



die Zeitung

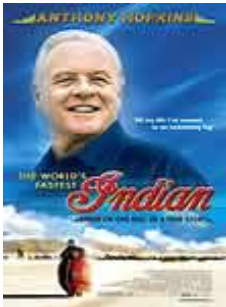
1 Mar 06

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Editor's Ramblings:

by Gary Shanafelt

Herb Gill sent me a note to say Naro is going to show the film *The World's Fastest Indian* in the next couple months. Naro does not yet have it posted on their web-site but keep looking for it. <http://narocinema.com>



In 1967, New Zealander Burt Munro (Anthony Hopkins) set records with his customized Indian Scout motorcycle at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. But perhaps more amazing than his jaw-dropping land speed of 183.586 mph was the fact that he was a 67-year-old grandfather.

Jim Richardson gets recognized for a good deed on pg 2. Pat Patterson says there is no greater feeling than to wake up knowing you have a new bike in the garage. Check out Pat's adventure picking up his new R1200RT on pg 3. Keep below 10-Points, pg 5. Finally, check out Juanita's new ride also on pg 5.

Upcoming Events:

5 Mar 06: Club Meeting@Waffel World
Portsmouth, VA 8am for Brek'es, 9am for Meeting

8 Apr 06: Adventure BMW Open House
Chesapeake, VA

15 Apr 06: Morton's BMW Open House
Fredericksburg, VA

30 Apr 06: Lightening Awareness Ride
Registration and coffee at 09:00am and Depart on the ride at 10:00am.

President's Column:

by Larry Martin

By the time this newsletter is read, our Cabin Fever Breakfast/Ride will be history. I hope the weather holds! I know the chow and fellowship will be first-class in spite of the temperature. Each of us needs to personally thank Dan and Donna for having the nerve to invite us to their home! Thanks 1×10^6 .

Thanks to Peter Hahn, we are more educated on the virtues of GPS. We appreciate the excellent training and familiarization. I will follow you.

Pete also accompanied Gerry (VP) Schulte and me to the TAMA meeting. I consider this service above and beyond. I will be glad when May is here. I brought back several hand-outs for next meeting. There are lots of rides and other festivities planned. Some seem to be very worth while.

Some new programs are getting off the ground and require our support. Greg Cutter has taken on the Ride Administrator position. Hopefully, you have already been in communication with him with your favorite ride routes, etc. He will be coming out with more news on how the program is progressing. We have worn out some very good people because we rely on them without any relief. Now, we will have a catalog of rides from which to choose and just go for it. Let's get behind Greg and make this work.

(Cont pg2)

Pres Corner Cont:

Another program is a library of pubs, tools, and talent. This program could provide information, tools, and assistance in the maintenance of our machines without some of the expense. I am not sure who is in charge of this, but I believe he is currently on a Central America ride.

Our Secretary, Jo, is off to Daytona for Bike Week and then on to the Keys for a week camp-out. Peter Hahn will replace her this next meeting which, by the way, is March 5th.

I have the trailer “in-work” and a new tent pole almost ready to store in the trailer until needed.

Our Club is growing and moving. I hope people are reading this newsletter seeing a place to lend their talent and energy. These programs do not manage themselves.

I would appreciate some assistance getting guest speakers or if you can address a specific subject to the Club, please step up. I know we have this expertise in our midst!

See you at our Breakfast Meeting and in closing -- dues are past-due. Get them in so we can balance the books and up-date the roster.

Larry

Local Boy Makes Us Proud

by Gary Shanafelt

Tony Black from Colorado Springs firmly believes in the old adage, “A friend in need is a friend indeed!” After touring the east coast last July, Tony was on his way back to Colorado on a hot Monday morning when he blew a water hose on his K1100LT. The friend he found was our very own Jim Richardson who is listed in the *BMW Anonymous* book. Tony was broken down very near Jim’s house and Jim hopped in his pickup and drove over to the stranded rider.

