE HAVE A CROSS ROADS IN THE SHOWROOM,
SO COME IN AND CHECK IT OUT!**

INCREDIBLE DEALS ON ALL LEFTOVER MOTORCYCLES AND ATVS

WE SERVICE ALL MAKES AND MODELS



VICTORY
THE NEW AMERICAN MOTORCYCLE®

VICTORYMOTORCYCLES.COM

*Compared to the 2010 Harley-Davidson® Street Glide®, Harley-Davidson® and Street Glide® are registered trademarks of H-D Michigan, Inc. Victory® and Victory Motorcycles® are registered trademarks of Polaris Industries Inc. Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and protective clothing and obey the speed limit. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol.
©2009 Polaris Industries Inc.

The next day would be the start of the second half of the tour. Up until then we had been riding in the interior and along the mountains that run down the spine of the Balkans, but the next day we would head through the mountains once again, but this time to the Adriatic Sea.

ZABLJAK TO PETROVAC

Shira and I got an early start once again this day, figuring we would meet up with the others somewhere along this day's route.

Today's ride would be our last mountaineous and it started with a run down towards the Tara River. If the canyon looked spectacular the previous day it looked ethereal this morning with a bright white fog rolling through its cracks, crevices, and cliffs.



The sun added to the morning's moment and the ride along the river was as ravishing as they come.

This day we would have the chance to experience a few canyons, but of very different flavors; as the Tara was immense and grand, the Moraca was more along the gorges you might find out west, with a hard flowing Moraca River flowing brilliant blues through the middle.

This road led towards Montenegro's capital of Podgorica and this was the first real traffic we had to deal with, but when the time was right we were able to get around the slower cars and trucks, only to run into another caravan a few clicks down the road.

Still, with the beautiful Moraca Canyon as our companion life didn't suck!

South of Podgorica we came up to Skadarsko Jerzo, the huge freshwater lake that dominates southern Montenegro. Here we stopped for a planned lunch at a great fish restaurant on the lake that served the best eel and salads you could imagine.

We talked to a British couple who were traveling around the region on



their GS. It is always good to run into like-minded souls while on the road.

At that point we could have taken the shorter route straight into the beach town of Petrovac, our first stop on the Adriatic Sea; but there was a small road that traveled around Skadarsko Jezero rising high along a one lane twisty and circuitous road that offered superb views of the lake far below.

Here family farms grew the darkest looking grapes and sold wine from stands that would sell lemonade in the United States.

This was another one of those roads we had ridden where a mistake would require a recovery

and not a rescue, so we did our best to ride well.

Outside of Ostros, we spotted a small motorcycle with...New Jersey plates? Sure enough, this big guy on this little bike had auto plates that were New Jersey replicas - SOPRANOS. What could one say?

The road itself had become quite charming and at points deeply forested with huge trees that hung close to the road.

From this point on we would be heading north, and, in a way, back towards home. With the Albanian border just a few miles to my left we headed towards the Adriatic Sea. That first look at the Adriatic was a stopper, and one we'll always remember.

Dropping down to the coast we shot north and stopped to see something quite remarkable - the reputed oldest Olive Tree in the world. Over two thousand years old this tree, called Stara Maslina, was here when Christ walked the Earth.

The Adriatic Sea looked very inviting so we made our way to our first hotel on the sea in Petrovac and in no time had showered and donned appropriate beach wear. We strolled to the town to enjoy a beach town Montenegro-style.



Power. Performance.
Passion.



New 2010 Models In Stock Now!



Cross Country Ducati

"Factory Authorized Sales and Service"

875 Middlesex Ave, Metuchen, NJ 08840

732.635.0094

www.ccd Ducati



Exclusive U.S. Distributor for



ODYSSEY II BAGS



SAFARI BAGS



BMW F650/800GS WINDSHIELDS

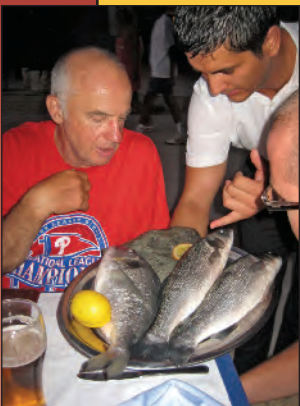


Doran 360M™ Tire Pressure Monitoring System for Motorcycles

Jesse Luggage Systems available for:
BMW 1100/1150GS • BMW 1200GS • BMW F650/800GS
KTM 950/990 • Kawasaki KLR 650 • Suzuki DL650/1000



See our web site for pricing and accessories.
www.xplorermoto.com
Phone: 520/743.0638



The water was warm, the sand had a brown grainy feel and, being this was the last weekend of the summer for Europe, it was packed with all sorts of people. Neat town. Great views. Delicious food.

