



die Zeitung

Newsletter of the BMW Motorcycle Club
of Hampton Roads, VA

www.bmwchr.org

DATE 01 Jun 06

Editor's Ramblings:

by Gary Shanafelt

Jeff Munn finally gets the bat off his shoulder! Details on Pg 2. Webmaster **Pat Patterson** was a "No-Show" for last month's ride to Morton's but it wasn't because he didn't try. Read about his misadventures starting on Pg 2.

Over 100 bikes participated in the Lightning Awareness Ride, which generated over \$900 in revenue. Congrats and thanks to **Carol Beals**, **Linda Cutter** and their support team for a great day. A Special Thanks to Rick Goldbach and **Adventure BMW** for opening their facility for the ride muster and we also appreciate the support from **Blake Auto**. Check out the photos on Pg 4-5.

President's Corner

by Larry Martin

Thanks, H.O. Smith, our latest life member, for your club history lesson. In fact, thank you for the existence of this BMW Club. We wish you well on your relocation to Colorado. I trust you will enjoy the riding.

The events advertised in "Owners News" alone would make for a very busy summer. Those of us who belong to other clubs, "RA" and "Airhead", have even more choices. Plus, there are other things going on like the VIR Race at Danville and local "Bike" events from the TAMA calendar could lead to more rides than time allows.

Del Ward, another life member, recounts our Club winning "Most Club Members in Attendance" at a couple local rallies. I think Sherando Lake was one of them. Those were camp-outs and cook what you brought as I understand. We have more choices now. Those were different times, bikes and people, but our same Club. We are growing, new members, new bikes and more choices. Where do you want our Club to go from here?

'Hope to see you Sunday, June 4th.

Larry

Deck Party to say Goodbye to H.O.

Sunday 4 Jun 06

3:00p.m. – 5:00p.m.

WHERE: Larry & Brenda's house – 508 Rebel Rd.
Chesapeake (Great Bridge)-just off
HWY. 168 (by-pass)
Mt. Pleasant Exit

The "Weber" will be fired-up. Bring what you like or take a chance. A lawn chair may come in handy.

R.S.V.P. to 482-8439

Virginia Employment Rate Rise!

by Gary Shanafelt

After three years of living as a kept man, Jeff Munn finally found a job working for Helge Pedersen. Helge founded GlobeRiders who conducts long road trips to exotic locations and he's going to actually pay Jeff to help conduct some of the tours. When Helge first posted the position, he received hundreds of resumes from highly experienced people all over the world but the prerequisites were so strict that most applicants did not qualify. In addition to the obvious experience in traveling on a motorcycle to very unusual locations and the ability to tear down, repair, and reassemble your bike using nothing more than a flashlight and a Swiss army knife, the position required the ability to recap the tour in written form and posting a dialogue and pictures on the internet from a yurt in the Eurasian steppes while happily dining on unmentionable goat parts. No problem, claimed Jeff. How about speaking a foreign language? Well, after studying Russian for four years at an Army trade school, our man was almost hired but there was one final qualification. The position requires intimate knowledge of GPS operation. Jeff nearly blew that one when he asked Helge how to spell "G-P-S" but with his impressive list of other credentials, Helge agreed to send Jeff to night school to bring him into the 21st century.

Jeff's first trip will be in May 07 when they fly their bikes to Istanbul and ride to Xian, China along the "Silk Road". When you glance through the agendas on the Globberiders.com webpage, you will see that quiche eaters need not apply. I personally plan on signing up for the "Silk Road" tour...provided the PowerBall numbers cooperate. Check out the dashing profile of Helge Pedersen's newest crewmember by going to

http://www.globberiders.com/bio_main_pages/bio_jeff.shtml then drip with envy.

The Adventures of a No Show

by Pat Patterson

15 April 2006: Saturday morning the alarm goes off and I hop out of bed to get ready for the club ride to Morton's BMW Open House. I looked out the window and it was raining. Not a hard rain but I could see the drops hitting the puddle across the street. I don't like riding in the rain so I waited a while but the drops were still hitting the puddle across the street. So I went back to bed. I awoke a few times to check the rain status hoping those that did leave the Burger King at 8:00 am are warm and dry at Morton's. Finally the rain stopped and I got into my riding gear. At 10:00 am I was off for Morton's BMW.