Tony had already taken the fairing and other encumbrances off to access the water hose when Jim arrived. However, as I said, it was Monday and every BMW dealer in the free world is closed on Monday. Personally, I would have just sat on the curb and cried but Jim took Tony to an “Advanced Auto” store nearby and they were able to find a radiator hose the right diameter but just a little long. Jim’s pocket knife corrected the one deficiency in the hose, they rebuilt the K1100 in short order, and Tony was on his way. Tony Black opened his *BMW Anonymous* book at 10:00am and was on his way at 12:001pm; he went from being in deep doo-doo to riding west in TWO HOURS!

The story doesn’t stop there. In addition to saying “Thanks” about a million times and offering to buy Jim lunch, Tony also took the time to write the BMW Motorcycle Owner’s Association about Jim’s deeds and last week, Jim received a very nice “Helping Hand Award” certificate and pin from MOA. Jim brought great credit upon himself and the BMWCHR.



Local Boy (Cont)

Jim went to work for NASA right out of high school and has been riding a little over 35 years having started out with a 1970 Suzuki. Since then, Jim has owned over 50 various motorcycles to include a Yamaha, Bultaco, Kawasaki, and of course, BMWs. Jim raced all over southern Virginia riding flat-track, enduro, TTs, as well as trials. He was president of Cycle Park near “New-New Willie” and even rented a coat and tie one time to influence the Newport News Parks and Recreation office to allow dirt bikes to race on 1500 acres of city land. Jim took over as President of our club when Scotty Beals shipped out with the merchant marines and led the club for the next five years.

While I was complementing Jim on his award, he said the real reward was driving up to the stranded “brick” and seeing the look on Tony’s face. There are some lessons we might want to absorb from Jim’s adventure. First, Tony knew his bike very well and immediately diagnosed the problem and went to work taking the bike apart. Clearly, this was not the first time Tony had worked on his bike. Secondly, Jim was also familiar with the bike, having one himself, and had the forethought to look for a substitute hose. Thirdly, Tony Black drinks for free when I’m around. He took the time to put the finishing touches on the event and nominated Jim for the award.

Even though this story has a very happy ending, you might want to rethink what parts you might carry with you on a long trip, especially if you plan to break down on a Monday! I know I have started carrying a spare water hose on my R100RT.

New Bike Fever!

by Pat Patterson

I wanted a new bike for cross country tour riding so I checked out several bikes that had my required ABS and found none of them as nice as a BMW. I finally decided on an BMW RT but noticed the pre-owned R1100RT's usually have a lot of miles on them. Rode a couple of R1150RTs but did not like the fully integrated brakes. Then I found a use R1200RT in South Carolina. Seems the former owner wanted something sportier and traded it in.

On Saturday, 4 February 2006, I flew to Greenville, SC on United Air Lines (Express). Left Norfolk at 6:15am and flew to Dulles in an Embraer RJ-154, which is three across and crew can't be over 5' 5". It was tight. I had checked my carry-on bag plane-side and when we got off there was a problem. The ground crew could not open the back cargo door! "Oh, we'll send it to you on the next flight." No thanks, I'll wait. Picking up my new bike without my gear was not appealing. Twenty minutes later they got the door to open and I went running from the C concourse to the G concourse. Not bad since you can take a bus from the C to the G. I checked in with 15 minutes to spare.



New Bike Fever (Cont)

My plane landed in Greeneville just after the rain stops and the sun was out. My brother met me at the airport so off to the dealer we went. The dealer took me out to their garage and there sat the bike. Clean and looks like a new bike. The odometer reads 2850 miles. Everything checks out. I gave him the money and talked him into a 15% discount on a new BMW tank bag that clips to the tank. Really neat.

On the way home, my brother wanted to stop by the Harley-Davidson dealer to look a bike (with me on my new BMW! Thanks folks.) They just don't have an appreciation of good bikes and like the image and chrome I guess.

