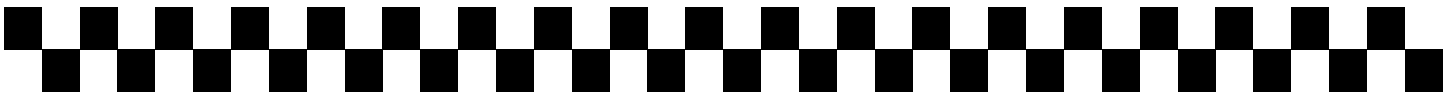




THE ALABAMA BEEMER

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2011

THE BMW MOTORCYCLE OWNERS OF ALABAMA
BMWMOA CHAPTER #5
BMWRA CHAPTER #107



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Read about the 2011
National Rally in

Bloomsburg, PA !

(see articles by Vance
and Rodger inside!)



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Sanford Colley
Alpine, AL
Sponsor: Connie Reeves

Kenneth T. Satterfield
Enterprise, AL.
Sponsor: Troy Gordon

BMW MOAL 2011 Miles Ridden as of 07-31-2011					
1	5	8	3	0	6
Goal: 250,000					

Hot...Well That Is An Understatement!

Vance Harrelson

As I write this it must be near 100 degrees again today outside the cool confines of my office. For me the summer has been especially brutal this year. I for one will take hot weather over cold any day..but enough is enough!

We have just returned from the BMW MOA National Rally in Bloomsburg, PA that was held the week of July 19. You may have heard that week the entire eastern half of the US was broiling in 100+ degree heat and heat indexes in the 110-115 range. The rally was a good one but not without many challenges due to the environmental extremes. As a member of the Logistics Committee, we worked hard all week to minimize the impact of the heat as best we could. Long days were put in by many, many volunteers to help each other and all of the attendees. It was great to see a great number of Alabeemers in attendance too! Thanks to all those that helped out in all kinds of ways from setup to entertainment, running errands and other odd jobs. It is always great to see how these large events come together as a result of so many volunteers giving of themselves for everyone. Thanks again to all who were there and supported the event. I look forward to seeing a bunch of Alabeemers next year in Sedalia, MO where we will do it all over again!

Our meeting at Brierfield was a great time. Many thanks go to Jamie (and Malvene of course.. not only for all her help but putting up with Jamie) for a great cookout and a very well executed meeting indeed! The burgers were great as was the fellowship. Maybe the most unique part of this meeting was the "bunkhouse". Yep as far as I know (in modern times anyway) this is the first time we have had a coed dorm type sleeping arrangement! It reminded me of a typical military barracks style design but loaded with Alabeemers instead of a bunch of bald headed army boys. Make no mistake, we had our share of old army boys though....But it was a fun time indeed and if you missed it...you shouldn't have!

August brings Kinderfest...and need I say more?? Jim and Sheila will "put the big pot in the little one" for this event. I hope you can make it! The food will be over the top and many other things "fun" are planned. I look forward to seeing you there!

Do you realize the year is already over half gone? That means it is time to begin thinking about officers for 2012! Yep it is that time again. The success and literal survival of your club depends on dedicated people like you to offer your time and talents to the membership. It is not hard to do. I would encourage each of you to consider how you can serve and then list yourself as a candidate for office. I invite you to visit the website for a complete description of each office and consider entering your name on the ballot! If you have any questions about any of the offices, feel free to contact me or any current officer. We will be glad to help with your decision! Actual ballots will not be prepared until December but you need to strongly consider it now! It doesn't feel like it right now but it will be cold before you know it!

Also, I want to thank Phillip and Martha Warren. They attended both the RA Rally and the MOA rally this year. Both events held leadership training seminars aimed at local chartered clubs. Although I could not attend the MOA session, I understand there was a lot of great information provided. Martha has agreed to compile her notes and help us through the BMW Corporate Identity changes. You may recall these are the changes concerning our use of the BMW word mark and roundel logo. Martha is preparing a report to be delivered shortly that will explain the requirements and how we can comply with them. Again that is a lot of words and may sound confusing. Martha has a clear understanding of what we can and cannot do and I look forward to her upcoming report!

I want to wish Erik Bahl well in his recovery from his accident. Many members have been by to see Erik in rehab and from his posts on the forums he is improving daily. Hey "Peanut" we miss you man and wish you a continued speedy recovery! Also to Erik's wife Jennifer and daughter Emily, we know this has had a great impact on your family. Please know that you all are in our thoughts and prayers. As had been said many times, please let any of us know what we can do to help you guys!

I want to remind everyone that your Alabama club holds charters with the two national BMW enthusiasts clubs. Our affiliation with these clubs offers us great resources and information to all things BMW motorcycle. There are a host of benefits available from monthly magazines to forums to discounts for all sorts of items. In my travels I frequently find that many people don't know of these great clubs. With that in mind, I encourage you to visit the MOA website at www.bmwmoa.org and the RA website at www.bmwra.org. I hope if you are not already you will join both of these great clubs! The hot weather and my hectic schedule have really hampered my riding this season. I am sure it will be hot through August and no doubt into September but I hope you will take time to get out and enjoy the great Alabama roads and highways. Grab that ABEES book and take off for somewhere you haven't been. Then share you travels with us! Write up your experiences for the newsletter and post it onto the Forums section of our website. You never know how what you right may inspire someone else to go behind you. Linda Cain shared with me in Brierfield how a ride report I wrote several years ago left her wanting to go and check it out. (psssst...Linda that is TN 129 East to West from Lynnville to Lynchburg...now go do it!)