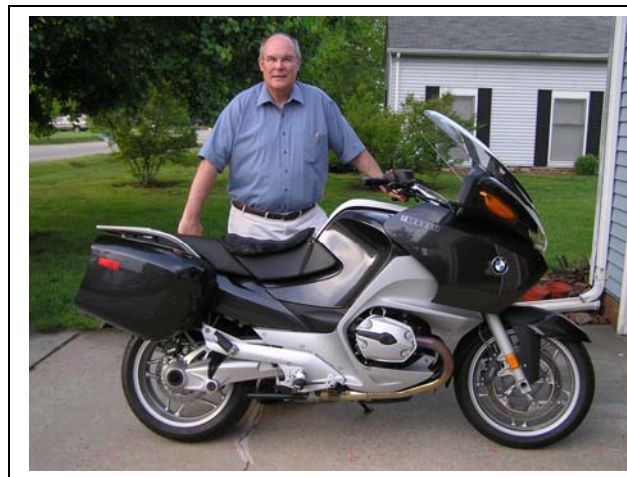
Just before the Chrysler dealer I hit something in the road. Never saw it but it felt big. Bike seemed to be handling ok so I press on but moved to the right lane just in case. A few miles down the road the bike started to feel funny so I pulled into the Farmer's Daughter produce market. I checked the front tire and it looked fine. I figured if I hit anything it had to damage the front so I did not look too closely at the rear tire. So I started off again. As soon as I hit the paved road the back end was wallowing. I pulled over and stopped. I looked down and sure enough I have a flat rear tire. After putting on my 4-way flashers I started to push the bike backwards the ten feet to the driveway. I tell you a 600+ pound bike does not like to roll on a flat tire while you are setting on it. I finally got it back in the driveway and called Progressive for road service. It took a while but I finally got to talk to a real person. After giving them the address they said they would call back with the towing information. Thirty minutes later they call back with bad news. They could not find anyone who would come and tow a motorcycle. I was on my own.

I put the bike on the center stand and inspected the rear tire again. I found the hole in one of the

groves of the tread. The farmer agreed to use his air compressor to pump up the tire. I patched the tire with my plug kit but the hole was so big for one plug so I had to use three of the plugs to fill the hole. Once the farmer's son Jeff pumped the tire up you could hear the air popping thru the tire plug. I figured I best start south and hit a gas station and fill it with air again. I passed a tire repair place and then noticed the tire going flat again. I pulled into a "7-Eleven" gas station and stopped by their air pump. I tried my last three plugs and they came off inside the tire. As luck would have it there was a sheriff deputy there and I asked him if there was a tire repair place near by. He agreed to take me there. The first place we tried did not have any repair capability. However, the next one we tried, Arc Tire, was nice enough to drive down to the "7-Eleven" and fix my tire. They used their quarters to pay for the air. He put in six long plugs and after adding air there was no leak. They refused to take any payment for helping me. What nice people.

I let it sit for ten minutes to make sure it was sealed and then started off south. In few more miles I saw some shopping centers and figured I should stop and check the air. As I started to get into the left lane I felt that flat tire ride again. Sure enough as I pulled into the Crown gas station I was flat again. No plug in the hole either. I checked inside and all they had were patch kits for small holes.

I figured I was really stuck so I called the only name for Gloucester, Virginia listed in the BMW Anonymous book. Jeff Wells said he would be glad to help. He was working on his truck but thought he could borrow his neighbor's truck and put the bike on the back. He called me a few minutes later and said he had the ramps but could not find any tie-downs. I went next door to the Advance Auto Parts store and bought the tie-downs. A few minutes



later Jeff arrived and set up the ramps on the back of the truck. I tried to use the engine to run the bike up the ramp but I could not see the front wheel and run the throttle at the same time. One of the gas station customers came over and suggested that the three of us could push the bike up the ramp better. So with the bike in neutral we pushed the bike into the back of the truck. A few minutes later we were on the road. Oh, Jeff said he used the BMWMOA Platinum Cycle Club Motorcycle Roadside Assistance program and they sent a truck from quit a distance to haul his bike home when he had a flat. I'll have to check that out.

We soon arrived at Redline Performance Motorsports, on Route 17, and off-loaded the bike. Scott, of Redline, said to find the tire I wanted online and he would sell me one for that price. Another nice bunch of people to deal with. On a side note Redline said they have a big van they use to retrieve broken bikes and would have come and got mine if I had asked. Something to keep in mind for any future break downs.

Soon Jeff and I left my bike at Redline and headed for my house. After unloading all my gear I offer to pay him for the gas and bridge toll but Jeff would hear none of it. He recently had a flat on his K1200RS and need help getting it home so he understood my situation. I really own Jeff a big thank you and thanks to his neighbor for letting Jeff use his truck. They really saved my day.

Pat Patterson

Lightening Awareness Ride



Renese Moran on her *beautiful* red-on-red flamed Honda



Rick Goldbach, Owner-Manager of *Adventure BMW* graciously opened his shop and facilities for our rendezvous place



Carol, Anne, and Wendy planned, organized, and conducted the event.



BMWCHR Members Murry and Cyndi Thompson highly recommend the hot-dogs



Destination host **Blake Auto**



Anne tidies-up as Bob Ross (L) inspects for clean fingernails before allowing access to the food trailer.



*In memory of
RICK MORAN*

For more photos, go to <http://www.bmwmchr.org/rides.htm>