PETROVAC, MONTENEGRO TO DUBROVNIK, CROATIA

Today's ride started on the coast road, heading north with the sea to our left and the dramatic mountains that so dominate the Balkans to the right.

You might want to use Google Earth to get a feel - go ahead; I'll wait. Excellent, now you see what I mean. Back to our story...

Along this part of the Montenegro coast you will find the tiny island of Svete Stefan. Built in ancient times it is attached to the mainland by a short bridge. The rich and richer have been populating this 14th century walled village for generations. We stopped to ooh and aah and moved on.

We'd ask Matej why we hadn't stayed here when we saw him later.

Heading further south we could not ignore the siren's call emanating from the mountains and following Adriatic Moto Tours suggestion we headed back into the twisty peaks of Lovcen National Park. Not as dramatic as Durmitor, Lovcen had its own charm as the road curved through deep forests, open farmland and the occasional little hamlet.

Here in this little tale I'd like to talk to you about timing. They say it can be everything.

Rounding the peaks we kept getting caught behind locals in some cars that had seen far better day; this we could tell by the putrid black smoke belching from the hole where their non-existent tailpipes once were, long rotted away. Having enough of one of these invariably red cars, I made the decision for a quick, if not so legal, pass.

That's when I saw the police officer jumping up and waving his red paddle at me to stop. Dum dee dum dum!

I pulled in and smiled. He smiled. I said I was sorry and I wouldn't do it again.

He looked at me, Mr. Happy sticking out of the tank bag and Shira idling a bit behind and then let out a huge laugh. He told me to go ahead but to be careful as the night's rain had left the road a bit slippery.

What? You mean Johnny Law is actually looking out for me and not just raising revenue. Who would have thunk it?

In the center of the park we headed towards the mausoleum of Petar II Petrovic Njegos, adored ancient king and poet of Montenegro. So beloved was he that early in the last century his remains were moved to this magnificent mausoleum high atop the mountain.



Just riding there was a small task, but once there, to see his actual site one must dedicate themselves to the climbing of 461 steps that lead straight up.

Atop the memorial you will find two huge statues of mother and sister, symbolic of the women of Montenegro. Inside is an incredible statue, cut from black granite, of Petar II.

Down below, through a tiny passageway, you will discover the actual tomb of the Poet King, truly a most magnificent show of love and affection from a people to a king. The views from atop the mausoleum were grand as well and I was told that George Bernard Shaw said of this vista, "Am I in paradise or on the moon?"

From here we would head back down the mountains along a single lane road that we were sure were just goat tracks a few decades back, not much better these day, but at least paved. Once again the danger was not from the road, or the height, but the kamikaze

driving of the locals who would give no quarter when it came to their part of the road. It is something you must be aware of and deal with riding in this part of the world.

Still, as wild as the ride was, the road afforded some superb views of the sea and towns far below. After a few dozen tight hairpins we rolled into the walled medieval town of Kotar. A UNESCO site, Kotar was a charmer. After discovering the town square and a small lunch we spent some time wander-

Rust Never Sleeps...



... So Protect That Beautiful chrome'n steel with the Blaster.®
Quickly and safely blasts moisture out of every nook and cranny leaving water with no place to hide!™

See your dealer, visit
www.motorcycledryer.com
 Or call: 1-800-822-1602

3 Models Available
 to fit Every Budget

METRO® Family Owned Since 1939



- 4.0 peak HP, twin-fan motor.
- Blows warm, dry, clean filtered air.
- Cuts drying time by 80%
- Eliminates water spots and "afterstreaking.™"
- Prevents Rust.
- Safer than compressed air or leafblowers.
- Compact, Lightweight and portable.
- Rugged all-steel construction built to last.
- 220 Volt models available.