Ride safely and I look forward to seeing you down the road...soon!

Meeting Minutes

July 31, 2011

Brierfield State park

President, Vance Harrelson presiding

Vance opened the meeting with a welcome to our newest members, Steve and Darlene Council and a welcome back to Gary Wayne Williams after a long absence.

Next he gave big Thank You to Jamie Jackson for the great (air-conditioned) facilities he arranged for the weekend. Thanks also to Jamie, Malvene, Darlene Massey, Gary Nesmith and any others who might have helped with dinner Saturday night and Sunday morning breakfast.

Jeanne Zibell gave an update on Eric Bahl's progress after his recent hit and run encounter. She says he is doing remarkably well considering all of the injuries he sustained. He is doing well in both mind and body, doing physical therapy but non-weight-bearing so far. A care package is being assembled to further boost his spirits. Amelia Bauman has already sent a large box of goodies from Cajun country.

Vance gave a short report on the MOA national rally and thanked everyone who attended for their support.

Jim Kalahan reported on plans for Kinderfest next month. It is going to be three days of fun, starting on Friday with range day with Jim and Russ actually doing the flying this year. Jim has 2 rides planned for Saturday, 1 on road, the other off road, and both about an hour and a half long.

Brats with German potato salad, Cuban sandwiches, and a shrimp boil are all on the menu for the week-end. All of that and a band too!! We will have live music on Saturday night thanks to the band of Roxanne and Russ Kruse's son. Sounds like another great August meeting.

October will mark our 40th anniversary and plans are in the works for a great celebration. If anyone has any ideas for the weekend, please contact Darlene Massey or Gary Nesmith.

Rodger Williamson brought up the idea of a 2nd raffle in addition to the annual bike raffle with prizes donated by various vendors. After much pro and con discussion a vote was taken to forego another raffle. Tim Flynn said that we should all think of ways to raise non-dues revenue for the future. Wanda Daigle asked about the possibility of corporate membership like the Bayou Bikers have, but it was decided that we don't care for advertising on our website at this time.

Vance reported that Cycle Gear in Trussville has been having some really great sales in support of the MAC program and he suggested members might want to check it out.

Jamie, who won the "booby" prize for his drinking skills at the March meeting, decided that the award should be passed along to Bob Daigle for the drinking skills he exhibited on Saturday. Jamie assured us that Bob would be receiving the booby in the mail soon.

Robin Erwin was the big 50-50 winner this month, taking home \$74.00.

Respectfully submitted

Barbara Little, secretary



THE FURNACE WAS HOT!

Jamie Jackson

Even though the Brierfield Furnace has not been in operation for around a hundred and fifty years, the park was still plenty hot for the campout/meeting July 30th and 31st. The oppressive heat was stayed somewhat by plenty of ice cold beverages, air conditioned sleeping, eating, and bathing facilities, and an afternoon thunder shower; No one seemed to mind the inconvenience of the rain, even though the lightning did cause the pool to close. The food was good and plentiful, and the camaraderie was exceptional. What more needs to be said?

I do need to say, however, that the preparation for it all was due to the effort of Malvene, Darlene, Gary, and the members present. Thanks to you all for your support and guidance. Also, thanks for maintaining your dignity at the meeting by letting me get all the credit. I think I am safe in saying that a good time was had by all at the furnace.



September Birthdays

SUMMERS	SABRINA	9	1
STANFIELD	MICHELLE	9	3
IRWIN	STEVE	9	4
SCHMEISSER	IAN	9	5
ZANGEL	SABRENA	9	5
JENKINS	KERRY	9	6
HARRISON	JOHN	9	7
SIMPSON	MARTY	9	7
LITTLE	BARBARA	9	8
BIDDLECOMBE	KATHY	9	9
SLOAN	LEROY	9	9
STEWART	MAC	9	10
COX	"JACK"	9	11
BAHL	JENNIFER	9	12
DIXON	LORI	9	15
HUEY	RICY	9	15
RUSAK	JENNIFER	9	15
GHOSTLEY	BECKY	9	17
DAIGLE	WANDA	9	18
KIRKWOOD	WALTER	9	19
ZANGEL	STAN	9	19
BENSON	MARTIN	9	20
MUNDAY	ROBERT	9	20
WHITLEY	LANEACE	9	20
BONNER	JOHN STANLEY	9	21
FREY	CLINTON	9	21
HUEY	PAT	9	21
SLOAN	CHUCK	9	21
IRWIN	LISA	9	23
LOWERY	DAN	9	23
MEADE	BUD	9	23
SPARKS	CARMEN	9	24
STANFIELD	JEFF	9	24
TUCKER	JAMES	9	26
ULTZ	RONALD	9	26
CONVERSE	RHEA	9	27
NESMITH	SHERI	9	28
MASSEY	DARLENE	9	29



FOR SALE!

