



die Zeitung

April 01, 2005

Editor's Notes:

Gary Shanafelt

Absorbing some good recommendations from the club members we have made few changes to the newsletter format. Jim Richardson recommended we have a block on **Upcoming Events** on the first page. I asked Jim if it had to be on the first page and he said yes, that after the last newsletter he did not plan on reading it beyond that. Rob Cooper's creative juices really came out this month and we gave Rob an entire page. Jeff Munn recommended more photos and, believe it or not, I had already posted a photo of Jeff in the April draft at the time.

We have a brief recap of March's Tech Day hosted by Jeff Munn buried in here somewhere. The next Tech Day will be about camping on your bike trips. With several HUNDRED THOUSAND miles of travel experience visiting over 40 countries, Jeff can certainly help us novices select the essential equipment and avoid over-packing. I could have used Jeff's help on my first really long bike trip when I rode my "Toaster" from San Bernardino to Tulsa. It would have been better if someone had warned me against eating a plate of jalapeno nachos and a big bowl of RoadKill Chili the night before I departed. There should be laws to protect people like me.

Jeff has plenty of ideas for future Tech Days but would like to hear from the members about what interest them.

Last weekend I went out for a "short ride" and must have stayed out longer than I anticipated. As I coasted into the driveway my devoted wife was standing there, hands on hips, with my weekend "Honey-Do List" in her hand. Right away I suspected I was in deep doo-doo but for once I had the perfect comeback. "Just be glad you aren't married to J. Trenton Bishop!" I told her. Read on Page 4 how Trenton turned a "short ride" into an adventure on his 2004 BMW R1150RT.

For all you quiche-eaters that ride Oilheads, Rob Cooper has given us a PDF file for R850-R1100-R-1150 and R1200 Maintenance. The document is now posted on our website www.bmwchr.org. Just click on "Tech Tips". If you do not have access to the web, or if your computer will not support downloading the 730K file, send me your name and address (written on a \$10 bill) and I'll mail you a copy.

Upcoming Events:

Check the website for updates!
(<http://www.bmwchr.org/>)

Saturday 02 Apr 05 10:00-1200am .
Tech Day Packing your bike for camping. Jeff Munn's house. 13 Evans Grove, Poquoson.

Saturday 16 Apr 05 08:00AM .
Ride to Mortons Open House. Departs from Burger King, 830 J Clyde Morris Blvd Newport News, VA 23601-1323 Exit 258A off I-64. Marvin Sylvest (595-7134) is the ride coordinator.

President's ~~Corner~~: Page:

I am anxious to get back out on the road. Going to Daytona and riding several demo bikes did little to quench my desire to ride and knowing I my bike will be ready in a few weeks has only increased that desire.

I realize that having ridden very little in the last 6 months the first thing I am going to do is...slow it down. I, like some of us, am rusty from a prolonged winter lay over and I for one, want to "get my groove back" without reinforcing some bad habits. Like for instance, I will allow a little extra space in front of me until I get reacquainted with the stopping distance of my bike. I will consciously practice my cross-trail turning technique and will go to the a vacant parking lot on a Sunday morning where I don't have to worry about other traffic to practice some slow, tight turns without dropping my bike. I will reread my copy of Proficient Motorcycling to refresh my riding wisdom and techniques. I will concentrate on looking as far into the corner as I can while making a turn and will remember not to succumb to road rage when I get cut off by another driver who uses the safety cushion in front of me to cut in line. It ain't worth getting upset over. Finally I will remember to assume nothing (the other drivers see me, that car won't pull out in front of me, etc etc) when I'm out on the road. Please feel free to impart your riding wisdom to club members and to the newsletter. We can all learn from each other.

As the saying goes *"There are old riders, and there are bold riders, but there aren't any old-bold riders."*

Bike Week at Daytona was great. I rode the R1200GS, the Triumph Rocket III and the Suzuki V-Strom 1000. The K1200S was display only.(sniff :- (sniff). Looked good but I wanna ride it!! The Suzuki was just ok. GS was great (I wanted a bigger wind screen) and the Rocket III was "oh my God!" fast. In fact anyone who rides that bike hard will end up with arms like Popeye's after a few weeks.