After lunch I followed my brother back to his house where I was allowed to park the bike in his garage. We set the alarm clock for 8:00 am and had breakfast. As it gets closer to 10:00 am we headed for the garage. I put the AirHawk seat pad on the bike and pack everything in the side bags. I put on my back brace, then the pants, then the heated vest followed by the outer pants. Last thing on is the jacket. The zipper won't come together. Still two inches apart. Did I eat that much. I have to stop and think what is different then from yesterday. The back brace! Yep, the back brace was the problem. It pushed my pot belly up so the jacket would not fit. Boy is that a sign to loose weight.

All suited up and off I go. I went thru Rutherfordton and take US-64 to I-40. I got to I-77 and took what my kids call "a dad short cut" straight up to Virginia and US-58 to home. I should have thought about the topography. When you get into Virginia I-77 crosses the Blue Ridge Mountains from east to west. When I got to US-58 and headed east, I crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains from west to east. Only this time instead of nice gentle curves of I-77 we now have two lane twisties with great views. Oh, don't look down as you dance those S-

curves up and down the mountains. So much fun! Oh, the bike computer said it was 27 degrees F outside. Thankfully my heated grips and vest kept me warm. The bike design keeps the wind of your hands and body. Nice. I only had to use the low setting on each. The snow flurries were a nice touch in the sun.

I lost the sun light close to Emporia, VA. Now, I have made many stops on the way home. Hit every rest stop on the interstate and a few shopping centers on the US-58. As the hours wore on the bottom and knees became less forgiving and the stops got closer together. From Emporia I depended on the bike's headlights and boy are they nice. Two of them up front that light up the road just like a car. The high beam adds more long range lighting and the nice feature is the low beams stay on when you turn on the high beams. No other bike I have had ever did that good a job of lighting the road ahead.

At my many stops, to recover, I would read the manual and found some neat things. I kept seeing this symbol that looks like a "<!" on the computer display. The manual says to check the oil level. Sure enough the level was just below the add oil mark. Luckily I found this out at a gas station and was able to add oil there. Didn't take much.

In Suffolk I removed the AirHawk seat pad and lowered the seat to try a different seating position. It helped. Got home a little after 9:00 pm, parked the bike in my mother-in-law's garage so my wonderful and understanding wife did not have to give up her garage parking. She offered but this works out better.

My next project is to transfer the auxiliary tail lights I installed on my R1200C to the R1200RT.

Food for Thought!

by Gary Shanafelt

While reading *Touring Tips* in the December *Owner's News*, Mr. Hicks cautions us to take a second look before pulling out into traffic. Wise words, but have you ever had the C**P scared out of you when merging and found another vehicle that you just didn't notice even though he was moving? If you are on a collision course with another vehicle, even though you are both moving at different speeds, the other vehicle will grow larger but it will not move in relation to your position. Our sensors depend upon that angular movement to detect possible conflicts, but if the car or truck is not moving in your line of vision, you're going to hit it! OBTW, you are not moving in his vision either and chances are he won't see you before you don't see him (sic).

When it comes to fatal crashes, a commander I had explained it by a "10-Point" system. Big accidents don't happen because of one factor but you accumulate points as the day goes on and when you get to **10 Points**, you're dead. For example, arguing with your wife before your trip: 1-point. Speeding: 1-Point for every 10 MPH over. Trying to catch the guy that just cut you off: 2-Points. Missed lunch: 1-Point. Exhaustion from trying to make the next town: 2-Points. Looking into the sun: 1-Point. It's already getting scary and I haven't even added the points for the pitcher you had instead of lunch or for wearing that \$10 helmet that barely satisfies the law just because it looks cool. I like to conclude the day around the 5-Point mark, myself.

If you aren't the lead Dog...

Chuck and Juanita Mander have checked in. As Chuck has always regaled us with long dissertations on what he had seen on his last bike trip, Juanita said the only thing she saw was the back of Chuck's head. So, being the liberated woman of the new millennium, she took corrective action. Here she is with her new Moto Guzzi 750 Brevia.