GoPro Motorsports Hero Digital Hero 5 Helmet Camera System

- Shock-proof design
- Enclosed in waterproof casing (which does work-son took in scuba and it was GREAT)
- Can be helmet mounted or mounted anywhere on bike with little to no modifications
- 5 megapixel (2048 x 1536) resolution
- SD card compatible (NOT INCLUDED)
- Comes with USB/RCD cables and 2 AAA batteries
- Kit contains array of mounts

Also in this deal I am including the LCD BACPAK so you can see what the camera is seeing. This is an extra.

Neither of these items has been opened.

\$400.00 plus shipping

Cash preferred and prefer not to ship, if items need to be shipped the buyer will pay cost of item and shipping and insurance, TBD.

Any questions email Joan Ware jkware35242@gmail.com. Terry Ware uses Camera and so does our son.

First one to email with promise to get money to me gets it. I will watch the time stamps on emails to make it fair.

Barnsley Motor Werks Autumn Open Weekend

14,15 and 16 of October 2011

(The weekend after Barber's)

This is a free weekend here. We supply food until we run out. Contrary to what we have heard, it is not just for airheads', though air-cooled BMW's are the mainstay of our operation.

The basis of the weekend is that we provide some benches and allow owners to work on their bikes with some modicum of supervision. We would greatly appreciate folk with mechanical expertise to step up to the wicket and help in this regard. The first bike ever worked on at one of our weekends was K-bike, so there! We have a welder, a lathe and all the special tools for air cooled BMW's and some for other BMWs and some for British bikes.

You can camp. There is some floor space in the barn. You can come for the day. People have come from Virginia, and New York and from one or two states away. We appreciate the few that do come from Alabama.

The excuse is for folk to be able to work on their projects but the bottom line is fellowship. Sometimes motorbikes seem to be all we have in common. As people get to know one another they sometimes realize that they have even more than this they can communicate about with others.

In the Spring of this year, at such a weekend, we organized a party for the Saturday evening. Emy made food for this and as well we roasted a pig on the spit. We shall try to manage something similar to this, with a few no's.

We don't supply alcohol. Bring your own but stay sober, please.

No pets. We have animals here and strange animals upset the pot.

And, no, we don't care what you ride, be it a Harley or Volkswagen.

You can bring your grandmothers if she is well behaved.

For details ring David or Emy at 770 854 9136. We have a website barnsleymotowerks.com.

Don't forget Barber's Vintage Bike Fest

7-9 October 2011

Barber Motorsports Park

Leeds, AL

BMW Motorcycle Owners of America 2011 International Rally,

Bloomsburg, PA

by Rodger Williamson

...I wasn't sure if I would be able to afford the trip to Bloomsburg, PA for the 2011 BMW Motorcycle Owners of America International Rally, so I did not originally make any plans to go, - then suddenly, I found myself with some extra available cash and just enough time to quickly plan a road trip. I had recalled seeing a post by Anuk Christiansz on the BMWMOA page on FaceBook asking if anyone was headed there from Montgomery, AL. I contacted him about riding together, and we met in Montgomery one afternoon to formulate a plan. However, once we got together, it was apparent that he had the wrong dates in mind, and could not make the trip on the actual weekend. So I was going to have to ride by myself.

I left on Monday Morning, the 18th of July and rode from Columbiana, AL through Piedmont, AL where I stopped for lunch at McD's, and was surprised to find that a BMW R90 with sidecar and trailer had pulled in behind me. The bike was ridden by Richard Hendrix of Fort Walton Beach, FL. He and his wife had been riding up in the Smokeys, and they were headed to Baton Rouge, LA. (He wants a bigger bike to pull his trailer, - so his rig is for sale if you're interested.) After that, I rode through Spring Garden, AL and on to Six Mile, and Rome, GA, and then Blue Ridge, GA to Bryson City, NC, and Cherokee, NC. I stopped in Cherokee and ordered a buffalo burger and sweet potato fries for dinner ... then I got on to the Blue Ridge Parkway and rode to the Blue Ridge Motorcycle Campground near Cruso, NC to set up my tent for the night.

On Tuesday the 19th of July I had a bacon sandwich and coffee at the BRMC Campground before I headed out and rode the full length of the Blue Ridge Parkway to Waynesboro, VA. I stopped for fuel in Ashville, and then got back onto the road, and I was going faster than everyone else, so eventually I had passed most of the tourists and found myself riding alone. As I played in the curves, I began to hang down off the side of my bike like the racers do, - getting my knee down close to the pavement. I was oblivious that anyone was behind me and catching up quick. I was then passed by a BMW R1150 GS (non Adventure model) and because I didn't hear him coming up, it startled me as he zipped past me. I thought "holy cow, - that's a Beemer!" ... so I sped up to keep up with him. The mystery Beemer caught up to a group of Harley riders doing the speed limit, and on what appeared to be a clear section of road, he jumped the double yellow line to get past this group. I thought to myself, "hey - you're not leaving me back here" ... so I jumped with him. He made it about 2/3's the way past the group when an oncoming car forced him and I both to merge into the Harley group. Let me tell ya, Harley Riders don't like it when you break into their convoy. Two different Harley riders crowded the mystery Beemer out of their pack. (I remember thinking to myself that I hoped that I didn't have to shoot one of them in self defense.) The Beemer rider jumped again, and I followed. Once we were clear of the Harley wanna-be 1%ers, the Beemer rider took off like a bat outta hell! I have over thirty years of riding experience, and it took ALL of my skills to keep up with him. I had a full-on adrenaline dump and could feel my fears rising. But I knew that we were both on basically the same bike, and that as long as he could make the curve in front of me, I should be able to follow. In all honesty, I can not say how fast we were going, as I did not dare take my eyes off of him, or the road. I can say that it was probably a speed record for a pair of BMW GS's for that section of the Parkway. We were going so fast, and I had my bike leaned so far over to keep from sailing off the curves, that I was scraping the side of my boots as they touched the pavement. I did see that he had a S.C. Tag, and the BMW "System Cases" factory saddle bags - with reflective black panels added. He was wearing a black riding jacket and white full face helmet (possibly a Nolan.) If anyone knows who this guy is, - I owe him a beer for the thrill of a lifetime. I had to go back and look at the map to make a guesstimate of our run, and I believe we ran from Bull Gap just north of Ashville up to Buck Creek Gap. He eventually pulled off at an exit, but since I had a long way to go, I waved and kept on chuggeling up the Parkway. Lunch was some North Carolina BBQ in Linnville Falls, NC., and after a long day of a gazillion awesome curves, I got into Waynesboro just at dusk. I opted for a hotel room at the Super 8, and dinner was at the nearby Waffle House.