I was sorry that the Motorad Boxer Cup series is no longer being run. I saw the race last year and loved it. The sound and close proximity of bikes made it really exciting to watch. I think BMW is making a mistake (Yes I know they will be back with the K1200S) as it is a great marketing tool and offers a class that opens racing to the average (income) rider. In fact, Triumph jumped in by announcing a new partnership with the American Historic Racing Motorcycle Association with its Thruxton Challenge will be a regular feature at all AHRMA Historic Cup Roadrace Series events. I only wish BMW would reconsider it's decision on the Boxer Cup.

That's all for now. See you at the next meeting April 10th. Until then be careful out there.-Rob

Rob Cooper
President

5 Mar 05 Tech Day

-Gary Shanafelt

Having helped my grandpa keep the tires on his REO delivery truck functioning during my formative years, I thought I knew about all there was to know concerning repairing flat tires. That is, until Jeff Munn hosted our last “Tech Day” on repairing flats and mounting new tires. Since we were going to actually repair a real tire, I came prepared having dug through the junk drawer in my garage until I found an unused “Monkey Grip Hot Patch” that I just knew would come in handy someday.

Just before leaving for Jeff’s I checked the weather channel only to find a big wall of rain over Richmond headed our way so I decided it may not be a bike day, especially since it was going to take me all of two minutes to ride to Jeff’s house. Of course the first person I ran into was Chuck Twyman, Jeff’s friend who rode all the way down from Alexandria, VA on his 1500GS just to make all of us non-riding wimps feel bad. Pretty soon more club members arrived (yes, on their bikes) until we had about eight guys ready to patch tires. As we all traipsed into Jeff’s garage the first thing we noticed is how neat and clean his workspace is.



No sawdust on the floor, no broken bicycles that you will “eventually get around to fixing”, and no empty cardboard boxes casually tossed into the garage by loving family members. Clearly I was in unfamiliar territory.

Jeff has made it his life’s mission to learn as much about BMWs as possible and said his education is mostly through talking to other Beamer owners. He is also generous enough to share his knowledge with others willing to put in a little effort in learning. His military approach to instructing came through very clearly as not only had he reproduced copies of the procedures for all of us but had even gone through a dry run of the demonstration the night before.

Jeff started by drilling a nail-sized hole in a used tire and showing us how to use a repair kit. He then offered to let each of us try. Gerry Schulte must have been paying close attention as he quickly patched a second hole. Not to be outdone, Pete Fay pulled out a more robust repair kit that uses a mushroom shaped repair plug and a small plunger-gun. Using his newly installed tire-mounting machine, Jeff was able to quickly remove the tire from the rim, remount it, and reseal the bead.

The BMWCHR members formally declared the Mar 05 “Tech Day” a rousing success; great coffee, great conversation, and very instructional. As soon as I got back home I started cleaning up my garage but the first thing I did was carefully place my “Monkey Grip Hot Patch” back in the junk drawer. I just know it will come in handy someday.

An Unexpected Journey

By J. Trenton Bishop

Saturday, March 5th at 5:45 AM I sent my wife and three daughters off in the car to visit relatives in PA for the first half of Spring Break. Sitting at home alone, eating a bowl of cereal, I watch the weather forecast. It was forty-one degrees and a cold front was approaching from the Northwest bringing with it light rain. I said to myself, "It looks like a good day for a bike ride." I put on my Gerbing heated gear; my BMW Rallye-2 suit and some rain wear and set off on my bike ride around 7:05 AM. I headed west on Rt 58 to Emporia and stopped for gas. The rain was pretty steady and it wasn't getting any warmer. I decided to head south and get ahead on the front. I pulled into Fayetteville, NC and the sun was shining and the sky was a beautiful Carolina Blue. I decided to contact my best friend from my Navy days, the best man in my wedding, and the Godfather of my eldest daughter and see what he was doing for dinner. I called Mark and asked what he was doing for dinner to see if he wouldn't mind some company. He said that would be great and asked where I was. I told him not to worry I could be there by dinnertime and I would call him as I got closer. So I got back on 95 and headed south for Orlando, FL. I soon remembered that the following week was Bike Week in Daytona after seeing trailer upon trailer of all sorts of bikes headed south. What a treat? Every gas stop was like a reunion of old friends. Of course I didn't know any of them, but it was like we were long lost brothers. Just South of Savannah, GA the two lanes of 95 slowed to about 5 mph. Up ahead I could see the traffic parting around the center dotted line. The first thing I spied was a large black-brown patch of fur or