Metropolitan Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc., One Ramapo Ave., P.O. Box 149, Suffern, NY 10901

Hit The Road Faster With The Blaster!™



EUROPEAN CYCLE SERVICES

Specializing in Ducati, BMW, MV Agusta, Triumph and Aprilia

Service • Repairs • Suspension upgrades and engine performance

**Give us a call or stop on by
41 Ballard Rd • Middletown, NY
www.europeancycleservices.com
845-725-7707**



ing its narrow stone streets and walkways, polished bright by centuries of travelers.

It was time to say goodbye to Montenegro, a land of unsurpassed natural beauty, as we rode north beside the most southern fjord in Europe, through small fishing and tourist towns.

Near the border with Croatia the road and scenery got a bit more urban, but after a quick and painless border crossing, first out of Montenegro and then into Croatia we were on our way to Dubrovnik.

Rounding the mountain coast road we got our first look of Dubrovnik from

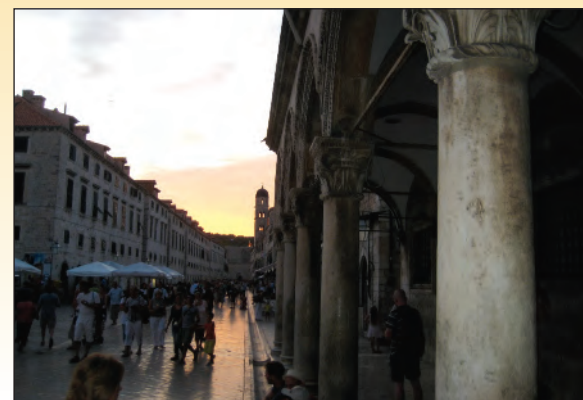
high above; the jewel of the Adriatic regally poised on the coast as if it had been there forever. It almost has - Since 600AD.

The late afternoon sun illuminated the white stones of the ancient wall that surrounds the old city and the terra cotta roof tiles glowed warmly, giving the city the look of an ancient russet gem. What a stunning scene.

Once again it took us a short time to find our hotel where, as usual, we found our bags already in our room and waiting. Shower, write a bit, throw some semi-clean clothes on and we were out to explore one of the oldest cities on the Adriatic.

We took a cab to the wall's gate and strolled down the Placa, or main thoroughfare. There are no cars allowed inside the walls and, although there are no hotels, there are plenty of restaurants and a walk by the pier for sunset was certainly in order.

Later on we explored the labyrinth of tiny streets



and alleyways. Stopping at funky little places for a drink or snack and then finding a place with huge, comfortable chairs that just called to us to simply sit with a big glass of wine and watch the procession of promenading people.

I was falling in love with this city; others thought it crowded and a bit too touristy; but apples and oranges.

FREE DAY IN DUBROVNIK

We really enjoyed the Old City the previous night so Shira and I headed back down on the local bus; a tedious and hot experience we would not seek to duplicate during the rest of our stay - there are plenty of cabs.



At the pier we hopped on the short ferry to Lokrum Island, which lies right off of Dubrovnik. A park preserve, Lokrum offered a great day off the bikes and into the Adriatic. The island is surrounded by great rocky beaches with no sand to speak of and the sound of crickets is overwhelming, only broken by the occasional squawk from the quail-like birds that seem to run the place.

BRANCHVILLE MOTORS

63 Ethan Allen Hwy • Ridgefield, CT
Route 7/North of Rte. 102

203-544-7900

www.branchville.com

Ride home on a new Speed Triple for about **\$150 a month!*** OR you could choose to take home up to **\$1,500** of Genuine Triumph Gear.

The choice is yours, but **HURRY!!!!**

This is a limited time offer!

Offer valid through authorized U.S. Triumph dealers only. Offer valid on new previously untitled 2009 or prior year Triumph motorcycles. Example of amount financed of \$17,299 for a term of 72 months with an Annual Percentage Rate (APR) of 5.9% results in monthly payments of \$285.88, on approved credit. Financing available through FreedomRoad Financial (FRF), a division of Evergreen Bank Group. APR of 5.9% is available to qualified applicants only. Not all buyers will qualify and if approved may receive a higher rate and higher payment, depending on credit score. Some buyers will require a down payment in order to receive credit approval. Your actual terms may vary. Tax, title, documentation, dealer prep, setup, freight, and other charges are not included, if included monthly payment amount will be higher. Other changes may apply. Subject to model availability and dealer participation. Financing offer can change or be cancelled at anytime. See dealer for details.