I continued to roll on Wednesday the 20th and did the full length of Skyline Drive from Waynesboro, VA to Front Royal, VA. When I was mid-way, I pulled over at an overlook to flip my map, and I realized that the bike in front of me there was another BMW. I pulled up and confirmed that they were headed to the Rally, but being a couple riding two-up on a bike, they were going slow, and that I could probably make better time riding on my own. I said goodbye and moved on. However, very shortly afterward, the clouds thickened, and drops began to fall. I pulled over to put on my rain gear, and as I went to merge back into traffic, the couple on the BMW passed and I pulled in behind them. I was surprised at their speed, as they were going just as fast as I had been (about 50-55 mph in a 35-45 mph zone). The driver tried to wave me past him, but since they were going every bit as fast as I had been, there was no need to pass, and I signaled with a thumbs-up. In a short bit, the driver again tried to wave me past him, and again, since there was no need to pass, I signaled with a thumbs-up. When I didn't pass, he pulled over. I then pulled over just past them and looked over my left shoulder to holler out that I was cool with following. As I did so, I lost the balance of my bike, and it tipped to the right, crashing into the rock fence along the parkway. I broke my right front turn signal, and scratched my fuel tank, but thanks to some black duct-tape in my saddle bag, the turn signal was temporarily re-attached. We stopped in Front Royal for lunch, and then we refueled our bikes, - and then parted directions for different paths to the same place. As I crossed into West Virginia, I was surprised by how many folks were still living in very old late 1700's / early 1800's log cabins. As I crossed the Potomac River I had entered into Maryland, and then when I mad my first turn in Williamsport, I discovered that the bridge was closed for a rebuild, and there were NO detour signs. I had to guess my way around the city, and across the river and find my way back to my original route. When I crossed into

Pennsylvania, I was impressed by the vastness of the crops in the fields. There were crops everywhere!!! It was then that I realized that 148 years prior to that very moment, Robert E. Lee had led his Confederate Army of Northern Virginia into Pennsylvania to give the farmers of his native Virginia a break from the ravages of war, and in turn give the Yankees a taste of what it feels like to be invaded. He and his men were after the vast quantity of crops, and supplies that sat there for the pickings. That foray led to the infamous Battle of Gettysburg in July 1863. I eventually rolled into Bloomsburg, PA and their fairgrounds and got set up for the night. I had made it to my first ever BMW Motorcycle Owners of America Rally!

.. Because I seem to enjoy soaking up as much of where I travel as I can, (and despite usually traveling 10-20 mph in excess of the speed limit), I seem to usually roll in to where I'm headed just as it is getting dark. The 2011 BMWMOA Rally in Bloomsburg, PA was no exception. It was just after 8:00 pm on Wednesday the 20th of July when I got there, and "Registration" had already closed up. At first I hunted for our BMW Motorcycle Owners of Alabama Club President Vance Harrelson, but I did not see where he might have parked his truck and camper/hauler rig. I called his cell, and he informed me that he was out riding and was about 40 minutes out. I went on and entered the gated area, and I had no sooner rolled through the gate when fellow Alabamian Steve Sanders called me out by my name. We spoke, and he then invited me to camp over next to him and his riding buddy Ron Richardson. I set up my tent, and then went over to the food vendors, and got a yankee version of a BBQ pork sandwich, a bag of chips, a bottle of water, and a can of diet Coke. By then it was dark, and it was getting late, so I went and crawled into my hooch and changed out of riding gear and into shorts and a t-shirt for the night. Unfortunately, it was sooo hot, and sooo humid, that even that was too much to wear and try to get some sleep. I eventually stripped down to only my boxers, and lay there as my sweat saturated my sleeping bag that I was laying on top of. I awoke about 04:30 am in the morning of Thursday the 21st of July, and the little bit of morning chill was finally sufficient enough to make me cover up with my old U.S. Army "poncho liner."