something lying on the road followed what looked like a 55 gallon drum of blood spilled on the road. There was every internal organ lying on the road following the dotted white line. Just as you can smell the subtle scent of violets in an un-mowed field or fresh rain bouncing off a dusty road, the smell of the entrails was unmistakable. About seventy-five yards past the first spied patch of fur, there it was, the front half of the largest boar I had ever seen. A tractor-trailer truck must have struck the tusked boar directly behind the front legs. The severed body was propped up with the wound against the pavement. Both front hooves were touching the pavement and the pig was looking south with his snout up in the air. The snout was at a level just below my hip as I passed. I thought I saw him wink at me as if to say, "Orlando is that way." Through Jacksonville and on 95 into Daytona it was apparent Bike week was just around the corner. It was almost seventy degrees and the thongs were out full force. The bikes were nice too. I arrived in Orlando around 6:25 PM and met Mark at the Hooters not far from the Airport. They don't make girls like that in VA! Dinner was worth the trip. We had some laughs; I called my wife and kids. My wife thought I was nuts, my kids thought I was cool, and I was eating grouper in FL. I put my helmet on and pulled out of Hooters parking lot at 7:50 PM for the return ride home. What a beautiful night, the stars filled the sky. Jacksonville was stunning as it settled in and around the water. About 12:45 AM I pulled into a hotel just north of Savannah, GA and caught a few winks. My eyes opened at 3:45 AM and the kid inside me was excited about getting back on the road. By 4:15 AM I was headed north of 95 once more. Not traveling more than 15 miles I saw bright taillights ahead and my heart sunk. That part of

95 is pitch black; there is not ambient light from nearby towns. In the distance I could see the faint flicker of an emergency vehicle. The bike Gods were with me that night, because within a tenth of a mile from where the traffic came to stand still there was an exit. As I got off the exit ramp I looked ahead at cars in the now parking lot. Every one of them had their lights and engines off with the passengers sleeping. At the top of the exit ramp I consulted Mr. Garmin on a way around the mess. The detour to the east led me through a dense dark forest with pairs of glowing embers peering at me from deep in the woods. I could see a faint orange tint in the sky to the west and began to smell burning rubber and timber. The accident on 95 must have been severe. My detour deposited me back on 95 in Ridgeland, SC. The road was pitch black and no one was to be seen for miles. It was a very eerie feeling. Speculating all of the police were tending to the accident and the fact no one was on the road, I was tempted to give my right wrist a workout. With my headlights, fog lights, bright lights, and PIAA driving lights illuminating the road I was sobered by the audience stretched along the road on my right side. The pairs of eyes must have been in the hundreds of the next ten miles. Home was getting closer as South of the border was behind me. The sun rose over streams, lakes and wetlands as I passed through North Carolina. The sky was once again a brilliant Carolina Blue. How do they do that? It was around 11:15 AM and I was filling up my tank for the last time in Franklin, VA. I said to myself, "I'm not ready to go home yet." I got back on the bike and headed north and east through some of my favorite roads in Isle of Wight and Suffolk right in my own backyard. I finally pulled in my driveway at 12:27 PM and my BMW

trip meter read 1,622 miles, the Garmin Street Pilot III was at 1,567.6 miles in 29 hours 22 minutes. Not too bad considering an hour and twenty minute dinner in Orlando and a three and a half hour rest stop in Savannah. I always save my receipts and I remembered my next-door neighbor waving to me as I left the morning before and another neighbor stopped me as I arrived home. So I sent my documents off to qualify for the Iron Butt SaddleSore 1000 and the Bun Burner 1500. I just hopped on the bike after a bowl of cereal one Saturday morning to go for a ride, and this ride, like everyone I am on, turned into an adventure,

Satisfied Customers....Us!

If some vendor or dealer has given you really great service, we want to highlight them in our newsletter. Leading off is Larry Martin who found **Tidewater Industrial Fasteners**, 2427 Ingelside Rd, Norfolk, 853-7638 to be very helpful when needing a few odd nuts and bolts. Gerry Schulte also said on the peninsula he has been satisfied with **York Bolt** 432 Hampton Highway in Tabb, 867-8666.

Odds and Ends:

Send your stories, or ideas for your stories, to the editor gshanafelt@cox.net. Otherwise, you are doomed to read the same dribble month after month. Also feel free to send ideas for Tech Day subjects to me and I will pass them on to Jeff Munn. I'll probably be down at his house anyway groveling for him to help me keep my R100RT running as good as it looks.

-Gary Shanafelt