GO YOUR OWN WAY

www.triumphmotorcycles.com

5.9% APR

OR UP TO \$1,500

ON GENUINE TRIUMPH CLOTHING OR ACCESSORIES*

TRIUMPH



ROLLIN' FAST CYCLE SPORTS

104 MAIN STREET LEBANON NEW JERSEY

BUILT TO BE RIDDEN

BRING THIS AD AND RECEIVE A 20% DISCOUNT ON ALL VICTORY ACCESSORIES
*OFFER EXPIRES 1/30/10

2010 VICTORY CROSS COUNTRY



908.236.9000
www.rollinfast.com



At one end we found a sweet spot, on the far side of the island, and soaked up rays and floated for hours in the very salty and buoyant sea.

We took lunch there and then strolled around Lokrum, through the old monastery and the fine botanical gardens that had every sort of tree we had never seen and acres of beautiful olive trees that gave the island that musty Mediterranean tang that is hard to find elsewhere on the planet.



When we returned to the city we did what most folks do and got some gelato and sat by the giant cistern in the square taking in the diverse crowd.

Dubrovnik seems to attract all sorts of people from all over the world. Rejuvenated with the proper amount of ice cream we paid a small fee and took a long, and I do mean long, walk around the ramparts atop the wall.

The views were worth the sweat we paid. We both agreed that Dubrovnik is one of the finest old cities in all of Europe and I am fairly sure we will return sometime. How anybody could lob bombs at this place in the '90s is beyond us.

We made a pit stop at the hotel to freshen up and then cabbied it back to the Old City for dinner. Our friend Richard decided that night he was "The Man" and took us to Proto, one of the finest seafood restaurants in Dubrovnik.

Richard was right; he was the man; what a great meal and the perfect way to end our stay in this city.

The next day we would continue north along the Adriatic coast. I knew we would surely miss, but never forget, Dubrovnik

DUBROVNIK TO HVAR ISLAND



We had a ferry to catch this day so we left, as a group, a tad earlier, and made one last lap around the Old City walls before rising high above to take one last look at the city.

The ride north along the sea was as pleasant as could be, with gentle sweepers and the occasional twist thrown in for fun.

In the town of Ston we stopped for coffee at their small ancient harbor, looping the city to see the salt flats and the mighty stonewall that was built to protect the town centuries before.

To think men did this alone is amazing - well I'm sure oxen and donkeys helped too - but still, amazing.

We crossed into Bosnia for a short bit then picked up Croatia again. This time, on the coast, the border cross-

ings were a breeze especially when they assumed that the bikes were Slovenian and didn't catch our German plates; and since we all know everybody loves Slovenians we got waved right through with a smile.

The ferry ride to Hvar was a short one and soon we were in a procession of motorcycles riding in files up into the peaks that make up the spine of Hvar Island.

Pine and olive trees mingled their scents and the road was at least two-lanes wide today - Mr. Happy was grateful for small miracles.

Following Rozle, we slithered down a set of switchbacks to a small village, with a tiny harbor and restaurant. With the azure waters sounding a Sirens song it wasn't long before we were swimming in the cool sea, while our lunch was being prepared. What a great place to stop for a dip and a bite.

From here it was a short, but fun romp into the town of Hvar at the island's end and since it was such an early day we thought a bit of beach bumming was in order for the afternoon.

That night we hired a small boat to take us to another harbor for a very special meal of fish, wine and schnapps - I don't know...when in Rome!



BestRest Products

"Hard Parts 4 Hard Rides"



Home of the CyclePump[®], TireIron BeadBrakR[®]
& other motorcycle adventure gear.

www.BestRestProducts.com
425.673.1023





FREE DAY IN HVAR

The previous night's meal was one that we would remember for a long time. We had walked from the port and up into the foothills of the mountains, amongst a hundred olive trees to a small stone home where Michela and Matte created a wondrous meal, all grown or caught by them.

The home - as it was more home than restaurant - was bewitching. After we arrived we sampled a wide variety of schnapps - olive, rose and my favorite, cherry, which was followed by a feast of local seafood and home-made wines.