I woke up reasonably early in the morning to the sounds of others stirring. I hadn't showered since the previous morning, and after a long day of riding in 100+ deg. heat, I was definitely due for a rinse. I made a bee-line for the men's shower, only to discover there was already a line. While waiting in the line, someone mentioned that it cost \$0.50 to use the shower. Since I only had bills in my wallet, I had to get someone to hold my place while I went in search of change. Once back, and when it was finally my turn, I dropped my quarters into the machine, and began to shower. Something that I do partially because of a balding noggin', and partially because of old military habit for water conservation, is to shave my head and face while I am in the shower, - and when necessary, turn off the water between rinses. Apparently the machine I dropped my quarters into didn't care how much water I wasn't using, - the timer ran out, and there I stood still soapy and un-rinsed. Thank goodness that when one has to break a dollar to get two quarters for a machine, there are two more quarters left over. In the end, I was clean, - but that didn't matter much because of the ensuing heat. Again the temps rose up to in excess of 100 deg, and just about everyone was miserable. I did make a store run to the "Giant" grocery store and picked up some different baked rolls out of their bakery, and then I bought some butter made with some olive oil, and then in their deli I had them slice some smoked Gouda cheese, and some smoked ham, - all the makings for four separate traditional European style sandwiches. I also bought some fresh ripe cherries, and a couple of bananas, as well as a six-pack of bottled water, and a six-pack of diet cokes, and a bag of ice... When I returned, I registered at the registration tent, and then went back to my tent and put my stuff up, and then began to wander about. I had hoped that since I had broken my turn-signal on the way up, that there would be a flea market area where folks had used parts for sale, but after a LOT of walking, I discovered that I was just plain and simply out of luck. I did wander through the Vendor buildings, and spotted a lot of things I wanted, but couldn't afford, as well as a lot of things that I didn't need or want. In the end, all I bought for myself was a \$2.50 pack of five crush washers for the oil drain plug on my bike, and I spent \$25.00 for a ticket for the BMW sponsored Bavarian Dinner, Beer, and Oktoberfest Band scheduled for Friday night at 5:00 pm. I also spent just over \$50.00 to get a cool fitted t-shirt and a cool braided wire bracelet as gifts for my gf back home. While inside the vendor buildings, I discovered that there was an Internet Cafe set up, and that allowed me to upload the pics I had taken of this trip thus far, and then do some re-posting of BMW related info on our Clubs BMWMOAL page on Facebook. As the sun finally set, I enjoyed my first absolutely awesome ham and cheese sandwich, along with a bottle of water, and some fresh cherries. Just as I had finished, I saw in the Rally Guide that at 7:00 pm that Sam Booth was supposed to be giving a seminar on the Gettysburg Campaign of the Civil War. It at that moment 6:58 pm. I rode my bike over to the place where it was scheduled, and asked if I was at the right place? I was informed that I was, but then asked if I was "the guy"? I wasn't, and he wasn't there. After he was 15 min.'s past due, we tried to call the Rally Hot-Line, but were directed to their voice-mail. In the absence of "the guy," I figured with my Bachelors in U.S. History I ought to step up and shoot from the hip what I recalled of the Gettysburg Campaign without having recently studied up on what had happened. I think I did OK considering I was absolutely unprepared to have to explain that to folks who wanted to know more. As we wrapped the seminar, I could hear the first band playing, so I wandered that way to see who all was over there. The band was "Hymn for Her" and for a duo, they were pretty good. They both sang, while she played a cigar-box guitar, and he played the guitar and harmonica, while also tapping out the percussion with a drum set's base-drum and pedal, and hi-hat cymbals on a pedal stand. Their songs were cute and funny and made me smile. I discovered some of our Alabeemer crowd over there between the stage and the beer garden, so I said my hello's before checking on the available beer. As someone who began his beer drinking experience in Brussels Belgium, I am not much for traditional American beers such as Bud, or Miller, or similar variances. I bought a couple of tickets at \$1.50 each, and then tried two of my first ever Yuengling "Amber" beers. I have to say that they were pretty darn good, and considering the heat of the day, they were pretty refreshing too. After "Hymn for Her" had played, they were followed by "Captain Squeeze" playing zydeco, and then finally "Sister Sparrow and the Dirty Birds." The latter was your basic guitar, bass, and drums combo, fronted by an awesome harmonica player and a great female vocalist (who somewhat reminded me of Alanis Morissette), and a hot four-piece brass section that could wail! Out of all the bands at the Rally, I think they were the best, - and I am truly amazed that they are not more famous? As the night wore on, I finally said adieu, and returned to the tent for another evening of sweltering.

On Friday the 22nd, I was again awoken early by the sound of other folks stirring about. I got up and headed straight for the showers. Fortunately, they had the shower-trailer up and running, so I wouldn't have to pay to rinse off. Refreshed (for the moment) I had a banana and a bottled water for breakfast. Exhausted from the three day ride up, and then long day of walking about in 100+ deg. heat, I laid back down in my tent and snoozed a bit more. It wasn't very long before Mr. Sunshine began to bake me in my sauna of a tent. Both Steve and Ron had Keltly Fly's up that created shade for their tents, ~ I believe that I may have to go invest in one for myself. I retreated back to the vendor buildings and did some more posting of pics, and updating of the Clubs FaceBook page, before I set out. Lunch was another ham & cheese sandwich, and early that afternoon, I rode around the town. Unfortunately, I had unintentionally left my camera back in my tent, ~ so no pics were taken. When I returned, I headed back to the limited/overwhelmed air-conditioning of the vendor halls, but I was inspired by the sight of the BMWMOA Volunteer booth to do my patriotic duty and volunteer to help the event get run. I had intended to volunteer for something inside like help with the BMWMOA "Country Store," ~ however the lady at the booth indicated that there was a desperate need for folks at "Gates & Security" for the 2:00 pm to 6:00 pm shift. I didn't want to work outside, but since I am a former Soldier AND a former civilian Policeman, ~ I could not say no to their need for help. Since it was already 1:30 pm then, I didn't have much time. I went out and worked at the front gate and limited access to those with proper wrist bands, and turned all those without back toward the registration tent. During my shift, I realized that the BMW German dinner began at 5:00 pm, and I was stuck on my shift until 6:00 pm. That plus in excess of 100+ deg. heat made it suck to be me! Some kind lady did bring us by some frozen popsicle's and that was really sweet of her! As soon as my shift was done, I grabbed my camera at my tent, and then rode my bike over to the BMW tent. Thank god there were plates left, and Erdinger Beer was giving out free samples of their finest. Yummmmm !!! (but only one per person!) The band was called "Blehblos'n." BMW had flown them in from Germany, where they are pretty famous for playing at Oktoberfest each year. They all wore lederhosen, and they played traditional German Oktoberfest polka's, as well as some great covers of anything from ZZ Top to The Blackeyed Peas! ... I broke away from there and rode over to get some pics of the WW-2 Reenactors before the light diminished. I met a 1st ID. Reenactor from N.J. who had his original 1942 Indian model 741 "Scout" there. He and I talked reenacting, history, and motorcycles for a good bit when Sam Booth of the BMWMOA stopped by and gave him and another WW-2 reenactor VIP wrist bands. I invited him to ride his Indian with me over to get his free sample of Erdinger, and when Blehblos'n took a break, we went inside to see who was playing on the main stage. We had missed the first musician of the evening, which was supposed to have been David Jacobs Strain, and Paul Thorn was playing when we rode up. As we drank another couple of Yuengling Amber's, Paul Thorn mentioned something about having father that was a Pentecostal Minister, and an Uncle that was a Pimp." ... I had heard someone tell me that very recently by someone who liked some guy. It took me a minute to realize that my gf had seen this guy play in Birmingham, and that it was her that had told me his comment about two different brothers. I called her on the phone and asked her if I was correct, and she then informed me that she was jealous that I was there and she wasn't. She asked me to get his autograph for her, so I bought one of his CD's that were for sale, and had him autograph it for her. After Paul Thorn had played, I was too tired to stay up for Shooter Jennings (Waylon Jennings son), ~ plus, in the end, after several Yuengling Amber's, and a couple stout Bacardi's and coke, it was time to flake out.

Saturday the 23rd of July was the last full day. I had my other banana and some cherries, and a bottle of water for breakfast, and got a shower in the shower trailer. I was pretty spent, and wasn't much up for riding, so I re-walked the vendor buildings and did some internet work so as to absorb some of the ac. The Closing Ceremonies were scheduled for 6:00 pm and they had arranged for flame shooting cars for entertainment. When it has been, and still was that hot, the last thing a lot of hot and tired Rally go-ers wanted was more heat. It was a bad idea, and it flopped. In addition, everyone who donated something to the Rally had to have their few moments on the microphone, and by that point, nobody really cared about any of that except to see if they won any of the drawings. In the end, one BMW F800GS was awarded to the top guy in the GS Giant competition, and another BMW F800R was given to someone who had their ticket drawn. The bands for Saturday were "Hi-Power" and "Highway 101," but I was too exhausted to listen, and ended up by the tent where Steve and Ron began to feed me beers and a nice cigar. The 2011 BMW Motorcycle Owners of America Rally was over, and on Sunday Morning I was headed south again.