After dinner we relaxed on some hammocks, gazing up at the stars through the olive branches thinking something like this should never end. Slowly, very slowly, we arose and, in what seemed like only minutes but was hours, we layed back down on the stony beach with a good book - the bikes could sit till later this day, if moved at all.

We had nowhere to go and who would want to in the port city of Hvar, off the shining coast of Croatia.

That night we shuttled into town and had a superb seafood dinner, for that's what you would choose in the old cobblestone section of Hvar.

HVAR ISLAND TO PAG ISLAND

We were up and out by dawn the next day, making time to the ferry that would take us across the strait and into the city of Split, once the final vacation spot for ex-Roman emperors and the largest city on the Dalmatian Coast.

The ferry ride took about 90 minutes and, as usually happens, we ran into other riders; one in particular was riding the Balkans from his home in Russia. Great trip, he said.

Once back on the coast road the pavement opened up and the ride along this part of the Adriatic was delightful. We stopped a few times along the



way for some interesting vistas of sea, town and ice coffees in the Trogir, another small walled village with a plethora of shops and restaurants. The coffees by the pier were well timed and energizing.

Shira and I did most of this day by ourselves, stopping for pictures and generally enjoying the easy-going pace we could set for ourselves without having an accompanying larger group.

We stopped high above the town of Primosten, one of the picturesque towns on the coast, perched upon a small hill on a peninsula jutting from the mainland and just drank in the beauty that is the Balkans and this Croatian coast. Our route then brought us back inland and towards Krka National Park. Unlike the other parks we had ridden through in the past two weeks Krka offered fairly easy riding up to deep canyons for which the park is famed.

We stopped at the confluence of river and sea for lunch and then carried onward towards the Island of Pag.



It was at this time that we ran into more remnants of the Civil War with the two towns of Islam Grčki and Islam Latinski; the former Serbian, the latter Croatian. The damage was heavy and severe, but we saw many still in the middle of rebuilding dreams and futures in this once strife torn land. We wished them well.

Heading towards Pag we took a short road down to the sea to get a shot with the magnificent mountains that had returned to dominate the background of our afternoon's ride to the town of Razanac.

The shot we got but what was even better was watch-

HANOVER POWERSPORTS

Go See the Pros that Know How to Ride!



Long Haul or Slow Burn

10 Stratoliner Deluxe

• Comes standard with a fairing that includes integrated speakers and connector for iPod® players, plus a convenient, handlebar-mounted audio control system. • A pair of large, color-matched, locking hard sidebags make for excellent long hauls and short trips. • Electronic fuel injected, 113-cubicinch (1854cc) air-cooled, pushrod V-twin produces great thrust at any speed. • The Star® Accessories Catalog is packed full of high-quality parts that invite Star owners to fully express their individuality.

70 Route 10 • Whippany NJ • 973-428-1735 •
www.HanoverPowersports.com



• All-new 65-degree, four-valves-per-cylinder, 1679cc V4 plus down-draft four-bore fuel injection with YCC-I intake technology and YCC-T fly-by-wire throttle, provide plenty of eye-opening acceleration. • Lightweight aluminum chassis puts the engine low and forward for mass centralization, resulting in a machine designed to handle curves as well as straightaways. • Borrowing liberally from advanced sportbike technology, VMAX features a slipper clutch, wave-style brake discs with ABS and Brembo® master cylinders and complete suspension adjustability front and rear. • The Star® Accessories Catalog is packed full of high-quality parts that invite Star owners to fully express their individuality.



Winter Service, Storage and Savings

Cliff's Award Winning Service Department
is now booking its Winter Service Specials.

We fill up fast, so book now! We offer Master Certified Technicians,
a Heritage Restoration Department, Ohlin's Certified Specialists,
Advanced Electrical Installation, and Repair, Component repair, and more!

We service BMW, Ducati, Indian, Harley-Davidson, and Metrics
Save 15% off BMW, Ducati and Indian repair parts
Save 15% off your labor bill
Free Safety Inspection
Free Pick Up and Delivery in enclosed box truck*

Eliminate high season waits!
Don't get stuck in the barn this spring!
No interruption of your riding season

New **EXPANDED Storage** from \$319.00 Thru April 1, 2010

Climate Controlled Space/Battery Tendered, Fuel Additive
Detailing Available

Take Care of Open Recalls and Warranty Issues

Restoration Projects-Reserve Limited Space Now

Sub Assembly Repair (Transmission, Rear Drives, Etc.) Ship In Ship Out

Free Storage or Delivery on any bike bought now thru March 2010**



Got a project bike? Perfect!