On Friday the 22nd, I was again awoken early by the sound of other folks stirring about. I got up and headed straight for the showers. Fortunately, they had the shower-trailer up and running, so I wouldn't have to pay to rinse off. Refreshed (for the moment) I had a banana and a bottled water for breakfast. Exhausted from the three day ride up, and then long day of walking about in 100+ deg. heat, I laid back down in my tent and snoozed a bit more. It wasn't very long before Mr. Sunshine began to bake me in my sauna of a tent. Both Steve and Ron had Keltly Fly's up that created shade for their tents, - I believe that I may have to go invest in one for myself. I retreated back to the vendor buildings and did some more posting of pics, and updating of the Clubs' FaceBook page, before I set out. Lunch was another ham & cheese sandwich, and early that afternoon, I rode around the town. Unfortunately, I had unintentionally left my camera back in my tent, - so no pics were taken. When I returned, I headed back to the limited/overwhelmed air-conditioning of the vendor halls, but I was inspired by the sight of the BMWMOA Volunteer booth to do my patriotic duty and volunteer to help the event get run. I had intended to volunteer for something inside like help with the BMWMOA "Country Store," - however the lady at the booth indicated that there was a desperate need for folks at "Gates & Security" for the 2:00 pm to 6:00 pm shift. I didn't want to work outside, but since I am a former Soldier AND a former civilian Policeman, - I could not say no to their need for help. Since it was already 1:30 pm then, I didn't have much time. I went out and worked at the front gate and limited access to those with proper wrist bands, and turned all those without back toward the registration tent. During my shift, I realized that the BMW German dinner began at 5:00 pm, and I was stuck on my shift until 6:00 pm. That plus in excess of 100+ deg. heat made it suck to be me! Some kind lady did bring us by some frozen popsicle's and that was really sweet of her! As soon as my shift was done, I grabbed my camera at my tent, and then rode my bike over to the BMW tent. Thank god there were plates left, and Erdinger Beer was giving out free samples of their finest. Yummmmm !!! (but only one per person!) The band was called "Blechblos'n." BMW had flown them in from Germany, where they are pretty famous for playing at Oktoberfest each year. They all wore lederhosen, and they played traditional German Oktoberfest polka's, as well as some great covers of anything from ZZ Top to The Blackeyed Peas! ... I broke away from there and rode over to get some pics of the WW-2 Reenactors before the light diminished. I met a 1st I.D. Reenactor from N.J. who had his original 1942 Indian model 741 "Scout" there. He and I talked reenacting, history, and motorcycles for a good bit when Sam Booth of the BMWMOA stopped by and gave him and another WW-2 reenactor VIP wrist bands. I invited him to ride his Indian with me over to get his free sample of Erdinger, and when Blechblos'n took a break, we went inside to see who was playing on the main stage. We had missed the first musician of the evening, which was supposed to have been David Jacobs Strain, and Paul Thorn was playing when we rode up. As we drank another couple of Yuengling Amber's, Paul Thorn mentioned something about having father that was a Pentecostal Minister, and an Uncle that was a Pimp." ... I had heard someone tell me that very recently by someone who liked some guy. It took me a minute to realize that my gf had seen this guy play in Birmingham, and that it was her that had told me his comment about two different brothers. I called her on the phone and asked her if I was correct, and she then informed me that she was jealous that I was there and she wasn't. She asked me to get his autograph for her, so I bought one of his CD's that were for sale, and had him autograph it for her. After Paul Thorn had played, I was too tired to stay up for Shooter Jennings (Waylon Jennings son), - plus, in the end, after several Yuengling Amber's, and a couple stout Bacardi's and coke, it was time to flake out.

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.. My original "Plan-A" for getting home was to leave Bloomsburg, PA and head down into NYC to site-see and visit "Ground Zero" (this year is the 10th Anniversary of 9-11-'01), and also visit the Statue of Liberty, as well as Teddy Roosevelt's home "Sagamore Hill" on Oyster Bay, NY. I figured I'd find some place where I might be able to camp, - I just wasn't sure where yet. On the next day, I planned to ride south and visit Valley Forge, PA, as well as Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, and Ben Franklin's grave site. I have a cousin who lives in Bryn Mawr, PA outside of Philly, and she had previously offered an invitation to stay for a night if I were in the area. From there, I had planned to head southward and visit Ft. McHenry in Baltimore, MD where Francis Scott Key wrote of our Star Spangled Banner. as well as the 1854 sloop-of-war U.S.S. Constellation, and the motorcycle collection at Bob's BMW in Jessup, MD, before visiting a High School friend who had also previously offered an invitation to stay for a night if I were in the area. On the next day I had hoped to visit the D.C. area where I had spent part of my youth, and visit the National Archives to see the Declaration of Independence, the U.S. Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. (I have already seen most of the D.C. area, but had managed to miss these icons of American history.) I was hoping that later that evening some more of my old H.S. friends could all gather together for a night out somewhere. After that, the long trek back to Alabama was planned with a highway run (boring!) with an overnight camp near Kingsport, TN, - and then finally the July BMW Motorcycle Owners of Alabama monthly Club Meeting scheduled for Brierfield, AL for the 29th-31st.

The first part of the plan to collapse was when I was able to contact my cousin to confirm plans, she informed me that she had to take her son back to college and couldn't be around when I was planning on coming through. So I reworked my plan, and eliminated NYC,

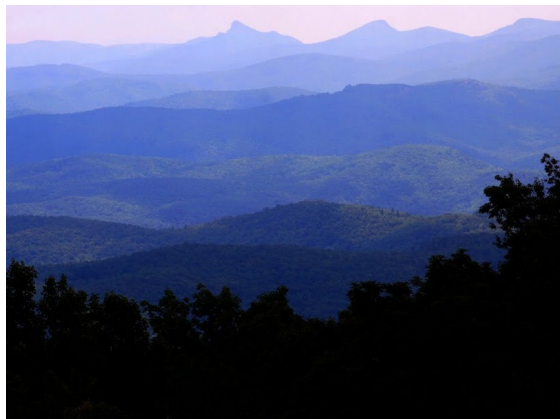
but still rolled through the Philly area, but skipped Bob's BMW in MD, and still did D.C. as planned. But then the H.S. friend that I was planning on staying with informed me that her husband had just informed her that his mother and sister, and brother-in-law were ALL coming at the same time. Well, I had other friends that I could have asked for a place to stay for the night as I passed through, but I had not given them any advance warning, and I felt it was too short of a notice to impose. In the interim, I spoke with the previously mentioned Steve Sanders and Ron Richardson (who had ridden together from AL to PA), - and it seemed that Steve was having mysterious bike issues and couldn't figure out how to fix the problem in time to ride home. He arranged for Pandora's BMW out of Chattanooga, TN to carry his bike to their shop, and then he would fly home, and later drive a truck back to Chattanooga to pick up his bike. This left Ron without a riding partner. Since my plan to visit friends, family, and American National icons had collapsed like a house of cards, I figured I ought to ride home with Ron and plan a future site-seeing trip of the mid-Atlantic coast some time later.

Ron and I tore down our tents and packed up on the morning of Sunday the 24th of July. We rode out, and he led because his GPS was a bit more rider friendly than my antiquated MAP system. It was a relatively long and boring ride down the Interstate from Bloomsburg, PA to Wythville, VA where we rented a cabin at the KOA Campground. We had dinner at the nearby Denny's, then back at the cabin we drank several beers, and each had a cigar before we called it a night. We rolled out on the morning of Monday the 25th, and just after crossing from VA into TN we hit rain. We pulled into a gas station and geared up, and pushed on. When we passed mile marker 48, Ron hit his turn signal and pulled over to the shoulder. When we stopped, I hollered out asking "what's up?" He said his bike just quit. He still had lights and power, but the engine just died. He tried to re-start it, but it would only just turn over. The rain was falling in buckets, and Ron was trying to call his insurance to get a wrecker out to rescue him. Fortunately, I had carried a collapsible umbrella in my saddle bag for just such rain emergencies. When the wrecker finally showed up, I asked where he was getting towed to, and the wrecker guy said the name of the BMW Auto Dealer in Kingsport. I knew that an auto dealer wasn't going to be able to help out, and suggested "Destination" BMW Motorcycles in Lenoire City, TN (about 100 miles from where we were.) Ron had to call to plead his case to the insurance folks, and they refused, except to let him pay all towing over 35 miles (which would have added up to over \$200.00.) He was carried to the BMW Auto Dealer, and as I had already known, - they couldn't help him. The tow truck driver then carried him to the nearby Yamaha shop, which unlike most all other motorcycle shops, was open on a Monday. The owner let us stranded bikers use his shop at no charge, and we tore his bike down to figure the problem. His bike wasn't getting any spark to the plugs, so I suspected it was his coil, ... however I tore my bike down and we swapped coils to see if it fixed his bike, and it didn't. I had my Haynes manual with me, and we still couldn't figure out what the problem was. At that point, we knew that Steve Sanders was driving up to Pandora's BMW in Chattanooga to pick up his bike, and if we didn't have Ron's bike going, Steve could drive up to Kingsport to pick up Ron and his bike. That evening we got two rooms at the Budget Hotel down the block, and Ron bought my dinner and beer for the night at Applebees in appreciation of my help and not abandoning him.

We went back to the shop when they opened at 09:00 am on Tuesday the 26th, and his bike started right up. Apparently whatever had gotten wet and shorted out was now dry again. I left Ron there and went back to the hotel to load up my bags. I figured that he would be just a few minutes behind me, and when he didn't appear, I sent him a text asking where he was. He said that he shut his bike off as he put the panels back on it, and when he went to crank it again in order to leave, it wouldn't even turn over now. I rode back and we tried to jump it off, but with no luck. We resigned ourselves to the fact that the bike had a mysterious electrical short that could probably be found in moments at a BMW Motorcycle Dealer with their diagnostic equipment. In hind-sight, I am suspecting that it is his timing sensor that is the culprit. Steve (aka "the Cavalry") was already headed north for the rescue. I hung with Ron until 1:00 pm eastern time, and then rolled on toward home by myself. It was a long boring ride on the Interstate, and not how I usually try to mix some local flavor and adventure into my road trips, but by this point, I was happy to be able to get back to where I call home, and take a couple days of not being on the saddle of my bike.

2,270 miles ridden round trip; 54.55 gallons of fuel used; average of \$3.81 per gallon of mid-grade; 41.61 avg. mpg; total fuel costs = \$207.84. (\$0.0915 per mile)

... Next years BMWMOA National Rally will be in Sedalia, MO, and that is only about 700 miles from central Alabama. I have to say, that despite the record breaking heat, and minor mishaps, that it was worth every bit of the trip! New turn signals have been ordered, and this coming weekend is our Club gathering in Brierfield, AL. ... "Game On !!!" Whooo~Hooo !!!



**BMW Motorcycle Owners
of Alabama**

c/o Robin Erwin - Editor
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**Dedicated
to safe and
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Motorcycling.**



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UPCOMING EVENTS!

AUGUST 26-28	KINDERFEST!
SEPTEMBER 9-11	LBL 200 KENTUCKY LAKE
SEPTEMBER 17	MOA OPEN HOUSE ELLISVILLE, MO
SEPTEMBER 30-OCT 1	MOA WEEKEND GETAWAY TOMAH, WI
OCTOBER 7-9	BARBER'S VINTAGE BIKE FEST
OCTOBER 15	MOA BOARD MEETING SEDALIA, MO
OCTOBER 14-16	BARNESLEY MOTOR WERKS AUTUMN OPEN WEEKEND , GA. (SEE MORE ON PAGE 6)

Terry's Two Wheel will be returning after a short sabbatical. In the meantime we are taking appointments for service.

You can call **205-987-1928** and leave a message. Joan is picking up messages twice daily. Watch the forum website, terrystwowheel.com and/or call 987-1928 for updates on our reopening date.

Thank you for your support!

Terry and Joan