*70 Mile Round Trip Free, per mile fee after;
Min. \$250 Service Bill, fees can be applied to min. bill.

465 Federal Road, Brookfield, CT 06804 • 203-740-1270 • www.cliffscyclerevolution.com



ing a young boy, about 6 years old, building, or trying to build, a tiny sail boat. I watched him struggle to straighten out some old bent nails he was trying to drive into some driftwood with a rock he had pulled from the beach. Offering to help, I showed him my new Swiss Leatherman knife. He was very impressed with how well a good set of pliers worked for this task.

We ran into the rest of our group when we stopped to see a wide arch bridge crossing between two of the smaller island on which we were riding. Here the unthinkable happened as we lost one of our riders.

No, not one of the group...but Mr. Happy had disappeared from his place in my tank bag. I knew he didn't jump bike and I was pretty sure it might have been an inside job.

Puppetnapped by one of our own group.

Later that day, when Laurel went to the beach with the others, Strike Force Backroads, the same commando group that liberated part of New Jersey a few months earlier, sprung into action and rescued our little yellow smiling friend from Laurel's evil lair.

No man, or puppet, left behind.

While speaking of lairs, Adriatic MotoTours had steadily made each stop better and better, and the hotel for this final night on the road was outstanding; sitting atop a bluff surrounded by a vineyard.

Our evening was fine, the company excellent and the wine flowing; it was a shame that tomorrow would be our final day and this incredible tour of the Balkans would be coming to an end.



PAG ISLAND, CROATIA TO LJUBLJANA, SLOVENIA

We had a short ferry ride to catch this day, bringing us to the mainland, and the ride down the back side of Pag was rocky and barren; almost lunaesque and more Aegean than Adriatic.

Once again we continued north along far sweepier roads than those to the south, riding high on a large two-lane highway that snaked through the landscape and over gracefully built stone bridges.

Soon we turned east and I gazed, on last time, at the Adriatic Sea, its small islands glowing brightly in the early day's light.

Riding back into the mountains we had to deal with the first real rain on the road for the entire trip and the last few kilometers in Croatia were ridden on a patchwork of a road that didn't know if it was stone, asphalt or concrete. It had decided it would be very slippery in the wet though.

Crossing back into Slovenia the road vastly improved and the more I rode in this nation the more I enjoyed it. We had only spent a short time riding here at the beginning of the tour and Slovenia definitely deserves a more in-depth exploration.

The towns, which appeared rougher in south, took on a more alpen look and it was with a slight bit of melancholy that we arrived back at the hotel from which we had ridden two weeks earlier.

SOME LAST WORDS...

I have to be honest when I tell you that the Balkans were never in my "bucket list" of places to ride, but Matej and Adriatic MotoTours have shown us just how beautiful and interesting this part of Europe was and is.

The inspiring palette of history - both old and new - cultures and traditions made this a very enlightening journey. Toss in two weeks of some of the best riding we have seen and you have one memorable tour indeed.

Adriatic MotoTours has a variety of great motorcycle adventures to be had in and around the Balkans and Mediterranean and you can find more at their website www.smtours.com.

June 12-20 2010

New Hampshire
You're Going To Love It Here
www.visitnh.gov

LACONIA 87th MOTORCYCLE WEEK JUNE 12 thru 20 2010 NEW HAMPSHIRE

Progressive's 87th MOTORCYCLE WEEK LACONIA • NEW HAMPSHIRE

Presented by: PROGRESSIVE
#1 INSURER OF MOTORCYCLES

ONE OF THE BIG 3

Laconia Motorcycle Week Association
PO Box 5399, Laconia, NH 03247-5399 • 603-366-2000

For all information which includes the AMA sanctioned National Gypsy Tour, Vintage Races, Hill Climbs, Flat Track Races, Road Races, plus Tours, Camping, Lodging & Vendor please visit our website.
www.laconiamcweek.com

Sponsored by:

Budweiser
The Great American Lager

HOTLEATHERS.COM
The Leader In Motorcycle Apparel

J&P CYCLES
Keeping The World's on 2 Wheels

pepsi

Jagermeister

WEIRS BEACH Lobster Pound